

The Wesleyan.

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THE "WESLEYAN."

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FROM THE PAPERS.

There are seats in the San Francisco churches for 45,000 worshippers at any given hour on Sunday.

The Christians of America gave, last year, to foreign missions, one dollar to every \$25,000 worth of property owned by them.

Rev. E. W. Gilliam, of the Episcopal Church, Clinton, N. C., leaves that communion and goes over to the Roman Catholic Church. In that State they are half-brothers.—*Rich. Ad.*

Joseph Abel, watchmaker of London, was summoned under the Vaccination Act for the 34th time, and fined, making the total penalties which he has paid over £43.

A public memorial of the great Irish Evangelist, Gideon Ouseley, is to be erected in the town of Mountmellick, where he was converted. It is to take the form of a Methodist chapel and school.

A class for women has been organized at Yale College, the lectures and instruction to be delivered by Professors Sumner, Williams, Brewer, and others. It will resemble what is popularly known as the "Harvard Annex."

A missionary sends home an account of a meeting of the Presbytery of Shan Tung, China. Some of the elders present had travelled 150 miles on foot in the depth of the winter in order to attend.

The curious fact is mentioned by the Belfast News Letter of a Presbyterian Church in North Carolina which is supported by the proceeds of cotton grown on land which is set apart by each family in the congregation for that purpose.

The Christian Index of Atlanta, Ga., uses type made from the bullets with which the surface of the earth for miles around that city is strewn. It very aptly says: "They are still aimed at human hearts, now not to injure but to bless, to bring not death, but life."

It is an interesting and terribly suggestive fact that the public-houses of London, if ranged side by side, would extend to a length of sixty miles. One can conceive that the money spent in them daily must be enormous—sufficient to maintain all the paupers in Great Britain.

The Presbyterian speaks of certain good people who pray with great regularity for the Church, but never let an occasion go by to stick pins in the pastor. It calls them the "Big Indians of the spiritual reservation," and says that "their robe of righteousness is a patchwork of scalps."

One-fourth of the income of the Basle Mission, which sustains 115 missionaries in India, Africa, and China, and has gathered 13,245 Church members, is derived from a penny a week contributed by 120,000 persons. These collections were begun in 1855, and have amounted to \$1,156,145; in 1879 they were \$53,000.

One hundred and fifty members of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, for the pastorate of which Rev. Emory Haynes left the Methodist Conference, have withdrawn in a body, and will form a new church. They declare that they leave in no spirit of anger, but that to remain under the present circumstances "is to live on unblest, unhelped and unhappy."

It has been asserted that if women should vote at the polls on temperance questions they would be divided like the men; but a practical commentary on such an assertion occurred in the city of Rockford, Ill., last week, when 2,622 women voted, and out of the number only twenty-four voted for licensing the liquor traffic. How shall we account for the one-sidedness of this vote?—*N. Y. Ad.*

There are eight girls' schools in Italy directly under Government control, and there are also an infinite number of private schools for which the Government regards a regular system of inspection as essential. There are now four female inspectors regularly at work—women of education, tact and good manners. They receive a salary of 2,000 francs a year, with nine francs a day for expenses and a free pass for all railways and diligences. They perform their duty well.

The possibilities of Methodist discipline as administered in a colored church are tremendous. A presiding elder of a Western African Methodist Conference was suspended from the ministry one day, expelled the next, restored to the ministry on the third day, and reappointed presiding elder on the fourth. If there had been a General Conference handy, he might have been elected bishop on the next.—*N. Y. Independent.*

The New York State Legislature has passed a bill requiring that all telegraph and telephone wires be laid underground, while Chicago has decided that no new lines shall, after the 1st of May, be placed above ground. The disfiguring of streets by forests of telegraph poles, and the tops of buildings by networks of wires has become a positive evil if not danger, at least during great storms, and this relief to citizens has not come a bit too soon.—*Montreal Witness.*

The Newark Advertiser addresses those whose first idea in public economy is to lower the salaries of teachers:—"The public schools, unfortunately, blunt the sensibilities of private duty. Men grumble at the school tax as they chronically grumble at all taxes, while the head of a family, were there no public schools, would cheerfully pay five times as much for the education of the children as he now pays for rent, clothing, coal and provisions."

