

The publisher of this paper some weeks since sent out circulars to parties in arrears for subscriptions. From some of these he has received very satisfactory replies; from others not a word. As intimated in the circular, the papers now sent to the latter must be discontinued unless immediate payment be made. He hopes not to lose a single name, but appeals to any who may not see fit to renew to regard themselves as bound in simple honesty to pay all arrears at once.

THE WESLEYAN FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1882.

THE POTENT MOTIVE.

The lives of the early Christian teachers challenged the notice of their Jewish and Gentile neighbors. The latter were familiar with noble theories from the lips of their own philosophers, but they rarely witnessed the more important exhibitions of noble lives. Too often the teacher of beautiful theories threw the reins upon the neck of his darling passions and allowed them to bear him away to ruin. In early Christianity men saw the reverse. They saw men stoop and serve, and suffer and die, and when they asked the secret, these men, with love sparkling in the eye and giving sweetness to the voice, answered, "For Jesus' sake."

Striking changes may be noted since that day, but only slight changes can be stated in reference to human hearts. In natural affection, in human impulses, and in the motives which bear one most steadily on, the average man differs less than he supposes from him who claimed his the clay tabernacle which some mummy-hunter now unwraps. Love led men along through perilous paths and to dizzy eminences, and its often dire achievements tuned the poet's lyre and led the historian to mingle romance with history. Christianity came, and by the potent motive of a higher, nobler, all-consuming love, won its marvellous triumphs. It did not ask men to love their kin any the less, but it asked them to love Christ more. "A little deeper," said the old soldier of Napoleon to the surgeon who probed for the bullet, "a little deeper, and you will find the emperor." Similar love to a Redeemer is Christianity's secret of power.

Has this motive lost its force yet? Happily, it has not. Only the other day an eminent Canadian politician remarked that Egerton Ryerson would have become a great political leader had he devoted himself to political life, and doubtless many a youth has since coveted his powers that he might win such neglected laurels, but the review of a long life by that deceased minister, given on another page, proves the purity and power of the motives which at once impelled and protected him in a life which involved no small degree of ecclesiastical contest. And not in ministerial or official ranks alone, but in all ranks in the Church men and women are found whose lives are what they are because a little deeper than all other influences is that of love to Christ. The world may observe their capabilities and vote their lives mistakes; it matters not; the Master is glorified, the world is advantaged, and by and by the once-misunderstood servant shall be as his exalted Master.

But let no man content himself with the mere fact that this motive is yet present in the Church in somewhat of its original force. Let each inspect his own heart and gauge his own spiritual power. With him once-Christian service may have become mere habit. Former effort may be repeated with no Christian impulse behind it. The preacher, class leader, Sunday-school teacher, may play appropriate parts—and only play them. The key to find the spring of our lives with—the love of Christ—may be lost and yet the hands may seem to point heavenward. The beams of knowledge may fill our heads and yet winter cold lie at our hearts. Many an act which to the world appears fair and good may be in reality, the result of a selfish purpose. Multitudes tread in the path of outward duty from the most unspiritual and even sordid motives. The fire never burns in such hearts, love never sparkles in their eyes, and prayer has little power. In such facts lies the secret of unproductive effort, of too evident ambition, of closed purses, and of the aim after a minimum standard of Christian service. A repetition of Christian triumphs can only result from the indwelling of the potent motive of early Christian devotion—"For Jesus' sake."

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC IN THE CHURCH.

The precise place of instrumental music as an aid to the devout worship of God is frequently discussed by the more thoughtful part of the membership of all branches of the Church. In one branch only, however, can it now be regarded as a "burning" question. That branch, strange to say, is the Presbyterian,—the very body among which a thoroughly uninformed visitor would expect to find the church organ in universal use. For do not the Psalms of David, to which the traditional Scotchman so lovingly clings, call upon men to praise God with cymbals, psaltery, organ and other instruments? And yet it is among sober, thoughtful Scotchmen, or their next of kin, the Irish of Ulster, that men are still to be found who regard an organ in a church as a sin and a scandal—a veritable descendant of Baal and the Golden Calf.

