

# The Wesleyan.

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## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The *Jewish Messenger* says: Bishop Colenso is dead, but the Pentateuch survives. The venerable volume will witness many more "first-class funerals" among its destructive critics and "still live."—*Zion's Her.*

That was a palpable hit made by Dr. Howard Crosby in a speech in the Assembly in Saratoga, when having occasion to refer to the Board of Excess of New York City, he called it a "society for the diffusion of rum."

Four of the Irish assassins, though Roman Catholics, declared themselves Presbyterians, when arrested, so as to avoid the confessional. The *Christian World* aptly says, "Had they been Presbyterians, they would never have been 'invincible.'"

A drunken man was shown to a room in a hotel in Grand Lodge, Michigan, on the 6th, with a lamp, which he tipped over, burned the hotel and its contents—the other guests barely escaping with their lives, while the author of the mischief was burned to a crisp. More "personal liberty!"

The *Interior* says: One would think that an institution so reasonable in its requirements (as the Sabbath), so salutary in its restraints on the grasping cupidity of those who would wear out soul and body in the quest of gain, should be hailed by all classes as an unspeakable blessing—a benefaction to the poor and safeguard to the wealthy.

The *Evangelical Messenger* says: A believing boy thought that his nose needed to be consecrated to the Master, as well as his hands, so that it would not turn up at other people, nor object to going on errands into unsavory places. That useful member needs consecration moreover to keep it from poking into other people's business and stirring up strife.

The Baltimore Conference is already so richly supplied with D. D.'s that amid the radiance of her centennial glory Dickenson saw no opportunity to pour upon any devoted head in these parts any of her creative clerical perfume. This is too tame a subject for common prose; but we haven't time to allow the poetic inspiration to overwhelm us or to hunt up Milton or Dante.—*Baltimore Meth.*

A traveller on a highway, when about to cross a railroad track, is bound to look up and down the track before crossing, although the railroad company may not have given the ordinary signals. Neglect so to do is, in case of accident, contributory negligence on the part of the traveller, unless obstructions prevent a view of the track, or unless he had some assurance of safety from the railroad company which excuses him.—*Rhode Island Supreme Court.*

Christian, don't forget to work! Devotion is good, and helpful to the soul; but as Sia Sek Ong says, "We can't go on to the mountain top and build three tents, and stay there." We must come down among multitudes. We may well be suspicious of devotional enjoyments that do not help us to more earnest and better work for Christ and our fellow men. Through prayer let us get strength for work, and then use it.—*N. Y. Adv.*

In taking the chair for the first time at the annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel on Friday, the Archbishop of Canterbury struck the true note of missionary success. It is the right man that is wanted above all other things, and the right bishops that are wanted above all other men. The first of these two positions was excellently enforced by Sir Arthur Gordon; for an illustration of the second we need only turn to the actual state of too many colonial dioceses.—*The Record.*

We have on file an article detailing the death of a fine young man from that dreaded hydrophobia. The writer expresses a hope that science will develop a cure, saying that death by burning at the stake is not more horrible than by hydrophobia. Pending the discovery of a cure, we wish a general war could be opened on curs of high and low degree. Millions of valuable human lives are exposed every day to bites from millions of worthless dogs. A friend once said to us, "The man who has once seen a fellow man in the agonies of hydrophobia will never permit a dog to live near him." Any person in danger perpetually. The owner of a rabid dog should be held strictly responsible for all damages and deaths caused by the animal.—*N. W. Adv.*

The *Moravian* asserts that in religion good, honest, hard work is always and inevitably successful. In politics it is not.

The *Cleveland Leader* says of the democratic nominee for Governor in Ohio: It was reported everywhere among the delegates that if Hooley was nominated the different liquor leagues of the city would contribute not less than \$75,000 to the democratic campaign fund, and that settled the question. The nomination was bought outright, and will be paid for, and the work of buying votes and corrupting elections in various ways will soon begin by the democratic managers.

The mayor of Philadelphia having been informed by the Sabbath Association that the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company intended to repair their tracks on Sunday, notified the president of the company that it was unlawful for such work to be done on that day, and if an effort was made he would cause the arrest of all concerned in it. Now and then we hear of an official who feels as much obligation to enforce the Sunday law as any other. "May his tribe increase."—*Western Chris. Advocate.*

One of the Baptist Churches of Brooklyn having withdrawn fellowship from one of its members, or in other words excommunicated him from the church, he has applied to a court for a writ of mandamus to compel the church to restore him to membership. This strikes us as a new idea. We presume that the court will dismiss the application for the want of jurisdiction to act in the premises. No civil tribunal in the country has anything to do with such a question.—*N. Y. Independent.*

At a recent Church Synod the Bishop of Toronto said: "Slowly, but I believe surely, the Church is becoming more just in the payment of her ministers. Whenever vacancies have allowed of interference I have stipulated that each incoming clergyman shall have not less than \$800 per annum. If that amount was found to be the fair minimum 40 or 50 years ago for a country missionary having to provide a horse and wagon, I know not by what arithmetic he can be expected to live now on \$500, or even \$600. As a matter of fact he cannot do it, and the attempt is followed by debt, anxiety, and a constant shifting from place to place."

