

The Wesleyan.

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The following Hymn will be No. 436 in the new Hymn Book of the Methodist Church of Canada.

NOW AND AFTERWARD.

Now, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.

Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now, the spirit conflict-iven,
Wounded heart, and painful strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

Now, the training, hard and lowly,
Weary feet and aching brow;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

F. R. HAVERGAL.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

Life has a burden for every man's shoulder,
None may escape from its trouble and care.

Miss it in youth, and 'twill come when we're older,
And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,
Robbing our hearts of their treasures of song;
Lovers grow cold and friendships are slighted,
Yet somehow or other we worry along.

Every day toil is every day blessing,
Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share;
Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.

Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter,
Just when we mourn there are none to befriend;
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,
And, somehow or other, we get to the end.

JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

About the time that Isaac Watts was writing his earliest hymns at Southampton, in southern England, two brothers were born in the little town of Epworth, who were destined to be better known over the world than any other two men whom Britain produced in that half-century. While their godly mother (Susanna) was dying, she said to her weeping household, "My children, as my spirit is released, sing a song of praise to God." Among the group who joined in this song of triumph with halting voices, were John, the founder of Methodism, and Charles, its sweet singer. John was *system*; but Charles was *song*.

Charles Wesley was a born poet. Like Toplady, he was all nerve and fire and enthusiasm. God gave him a musical ear, intense emotions, ardent affections, and a glowing piety that never grew cold. He ate, drank, slept, and dreamed nothing but hymns! He must have been the ready writer of at least four thousand. One day, while on his itinerancy, his pony stumbled and threw him off. The only record he makes of the accident in his diary is this: "My companions thought I had broken my neck; but my leg was only bruised, my hand sprained, and my head stunned, which spoiled my making hymns until—next day!" Truly a man must have been possessed with a master passion who could have written a sentence like that.

Wesley found his inspirations "on every hedge." He threw off hymns as Spurgeon throws off sermons. For example, when he was preaching to a crowd of rude stone-cutters and quarrymen at Portland, he turned his apparel into metre, and improvised a hymn in which occur the vigorous lines:

"Come, O Thou all-victorious Lord,
Try power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
And break these hearts of stone!"

Standing, once, on the dizzy promontory of Land's End, and looking down into the boiling waves on each side of the cliff, he broke out into these solemn and thrilling words:

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand.
Secure, insensible!"

For every scene and circumstance of life, for prayer meetings, for watch-nights, for love feasts, for dying hours, and funerals, he had a holy inspired lay. But, like Watts, Cow-

per, and Toplady, he had his *master pieces*. The Lord of glory bestowed on Charles Wesley the high honor of composing the finest heart-hymn in the English tongue. If the greatest hymn of the cross is "Rock of Ages," and the greatest hymn of providence is Cowper's "God moves in a mysterious way," and the grandest battle-hymn is Martin Luther's "God is our refuge," then it may be said, also, that the queen of all the lays of holy love is that immortal song:

"Jesus, lover of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!"

Whatever may be said of Wesley's doctrine of perfect holiness, there is not much doubt that he "attained unto perfection" when he wrote this hymn. It is happily married, also, to two exquisite tunes, "Re-fuge" and "Martyr"; both of which are worthy of the alliance. The first of these tunes is a gem.

The one central, all-pervading idea of this matchless hymn is the soul's yearning for its Saviour. The figures of speech vary, but not the thought. In one line we see a storm-tossed voyager crying out for shelter until the tempest is over. In another line we see a timid, tearful child nestling in its mother's arms, with the word faltering on its tongue:—

"Let me to thy bosom fly!"
"Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

Two lines of the hymn have been breathed fervently and often out of bleeding hearts. When we were once in the valley of the death-shade, with one beautiful child in its new-made grave, and the other threatened with fatal disease, there was no prayer which we uttered oftener than this:

"Leave ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me."

We do not doubt that tens of thousands of other bereaved and wounded hearts have cried this piercing cry, out of the depths:

"Still support and comfort me."

The whole hymn is at once a confession and a prayer. It is a *prayer in metre*. And no man is prepared to sing these words aright unless his soul is filled with the deepest and most earnest longings after the Lord Jesus. What an awful blasphemy it is for a set of mere trifling amateurs in a choir to perform this holy prayer merely as a feat of musical skill. What college boy would dare to commit the Lord's prayer, or one of his pastor's public petitions to memory, and then speak it as a mere piece of declamation on the stage? Yet we do not see any difference between declaiming a prayer, and heartless mockery of performing, for musical effect, such words as:—

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is o'er."

Or that self-surrender for the dying hour:—

"O receive my soul at last!"

Words like these are too infinitely solemn for the mummeries of frivolous lips in the concert-room of the organ-loft. When a congregation sing such a hymn as "Jesus, lover of my soul," each one should feel as if he were uttering a fervent personal prayer to the Son of God.

