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OUR EXCHANGES.

D. Banks McKenzie, the temperance lecturer, is now in Reno, Nevada, seeking ordination to the Baptist ministry.

A man was sentenced to pay \$50 fine or go to the penitentiary, the other day, in New York, for selling liquor to an Onondaga Indian.

The tonnage of English sailing vessels has decreased by about 500,000 tons since 1870, but steam tonnage has increased by about 1,400,000.

During the last ten years 640,000 tons of shipping have disappeared from the United States. Taxation and other burdens have put it under foreign flags.

Mr. Hinecock, of Zeyong, Burmah, writes home to the Baptist Missionary Herald, "If we had a tank of pure water in Zeyong, there are numbers here who would array themselves on the Lord's side."

In 1860 the number of lunatics in England was 38,068. Now it is 71,191, an increase of no less than 87 per cent. During the same period the population increased only about 25 per cent., a third of the rate at which lunacy advanced.

When the sea shall be called upon to give up its dead, no less than 13 of the missionaries of the American Baptist Missionary Union shall come forth, and among them are the names of Wheelock, Judson, and Binney.

The Empress Eugenie's present condition of loneliness and sorrow contrasts sadly with a passage in the reminiscences of a retired politician which are being published in *Le Figaro*: "The Emperor was opposed to the war, but the Empress, it is said, would declare: 'This war is my war!'"

When we read of the venerable Professor Richard Owen, State Geologist of Indiana, taking part in a prayer-meeting organized by the American Association for the Advancement of Science, we quite understand the spirit of Galileo's half-suppressed ejaculation, "It does move, though!"—*Covenant*.

Jefferson Davis's plantation at Hurricane, Miss., is leased by Montgomery & Sons. This firm is composed of four negroes who were formerly owned by a brother of the ex-President of the Confederacy. They own plantations worth \$75,000, hire several more, and do a large mercantile business at Vicksburg.

An inquest has been held in London on George Alderburg, a most respectable retired bookseller in Paternoster-row. The poor old man's head had been turned by the Tanner affair, and for five weeks he lived on nothing but filtered water, hoping to rival Tanner's time, but he gave way suddenly on the sixth week.

The Bishop of Lincoln has received two addresses, signed by about 2000 clergymen, thanking him for his services in opposing the Bursala Bill, and it is intimated that more are coming. A large number of the dissenting clergy have addressed a protest against the Bill to the Archbishop of Canterbury. They say the Bill is opposed to the mind of the Church.

The bribe was small enough to be mean, if it were intended for a bribe, but *The Literary World* thinks the principle involved is the same. "The author who himself sent us a copy of his new book, accompanied with an order for fifty copies of *The Literary World* containing the review of it, is hereby notified that the review will be unfavorable, but that we shall send the papers all the same."

Helen Gladstone, although daughter of the English Premier, earns her own living, having taken the position of private secretary to the vice principal of Newnham College, where she was lately a student. Her main object is to set an example to her sex, and to do her share towards putting a stop to the idea, which is so prevalent in England, that it is degrading for a lady to work for her living.

The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel (Rev. Dr. Oroke) has excited considerable interest by his effort to press St. Paul into the service of the Land Agitation. From 2 Tim. ii., 6, he maintains that the tenant is entitled to the first-fruits of his soil, the landlord to come in only when there is anything to spare! A lively correspondence has arisen on this matter in the columns of the *London Daily Telegraph*.

Iron is fast becoming one of the important products of the South. Georgia now produces 100,000 tons of pig-iron per

annum, and it is asserted that the ores of Tennessee and Alabama can be worked at a greater profit than the British ores of Cleveland. The development of the iron industry in Virginia has received a great impetus during the past year, and in various portions of the South the hidden wealth in iron is undoubtedly enormous.

