

The Wesleyan.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

If you don't want evil things said of you, don't do evil things.—N. Y. Herald.

The *Inter-Ocean* of Chicago says: "Ours is a government of the saloon-keeper by the saloon-keeper for the saloon-keeper."

A sermon of twenty-five minutes is too long by the same watch that will call two hours at the circus twenty five minutes too short.—*Burlington Hawk-eye*.

The *Liberator* says that "Mr. Bright's speech at the Metropolitan Tabernacle has been translated into Spanish, to help the movement for the separation of Church and State in Spain."

Grace Church, New York, is to have a new marble spire, 119 feet high, costing \$50,000. A \$50,000 spire ought to relieve a great deal of distress among the poor, and bring many souls to repentance.—*Norristown Herald*.

Rev. Dr. E. R. Meredith, who left the M. E. Church several years ago to join the Congregationalists, is still itinerating. He has just resigned the pastorate of the Philips Church South, Boston, and accepted a call to Union Church, Boston.

Louisville, Ky., has one minister to every 200 houses, one physician to every 120, one lawyer to 80, and one whisky or beer saloon to every thirty. "The survival of the fittest" will be no easy task there—the unit are so much more abundant.—*Western Recorder*.

The Chicago Congregational pastors have adopted a memorial to the newspaper press, asking that the detailed accounts of crime, and other sensational matter tending to demoralize youth, and to pollute the minds of youth, be suppressed, or greatly curtailed.

The Church must read. The circulation of our literature is an imperative necessity. Information is the parent of our liberality and activity, and a protection against designing teachers. He who puts a paper in a household has done a service to that family of lasting good, and starts a tap-root of Methodism.—*Richmond Advocate*.

Good advice was given to the graduating class at Alleghany Theological Seminary when Dr. Wilson said: "Young gentleman, study Hebrew roots, pore over Greek verbs, read Latin, and, if you have time, translate ancient hieroglyphics; but I charge you when you go into the pulpit to preach the Gospel to use the plain Anglo-Saxon."

I notice that there are fifteen ministers and twelve laymen all told who "convert" (in the connexion sense) at Conference. If the "conversion" of these brethren were subtracted from the debates, nine-tenths of the speeches would disappear from the reports. One of the most "rising" brethren in last Conference was not elected this year.—*In Irish Evangelist*.

There have been ten volumes of Spurgeon's sermons issued. These publications have done much good; but nowhere more than in America. Ever since the first volume came out, years ago, the preaching in our country Baptist churches has improved; in fact, the matter has become equal to that of Spurgeon himself.—*Richmond Adv.*

U. S. Secretary Teller says that the money that will have to be spent in the present Apache war, if expended in the education of Indian children, would put an end to any further rumors of Indian wars. A speaker at the Woman's Home Missionary meeting, last Friday, said that it required \$12,000,000 to support a standing army to guard certain tribes of Indians, when the same amount used for their Christianization would transform them into good citizens. The views of the political economist and the Christian philanthropist are remarkably similar.—*N. Y. Adv.*

As Lord Wolsey and other military men have opposed the proposed Channel Tunnel, an exchange suggests that it may be well to remember the following observation of Buckle in his "History of Civilization":—"It is notorious—and the evidence of it stands recorded in our Parliamentary Debates—that every great measure which was carried, every great improvement, every great step in reform, every concession to the popular wishes, was strenuously opposed by the Duke of Wellington, but became law, in spite of his opposition, and after his mournful declarations that by such means the security of England would be seriously imperilled."—*Toronto Globe*.

There are some very showy churches in these days, but when you examine them closely there is a discord. They are like the house which had been changed in appearance to agree with the prevailing style, and when the lady of the house was asked what its style was she replied: "Well, it's Queen Ann style in front, and I should say it was of the Crazy Jane order in the rear."—*Dr. Storrs*.

"Nothing can be more painful to the feelings of a minister when he comes to water his flock than to find that many of them are not at the well." So says Wm. Jay, and it is very true. But speaking for the flock it might be said, with equal truth, that nothing can be more painful to the feelings of the flock who come thirsty to the well, than to find no water, but hear only the creaking of the dry pump.—*Rel. Intelligence*.

A young Hindoo girl, who died lately at Bombay at the age of nineteen, besides being a proficient scholar in the literature of her native tongue, the Marathi, was at home in the English, Persian, and Sanskrit languages. In the latter she knew by heart a number of works entire, and was a prodigy as a chess-player from her childhood. Is it any wonder that she died in a raging fever?

