

The Wesleyan.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Rev. Theodore Cuyler gives this advice to preachers: "Life is altogether too short to defend the word of God. Preach it. Preach God's word and sow God's seed."

If you want a back-seat, you must go early to church—that is the way we heard it put. Why is it that so many people will fill up the back-seats first? Let the pastors help the ushers to bring about a reform.—*Nash. Adl.*

God speed the day when, from our belated and ill-timed assaults on gray-haired incorrigibles, we shall return to the divine order of nature, and rear generation after generation for the service of Christ and the welfare of men.—*Chicago Advance.*

Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, says the Brooklyn Eagle, will return to the pulpit better qualified to discharge his duties than when he left it. One term in Congress is enough to furnish any clergyman with the material for some fresh and instructive views of the character of Satan.

The Chicago Interior, the ablest Presbyterian paper in the Northwest, is making a strong and successful war on the meanness that is found in the boxes sent to the domestic missionary in the far west. It says some of these boxes ought to be sent to the "rag man." Old socks seem to be a favorite donation. Let the lash fall.

We admire the spirit of the young lady, a member of a Baptist Church in New Jersey, who refused the offer of \$1,500 to sing in a Unitarian Church because she would not lend assistance in that way to those who not only deny the divinity of the Lord, but are teaching others to deny it.—*Western Adl.*

The Pope, in receiving a delegation, recently, spoke of the great Protestant Reformer as an impious apostate. We have a suspicion that His Holiness is wanting in the elements of a true judgment in this matter. He is too mad against Luther. "But he has had four hundred years to cool off." Yes, but he is one of the infallible sort,—when he gets mad, he stays mad.—*Southern Adl.*

William and Mary College has not a single student—in fact, is silent, dead, a corpse—and yet it continues to confer honorary degrees. The other day a clergyman received the title of D. D. from this moribund college. It is useful even in its grave. A prophet's buried bones made alive a dead man. Let us tumble all the lifeless divines into this grave of past greatness.—*Richmond Adl.*

The impression gains ground that Henry Villard, the railway magnate, has been unfortunate, not dishonest. Those who will follow after him will probably profit by his labors while he will remain a comparatively poor man. But it is a greater thing not to have forfeited the respect of his fellow citizens. For after all the only thing that one takes with him into the life beyond the grave is character.—*Cent. Adl.*

A very small matter, again, divides the two great Congregational communions, the Baptist and the Independent. It is not, we apprehend, that Independents would object to immerse unbaptized adults, but because Baptists will not baptise infants, and refuse to recognise the validity of any but adult baptism. A larger charity, however, is solving the latter problem, and Pedobaptists are now admitted to the Lord's table in most Baptist churches.—*London Meth.*

A correspondent of the London Methodist says: "A family in Cumberland, known to me, a few years ago, worshippers in the Wesleyan chapel, removed to a larger town, and on their arrival took a pew, as they supposed in the Wesleyan chapel. It happened to be a 'New Connexion' one, but they had worshipped in it two years before they discovered it was not the Wesleyan chapel." A good argument in favor of Methodist union.

"American in voice, Roman in habit"—this is what Archbishop Gibbons, of this city, called himself and his fellow prelates at a banquet recently in Rome. We are glad to have such high authority for what we Protestants have always asserted of the Roman priesthood. It would be more Christian and honest, however, to have the voice and the heart go together, especially in a minister of the gospel. In this land we want Americans with American hearts.—*Baltimore Methodist.*

I knew a preacher some years ago, sent to a circuit that had paid but

little over 50 per cent. of assessments for ten years—all were cold and lifeless. He went to work in earnest—expelled these wealthy drunkards from the Church, which had been a drawback for years. God blessed his labor with a gracious revival of religion. He built three good churches—received every cent of his claim and the claim of the Presiding Elder—took over one hundred dollars of missionary money to Conference, besides those not in the Church gave him a fine suit of clothes.—*Cor. Holston Meth.*

Real religion carries its vitality into the experience of every-day life. Sham religion may appear well on Sunday, but it doesn't stand the troubles on Monday, the anxieties of Tuesday, and the temptations of Wednesday. We need the sort that throws its haloed charm over the whole life; so that our words and actions shall speak always of the power of Jesus to save and to keep in perfect peace. It is this kind of religion that impresses our fellow men and draws them to Christ.—*Chris. Advertiser.*

A correspondent of the New York Evangelist tells the following story:—"Dr. Mutchmore, editor of the Presbyterian, tells of a good colored man who was engaged in blasting rock that obstructed the progress of some well-diggers very near his residence in Kentucky. After a fierce explosion that shook the house, the doctor went out to remonstrate against such earth-shaking charges, and said to the colored man: 'What are you about? At this rate, you will blow us all into the air.' 'Well, boss,' said he, 'I rammed down on that powder a piece of the Presbyterian. I wanted to show the folks around yer what Calvinism could do.'"

