

The Wesleyan.

257

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

There is a vast difference between having God's truth and God's message. A sermon may be truth, but inappropriate truth.—*Religious Herald.*

Good music, so called, in our grand churches, by ungodly leaders, may account for some things we see and hear concerning these churches. Sing with the spirit, and with the understanding.—*Richmond Adv.*

The *Churchman* asserts that of all the questions—political, social, and theological—which men are wont to discuss, there is none so serious as whether the flesh or the spirit shall finally become the master.

The telegraph operators have resolved not to drink intoxicating liquors while the strike is in progress. Perhaps a little experience will convince them that it is a good thing not to drink intoxicating liquors at any time.—*Southern Adv.*

The *Herald and Presbyterian* compares the members of a church who fold their hands and expect a popular preacher to carry them through, to the idle sailors on a vessel, towed by a steam tug. A church cannot be built up by a minister alone, whatever his talents and devotion.

There is a truth worth remembering in this remark by Dr. E. A. Kittredge, in a sermon in Brooklyn the other Sunday: "When we convert the Church into a spiritual club for mutual enjoyment, we caricature the Church of the New Testament."—*Baptist Weekly.*

Thomas B. Wakeman says, in *The North American Review*, that prayer becomes "disagreeable to those who have outgrown it." So does cleanliness. So does decency of language. So does chastity. Why should a man be a slave to an idea?—*Independent.*

It would be about as easy a task to preach without preparation as to hear without preparation. And yet many hearers find fault with the preacher who fails to be equally well prepared every time. What about those who are not always equally ready to hear?—*St. Louis Observer.*

Commenting on the recent epidemic of "meetings on the field of honor," Judge Tourgee says: "It is strange that raw sugar and honor are the only things imperatively requiring blood for their clarification—hogs' blood will do for the one, but only fools' blood will answer for the other."—*Central Adv.*

It is not worth while to say, "The State cannot destroy the liquor traffic." Until it can satisfy my conscience that it is ever right to put a tax or license on a breach of the Ten Commandments, I must stand an avowed opponent of the licensing of a business which, more than any other single cause, leads men to violate the laws of God and of man.—*Chicago Interior.*

Sunday Afternoon asserts: If the time and money, and soul and tact that are now expended in keeping up religious meetings of one kind and another, outside of the churches and in their neighborhood, were expended in gathering these outsiders into the church, and in making the churches places into which all people would delight to go, the results would be larger and more permanent.

A daily paper says: "The form of the duel styled in Germany the American is carried out in the following manner: A meeting is arranged, generally private one, only the principals being present; the dice are thrown and a certain number of times by each, and the one who makes the lowest throw is to shoot himself before midnight of that day. How it gained its name is not known."

Whatever temporary relief and incidental help may be obtained in dealing with the liquor problem from legislation or moral suasion, the real, radical, fundamental remedy is a Christian public sentiment which will condemn drunkenness as a sin, not condemn it as a weakness; the ultimate temperance society is the Christian Church; and the instruments for reform are the pulpit, the press, the Sunday school, and individual example.—*Christian Union.*

At the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Jesuitism in this country, at the church of the Immaculate Conception in Boston, recently, Bishop O'Reilly said: "No one outside the Church of Jesus Christ can be saved, and it is needless to prove that this Church is the only Church of Jesus. One might as well have tried to be saved out of the ark in the days of Noah." After this there followed a banquet, and on the bill of fare were five different kinds of alcoholic drinks.—*Christian Witness.*

We trust that Rome will never be denied the full exercise of her legitimate influence in these States. But this does not warrant the secular press and politicians of a corrupt character, in the growing habit of adulation towards these bitter enemies of spiritual liberty. There seems to be no limit to the flattering terms in which they are courted and advertised by the ignorant and mercenary tribes of those who pretend to be the guides of public opinion.—*American Paper.*

An alumnus of Harvard University writes to the *Boston Herald* to say that, in his opinion, Harvard is yet very far from being an ideal university. The defects he instances are a lack of enthusiasm in teachers and students, a comparatively poor system of examinations and the feeling of perfect security on the part of the corps of instructors. But he takes much of the sting from his criticism by admitting that all other American colleges are as bad or even worse.

Most cows will not allow their calves out of their sight, and a sheep, when she has lambs, will manifest the utmost anxiety about them, while human beings, charged with the most solemn responsibility that could be laid upon them, will allow their children to run about the streets exposed to a thousand daily dangers, will send them alone to public entertainments, and meanwhile feel relieved that they are out of sight.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"The ingenious Woodstock clergy," says the *London Echo*, "have a shrewd way of collecting money. Only a few weeks ago the incumbent of the parish church solicited subscriptions for a stained-glass window in honor of Chaucer, a man named Chaucer, who cannot be identified with the poet, having once had a house in the parish. Now the rural dean comes forward with a proposal to set up a stained glass window in memory of the late Duke of Marlborough's efforts to resist the Deceased Wife's Sister bill."