The Rev. Mr. Schaffler, who was forbidden by the local authorities of Brunn, Austria, to read the Scriptures or speak or pray at the grave of one of his members, and who appealed to the Austrian Ministry, has had the case decided against him. They decided not to recognize him as a minister because he was a Protestant. (Then, when he fell back upon his right as a private citizen to speak at his friend's grave, they decided that he was not a private citizen, since he claimed to be a minister.)

The decision of the new Victoria University at Manchester, England, to grant degrees in certain cases without requiring any acquaintance with Latin or Greek has naturally aroused much discussion and disgust in conservative Great Britain. Curiously enough the possessors of academical honors were in favor of the change, while those who might have been expected to entertain a disregard for ancient educational superstitions were the very men who wished to retain them. The degree to be given will not be Bachelor of Arts, but Bachelor of Science.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A private letter, not intended for publication, gives us in a few words a painful picture of the sufferings of the past winter and present spring in northern Minnesota. "It is now," says the writer, "nearly Easter, and no prospect of spring yet, which is very discouraging to us as farmers. There has been a great amount of suffering here and west of us. Many have starved or frozen to death, nor is the end yet, for we still have nearly four feet of snow. No papers here will tell the destitution, as they think it detrimental to the country to tell the truth."—*Christian Union.*

The entire debt of \$40,000 assumed by Chaplain McCabe to save the church at Salt Lake City has been paid, principal and interest. The total amount is \$45,027.28. It might have been paid long ago, but not a dollar has been diverted from the regular work to pay this debt. The league of a thousand ladies with their punch-cards have paid the most of it. It was a great risk to assume it; it has taken a severe struggle to pay it; but the success is complete. The last \$153 was paid by the Providence Conference at the Church Extension anniversary.—*Christian Advocate.*

The opposers of the new hymnal of the Free Church of Scotland have succeeded, under the lead of Sir Henry Moncreiff, in carrying a motion in the Edinburgh Free Presbytery for an overture to the General Assembly asking a year's delay in adopting the book. Sir Henry said he dreaded extremely the hearty approval of a book which contained hymns of Ritualistic and Broad Church tendencies, and one of his supporters believed this matter of the hymn-book was more important and difficult than the composition of the Confession of Faith. An elder said that, if certain hymns were admitted to the Church, they would drive many people out of the Church altogether.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey were cordially received at Farwell Hall, Chicago, last Monday, many of the local clergy being present. Mr. Sankey sang several songs, among others, "My ain Country," a Scotch ballad. Mr. Moody made some pointed remarks on Christian love and spiritual power. He spoke of a man in Denver who pretended to be a man in Denver who pretended to have been converted, and said: "I have been converted, but the churches here are full of corruption." Mr. Moody said he concluded at once that this man's conversion was spurious. If it had been genuine the man would not have gone to abusing somebody or the churches. The first thing the true disciple of Jesus Christ does is to show the spirit of love.

ILLNESS AND DEATH OF REV. DR. PUNSHON.

The Methodist Recorder of the 22nd ult. says:

The Rev. Hugh Johnson, M. A., B. D., pastor of Great St. James-street, Montreal, an intimate personal friend, who was with Dr. Punshon at Genoa, and accompanied him home, has furnished us the following particulars concerning his last illness and closing hours. After referring to the pressure of his labors and sorrows upon Dr. Punshon, he says: His friends after his attack of heart-trouble at Walsall insisted on his giving up work at once, but he would not leave his post until the accounts at the Mission-house were closed. He then started on a continental tour, visiting Paris, Lyons, Avignon, Nimes, and Marseilles. At Cannes he spent two or three days with the Rev. Wm. Arthur, and the communion of these kindred spirits was a reciprocal blessing and delight. From Nice he, with his wife and party, started to drive by carriage over the beautiful road to Mentone, when the dreaded mistral came upon them with great fury in clouds of dust and blasts of wind, and they were obliged to turn back. That night at Mentone he became alarmingly ill. His diary bears the following: "March 23.—How little we know what is before us! Retired to bed restless and out of sorts, yet not worse than I had been aforesaid: but about half-past two in the morning was seized with a most severe attack of difficulty of breathing, with crepitation, which lasted in its severity for nearly three hours. I do not think I could have lasted much longer without relief. Got a little relief about six, but suppose I have not for a long time been nearer the eternal world. There was, the doctor said, a good deal of bronchial congestion, and there was some blood coloring, the expectoration, accompanied, as was the attack at Walsall, with heart disturbance and intermittent pulse. Alarmed the whole party, my poor wife notably." From this attack he recovered sufficiently after twenty-four hours to go on to Genoa. This is his record, the last in his well-kept diary: "March 25.—The doctor saying I might move, we ventured on to Genoa, arriving there shortly after sunset. A poor and rather troubled night. March 26.—The party saw sights, but I kept indoors." Here he had another and severer attack. The physician that was called in told us that he had organic disease and dilatation of the heart, and that the trouble was aggravated by dyspepsia. He was very, very ill; his nights were terrible. As there were no signs of improvement, his London physician was telegraphed for, and on the arrival of Dr. Hill he expressed to him what he had so often expressed to us, his great desire to start homeward. He seemed to have a presentiment that he would never recover. The *campo santo* of a foreign city was before him in his troubled sleep. We endeavored to persuade him that it was merely the peculiarly depressing character of his disease, but his instincts were true, and he dreaded to die in a foreign land. On Friday, the 1st of April, we started for Turin. He bore the five hours' journey well for one so ill; but on reaching Turin he complained of pain in the back of his lungs. His physician made an examination and found that there was congestion there.

Saturday and Sunday he rested, and was quite cheerful in the midst of his sufferings. On Sunday night he had another terrible paroxysm. O, that long, weary, suffering night when the seconds lengthened into minutes and the hours seemed like ages. In the morning we assisted him to dress, but his whole system was prostrated, and I shall never forget his suffering look as he turned to his beloved wife and said:—"O, I am so ill!" Still he could not give up the idea of making another stage homeward. He longed for the comforts of his much-loved Tranby, and for nearness to his dearest friends. We took tickets for Macon. The railway journey acted as a tonic. In the passage over the Alps and amid the magnificent mountain scenery which he loved so much, he seemed to recover himself, and his keen eye would detect, and he

would point out to us some valley of rare beauty, or some snow-mantled summit of more soaring grandeur. As the evening approached it became a question whether he should not ride on through the night to Paris. He could not be more oppressed and restless in a railway carriage than he had been in bed, and when his physician, who accompanied him, found that his heart beat quite strong and full, it was decided to go on. And so he made that long twenty-three hours ride which is so tiresome even to one in full health and vigor, and in the gray morning the weary suffering one rode through the streets and boulevards of the brilliant French capital to the hotel to which we had telegraphed for rooms. After a day's rest he came on to London, and I shall never forget the radiant smile he wore as he entered his own home, and the sense of satisfaction with which he lay down to rest in his own beautiful study. And there we gave thanks to God who had given him strength to accomplish the long journey from the shores of the Mediterranean. His mind at rest, and surrounded by familiar and loved objects, for the first day or two symptoms of improvement appeared, but the disease which was manifesting itself all along, "congested pneumonia," now reached its height. Dr. Radcliffe was called in as consulting physician, and he "is getting what he himself styled 'heroic treatment.'" All this time his mind was in full activity, and in the intervals of rest from his oppressive breathing and extreme nervous depression he was light and cheerful; there was the glow of sympathy, the hidden warmth of humor, and he showed the kindest interest in all around. He manifested the most delicate consideration for the comforts and feelings of others. Yet without there was a deep under-current of spiritual feeling that turned continually heavenward, Christward. The shadow of eternity was upon his spirit, and he longed to rise above all doubts and questionings and mysteries into the unclouded light of God's countenance.

