

# The Wesleyan.

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### NOTE AND COMMENT.

The *Congregationalist* says that the Oxford press of England uses paper enough each year in printing Bibles to form a band 8 1/2 inches wide around the earth.

The *Religious Herald* is right: let the devil do his own advertising. It is a mistake in the religious press to give desired notoriety to every fussy little infidel that yells against the Lord Jesus Christ.

We heard Bishop Hargrove say at a District Conference the other day that "he hoped to live to see the day when men will clap their hands for joy at the mention of a collection." A brother responded that many clap their hands now, but it is on their pockets.—*Arkansas Methodist.*

The Springfield *Republican* has many good words to say for Chautauqua, but it has, from its point of view, one serious deficiency. "The only drawback," it says, "to the young people is the strict tabooing of dancing by the Methodist doctor of divinity who shapes the ends of the place."

It is a melancholy fact that the beautiful shores of Lake Geneva should almost more than any other spot, be intimately associated with the works of sceptical writers. Is it not a conclusive proof that the beauty of nature is not of itself sufficient to inspire the soul with religious feeling, and lead it up to God?—*Pres. Witness.*

The *Christian Union* says: "Three colored children were received into Trinity Church, Brooklyn, Conn., July 20. Just fifteen years ago this month Miss Prudence Crandall, of the adjoining town, was put into a murderer's cell because she was found guilty of teaching a class of colored girls in her own house. Trinity Church now stands on the site of the old jail."

If a grocer presents a society with ten pounds of sugar, it is considered a liberal gift; but if a newspaper can throw in five dollars worth of advertising it never gets a word of thanks for it. It costs money to run newspapers, and advertising is one of the commodities they have to sell; but somehow a different impression obtains in some circles.—*Elmira Gazette.*

Rev. G. F. Williams, of South Carolina, proposes to the *Courier* that the Baptist ministers of the State set apart a brief portion of each week to think and pray for each other, and suggests five minutes or more between seven and nine o'clock each Saturday night. A noble suggestion, and one which the ministry of this State may well consider.—*Central Baptist.*

Before the largest possible measure of efficiency in church-work shall be attained, many of the workmen and work-women must learn a new lesson; they must learn to work heartily with those who are personally congenial to them. The Church is an army to be officered, disciplined, drilled for grand achievement, not a voluntary club of private persons drawn together by social affinities.—*Nash Advocate.*

Three Milwaukee lawyers recently settled an estate with a vengeance. It was valued at \$32,000, and they put in bills amounting to \$25,000 for services rendered. But the Judge took them down in this way: "These charges are infamous and thieves as men who are soundrels and thieves at heart would not make. This charge of \$15,000 is cut down to \$1,500; those of \$5,000 each to \$500. Repeat such a piece of rapine in this court and I will dishar every one of you."

A grand testimony to the value of the free and unappropriated seat system in our churches was given by a man whom I was asking if he "went any where" when at large. He said, "I always go to St. Paul's Cathedral, it is the poor man's church; you can take a chair anywhere unnoticed." To prevent unkindly jests as to the way in which the chair might be taken, I went and I was not found guilty of the charge brought against him.—"Père Vignettes," by a Prison Chaplain, in the *Broom*.

It is natural that railway managers and organs of railway opinion should desire to have trains run on Sunday as well as other days. Doubtless they see reasons for continuous railway communication which are not apparent to the general public. But there are grave doubts whether much inconvenience is caused to any large number of persons, even in Scotland, by cessation from railway labor on Sundays. There seem to be solid reasons, outside of the Divine command altogether, for confining railway labor, as well as other labor, to six days a week.—*Montreal Herald.*

The Province (Quebec) annually spends more than \$40,000 to punish criminals or reform them, would it not be better to make some slight sacrifices to turn children exposed to ruin into good citizens by means of industrial schools, rather than to chastise them when they have become criminals.—*Courier du Canada.*

There is one thing as to which Joseph Cook effectually rebukes his countrymen. He quotes Emerson's phrase, "a fury of expectation," and touches what is really a blot on American manners. Mr. Cook was struck by the fact that the House of Commons is without a cuspidor (spittoon), and that he could not find one in a respectable hotel outside of the smoking-room, which he never entered. Thanks to Mr. Cook.—*Evangelist.*

A man went into a building where the voice of dozens of saws at work upon blocks of marble was almost deafening. "Do you saw stone here?" he asked. "Why, yes, we do," smilingly responded the gentleman in charge. This is an illustration of the useless words which are often spoken by men during the priceless hours of worship in the house of God. When you get up to speak don't say so; every one can see that.—*Western Ad.*

A Georgia educational journal suggests that Monday, instead of Saturday, be chosen for the weekly school-holiday. The argument is, that as a rule no part of Saturday is taken for study of the lesson to be recited on the succeeding Monday, but that this duty is postponed to Sunday, if it is performed at all. The *New England Journal of Education*, noting a common remark among teachers that Monday morning generally brings to the school-room stupid brains, thinks the idea deserves respectful consideration.