The decisions of the last quarterly meetings of the (Primitive Methodist) circuits in relation to the invitation of ministers at causing a little fear in some places that the itinerant system is in danger. The number of ministers remaining on stations longer than what has been the usual term is steadily increasing. From the Minutes of the last Conference it appears that this year seventy ministers are staying a fourth year, twenty a fifth year, half a dozen a sixth year, two a seventh year, and one an eighth year. These numbers are likely to be considerably increased during the next Conventional year.—*London Watchman.*

Burdened pastors are often cheered by a few words of satisfaction from their parishioners. The following letter, addressed to a hard working rector, must have given him fresh strength and courage: "I was never happier in a Christmas service. The music was satisfactory, complete to me because it was ordinary, not extraordinary, in union with everything else. I don't like my Christmas service all in italics and double exclamation points. It was a comfortable, home-like, family-like commemoration, with a good old fashioned sermon, one our grandmothers would have liked and our grandchildren might profit by."—*Church Guardian.*

The Canada Casket says very truly: "The liquor traffic expects the church to be its enemy, and though it may, when it can, joyfully accept a holy alliance, it secretly despises the spirit which can prompt it. There are ministers whose names are toasted in every dram shop of the country because they have given aid and comfort to the traffic, but the traffic itself should ever have been given. The traffic is inherently bad, and the traffickers instinctively feel it. The church professes to hold the truth and sell it not; and between what is inherently bad and what is virtually good no alliance is looked for. The victims and sufferers of the traffic expect the aid of the church."

The Acadia Athlete remarks:—"It affords us great satisfaction to announce that the didactic question has been settled. For three months we have been bored with discussions which have been remarkable for their profanity, commonplace repetitions, and irrelevancy. In fact, the controversy was beginning to inspire disgust in quarters where it did not provoke it. Any settlement of the difficulty would, in view of these facts, have been welcome; but if, as is asserted, the two parties have found a common standing ground, there is special cause for congratulation. Dr. Rand will take a seat in the college as professor of history and education, as a salary equal in meanness to that received by the other professors. We have no doubt but that Dr. Rand will prove a source of strength to the college."

CHRIST IN FIJI.

Writing from Bua, the ancient capital of the Fiji Islands, and the headquarters of cannibalism in heathen times, on August 20, 1883, the Rev. A. J. Small gives the following touching account of the happy death of a native convert:—"After preaching in Bua on a recent Sunday morning, I directed my steps towards a small bare, or sleeping-house, where lay an old member of our society named Watisoni. Squeezing my body through the low narrow doorway, I found myself close by the object of my visit, who lay stretched on a mat with his face turned towards some burning embers, looking much more reduced than when I last saw him. Announcing my presence he greeted me in a cheerful tone of voice, and his bony hand pressed mine with more vigor than I had thought it capable of. A few preliminary remarks over, I enquired whether the religion of Jesus which he had so long professed afforded him any comfort in his present trying circumstances. He raised his head slightly and replied with animation that the Saviour was ever consciously present with him, and that, although death was now near, he had no misgivings about the future. 'Have you no doubt at all then, Watisoni,' I further enquired, 'of your personal acceptance through faith in Christ?' 'None whatever, Sir,' he emphatically responded. 'Through faith in Jesus, I, though unworthy, am accepted by God. That is clear to me. I doubt it not.' Nor could I doubt it as I looked into the man's earnest countenance, and remembered, too, how constant, during the days of health, used to be his attendance on the means of grace, weekday as well as Sunday. More conversation followed, during which I heard for the first time some particulars of his conversation to God under a powerful sermon preached by a native minister. He forthwith became a member of our Church, and, according to his own statement, through all the years that followed, held fast the profession of his faith without wavering. For his present comfort I repeated several passages of Scripture appropriate to his experience, offered a brief prayer, and took my leave, praising God as I walked slowly homeward for one more testimony to His saving grace through Christ. The following Friday morning, as I was being rowed down the river on my way to a distant part of the circuit to examine the Mission schools, I heard that Watisoni's happy spirit had escaped from its frail tenement the previous night a little after sunset."

This is one of many instances which might be given of the power of the Gospel to rescue the poor heathen from their degraded position, and it affords also a striking illustration of the beneficial results of the labors of native ministers for the benefit of their fellow countrymen. Adverting to this and kindred topics, Mr. Small says in the same letter, "Of the 30,000 members reported this year by the Fiji District, it is certain that a very large proportion of them owe their connexion with the Church of Christ to the instrumentality of our native ministers, teachers, and local preachers; a fact which should increase our esteem for our native helpers, and stimulate us to more fervent prayer on their behalf."