I said to him one evening, "Why do you talk so despondingly about the future, you are not afraid to die?" "No," he answered, "but I have a love of life." "But you have had the highest human satisfactions: you have had the deepest sorrows: why should you wish to live?" After a moment's pause, the characteristic reply was, "It is the rapture of living, and I do not like to think that my work is ended." "Noble man! He had consecrated all the energies of his great mind and heart to the service of the Church and to the glory of that Lord and Master who had combined so many gifts in one life, and lent that life to the world. His labors, so well and faithfully bestowed, his duties, so conscientiously performed, were done, and the Valley of Shadow was before him, but we knew it not. On Sunday special prayer was offered for him in the Brixton Chapel, where he was wont to worship, and in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, where Mr. Spurgeon prayed for him as a beloved brother, and cried:—"Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick; make haste to help him," and when I brought him the message of love and sympathy from Mr. Spurgeon, who bade him be of good cheer and sent him word that his own seasons of illness were times of deepest despondency, he seemed to be cheered and strengthened.

The physicians assured us that he was making daily progress. We trusted in the rallying power of his physical resources, and believed that his valuable life would be prolonged and preserved to advanced years. True his nights brought him no rest, and at times his whole frame quivered with his struggles in breathing, yet no one thought him critically ill. But he himself could not be brought to say that he was better. Meanwhile his spirit was tender and trustful, and he was always ready for prayer and the Word. He would say, "It is such a comfort!" He had a constant hunger for spiritual conversation, and so greatly did he desire to show forth the spirit of Christ that he constantly expressed fears lest in his paroxysms of suffering he should manifest any impatience. His expressions re-

garding himself and his work were characteristic of his habitual state of humility of mind and meekness of heart. He disclaimed goodness in himself, and would say, "I feel utterly unworthy, but my trust is in Christ." The blood of Christ was a constantly recurring theme. A favorite niece said to him,—"Uncle, perhaps after this illness your health will be better than ever." He answered, "Yes, I have heard of persons being better than ever after a serious illness." Then after a pause he added, "But it may lead to an entrance into the better world, for which I am very unworthy. But I expect through the merits of Jesus Christ to enter in." Mrs. Arthur also mentions one of the touching incidents of his stay in Cannes. They were visiting the potteries at *Vallois*, and as they stood round the potter with his wheel, and watched the facility with which he changed the form of the clay in his hand, and impressed his mind upon it, she looked up in amazement and met Dr. Punshon's eyes all suffused with tears, and he said,—"Mould as *Thou* wilt thy passive clay." He was being moulded and was ripening for entrance upon his immortal inheritance. On Tuesday night, the 12th, he rested quite well, and on Wednesday morning the physician found him so much better that he did not think it necessary to make an afternoon call. But toward evening he became restless, got out of bed and walked unaided to the chair, in which he died. His swollen feet and limbs were a source of anxiety to him. Then came another severe attack, arising from failing heart power, and the sound of the Bridegroom's approach fell on his quick and watchful ear. As we gathered round him he called for prayer and himself joined in supplicating grace and strength according to his need. He then said, "You have gathered to see me die." We all sought to cheer him with assurances that he would soon be better. I said, "Never fear, dear Doctor. You will have an abundant entrance into the kingdom." His mind turning to death-bed triumphs, he replied, "I do not ask that. Let me only have peace. My testimony is *my life*." The physician, who had arrived, sought to arouse the heart's activity. He was suffering from *cardiac dyspnoea*—difficulty of breathing from enfeebled heart action. Still no immediate danger was anticipated. Our eyes were bolden. As he spoke of parting with his Canadian friend, he said: "I shall be translated. When next we meet it will be above." Still later, the Rev. Marmaduke Osborn, his associate in the Mission-house, called and offered prayer—in which he most fervently joined. Still there were no apprehensions for his life. But after midnight he became rapidly worse, and the heart, that had always rallied before, refused to do its work. He asked, feebly, "Am I going, doctor?" The physician, with a sigh answered "Yes." Then his heart turned to the human in love and to the divine in trust. His devoted wife, who had watched over him with unspcakable affection day and night through all his illness, with breaking heart asked, "Have you a message for me, my darling?" and he said, "I have loved you fondly; love Jesus, and meet me in heaven." Morley was with them. She thought of the absent son, and said, "And Percy?" "Tell him to love Jesus and meet me in heaven." "And yourself, how do you feel?" "I feel that Jesus is a living reality: Jesus, Jesus, Jesus." One heavenly smile, one rapt and upward glance, and the head dropped; there was silence, broken only by the sob of a widow, and William Morley Punshon was no more. His spirit had passed upward to the bosom of God.