Just now this subject is keeping our brethren of the Free Church of Scotland, and some of the Presbyterians of the Upper Provinces, as well as the United Presbyterians of America, wide awake. But in no quarter has the conviction of the depravity of the organ been so great as in Ireland. A year since some of the younger members of a church near Toronto placed an instrument in the church, not for use in Sunday services but for musical culture on other occasions, and by so doing so deeply grieved some of the elders that the latter forcibly removed the offensive organ and were arrested as rioters, the Presbytery wisely refusing to have anything to do with the case. The interest attached to this case was local, but in Ireland the controversy has reached a white heat. The Church papers are full of it, one of them which provides "articles on original and selected Theology, Christian Life, Church History, and Biography, having it, said, devoted twenty-four of the twenty-eight pages of its November number to the discussion of instrumental music! The injunction, which prevented the erection of an organ in one of the Belfast churches, was the signal for a most determined trial of strength.

On this point there is daylight ahead. An aggressive and earnest Church may be somewhat hindered in its general work for a time by this question, but cannot long pause over it. By a majority of one the Free Church Dundee Presbytery negatived the use of the organ the other day, but to the great astonishment of all parties the Glasgow Presbytery of the same Church has since transmitted to the General Assembly a memorial in favor of allowing instrumental music in public worship. In this it was only falling into line with the Established and United Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. Gradually the introduction of such aids to public worship will take place, as in Canada at present, and many a true Presbyterian will hereafter smile at the prejudice cherished by his parents, as it may be by himself, against the "kist o' whistles" in the kirk.

Unreasonable the opposition has certainly been. It is hard to see how one and the same man can permit the use of an aid to memory in the shape of a Bible or Psalm-book in the pulpit and bitterly oppose an aid to the voices in the choir and congregation. Perhaps, however, our Presbyterian brethren may have learned some lessons which may profit them in future. The organ in the church has its use—a hallowed use it is—but it is liable to abuse as well. Consecrated hands should run over its keys, and the choir as only consecrated lips should repeat Bible truths from the pulpit. No mere professions, who may use it to display his ability or make it an advertisement of his musical powers, should have its key put into his hands; it can only be used to the highest profit when under the control of one thoroughly influenced by the spirit of worship. "I did seem to see heaven opened and the Great God there," said a great German composer, in "broken English," as he spoke of his feelings during the composition of one of those grand oratorios which may often be reproduced hereafter. With church organ swept by fingers responsive to true Christian sentiment, the spirit of praise would so pervade our sanctuaries that the whole world would soon vote with David on this matter, and the incense of praise would reach the skies.

FIRST STEPS.

We notice with pleasure a tendency towards Methodist union in the Upper Provinces. A few weeks since a convention was held at the village of Iriquois, composed of ministers and official members of the Brockville District of the Methodist Church of Canada and the Ottawa District of the Methodist

Episcopal Church. At the convention the subject of the organic union of these two bodies was discussed, and after a free conversation resolutions were unanimously adopted, to be published in the official paper of each Church. On the 27th ult., a meeting to discuss the propriety of holding a union convention was held at Brampton, Ont. The Canada Christian Advocate says of this meeting: "Thirteen ministers were present, four Canada Methodists, four Methodist Episcopal, and five Primitive Methodists. It is said the feeling in favor of union was unanimous, and the discussions brotherly and Christian. It was decided to call a convention, to be composed of ministers and official laymen of the several Churches named, on the 23rd of March, in the Canada Methodist church, in the town of Brampton, to discuss the subject of organic union."

The Methodists of the Upper Provinces must frequently ask themselves whether the presence of two or three rival churches in some small town, with the usual friction and the outlay of money in the endeavor to support as many half-kept ministers, can in any sense be regarded as a matter of necessity. Common sense—not to say anything about the spirit of true Gospel teaching—would seem to dictate the earliest possible union upon an equitable basis, and the employment of all available funds in giving the Gospel a push into the regions beyond.

