

The Wesleyan.

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FROM THE PAPERS.

The owner of the *Churchman*, the paper that exhibits so much bitterness toward the Methodists, is the proprietor of one of the New York theatres.

The Old Testament Revisers have completed their seventy-second session, and carried their second revision as far as Jeremiah ix.

A correspondent of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate* thinks, in view of the many preachers who go up to Conference with deficient salaries, that "our missionaries in foreign fields are not the only martyrs for God's heritage."

The Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, England, are supporting missionaries in East Africa, who teach the naked natives all the rites and ceremonies of extreme ritualism, often with most grotesque effect.—*Religious Herald.*

Dr. Scudder says missions pay financially, as an old wheel-wright found, who gave one dollar to missions in the Sandwich Islands, feeling as if he had dropped it into the sea, but was amazed to receive not long after an order for twenty carts at \$90 each.

There is a great attempt now-a-days to put down plain people with what is called "scholarship," and "the most recent research," and the like, but those who enter upon this sort of work with their noses in the air, ought to be very careful that they know what they are about.—*Central Presbyterian.*

The *Signal* says: "In the death of Dr. J. G. Holland temperance has lost one of its staunchest supporters. Among all our literary men, not one has taken a more decided stand for temperance than he. From none has the *Signal* quoted more frequently. Some of his temperance utterances have become household words throughout the nation."

M. Renan now thinks Christianity really began with Isaiah—in other words, that that prophet, seven and a half centuries before Christ, taught that there was something beyond the mere forms of the old Jewish sacrifices. Renan states in his "Marcus Aurelius," which is just issued from the press, that he will now take up the history of the Jewish church in an earlier period than that of Christ.

The Evangelical Protestant Union is an association of English Evangelicals, whose purpose it is to oppose all tendencies to deprive the Church of its Protestant name and character. It has just held its third annual meeting. One of the speakers warned the Union of the danger of replacing the black gown with the surplice. The change invariably prepared the way for the introduction of Ritualism.

Among the speakers at the late annual Conference of the Dakota Indian Congregational churches was a chief named Gray Cloud. He was sentenced to be hanged for his part in the outbreak of 1862, but was pardoned by President Lincoln, and is now one of the most active Christian ministers in that region. These churches have a membership of 800, with 10 pastors. Their contributions average nearly a dollar a month from each individual.

While it concedes that a mischievous boy can exasperate a teacher beyond endurance, *The Rochester Herald* persists in opposing corporal punishment. "Every person," it justly says, "upon adopting a profession, assumes all of the annoyances and hardships belonging to its highest and wisest practice." Therefore, a teacher must be prepared to accept the trouble of governing properly without the whip.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

When a brother writes that he can't pay but a fraction of the subscription to his Church paper the coming year, we usually send his letter to his pastor. And when the answer comes: "Brother Skinfint is a prosperous man; got money at interest; owes nothing," we always continue the paper, even at a nominal price, and so help to give the devil a tussel for old Skinfint's miserly soul. We hate to be beaten by Satan.—*Richmond Advertiser.*

Canon Liddon's words in St. Paul's in connection with the late International Medical Congress, were admirably terse. "The labors," he said, "of

Jesus of Nazareth were frequently more like those of the doctor of a London hospital seeing his patient than those of an ordinary clergyman." Dr. Liddon instanced seventeen cases of cures by our Lord which might have presented themselves for treatment at a modern hospital.

M. Chalamet, the French Under Secretary for Education and Worship, in a recent address, commented on the opposition of the Clericals to the Girls' Secondary Education Law. Woman, he said, gained a preponderant influence in the family and in modern society, and she was in many cases governed by the Clerical spirit. To extricate her from this her education must be altered. Girls must be well taught, so that their ideas and those of their husbands might not conflict.

To a Methodist deputation which recently waited upon the Council of Education, Mr. Mundella, Vice-President, said among other things: "You know your own admission with respect to the number of children in Standards I. and II. over ten years of age in schools. Yours are the best schools of the country, and take the largest grant. But the admission is a deplorable one when you say that twenty per cent. of the children of ten years of age are still in standards which they ought to have passed out of."

Mrs. Woods, wife of the Rev. J. L. Woods, of Passage West, has been doing a graceful act of kindness in a quiet and unostentatious fashion to many Irish Methodist ministers. She has presented most of them with some valuable works, the selection of which she offered to them from a lengthy and attractive list, out of which three were to be selected. Such works as *Geikie's "Life of Christ," "Hours with the Bible," "Cramer's "Biblico-Theological Lexicon,"* and Pope's "Compendium of Theology," were amongst the number.

