

The Wesleyan.

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FROM THE PAPERS.

The *Catholic World* calls Monsignor Capel, who baptized the Marquis of Bute, the "Apostle to the Gentes."

The Merchants' Exchange in San Francisco was closed on the first Sabbath in April for the first time since its organization. A placard at the door announced, "Closed on account of the Sunday Law."

There are twenty-three vacant Congregational churches in the State of Connecticut looking out for a good minister, and about twice that number of good ministers ready to serve them, the *Congregationalist* says, if an amicable arrangement could be brought about.

In a discussion of woman's work in missions, in a certain mission in China, it was decided, with but one dissenting voice, that it was more important than man's. Christianize the women, and idolatry must cease, was the expression of the feeling.—*Baptist Missionary Magazine*.

Never sneer at what is sometimes called modern culture again. It has paid the daughter of Bayard Taylor to become a thorough German scholar, for she is now using her knowledge to translate Edwin Booth's acting plays into German, receiving, it is said, \$1000 for each play.—*Christian Union*.

The Rev. Dr. Knox, of Belfast, in a paper published in the *Family Treasury*, on "The Non-Church-going," suggests the formation in every congregation of a society of Christian workers to visit within given districts all non-church goers, and the establishment in Sunday-schools of an adult department.

The *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette* notices that the *Record*, in the first number of the new issue, gives fifty-six lines under the heading "Irish Church," and that the fourth of these have reference to the Presbyterian church, leaving the people to conclude that Presbyterians "have an equal right to the title of Irish Church." So they have.

We knew a sweet and saintly Christian lady of advanced age who read the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel every day. She knew it all by heart, but still she found a blessing in the reading of it. A child knows its mother, loves it, but loves to be told of it again and again. The words of love are always sweet to the loving heart.—*Nashville Advertiser*.

Mr. George William Curtis in a recent editorial in *Harper's Weekly* relates a truth which the younger readers and writers of America cannot near too often. "It is," he says, the felicity of our first great literary epoch, which is ending, and among whose beloved names are Irving and Bryant and Hawthorne and Longfellow and Emerson, that the lives of its masters were irreproachable."

The beer bill of Germany begins to excite comment at home. A member of the German Parliament observed that the "armed peace" from 1872 to 1880 had cost five milliards of marks (\$1,250,000), whereupon the *North German Gazette* declared that in the same time 63 milliards worth of beer and nearly a milliard worth of brandy had been consumed—a drink bill of \$1,800,000,000.

The places where we have prayed together, the men and women with whom we have walked to the house of God in company, the teachers from whom we have received religious counsel, the altars where we have partaken of the Christian sacraments, the loving hearts from whom we have caught fresh inspirations of faith in the divine mystery—these places and persons are among the holiest memories of our earthly life.—*Zion's Her.*

Mr. Whittier told the Boston correspondent of *The Providence Press* that one day he was driving with Emerson down one of the Concord roads and talking about theology. "As we drove past a certain house, Mr. Emerson said, turning his head toward it, 'There lives a good Calvinist woman who prays for me every day,' and then with his fine indescribable smile, 'I'm glad of it.'"

The *Christian World* is not frightened over the discussion of fundamentalism now going on. It says: "The great body of intelligent persons have now awakened to the duty of proving all things, and the spirit of earnestness and reverence in which investigation is, on the whole, conducted warrants the hope that, in spite of haste and impatience; the general issue will be not a dissolution of all religious bonds, but a holding fast to that which is good."

Rev. Dr. Schaff says in a recent article in the *Sunday School Times*: "It is very significant that the inscription on the cross was in three languages: in Hebrew, the language of religion; in Greek, the language of culture; and in Latin, the language of empire—thus proclaiming that Jesus of Nazareth died for all nations and all classes of men."

"Many times," writes Mr. Spurgeon in his *Sword and Trowel*, "we meet in American newspapers with our own name adorned or disfigured with a doctor's degree. In a periodical we see month after month an extract from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, D.D. We like the prefix quite as well as the affix—that is to say we detest them equally."

The *London Spectator* says: "There can be no doubt, we imagine, that, as a church, Rome, while not favorable to the separation of Ireland from England, with the consequent rise of an irreligious class to power, and the effacement of English Catholics, is heartily opposed to the land league, to the entire policy of outrage by whomsoever ordered, and to the principle governing the 'no rent manifesto.'"