Some of our Irish friends are whispering abroad that the Pope is not infallible in political matters and that his Parnell circular need not be obeyed. So it need not; but to assert it is Protestantism. The duty of obedience in the Catholic church is not based on infallibility. The Bishops must be obeyed; but they are not infallible. Only Protestants make the liberty of disobedience to ecclesiastics a matter of faith.—*N. Y. Independent*.

The British Parliament seems doomed to be foolish in its treatment of Mr. Bradlaugh. The sensible thing to do is to admit him to the seat to which he has been lawfully elected, and to which he is, therefore, entitled. The principle for which he and his constituents are contending must win in the end, and the sooner the House of Commons yields the point the better. Mr. Bradlaugh is strong as the representative of that principle.—*N. Y. Independent*.

The convention of colored journalists in St. Louis has resolved to print "negro" hereafter with a large N. Certainly the colored man who was examined in Washington on Friday, along with fifty white applicants for places in the Civil Service, deserves to be capitalized. Six hours was the time allowed to complete the papers, and not more than thirty persons out of the fifty succeeded in doing it in that time; but the colored man did it in four hours.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

A lady has just given \$6,000 to the temperance cause who a few years ago was told by her husband that as temperance was being agitated in their State (Virginia) he thought he would sign the pledge to help to keep the cause. With great pride, she said, "I should be ashamed of a husband who would thus surrender his personal liberty." One year from that date he died in delirium tremens, and her sons, learning to drink at their mother's table, have both died drunkards.

After he had been preaching one day a man spoke of the danger of losing the good word which had been spoken. He said, "One day when we sailed out of New Orleans nearly all the water we had for use on the ship was on deck; and there came a gale which swept it all overboard. I don't propose to lose this sermon in that way, but to stow it away down deep in the hold, where we shall keep it for future use." A good many people make the Gospel a sort of deck load, and they lose it in the first gale. It is better to take it down below, into the depths of the heart, and hide it there, where it is safe from the wildest storm. "Thy word have I hid in mine heart that I might not sin against Thee."—*Christian*.

The Rev. F. Sciarrelli, an Italian Wesleyan minister, has again been honoured with a letter from King Humbert the First, thanking him for a copy of his lately published work on "The Christian Sabbath," and for the "Sentiments of affectionate devotion to the Royal Person and family" extorted by the society of which he is president, to which the Minister Vosone was charged to add a repeated expression of the King's good pleasure. The Directive Council of the "Association of Survivors in the country's battles of 1820-70, of which Signor Crispi is President," have nominated Signor Sciarrelli a Fellow, "in consideration of the services rendered to the country, accompanied with the diploma and medal of the Association."

COREA.

The Rev. W. C. Davison, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Yokohama, Japan, writes to the *Western Christian Advocate*: About five years ago a Korean embassy was sent to Japan, and among those who came was a nobleman who was earnestly desirous to learn as much as possible concerning foreign agricultural methods. He was referred to Mr. Tunda Sin, a member of our Church in Tokio, and the head of an agricultural school, who kindly undertook to teach the nobleman the various methods of farming upon the American plan. The nobleman was exceedingly interested, and spent some time in study, and on parting expressed his grateful thanks, adding, "If I can be of any service whatever to you in my own country, I shall be most happy to oblige you," and besought Mr. Tunda that he would command his services. Tunda directed his attention to a framed copy of the beatitudes in the Chinese character, and asked his opinion as to the composition. The Korean read carefully again and again the blessed words, and could not refrain from declaring that in all his reading he had never met with such wise and gracious words as these, and asked who could be the author. This gave his host the opportunity he so much desired. Beginning with that Scripture he preached unto him Jesus. In closing, he begged of the envoy that he would accept the roll, together with some Christian books in Chinese, and carry them to his king. In great trepidation the envoy declined, saying that his king had given him strict charge that on his return he might bring anything with him except Christianity. That, of course, ended the interview. However, the nobleman on his return was so impressed with what he had seen that he could not refrain from speaking in private to his friends concerning the gracious teaching of which he had heard. It so turned out that among these was a young nobleman who was also much impressed with his words, and before whom Providence seems to have opened a glorious way. When the rebellion broke out in Seoul, and the queen's life was in imminent danger, the young man, aided by his mother, carried her to a place of safety, where she remained until the rebellion was ended. Naturally the king was grateful, and calling for the young nobleman, offered him any reward that he might ask, either for himself or family. Being modest, he declined any reward, beseeching the king to reward those who had done more than he; but, being pressed, finally asked that the king would allow him to go abroad for three years in order that he might improve his mind. The favor was quickly granted, and about six months ago the young nobleman arrived in Japan. He instantly repaired to the university in Tokio, and entered himself as a student. But he had not forgotten the words spoken to him concerning the excellence of Christianity and its power to save from sin. He made inquiries for his friend's teacher, and repaired to his house for further instruction. After some days of diligent inquiry he found himself so impressed with the excellencies and beauty of Christ's Gospel, as almost to decide to cast in his lot for life or death with the despised sect. Filled with such thoughts, he fell asleep, and dreamed that two men came to him bringing a basket of books, and asking him to examine them. One took up a book, and said, "This is the word of the true God, and is that which will give to you and your countrymen true freedom, true civilization, and true holiness." On awaking his dream recurred to him again and again, so that renewing his studies of Christianity he soon determined to cast his all upon Christ. About a month since he was baptized, and now professes himself happy in the Savior's love. He is exceedingly anxious that his countrymen shall have a part of this

