

# The Wesleyan.

Published under the direction of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

\$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE  
Postage Prepaid.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1883.

VOL XXXV.

No. 5

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

We hope to live to see saddle-bags full of our denominational literature on every road in the South, and at a mere nominal cost.—*Richmond Adv.*

"They were too mean to pay my salary," he sighed, as he reported a deficiency at Conference. Did you teach them kindly, in the way of giving? People need—yes, need—faithful instruction at this point every year.—*Southern Christ. Ads.*

The devil does not care how much we talk in general about our sins and our wants. He is willing that we should say that "we are miserable sinners," so long as we don't mean it, and he is willing that we shall repent and be saved to-morrow.—*National Baptist.*

The *Cincinnati Gazette* says: "There is a saloon in this city for every forty-eight men, women, and children. Counting five persons to a family, there is a saloon to every seventeen families. This great army of saloon-keepers are engaged in filling the prisons, hospitals, and asylums."

Miss Manning, the accomplished sister of a late secretary to the Religious Tract Society, has received, through General Ponsby, Queen Victoria's approval and promise of support for the providing of fully qualified medical women for the zenanas of India.

The Rev. George A. Gordon, of Greenwich, Conn., declines the call to the Old South Church, Boston. He thinks it would be an injury to his country parish for him to leave so soon after his settlement there. And so he declines the leading church and the largest salary in New England.

According to the *Publishers' Circular* the number of religious works which saw the light last year in England was 789, while the number of novels was only 400. After this, remarks the *London Truth*, we shall, perhaps, hear less about "the pernicious tendencies of modern literature," a very favorite topic with sundry journals.

From the *Presbyterian*: "It is proposed to bring about a union of all the Churches of the Protestant religion, by opening the doors of the Episcopal Church wide enough to take Christendom in. This will be a mighty gobble. It will be funny even to think about. We hope to see the first experiment of this camel going through the eye of a needle."

The exact weight of Gambetta's brain is, it seems, 1,100 grammes, a trifle more than the weight given in the telegram published. Though above the average, it is not an unusual weight for the brain of a man of his intellectual power. Napoleon was a much smaller man, yet his brain weighed 1,245 grammes. Cromwell's brain weighed just 55 grammes more than this.

In an institution of highest pretension we have known students to be burdened with 30 studies per week! Allowing three hours for each (two for preparation and one for recitation) we have ninety hours per week, or fifteen hours per day. Some may call this education, but we call it murder. It may be replied that the studies did not require half the time we assign to them—then we call it humbug.—*The Ch'n Index.*

The *Boston Journal* has a short, sarcastic article upon the elements entering into the character of a popular preacher. The old-fashioned preacher, it says, was the product of the seminaries, the popular preacher of the newspapers. The formula for making a popular preacher is, one-third voice and personal presence, one-third sensational selection of topics and one-third heresy. These proportions may be a little varied to suit different communities.

Mr. Mathieu Williams writes in the *Popular Science Review* that drunkenness is not an unmixed evil, but from a Darwinian point of view is really an important factor in the development of the species. He argues "that the survival of the fittest, more brutal and purely animal specimens of the human race is prejudicial to its present interests and future progress. They must consequently be removed, so as to permit the survival and multiplication of the more intellectual and refined specimens. This happy result is accomplished by the spontaneous self-extinction of the coarser specimens in a manner presumably pleasant to themselves by means of the moderate use of intoxicating liquors."

The Florida Conference has about twenty effective preachers, who are trying to compass this vast field. Living on salaries that, in many cases,

scarcely cover travelling expenses, and in no case amount to the requirements of a comfortable living, these preachers are not only holding the ground for our Church, but making commendable progress. They need and deserve more help from the general mission-board.—*Southern Christian Advocate.*

Floods! Floods! again everywhere! The year that bade us adieu the other night, kept up its character for rain all through. On looking over my diary, I find that "wet," "rainy," "stormy," are designations that predominate from January 1882, to the end of December. But still we must not grumble, for every drop of the millions was appointed, by the wisdom that erreth not, for special service in the great economy of nature.—*Welsh Cor. of Methodist.*

The little camp-meeting in New York, a half-century ago, that only brought a single convert to the Church, did not seem much then; but when we think of Concord and Evanston, and all the other work of John Dempster (that one convert), that camp-meeting seems one of the greatest in history. Audiences worthy of talents or position are to be judged more by quality and the future than the quantity and the how.—*Pacific Advocate.*

The *Christian World* seems of the opinion that Broad-Churchism in the Church of England has possibly been carried too far. It says: "When Churchmen have discovered that the Church has room for all parties, and that there is nothing worth fighting about, they may then wake up to the further discovery that the world has come to the conclusion that they have no message to which it is at all worth while to listen. It is the creeping paralysis of indifference which is one of the great and threatening perils of the hour."