The *New York Star* says: "It is estimated that about \$65,000,000 will have been expended in Europe this year by American tourists. This large sum, which more than balances the cash brought hither by immigrants, does not go into the Custom House reports and is not reckoned in the aggregate of exports, yet it constitutes a heavy yearly drain upon the surplus wealth of the country for which we get a mighty small return."

The editor of the Boston *Watchman* says: "A few months ago we asked Mr. Gough, who had just returned from England, if the cause of temperance is making progress in that country. He seemed almost surprised at the question, and answered with emphasis that the cause is progressing there far more rapidly than in this country. He mentioned among other evidences the fact that five or six thousand of the Established clergy have signed the pledge, and have appealed to their fellow subjects to imitate their example."

Sergeant-Major Finn, 9th Lancers' garrisoned at the depot in Canterbury, has been awarded the medal for distinguished bravery on the field of battle. Even during an engagement at Kabul in December, heroically went to the assistance of Colonel Cleveland, who was seriously wounded and unhorsed. He kept off several of the enemy and remounted his officer, who was thus enabled to get to the rear out of further danger. The presentation was made at a full dress parade of the troops by Colonel Napier. Colonel Cleveland, after some time, died from the injuries he received.

At a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, Sydney, New South Wales, the Hon. T. McCallum, Premier of Queensland, a semi-tropical colony of about 100,000 inhabitants, said that he had minutely examined the cattle trade with England, as carried on in St. Louis and Chicago, and had also visited Texas and Colorado, and compared their resources with what he knew of the resources of Australia. He did not think it was as profitable as it might be made in Australia. He was satisfied that the Australians were in a far better position than the Americans to put meat on the English market. Nevertheless the fact remains that hitherto the Australians have spent tens of thousands in the effort without any compensatory result.

A correspondent, writing from Constantinople on Sept. 1st, says: "A letter received from the town of Surfa, in Southern Armenia, contains the following news: A Moslem lady and her daughter had embraced the Christian religion, and the girl had married an Armenian gentleman. The Moslem inhabitants of Surfa, excited by fanaticism, armed themselves with clubs, daggers, and guns, and some of them, so being on horseback, attacked, on the night of August 3rd, the houses of the Armenians, thereby spreading terror among the Christian families. They arrested the newly-married couple, and led them before the Moslem Governor, who thanked the Mohammedan mob for their devotion, and put the Armenian and his wife in prison."—*Daily News*.

A few years ago a collision occurred near Norfolk, Va., between the tugboat Lumberman and steamship Isaac Bell, resulting in the loss of ten lives. A long Coroner's inquest was held, without definite result, the general impression being that one or other of the pilots was intoxicated. There could be no proof of this, however, and the pilots were released. The pilot of the tugboat Lumberman was examined by the surgeon of the Marine Hospital service during the current quarter and found to be completely color blind. A rumor has reached the Marine Hospital Bureau that the pilot of the Isaac Bell is also color blind. Although there is no record of this in the Marine Bureau, it is thought very probable that it is a fact, and that the collision was caused by the color blindness of the pilots.

Three Irish peers have been murdered during the present century—the Earls of Norbury and Leitrim, and now Viscount Mountmorres. Lord Norbury's death was supposed to have been due to his having removed some corpses from a grave yard, for it is a curious circumstance that while pigs are permitted in some parts of Ireland to root up human bones uncollected, it would cost a man dear to remove those bones reverently and place them in another spot. One of the evils attending an agrarian murder is that the family of the victim thenceforward usually ceases to reside in the country where it took place. The Norbury family, since the killing of the second Earl, has had no residence in Ireland. Again, since the murder of the late Major Mahon, Strokestown, a fine seat with one of the few deer parks in the county, has been deserted. Even if a landowner is himself willing to brave it out, the women of his family become so miserable that he gives way.

A CONTRAST.