The Western Advocate has some words on "laudatory communications" which are worth transfer to other columns. The editor of that paper finds himself embarrassed by the number of such communications, and begins to conclude that many pastors and preachers "have come to feel that public praise is an important part of the compensation due and expected for successful ministerial service," and that "apparently they have also come to think that it is the proper function of a Church journal to be the vehicle of such laudations." In proposing the omission of all "fulsome expressions of compliment" in communications for that paper, the Advocate asks: "Is it not better to state in plain, simple words the work accomplished, and let the unvarnished record mete out the just award of commendation? Does not good work require this? Are not intelligent readers usually displeased, not to say disgusted, when the newspaper is made the vehicle of personal flattery? Does such flattery benefit the persons to whom it is paid? Is it not infernal, that if they did not 'feed' upon this papulum, they would find some way to lessen its quantity? And by this inference are they not brought into contempt? Shall a trusted and honored journal, moreover, use its circulation to bring the Church or its ministry to the low level of a Mutual Admiration Society? Shall it pander to a selfish craving for inordinate praise? The considerations indicated in these questions are not to be ignored."

A sermon recently preached in the cathedral at Fredericton by the Bishop-coadjutor, Dr. Kingdon, has provoked much comment. It is rumoured that in his strictures upon the proposed adoption of the Deceased Wife's Sister bill the preacher went so far as to deny the right of the civil authorities to grant licenses for marriage, and to even assert that the power so to do belonged solely to the Bishop. A sermon preached by Rev. E. Evans last Sabbath evening in the Fredericton Methodist church seems, from the report in the News, to have been in part a reply to Dr. Kingdon's remarks. Mr. Evans claimed that certain passages in the Levitical writings were capable of but one interpretation—that advanced by the supporters of Mr. Girouard's bill, that for sixteen hundred years after the coming of Christ no one pretended to attach any other meaning to them, and that the opposite interpretation found no place to day except in the self-constituted canons of the Church of England, which were not in any way binding upon other Churches. Other remarks, bearing upon the civil and religious character of the ordinance of marriage, and involving a severe rebuke upon Mr. Kingdon, he said, "could not have arrived at such ridiculous decisions except by long and labored perusal of those dogmatic canons whereby a man's thoughts might become clouded and transported back to the midnight mental darkness of the middle ages," were also listened to with the closest attention.

Whether wisely or unwisely, the infidel Bradlaugh is still being advertised. As the N. Y. Tribune remarks, "the assurance with which he has administered the oath to himself in the presence of a full House, with the Speaker in the chair, and then subscribed to it with great flourish of pen and Testament, would have abashed the most impudent Alderman in America. It was a flagrant insult to the House, which had been discussing the general question of his disqualification." Northampton however has re-elected him since his expulsion by a majority of more than a hundred votes, the Conservatives, who wished to retain the grievance, fearing lest their own party might succeed, and the Liberals, anxious to exchange this Liberal for a Conservative, hoping for his defeat. The latest episode in this interminable affair is Lord Redesdale's bill excluding atheists from Parliament. The passage of this through both houses can scarcely be expected. It is unfortunate that Bradlaugh, through the folly of the House of Commons, should be placed in the position of the representative of a great constitutional principle. At a recent soiree of a Liberal Club Mr. William McArthur, M. P., said that "while he held in utter detestation Mr. Bradlaugh's religious opinions, he would not, by refusing to allow him to take the oath, take upon himself the responsibility which belonged to him and that which belonged to the electors of Northampton, who sent him to the House of Commons."