We must not for a moment confound the women of "light and leading," who have opened so many doors to their sex, with the weird old ladies who denounce the opponents of female suffrage, who refuse to pay taxes, and who break the law in public parks, by making speeches to chance crowds. The real progress of the rights of women leads along the line of genuine elevation and honest work. The discussion of even the most burning questions ought to be conducted with coolness and decorum.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

The *Baptist Index*, of Atlanta (mildly hydrocephalus), last week had a whole page against the baptism of children. We could not wade through the flood of watery logic of our other immersion exchanges to find the thither and distant bank of their aquatic discussions. We have not looked into the average Baptist organ for years without finding the Methodist and other Churches pelted. If Baptists have their side—the truth—the Bible on their side—why each ceaseless defense of their mode? It is rare to find a Presbyterian, Episcopal, or Methodist paper emphasizing the manner of baptism.—*Richmond Ad.*

Eighty millions sterling—that is the amount of unclaimed money waiting for claimants in Chancery. What strange tales of human folly, of laying up riches for the moth and rust, of undiscovered cheating and unpunished crime, those yellow papers in the Record Office could disclose! There is the account of "John Hardman, convicted of felony"—had he none to grieve for him, that no one claimed the "creditors of Charles, Duke of Bolton" (year 1781)—did they all die unsatisfied? "Prince versus Dupret"—"The Tea Hogheads Account, 1811."—They are dead, these old suitors, and their children; and their children's children may have found papers' graves, while the unclaimed thousands were waiting for an owner.—*Whitehall Review.*

A man by the name of Williams, in Wake county, bought a quart of liquor, got drunk, killed a man, and was sentenced to the gallows. He was taking him for another man, and is now to be hung for the bloody deed. The State has lost two citizens, Wake county pays a heavy bill of expenses, two families are plunged into grief and shame, and a certain bar-keeper pockets fifty cents, feels respectable, and is ready to do the same thing again with the same results. Of all again with the same results. Of all the parties concerned he cares the least. The State authorizes men to make and sell a drug that destroys reason and causes those who drink it to commit murder and then hangs their helpless victims. In other words, it takes the lives of two men at great expense to honest people in order to put fifty cents into the pocket of a third one.—*Meth. Advance.*

### FALSE NOTIONS OF POWER.

Nothing is more common in religious meetings, than to hear persons say they are saved, but they are seeking for power. They will crowd the altar, seeking for power. They go around asking for power. As if power were an abstract something, or a thunderbolt, or a bundle of forces, to be deposited in the soul. I am convinced there are many false notions respecting spiritual power. The strongest saints in the world, and those who do most for Jesus, never look upon themselves as anything extraordinary. They are not conscious of any extraordinary power in themselves. They esteem themselves as helpless and nothing; they are merely "broken and empty vessels," willing to do what their hands find to do, and leave results entirely with God. It would be a great thing if Christians could have their false notions of power forever swept out of the mind. Some of you imagine that power is an inflatus, swelling and expanding in the breast. Some of you think it is a galvanic thrill, going through your nerves. Some of you think it is the assurance that all you say or do will be a center shot in its execution. You will never know what true power is, until you perfectly learn the lesson of spiritual poverty, utter and constant helplessness in yourself.

"A broken and empty vessel." For the Master's use make meet." The telegraph wire is never conscious of anything wonderful. It experiences no change when the dispatch is running through it. In its utter helplessness it is never aware of the wonderful things being spoken through it. It is nothing but a common wire, distinguished from other wires by two things. In the first place, it is isolated from objects that would draw off the electric motion. In the next place, it is attached to a galvanic battery. And thus it is with the most powerful. They are just as frail and void of all inward strength as anybody in the world, only they are detached from sin and earthliness and united by simple trust to Jesus, the Infinite battery of strength. Jesus says, "Without Me ye can do nothing." Without the battery the wire can do nothing. The wire has no strength to speak, it simply conveys what is spoken by the battery. The greatest workers for God are never aware of what is being accomplished through them; neither are they anxious to know. It often happens that when people are full of blisful emotions, and think they have the power, and expect that their words and actions will be attended with wonderful energy, at these times they are fruitless. And on the other hand, when they feel so utterly worthless, and a sense of spiritual poverty almost crushes them, they go forth to work, leaving results entirely to God and not thinking much of either failure or success, but only that they may do the present will of God,—then their slightest actions or words are wonderfully accompanied by the Holy Ghost, and marvels of grace are wrought above and beyond their knowledge. This is the state that Jesus refers to when He says, "Abide in Me and go and bring forth fruit." The secret of great fruit-bearing is the death of self.