"You cannot legislate men out of their drinking habit," say anti-prohibitionists. Who proposes that? Nobody. Prohibitionists aim only to abolish open drunkard factories. "Why try to force men to pray, at the muzzle of a revolver?" say those who misrepresent prohibition. Our aim is only, and in the name of public policy, to silence those who professionally manufacture blasphemers.—*N. W. Advertiser*.

When a man is not willing to do anything for the heathen, it is sometimes for a heathenish reason that he is not. To look out for one's self, or one's near friends, and to be careless of what comes to others, is part of the old heathenism, and of all heathenism. When one is in this state of mind, and says there are chances enough to do good near home, he may make a close application of his own words to himself.—*Congregationalist*.

The *Sydney Mail*, in a sketch entitled "Aristocratic Vagrants," renews the oft repeated warning against sending young men of idle habits to the Colonies, in the hope that the atmosphere of Australia will reform the "ne'er-do-wells" of English growth, and imbue them with a desire for work which they never felt at home. The warning cannot be too often repeated, both for the sake of the indolent youth themselves and for the sake of the Colonies.—*The Colonies*.

Do not forget the stranger. If you know of any near you invite them to church; if they come uninvited, extend to them all proper courtesies. Invite them to an eligible seat, supply them with hymn-books and Bibles. At the close of the service extend to them your hand. Invite them to come again and occupy your pew. Be sure to introduce them to the pastor. Never excuse yourself by saying you do not know the parties. That is the very reason you should speak to them at church.—*N. E. Methodist*.

We understand that the subject of a temperance organization for adults is to be brought forward at several of the May District Committees. Apropos of temperance work, Dr. Chadwick, speaking of the Church of Ireland Temperance Society in the Synod, stated that they had almost 60,000 members enrolled—making one-tenth of the whole church; and this society has only been in existence four years. Why should Methodism be behind all other churches in this matter?—*Irish Evangelist*.

"Honest Tim" writes a very readable article for the *Baptist Beacon* on seven ministerial mistakes. He names slovenliness in dress, long sermons, long prayers, pulpit apologies, and bragging on one's own sermons as very fatal mistakes. The seventh mistake is: "To think that indulgence in telling vulgar anecdotes will not affect the ministerial character. Indulge thus a little while and your character is honey-combed." Many do this to the ready compromise of themselves as indicated.

No special courses are prepared for lady students of the Harvard Annex. The instructors repeat the courses which they have given in college during the current year. In some cases a college three-hour course is given in the Annex as a two-hour course, the ladies thereby receiving somewhat less instruction. At the examinations, however, they receive the same test as the young men do, and receive it well too. They show a decided preference for the classical branches. They are reported to be enthusiastic over their work, but individually and collectively they do not desire coeducation; indeed, are opposed to it as strongly as are the male students.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

THE SASKATCHEWAN.

The Rev. John McDougall has been describing a tour in the Saskatchewan country. He writes: Before noon we came to another river, the Vermilion, this we carefully tried and then safely crossed over. This was the spot where, some years ago, my father and I in crossing lost our buckboard, and mother who was along, had to take to the saddle for the rest of the trip. But what did the loss of a vehicle or a horse or two now and then signify? We never made any returns for travelling expenses; and there was no one to grumble but ourselves, and for this we had no time.