Of the leaders in the furious and general persecution of dissenters in Cornwall, in 1744, none took a more prominent part than Dr. Borlase. He committed Thomas Westall, one of their preachers, to prison; sent another, Thomas Maxfield, to a man-of-war, issued warrants for the apprehension of some of the members, and even signed one for the seizure of Wesley himself. The other day a member of the same family—Mr. Borlase, M. P., laid one of the memorial stones of a new Methodist church at Polruan, Cornwall, and by that act, and his remarks on the occasion, recalled the conduct of his less worthy relative. The utterances of Mr. Borlase—a member of the Episcopal Church of England, are worthy of the consideration of the more intolerant members of that body.

He hailed the occasion with pleasure, because it gave him the opportunity of acknowledging to the uttermost, in the fullest and sincerest manner, his own sense of the debt of gratitude which the country owed to the great missionary effort which still bore the name of that holy and venerated man who, nearly a century and a-half ago, was spreading the truths of the Gospel throughout what was then a mere Eschscholtzian garden, and if he might use the words of the apostle, forsaken land. (Applause.) They had heard, perhaps, that in spare moments he had spent time in the study of their Cornish history. Let him say then, that as the history approached modern times, he knew no part of it more interesting and instructive than that which related to the growth of Wesleyanism. The points of contrast were strange, indeed, between what was happening at the time of the labors of John Wesley and what was happening now. They would find in John Wesley's life that a member of his (Mr. Borlase's) family had issued a warrant for John Wesley's apprehension with a view to sending him as a pressed man into the nearest man-of-war. That was in 1743, and now he was there standing before them in what he considered the interests of true religion. (Applause.) Would they he should make excuse for his ancestor. "He answered, 'No.' Times were changing, and they with them were changing too. In the same year that he had just mentioned the news of a victory over the Spaniards arrived at St. Ives, and the mob pulled down the meeting house for joy. Upon this John Wesley remarked that such was the Cornish method of thanksgiving. Mr. Borlase then, continuing his comparison, referred to the contributions sent by the people of Cornwall to the Wesleyan "Thanksgiving Fund" as their way of thanksgiving now. And turning to their work there that day and to similar work in various parts of the country, clearly the Cornish method of thanksgiving nowadays was not by pulling down, but most assuredly by building up—(applause.) What strides, indeed, had not their society made since the days of him who gave it name? He did not speak of England alone where in consequence of emigration there might have been a falling off (though he thought this applied to their class members and not to the bulk of their adherents), but in the colonies, and in the American continent—where he had seen the work it was doing—in Canada, in the Rocky Mountains, in Louisiana (among the blacks) and out to the utmost west. He should not readily forget stopping on his journey across the Californian plains in 1874 to attend the service (it was Easter Sunday) in a Wesleyan Church. Carriages and saddle horses were crowded round the door, and many a good Wesleyan farmer had brought his family thirty miles and more to attend the ministrations. The room was crammed full, and one farmer, chosen from the rest, was deputed to conduct the service, who, throwing off his long blue cloak, preached one of the best extempore sermons he had ever heard. The whole scene, in fact, might have carried him back to what he could have fancied things were like in the days when Wesley himself was preaching here; at all events, it reminded him of the lonely chapel so often seen on our Cornish moors, whose light by night, like the teaching of the preacher of old, was often the sole guide to the traveller in his journey through the waste. Before he had done he wished to say a word or two, as a member of the Church of England, upon the position which in his opinion their community occupied with regard to the Church. To him (and he was confirmed in what he was about to say by no less authorities on the question than Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Rigg) Wesleyanism held in one sense—and that an historical one—a middle place between the old-fashioned High Church party and the Evangelicals; since, while it took its rise in the one, it might to some extent be said to have given the main impulse to the other. (Applause.) Viewed in this light it was, as it were, embosomed in English Christianity, and some of our worthiest and most eminent Churchmen had held it so to be. He could illustrate that from his own personal knowledge. It was his good fortune as a boy, both at school and

