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FROM THE PAPERS.

There is no fault more common than the habit of delegating personal responsibility to win souls to the Church in its corporate character.—*Methodist.*

Paul did not stop preaching because all his converts did not hold out. Many of the converts, even of Jesus went back, "and went no more with him." If a man tumbles into the river, are we to refuse to rescue him because he may fall in again?—*Nashville Adv.*

There is nothing much better in all Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's new book on "The Graphic Arts" than the motto of it, which is an extract from a speech by Prince Leopold to the effect that the spirit in which we do our work is the secret of happiness in life.—*Chris. Union.*

A memorial window in honor of John Bunyan is to be placed in Elstow church. Thus the man who spent twelve years in jail on account of his heresy and schism is avenged. Amid all his dreams, the great dreamer never imagined such an honor as this.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

About fifty women, graduates of various colleges, recently met in Boston to discuss the higher education of women. It was decided that physical culture is the great necessity for American women, and the establishment of a department of physical education in the schools was urged.

A new thing in Methodism is the fact that the African Methodist Episcopal Church in America uses the high-sounding title of Right Reverend Bishop. Our colored friends are rather fond of such things. We sincerely hope they will drop this unseemly plaything. The fact is "superintendent" is a better word.—*Richmond Adv.*

The *Selection News* has the following under the title of "Rockets": "Eighteen hundred and eighty years before Christ a fool said in his heart, 'There is no God'; 1880 years after Christ a bigger fool said it right loud. More fools paid a dollar a head to hear him say it. God kept on living, and loving the fools all the time. But don't you be a fool!"

The four Presbyterian Assemblies lately in session represent eleven thousand Presbyterian churches, nine thousand Presbyterian ministers, with over one million members in the communion of faith and good works, constituting a power not to be lightly esteemed—a power that has a right at times to fill the eye and claim the ear of the country at large.—*Baltimore Methodist.*

The wanderings of plants over the earth is becoming one of the most fascinating studies with intelligent people, and new facts in this department have a more than usual interest. Dr. Gray has well observed that, if all trace of the white man, his history could be traced in a great measure by the plants which have followed him.—*N. Y. Independent.*

The National Convention of Brewers, which has just closed its annual session at Washington City, appropriated five hundred dollars in trust to John Walruff, of Lawrence, Kan., to be expended in the interests of the malt liquor trade in that State. The Richmond, Ind., *Palladium* says: "There would be no more effrontery in a convention of horse-buyers appropriating money to expend in the interests of horse-stealing in Kansas."

Arthur Clayden, "Fellow of the Colonial Institute," writes from New Zealand to the *London Spectator*: "It is a withering rebuke to our boastful civilization that the latest conquest we have achieved—that of the New Zealand chieftain Te Whiti—has revealed to us a man in many respects our superior. The strictest temperance reigned in his district, and the self-control of the chief and his followers struck our fully armed thousands with utter amazement."

In a place which I know a "grand bazaar" was lately held to raise funds "for repairing and improving the church and organ." The bazaar was under aristocratic patronage, and was opened by a lady of title. It was fitted up with what was called "oriental splendor." And every day there was a full provision of "amusing performances" and "dramatic entertainments." I am thankful it was not a Methodist bazaar. But some of the things now common in connexion with Methodist bazaars create the fear that Methodists may be and-by go even so far less unless they be restrained by a deeper sense of religion and spiritual duty.—*London Methodist.*

Lord Beaconsfield once said that the English peevishness came from three sources: the robbery of the church, the sale of honors by the Stuards, and the sale of boroughs early in this century. This is not a very noble origin for the greatest landed aristocracy of the world, and the defects in its inception are certainly not cured by the elevation of Mr. Baas, of brewery fame, to the ranks of the baronets.—*Chris. Union.*

The smoking car is one of the greatest nuisances of modern times. It never ought to be allowed. It is the den of utter nastiness. No gentleman ought to be content to ride in one. Even if a man uses tobacco, he ought to have self-denial enough to ride for an hour without yielding to the temptation to indulgence in the wasteful and useless habit of smoking. There ought to be a decided toning-up in this matter.—*New England Methodist.*

The recent appointment of the Rev. Earnest Wilberforce to the newly made Bishopric of Newcastle, appears to give general satisfaction in England. *The London World* says of him: "He is a moderate High Churchman; he is very fluent and affable in his speech; he is a temperance light; and, besides all this, he is a great lawn-tennis player, which will be quite a new attribute in a bishop. What more suitable for the game of lawn-tennis than episcopal gaiters?"

