

The Wesleyan.

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NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Catholic Telegraph says: "In the estimation of a Catholic the Church is a divine teacher."

A North Carolina Baptist Church evinced the genuineness of a recent revival in it by paying off in full its arrears to several former pastors.—*Christian Index.*

Concerning Matthew Arnold's first lecture after his return from America, Truth says that whenever he wished "to be particularly impressive he was perfectly inaudible." The description would suit some preachers.

At a recent Sunday school meeting in Chicago a long-winded clergyman consumed too much of the time with a wordy address. When he sat down the leader of the meeting unwittingly announced the hymn beginning, "Hallelujah!" "is done!"

An Indian missionary remarks in his latest report that in his daily experience he meets with some people who are "Christians at their native place but heathens when they go from home." Similar cases are by no means uncommon in our own country.

The pulpit transfiguration of the aged and saintly minister of Jesus Christ spoke more powerfully to his hearers of his indwelling Lord than even his well-chosen, glowing words. Age has its special function in the persuasive and effective presentation of the gospel.—*Nash Ad.*

A Unitarian merchant in Boston, Mr. J. W. Swett, died recently and bequeathed to the American Board of Foreign Missions and to the Home Missionary Society, both orthodox, half a million dollars! Why did not Mr. Swett entrust his money to Unitarian Societies for the propagation of their Gospel?—*Pres. Witness.*

Some Milwaukee liquor dealers are trying to evade the prohibitory law of that State by having made what are to all appearance prayer-books, but in reality are boxes just large enough to admit a glass bottle. If this isn't "stealing the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in," what would be.—*Western Ad.*

The objection to Bradlaugh is not simply that he has tried to stab the Christian religion in the back, but that he has blasphemed and caricatured everything of a spiritual nature which men hold sacred. Nobody desires that Bradlaugh shall accept Christianity against his will, but it is held to be only fair that he should not try to break down and destroy the faith of others.—*Toronto Telegram.*

It is no wonder that the Seminole Indians are puzzled with the white man's method of dealing with strong drink. Nobody else can understand it. They say: "He first licenses a man to distill it, then he licenses another to sell it, then he pays a policeman to catch those who drink it and take them to jail, and when they come out they drink and are put in again. Don't understand."—*Richmond Advertiser.*

The *Parish Register* is of the opinion that the pocket is the last to be reached in the process of conversion. It thinks that a three-fold conversion is necessary: "first the head, then the heart, then the pocket-book." The *Free Methodist* would not insist on three conversions, "but on one that shall completely sway the intellect, the affections and the charities. A true conversion will certainly reach as high as the head, and as low as the pocket."

No wonder that it challenges the faith of the world in the power of the gospel when they see a professed Christian who smokes and chews up fifty dollars per year, and then pleads poverty when asked to take a Church paper or contribute a few dollars to support the Church and send the gospel to the heathen. Let them remember that it is only in the pure light of the gospel that they can detect and condemn such meanness.—*Southwestern Methodist.*

At the end of last Term the Warden of College suddenly resolved to preach in the College Chapel. Having, presumably, but a slender stock of sermons, he chose one which had evidently been prepared for a small parish church. All went smoothly, if somewhat tediously, until, warming up in his application, the Warden began, "Those of you who are mothers—Not unnaturally, the congregation evinced surprise, as the newspapers say, and the preacher, dimly conscious that he had committed some blunder, hastily added, "that is, those of you who will be." What happened next, deponent sayeth not.—*Correspondent of Kingswood Magazine.*

Some of the newspapers are greatly exercised concerning a Presbyterian church in Missouri that has recently appointed a woman sexton, notwithstanding that she gives perfect satisfaction in sweeping, dusting, ringing the church bell and showing strangers to vacant seats. This is a common thing in England, and excites no remark there, except among American tourists.

Rev. Dr. Wright, a distinguished A. M. of Trinity College, Dublin, has created some sensation by an article in which he says that many of the fellows of that university do not believe in divine revelation or the existence of a personal God. Several are, at the best, agnostics, if not atheists. There is no way for disciplining either a fellow or a professor for erroneous views, and so it is a propaganda of skepticism.

