

The Wesleyan.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

"Truth and persecution are inseparable," says the *Catholic Review*. For illustrations, see Fox's *Book of Martyrs*; pungently adds the *Christian Register*.

It is reported that Dr. Gottheil, one of the most distinguished Rabbis in New York, defined Unitarianism, at a meeting in that city the other day, as "Culture slightly flavored with Christianity."

The *New York Sun*, speaking of a long drawn-out suit between two farmers, says: "When they began the case, there were two well off farmers, and two poor farmers. Now there are two poor farmers, and two well off lawyers."

It was stated in a late public meeting in Calcutta that the Brahmos have universally discarded the use of tobacco. Why, they are better than Christians! So says the *Independent*. In this respect they certainly are better than many Christians.

It was a happy spark of practical common sense which was emitted in a late Saturday afternoon school lecture by Dr. R. R. Meredith, that "There are no better robes in which to be found at the time of Christ's second coming than your working clothes."—*Zion's Herald*.

The *Academy* says of the last volume of Father Curci, the Roman Catholic libelant: "The book is one more despairing cry for Catholic reform, and is chiefly interesting as a sign of the pathetic travail going on everywhere, for the most part in 'angelic silence,' in some of the most earnest souls left within the Papal Communion."

The question of theatre going on the part of Christians, in the opinion of the *Chicago Standard*, may be narrowed down to this single proposition: "How far is it justifiable in a Christian to lend countenance to what is in every community the center of frivolity, dissipation, and things worse than these."

Considerable excitement exists in Scranton, Pa., over the elopement and marriage of John Farr, a well-known young journalist of that city, and Miss Justine Levy, a pretty Hebrew. The Levy family have published a card, in which they say: "Gone and forgotten. We mourn the marriage of our sister, Justine Levy, to John Farr as death, and disown her for life."—*Hebrew Christian*.

Don't envy your brethren. You, yawning editors, and gospel-rusting professors in colleges, don't envy the joyful itinerant as he goes singing and shouting around his country, and don't envy the beautiful romance of such a sweet life. Tell on in your humbler and less joyful career. God has use for you as soft brick in the building. Your chasing, wearing labors will cheer many a heart here, and end in sweet rest by and by.—*Holston Meth.*

The Pope has consecrated the month of October to the "Rosary of Mary." This is said to be in offset to the Luther celebrations. "The Catholic Church," he says, "has always, and with justice, put all her hope and trust in the mother of God." Now, we should be glad to learn where the Roman Catholic Church got this religion from. It is certainly not in the Bible. Where did they get it?—*Central Presbyterian*.

President Bascom, of the State University of Wisconsin, which is situated in the city of Madison, says that the students of the University are exposed to many temptations in that city, and he calls upon the civic authorities to do something to make Madison more moral. Many young men, he says, have been ruined during their connection with the University. He calls especially for the enforcement of the law regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors.

In many things we have greatly improved upon the days of our fathers—in churches—in education—in missions—in contributions—but we have fallen below their standard of personal experience and of holy living. We have not come out from the world as they did. We have not the discipline to oblige the rich and the clever—have tolerated and are suffering the reproach of many things inimical to purity—to self-denial—to duty.—*Bp. Pierce in Mason Advocate*.

From *St. Louis Signal*: A boy murderer suffered the extreme penalty of the law in Ohio not long since. As he stood upon the scaffold, his pitiful appeal to the men of Ohio was this: "That rope means first a glass of poisoned lemonade, at last a bottle of cyanide, and over in that saloon now filled with boys and men, my ruin was wrought. Oh! let me implore you with my dying breath, close the saloons as you love your boys; close them for protection!"

The *Christian Register* puts forth a new claim for public favor, which it should not be unwilling to share with the editorial fraternity. It says, "Were we to accept all the poems that come to us, the soil of our country would be sown with new made graves. It is the dose of disappointment which the editor with heroic self-restraint is compelled to administer to the lips of the rejected which saves the mortuary record from a freshest of statistics."

Phillips Brooks in a recent sermon says: "The Christian snatches a few moments for his prayers and then he drowns the whole long day in business. . . . Men have forgotten how to lift up their voices in the assemblies of their fellow-men and tell what God has done for them, or to cry out to him with eager prayer. Enthusiasm about the most infinite and exalting things in all the universe has gone out. You know the picture just as well as I. The Church knows it. The world knows it."

The *Kalendar* says:—"Some people talk a great deal about ministers, and the cost of keeping them, paying their house-rent, table expenses, and other items of salary. Did such persons ever think that it costs thirty five millions of dollars to pay the salaries of American lawyers; that twelve millions of dollars are paid out annually to keep our criminals, and ten millions of dollars to keep the dogs in the midst of us alive, while only six millions of dollars are spent annually to sustain six thousand ministers in the United States!"