The history of Charles Wesley's incomparable hymn would fill a volume. Millions have sung it, and will be singing it when the millennial morn breaks. A coasting vessel once went on the rocks in a gale in the British Channel. The captain and crew took the boats and were lost. They might have been saved if they had remained on board; for a huge wave carried the vessel up among the rocks, where the ebbing tide left her high and dry. In the captain's cabin a hymn-book was found lying on his table. It was opened at a particular page, and the pencil still lay in it which had marked the favourite lines of the stout sailor, who was just about going into the jaws of death. While the hurricane was howling outside, the captain had drawn his pencil beside these glorious words of cheer:

"Jesus, love of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!"

Blessed death-song! Thousands of God's redeemed ones have shouted it forth as the "haven" of rest opened its celestial glories to their view. If

we could choose the manner of our departure, we would wish to die singing:

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!"

REWRITING HISTORY.

It is no doubt true that history, as written down in the books and accepted as correct,—whether military, civil, or ecclesiastical,—is a very imperfect statement of the things pretended to be delivered. The story is told of an old author, who, when it was proposed to read to him from a book of history, protested against it, saying, "Read me fiction; that may be true,—but as to the history, I know that to be false."

Personal knowledge respecting the facts pretended to be set forth in some popular history is apt to enhance one's estimate of either the ability or the fidelity of the author.

Most people are partisans in respect to some one or more living questions, and they require that their partisan views shall be put into the books, or, at least, that nothing opposed to them shall find place; and they who make books for all parties must be careful to offend nobody. And so we have, on the one hand, partisan histories and statements, and one-sided constructions of admitted facts, on almost every subject, prepared by those in interest; and, on the other, non-committal, garbled and ephemerized records, that though not specifically untrue, are as a whole, sadly untruthful. These evils are patent and not to be denied, and to the extent of their influence they pervert the truth and turn it into a lie, but how to correct them is not so obvious.

And yet there is reason to believe that both the leading facts of history and the great principles and the doctrines that they teach are substantially agreeable to the truth.

There is no doubt that the Church of Rome is at this time actively engaged in falsifying its own history, and that of Europe, through all the past career of that Church. The stories of the unblushing correction, both public and private of the Church during the Middle Ages; the bloody records of the Inquisition in Spain; the worse than feudal wholesale murders of St. Bartholomew's day in France, and the relentless persecutions of the Albigenses and Waldenses, the Bohemian reformers, and the Lollards in England, are not what the children of that Church may be allowed to read; and since entire prohibition may not be possible, the whole record must be re-written; and in doing this Catholic authorities, not less than Protestant, if they reiterate a thing undesirable, must be discredited. And yet the lie will not stay told.—*National Repository for March.*

DRINK.

The drink interests of England will have ere long to be attacked. It has grown to be an enormous power. It degrades everything with which it comes in contact, not even excluding her Majesty's Government. The publicans are utterly selfish in their political action. They make no secret of the fact that they vote for the party which will favour their interests. For some time past they have looked upon the Conservatives as their friends. They are actuated by a true instinct. Some weeks ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer went out of his way to discourse to them on the Scriptural duty of hospitality which they are supposed to fulfil. He made them feel respectable no doubt. They will remember his kindness when the General Election comes. But what we wish to point out is the fact that it is both a danger and a disgrace to have a section of the body politic acting without conviction. It would be just as bad if the publican vote were given to the Liberal party. Such want of principle deserves to be denounced. It ought to be rebuked both parties. It is not enough that these men bring upon us as a people the reproach of drunkenness; they must degrade politics also. The temperance party have brought their influence to bear against this wicked interest for years. Their criticism has been effective, but they are not powerful enough to bring about any great change or improvement. Public opinion against drunkenness is rising no doubt. At

present it is powerful enough to make drink sellers sensitive and reckless. Hence it is a question whether it does not aggravate the evil of drunkenness while it reduces it. The present condition of things ought not to be allowed to continue. We think the time has come when the Liberal party should combine to attack the drink interest. The influence of the churches ought also to be combined against it. The struggle would be a hard one, but it ought to be accepted by all who are interested in the moral welfare of their country. Christian Conservatives ought to hesitate before they escort bloated publicans to the polling booths. Better go with a Home Ruler than a publican.—*London Methodist.*

WHAT SUFFERING MAY DO.

A most devoted and pious mother had two sons, nearing full manhood, who were becoming sceptical in spite of all her teachings and prayers. She unburdened her troubled heart to her minister, asking him what she should do, and besought him to pray for them to do and think differently. A few days afterward she met with an accident, breaking one of her limbs, and for several weeks suffered much, but the grace of God was sufficient. She was patient and uncomplaining during all the weeks of confinement to her bed. People said and her pastor thought, why should this purest and most devoted of all the members of the church, suffer? Why could it not have been one of the boys? But it was God's way of answering her prayer, and of reaching the hearts of her sons. They witnessed her resignation, beheld her patience, and said in their hearts, "Mother has something we have not; there is a reality in her religion"—and they gave up their doubts and sought and found her Saviour. They were saved through her suffering.

The unbelieving require strong evidence.—Christ suffered to show a sinful and unbelieving world how much He loved it. If we bear the hardest lot in the spirit of our Master, may we not prove His power to save and keep?—*E. R. T.*

CONTINUE IN PRAYER.