IN A JAPANESE PRISON.

The Rev. T. Hirawai, a native Japanese Methodist minister, writes to the Chairman, from Kofee, October 8th, 1883: "I went into the prison to preach yesterday afternoon. The warden told me the whole number of the convicts was about 270. I believe all of them assembled in and out of a pretty large hall. The warden and almost all the rest of the authorities were present too in the back room. Stating my purpose for coming there, and also my usual custom of praying

to God, I commenced praying for them, while they quietly bowed down; and then preached from the text in Acts xvii. 30th verse, for an hour and a-half. All listened remarkably well, with the exception of about five; and also I saw a few persons in tears while I was preaching. At the end I said to my audience that if they could really understand my discourse, and mean, sincerely to repent toward God, they were required to lift their right hand up. Up rose quite many hands here and there instantly, to my gratification. I prayed and gave thanks unto God. After my prayers, I asked those who lifted their hands to remain and put down their names. They did, and I found by counting there were seventy-four in all. I have all their names. I would not wonder if there were some chaff among them; but I am unwilling to imagine for a moment that they all were chaff. I had been earnestly praying for this result since the last Friday. I am going to return there next Sabbath, to tell of the love of Jesus, their Saviour and Friend. I took with me there that young man who had been baptized the Sabbath before the last, and he was profoundly impressed at the scene, and thereby a very salutary effect was produced upon him."—*Missionary Outlook.*

REV. CHARLES GARRETT'S PRISON VISIT.

The week before last I went into Manchester goal. We have a new and magnificent one, and as long as you lie in the drunkard makers you will have to bind prisoners to hold the drunkards by the neck. I went into the prison, and I stood on one spot where with one glance I could command 1,000 cells. Picture those 1,000 cells, and every one tenanted. I went from door to door down those terrible aisles with a warden and a chaplain, and as door after door was opened I put the question, 'How came you here?' The answer that met me in almost every case was, 'Drink.' On, on we went down the gloomy aisle, and it came like a funeral knell: drink, drink, drink. The Protestant, the Catholic, the educated, the uneducated, the young, and the old, till my heart ached and my brain seemed on fire. The chaplain said, you have had enough; let us go to the treadmill. I went, and shall never forget it. Before me were perhaps fifty men with dismal yellow covering and with black squares upon them. There was the everlasting tread, tread, tread, nothing before them but the wall, nothing to do but tread the gloomy wheel. I spoke to one of them and asked him, 'Are you a Protestant?' 'Yes, sir,' he replied, apparently glad of being relieved from treadmill toil. 'What place of worship did you attend?' I had two clergymen with me, and imagine how they looked at me, when the man replied, 'Gravel Lane Chapel.' 'That is my own chapel,' I said. 'Have you been in any Sunday school?' 'Yes, sir, twelve years.' 'Have you any family?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Where are they?' 'Don't know, sir.' 'What has brought you here?' 'Drink, sir, I wish it had been a guinea gallon before I had ever touched a drop.' Again came the monotony of that funeral knell, drink, drink, drink, dragging down the young, the educated, and the uneducated, no respecter of persons, bringing them first to the goal, and ultimately hurling them down to hell. I say, let us stand before the evils of our country, and try to ascertain their cause. Let our Christian ministers do it. We are bound to do it. We are bound by our loyalty to our country, and above all by our loyalty to our common father, God. I go then to the prisons and ask, what brought you here? Out comes the answer, 'Drink.' I go to the lunatic asylum, still it is drink. I look down into the damnation of hell and from millions of devotes comes the response, 'Drink.' I am no philoso-

pher, I am no orator, I am a plain, blunt man; but I have common-sense enough to see that if we remove the cause, the effect must cease. Christian brethren! If we could gather on some vast plain the myriads who have been cursed by drink, both victims and sufferers, what should we behold? Husband and wife, brother and sister, parents and children—ten thousand thousand sufferers! Oh, that I could make the Christian Church walk in procession right through the serried ranks, that their hearts might be wrung by the tears and cries of anguish of the sufferers!—*Alliance News.*

THE CHURCH AND THE COLLEGE.