at college, to be well acquainted with one who in the purity and simplicity of his life, and in the poetry of his nature, possessed what in common with the character of John Wesley. He meant John Keble. (Hear, hear.) He never should forget how often he would bring the conversation round to Cornwall in order to question him about Wesleyanism, and for whose founder, he could not but see that he had a very high respect and regard. (Applause.) And when towards the close of his life he used to come down to Cornwall for his health, he would make a point of making the acquaintance of Wesleyan ministers and local preachers. He trusted they would live to see this mutual respect between Church and Chapel even more general; that it was on the increase he did not doubt, there was less of bitterness, less of stone throwing even than there was a few years ago. He was no advocate of proselytising; no advocate again of those combination schemes by which periodically the Church of England seemed to think she could gather under the wing of the Establishment all the extra-Roman Christianity of the world. He believed that such attempts could not be made except at the expense of those doctrines which were the nuclei round which each separate community has grown. Much as Christian unity was desired, he could not but see that much of the vitality of the faith was preserved in those separate congregations which at present—unfortunately as it would at first sight appear—stood apart from each other. Let each, then, with God's blessing, go on and prosper. They had definite doctrines to support—doctrines which Wesley taught them were those of their Lord and Master. They were not bound as some were, by any artificial tie to those who did not think as they did. They were not called upon to water down those doctrines in order to gain an utopian unity. They were bound together by the love of a brotherhood. Let them remain, then, as they are; or, in the strength of those last words which Wesley wrote to Wilberforce, "Go on in the name of God, that He who had guided them from their youth up might continue to strengthen them in this and all things." (Applause.) The church of England was engaged in erecting a Cathedral. Wish her well, he said, and let your prayers go with her. Let no jealous thought arise on that account. (Hear, hear.) The day would come, if he mistook not, when artificial restrictions in matters of religion would be removed (as one already has been by the Burial Act); when side by side, all truly Christian communities would be working together for good; when, in short, that now odious word "toleration" would have been brought back to its primitive meaning, "the bearing one another's burdens." (Applause.)—*Watchman*.

PASSING OFF UNDER ETHER.

BY T. M. LEWIS.

I shall never forget the hour. It was just one year ago to-day. Of course I felt the usual amount of timidity. I knew well enough that a certain percentage of people depart this life while under the influence of the God-ordained anæsthetic. Mine was a serious case. A surgeon working at bone with chisel and mallet is likely to find it a tedious job, especially if the diseased part is extensive. In all probability a long time would be required, as long perhaps as would be occupied in removing six or eight limbs one after the other by amputation. To fall asleep on earth might be in my case to awake in eternity, where one's debts would be all paid. "Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary, &c." One o'clock had come. My heart throbbed as I listened for the rumble of the wheels of the barrow which should bear me to the operating theatre. That tremendous hour is photographed on my memory. "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not" was the text for that day printed in my diary. I remember, too, another passage of scripture which was most forcibly impressed upon my mind, particularly the last part of it. "Father save me from this hour; but for this cause came I unto this hour." As the cart was going through the corridor to the little room where they etherise you, with my head down and my feet elevated, I repeated the humble prayer, old fashioned, but applicable. "Now I lay me down to sleep, &c.; 'If I should die before I wake,' &c. Suddenly the sound of voices was heard, doors opened into (to me) mysterious apartments. The place was dark, I smelled ether. I caught a glimpse of my head surgeon (Dr. Beach). For the first time in my life since Christ spoke to me in a similar manner, the voice of a young doctor (an attendant) said to me, "are you willing to give yourself up entirely to me." I answered yes. I was laid upon a table, told to take it moderately, a sponge was applied to my breathing organs, a pleasant sensation passed over me, I uttered mentally a prayer, the world began to recede, when suddenly one of the greatest, grandest and most glorious words ever heard in earth or heaven passed into my mind, and repeated itself some half a dozen times until I was entirely lost to consciousness, it was this—CALVARY, CALVARY, CALVARY, CALVARY. It was hours after when I awoke and found

myself being placed upon my own bed in a fearful ordeal through with. But the bliss of that moment, and the sweetness of that memory, any memory, shall never be effaced until I behold "the thorn crowned king of Calvary" in the upper and better world.