Religiously speaking, we are curious to know the exact difference between a conversion and a powerful conversion, a revival and a genuine revival. Are not all conversions the work of the Holy Spirit, and in so far as his agency is concerned alike powerful? Are not all revivals necessarily genuine? If not genuine, then they are not revivals at all. Our obtuseness may explain our dilemma. But if not, what is the explanation?—*Central Methodist.*

The average communicant, we incline to think, will meditate more profitably at the Lord's Table with a little help in the direction of his thoughts. A long talk, especially a mixed, discursive speech, distracts, but a few words opening some distinctive train of thought will have an excellent effect. Sometimes the simple repetition of a few Scripture texts—if one can do it with ready recollection and without apparent effort—will be still better.—*Watchman.*

The conclusions of certain German scholars as to the right spelling of Wycliffe's name, which we recently published, are disputed. One writer who has investigated all the original documents, maintains that the form which most frequently occurs is Wyclif, while Wycliff stands next in frequency. Another English scholar, who has found forty variations, maintains that the most ancient, as well as the most frequent, is "Wycliff." The form Wyclif has much less support than any of the above.—*Exam. Churchman.*

The time has come already when true women are ashamed of any ignorance of nursery laws. The instinctive love they share with the lower creatures or the jealously guarded nursery traditions no longer answer. Not to know the best food, the best clothing, the best regulation of air and light and sleep for the baby is felt to be disgracefully unintelligent. Just as surely the time is coming, we must believe, when not to know and use the best means for training the growing mind and soul will seem, if possible, worse.—*Boston Transcript.*

The N. Y. *Churchman* concludes a thoughtful article on "The Religious Life of Country Towns," with these words: "The Christian family is nearly the only institution of America that has not yet been destroyed, and its steady revival and development in relation to the Church, the school, and general society, against the fearful grinding of sharp individualism is one of the most hopeful things now seen in the national life. It is through the family, not by destroying it, that the religious problems in country towns are to be solved and general society is to be made strong enough to meet its daily tasks."

When the *Independent* was supporting Cleveland, its proprietor, Henry C. Bowen, was "one of the oldest and most prominent men in the Republican party—a man above reproach in every respect." When the *Independent* throws Cleveland overboard, Mr. Bowen turns out to be a man who has "been connected with some of Blaine's present managers in the Union Pacific Railroad, and whose latest public appearance was his excommunication from a Christian society on a charge of slandering a minister of the Gospel." It beats all how differently a man will look in different lights.—*Trenton Times.*

Referring to the recent conversion of a gifted lady writer, the *New Zealand Methodist* says: "To enlist the tongue of the eloquent orator in the King's service is no small advantage; the advantage is greater perhaps, in these reading days, to enlist the pen of the ready-writer. Is not such an advantage worthy of remembrance in the intercessions of those who believe in the power of prayer? Ought we not more definitely and frequently to ask that God may seize for his own cause the choicest fruitage of the human intellect; and direct for his own glory the gifts of those writers who command a wide spread popularity?"

INDISPENSABLE WORK.

From time to time weighty and stirring words have been addressed on this subject to the Methodist pastorate, even from the days of our Founder, who, on finding Methodism to be declining in a certain place, remarks: "And no wonder, seeing that the preachers have ceased to visit from house to house. For we may preach, as angels, but if we do not visit the people at their homes our congregations will fall away. Subsequent history has served only to establish this observation of Wesley. Many a lamentable instance of the comparative failure of men of no means gifts within and beyond the Methodist pale, through lack of pastoral habits, has been seen. And, on the other hand, you may meet constantly in our own and other communities men plain in gifts and unattractive in speech who are examples of complete ministerial success."

Among ourselves, as Methodists, we have had men of exalted gifts and filling the highest positions who have been amongst the most excellent of our pastors, men whose brilliancy in the pulpit, combined with sedulous pastoral visitation, endeared them greatly to their people, and has ensured to them an enduring fame. Few of the distinguished ministers of other denominations were so excellent visitors of their flocks. We might adduce the example of Dr. Chalmers, himself the *princeps facie* of modern Scotch ministers; but, so could we refer also to Dr. Guthrie, and Dr. McLeod, and many other brilliant men. In Robert Hall's day it is questionable whether he had his superior in Europe as a pulpit orator, a man in every view of him of the highest stamp, yet whether in Bristol, or Cambridge, or Leicester he would be found in the homes of the lowliest of his people, sometimes sitting at tea with some pious old woman taking more tea with her than the occasion required.

It is admitted that to certain men the duty of pastoral visitation is easier than to others. It may be further allowed that the visits of some men are more practically significant than those of others. Some ministers have greater facility and geniality of intercourse than others. But so do ministers differ in their degree of aptitude for every other kind of work belonging to their "high vocation."

