

The Wesleyan.

137
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DEATH.

I saw a rider ride so fast
Midst snow, and ice, and stormy blast;
He rode a horse so white, so white,
It seemed to light up all the night.

The rider rode with might, and main,
Nor minded sleet, nor driving rain;
The horse was white, and gaunt, and lean,
Nay! every ghastly rib was seen.

I felt the rider's chilling breath;
I knew the rider's name was Death;
That he rode fast to seize his prey
Which he would bear away, away.

Into some deep and darksome tomb
Where all is silence, all is gloom;
There he hath stored his treasures rare,
For death full well doth love the fair.

Oh! dead, most beautiful, most sweet,
Hath old Death chained these lissome feet?
Oh! dead with mouth like crimson flower
Dost grim Death hold thee in his power.

I had one flower of beauty rare,
With starry eyes, and floating hair;
Death's lips an ice cold kiss did give,
Ah! me! my flower had ceased to live.

I sob beside the stone-grey tomb,
My dim eyes strive to pierce the gloom;
Hush! hark! a voice falls on my ear,
These kind words I seem to hear:

"Faint, weary heart, in patience rest;
I hold your darling to my breast:
I burst the portals of the tomb,
And brought her hence to fairer bloom."

"And soon Death's glowing sway is o'er,
Yea! soon he reigns a king no more;
E'en now Death's sharp sting broken is,
For Christ is yours, and you are His."

ZETA.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

TO-DAY—'Tis to us like a little seed
Which grope its path in darkness towards the light;
Father! we cannot see; we only feel our way,
And long to leave behind this earthly night.

TO-MORROW—'Tis the opening of the day,
The imprisoned seed then blooms a beautiful flower;
Father! we pray Thee take us by the hand
When bursts upon our view that glorious hour.

ZETA.

HYMN.

Written at the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem.
Saviour of Mankind, Man, Emmanuel!
Who sinless died for sin; who vanquished hell;
The first fruits of the grave; whose life did give
Light to our darkness; in whose death we live;
O strengthen thou my faith, convert my will,
That mine may thine obey; protect me still,
So that the latter death may not devour
My soul, sealed with thy seal. So in the hour
When thou (whose body sanctified this tomb,
Uprightly judged) a glorious judge, shalt come
To judge the world with justice, by that sign
I may be known and entertained for thine.
—George Sandys. 1587-1643.

WHAT HAS CHANNING DONE?

The men who rebelled against the decrees were led by him, and, at the same time, they rejected the complete inspiration of the Scriptures and the divinity of our Lord. Channing marked out a new path. Calm, clear, bold, and in sympathy with the suffering classes, he began to preach those captivating sermons and to write those well-voiced paragraphs which have entered into our general literature as a permanent element. His life was pure, but without the inspiration of fervor and the faith that needs a definite object for its attraction. He expected much, but believed little.

His chief service, however, was purely humanitarian. Take from his preaching and writings the pleas he makes for the freedom of the slave, the reform of social abuses, the relief of poverty, the education of the poor, and the general uplifting of the helpless, and you have little left. His theology was skin-deep. It touched the fatherhood of God, but never reached the divine brotherhood of Christ. In attacking the controverted tenets of Calvinism, he put nothing in their place but the whipped syllabus of his creedless generalities. One can very easily see the true character of Channing through the medium of his followers. His position was untenable save by himself. He could not found a school that had cohesion and tenacity to a position. The men who built up their paste-board faith around him must either go higher or lower. They generally did the latter. Hence the wild vagaries of Theodore Parker were the most natural sequence of Channingism. Without Channing there could not have been a Parker. The one was the erring child of the more conservative father. One would have expected much from this founder of American Unitarianism. Had he been a firm believer in the divine mysteries of our faith, the golden thread of such writings as he would have produced would have gone into the warp and woof of our theology for all time to come. As it is his works belong rather in the line of our moral

essay than our theological structure. The expectations of him were not realized. It was not possible. The faith of the multitude passed him by, and will never go back and pick him up, save to recall some fine-spun moralizings on man in relation to his brother man.—*Chris. Advocate.*

WHERE IS CHANNING'S PLACE?