THE TRUE IDEA.
How few people think of religion as a principle of right living. They look into the Gospel of Christ as though it contained minute directions for daily actions, and thus they come to regard religion as a set of rules, a whip to duty, something which is all the time saying to them, "you shall" and "you shan't"—something that has manacles, fetters, chains for the hands, the feet, the eyes, the ears, head and heart,—when it is liberty to do right, help-

ness in right-doing, and restraint to wrong doing, disapproval of all that is evil. Christ's teaching was the outlining of great truths, the statement of living principles. When he said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," he referred to the condition of mind necessary to be a Christian. When he drew that vivid picture of a selfish, godless man in torment, and a sweet-tempered, pure soul in glory, he gave declaration to the inevitable result of every life. Every man makes the moral condition of his life here, by the acceptance or rejection of the gospel principles, and the fruitage borne by the practice of them. Every man in the beyond will find his own place,—a place which he prepared for himself by the manner of his earthly life. Some people have an idea that good people must die to go to heaven, and that bad people must die to go to perdition. But to live the principles of the Gospel is to live heavenly; to neglect those principles is to live miserably. If you are an upright citizen you have no fear of the law. The principles of your life enforce in you all good laws. So it is that right principles are the correctives of life and plain guides to duty; and there are no such principles apart from the gospel of Christ. Men have only to apply his teachings, not in the letter alone, but in the spirit, to their circumstances and relations, to live his life. And his life, embodying principles he taught, is the Christian religion.

GERMAN HYMNS.

The ecclesiastical dignitaries of the German Church are just now sitting in council at Eisenach over the matter of hymnology. The wealth of Germany in grand old hymns, especially those ringing thunder-bolts of Luther, is very great, and the *ascrants* themselves are surprised at the wealth of their treasures. In one Prussian province the evangelical Churches are found to have no less than sixty different hymn books in use, and in hours of sorrow or of joy the people take up the hymn books oftentimes rather than the Bible, according to the testimony of their pastors. There is now a very general demand for the survival of the fittest of all these, and this conference is likely to select about six or eight hundred of them of which to make a standard for Protestant Churches. A very significant feature of the movement is the selection of about 150 for the army, headed by one which is to be known as the "Emperor's Hymn." The Protestant branch of the German army frequently went into battle in the late war singing some of the grand old anthems of Luther, and the rulers thus learn how to combine patriotism and religion, and can do it in no more effective way than by making these hymns the standard for the garrisons of the army, and all the schools and benevolent institutions of the State. "Let me write the songs of a people, and you may make its laws," is an aphorism that the Germans have well learned in their last great conflict.—*N. Y. Advocate.*

AN EXPERIENCE.

A sister said she had been for years longing for the experience of which she had heard others speak, but concluded it could not be for her. But she had read in God's blessed Book that he was no respecter of persons. She had so realized her littleness and unworthiness, that she was quite discouraged until she read this. She had come down there to Ocean Grove, and looked on the great sea, and seen grand steamers borne in great majesty on its bosom. Then she looked again and saw little boats also, and said, "Why, that great ocean is bearing the little craft as well as the great steamers, to the harbor. And so is the vast ocean of God's love, bearing the little ones and the weak ones on to the haven of eternal rest." She had taken courage, and said God loved her, if she was not a great and advanced Christian, because she was trying to serve him the best she could. She had given herself up to him then entirely—soul and body to be "wholly his forever. And this morning she was sailing on the ocean of infinite love, with every sail unfurled to the breeze, and bound to the port of eternal life.—*Guide to Holiness.*

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