That one minister of Jesus Christ should not be equal to another is no excuse for neglect of duty in "the brother of low" or "low" degree." All that is expected is that every one should be equally diligent in his calling. And it would greatly aid in this matter if from the first those who have been set apart to shepherd the flock of God as Divinely ordained "overscers" should regard pastoral visitation as much their duty as to "preach the Word," so that at their departure from each circuit they might say with the great Apostle at the close of his three years' labour at Ephesus, "I have taught you publicly and from house to house." Let the mornings, for four or five hours, be given to severe mental application. But let the afternoons be devoted to visiting the households of the people. More good will come of it than those who have not tried this plan well know. And, we may add, more comfort to the minister. The joy with which the people, especially the poorer people, receive the messenger of Christ will yield untold satisfaction, and there will spring up of priceless value between pastor and flock. Those who give way to recluse habits, and spend all the time they can among their books and at their desks, miss the richest joys of the pastor's life, and the utmost help in pulpit work. To meet congregations thus endeared to the minister robs the formidable task of preaching of its power to terrify, and imparts a comfort to the work of the sanctuary which nothing else can. Nor is it

nothing to be able to meet with confidence and no sense of shortcoming in this respect "the people of one's charge," whether in public or official meetings during one's sojourn among them.—*London Watchman.*

"AND THEY WERE SPEECH-LESS."

The shortest of creeds is that of the man who believes only what he understands. It may be stated in four words, "I believe in nothing." He cannot believe in his own existence, far the greatest physiologists know not what life is. He does not believe in magnetism, for even Prof. Tyndall says he has no theory whereby to explain it. This pithy anecdote shows how such a person must be a universal sceptic:

"I will not believe anything but what I understand!" said a self-confident young man in an hotel one day.

"Nor will I," said another.

"Neither will I," said a third.

"Gentlemen," said one who sat close by, "do I understand you correctly that you will not believe anything you don't understand?"

"I will not," said one, and so said each one of the trio.

"Well," said the stranger, "in my ride this morning I saw some geese in a field eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Certainly," said the three unbelievers.

"I also saw a pig eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Of course," said the three.

"And I also saw sheep and cows eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Of course," was again replied.

"Well," but the grass which they had formerly eaten had, by digestion, turned to feathers on the backs of the geese, to bristles on the backs of the swine, to wool on the backs of the sheep, and on the cows it had turned to hair; do you believe that, gentlemen?"

"Certainly," they replied.

"Yes, you believe it," he rejoined, "but do you understand it?"

And they were silent.

FATHER CHINQUY.

Father Chinquy in a recent letter recounts the particulars of the cruel attempt to stone him, in Quebec, last June. He has been stoned and wounded seventeen times. Twice, the pistol balls of would-be assassins passed within a few inches of his head. But he has been tried with even worse perils and humiliations. He writes:

"When the bishops and priests saw that it was not so easy as they had expected, at first, to silence me with their stones and their pistol balls, they engaged more than one hundred false witnesses to accuse me in different times, with every crime that a man can commit, with the hope of sending me to the penitentiary. At the request of a priest sent from Montreal, seven farmers of Bourbonnais perjured themselves and swore that I had set fire to their church. That priest, convinced from the lips of his own witnesses, of having invented that horrible calumny, was subsequently condemned to several years of penitentiary. But he remained there only six months. The Roman Catholics came during a dark night and broke the door of the jail and helped him to escape to Montreal, where he died a few months after, from the sufferings he had endured during his incarceration. The name of that priest is F. Brunet—Glorie of Mary Immaculate. It was proved by his own penitents that it was through 'articular confession' that he had circulated that calumny, and persuaded them to sustain it with their oaths."

"I have been dragged as a criminal, before the Civil Courts, by the Bishop of Rome, thirty-two times, and I have been kept a prisoner under bail, by the sheriff, for eighteen years. After the Bishops and priests had lost one of those suits, they immediately began another one. But my merciful Heavenly Father has always come to

my help in those hours of perils and humiliations, and He has protected me under the mantle of His mercies.

"One day I was reduced to such a degree of poverty by those litigations, that the sheriff sold my last chair and table, my stove, my bed, and even my library, at the door of the Court House of Kankakee; I kept only my dear Bible, which I put under my head as a pillow, when I had to sleep on the naked floor, for my dear Saviour's sake, during the next night which I will never forget.

"Humanly speaking, it is very hard to be cursed as I am by my former friends—to be an outcast in my own country, to be condemned to death, and never to be sure of a single day. But it is sweet to suffer for Jesus' sake, and the hundreds of stones which have struck and bruised me are more precious to me than all the gold and gems of the world.

"I have answered those questions put to me by many Canadian friends, not to induce them to have any bad feelings against the Roman Catholics, but only that they may not be deceived by the honeyed words of Bishop Lynch, and that they may know that the Rome of to-day is the same Rome which deluged the world with the blood of your heroic ancestors.

"We must not hate the Roman Catholics, but we must pity and pray for them; we must do all in our power to throw some rays of the saving light into the awful night with which Rome surrounds the intelligence of the poor slaves whom she keeps at the feet of her idols."

THE FESTIVAL OF "JUGGERNAUT."