Where is Channing's place. It belongs to a moral reform, not a spiritual one. His was not an original mind in its higher production and inventive quality. It is quite the fashion to laud him, to praise his nice sentences, to put him well out in the front of our best thinkers. But he does not belong here. He has built up little and pulled down much. American Unitarianism, nevertheless, was at its best in him. He appeared abruptly in the American life. He has passed away after a brilliancy which borrowed all its force from its connection with prevailing orthodoxy, and which left only the poor cometary scintillations of Parker, Frothingham, and Bellows, behind. One of the dead failures in our theology is Unitarianism, even with Channing as its father. What have his hundred years done? The reaction against extreme Calvinism would have come anyhow. It were better that it had come through better hands. Why does it now and then build a church? I can carry on none of the functions which a true Church means and needs. It cannot evangelize, for the field of the unreached world is like itself, unchristian-like. Its members do not grow. It simply sits still and spins its web of moral generalizations. One Father Taylor, the sailors' preacher, is worth more to Boston and our whole land than ten Channings. The attempt to revive Channing by distributing his books gratuitously to candidates for the ministry in the evangelical Churches will fail. People do not love gratuitous literature. Channing belongs to the past, and our civilization, like our Church, has no time to go back and count its passed milestones.

Channingism has no future in it. It will stand alone as the type of the greatest theological failure in American history during our first century. That system that calls itself a faith, and leaves Christ out of it, cannot live. There is no conserving salt to make it stand the tests of time and trial. It has no projecting capacity. It is the fashion of an hour, and will then take its place among the dried husks of discarded things. Men of literary pretensions may descend upon it, and say that it is beautiful and symmetrical; but all the members of the guild of literature cannot make the world believe that Channing was an American adaptation. He was an icicle when he needed the breath of spring. He was only a pleasant harper when we needed the bread of life from the first teachers in our national history.—*Christian Advocate.*

NARROW LIVES.

An obscure life is not of necessity a narrow one. There are aged people, laid aside by reason of infirmities, from taking an active share in the world's work, who still retain their bright vivid interest in whatever is going on, and who live largely outside and beyond themselves. There are invalids, seldom able to venture from the seclusion of home, who diffuse a benign and wide-reaching influence, which blesses hearts, and strengthens hands, in a way that only the Master sees. To most of us come hours when we sit in the shadow, when our defeated plans and broken hopes seem to be strewn like driftwood on the shore of life; and then, perhaps, we despair of such accomplishment as we would honestly desire, such achievement as would be rewarding and successful, in our day and generation. Let us not lose courage. The Master has another measure of success, and judges in a tenderer and truer fashion, than we can, of our loss and gain. If our opportunities be few, and our privileges limited, we are responsible for what we have, and never for what we have not.

The trouble is that many of us, some in our little retired nooks, and some on our hill tops of social advantage, are willing and contented to live narrow lives. Selfishness is invariable narrow, and nothing is so subtle as selfishness. The home duties of a wife and mother are her first nearest duties. They right-

ly take precedence of others. But there are wives and mothers in all our towns and villages, who are making the daily mistake of so absorbing and concentrating their entire energy in the kitchen and the nursery, that they have neither time nor strength left for anything else. Unconsciously they are growing narrow. They are bringing every thing in life to the rigid rule of an inelastic custom. They test their own and their neighbors' conduct by an arbitrary code, which is good of its kind, but which is not susceptible of the least modification, because their point of view has not varied a hand-breadth in years. Many excellent mothers fail of teaching their children's lives, at the critical moment when youth approaches maturity, from this reason. Their very fidelity to their children's comfort, health, and well-being, has prevented their keeping pace, as mothers should, with the mental and spiritual developments going on in their homes. Sons and daughters turn away from the love that has sheltered and brooded over them always, and seek other counselors, sometimes unsafe and unprincipled ones, because the narrowness of the mother repels them.

It seems to me that there is nothing on earth much more beautiful, attractive, and inspiring, than the picture presented to us by some dear, feeble woman, unable to enter with great seal into the details of any labor, but able to help and cheer those who are bearing the burden, by her sympathy, intelligence, and love. How much the Church owes to those older members who only now and then are happy in sitting in their pews, or going to the communion table, yet who love her solemnities, and pray for the progress. These keep in mind her missionaries and her ministers. These take time to name her wants before God, and plead, with faith unflinching, for his Spirit to abide in her temples. These, with enthusiasm kindled at the divine altar, never despair of the prodigal in the far-away land, but anticipate the hour when he shall return to his father's house.