Where Douglas is, is head. It is what a man makes of his place, be it small or large, that touches his character. It is the highest form of success to translate a charge from the valley of despair to the mount of beatitudes. Nothing will give a minister a better reputation, a higher position, a stronger influence among his brethren, than readily to accept the weakest point of the line, and not only hold it against the enemy, but change it to the most effective position in the work. It gives but little evidence of sanctified manhood always to shrink from points of difficulty and danger, and to ask for churches strong enough to carry the preacher, rather than for service where every blow that he strikes will tell for the enlargement of the Master's kingdom and the salvation of souls.

A TERRIBLE PLAGUE.

Rarely is a more terrible story told than that which the Rev. T. R. Pico, of Port-au-Prince, Hayti, sends to the Wesleyan Mission-house, London, under date of January 23rd. Mr. Pico and his wife have had "good training" in Africa, and are therefore "veterans in this sort of warfare." Dear Mr. Osborn.—As I wrote you last we cannot have the district meeting this year. A thousand persons have died since my last letter was written, ten days ago. This is an awful time for Port-au-Prince. Our Church is also full of mourning. I have buried four of our people during the week, two of them being of the most beloved. On Monday it was the daughter of one of our most active local preachers; on Saturday one of the family of Mr. Cath Pressior. The latter was at the lovefeast on Sunday afternoon. She was taken ill that same evening. I visited her and prayed with her all the week, but small pox seems to give no quarter; she died on Saturday at 7 a. m. We buried her at 9 a. m. I was astonished when we reached the new smallpox burial ground opened during the week. Gangs of men were employed by the commune digging graves. They are employed night and day. Half-a-dozen graves were ready; we had only to choose one just as forty-five other families had chosen theirs during the night, and as over 300 had chosen theirs in that burial ground alone during the week. There is another burying-place at the other end of the town that I have not visited. The plague is as bad out there as it is within, so that there is no getting away from it. In the plain and on the mountains alike people are dying like sheep. A leader who has a plantation at the plain was telling me that one plantation which had twenty houses on it, each house representing a family, is now left without a soul—all are dead. A mother had nine children at another place, the children all died first, and lastly the mother had the disease, and died too. At our outstation, Dupont-on-the-Hills, one of our members died last week. The preacher brought me news yesterday of two more being down. I fear the whole will go. The Cape is now healthy. Clean bills of health are now given to the shipping. It is high time health should be restored to the North; whole villages have been annihilated. It is not only the small-pox that is killing people, otherwise the vaccinated would escape, but there is also scarlet fever and diphtheria. Many get diphtheria together with the small pox. So long as this epidemic lasts I shall write often, so that you may not be alarmed concerning us. I shall also keep the accounts well straight, so that if anything did happen there will be no trouble on that score. I know that having to visit the sick and bury our dead I am exposed, but I take all precautions and trust in God.—I am, yours affectionately, T. R. PICO.

FROM THE SOUTH.

An hour's drive, over a perfectly level road and through a forest of stately pines, brought us to the Middleton place. An aged man of four score years, the last representative of this once wealthy family, gave us a kindly welcome. A very fine brick residence, erected in 1899, and which had stood 165 years, was destroyed by the Federal troops under Sherman, on their return journey from his famous march to the Sea. Another building, containing a library of 10,000 volumes, was also destroyed and the books taken away. A mass of ruins indicates the site upon which the venerable building stood. The terraces, the artificial lakes, the walks lined with japonicas now in full bloom, the lawns with every variety of flowers, the trees of various kinds and sizes, spread over about four acres, gave us some idea of what it must have been. Under the spreading branches of an oak, whose trunk measured about 24 feet in circumference, we did justice to the good things provided by our lady friends, and moralising on the instability of earthly riches, and thankful that we had in Heaven more enduring riches, we again started to explore new fields of interest. The town of Dorchester was the place mentioned. We have often heard it joyously said "we couldn't see the town for houses." But we were now seriously told, that we must keep a sharp lookout, or we couldn't see the town for trees. Dorchester was built in 1696 by a colony from Dorchester, Mass. "In 1717, it contained 1800 inhabitants, and in 1713, it had a market, semi-annual fairs and a free school. Now there is nothing left, not a trace of man's habitation. One or two recently plowed fields, and a second growth of wild forest, cover the spot. Two silent mementoes of Colonial times and the Revolution stand like sentinels over the site of a

A WORD TO MINISTERS.