"Missions broadly looked at," says the *Churchman*, "are the most important agency in modern civilization, and are the outgrowth of the highest and best impulses that the Christian church sends forth into the community. These are not merely colonies of zealous ecclesiastics sent to the ends of the earth, but companies of men and women who carry with them the highest truths and the largest ideas that are in the world. And the practical operations of missions in foreign parts have shown this."

You want money for building or repairing the house of worship. Two ways of getting it might be proposed. You might make an effort to get help from worldly men and women by giving them some sort of an equivalent in the way of amusement or feasting. You might make an effort to get it by praying that God will move the hearts and open the hands of the people to give directly and cheerfully to this good cause. Adopt the method which you think the Head of the Church would himself prefer.—*Nashville Adv.*

The *London Lancet*, referring to the grocer's license, says:—"We oppose the grocer's license boldly and solely on principle. We believe that the facility which it offers for the introduction of spirits, wine, and beer into houses clandestinely is most injurious, and has certainly caused, and is still causing, much dire social mischief. Women of all ranks and classes are encouraged—indeed, enabled—to drink secretly, because they can procure intoxicants without visiting the establishments of licensed victuallers or incurring the risk of dealing direct with spirit, wine, and beer merchants."

In the old church of Arbroath, Scotland, on Sunday week the assistant minister of the parish read a judgment of the session, to the effect that two ladies, members of the congregation, were unanimously found guilty of the sin and scandal of spreading infamous falsehoods, and were suspended from the communion for twelve months and thereafter until they should appear before the kirk session, and have the said sin and scandal removed. According to the *Scotsman*, the two ladies, whose names and addresses were given in the public intimation, deny the charge brought against them. Both were present throughout the service.

Methodism has this distinct advantage over other ecclesiastical systems, that it has no vacant churches and no vacant men. But still our methods of transference are delicate and are liable to abuse. We should like to re-visit circuit committees just now that there are "ethics of invitation," and that one minister should be corresponded with at a time, and if he is willing to accept an invitation, a provisional one should follow as a matter of course. We think that a committee is guilty of something worse than a gross breach of etiquette if it decides on writing to a dozen different ministers simultaneously with reference to a next year's appointment. In one case several replied favorably, but of course only one could be selected.—*London Methodist*.

FAIR MORN OF THE AGES.

Fair morn of the ages, the sealed tomb is broken!
Proclaim it, melodious chimés—
The wonderful word, "He is risen," is spoken.
The joy of all peoples and times.
Burst, burst into bloom, then, ye gardens of roses!
Sing, voices of spring, in the light!
Full of life is the hope that in Jesus reposes,
And with immortality bright.

GETHSEMANE.

BY THE REV. DR. DEEMS.

Could Peter and James and John drink of the cup of which he drank and be baptized with the baptism wherein he was baptized? So they thought. Now, their Lord shows them that cup and that baptism. What a mark of confidence! He did not reject them because of their self-conceit and ambition. He knew that these were frailties belonging to the souls that were devoted to him, and he never expects of human nature a perfection which does not belong to it! So he takes them with him into the Garden of Sorrow. No confidence is greater than that which we place in the friends whom we admit to a sight of our agonies.

Now, what a sight we are permitted to behold! Here is a man of absolutely spotless life, who never did a wrong, but always did all that he should do, and did it in the most admirable way. Here is a man dearer to the Infinite God than ever man who has lived upon the face of the earth. Here is a man in whom the world is more indebted than to any other man that has lived, a man whose name is to be more widely known and highly honored and deeply loved than any other name. And this man is enduring agony. He has never committed a sin; he has never made a mistake; he has never harbored a thought that could be the seed from which any plant of remorse could grow. There is nothing which can possibly arise from within to disturb him. But from without he is surrounded with every form of spiritual assault and every conceivable image of terror, that he is wailed in with sorrows.

In his agony he prays. Lord, fix thy example in my soul. No men, no saints, no apostles, no Peters, nor Johns can help me when in spirit agony. I must go straight to God. O how much I owe to Christ's "Abba!" It was the familiar word to him, the Syrian word, springing to his lips in his great distress. How consecrated by its employment on this awful occasion! How the spirit secretly, in the souls of the Lord's children has since been crying "Abba!" How the Spirit of God's Son in our hearts is still crying "Abba!"

And what a prayer! How, in words, like so many of my own! O that in spirit mine may all be like that, "Remove this cup from me!" He prayed that! See how naturally human is the prayer. In briefest words, in the condensed rhetoric of agony, he utters his prayer, and tells just what was the uppermost wish of his heart, just as any stricken man or woman, or even a little child, would do. And then he adds what was in the bottom of his heart and pervaded his whole life, "Thy will be done." As if he had said, "Father, naturally I will that this cup should pass, but graciously I will that thy will be accomplished." O that the Spirit of God's Son in our hearts may cry, "Abba, thy will be done!"

