

# The Wesleyan.

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## NOTE AND COMMENT.

The layman who staid away from the meeting because "he thought they could get along without him" pursued a course that would have prevented any meeting at all had the remainder of the brethren acted as he did in the matter.—*Nash. Adv.*

Here is a sentence forming a triple-headed principle of teaching. Let teachers keep it ever in mind: "Your chief business is to make pupils think, not to think for them; to make them talk, not to talk for them; to draw out their powers, not to display your own."—*Normal Monthly.*

In Yoruba they call the white man the *peeled man*. They say that the first man was a black man, but that he fell into a heated furnace, and the outer skin peeled off, and hence the white man, or the *peeled man*. That is just as plausible a theory as are many of those set afloat by the (so-called) scientists of this day.—*Religious Herald.*

The following is from the *Religious Herald*. We wish it had come from some church nearer home:—"A preacher lately received a card from a church, of which in former years he was pastor, saying that they had determined to pay him his 'back dues' on his salary. There is some genuine religion in that church. We know of some cases of 'back dues' that are not managed in that way."

Wilson, the inventor of the sewing-machine known as the "Wheeler and Wilson," after having long been a common drunkard, wandering about in rough garments, dilapidated shoes, and a slouched hat, his gray hair straggling beneath it, has been put in the insane asylum, a hopeless wreck. It takes more manhood to bear prosperity than to earn it or invent the means of it.—*N. Y. Adv.*

That disciple who is entering into giddy society and unholy amusements on the plea that Christianity need not be interpreted as it is by spiritual-minded persons, would do well to ponder with prayer this saying of a learned and ancient father: "We covet the mind of sin when we convict it of preferring the lower things, and forsaking the higher to enjoy them."—*Zion's Herald.*

Let us remember that if we are to have a happy New Year, we shall get it only by keeping close to our Lord. The shadows lengthen. We are nearer than ever before to the crystal sea, beyond whose waves shines out the light of the Father's house. Let us revive the ardor of our first love; let us lean on him whose strength is un-failing; so shall prayer and praise hallow all our hours, and we shall rejoice evermore.—*Christian at Work.*

Mr. Vincelle, Warden of Beauport Asylum and President of an Ultramontane body known as the "Cercle Catholique," in his examination before the Mercier Commission declared that, if he had been placed confidentially in the possession of a fact, he would not hesitate to declare under oath that he was ignorant of that fact. It is well known that this is the teaching of the Jesuits and of casuists like Denis. Here it is explicitly stated by a man who has received several decorations from the Pope, and is a knight of several religious orders.—*Even. Churchman.*

The experiment of "Self-supporting Missions" in Africa, by Bishop William Taylor, (Methodist), will be watched with interest. Forty assistants are to sail thence in January. We fail to see, however, that the mission can properly be called self-supporting, when it is officially announced that friends in this country have given \$12,000 for building purposes, and further contributions are asked for in "building material or breadstuffs in bulk from a tin of crackers to a barrel of flour." This is substantially the way in which all missions are supported.—*Independent.*

A layman, in administering what he calls the "third dose," in the *South-west Christian Advocate* talks in this style: "There are, perhaps, 10,000 Methodist families in South Carolina. The *South-west Christian Advocate* ought to be taken in every one of them. It would, if every preacher were 'zealously affected' in obeying the law. There are thousands and thousands of Methodist families who never see a church paper or have our hymn-books and disciplines, not to mention our other publications. I lay all the blame, every bit of it, for this deplorable state of things on the preachers. Now don't get on the high horse and 'pitch in' to me for blabbing out this unpalatable truth, but repent and go to work to remedy it."

Reverently the Church should cherish the men who have given their lives to its service, and the families that its dying veterans may leave to its charge. No Conference has fully met its obligation to these faithful men until it assures them and their families a support as liberal and as certain as that secured to its efficient preachers. The nation pensions its wounded soldiers, and the Church should make equal provision for the men who have given their undivided lives to its service.—*Texas Adv.*

"A noiseless revolution," said the *Philadelphia Press* of Nov. 25, will take place in the city this morning, of which a very few of our citizens will know anything, but which will work a great change in the lives of all who take part in it. Seven thousand little women in the public schools will put aside books and slates, and for the day give their brains a rest and, instead, set their little fingers to work. By the new ruling of superintendent McAllister this whole day is to be devoted to teaching the girls to sew.