The Zion's Herald has some excellent thoughts upon a form of temptation peculiar to the ministry—a temptation through which some pastor whose eye glances at this article may now be passing. We have known ministers maintain themselves in a certain class of circuits at the cost of the respect of their brethren, and, probably, of the authorities of those circuits, and we have marked how others have won warm regard from the ministry and the membership by what to some seemed self-denial. Such motives, however, belong to the lower level. Of the nobler class let our contemporary speak:

One of the most unfortunate and mistaken notions, prompted by the wily adversary himself, that sometimes enters a minister's mind, is that his ministerial character will suffer if he is sent to an appointment where he will not receive as large a salary as heretofore. His standing in Conference, his future appointments, all are to be affected by the financial estimate placed upon his labors—so he thinks or fears. He is willing to make sacrifices if necessary, but it will hurt him, he supposes, if he "takes a lower grade of appointments." We have come to hear lately a good deal about these different ranges of stations, and of men stepping down and up. There is neither up nor down in Christ's work. Nothing can be more unfortunate than this idea. No charge can hurt a minister if he is true to himself.

once flourishing town, where not one hearth-stone remains, not one brick upon another." An old fort, built of concrete (lime and shells), about ten feet high and two and a half feet thick, stands today, seemingly as solid as when first built. It once commanded the entire length of the principal street of the town. A ruined gothic tower is all that remains of St. Georges church,—built in 1707 of brick. It was 70 feet long by 30 feet wide—in shape cruciform, with gothic windows. It was with the deepest interest we wandered amid the ruins of this old town. The fort was erected as a protection against the Indians, but became the scene of many bloody struggles during the Revolutionary war. We returned to Summerville about dark, tired but exceedingly grateful to the friends who had so kindly pointed this pleasant excursion.

You will have received before this, papers containing notice of the death of Bishop Wichman, of the M. E. Church, South. I called at his residence twice a short time previous to his death, but could not see him. He was a man of marked ability, and great excellence of character. His life was pure. He lived seventy-four years, and during that time he was placed in circumstances where he needed the guard of all the Christian graces. But he passed the ordeal unscathed, and leaves behind the record of an unblemished life. I simply give the universal testimony of those who knew him. Being a man of large and varied culture, he filled the positions of pastor, editor, President of College and Bishop with great honor to himself and the Church he loved so well. When asked shortly before his death, if he were allowed to preach again, what his text would be, he promptly answered, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God, your whole spirit, and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

During the past three Sabbaths I have been enjoying the privilege of proclaiming the wonderful salvation. I feel like a little bird trying its wings before its long migration. It is so good, merely to try, that I want to keep constantly at it. If a man has the power in his soul, and there is any "preach" in him, these Southerners will bring it out. If the sermon has done them good, they will soon let you know it, by a right good hand shaking, and an earnest "thank you." And such evidences of appreciation have cheered many a discouraged preacher, and sent him on his way, determined to do even better in the future, and to become more worthy of such grateful recognition. Bro. Smith, tell the people, if they appreciate their preacher's efforts for their spiritual good, to tell him so now; and not to keep their kind words till after he is dead. They will do him no good then. They may encourage him now.

Yours, &c., J. M. PIKE, Summerville, S. C., Feb. 28, 1882.