Canon Wilberforce recently, referring to the struggle preceding the abolition of the slave trade, said he was in a position to state that the leaders in that great movement never took a single step in it without earnest and constant communion with their Lord. On the very night when the leader went down to the House of Commons to plead with silver voice and tender eloquence for the abolition of the evil, on that very night in a little chamber there were gathered a band of praying men, and that night was the night of victory in the House of Commons.

To say of a minister, "He has trouble in his Church," is generally thought to be against him; but it may be in his favor. Some men have neither manhood, piety, nor regard for the Church sufficient to make trouble. They will let immorality break in, and fashionable vice creep in, and smile benignly all the while, taking the gifts and flatteries of the people with unctuous delight. Such men have "no trouble," but "iniquity abounds and the love of many waxes cold" wherever they go. Whoever succeeds one of them, if honest, must have trouble.

Theoretically we all grant to every one the right of opinion. But practically very few do it. There are probably as many ill feelings aroused, as many hot words and unjust thoughts generated, and even as many friendships broken, simply because of differences of opinion, as from any other cause. And yet to insist on another thinking precisely as we think is the baldest unreason, and the most inexcusable lack of common Christian charity. The right of opinion is a God-given right. To deny it, or try to restrict it, is a violation of divine law. Common as it is, it yet always remains a sign of a narrow mind, a mean heart and a tyrannical, self-worshipping disposition, to think less of another, for thinking differently from us. Therefore don't only say, "Every man has a right to his opinion," but live up to it in deed.—*Moravian.*

If the Church cannot free herself from drunkards, and Sabbath-breakers, and slanderers, and whisky-makers and sellers, and gamblers, and dealers in futures, and holders of property from creditors, then her days are numbered. She may remain a whitened sepulchre, full of rottenness and dead men's bones, but while she tolerates or money-hiding corruption for nepotism or money-hiding her spiritual life is gone. She may cry, Lord, Lord, but if she do not the things required, she may think that she is rich, and increased in goods, and has need of nothing, while she is poor, and naked, and blind, and miserable, having a name to live while she is dead—make clean the outside of the cup and platter, while within is all uncleanness and corruption. Why cannot these dead limbs be cut off close to the body of the tree?—*Central Methodist.*

MR. T. B. SMITHIES.

There has just passed away one of the most influential of the philanthropists of this age, Mr. Thomas Bywater Smithies. Mr. Smithies in early life became a Temperance reformer, and soon began to long for adequate means for the propagation of his views and convictions. He was laid aside by illness for a little while, during which, pondering great social problems, he began to have dim conceptions of an original form of periodical literature. At another time he was visiting Ragged Schools in London, and, passing through the streets and slums, he saw on Sunday mornings in the windows of the print shops illustrated papers issued in the service of irreligion. He observed that the pictures, though poor or even bad, were attractive. The thought occurred to him that better pictures might easily be produced and circulated in the interests of temperance and religion. After that he never rested until he saw *The Band of Hope Review* established. Great success was ultimately attained, and *The British Workman* was projected and launched in spite of difficulties and obstructions. Other publications followed, and, like their forerunners, were plentifully illustrated, and were made attractive to both eye and ear. Now the volumes are numerous; but the quality of the first has been maintained to the last; while in respect of artistic execution there has been a progressive improvement. Modern cheap illustrated literature has been transformed since Mr. Smithies began his great work and to him is due the honour of leading the way in the work of transformation. His work is perennial. There can be no return to the condition out of which he raised the religious periodical press. His influence has already visited many nations, and we see not how it can ever cease to be felt on earth. An enduring creation has been set to work among men; and we mournfully and yet joyfully lay our tribute of admiration, affection, and gratitude on the tomb of the author of that creation.

Mr. Smithies was not learned in the ordinary sense of the word, though the acquirements which he made in his chosen field were extensive. He could not boast of exact scholarship, and he had many regrets because he was unable to read the Scriptures in the original languages. But he had the education which prepared him for his great philanthropic and practical designs. He read much and gathered a large library; and he seems to have read as he did all other things, with reference to the benefit of his fellow creatures. He was fully consecrated to God. His parents brought him up in the doctrine and the discipline of Jesus Christ. In youth he yielded himself to his Saviour and came to have a deep sense of the reality of spiritual and eternal things; and as he began so he went on to the end of his days. The Bible was his daily companion; and, without worshipping the book, he handled it with reverence. Prayer was with him habitual; and he sought to have the visits of his friends and all things sanctified by the word of God and prayer. The Lord's Day was his delight, and he hallowed it with most religious care. He had great decision of character.