"Except a grain of corn die it cannot bring forth fruit." When we are thoroughly crucified, we will not be hunting after some transcendental mesmerism of power, but will be content to be as infants in a great forest, led every day by the hand of Jesus, doing the work he assigns to us, not knowing the outcome of it, not anxious to count the fruit, not anxious for this nor that state of emotion, but going on receiving Christ each day for all the needs of the soul.—*G. D. W. in Christian Witness.*

A man who has never had religion before, no more grows religious when he is sick than a man who has never learned figures can count when he has need of calculation.—*Samuel Johnson.*

### THE CURRYCOMB.

Two ministers were talking about a third one in the presence of a layman of another church. The preachers agreed that Brother C. was a good man, a faithful pastor, a strong preacher, pious, devoted, zealous, and all that; but somehow he did not succeed. The people did not love him. One year in a place was the period of his pastorate. If he staid longer, it was an affliction to him and his charge. "What is the matter with Brother C.?" A number of answers were given to this question—none of which seemed to be satisfactory. The layman said: "Brethren, I'll tell you what is the trouble in Bro. C.'s case. He carries too much and feeds too little."

That was it exactly. Brother C. made constant use of the curry-comb and fed too little. The comb he used had long, sharp teeth, and he bore on it heavily. He fretted and irritated the skin at an unmerciful rate. All who were not pachydermatous, thick-skinned, suffered every time Brother C. got a fair chance at them. The people went to church to be fed; but the curry-comb was piled instead.

This was the real cause of Brother C.'s unpopularity. The people got tired of it. They were hungry for food, and if they had been well-fed, they could have endured with meekness good currying now and then. When it came all currying and no food they grew restive and fretful. Many a preacher has been given to the too free use of the curry-comb. It is good in its place; but it will not supply the place of corn.

If things do not go just right, some preachers begin at once to curry the Church at a fearful rate. This is a mistake; it is not right; it is not in harmony with the spirit of Christ, and shows him who is guilty of it to be a poor judge of human nature. If things get wrong, pile in good gospel food; and if you must use the curry-comb, do it tenderly and in love. It will not do for a preacher to vent his spleen on the church. He carries the wrong horse; those who need it are not there. And it shows a bad spirit—real spite. This is Bro. C.'s trouble. The layman was right.—*Gillertoy in N. O. Adv.*

### HOW TRUE.

The valuable work religious papers are doing at the present day is but partly appreciated. These are taken up and read when the book would be left unopened, and the short paragraphs are scanned while the long articles are overlooked. The discerning pastor can easily detect the family without a religious journal. There are so many things occurring every week in the social and religious life of the churches and their work, religious truth is being presented and discussed in so many different forms, so much of importance is occurring at home and abroad, in our own and foreign lands, of interest to the cause of Christ, so many friends and acquaintances are engaged in philanthropic mission work, scattered far and near, that a Christian man or a family without a religious journal will be found in pitiable ignorance of some of the most useful and important information of the times. The individual who desires to be respectably informed of the most important movements of the age (and of these the religious operations as affecting history stand first), who has not time to read volumes or long and labored articles in reviews and quarterlies, is little aware how much he is indebted for his intelligence, for the information he has gained, to the brevities and short articles in his weekly religious paper. Items that are read in a moment are often the conclusion or substance of a learned address or scholarly review that has been the result of hours and perhaps weeks of reading and meditation. The forcible presentation of a theme in a brief paragraph is read as

a happy and flippant thought carelessly thrown off by an editor, whereas it is not unlikely the nucleus thought of a cargo of words of some book "boiled down" into a few succinct thoughts.—*Chris. Secretary.*

### THE OLD WAY-TRAIN.

The old way-train does not make much of a show beside the "lightning express" that comes with a shriek and a dash, and almost takes your breath away as it goes by crashing—and sometimes smashing—down the track. The lightning express has all the latest improvements, the most recent touches of the painter's brush, and the most distinguished freight. But the way-train that jogs along, slow as an old stage-coach among the March ruts sometimes, is made up of the cars whose upholstery is worn and faded, and as for improvements, who expects them? But the old way-train, stopping at so many stations to take breath, picks up many passengers. We have seen an "express" that went lightly loaded, but the old way-train often goes crowded.