Do the Welsh appreciate education? Yes, they do. Take an instance. Two poor boys in the county of Carnarvon, who had to work at the quarry for their living at an early age, agreed one evening that they would both become graduates and professors. They used to sit up late at night for years, and half-starved themselves to buy books, and they, after long years of patient labour and suffering, have now attained their object. One is a professor at a Scotch college, and the other a graduate and prizeman of Cambridge.—*London Methodist.*

Dr. Prime of the New York *Observer* gives this prime ministerial qualification:—"I was visiting a great planter in Kentucky, near Lexington, while attending the Presbyterian Assembly. He wanted me to see a couple of colts six weeks old, and when they were brought out I said, 'Morgan colts.' 'Why,' he exclaimed, 'do you know a Morgan colt when you see it?' 'Certainly,' said I, 'or an Eclipse colt.' 'Well done,' said he, 'I never saw a minister that knew a Morgan horse, or any other at sight. Why, sir, you can have a call to any church in Kentucky!'"

Counsel with Rome has never brought profit to England in dealing with its Irish difficulties. The priesthood in that country are welcome to either horn of the dilemma. Either they could have pacified Ireland or they could not. If they could, but would not, then they are utterly unworthy of our trust, either as ministers of religion or as subjects of the Crown. If they would, but could not, then they are as well able to deal with the difficulty now as they would be if by some treaty, secret or open, they were handed over to the power of the Bishop of Rome.—*Methodist Recorder.*

If the younger men of Methodism, working in the village Sunday-schools and societies of all branches of Methodism, will only inquire for themselves who Wesley was, how his character was formed, what were the features of the age in which he lived, how the movement associated with his name developed and grew, how he was led to make provision for its independent self-governing, self-extending influence in the United States of America, and its permanent self-governed life in our own land, we are sure they will be strong and of good courage, and be bold to sustain the old banner to new victories.—*London Methodist.*

By a fleet circular recently issued the English Admiralty has cancelled the existing regulations relating to the spirit ration in the navy. The issue of that ration is discontinued to all officers except warrant officers, a sum equivalent to the saving effected being paid into the mess funds. On special occasions and under careful report a spirit ration may be issued to officers detached on particular service, if the mess stores are not available; but spirits will be issued on payment under no other circumstances.

No spirit ration will be allowed to seamen under twenty; and warrant officers, men, and boys may receive in lieu of spirits cocoa, chocolate, or sugar.

A rise in the price of teasets may be now looked for since Mr. Oscar Wilde, the aesthete, is actually on the eve of sailing to this country, and is likely to adorn our lecture platforms and to breathe his own spirit of devotion to lilies and old China into our too susceptible population. If Mr. Wilde's acceptance in this country is to increase the mania for bric-a-brac, to make our reception rooms and living rooms any more like museums than they are now, it will certainly be a national calamity. We are already in that condition in which the Frenchmen described the English as being when he said that they did not gesture in conversation, because in their houses they could not move without breaking something.—*Christian Union.*

MISSION WORK.

Bishop Bowman, now visiting the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in China and Japan, describes the way in which the messengers of the churches prosecute their work in a Chinese city:

At Peking we have two street chapels and one domestic chapel, as they call it. The street chapels are located in the business part of the city, one in the Tartar and one in the Chinese city. In these, public services are held nearly every day during the week, and continuing several hours each day. Usually the little chapels are filled with hearers. These stay sometimes long enough to hear one sermon or address. More frequently, however, they stop for a few minutes and then pass on, while others take their places. Occasionally two or three will tarry for private conversation.

In this way, in the course of a year, many persons hear something of the gospel. A few get to be quite regular hearers, and in the end become Christians. The immediate results, however, of this branch of the work have not been so gratifying as would at first be supposed, and as is always desired. After careful inquiry among our own missionaries, and others, I could not hear of many in the city who had been converted through the chapel service. But in many cases the opening of work out through the country could be traced to the preaching in these street chapels. Strangers coming to the capital on business or pleasure have dropped into the chapels and they have carried home with them some of the new and strange truths, thought and talked about them until they and others became interested to know more of this religion. Then have followed calls for the missionary, and in the end the establishing of the church in a new place. Several very interesting cases of this kind have occurred in Peking. On Sabbath these chapels are used more particularly for the native members and the Sunday school. This "domestic chapel" is located on the grounds where the foreign missionaries live, and where the schools are situated, and is used as our churches are at home. Here the prayer-meeting, class-meeting, Sunday-school, and public services are held for the missionaries' families, and for the native members in the schools and living in the neighborhood. Of course this was the centre of interest during conference week, and the services in connection with the conference were exceedingly pleasant.

At Peking we have a boarding-school for girls, second to none in the city. It is under the supervision of Miss Cushman, assisted by Miss Sears. It has forty young girls in attendance, gathered in from different parts of the two provinces, most of whom are from Christian families and are themselves members of the church. Some of these girls are earnestly preparing themselves for work, either as wives of some of the native assistants, or as teachers, or Bible readers and laborers among the women. We have also at Peking a small day-school for boys, and a boarding and training school for boys. In the latter are several promising young men who are preparing themselves to go out as teachers and preachers. They are under the care of Bro. Lowry, assisted by such of the ladies of the mission as have time to do some work, and by the other

missionaries. The young people in these schools are all well instructed in the Scriptures as well as in secular things.