Of the emigrants that came to this country in April last, 11,832 came from Ireland, and 36,582 from Germany. These figures, and the like of them, possibly base the calculations of the opposers of Kansas Prohibition, who claim that the measure is a failure because it keeps off emigrants. Is it so that those who are used to Irish whiskey and lager beer are turned away from the Temperance State. And if so it is a misfortune!—*S. C. Adv.*

One of the pro-license leaders in an Illinois town, gnashing his teeth over the defeat of his party, declared sadly, "we would have carried the license by a majority of some hundreds if it had not been for that [call it "infernal,"—as a weak substitute—Emrok] Methodist church!" Thanks for the tribute to men who spoke and voted, not as Methodists, but as good citizens whose correct social and economic and moral views have been shaped by the church.—*N. W. Adv.*

Walking along Boylston Street, we were challenged to lift our eyes and were challenged by a sign with this "strange device"—"religious goods!" "What in the world can these be?" we involuntarily said. Looking into the window, the question was at once answered. They were wooden or plaster images of our Lord, crosses, virgins with the divine Child, and altar ornaments. Possibly these may be called properly enough, "religious goods," but the use of some of them seems far from deserving such an appellation in a Protestant vocabulary.—*Zion's Herald.*

During Mr. Spurgeon's recent illness, the Bishop of Rochester paid him a friendly and "pastoral" visit. The Bishop kneeling in prayer by the pastor's side was in admirable accord with the Catholicity of the Church of England. If this spirit of "true Churchmanship" prevailed everywhere, our Reformed Church would need no "defence." Whole-hearted Christianity does not, as some would say, imply "half-hearted Churchmanship." The Church of England is Catholic, because she is Evangelical and Protestant.—*Evangelical Churchman.*

If a man devotes his life to money-getting, lives well, gives a few hundred dollars per annum, pays pew rent, heaps up one, ten, twenty or forty million dollars, makes his will, giving up his vast estate in his family, giving but little to God or humanity; if during the six months or year before he dies he reads the Bible, talks with a minister, invites him to pray, but neither gives any of his wealth to philanthropy or religion, nor does his will, is there any reason to think that his character with regard to money-getting has undergone any change, or that he has laid up treasure in heaven?—*N. Y. Adv.*

That the circulating library is fatal to literature is the opinion of *The London Times*. It encourages skimming on the part of the reader and scamping on the part of the writer. The trade demands three-volume novels, and an author must always write to the orthodox length though he may have nothing to say. "While books," adds *The Times*, "are as monstrously dear as they are in England people will not buy; they will borrow. The dear book and the circulating library are the two clay feet on which the Colossus

of the English book-trade supports itself. Till they are replaced by something stronger, the Colossus will not stand firm."

AMONG THE INDIANS.

The Rev. John McLean writes from Blood Reserve, Fort MacLeod, Rocky Mountains, March 2:—

I write this letter to you, sitting by the camp-fire. Two weeks ago I left Macleod and came here with a man and some horses to get out my logs for our Mission premises. The weather has been cold, yet we have got along well. We will have the last of the logs for the main building out in two days, and next week several of my friends are coming out to help us raise the building. As I look around I see many houses where a short time ago stood the buffalo lodges. Abundance of work is here, and I am seeking to take advantage of it. I am hard at work in temporal and spiritual things, and expect soon to see the result of my labors. You may ask me how I am able to hire men and horses, and buy the various things necessary for building. Well, I have received a few dollars from relations and old college "chums," and the rest I am taking out of my own pocket, expecting that God will open up the way for me to receive again what I have expended, and also to fill my empty treasury with the means to go on with my buildings. Many thanks to those few friends who have helped, but there is room for many more.

To-day a boy named Siocchi, son of Chief Bull Shield, died in the camp. My man dug a grave, and I went to the house that I might pray with the sorrowing friends. The chief and his wives were mourning bitterly. I prayed with them in English, and then with what little of the language I had learned, uttered my first prayer in Blackfoot, and did not indulge in a written form, although I might have prayed more grammatically by so doing. When starting off for the grave, the chief told me that he wanted a coffin made. I threw off my coat, got a hammer, saw, and nails, and we set to work in the house, and soon had it ready. With much difficulty we got the mother to give up the corpse, and we started for the grave. I felt like shedding tears as I stood beside the strong man weeping for his son. Seven women and two men wailed in a most heart-rending manner. Then I prayed from the depths of my soul, "O God help me with the language, that I may give hope and consolation to such as these." As I trembled and the tears filled my eyes, I cried in my soul "Light, light, send more light!" We placed the remains in the grave. The mother threw several pieces of bread into the coffin. Several skins, all the boy's toys, a piece of buffalo meat, and some newspapers were laid upon the coffin in the grave. I held a short service, took a piece of board and wrote "Siocchi" upon it, and put it at the head of the grave, and this concluded the first Christian burial amongst the Blood Indians. Thus I helped to make the first coffin and placed the first headstone at the grave of a member of the Blood camp. As we left, the women went off to another grave where some time would be spent in mourning for their other relations buried there, and for the pet of the family who now had gone to

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourne No traveller returns."