new found joy, and has set to work to translate the Bible into his own tongue. The teacher of Korean in the imperial university is also assisting him in this blessed task. The Koreans use the Chinese character for their classical writing, so that all this nobleman has to do is to take a Chinese version of the Scriptures, and unite the Korean sounds in Korean character by the side of the Chinese character, and the work is done.

CONVICTION OF SIN.

The chief obstacle to the termination of fruitless convictions in peace with God is to be found in some plain, practical affair of character and real life. No feeling, I think, is more common among those who have found peace in Christ, after protracted and remorseful conflict, than the feeling of surprise that they have been kept aloof from Christ so long. They have been looking up into the clouds, struggling with aching eyes to see visions; or have introverted their thoughts upon themselves, straining to see their own eyeballs; while the real obstacle to their conversion has been in plain sight, at their feet—a little thing, perhaps a trifling thing, as they now regard it; in comparison with Christ, a contemptible thing. They are humiliated at the discovery that so mean a thing has had power to hold the wide-open gates of heaven. It seems to them, in the retrospect, like some invisible and malignant magic in the air.

Thus demented do converted men sometimes seem to themselves to have been, when they look back over the unseen life which separates them from their impendent life, and see what a paltry thing it was which held them so long transfixed in those fruitless convictions, while a crucified Saviour was pleading with them, and dying for them, within reach of their hand. Such has been the experience of thousands, and doubtless will be of thousands more.

The charms by which the sorcery of sin thus bewitches men are very numerous, and diverse in character. In one man it is a distrust of God's willingness to save, or, if to save, to save him. In another, it is an unwillingness to own the simplicity of God's method of salvation. In the vast majority, however, it is not in any conceptions cherished about the way of salvation, but in something altogether more tangible and earthly. The whole truth is that the man loves something more than God. In one it is his property; in another, his reputation; in another, his ease; in another his literary tastes; in another, an unchristian employment, or habit or association, which he feels to be at war with an earnest Christian life. He foresees that, if he becomes a Christian that must be given up. In some it is an unwillingness publicly to profess religion, to perform certain public or social religious duties, to encounter the ridicule of companions, or to forgive an injury which rankles in the heart.

Some such very simple thing is the citadel in which the forces of the guilty entrench themselves. That is the secret reason why the soul is benighted in impotent convictions. Yet what a meanness of spirit does it seem to have indicated when the soul comes out into the liberty of Christ, to have shut itself up in that prison-house of remorse so long and for such a thing! I have somewhere read of an obscure Scotch woman whom Dr. Chalmers, as the story ran, was once summoned at midnight to attend in her last hours. She had lived for many years in sterile conviction of her sinfulness. Her anguish at last threatened her reason. "Weighed in the balances and found wanting!" This was the burden she was carrying into eternity. With that kindly sympathy and tact for which Chalmers was noted in his ministrations to the ignorant, he sat down by her side, heard her story of her life, now and then

aiding her to state her own case, for he knew it better than she did; and at length when she had been calmed by the expression of her burden, he pointed out to her the one simple thing which he had conjectured to have been the thing which had withheld her from Christ. The profoundest doctrine of our theology he told her as a simple story in her own Lowland dialect, and then told her, in the same rude speech of her childhood, that she must give up the thing for Christ's sake. The heavy burdened one who had borne her infirmity for many years, and could in wise lift up herself, looked up and said, but half believing: "And is that a'?" It was as if the Lord himself had laid his hand upon her. Immediately she was made straight and glorified God.

So many a penitent believer at the last recalls his bondage in sin and exclaims, "Is that all that kept me so long away from Christ?"—*Austin Phelps, D. D.*

CHRISTIANITY IN MADAGASCAR.