Do not offer wine to your New Year's guests. The habit is less general than it was, and is utterly demoralizing and abominable. Who have to suffer most from the curse of drink? Women. That husbands may enjoy their brutish enjoyment, wives must weep and starve and die. The woman who tempts young men to drink wine from a silver tray is buying rags and ruin for her daughters or her sister's daughters. She may not mean it, she cannot mean it; but she is a traitor to her sex and an enemy of our common humanity. These are strong words; but we wish we could make them stronger.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Applications have been made by some missions in India and that in Bulgaria for salaries for some of the native preachers equal to the American missionaries who are serving there. The general committee declined of course, perceiving that the scale of salaries paid to native preachers should be adjusted to salaries paid to native workers of all kinds in the respective countries. Otherwise, there would be a sudden "revival of religious interest," should it appear that a native preaching the gospel can multiply his income by four or six.—*N. W. Adv.*

It is a simple fact of Methodist history, current and past, that a fashionable city church sometimes thinks a strong, prudent, sensible man of the rank and file is not good enough for them. The members want a more beautiful form of religion. They are hungry for religious taffy, and such a man will not feed them with it. The cry for taffy becomes a serious matter. The Conference cannot give the man, for it has none such. At this point of perplexity Brother Go-round is thought of. The Bishop is happy. The church is delighted. The new pastor comes in and gives a gum-drop gospel for the bread of life, and substitutes pastoral work with clerical gallantry. All things go well till the church gets sick at the stomach.—*Alabama Adv.*

## A JAPANESE WORKER.

At one of the recent meetings at Tremont Temple, Boston, one of the distinguished personages on the platform was Rev. Joseph Neesima, of Japan. The *Congregationalist* says: "His nearest neighbors chanced to be Mr. Moody, Dr. Phillips Brooks, and Rev. Dr. W. Waldron, men of such avowed piety as made the little Japanese seem like a Zachaeus in their midst. But, if small in stature, he is mighty in faith and good works, and it was an impressive scene when Mr. Moody took him by the hand, led him to the front of the platform, told of his Pauline labors in the Sunrise Kingdom, of the breaking down in health which forbids public speaking, and appealed to the audience for prayers and sympathy in his behalf. 'Not for me only,' said Mr. Neesima, 'but for the 37,000,000 of Japan.' With true Oriental fervor he declares that 'the very thought of missions makes his heart throb and his head dizzy.' He is the guest of Hon. Alpheus Hardy, of Boston, by whom he was educated, and a long period of rest will be necessary before he recovers from the exhaustion caused by overwork the past ten years among the churches."

## EACH A PRIME MINISTER.

When Cardinal Dubois, the Prime Minister of France, summoned the most famous surgeon of his day to his palace, to perform on that prelate's person a serious surgical operation, he said: "You must not expect to treat me in the same rough manner you do the miserable wretches in the hospital." The surgeon replied: "My lord, every one of those miserable wretches, as your eminence is pleased to term them, is a prime minister in my eyes." His mission was to heal, and the suffering of his humblest patient made the person of the sufferer sacred in his sight. Humanity, in his eyes, was exalted above the accidents of poverty or rank, and when its voice appealed to him for help he answered as promptly the prayer of the pauper as the command of the king. That surgeon comprehended the dignity and responsibility of his vocation.

It was man's misery that brought the Saviour from the skies. He came not to build up an earthly kingdom, but to seek and save the lost. His ear was never closed against the cry of sorrow. He was seldom the guest of the rich; but the sufferer was drawn to him by the resistless power of sympathy and love. Beggars cried out from the wayside, and he opened their eyes, or bade them take up their beds and walk; the leper knelt at his feet, and while others recoiled with horror, his words were full of pity as he said, "Be thou clean." A trembling woman laid her fingers on the hem of his garment, and Divine mercy thrilled to the touch of faith, and she was healed that moment of her plague. It is not the voice of eloquence, nor the invitation of wealth, nor the influence of position, that now attracts Christ to the hearts and homes of men; but the prayer of penitence will ever move his heart, and the cry of the humblest saint have power with the Son of God.

The servant should be like his Lord. The impelling power with every preacher should be love for the souls of men. His mission, like that of his Master, is to heal and save. The most wretched sinner should be a "prime minister" in his sight, for each one is the heir of immortality, and one day may wear a crown that will outshine the richest diadem that ever rested on the brow of royalty. To gain their pardon, the Saviour shed his blood; to seal their deliverance from sin, the Holy Spirit shed its influence over every penitent heart; and to guard their footsteps along the dangerous paths of life, angels are commissioned directly from the throne of God. Man's outward condition is but the accident of life; his soul makes up his true inheritance, and its salvation will be the chief concern of every man of God. It may be a little child that a mother brings to the altar, but Christ has said, "Suffer the little ones to come." It may be the heathen in his blindness who holds out his hands for help; but his cry is as welcome to the Saviour as was that of blind Bartimeus. It may be the felon, looking up to heaven through his prison bars; but Christ answered the prayer of the dying thief. The man who leads that little child to the Saviour, who points the fettered convict to the cross, who brings the most miserable tramp to the mercy-seat, or lifts from the humblest heart its load of pain, has performed a work that the archangels would delight to share.