It is a narrow life you are living, friend, if in it you care only for your own profit, pleasure, and enrichment. If you cannot put yourself aside for one who sits in the gloom of bereavement, or the stern pressure of pain, with compassion and consolation, you are narrowing your own power of sympathy. If you cannot deny yourself an hour's ease at your own fire, a bit of ornament or luxury in your dress, or a little rest in the morning or the night, for love's sake, you are dwarfing your soul's growth in Christ-like gentleness.

Some of us have known girls, beautiful, noble, and generous, dowered with wondrous charms of mind and person, and we have seen them entering womanhood, as we might have watched a queen at her coronation. They have gone only a few years, the admired and beloved treasures of their own kindred, or the idolized wives of men worthy of them. But, alas for the unfulfilled promise of the imperial blossoming! These commonplace, vain, and capricious women should not have been the ripened fruit of buds and bloom so fair. It is idle to charge the change upon lack of health, or home care, or any superficial cause. The trouble is deeper. Nobody stands still in this world. Those who do not advance, retrograde; and the brilliant, fascinating, and elegant girl of twenty, unless she lead a narrow, selfish, and too introspective life, should not remain stationary. She should become the gracious, dignified, and lovable woman of forty; the saintly, pure, and almost heavenly woman of sixty.

There are those who reverence sorrow as God's great educator, and think that grand characters are disciplined only by the sharp strokes of adversity. This is but a partial truth. Sorrow is one of God's ministers. So is joy. So is faith. So is tender home-hold love. So is prosperity. The peach grows mellow in the sun. The rose takes on its crimson tint, and emits its sweetest fragrance under June's skies. Trouble, rightly accepted brings forth the precious fruit of righteousness. Sometimes, if resisted, it hardens and crushes. We are not to dictate to our father. We are to be sure that he knows best, and that whatever he sends he sends in love. And as he has placed us in a wide and weary world, with something to do for him, every day it behooves us to see to it that we live, not narrowly, nor niggardly, nor grudgingly, but with liberal hands, and eyes looking trustfully up to him.

A BURIED SOUL.

Two students were travelling together from Penafiel to Salamanca. Being tired and thirsty, they sat down by a wayside spring. While they refreshed themselves they caught sight of a stone upon which was cut the following sentence in the Castilian tongue: "Here is buried the soul of the licentiate, Peter Garcias." "A good joke," laughed the younger of the two, "here is buried the soul—the soul buried! How I should like to know the character who could write such a comical epitaph," and he arose to go away. "There is some mystery in the affair; I will stay to unravel it," said the other. Accordingly, allowing his companion to depart, he began to dig with his knife all around the stone. At length he succeeded in raising it up, when he found, in the ground beneath, a leather purse containing a hundred ducats and a card, on which was written in Latin: "Thou who has wit enough to discern the meaning of the inscription, inherit my money, and make a better use than I have." So the student replaced the stone, and resumed his journey, carrying with him the "soul of the licentiate."

With the above story a famous writer has introduced his most famous book. Might it not serve to point out an important Christian lesson? Though of course, a man's soul can never be changed into a sum of money, or piece of property, may it not be buried with his treasure and share its fate? Was not this the reason why Christ advised men to choose the heavenly store-house for their possessions? "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." The heart that is to be exalted with its treasure to the heavens will be safe from all danger; but the soul that is buried with his treasure in any spot on earth will be open to all attacks of the moth, the rust, and the corruption which threaten the treasure itself. And is it not a fact that there are many souls buried with his possessions, and rusted, moth-eaten, or corrupted along with these? How many men are literally buried in business; and how many are buried in anxiety and care on the one hand, and thoughtless pleasure on the other? What a degradation is this to the soul that was made by God, and might sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, and eternal constant fellowship with things eternal and divine! What shame, what ruin, what folly! The soul that is worth more than a world, to be buried in the world's dress! The soul that God could lift so high, upon which Christ could work such wonders throughout a glorious eternity, to be corrupted or rusted like any piece of perishable goods! How can a man submit to this who has heard the inspiring words of Christ? Who need stoop to this who has been told of a mighty Redeemer raised so high that he may lift up to his side the lowliest of those who believe in his name? John Bunyan triumphed in the miserable den into which his body had been thrust, and no prison bolts could fetter his soul, or keep it from mounting above the stars. There is not a soul so exalted on the pinnacles of earth that it is not degraded and impoverished, if it suffers itself to be chained down either by golden or iron bands, that it cannot reach those heavenly heights. There is not a soul so buried in poverty, so plunged in care, or so sunk in sin, that it may not, by the help of Christ, wing its flight to where he is gone, bearing all its best treasures with it.