The great Car Festival of Jugger-naut held at Puri, a seacoast town a little to the southwest of Calcutta, in numerical importance is only exceeded by the monster fair at Hurdwar. The number of pilgrims who flock to Puri varies of course, from year to year, and is estimated at from fifty to three hundred thousand. The chief festival of the year occurs at midsummer, when the journey of perhaps a thousand, or even fifteen hundred miles, mostly performed on foot, is rendered more oppressive by the intolerable heat, in spite of which the weary pilgrim band, chiefly consisting of fragile-looking women, must push on, never falling short of their full day's march, lest they should reach the hallowed spot too late, and fail to be present at the various ceremonies which are to secure their salvation. We should notice by the way, that this thirst for pilgrimage, and the persevering zeal which carries the wayfarers, through all hardships of the journey, are diligently fanned by priestly emissaries, who go forth into every corner of the land preaching the necessity of thus purchasing salvation, and of carrying suitable offerings to the gods, or, rather, to the cruel harpies who guard the shrines.

By the time the weary, footsore creatures reach their desired haven, scarce able to crawl on bleeding feet, the season of the rain arrives. Perhaps for a few days longer the sun may shine, and the wayfarers, refreshed by a bath in some sacred tank, don the finery that was wrapped up in their little dirty bundles, and come forth like radiant butterflies to flutter in and out of every temple and drink of the elixir of holiness—a draught, however, which is by no means "without money and without price," for at every turn they are taxed by wolfish priests, and compelled to give alms far beyond their ability. By the time they are shorn of every available coin, and have scarcely retained the sum necessary to purchase their daily meal of rice on their homeward journey, the rains set in in good earnest.

Such of the multitude as have secured a room to lie down anywhere under cover are deemed fortunate, even though they be packed close as herrings in a barrel. Vast numbers have no option but to spend days and nights without shelter of any sort,

exposed to the pitiless rain, which pours down in sheets on the miserable multitude, who have no option but to lie still, helpless and hopeless, literally sodden, soaked to the skin, without the possibility of a change of raiment, and moreover half-starved. Meanwhile, the rain is busy stirring up the foul accumulations of filth from every corner, and overflowing such substitutes for drainage as may exist, till the whole town becomes altogether abominable and pestiferous, and the lurking cholera and fever fiends start up on every hand, and hold high revel on a stage so admirably prepared for them. Of course multitudes perish, and their unburnt and unburied bodies are left a prey to foul birds and dogs.—*C. F. Gordon Cummings.*

TO KNOW CHRIST.

Once more Paul takes us up in sight of the crucified Saviour, and in an outburst of passionate protest and entreaty cries, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." To know Christ is this—we dare not make it less than this—we dare not make the power of God in us over-coming sin, and self, and the world. To know Christ is to be in the blessed mystery of oneness with Him—crucified with Him, buried with Him, risen with Him in newness of life, seated together with Him in the heavenly places. In one word, it is gathered up in this command, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

This, then, is Christ's idea of His holy religion. It is to make men like God, corresponding to Him, answering to Him. This is the aim and end of every part of it—to make men think as God thinks; to make men will as God wills; to make men do as God commands.

To think as God thinks—that is, to love God with all the mind.

To will as God wills—that is, to love God with all the heart.

To do what God commands—that is, to love God with all the strength.

And not only of Christianity is this the great aim. It is impossible to think of any true religion of which this is not the purpose—to be like God. This is religion in the angels; this was the religion of Paradise—a power sustaining and developing the likeness of God. This was the whole aim of the Jewish religion. Christianity is one with all these in its purpose.—*Mark Gray Pease.*

Higher eulogy could scarcely be pronounced upon a man than is written concerning Robert Swindles, who, for forty years, was a Wesleyan preacher. Of this man one who knew him intimately said, "I never knew him to speak a word he did not mean; and he always spoke the truth in love." Such rare sincerity combined with such uniform charity implies an extraordinary degree of likeness to Christ. It is a pity that this virtue of transparent sincerity is not more generally conspicuous in modern Christian character, since nothing saps the confidence of men in each other more than the discovery of mutual insincerity in speech. Happy, indeed, and most surely influential is that man who can say with Paul, "Our rejoicing in this, the testimony of our conscience that in simplicity and godly sincerity, we have had our conversation in the world."—*Zion's Herald.*

We do not know much about grace as God exercises it. If we love a man while he is worthy, and when he is unworthy, cast him off, it is not grace, for grace loves men even when they are unworthy. That was what the Son of Man did.

No one of my fellows can do that special work for me which I have come into the world to do; he may do a higher work, but he cannot do my work. I cannot hand my work over to him any more than I can hand over my responsibility or my gifts.