All must be saved alike. The surgeon must probe as deeply the wounds of the Prime Minister as those of the "miserable wretches in the hospital." His knife must be as keen and his hand as firm when he cuts off the ulcerous limbs of the Cardinal as when he employs their skill on the persons of plebeians and beggars.—*Texas Adv.*

"I doubt whether any one ever got to heaven who desired to go alone." Are you trying to lead some one there?

## THE NEW YEAR'S POSSIBILITIES.

It is possible for you to make the coming year a new year in a new and happy sense by living wholly to the Lord. You may walk every day in the light of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. Do you again doubt? If so, on what ground? Is the promise of your Lord too narrow to cover such an experience? Is his power inadequate? Is his love too small? Is the victory of faith only a partial victory? Is the joy of the Holy Ghost in a believing heart a summer torrent rather than a stream that never fails? The river of God is full of water. Do you doubt that this experience is attainable by you? There can be but two causes for such doubt. The remembrance of your past unfaithfulness paralyzes your faith. You admit that there are some, a favored few, who walk with God in white and rejoice ever more in his love. You see clearly enough that to doubt this would be to impeach the veracity of God who hath promised. But you say in your heart, "This is not for me. I must move on a lower plane, and be content with admiring at a distance that which I shall never reach. There is no out-reaching of faith and hope, and consequently no influx of new life, no access of strength and joy.

Another hinderance may exist. Your consecration is imperfect. This makes imperfection in all your religious life. It cuts you from the beat that is possible for you. You keep back part of the price, and rob yourself of part of the blessing. You would be glad to have the fullness of present joy and future glory, but you do not meet the condition, which is entire consecration to God. This entire consecration is possible for you this year. What is it? It is to follow Christ without reserve. In these seven words you have both the description of what it is and the means by which it is to be attained. There is neither mystery nor impossibility about it. This heaven on earth may come to you with the New Year, and remain with you always.

Shall these possibilities become realities to you? For this you have been spared to see the beginning of the New Year. The perception of such possibilities is in itself an unspeakable blessing—to turn them into accomplished results is the work to which you are called of God.—*Nashville Adv.*

## A TRAVELLING REVIVAL.

At the Presiding Elders' Convention, held two or three weeks ago in New York, the Rev. B. M. Adams, who never talks without saying something certain to be remembered, avowed his conviction that a presiding elder can best assist in the promotion of revivals by being "a travelling revival" himself. An illustration of his meaning was drawn from the records of his experience. Since he entered upon his work, he set out on one occasion from Lake Grove—a place in the centre of Long Island—to preach in a church about seven miles from there, and some miles from another village bearing the classic name of Coram. His conveyance was a stage, crowded with passengers. On reaching the church it was found to be closed. No sermon had been expected. The disappointed stage-load started on their return. One of the passengers remarked, "I am disappointed. I expected to hear the elder preach." "Yes," said another; "I wanted to hear the elder preach." The driver also chimed in with, "I should like to have heard him preach." These remarks fell on very heedful ears. The owner of those ears had been wont to preach in special circumstances. The tail of a cart, the top of a stone wall, the body of a carriage, had served as his pulpit on several occasions. Could he not preach in a moving stage? Why, yes! The stage does not make much noise in running, and, if you like, it preaches

now." The proposition instantly received a unanimous vote. The sermon began. Stage and sermon went on together. It was a memorable time. The voice of the orator has a sonorous roll, broken by an occasional explosion, and reminds the hearer of the rapid passage of a laden truck over an indifferently paved street. The scattered dwellers on and near the highway heard its thunderous cadences, and wondered what it could be. It had somewhat of an awesome sound in the still night, and predisposed its hearers to surrender at following protracted meetings. But that was not all it did. The Spirit of God spoke through it to the heart of a woman who was settled on the back seat of the stage. "Hallelujah! I have found Him," she shouted, as the light broke upon her mind, and the peace of God flowed into her heart. "Amen!" said the "travelling revival" to this grateful interruption. All hearts were stirred and could not separate when home was reached without a meeting for prayer and praise. That converted woman has since been a singular power for good in all that region.