The Protestants in Madrid have a hospital with eight beds. They found that it would not do to send their converts to be nursed by Sisters of Mercy in the Catholic hospitals. They were constantly importuned to confess and return to the Church of Rome. Mr. Fliedner says he once followed two sisters in the largest hospital in Madrid from bed to bed. They carried a large basket of clean linen; and at each bed they asked if the patient had confessed. If the answer was in the affirmative he was provided with clean linen, if the contrary, he got none.—*Independent.*

Through the efforts of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Madison, Wis., some little time since, all the open bars on the line of the Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad were abolished. One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the fact that, to some considerable extent, women are becoming a power for good, an element of reform, vote or no vote, in the community. God bless these earnest, noble Christian women! Manifestly, no weapon can prosper, no cause can long hold its own, which opposes itself directly to the convictions of the women of Christendom.—*Zion's Herald.*

The wisdom of knowing who your speakers are, and what kind of speeches they are likely to make, was well shown in a recent Sunday meeting of the Manhattan Temperance Association, where a Turk was introduced, who proved to be a Tartar to the Association. His speech was disgusting and indecent, and caused many present to hang their heads in shame. There is too great anxiety to bring out "distinguished foreigners;" but the Manhattan Association will not probably have a wonderful hankering after them for some time to come. This is the only good result we see at present from a very lamentable and much-to-be-regretted occurrence.—*N. Y. Adv.*

The evident tendency of a certain section of the holiness movement in the West is plainly indicated in the leading editorial of a recent number of the *Good Way*. "A very worthy sister," the article begins, "writes to know if the *holiness sanctified should take the sacrament.*" And the reply in a general way is: "It is, we conceive, of far greater importance to consider taking the sacrament under proper conditions, than of regarding it as one of the carnal ordinances which has been done away." And the tenor of the article is that *sanctified* people can hardly take the sacrament with the simply regenerate unless the administrator is wholly sanctified. The conclusion reached is: "God's peculiar people should live in holy separation and not touch or have fellowship with unclean." He must be blind indeed who does not see where this fanaticism is carrying its victims.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

## REMINISCENCES.

BY REV. F. W. MOORE.

The notice in the *WESLEYAN* of last week, of the death at Dominica of Staff-Commander R. T. N. Pearce, R. N., of H. M. S. *Northampton*, brought to my recollection some interesting and affecting incidents in my missionary life in Bermuda.

A knock at the mission-house door, one sweltering day in the summer of 1861, introduced a young man wearing the uniform of a Lieutenant in Her Majesty's navy. "Does the Wesleyan Missionary live here?" was the first enquiry. "Yes." "And you are he I presume; my name is Pearce, of the *Spirith*, and I always make it a point whenever I enter port to enquire for the Wesleyan missionary, and call upon him before going anywhere else." It being the dinner hour, we gave him a cordial welcome, and at the table he told us the story of his conversion; how as a thoughtless young midshipman he had left his English home, and one Sabbath evening, while on the coast of Africa, was invited by a naval doctor to go to the Wesleyan chapel and hear the Wesleyan missionary, as it would remind him of home. He went, and as he sat listening to the words of life, they took hold upon his heart, and he who had so often in England heard the Gospel preached, unmoved, while sitting amongst the blacks in a little chapel on the dark coast of Africa, was won for Christ. I know what his subsequent life on shipboard must have been; but he had stood fast in the faith, and his attachment to the Church through which he was led to Christ was a thing to be admired. Never was he ashamed of the colors under which he sailed. I found Lieut. Pearce to be a very intelligent and devoted Christian, ready for every good work, and he did no noble service while I remained in Bermuda, introducing me on board the ships of the North American and West Indian fleet—and the Naval Hospital at Ireland Island. Together have we gone through the sick wards, Bible in hand, speaking to and praying with the men, and especially at the time the hospitals were thrown open to the invader, French soldiers during the Mexican war, and the poor fellows were dying of dysentery, and gun-shot and sabre wounds. Mr. Pearce occupied the chair at several of our missionary meetings on the Islands and gave most interesting and effective addresses, and was a willing assistant at religious services whenever he was ashore. I had lost sight of him, and his estimable wife, formerly Miss Northrup, of Halifax, and was not aware that he had been promoted to so high a position in such a ship as the *Northampton*, the late flag-ship of Admiral McClintock. When I left Bermuda he was in charge of the guard-ship *Terror*.