I have spoken with the father since, and told him that his little boy had gone to God's home above, and that when the white man and the Indian died we should see his little boy there. As the tears trickled down his cheeks he said, "That's good, that's good. I love the missionary, I love you." An hour ago I had gone into the house of the head chief, Sun Medicine, and was engaged in conversation with him, when Siocchi's mother came in, weeping bitterly. She went round to all the girls and women in the house, and

kissed them, when they all joined in her sorrow, and the tears trickled thick and fast down their cheeks. Such is the sympathy and love they have for each other in their sorrows and bereavements. This is not even the day of small things, it is the hour of darkness, but though

"Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
The daybreak is at hand."

Darkness is all around, but there is a small hand-sized cloud in the distance, laden with the treasures of heaven, and it will drop showers of blessings upon us, and we shall rejoice.—*Missionary Outlook.*

FORGIVENESS.

I see you are hanging on the edge of a precipice. Thank God you are not at the bottom. Thousands drop into perdition from the crag of impitability. Forgiveness is man's deepest need and highest achievement. All the "strong and beautiful things on forgiveness," which you so much admire in my books, were distilled in the alembic of my own experience. I have not had your trials, but my self-mastery was not the less heavy. I know what it is to have the purest motives, most fervent prayers, and most incessant labours misapprehended and misrepresented. I know what the mental whipping-post means. But what I have done, or Christ in me, you can do likewise. Nothing does God require more explicitly than a clean forgiveness. Your provocations are multiplied and aggravated. The rap that is drawn across your sensibilities without respite for successive years is rough and sharp enough to require the concentration of all the John's. Great trials may, I believe, Great trials make great saints. Deserts and stone pillars prepare for an opening heaven and an angel-crowded ladder. But you are, indeed, sorely probed, and from the depths of my soul I pity you. If this is any comfort to you, let down your bucket to the end of your chain, with the assurance that what is deepest and most tender in me is open to your dip. But your victory rests with yourself. Kingdom over the vast territory of self must be, in order to a genuine forgiveness. To tear yourself from yourself, to double yourself up and trust yourself under your heels, and make a general smash of yourself, and be all the more truly yourself in this mauling and self-annihilation—this is the work before you, and a mighty work it is. To accomplish this, we must be close enough to Immanuel to feel the beating of his heart. By the time you are through your struggle you will be a god, fit to occupy a seat with Christ upon his throne. Kings alone can truly forgive, as kings alone can reign. You know the import of the cross. Set your heart like a flint against every suggestion that cheapens the blood of the dear, great Lamb, and you will as surely get the meaning of Christ crucified, as that he left his life in the world.—*Horace Bushnell.*

AN INFIDEL TESTIMONY.

That Christianity is in fact the perfect expression of the highest conceptions of the idealists of the best type, M. Renan is compelled to confess. In the April number of the *London Quarterly*, he is quoted as follows: "Is not the kingdom of God the perfect expression of the final aim toward which the idealist is always aspiring? The Sermon on the Mount is for ever its finished code: Reciprocal love, sweetness, benevolence, disinterestedness will be always the essential laws of the perfect life. The association of the weak is the legitimate solution of the greater part of the problems which the organization of humanity brings forward: Christianity has on this subject a lesson for all ages. The Christian martyr will be to the end of time the typical defender of the rights of conscience.

The difficult and dangerous art of governing the souls will be conducted on the model furnished by the first Christian doctors, if it is ever reached at all. They had secrets to be learned in their school. There have been professors of virtue more austere and more firm, it may be; but there have been masters to rival them in the science of happiness. The joy of souls is the great Christian art, to such an extent that civil society has been obliged to take precautions against men's being swallowed up in it. Country and family are the two great natural forms of human association. They are both necessary; but, after all, they do not suffice. There must be maintained by their side an institution in which the soul receives nourishment, consolation, and counsel; in which charity is organized; in which may be found spiritual matters and a director. This is called the Church. It can never be dispensed with, unless at the cost of reducing life to a desperate impoverishment, especially for women. All that is necessary is provision that the ecclesiastical society does not weaken the civil society; that it is always a free resort, that it has no temporal power to sway; that the State keeps clear of it, neither controlling nor patronizing it. During two hundred years Christianity gave in its little free assemblies the consummate models of all this."