The agony of my Lord seems to have had no selfishness. His disciples slept, slept near that horror of darkness. He could have no human sympathy. But how he apologizes for them! O exquisite grace in exquisite suffering! He finds for them a plea they might never have discovered nor dared to offer, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak!" Lord, ever make that plea for me!

CHRIST IS RISEN.

And now through this endless refrain there breaks a new voice. "Christ is risen," it sings in a carol of joy which angels could not make more sweet, "and become the first fruits of them that slept." The stone has been rolled away, not from the sepulcher in the garden alone, but from all the sepulchers in which men have buried their dead since the world began. The resurrection of Christ was not an isolated victory over death; it was an universal triumph for all humanity and for all eternity. It left ajar a door into the very heart of the mystery; it took up the parable of life and retold it from the divine side. It changed the place of burial into a harvest field, in which all their days men have sown the corruptible with tears, but from which they shall reap the incorruptible with songs of rejoicing. The dawn of Easter morning close upon the brief, and light of the short wintry days is a perpetual symbol of the universal resurrection which follows fast upon the universal death. Walking among these tombs, in which lie the hopes, the aspirations and the affections of earth, Christ says they are not dead but sleeping. They are down as a bud, they shall reappear in the bloom of the perfect unfolding. There was a deep truth in the old fancy which called the place of burial "God's acre"; for such, in reality, it is. Nature takes up the parable and repeats it in the freshness of every spring and the glory of every summer. Nothing is lost in her vast economy, nothing suffered to remain unproductive. The decay of the body is only a step toward new growth, the seed decomposes that it may send through the sod a cluster of living germs. Everywhere life springs out of death; that which was corrupt turns into beauty. Nature will not tolerate death, but lays hold upon it and sends it back into the tide of life.—*Christian Union*.

A REVIVAL IN FRANCE.

The revival in the South of France, to which we have more than once or twice referred, appears as likely to be "permanent" as is undoubtedly veritable. From Lausanne the Rev. D. Bernard writes a letter showing the President of the French Conference, together with himself and his brethren, Galland and Duval, to have been engaged towards the close of February in the blessed work of conversion at several places. In one week they counted more than sixty cases in which penitence had ripened into peace. At Lausanne M. Cornforth and the writer joined in exhorting the impressed to an immediate decision. In the absence of any perceptible response, M. Bernard followed a number of persons whom he knew to be seriously affected (*travailleurs*), and the three who returned with him to the chapel being warmly exhorted by Mr. Cornforth, and prayed with by both ministers, "All found peace." Much cheered, the colleagues went next day to Alais and held meetings with MM. Galland and Duval. At the first a girl who had lost her mother was "taken up by God;" at the next, "witnessed a good profession," one of them being a daughter whose "mother held her in the arms while she prayed for her." The second day was "more glorious still," when "more than twenty five persons gave themselves to their beloved Saviour," one of them being "a dear old man." On the third day likewise great blessings were "granted us," being the last the brethren could remain; but says M. Bernard, "the Lord made us comprehend the necessity of continuing these glorious meetings." It was therefore decided that he should remain alone at Alais, while his brethren, Galland and Duval, went on to Lameloux, and the other to Branaux, and the President to Valleraugue, where he was looked for. The services held at those places were happily successful.

A JUDGE'S STATEMENT.

A few weeks ago, Chief Justice Chase said in the course of a speech in New York: If a man can't do all the good he would like to do, he should do all the good he can. So I stand here in favor of the project of High License, but if I have a hope I desire to see realized it is that I shall live to see the day when no man, under the sanction of law, shall put a drop of intoxicating liquor to his neighbor's lips. That hour is coming. . . . I read in the newspapers that the prophet of Soudan sends before the simple message: "I am coming; be ready." I hear in the air and on every hand the same message to the temperance people of this country. I heard it last fall in Ohio, when 320,000 people of that prudent child of the West marched to the ballot-box, and voted for prohibition in the Constitution. I heard it in Kansas and Iowa as it is now being heard in Maine, and, despite all prediction and argument and criticism, I say it is coming with speedy steps everywhere, for it is borne on the hearts and best morality of fifty millions of people.