In a note on Missions the *Methodist Recorder* says: "There is Christian love enough and devotion enough and liberality enough in the congregations, if ministers will direct it, apart from what is expected from them officially in an 'anniversary sermon.' We have heard of a preacher lately who in the ordinary course of his ministry preached two sermons on Missions to his own people, and without any personal solicitation obtained forty new subscriptions of varying amounts from one congregation! Where the true spiritual motives are well plied by men with the love of God in their hearts there will be little need of individual begging or spasmodic efforts."

Judge Biddle, of Philadelphia, spoke a true word the other day when he pronounced "the cheap and respectable dances" a pest to society. They usually are given by some society or club composed of young mechanics or clerks, with a large sprinkling of loafers. Shop-girls and working-women, who want their bit of pleasure as well as wealthier women, are tempted into their open doors. "They would shrink," says Judge Biddle, "from any flagrant iniquity, but are induced to visit them for an evening's harmless pleasure." These summer days are fruitful of such balls and dancing excursions which are just as dangerous evils, with innocent amusement as an inviting cloak.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Bishop of Durham, in a letter to a Newcastle paper, says: "Those who have heard Miss Ellice Hopkins appeal on behalf of her wronged and degraded sisters—her sisters and ours—feel that they cannot let the matter rest where it is. A more wholesome and righteous public opinion must be created in the matter of social purity. Not until it is generally recognised that the man who has wrought a woman's degradation is as great an offender against society as the man who has robbed a mill or the man who has forged a check—nay, a much greater, for he has done a far more irreparable wrong—not until society is prepared to visit such an offender with the severest social penalties, will there be any real chance for the better. So long as the violation of purity is condoned in the one sex, and visited with shame in the other, our uprighteousness and unmanliness must continue to work out its own terrible retribution."

## CHINA.

The Rev. F. Ohling, Foochow, sends to the Methodist Mission Rooms, New York, some interesting facts. We copy a part: In the city (Hok Ing Tong) things are kept moving by the dispensary carried on at the chapel by Miss J. Sparr, M. D., under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Thousands have already been the grateful recipients of Christian sympathy and kindness, and still they come streaming in as if the Master himself were once more moving among the sick and dying. Travelling in the interior, people frequently run after us for miles to inquire whether the "foreigner" is a doctor or has medicine with him. A medical missionary told the writer a few months ago that if he could be relieved from his hospital and dispensary work his bedside practice among the better classes would fully occupy his time and strength. This in the city and suburbs of Foochow, with its three large hospitals and half dozen dispensaries! What must be the demand for medical aid in the dozen other large cities of the province where no Christian doctor has ever been seen.

At Tieng Ang Tong, Mr. Ahok and his wife and mother, with two pupils from the girl's boarding-school, were received into full membership. In a love-feast Mr. Ahok said: "I am naturally very quick in discovering the faults of others. I trust that after I am a member of the Church you will all do your duty and tell me faults you discover in me." Here he branched off and gave us the best temperance speech we ever heard from Chinese lips. Sia Sek Ong, the presiding elder, said: "To-day God reproves my weak faith. Three years ago when I came to this district, Mr. Ahok began coming to church. I could not believe that a man of his social and business relations could really become a Christian. I tried to believe, yet my faith was too weak. Now the people begin to say, 'Mr. Ahok is failing in business, has lost 60,000; see, his store is closed every few days.' We need not correct these rumors. People will soon discover that Mr. Ahok closes his store on certain days because he is a Christian." I suppose every one present felt his want of faith reproved as the heads of this influential family appeared at the altar and in the most public way possible solemnly cast their lot with the people of God. We shall never forget the sight. The strong and fearless business man, the cultured lady, and the tottering great-grandmother, constituted a unique trio. The writer also had the privilege of baptizing a blacksmith, who has been trying to lead a Christian life since the protracted meetings in January, 1882. His shop is also closed on Sunday, making in all five shops or stores closed every Sunday in the immediate vicinity of our Mission compound. But a year or two ago it was the great and general lament of all that not a single place of business in all this vast city was closed on Sunday.