Bishop Fowler, whose repertory of anecdote is remarkably full, adduced another illustration of the "travelling revival" in the person of Rev. James F. Wilbur, of the Oregon Conference. When that devoted servant of Christ sailed for his distant field of labor, he had to double Cape Horn. Seven long months were consumed in the voyage. In three months he had preached to the sailors, rejoiced over the conversion of some, received them on probation, watched over them with pastoral solicitude, and received them into full membership. These are good examples of "travelling revival" that every bishop, presiding elder, preacher, and member of the church ought to be.

## A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

We are beginning a new year's work. It is not profitable for us to live in nor look at the past. What we have done, we have done. All the words and actions of the year past are written on a page of God's book, and the page is turned over and sealed.

Let us forget our mistakes. We made many. Dwelling on them in thought will not rectify them, but will rather tend to keep us in a condition for repeating them.

Let us not forget our sins. If we did not sincerely repent of our sins each night of the past year, or upon the discovery of the sin, we are not likely to render a true repentance now. If we did not confess our sins each night, we can not make a good confession now. Let us ask God to blot out all the sins and cover all the iniquities of the year, and thus leave the matter with him.

Let us forget our triumphs. We cannot afford to muse too much on these, however great and laudable they may have been. We will be common puffed up, and be ready to fall. Leave them with God, asking him to turn them to his own glory.

Let us reach forward to the labors, joys, trials and triumphs of the new year. Let us anticipate these. Readiness is half preparation. Progress is made by forgetfulness; and strength is gained by forgetfulness; victory is gained by forgetfulness.

## THE WORLD IN THE CHURCH.

At Toronto, during his recent visit, Mr. Moody said in the course of an address: "You cannot have power unless you lead a separate life. Christ died to redeem you from the world. I have heard people say, 'Christ left us in the world, we are not to live like hermits.' But the one thing Christ taught throughout His life on earth was that the world was at war with Him. The world is not to be any more a friend to the gospel of Jesus Christ than when he perished on the cross. Human nature has always been the same. The first man

born of woman was a murderer. No man or woman is going to have spiritual power that is not separated from the world that is unequally yoked together with unbelievers. We used to have to preach to the Church to keep out of the world. Now the world has gone into the Church, moved right in, and taken possession, and that is the reason we have so little power. People say, 'Christ did not take us out of the world; we are in the world; the ship is on the water; that is all right, but when the water gets into the ship it's all wrong.' And so when the world gets into God's people, it is all wrong. My friend, Harry Mourhouse, had a beautiful canary bird. In the spring of the year he took its cage out and hung it in a tree, and the little English sparrows got around it and chirped and pretty soon the canary had lost all its sweet songs, and could only chirp; and though he brought it into the house and trained it again it never sang as sweetly as before. So it is with our church people who are not separated from the world. They do nothing but chirp, chirp, they are nothing but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. When they asked Billy Bray how the world was going he said, 'Don't know, ain't been there for twelve years.' What we want is to be out of it, to belong to Heaven. When a Scotchman was asked if he were on the way to heaven he said, 'On my way; why that's where I live; that's my home.' Realize that you are sent here to represent Jesus Christ. Some one has said that the Roman spears did not pierce the heart of Jesus as much as the kiss of Judas. The wounds that Christ received in the house of his friend did more harm than all the infidels in the country. If you want spiritual life you must be dead to the world."

## SELF-SUPPORT.

In the report of the Committee on "Self-support of Native Churches" presented to the A. B. C. F. M. Society, occur the following paragraphs, which have a lesson for Christians at home: "It is axiomatic and severe to require of people, in some instances on the verge of penury, that they at least assist in sustaining their own institutions of religion and education, we must remember how much more valuable, even to such, is manhood than money. Our converts are relieved from the exorbitant burdens of our native churches shall abound to riches of their liberality, do we not condemn ourselves for benevolences which are comparatively but as the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table? If common civility does not require one to make sacrifices approximately commensurate unto theirs, surely it will compel us to give for the spread of the gospel largely, unaided, and to do so, we must till it contains some of the most self-denial to be found. Let us not countenance and honor missions that may be extended, but the expense of our native churches is not to be met. He who still sits idly by, and counts the 'crumbs' which fall from his table, is a false religionist. The world has never had more than one true religion. They have had many false religions."

The power of a man's character is not in his intellect, but in his will. The man whose will is not fixed on the truth, but who is content to be a man in his behavior, is a weakling. *Evening Standard.*