A SAD EXAMPLE.

The *Christian Union*, in speaking of the humiliation felt by the worthier classes of American citizens through the conduct of President Arthur, utters these plain words: "It may be said that no man is responsible for the cartoons of a lampooning paper; but it is certain that no American journal would or could have printed the caricatured portrait of either Hayes or Garfield with a wet towel tied around the head and the legend beneath, 'Oh! why did I go to New York to see the boys?' No man can prevent others from caricaturing him, but he can by his conduct determine whether he shall be caricatured as an apostle of temperance or as a sufferer from a debauch. The *Christian Union* is not regarded, among those who are Puritans of the Puritans, as a eulogist or even a defender of a rigorous and ascetic Sabbath observance. Because it stands always and everywhere for Christian liberty it has the better right to condemn, in perfectly plain language, such a public abuse of liberty 'for an occasion to the flesh' as the expedition of President Arthur and his not over-reputable companions on Sunday evening to the trout ponds of Long Island. When such a party as this, including President Corbin of the Long Island Railroad, Commissioner French, ex-Superintendent Smythe, and ex-Senator Conkling, start off on a fishing excursion into the country, under such circumstances that the omniscient reporter sees a vision of a Sunday evening supper—'brook trout, lamb, beef, with libations, frugal though they were, of good wine'—the better sentiment of the country cannot but recollect with a sigh the pure and wholesome public life of Presidents Hayes and Garfield, and quietly resolve that four years hence it will not allow fear of personal pique or wildness of momentary enthusiasm to put upon the Presidential ticket any man of doubtful reputation or doubtful associates. The country can afford to have a mistaken public policy maintained through four years of misadministration, better than it can afford to have a bad example of Sabbath-breaking, impiety, and vulgarity set before the whole community by men of the first eminence in social and public and political station."

The pious man and the atheist always talk of religion; the one speaks of what he loves, and the other of what he fears.—*Taylor.*

ANDOVER AND ARMINIANISM.

The Andover Creed provides that one of the many forms of religious error to be perpetually combated by that institution is Arminianism. It is to be regretted that that sadly ambiguous and much abused term was not carefully defined in this connection. In the absence of such definition we are not hastily to rush to the conclusion that the opinions referred to are Arminianism proper. This by no means necessarily follows. It is quite likely that the founders of this Calvinistic Seminary esteemed Arminianism, even in its most unadulterated form, a more or less odious form of heresy. Still, judging from what we know concerning the character of the religious opinions prevalent here in New England seventy-five and a hundred years ago, there is reason to believe that the pestilent heresy these founders had in view, designated by the title of Arminianism, was not Arminianism proper, but that cold, bloodless semi-Pelagianism out of which Unitarianism was born. Meantime, creed or no creed, it is gratifying to be assured that Andover is to-day practically, substantially Arminian in its theology. In other words, had the dominant, popular churches never preached a more pronounced Calvinism than what is now taught at Andover, Arminianism would not have been known, and Wesleyan Methodism would have had to find its *raison d'être*, rather in the world's need of evangelization, than in any crying demand for a more rational and spiritual theology.—*N. E. Methodist.*

IN A NUT SHELL.

I have often seen Universalism reduced to an absurdity. But seldom, if ever, has it been better done than in the following, which I beg to recite for the benefit of any who may need it:

"I am a Universalist," said G. K., boasting, "and you orthodox are not fair in saying that our system is inconsistent with reason." This he addressed to one who held an opposite system.

"But I will prove the irrationality of your system," said his friend.

"You believe that Christ died to save all men?"

"Yes, I do."

"And you don't believe there is a hell?"

"No, I do not."

"You don't believe there is any punishment hereafter?"

"No, I do not; men are punished for their sins in this life."

"Well now, let us put your 'rational' system together if we can. It amounts to just this: that Christ the Saviour died to save all men from nothing at all! Not from hell, because, according to you, there is none. Not from punishment in a future state of being, for he receives his whole punishment in this life. Yours is the absurd spectacle of ropes and life-preservers thrown at an immense expense to a man who is on dry land, and in no danger of being drowned. Let me tell you that your religion is stark infidelity. If you heartily believe the Bible, you could not believe Universalism."

Adoniram Judson was at one time apparently lost to hope. He, too, was the son of a minister. Prayers and tears were apparently wasted on him. He was in a hotel. Beyond the thin partition was a sinner dying. All night long the moans and death-throes disturbed his sleep. The next morning, on inquiry, he found that the young man was dead. He followed his lost spirit on its terrible journey. He was convicted and converted, and became the pioneer missionary to Burmah, winning the distinction of being Jesus Christ's man.