What a noble band of Christian officers we had in Bermuda in those days! Colonels Turner and Graydon, and Lieut. Molesworth, of the Royal Artillery; and Capt. Kerr and Lieut. Veitch, Royal Engineers; and Lieut. Walker, Rifle Brigade, Dr. Burland, 39th Regt., and last though not least, Musquetry Instructor, Color Sergeant Osborn, also of the 39th Regt., all men of true piety, some of them highly educated, and all of them earnest fellow laborers in Jesus Christ. Where are they now? Pearce, I trust is within the shining battlements; Turner and Molesworth were recalled to England; Kerr and Veitch ordered to Jamaica, through misrepresentations made to Field Marshal, the Duke of Cambridge, by the ecclesiastical and military magnates of the place. But though scattered on earth, I trust we shall all realize the words we so often sang together under the sheen of a Bermudian sky:

"In that sweet bye and bye,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,"  
Charlottetown, Jan. 23, 1883.

You will meet with naught but the Master has met; face all things.

## ARE THEY EVANGELICAL.

A writer in the *Western Christian Advocate* makes these forcible remarks: It is time that we announce ourselves as being directly and earnestly evangelical in Sunday-school. We should no longer beguile the young to come in among us for a good time, to sit under a fruitful Christmas tree, or play at picnic, and then be converted sometime on the sly. But let us all see the meaning of our hearts, "Bound for heaven through the church of the living God." If all we who are leaders in the Sunday-school love and prize the Church, our little folks will follow us into it. There was once in Brooklyn, N. Y., a church, where, by an agreement, no one was allowed to teach who did not sit with his class twice every Sunday in Church. Under this rule the school grew in a few weeks from 150 to 500, and with the teachers like captains, always in their place, the school was like an army with banners. If a teacher cares enough to leave his family or his betrothed and sit with half as many disciples as the Saviour had, he may acquire a power over them like that which the little corporal had over the guard.

We want *evangelical* teachers. If a teacher can not fix every eye on himself; if he can not make his class enthusiastic over the lesson; if he can not make them reckon it one of the privileges of holy day to look in his face and to hear his voice; then he has mistaken his calling, or at least he had better tarry at Jericho till another shearing time. Mr. Spurgeon's plan is to have good teachers, and not tolerate any others. He will allow a class under a suitable teacher to fill up to 200 or even to 500, rather than give pupils to one who can not teach. Each class in his church is a separate source of moral power and a place of frequent conversions.

The latent, unused power there is in our Sunday-school is amazing. We have in our church 1,500,000 scholars, and more than that many members of our Church. We have the material to appoint 1,500,000 teachers to-day, and give to each of them one scholar for the nucleus of a class; then let every one teach under the charge, *Your life for the child's life*, and it would be reasonable to look for 1,500,000 conversions before the year closes. Here is an agency waiting to be employed, not yet so perverted but that it might be used for a powerful evangelical work. All that is wanting for it whole army to wheel into line, is for the centurions to go to the front in the name of the Lord. It is an agency that has the most capability of any ever devised by human skill. It surpasses Jesuitism in its power over the masses, and Masonry in its power of extension. It can go anywhere; begin without a Church or a minister; it can pervade a backward settlement of three hundred families or a city of three millions. It is a revival of the old Roman badge of living men. With its best results for ten years, in the name of Christ, we could take the world. One million five hundred thousand swords, real Damascus blades, are hanging up in our Church's armory. God hasten the day when they shall leap from their hiding places, and win victories like the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.

Life force may go into words or it may go into deeds. The power of steam may expend itself through the cylinder or through the whistle. Steady living under the sweet pressure of genuine love to God, is vastly more eloquent than the most rhetorically sweet sounding declarations by the human voice. There may be a religion without words; there can be none without deeds. The old proverb puts it well; "None preaches better than an ant, and she says nothing."

Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.

## A SERIOUS QUESTION.

Among the difficult questions which missionaries in pagan lands are compelled to consider, none is more perplexing than that of polygamy. The rule of most societies is that a man, before he can be admitted to membership, must put away all his wives but one, and such evils are involved in this act that often natives of strong moral feelings will revolt from it. Dr. Ashmore, of the Swatou (China) Baptist mission is fortunate in that only one such case has fallen to his lot in his long missionary service; but it is a very striking one, as he tells it in the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*. An applicant had two wives and was told that he must put one of them away. Which one? The one he married last. But the first wife had no children, while the second had several. Was the mother to be separated from her children. Hear what the discarded wife said to the missionary: "But, teacher, he is my husband, and I am his wife. You say he ought not to have taken me, but he did take me before he knew your new religion. He is the father of my children. I have a right to look to him for companionship and for protection. You may make my children illegitimate. You should not do that; you have no right to injure my children that way. You have no right to put me in the position of a disreputable woman, for he lawfully married me according to the usage of China. I had a husband; now I have no husband. I had a home; now I have no home. If I go and marry another man I shall break the law. I had one to whom I could go as the father of my children; now I can go to my children's father no longer, nor may I dare speak to him."