On the evening of this ever-memorable day six pupils from the lately reorganized and enlarged woman's school and a student from the Anglo-Chinese College united with the Church on probation. The latter entered college over a year ago, and had been with us less than one term when he was called home to see his sick father. During his brief stay among us he had manifested an interest in the truth and but very little in his studies. We learned afterward that during his father's illness the older sons wished to resort to expensive heathen ceremonies in order to secure the aid of the idols in their affliction. The young man told them of Christianity, and dissuaded them from every thing of the kind. When the old gentleman was to be buried the same difficulty arose again among the sons; the older ones could think of nothing but the most elaborate heathen ceremonies, the younger one stronger than ever in his plea for Christian simplicity and

quietness on all such occasions. The neighbors said, "Mr. Ngu was almost buried like a Christian, and it is all owing to that son of his who has been to school at Foochow; the youngster is as skillful in argument as the Christian preacher."

## JOY OF PERFECT LOVE.

When love is the master-passion of the soul duty rises to delight—"We lose the duty in the joy." Duty is there, stern as ever. It must be. But when the heart is "dead to sin," and perfect love is enthroned, that which would otherwise be a burden or a task becomes a pleasure. The mother owes many a duty to the child of her bosom, and the little one by its very helplessness appeals for their performance. Yet the mother never hears the stern demand of duty. Her warm heart beats to the sweet melodies of a quenchless affection. She never thinks of duty while she is yet discharging it. And so with obedience to a heart that perfectly loves God. Nay, the Saviour has infinite condescension used earthly relationships to teach and illustrate Divine truths. And we find him calling the Church his "bride." What does it mean? On this side it means that he "loved the Church, and gave himself for it;" that he loved human souls enough to die for each, a whole Christ for every sinner. But surely on the bride's part it implies the perfect love that loves too much to swerve from duty. Can it mean less? In every age and clime the bride and bridegroom have been the emblems of highest choice, deepest attachment, perfect love. And the moment that affection declines to mere duty, the union is broken. It has given up its very life. The outward bond that still exists is but a name, a flower without a scent, a cloud without rain, well without water, a day without brightness. If the Church is the bride of Christ, perfect love should be her very life.

Yes, to perfect love obedience is joy. And it is a thousand-fold more exalted and Christ-like to have the whole stream of affection running toward God and obedience than to have to fight an "enemy within" in order to be able to keep a clear conscience. Better to pray because I delight than because I must! And more beautiful to "work the works" which God has given me to fulfil, because "the love of Christ constraineth," than to have the task element as an unlovely feature in one's religious life, through not possessing perfect love.—*The Rev. W. C. L. Christian.*

## TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

At a recent meeting of the Irish Temperance League, Belfast, by which a breakfast was given in honor of Rev. Charles Garrett, President of the Wesleyan Conference, that minister said: "He would turn away from himself to congratulate them on the altered position of the temperance movement since forty-four years ago, when he signed the temperance pledge. The change was a marvellous one, and those who were the oldest were the most struck with the change, and were the most grateful and hopeful as to the ultimate result. Forty-four years ago the drink traffic was supreme. It stood head and shoulders above all other trades, and even appropriated to itself the name of 'the trade.' It was known everywhere as 'the trade,' as if there was no other. It stood lifting up its head above all others; founded upon appetite, buttressed by interest, defended by science, blessed by the Church, and supported by everybody. Now forty-four years had rolled away, and they saw it to-day in an entirely altered position. Now science branded it as a monster, the Church declared it to be criminal, and the State was treating it like a ticket-of-leave man, asking whether it should renew its licence for another year, or banish it entirely from the land as an incorrigible enemy to both God and man. He

looked back to the time at which he signed the pledge, after a lecture by the late John Cassell, and they must not forget that this country and the world owed the immense boon conferred on it by the firm of Cassell to the temperance movement. It would be a capital subject for a lecture, the indirect results of total abstinence. Its indirect results would be quite as remarkable as its direct results. But for it there would not have been that grand scene being witnessed now in Birmingham. They knew where John Bright learned to speak. He learned on temperance platforms. The indirect results had been very remarkable. He (the speaker) remembered when he first believed it his duty to become a total abstainer—the warning he had received at home as to the inevitable result that would follow. He was told that he was threatening his life, and was really about to commit suicide. When he went into the Church his class leader took hold of him, and said, "That is a very wrong thing. You cannot know what you have done; this is altogether a Radical movement. It is led on by a lot of Chartists in Manchester. This is a Chartist movement designed to upset the throne, and everything will be destroyed if it goes on." So his loyalty to the Queen, his love to Christ, and his selfishness as to his health was appealed to. People thought that total abstinence was injurious to health, injurious to morals, and that it interfered with their loyalty to Christ. Looking at the state of public opinion now they could easily see how it had been corrected. He thanked them very heartily for the opportunity given him of knowing them face to face. It had been a joy to him to be there, and it would be a very bright and pleasant memory in years to come to know that there were so many good men and true in this great stronghold of Protestantism devoted to temperance work ready to take their place, and never to rest until they have freed their country from the greatest curse that has ever afflicted it.