A tree does not always drop its fruit at the first shake you give it. Shake it again, man; give it another shake! And, sometimes, when the tree is loaded, and is pretty firm in the earth, you have to shake it to and fro, and at last you plant your feet, and get a hold of it, and shake it with might and main, till you strain every muscle and sinew to get the fruit down. And that is the way to pray. Shake the tree of life until the mercy drops into your lap. Christ loves for men to beg hard. You cannot be too importunate. That which might be disagreeable to your fellow-creatures when you beg of them, will be agreeable to Christ. Oh, get ye to your chambers; get ye to your chambers, ye that have not found Christ! To your bed-sides, to your little closets, and "seek the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near! May the Spirit of God constrain you to pray. May he constrain you to continue in prayer. Jesus must hear you. The gate of heaven is open to the sturdy knocker that will not take a denial. The Lord enable you so to plead, that at the last you will say, "Thou hast heard my voice and my supplication; thou hast inclined thine ear unto me; therefore will I call upon thee as long as I live."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

LOVE IN REDEMPTION.

Yes, it was the love of the Father that prompted his wish to devise the plan of salvation, and engaged his almighty power to carry that gracious purpose into effect. It was love that presented the victim, that paid the price which justice and law required for man's redemption. It is the hand of love that dispenses pardon to every penitent believer in Jesus. Eternal life is the gift of God's eternal love, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Then let it be published to the glory of God the Father, let it be circulated through-out earth and skies, and let it be believed, that the God we worship is the God of Love.—*Robert Newton.*

PRAYERS FOR REVIVALS.

So is God's will, that the prayers of his saints should be one great and principal means of carrying on the design of Christ's kingdom in the world. When God has something very great to accomplish for his Church, it is his will that there should precede it the extraordinary prayers of his people.—*Edwards.*

THE PREACHERS RESPONSIBILITY.

Look on that doomed and deathless spirit before you. In it is a capacity for angelic purity, glory, service, blessedness; unequal capacity for a demon's malignity and misery. It can love God and serve him. It can live in the light of his smile forever. It may diffuse light and joy all around it forever. It can also hate God's goodness; rebel against his authority; despise his mercy; wander like a star from the central power into everlasting darkness, and turn all its beauty to deformity, its joy to wretchedness, its hope to despair. It can rush forever through space, a quenched, blackened planet, a darkling, dismal mass of corruption and death. See that soul! It is brought before you, it is on the sliding side of the precipice, but yet within mercy's call and reach. One hand is on the latch of salvation's door; the other holds the door-latch of the eternal prison. Oh, what a position is that of the preacher! His it is to persuade that soul to open the door of life and enter upon the pilgrimage to heaven. What position more sublime, more urgently pressed with responsibility!—*Kirk.*

PREACHERS WIVES.

It takes a very strong man, and one of exceptional gifts, to sustain himself if united to an indiscreet woman. Faithful and devoted ministers have been crippled all their lives through by a mistake of this kind. In making appointments, the sort of wife a preacher has sometimes outrides itself, and must be taken into account. Married or single, and, if married, how? There are three kinds:—Wives that help, those that hinder, and those that do neither. Of the last there are very few, of the first many. One that hinders may be found occasionally.

On the whole, our itinerant women are a mighty force for good. They have largely contributed to the success of our ministry, and in the final day they will share the crowns and divide the start. The good, quiet home-wife may be the strength of her husband, and be felt as a benediction in the church, though so may never lead a prayer-meeting or organize a missionary society. Next to the master himself she is the power behind the throne in many most successful ministries.

DEATH OF ABELARD.

Long before Abelard reached Rome it was too late. At Cluny, where he stopped to rest, news came to him that what he most feared had already occurred, he had been condemned unheard—condemned as a heretic to perpetual silence, his books to be burned, and himself held as a captive in whatever convent would best serve the purposes of a prison.

Broken in heart and in health, this last blow was one from which Abelard could not rally. Peter, the venerable abbe of Cluny, treated him as a distinguished guest, secured, in Abelard's writing, a confession of faith, and the pope's permission to let him remain at Cluny. He tried, moreover, to reconcile him to St. Bernard, and smoothed in every possible way the path down which his prisoner moved swiftly toward the grave.

Already, perhaps, it might be said, the end of his life had come. Not more perfectly does the lava shroud in blackness the flowers on the volcano slopes, or the cloister's sombre robe hide the throbbing heart of Heloise, than did the mantle of silence and submission smother the hopes of Abelard. He was dead to the world in the stillness of Cluny, saying masses, teaching theology (out of which at last he left all "noxious innovations"), fasting and walking in sack-cloth, as he was a few months later when the kind abbe of Cluny sent his dead body home to Heloise.

Very gentle the venerable Peter broke the news to her, writing, among other consoling words, that "the present of Abelard's presence was the richest gift that Providence could have bestowed upon his house." "The man," he adds in the same comforting letter, "who by his singular authority in science is known to all the world, and illustrious wherever known, has learned in the school of Him who said, 'I am lowly of heart,' and it is but right to believe he has returned to him."—*National Repository for March.*

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