The question of French supremacy in Madagascar has awakened fresh interest in the remarkable history of missionary toil and triumph in that island. The first missionaries landed in Madagascar in 1818, but they retired, and work was not begun until 1820. The first comers found a singular people, busy and shrewd, but ignorant and superstitious. They had no written language, were filthy and but half clothed, with shocking morals. King Radama allowed the missionaries to open schools, and the next year sent his nephew, and ten other young men to England to be educated. At the time of his death in 1828, there were four thousand pupils in the schools, but neither Radama nor any of his people had accepted the Christian faith. He sought only the education which the missionaries could give. His queen, Rana-valona, after murdering all that stood in her way, seized the throne, and began a reign marked by bloody persecution of Christians. At first she permitted the missionaries to preach and teach, seeing the advantages of the education they imparted. In 1831 the first converts were baptized, and the "Martyr Church" of Madagascar was formed. Soon after violent persecution began, many fell from the faith, but thousands remained steadfast. They met secretly, and would go twenty miles to a midnight meeting, their numbers strangely increasing in this time of darkness. During thirty-two years ten thousand Christians were punished in different ways, yet at the end of this reign there were more Christians in Madagascar than there were at the beginning. At her death in 1861, her son was made king, and he proclaimed religious liberty to all his subjects. Fifteen years ago the present queen was crowned as Rana-valona II. At her coronation she had a table at her side, on which lay a Bible and the laws of Madagascar. Shortly after, she with her husband was baptized, and ever since they have given evidence of being sincere disciples of Christ; and Madagascar to-day in its government, is a Christian kingdom, with over four thousand native preachers, and nearly a quarter of a million souls under Christian instruction.

The world sees all other guides and helpers pass away, and every man's work is caught up by other hands and carried on where he drops it, and the short memories and shorter gratitudes of men turn to the rising sun, but one name remains undimmed by distance, and one work remains unapproached and unapproachable, and one man remains whose office none other can hold, whose bow none but He can bend, whose mantle none can wear. Christ has ascended up on high, and left a finished work, for all men to trust, for no man to continue.—*Muclaren*.

LABRADOR SEAMEN.

A work of singular importance has been carried on during the last ten years by Moravian missionaries among English-speaking sailors on the coast of Labrador. The Christian love and zeal of these German brethren has led them to extend their ministry beyond their Esquimaux charge to the crews, often not less ignorant and heathen, of the fishing and trading vessels, chiefly from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, which in ever increasing numbers visit these bleak shores. In 1879, 800 such vessels passed that way, and one morning no less than 72 were in Hopedale Bay, the principal Moravian station, each vessel manned by 12 or 14 men. Much cause has there ever been for the missionary to tremble for the influence of these often ungodly and dissipated visitors on their native flock, so easily tempted to drunkenness and immorality. "Drink away!" a captain of a brandy-laden schooner was heard to say to an Esquimaux lad. "I had 300 gallons of brandy on board, and only 50 are used up." And much they have felt the need of God's sheltering arm when occasionally drunken and disorderly gangs of seamen have threatened violence to their peaceful settlement. At first, owing to their scant knowledge of English, they could do little but distribute tracts among them; but about ten years ago an English-speaking missionary was sent from Germany expressly commissioned to visit among these crews, and invite them to English services in the little missionary church of Hopedale. Very varied have been this brother's experiences in his ship-to-ship visitation—some cursing him sometimes from some crews, and the utmost indifference displayed by others, while he struggles to moor his boat to their vessel and clamber up her side; now and then a joyful welcome, where some sick man is craving a Christian visitor, or where a former acquaintance, blessed in times past by his means, greets him with gratitude and pleasure. But patient continuance has brought its reward. During last year's fishing season 107 Bibles were sold, and 2,000 religious books and tracts either given or sold among these English crews, and the little Esquimaux Church at Hopedale, capable of seating 300, is often quite filled at the seamen's service.

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

What is beautiful? It is the heart cleansed of defiling desires, the heart filled with divine sweetness; lifted into the atmosphere of God; breathing His breath, wearing his expression, speaking his language, dwelling in his arms. "Such a soul abhors the thing unclean," with an instinctive and powerful detestation that knows no restraint nor limitation. Its whole being shrinks appalled from the very sight or thought of sin. No child fears or flies a wild beast so swiftly; no woman hides from deadly pursuers so closely. What a drop of vitriol is to the rose-tint, what a grain of prussic acid is to the sensitive tissues of the stomach, what a murderous blow is to him before whose awakening eyes the knife in the robber's hand is seen descending—this and more is sin to a holy soul. For these only produce material ruin, that burns to the lowest hell. These destroy all they can, so does that. These kill the body, that the soul; these ruin the temporal and transient being, that an eternal.

"In everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, make your requests known unto God." So said the Apostle Paul. But we limit the everything, and we neglect the thanksgiving. Thus we have stupid, melancholy prayer meetings, and go about with long faces and sad hearts.

The Lord calls men to preach notwithstanding their infirmities. If he can bear with them so may you.