We do not wonder that this made Dr. Ashmore feel like studying anew the New Testament teaching on the subject. When a man marries a second wife after he becomes a church member the course of the missionary is plain. But where Christianity finds a man living according to the custom of the country and the sanction of its laws, with two or more wives, cannot be accepted under protest rather than do irreparable injustice and injury to the innocent.—*Independent.*

## PRAY FOR THEM.

The amount of good or evil accomplished by the public press is incalculable. There may be half a dozen ministers on the globe who preach regularly to four or five thousand people; but there are comparatively few papers which do not reach this number, allowing an average of five persons in each home to which the paper goes; while in numerous cases the congregation of an editor amounts to hundreds of thousands of persons. The minister speaks perhaps to two or three out of a family; the aged and infirm, as a rule, having no part in his ministrations. The words of the editor go directly to the home, and reach every member of the family who reads. The minister's words are spoken hastily, and may fail to express adequately his thought; the words of the editor are likely to be more carefully considered, and his thoughts more accurately expressed. A minister's words may be forgotten, and he himself may be unable to recall them; but the words of the editor are written down, and may be considered and re-read until they are firmly fixed in the mind. How important that the words spoken be right words, even words of wisdom and truth. How little we know of the sermons which the apostles preached, but the epistles which they wrote have come down to us as an untiring treasury of truth. In view of such facts, should not Christian men and women engage in earnest supplication for those on whom is laid the responsible charge of conducting the public press? Surely no Christian should hear with indifference the request of an editor, when he says, "Brethren, pray for us."—*Boston Christian.*

## TAKE THE RAGS OFF.

The *Texas Christian Advocate* says that "one of the funny things going the round of the papers is the proposal of the nervous old lady, who is having some carpentry work done on the house, to tie some rags around the heads of the workmen's hammers so they will make less noise, and so nobody will be disturbed. She thought she was making things pleasant, but the workmen were of the opinion that they could do more and better work with the rags off, and then the noise began again, to the old lady's great annoyance.

Many people are afraid of the racket that sometimes attends faithful preaching, either from the pulpit or the press. An earnest preacher often makes the hearts of the people quake as he denounces sin and warns the sinner. The faithful minister often points out the popular vices of the day, and there is a racket in the gambling hell and no small stir in the drinking saloon. The man of God must smite hard if the nails of truth are driven home and firmly clinched. Some people will not like it, and timid people will be alarmed lest complaint will be heard against the church, and hard things will be said about the pulpit or religious press. But they must get used to it. The gospel was not designed to soothe people to sleep, but to wake them up. The preacher is not sent to please the world, but to point out its peril. God's word is a fire and a hammer, and this hammer needs no cushioning or padding; it is designed to strike hard blows, and to break in pieces the flinty rock.

## HOW IT IS DONE.

"A priest in his third apprenticeship" makes a most pathetic confession in a letter published in the *London Guardian*. He relates that he was curate at a "moderately Ritualist" church for nearly eight years. At the latter, "every few Sundays some new Posture, Standing Rite, Manipulation, or ornament, was added in the Celebration of the Eucharist." It puzzled him for some time to know where and by whom the additions were invented, advised or ordered.

He was a good man of business and an active worker, but neither a theologian nor a canonist, and with no knowledge of ritual or of history. He at length discovered that his rector "simply believed, and did, in ceremonial matters, what some person, or coterie, told him to believe or do."

He was "the slave of a secret sacramental fraternity." On close enquiry he found that "the ritual was formed intentionally upon a Roman model." He was informed "that the Roman Church is the only secure guide in Ritual; that the Roman Church is the teaching Church; that 'Rome speaks with the living voice'; that Anglican Rubrics were mere dead echoes of a voice once living. Scorn was poured upon everything English. All the wisdom, authority, and judgment of the Church of England were taken to be contracted within the persons of a small group; many of whom have now gone to their own place, the most dictatorial and influential going to the Vatican last of all."

After enduring this grinding tyranny until he could no longer restrain himself, he resigned his curacy. But he throws the blame upon the Bishops who do not speak out more faithfully and decidedly in defence of the liberties of the laity.—*Evening Churchman.*

Nature tells of hard, pitiless, remorseless law. The fire burns though there be a saintly martyr in the flame. The tide surges in, though a Christian maiden is bound to a stake in its course. Leap over the precipice, and you are dashed in pieces. There is no mercy in the electric cloud over the ocean of the land. Every where you see wisdom and power in creation and providence but not, mercy.—*W. M. Taylor.*

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