SIERRA LEONE.

The history of Sierra Leone has been one of great interest and Christianity has had no more notable triumph in Africa than it has achieved in this colony. A hundred years ago Sierra Leone was a great slave depot. Slaves were the circulating medium, and it was at the peril of his life that a white man landed among the savages, who committed most horrid acts, destroying crews and plundering cargoes and doing Satan's work generally. The nucleus of the present colony was formed by a freed settlement of Negroes, who seemed to have no home or vocation in England. Early in the present century the Church Society began to send out missionaries for the benefit of the colonists and the surrounding heathen. In 1808 Sierra Leone became a crown colony and was made a settlement for released slaves. The present population, therefore, is of a singularly mixed character, embracing natives of all parts of Africa. It is said that sixty languages are spoken in the streets of Freetown, but the various tribes have become so thoroughly fused that the general harmony is scarcely or never broken by tribal riots, which were frequent enough some years ago. The missionaries, chiefly representing the Church and Wesleyan societies, had, as may be imagined, a wonderfully difficult field. The climate was of the most deadly character. The rainfall is no less than 160 inches a year, or more than a foot a month, and the dampness, combined with the intense heat and noxious exhalations, were terribly destructive of life. Of eighty seven missionaries and catechists sent out by the Church Society in forty years, thirty-five died and the Wesleyans also suffered terribly, but a wonderful work has been wrought. According to the government census of April of last year, there are 18,860 members of the Church of England; 17,090 Methodists, exclusive of 2717 in Lady Huntingdon's Connection; and 400 Baptists. There are but very few white men in the colony, which, with its dependencies, has a total population of upwards of 60,000, of whom 35,430 are classified as "Liberalized Africans or their descendants." These Christian communities are very largely self-supporting. The native Christians connected with the Church Society maintain an independent organization, which is doing some missionary work and receives only a few hundred dollars from the parent society. The commissioner of the census says: "It would be difficult to point to a town or country which contains so many churches, chapels, preaching places, or meeting houses as Sierra Leone, and Freetown in particular." In the colony and its dependencies the pagan population, including Timmanees, Mandingoes, Foulahs, Soosoes, Mendis, and Kroomees numbers about 16,000. The travel from interior countries to Freetown is very large and the trade quite extensive, so that good opportunities are furnished of reaching the heathen tribes surrounding the colony.—*N. Y. Independent.*

CONVERSION OF COUNT GASPARIN.

Adolph Monod, one of the most gifted and faithful evangelical ministers of the present century, preached Christ crucified and his free grace, to his church in Lyons, France. One Lord's day, preaching from the text, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life," he spoke of the person of Christ as the true God-man. He announced, at the same time, that the next Sabbath he should show how men could be saved by faith in this God-man. But the authorities of this church were full of Catholic and other errors, and opposed to a doctrine so truly evangelical. Hence they informed Monod that if he did not omit the sermon he had announced, they would have him arrested and brought before the prefect, and

dismissed from his office. Monod, notwithstanding, preached his sermon, and the authorities made their complaint. The prefect demanded the two sermons of the accused, and Monod sent them to him. The prefect was a Catholic count—Count de Gasparin. He came home at evening to his wife and found the sermons. He never liked sermons, especially evangelical sermons. But he was a man who discharged faithfully the duties of his office. It was necessary that the sermons should be read. He came to his wife with the manuscripts in his hand, complaining that he would have to give up the whole evening to this irksome and protracted labor. She offered, as her husband's worthy helpmeet, to read the sermons with him, so that the task might seem to him less tedious. They began. They read the first. With every page they grew more interested. They forgot that it was evening and night. That which was at first an official duty, became a service of the heart. They finished the first, and eagerly grasped the second. And what was the result? As a magistrate—as a prefect—Gasparin was forced to deprive Monod of his place, because all the authorities demanded it. But he and his wife became evangelical Christians—yes, living, joyful and happy believers in Christ. They found that night "the pearl of great price," and it has remained in the family. Their son, Count Agenor de Gasparin, has long been the head and pillar of the evangelical party in France.—*Moravian.*

THE TRUE REVIVAL POWER.