Oh! shall I have an experience like this when I come to fall asleep for the last time. Will my friends and dear ones have a pillar like this to lean upon when they wade the waters of the welcoming flood. Words cannot portray the surety and infallibility of this prop. I hear the accuser of the brethren uttering his indictment in that dread hour, but I hear the word "avaunt." Behold Calvary appears in sight, Calvary with its horrors, Calvary with its glory, Calvary with its finished work. It is enough for me, it is enough for you, sinner. Give us this as the weapon of our warfare, and the last enemy shall be destroyed. Give us this as our password to glory, and by faith I can bear the command re-echoing through the heavenly chambers, "Lift up your heads, oh ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the ransomed of the Lord shall enter." And when they were come to a place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left"—Luke 22—33.

YARMOUTH, Oct. 11, 1880.

CHAOTIC THEOLOGY.

"Desiring to be teachers of the law; understanding neither what they say, nor what they affirm."—1 Tim. 1: 7.

"Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines. For it is a good thing that the heart be established with grace."

A correspondent of the *New York Examiner and Chronicle*, writing from West Virginia, says: "Of course, things here are in a measure in a formative state—seven the capital itself is not regarded as fully and finally located. It is now said to be 'on a steamboat somewhere between Wheeling and Charlestown.' The last vote of the legislature on it decided the latter place to be the location hereafter."

In much the same condition are the minds of many who claim to be preachers of the Gospel of "the advanced school." There is no telling what they say nor whereof they affirm. They believe nothing, and therefore they speak. Their creed is in "a formative state"—nebulous, cloudy. They know not what they believe; it is a question whether they believe anything at all. One of them informed us that he held his mind in a receptive condition, and revised his creed every week at least—a human jelly-fish, or something more gelatinous still. We fear that even the main and fundamental points of Christ and his divine person are unsettled with some of the Broad School. Their capital is on a steamboat somewhere between Unitarianism and Pantheism. The sooner they fix its location the better. It would probably be less injurious to those around them if they were to become downright atheists than that they should remain in their present loose and sceptic-making condition. Their manifest indecision for truth is a clear gain to the side of unbelief.

These rolling stones in the road cause many to stumble who else would have held on their way. With their cloudy speculations they throw an air of uncertainty over the most settled truths. They cause faith to dwindle into mere opinion, and throw thousands into a condition of miserable suspense. Elijah would long ago have said to them, "How long has ye between two opinions? If the God of Israel be the Lord, serve him;" and if "cultured thought" is to manufacture a god of its own, finish the article and let us know what it is like. One would think from the talk of some men that the promises of the Gospel were made to doubt and not to faith. Their sympathies are all with the infidel, whose doubt is decorated as "honest" and "thoughtful." Their anathemas are reserved for the orthodox, who are always prejudiced, narrow minded, and stunted. Their charity pours its oil upon all except those horrid beings who adhere to the creed of the Puritans: as for those fellows, they despise them with all the Cavalier's contempt for palm-spring Roundheads. Nevertheless, we pray for all true brethren, that the God of all grace may establish and settle them, and we desire to be numbered with those who can say, "We believe, therefore have we spoken." "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you."—*The Bible and the Newspaper*.

RULES FOR GOING TO CHURCH.—1.

Let nothing but an impossibility prevent you from going to the house of God on the Sabbath. 2. Go early to take your family and friends with you. 3. Go once every Sabbath, if possible. 4. Go in a prayerful state of mind. 5. Give respectful and prayerful attention to the sermon. 6. Join in all songs of praise, and think of what you sing. 7. Greet one another pleasantly, and kindly speak to the stranger. 8. Think and speak of all the good in the services, and forget all the rest.

Aristotle was asked what one would gain by lying, and he laconically replied, "Never to be believed when he speaks the truth."

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