## DEATH.

Some Swiss peasants not very long ago were feeding their flocks on one of the lofty upland valleys. On one side of the pasturage stood a number of chalets or wooden huts, in which they were accustomed to live during the summer, poor shelters which were left as soon as the winter set in. One day they heard a strange rumbling up in the lofty Alps, and they understood what it meant; it meant that a mass of rock or snow or ice had fallen, and would soon come crashing down in the form of an avalanche. In a brief space their fears were realized, for they saw a tremendous mass come rushing from above, bearing destruction in its course. What did it destroy? Only the old, crazy chalets, that was all. Every man of the shepherds was safe and untouched; the event was rather to them a matter which caused a Te Deum to be sung in the village church below than a subject of mourning and sorrow. They said: "The avalanche is terrible, but it has not slain the aged mother, nor crushed the babe in its cradle; it has injured none of us, but only buried a few hovels which we can soon rebuild."

This case is a picture of ours. The avalanche of death will fall; but O ye saints when it comes this is all it will do for you—your earthly house will be dissolved. Will you fret over so small a loss? No evil will come nigh to you; the poor hut of the body will be buried beneath the earth, but as for yourself, what will you have to do but to sing an everlasting Te Deum unto him who delivered you from death and danger, and raised you to his own right hand? Death, as it pulls away our sackcloth canopy, will reveal to our wondering eyes the palace of the King wherein we shall dwell forever, and, therefore, what cause have we to be alarmed at it? I have set out the whole catastrophe before you, and surely no believer trembles in view of it.—*Spurgeon.*

## WORDS OF WARNING.

A writer in the *Christian Union* points out some far too prevalent evils which are destroying the spirituality and fervour of our churches. One is a growing misapprehension about Christian fellowship; the deplorable idea that the church must furnish what the world calls "society." The modern "communion of saints" is freely believed to involve salad and ice; that your church will not be "successful" unless you "get the people together for social intercourse." There must be "social intercourse" in church life; but the fellowship of the ideal church is on a basis of Christian work, and prayer, and benevolence, and the friendly visit to the stranger, the sympathetic call upon the sick and sad, the mutual intermingling of friend with friend; and not on a basis of social pleasure. It is the fellowship that springs up naturally between hearts that are alike earnest to follow Christ, to work for him, to bring the world to him; or that fellowship, different but equally noble, between one who yearns to do good and one who, though not a Christian, feels the power of Christian interest and sympathy. Another of these little foxes which spoil the vines is that prevalent conventionalism expressed by the phrase, that "Everybody must be made to feel at home;" which practically means, that before or after divine service everybody must chat with and nod to his neighbour, and gaily discuss current topics, in order to dispel the feeling of "stiffness." This has starved the soul of many and many an attendant at church by driving away all thought of seeking Christ in his own means of grace; by utterly dispelling the solemn impressions that may have been registered by the service upon the soul. A third growing evil is the practice of church societies, conducted by an organized entertainment committee, and the arranging of fairs, dramatic, literary, or musical exhibitions, for the filling of empty treasuries and the bolstering up of sickly enterprises. These methods are depriving our churches of spiritual vigor and extending the energy of our converts into channels that lead them back towards the world rather than forward to the higher heights of the Christian life.

## "SOMETHING BETTER."

Many years ago, while I was pastor at Brookline, I took a seat in the cars one morning for Boston, by the side of Professor Hackett. I always felt that such a position was a providential privilege to be improved. Soon therefore, I drew my learned friend into conversation, by mentioning a skeptical work I had lately read, remarking that some of the infidel objections in the work were new to me and seemed very strong. "Strong, strong," said he, in his nervous way. "I see stronger difficulties than infidelity ever presented, but give me something better than Christianity to stand on and I'll step off. Till that better something is presented I stand and shall stand where I am." The remark, like many another from the good professor's lips, has abode with me and done me good. When some new skeptic comes forward, to try his hand at demolishing Christianity I ask, Can you offer anything firmer and better? If not spare your pains and leave the believer the one standing place to which he clings and on which millions are reposing. Amid the troubled sea of life there floats this one ark of refuge. If you know a stronger and safer one, do for humanity a sake point it out, and guide me and struggling souls everywhere to its rest.—*W. Lamson D. D.*

If you want to begin the Christian life, commit yourself to Jesus Christ. That is the first step; the path then leads straight on forever.