In the latest number of the Independent, the Rev. C. F. Thwing sums up the history of many American colleges with the remark: "The larger proportion of the colleges of the United States trace their beginning to the counsel and ecclesiastical action of the Churches." After having also illustrated the way in which these have been fostered by the various churches, Mr. Thwing goes on to say: While the Church bears these two important relations to the college, the college bears relations no less important to the church. These relations, which are many and diverse, may for the present purpose be comprehended in the general remark that the college gives to the Church its most necessary human factors and elements. The college furnishes the Church with an educated ministry and an educated laity. The college not only trains the minister, it often converts the ministers. Revivals are more frequent and more powerful in many colleges than in the average community. In them have hundreds of men been led to devote their hearts to Christ and their lives to his special service. It is made to appear from the induction of careful facts that, in many institutions, a large share of whose graduates enter the ministry, fully one-half of those who chose this calling became Christians while pursuing the collegiate course. In 1853 Professor W. S. Taylor, of Amherst College, writes that "of all the ministers graduated at the institution one quarter were hopefully converted in college." Among them are no less than thirteen foreign missionaries and no less than twenty-eight persons who have been officers of either colleges or theological seminaries. No condition gives so great promise of a young man becoming a Christian as a four years' residence in a Christian college. College life contains fewer direct temptations than business life, and more and stronger inducements to the personal acceptance of Christ. The revival which often sweeps through not a few of the colleges, and which is at once the result and the cause of the religious tendencies of many students, is more common in Western than in Eastern institutions; but many Eastern colleges of age and high standing are thus blessed. President Butterfield speaks of a certain college as a "revival college." President Magoun, of Iowa College, writes of "five successive years of revival, and the very considerable number of students brought to Christ therein." This strong religious tendency of many colleges is evidenced in a remark of a professor in one of the daily prayer-meetings of the students. "My young friends, Jesus Christ is in the habit of visiting Iowa College." Without the religious influence of the college, the famine of ministers would be far more dire than it now is. . . . Students also, who do not enter the ministry are converted in college. The college is a center of positive religious influence. About this center every student moves, and touched by this influence he is and must be. Merchants and manufacturers, lawyers, judges and doctors, bankers, architects and teachers, who are now the noble support of many churches, were thus brought to a supreme love of God.

It is thus made evident that the relations of the church and of the college are fundamental and intimate. It would not be rash to affirm that neither institution could for a long time prosper without the other. In prosperity the one rises above the other; in adversity the one with the other declines. If the piety of the church is warm and aggressive, the college halls will be filled with throngs of young men assiduously devoting themselves to Christian self-culture. If the piety of the Church runs low, the college will at once feel the baneful influence of religious indifference. At the close of the last, and at the opening of the present century, the students of Yale College were notorious for their infidelity. In the year 1799, of the Senior class only two members had made a public profession of religion, of the Junior and Freshman only one each, and of the Sophomore not one. But in this respect the college was only the picture of the community. In the city of New Haven, in the five years between 1796 and 1801, it is supposed that, outside of the college were only three persons under twenty-five years of age who had made a confession of religion. President Dwight, through his sermons which still live in his system of divinity, converted the college to Christ, and helped to roll back the tide of scoffing doubt which was sweeping over the nation. The college and the Church thus act and react upon each other. The college gives the Church its ministry; the Church gives the college its presidents and not a few of its other teachers. The college helps to maintain a high standard of Christian education; the Church sends the noblest sons of her noblest members to the college to be trained for usefulness.

MEN OF POWER.

The apostle says his gospel came not in word only, but also in power; and it is this power which makes the simplest words effective and the weakest men mighty through God.

A friend of Mr. Summerfield, who was often with him in his room just prior to entering the pulpit, said to the writer: "For an hour Summerfield would walk the room, reading in an undertone some of Charles Wesley's most rapturous hymns; then, on his knees, he would crave the unction from on high. In that frame of mind he would enter the pulpit, and in a few minutes the crowded assembly would be in tears. The unction that attended his ministry was overpowering. What he said was much like that of other ministers of his day, but an unusual power and unction attended it. It was that which made him so popular with the people."

A gentleman in England had heard so much of the power and excellence of Joseph Benson's preaching that he was induced, one Sabbath, to hear him. He sat in the end gallery fronting the pulpit. Some one opened the vestry door behind the pulpit; there he saw a man lying flat, with his face to the floor, in prayer. Soon he entered the pulpit and opened service. His first prayer deeply affected the stranger. He seemed to have all the congregation before the bar of God, and was pleading with God to have mercy and bear with them a little longer. The stranger heard said afterwards he never felt so guilty before in all his life. O, for more of this power.—*Ex.*

In A. D. 59, soon after Paul was converted, he called himself "unworthy to be called an apostle." As the years rolled along, and he grew in grace, in A. D. 64, he cried out, "I am less than the least of all saints," and just before his martyrdom, when he had reached the stature of a perfect man in Christ, in A. D. 65, his exclamation was, "I am the chief of sinners."