No man was ever more beloved by those who knew him best. The memory of such a life is a precious inheritance. This inheritance is shared by very many. Working men of every class were to him objects of the deepest interest, and thousands of them have derived benefit from his labours, and mourn his loss. But his life appealed equally to the God-fearing rich and noble, and enlisted their deepest sympathy. Even the dumb animal if it could speak might bless his name because he started movements which lightened its burdens of suffering. This man was a Wesleyan Methodist from youth to age, but his sympathies were wide, and he had friends and fellow-workers in many churches.—*Methodist.*

FATHER CHINIQUY.

A few weeks ago, the day after I had given an address on Auricular Confession in one of the northern cities of Scotland, a gentleman asked me to give him one hour of my time that he might have some explanations about our Saviour's words "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven," etc. (Matt. xviii. 18.) After I had complied with his request, he said: "I belong to one of those Scotch families, which have remained attached to the Church of Rome, when the great majority of the people were leaving that church to become Protestants. But though, till last night I have remained a Roman Catholic, I thought it was my duty to know what you had to say, and I was among your most attentive listeners. I will not conceal from you that at first I felt outraged at something you said, and I came very near to leave the church at the first impulse of my anger. But I was soon calmed and struck by the evident good and friendly feeling of your address, and your lecture was not finished when my former blind faith in the Church of Rome was absolutely shaken, not to say entirely destroyed. My wife, a devoted Roman Catholic also till then, was sitting by me. It was easy to see that your words were making as much impression on her as on me. At her request, after the meeting, I bought your book, 'The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional,' and we spent the greater part of the night in reading it from the first to the last line, with the exception of the Latin pages, which we do not understand. It was three o'clock in the morning when we finished. I then asked my wife, 'What do you think of this book?' She wept bitterly, and answered, 'My dear husband, all that is said is true. Many times I have been scandalized and horrified by the questions put to me, not by all, but by several of my confessors. It is from those questions that I have got the first bad impression of sin in my poor guilty heart when I was young. That is the reason why I have delayed till now sending our girls to confess. I have always concealed it from you; but to-day I think my duty is to reveal it, that you may not press me any more to send them to confess. I am fully persuaded that Auricular Confession cannot be ordained by the God of holiness. It is a school of infamy.' 'You have nothing to fear from me hereafter on that subject,' I answered; 'for my resolution is irrevocably taken, not only to prevent our children from going any more to confess, but I am determined to follow the advice which Pastor Chiniquy has given [us]—to rely only on Christ, His blood shed on the cross, His life given up on Calvary for the pardon of our sins.' My wife expressed her joy at my determination, and she said that many times she had the same thought but she never dared to express it." "Now, Mr. Chiniquy," continued that gentleman, "it is my stern determination to follow your example, and join the great Protestant family as soon as possible with my wife and seven children. But this cannot be done here in the midst of the blind Roman Catholics who surround me. * * * I will emigrate to America, and then you will help me to know, love and follow the gospel of Christ."—*Record.*

The narrow way is very explicitly narrowed down to the one Saviour of the world. He is not the best of many good ways, the chief among many true guides, but He is the way. The broad way has its gods many and its guides many, but in the narrow way there is no room for any rival.

Christ is the Key to the history of the world. Not only does all harmonize with the mission of Christ: all is subordinated to it. When I saw this, it was to me as wonderful and surprising as the light which Paul saw on his way to Damascus.—*Von Muller.*

SAD PERVERSIONS.

In Chicago at present the extremes of ritualism and rationalism meet in a somewhat eccentric form, and furnish another proof of their real identity. We quote a contemporary's description of the "innovations." "In Unity Church, Chicago, the communion service has suddenly been changed by the minister into a simple spectacle, addressed solely to the eye. The 'elements' were placed upon the communion table in the presence of all the congregation, but were not distributed. The exhibition of the elements the preacher said, was all that was necessary. Their office was purely symbolical, and the symbolism was quite as impressive when simply addressed to the eye as when taken into the hand, and received as memorials of the Lord's death. In the opinion of one who describes the mutilated sacrament, the effect was almost to 'de-Christianize' the whole service, and to rob it of its quickening and elevating influence. "In the same city of Chicago, and in the Episcopal Church of the Ascension, a similar desire for the spectacular in worship has wrought almost the same effect. The 'elements' were on the 'altar,' as in the other case, but a solitary communicant received them. The congregation sat in solemn awe as their representative, the celebrant, vested in many-colored garments, knelt in lowly prostration and 'communicated' alone. The advocates of this novelty, which is much disturbing the peace of the diocese, say that this service is the highest and loftiest act of Christian devotion and practice, and therefore must be performed by the priest in a priestly garb, entering the holy place alone, and without intrusion from the common herd of worshippers without. So that in the hands of these Ritualists the sacrament is no longer the possession of the Church, to which, in the words of the Prayer Book, the worshippers are invited to 'draw near with faith, and take the Holy Sacrament to their comfort.' The omission of this invitation is a grievous mutilation of the service as ordered in the rubrics, and there is introduced a new and unauthorized rite, strongly resembling the masses which the reformers of the Anglican Church declared to be 'blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.' "The marvel in the whole matter is that Ritualism and Rationalism seem to work to one end, and illustrate by a symbolism which both invent, how easily the sacrament given to the Church by Christ may be perverted. How widely have both departed from the simplicity and impressiveness of the first observance in the plain upper room furnished in the city of Jerusalem!"