The Holy Spirit is, indeed, a universal presence. So is electricity. Yet it is unfelt. It is not manifest. But bring the surcharged cloud into contact with a suitable conductor, and then the vivid flash of sheeted fire and the deep roar of heaven's artillery will symbolize the omnipotence of the Divine Presence. The wandering disciple inquired of the Saviour, "How is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" He knew that God was present—everywhere present—but the mysterious manifestation, such as the world could not comprehend perplexed and puzzled him. But on the day of Pentecost, when the holy fire not only tipped his brow and touched his tongue, but filled his heart, the mystery was solved. That same revelation may come to our hearts, if we only have faith to believe in God. Faith is the conductor that reaches up to the clouds, surcharged with divine mercy. Along its wires there comes, streaming down into the believing heart, wave after wave of the Divine manifestation, filling the soul with unspeakable joy. Along its wires there comes, streaming down into the believing Church, flood after flood of revival power, quickening all its energies, causing it to glow with the Divine Presence, and making it victorious in pushing forward the conquests of Christ over the souls of men.—*Bishop D. W. Clark.*

HOAR-HEADED SIN.

You never know sin until you know its end. In earlier stages it makes a fair show, lives easily, often elegantly, and is full of large promises for the future. Its devotee is not in trouble as other men; the world smiles on him, good fortune attends his steps and one is almost led to doubt whether God has not forgotten his own and gone over to the side of wrong. David, when harried and driven into corners by his enemies, saw him, flourishing in abundance, faring sumptuously every day, hale, full of life and vigor, gleeful, his eyes standing out with fatness. It was a trying spectacle; his foot well nigh slipped, as has that of many another man since. But stop! God has not abdicated, justice has not left the throne, sin is not to be victor. You have seen only the beginning, the bright side. You have only seen sin in its youth and vigor, clothed in purple and fine linen. The fair appearance is all outside, a semblance, a vain show. That youth is destined to fade and pass away. And when sin goes down into "the sere, yellow

leaf," and is shrivelled and desiccated by the cold blast of years, you begin to see its real hatefulness. The Devil's young people are often attractive; his old folks are miserable hags, their inward devilishness beginning to show itself by many infallible signs. The natural spirits flag; the vigor of health yields; outward supports give way, and a man is more and more obliged to fall back on himself and God. Hoar-headed sin finds itself without supports in virtue or in God. You have never really known sin till you have seen it with curved spine and trembling limbs, leaning upon a staff, the eye grown dim, the face furrowed, the voice faint and husky. Decrepit sin is horrible. In the very period when help is most needed, it finds its supports cut away and all its vain hopes collapse and vanish like "the unsubstantial fabric of a dream." The sin that was so full of promise returns to plague the sinner. Truthfully has one said, "The devil has no happy old men."—*N. E. Methodist.*

NEVER WANTED.

No true work since the world began was ever wasted; no true life since the world began has ever failed. Oh! understand those two perverted words, and measure them by the eternal, not by the earthly standard. What the world has regarded as the bitterest failure has often been in the sight of heaven the most magnificent success. When the cap, painted with devils, was placed on the brow of John Huss, and he sank dying amid the embers of the flame—was that a failure? When Francis Xavier died, cold and lonely on the bleak and desolate shore of a heathen land—was that a failure? When the frail, worn body of the Apostle of the Gentiles was dragged by a hook from the arena, and the white sand scattered over the crimson life-blood of the victim from the dense amphitheatre despaired as some obscure and nameless Jew—was that a failure?

And when, after thirty obscure, toil-some, unrecorded years in the shop of the village carpenter, One came forth to be pre-eminently the man of sorrows, to wander from city to city in homeless labors, and to expire in lonely agony upon that shameful cross—was that a failure? Nay, my brethren, it was the death of Him, who lived that we might follow His foot-prints—it was the life, it was the death of the Son of God.—*F. W. Farrar.*

CARELESS LIVES.

I am afraid that the great majority of men allow their lives, as they do their beliefs, to go anyhow. They never form a distinct opinion as to the shape their life is to take, and they have never said calmly and strongly to themselves, "This is the intention which is to rule my life." They play the part of the sculptor who has no model and no fixed idea. There is the marble, and they knock a piece out here and there, but no man can predict the final result. Eating and drinking, working and playing, are the distracted existence so many of us are living. What shall we be tomorrow? We really cannot tell. It will depend upon the people we meet, the things that are said to us. We have no real rule. If we are tempted to do wrong, it is possible, it is even probable, that we may do it, unless it is some very bad thing quite out of our way. It is not impossible we may say that which is untrue; that for our own gain we may deceive this person, and attack with anger that. If opportunity befalls us, we may yield to intemperance, or take the dark road of impurity. We may be good-natured, or fly off into fiery passion. We may help some one who is in trouble, or strike a blow by word or act at a rival or an enemy. We do not know what we shall do, because we have no plan, no decision. Instead of our lives being like some well-ordered state, they are more like mob-anarchy, twisted and whirled by the last breath and the last appeal—a shapeless jumble of good, bad and indifferent. Is not this a disgraceful state of things, which ought to make sensible men hang down their heads with shame!—*Page Roberts.*