LOVING OUR FRIENDS.

It is wonderful the exquisite pain we contrive to give to people whom we really love very much! We give it by snarling and snapping, saying sarcastic biting things—the idlers of the family being often the busiest in this occupation. Now, with the bee, we forgive the sting for the sake of the honey; but who can forgive the wasp? And who could forgive the bee if he stung not his enemies, but his friends? And that is what some of us do; and O, the sting rankles and poisons the life of people for whom, I verily believe you would lay down your own. Yes, you would die for them; but you will not check your ill-temper or your ill-feeling enough to enable you to live with them. "When two conscientious people quarrel, both think them lives right. Hard words at least will not mend the matter; one might as well try to mend glass windows by pelting them with stones."

Will you learn from a child? Two

boys were caught in a snow-storm. When they were found, the elder was shivering, having taken off his great coat to wrap round his younger brother. Will you learn from a heathen? Euclid—a mere mathematical abstraction to most of us—having offended his brother, the latter cried out in rage,—"Let me die if I am not revenged on you!" To whom Euclid replied: "And let me die if I do not soften you by my kindness, and make you love me as well as ever!"

AUSTRALASIAN METHODISM.

The New South Wales and Queensland Conference met January 21st. The Rev. Dr. William Kelynaek was elected President. The statistical reports showed that an increase of 169 members had taken place during the year, besides the increase of 1,580 in the mission districts. The number of Sunday-school scholars was 13,760. The project of establishing a Thanksgiving Fund, was favorably considered, and a committee was appointed to make out the scheme and lay it before the district meetings. This fund will be applied to the help of the Missionary Society, the Home Mission, Church Extension, Children's and Ministers' Children's funds, the Metropolitan Chapel Building scheme, to the completion and assistance of the Stanmore College undertaking, to the establishment of a school for the higher education of girls, and to fund for the extension of Methodism in Queensland.

The Victoria and Tasmania Conference met at Melbourne, January 21st. The Rev. J. D. Dodgson was elected President. The Rev. Joseph Dare, well known in this country, became a supernumerary on account of failing health. The statistical returns showed an increase of 95 members, the present number being 12,215; the number of children in the Sunday-school is 13,900. The South Australia Conference met at Adelaide, January 20th. The Rev. Henry T. Burgess was elected President. The statistical returns showed a decrease of 62 members, the present number being 4,802. The Conference authorized a Harvest Thanksgiving Fund to be established, with which it is hoped to raise \$50,000 for the relief of burdened trusts.

The New Zealand Conference met at Dunedin, January 21st. The Rev. W. Lee was chosen president. The statistical reports showed that the whole number of ministers was 71, of whom 7 were Maories, and of members 3,737, whom 388 were Maories, being an increase of 122 members over the preceding year. The number of members on trial was 202. Reports were made to these conferences from Newington College (to be removed to Stanmore), New South Wales; Horton College, Tasmania; Prince Alfred College, South Australia; and Wesley College (Theological Institute), New Zealand. The New Zealand Conference had a brief discussion of the class-meeting test. One of the ministers, in making the return of his circuit, had only counted those as members who attended class-meeting. The opinion of his conference, as informally expressed by those who spoke to the question, seemed to be that the meeting in class ought not to be compulsory, but that it should be considered enough if the leader saw each member in private to know how his soul prospered. The conference directed the attention of ministers and congregations to the diligent use of the recognized means of grace, and advised the quarterly meetings, in view of the large immigration to the colony, to concert measures for further evangelistic effort in their respective neighborhoods.—*Methodist.*

SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Sulphate of manganese is now being introduced as a substitute for mercury in the various bilious troubles. In jaundice, hepatic dropsy, and hypochondriasis it is stated to have produced most remarkable results; and in hemorrhoids, and in congestion of the lungs and bronchia, it is proved no less efficacious. Anemic patients, who cannot take any of the preparations of iron, are enabled to take iron with benefit if combined with two to five grains of sulphate of manganese. It is found preferable to administer the manganese in ten grains to a scruple dose in a glass of water, adding a little citrate of magnesia to cause effervescence. By these doses, large bilious dejections are produced. Half a drachm is said to be the utmost dose ever necessary, ten grains being usually quite sufficient.

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