IN REPLY TO MR. MOORE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—My unfortunate letter—written in December, I think, relating to the opening of our new church, was sent off so hurriedly to overtake the mail, that I could not have said, for the sake of me, what I did write. Bro. Moore sends you a deserved criticism upon it in January, which I read in February, and cannot answer through your columns till March. Long enough to bury the most of misunderstandings. But in this case, it is necessary that I should declare, for the Christian credit of all concerned, that I did not desire to take any of the praise of completing this grand work to myself, seeing that I achieved none of it; and especially did I not intend to detract from Bro. Moore's deserts, as I knew he deserved every word of commendation I could have uttered. I may have avoided praising him too much for fear of incurring suspicions that certain mutual overstrained good-fellowship of which we had been unjustly accused bore some semblance of truth. If any misapprehension originated therefore on this matter of my disposition to speak well of one of who served well the cause of his Master—"put that on mine account." I will bear it cheerfully. Bro. Moore shall not outdo me in voluntary humility. He considers himself "obscure." I consider myself very human in general and very unthoughtful in this particular instance.

A. W. NICOLSON.

PERSONAL.

George R. Beer, Esq., of Charlotte-town, has been elected President of the Merchant's Bank of P. E. Island. We are sorry to hear that Rev. A. W. Nicolson, of Hamilton, Bermuda, has been laid aside from work for two or three weeks, and has been obliged to seek medical advice. The committee of the St. Stephen Literary Society presented the Rev. H. Sprague, A. M., with an appreciative address on his recent resignation of the position of President of that society. Rev. John Wesley Horne, a son of the Rev. James Horne—a former missionary in Bermuda—is now stationed at Clinton, Conn. Mrs. Horne is a daughter of the late Thomas Tuzo, Esq., one of the best-known Bermuda Methodists.

At the recent session of the Queen's University, Dublin, the honorary degree of D. Lit. was conferred upon the Rev. Robinson Scott, D. D., of the Irish Wesleyan Conference, and the Rev. James M'Cash, D. D., L. D., President of the College of New Jersey. An exchange says: Edward J. Cunningham, Esq., Postmaster and last

Rev. D. D. C. of the Loyalist of the Brunswick day evening. Mr. day and interest the well known chapter upon a with which the de actors are not as to be. The men's Wesleyan their usual wisdom Currie to the city.

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Contos Rotun County, will complete the postmaster will also come 1882—his gold. The death of and Luttrell, was formerly of the and minister of Moncton. The friends in Moncton will deeply sympathize with the husband and the Captain Price R., has been re-Evangelical Al though he had relieved from Rev. Dr. Pops and dents. A Hom subjects and members of the The first nu Theological Sem forwarded by a teen names of m class is that of M. R., of Horton. synopsis of an B. —"A Critical E tic Evidence of the Primacy of the Rev. D. D. C. of the Loyalist of the Brunswick day evening. Mr. day and interest the well known chapter upon a with which the de actors are not as to be. The men's Wesleyan their usual wisdom Currie to the city. We have learned death, on Tuesday of Mr. John A. A gentleman from tells us that, up to health, but that from a complicated wife and two children to Boston, whither hope of obtaining business man, and the office of Sunday out, Mr. Harvie's his afflicted family path. LITERARY. Anson D. F. Rand, publish some of a tasty form. Au of St. John: on Easter Day, Winton; Daybreak the Easter Here; and a number of other minor-shaped leaves. All departments Monthly for March will be published. The names of some of the preachers of the month are—among them J. L. Loring, C. H. B. Hill, Howard Crosby, and a variety of other Sermons of the month, Preachers, E. W. Wink & Wagnalls, 10 New York. The Canadian Methodist Church has a well-earned name among those who are not. Dr. Douglas on the subject of the Gospel and their work. Rev. C. H. P. Rose contributed a bright and interesting paper on Rev. W. L. Winton's life. The Rev. W. L. Winton's life is a bright illustration of the life of a young man who has made his name in later years. The increase of a Christian—his name as one of the signs of the time. The publication of this book comes under the name of Life; and Inter-Scriptural Holiness. An Mahan, of Lowell, of New York. These names are persons familiar with the face of orthodox teaching. The Guide to Holiness of Holiness are also. Contributions previously acknowledged. Received during February & Mrs. J. Burrell, Yorkmouth, N. S. Friend, Montreal. Senator Ferrier, Montreal, & Co., Montreal, G. WILLIAM I. SHAW