We thank God for the express-train men in the Church. They do conspicuous service, though their "latest improvements" are not always wise. But the old way-train men, slower in action, old-fashioned in talk and dress, do take many passengers to heaven. They call at so many humble little stations that you may not appreciate their work, but it tells, and when the old way-train rolls and thunders into the station be assured there will be passengers on board.—*Sunday School Journal.*

### A WORD IN SEASON.

At this moment, when so many are panting for a purer air, and preparing to migrate to other scenes in search of it, it may be a word in season. Go, you that worked hard for it—go and enjoy your holiday. But whithersoever you go, let all your religion go with you. If you go among foreigners, instead of gruffness and hauteur, take with you Christian complaisance and the courtesies of true religion.

And whether among compatriots or foreigners, take with you the Sabbath day. Keep its hours as sacred in the hired lodging or the inn, as you keep them in your own well-ordered home. Pray for the places where you sojourn, and as seeds for the eternal harvest, it were well if you could drop some good words or arresting tracts as you pass along. And then, when bursts of beauty or surprises of grandeur come in upon your soul, let the thought also come in of your "Father," who "made them all." And thus associated with the profitable books you read, or the Christian intercourse you enjoy, or the efforts at usefulness you there put forth,—places which to the vacant mind recall no memories, and to the profligate are only identified with dissipation and riot,—will to you be fraught with pleasant recollections; and thus beautified and sanctified, the rests and recreations of earth will be worthy of a mental pilgrimage even from the bowers of Paradise restored.—*James Hamilton, D. D.*

A touching incident is given by an English missionary in Central Africa concerning a slave-boy, Dumurilla, who had read the Testament with him for a while, but afterward was missed, and it was not known where he was. One day a heathen lad brought to the missionary a copy of the Testament, saying that Dumurilla had died, and the day before his death had read the gospel all day long; that he had asked his companion to bring water from a pool near by, and when it was brought he had sprinkled it upon his head, and named over him the names of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. He charged his friend to take the Testament to the missionary, and soon after died.

### REVIVAL IN FRANCE.

During the recent conversation in the British Conference on the state of the work of God, the Rev. W. Gibson, of Paris, said: "During the last three weeks he had been in the midst of one of the most remarkable revivals of religion that he had ever witnessed. Three weeks ago last Sunday he was at Auvergne, in the very heart of the Cevennes, where there had been such a wonderful outpouring of the Holy Ghost as has never been known since the beginning of their work in France. As soon as he entered the chapel he felt that verily the Lord was present there, and whilst the French preacher was preaching the overwhelming power of the Spirit was felt by the assembly to such a degree that it seemed as if they were in the immediate presence of the Most High. In the after-meeting twelve persons bore testimony to their having received within the last few weeks the assurance of God's pardoning love. No fewer than one hundred persons had been converted to God, and out of those seven were men. In France their great difficulty was with the men. The women were willing to listen, but the men refused to listen—as a rule they were sceptics or infidels. At that meeting, however, men were found ready to testify to the saving grace of God, and seven bore testimony to their having received the grace of sanctification, and the pastor and his wife assured him that the lives of these men accorded with their profession. In reply to his inquiry into the origin of that revival the pastor's wife said, "My husband and I felt the need of consecrating ourselves afresh unto the Lord, and we fell upon our knees and made a new dedication of ourselves to God. We then went out to speak to the people, and our words were accompanied with power. Men were willing to hear, and they had not listened very long before they were on their knees begging for pardon.

How were you and I and others brought to embrace the Saviour? By a great sermon or marvellous manifestation? Or by a kind word, a look, a tear, or the persevering faithfulness of a friend? Could the truth be known, it would be found in the great majority of instances that the humbler means have secured the decision. It is not for any one to say that because he is not a missionary, minister, or other official, he has nothing to do.

Some ministers preach as if they expected immediate results, and would be greatly disappointed if they did not appear. Others preach as if they thought the results would appear in the distant future, and they would be greatly disappointed if they should be seen immediately. Saul belonged to the former class.

"Too many preachers," as Dr. Bushnell once pithily put it, "know the German who do not know the human; or know the Hebrew points who do not know at all the points of our wonderful, God-gifted humanity."

No man is ever on duty. In all places and at all times he is to be armed, watchful, ready for the word. The Scriptures make no provision for "putting off" the armor of God.

There are three things which the true Christian desires with respect to sin: first, that it may not condemn and afflict him; that it may not tempt and seduce him; that it may not beget and produce in him a habit that may not be broken.

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