THE SABBATH.
The late Bishop Marvin illustrated this. No man was farther from a severe legalism than he; yet he knew well how to blend gentleness with invincible firmness, and how the sweetest and purest love was guarded and its very life bound up in sleepless and inexorable attention to little things.

While in the army, one Sabbath, as we were sitting together in a house in which we had been invited to dine, a newspaper was handed to him. Refusing it, he turned to the writer and said with emphasis: "One thing this war shall not do, it shall not invade my religious habits, I never read secular papers on Sabbath." Nothing was a greater boon to a Misourian during the war than to get papers from within the Federal lines, and no one prized them more, or read them with more avidity than did Bro. Marvin. One Sabbath our Paymaster secured two papers, from St. Louis, at a cost of ten dollars—one for himself and one for Bro. Marvin. He came with great eagerness and brought his prize on Sabbath day to the tent. The captain was mute and mad as Bro. Marvin said quietly. "I never read

"This one thing I do," said Paul. Put the emphasis on *do*. He stuck to one thing, and did it. Had he wasted his efforts on a looser thing, none of them would have been done.

secular papers on Sabbath." At the last meeting he attended on Marvin Camp ground he, with an indignant spirit, publicly reproved a leading member for bringing secular papers on the ground on a sacred day, declaring that we came there to worship God, and have left business and politics behind, and they must not be allowed to invade us. Alas! since his strong and spiritual hand has been withdrawn, the gates have been lifted. The noblest monument we can raise to Bishop Marvin's memory will be to maintain his principles and follow his example. Let us not garnish the tombs of the prophets, and despise the principles which made them prophets.—*St. Louis Adv.*

THE PASTORAL VISIT.

We make an earnest plea for the visit. It is one of the cherished rights of the flock. They expect it, and will be cross and wounded if they do not get it. And what is more, many of them need it—ah, how much some of them do need it! The suns of summer have weaned some from the house of God, and a timely visit is needed to bring them back. On some homes hang the pall of misfortune—financial crashes have come, which have swept away business and hopes, and the stricken households need to know that in the pastor they have a changeless and steadfast friend. In some houses there be yet ghastlier griefs; husbands faithless, drunken or cruel; wayward, stubborn sons, breaking their parents' hearts; daughters with the hectic flush on their cheeks; widows wailing over the new graves of their husbands; children lately made orphans; and all these need the comfort of the pastor's visit. There, too, are the weak and sensitive saints, ever ready to think they are forgotten, and only the pastor's general presence can restore them to cheerfulness. The young converts—those who found the Saviour in the country revival, are now at home, and need a pastor's counsel. New families have moved in—new young men at the boarding house, and new boys in the stores and shops, and the pastoral visit is the best means for bringing them into the congregation. By all means let the visit be made. It has its place in the minister's work, and it must not be neglected.—*Religious Rev.*

BUT ONE CRACK.

There is but one crack in the lantern, and the wind has found it out and blows out the candle. How great a mischief one unguarded point of character may cause us! One spark blew up the magazine and shook the whole country for miles around. One leak sank the vessel and drowned all on board. One wound may kill the body. One sin destroys the soul. It little matters how carefully the rest of the lantern is protected, the one point which is damaged is quite sufficient to admit the wind, and so it little matters how zealous a man may be in thousand things, if he tolerates one darling sin, Satan will find out the flaw and destroy all his hopes. The strength of a chain is to be measured, not by the strongest, but by its weakest links, for if the weakest snaps what is the use of the rest? Satan is a close observer, and knows exactly where our weak points are; we have need of very much watchfulness, and we have great cause to bless our merciful Lord who prayed for us that our faith fail not. Either our pride or our sloth, our ignorance, our anger or our lust will prove our ruin, unless grace interposed: any one of our senses or faculties might admit the foe, yet, our virtues and graces might be the gates of entrance to our enemies. O Jesus, if thou hast indeed bought me with thy blood, be pleased to keep me by thy power even unto the end.—*Spurgeon.*