God's and man's law prohibits murder, yet scarcely a week passes but some murder, horrible and horrifying, is committed. Shall we abolish the prohibition of murder on the plea that prohibition doesn't prohibit? We prohibit burglary and larceny, yet every day those crimes are committed, not only by men who pick your pockets, but by men who have taken solemn oaths to obey the law, and yet steal and plunder the taxes in the public treasury. Shall we, therefore, abolish our prohibition of larceny? No, we will maintain the law as far as possible, and struggle to raise the public standard of morality so that all living agencies of hell shall be closed absolutely, and we will enforce it so far as human skill can. . . . My twenty-nine years experience as judge has taught me that of all the causes of sin and misery, of sorrow and woe, of pauperism and wretchedness, intoxicating liquor stands forth the unapproachable chief. Within the last three days a poor weeping mother came to me to ask my help in getting her son pardoned out of the State Prison. I told him that if he would give me the name of the man who sold him the rum which led to his crime I would remit a large part of his sentence, and would impose the severest penalty the law would permit upon the poisoner who served him with the rum. Shall I be mealy-mouthed when I speak of such men? I will denounce the rascality that sells liquor to men, women and children with as much violence as God gives me power to utter!

I can't stop the sale of intoxicating liquor here—no body of men can—but the hour is coming when we can. I do not think this High License bill will do as much as its friends suppose; but it will do something. . . . My mouth never shall be closed against the evil that my position shows to be the chief source of all the evil that drags my fellow-men down, and opens the gates of hell upon them.

THE BELIEVER'S VICTORY.

A good Scotch brother, who well knows the wiles and depths of Satan, was showing in his sermon how the adversary sometimes tries to break the hold of the will of Christ by a long, persistent pressure of temptation upon it. It was as if he had set a siege about the soul to starve it into surrender. He told the following story in illustration: An old Scotch baron was attacked by his enemy, who encamped before his gates, and would allow no provisions to enter them. He continued the siege long enough to have exhausted the supplies within; but there was no sign of capitulation. Weeks and months passed away, and yet no surrender. After a long time the besieger was surprised one morn to see a long line of fish, fresh from the sea, hung over the wall, as much as to say, "We can feed you;

and surely you can't starve us out so long as there are fish in the sea; for we have an underground connection with it, and the supply is inexhaustible." "So," said the prospher, "Satan may besiege our gates, but he never can compel us to surrender; for our food comes not through the gates, but from above, and through channels invisible to his eyes, and the living Bread of Life, which is inexhaustible, is within the gates. No matter how long the siege, we need not fear."

A LOOK BEYOND.

It is well to take a look beyond our own fields occasionally, and an excellent opportunity for one such look is given in the twenty-fifth annual report of the above named society. The Christian Vernacular Educational Society for India, is an English organization which was begun just after the Sepoy mutiny in India, when English conscience was aroused to answer the question, Are we as Christian rulers meeting our responsibilities to these our heathen subjects? The threefold object of this society, to raise a body of trained Christian schoolmasters in their own language; to maintain schools, and to provide interesting and instructive educational and popular literature in the numerous and dissimilar languages of India, is most effectually realized. At Dindigul, in the Madras Presidency, at Ahmednager in the Bombay Presidency, and at Amritsar in the Punjab, are the training-schools, from which 700 schoolmasters have gone forth. In the society's schools one thousand children are taught, and six times this number are in indigenous health-schools, visited by the inspectors, and aided by the publications of this society. The third object which is undertaken is the one in which we are chiefly interested, and in the providing of a Christian literature for India, this organization must be counted as a most powerful helper. From fifty book depots, by the hands of its one hundred and fifty colporteurs, ten million copies of publications, permeated with Bible truths, have been scattered over the land. The C. V. E. S. is truly catholic, and is heartily co-operative with all Protestant missionary societies in India, Burma and Ceylon.

A calm, self-possessed captain of a vessel was asked: "Captain, I suppose you know where every rock and shoal is along this whole coast; do you not?" "I know where they are not," was his reply—which is a more important thing. Admirable answer. If your faith is fixed on God, and your heart is wedded to his service, you will know where the danger and difficulties are not. Riding peacefully upon the great deeps of his love, your greatest joy will be that you no longer live by doubts, but by affirmations.—*Dr. A. J. Gordon*.

"A kiss from my mother," said Benjamin West, "made me a painter." "The prayers of my mother," many a Christian can say, "have, by the grace of God, kept me from a thousand temptations, and led me in penitence and faith to the cross of Christ!"

Apostles never wasted a moment on a Gospel of patchwork. Their twofold text was, "Turn to the Lord," which meant repentance; and "Come to the Lord," which meant a life of faith and holiness.—*Thos. Chalmers*.

Saints are not so much afflicted with suffering as they are of suffering in suffering, the offence is done, and in sinning the offence is done.—*St. Paul*.

Good men have the flesh for ever. He has but one who fears to be ever. He has a thousand who have overcome that one.

113
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