On we went, and before dark came to another stream which goes by the not very euphonious name of Sucker Creek, which, at times, is a formidable affair. Here, when father and mother were moving from Victoria to commence at Edmonton, they lost a lot of household stuff, and father was carried, horse, wagon, and all, down the stream, and that for a long distance. Father, who was a powerful swimmer, had on a big pair of riding-boots; and then, to make matters worse, the wet lines got wrapped around his arm and he could not get himself disengaged from the wreck. Every little while the whole thing would strike a projecting tree, and again all would go under. Finally, he succeeded in working off the lines from his arm with his teeth, and then, by a superhuman effort, he made the shore, then running down the bank and across points, he kept pace with the horse and rig. As the current swept them along, now submerged and now coming to the surface, presently he had the satisfaction of seeing them swing into an eddy, and the faithful little horse seemed to take in the situation, and as soon as his feet touched the ground, and with merely his head out of the water, he stood still. Before him was a steep bank which, encumbered as he was, he could not climb; and if he moved any way up or down he would again be thrown into the current and swept on. This eddy was across from where father stood looking at his horse and wagon, and hoping that the horse would stand still until he might in some way reach him, he started back up the river to camp; on his way he met mother who with joy welcomed him back as it were from the dead; and then father hurrying on got back to camp and caught a stout horse he had, and mounting him, gave him some good cuts with the whip and plunged him into the stream. The horse took the ford gallantly, and when the tremendous current took his legs from under him he struck out with all his power for the other shore, and presently father had the satisfaction of galloping down to the rescue of his little friend in the eddy. As soon as father put his head over the brink of the steep bank, opposite to where he had left the horse, he was glad to see him still holding on, and right away the animal looked up and neighed a welcome. Soon, father was down beside him, and getting hold of the bridle he pulled and led him nearer the shore, then securing the wagon with a line he cut the horse loose and got him out. Afterward, when the whole party had crossed, they all came to the spot, and by dint of hard work got the wagon out, and up the bank.

Thinking of the past, and breathing a prayer for strength to emulate those who have gone, we drive on, and some time after dark, the snow still getting deeper, we camped just about opposite where we put ashore for breakfast (you will remember) when we were floating down the stream to Victoria. Here we put in a very cold night, and were glad to start out pretty early and reach Victoria for dinner. Stopping that afternoon and night with Bro. McLachlan and his estimable wife, we continued our journey on Friday for Whitefish Lake.

John Sinclair, the gentleman in charge of the H. B. Post at Victoria, kindly lent me a carriage, and I gladly left wheels for this mode of conveyance, which, when there is snow and cold, is very much easier on both man and beast.

Saturday evening, we reached the Mission House at Whitefish Lake. Bro. Steinhauser and family were well. Bro. S. had but recently returned from Ontario and the east,—his family and people delighted to see him back. The old veteran looks freshened up and recuperated by his visit; bodily and mentally he seems ready for another siege of work. How the old missionary's face would light up with enthusiasm as he told of the missionary spirit he found in the church, and of the great kindness and sympathy he met with during his sojourn in the east.

I was glad to meet my friends and fellow travellers, Mr. and Mrs. Youmans. They seem to have become by their years' sojourn at this mission, thoroughly acclimatized, and have gone into the work in good spirit. My visit to the Sabbath-schools fully convinced me of this. Bro. Youmans is making real progress in the language, and he is also teaching the children in English rapidly. He has acquired a knowledge of the syllabic, which is a great help to him. From what I saw during my visit I am glad to record my opinion that these friends are setting examples of industry, economy, civilization, and Christianity, such as cannot help but be of great benefit to the community in which their lot is cast.

The Sabbath and week-day services we engaged in during my stay at this mission were blessed seasons. It was my joy to listen to clear testimonies of God's converting grace. During the last evening of my stay we held a missionary meeting. The Indians made some capital speeches. The subscriptions amounted to about \$50, and we were much encouraged by the marked advance in understanding this matter by the natives.

English Methodism. In an article on the May meetings the *London Echo* says: An impression has recently gone abroad, derived chiefly from the statistics of the last few years of religious depression, that Methodism is a spent force; yet no thoughtful observer could have attributed any of the Wesleyan gatherings within the last few days and still have cherished the delusion that Methodism is an extinct volcano. It is only a week or two ago that the Wesleyans held their annual Educational Meeting in Exeter-hall. From the statements made in the report it appears that they not only have two training colleges for teachers of elementary schools, and some 1,200 certificated teachers now at work, but that they possess 835 day-schools in which more than three-quarters of a million of scholars are educated. It is true that these schools only cost the Wesleyans £22,000 a year, the remainder of their revenues being supplied by Government grants and scholars' payments. Passing to the Sunday schools, we find that the statistics deal in very big figures. There are in all 6,426 schools; an increase of 50 in the year, with 121,493 teachers, an increase of 1,582 in the year, attended by 819,259 scholars, an increase in the year of 23,137. Connected with these schools are nearly 2,000 Bands of Hope, with nearly 200,000 members. It is a significant fact that of late years almost all the great religious bodies have taken up the temperance movement as a part of their work; among Churchmen, Baptists, Methodists, and Congregationalists this is equally true.

To-day the Wesleyans are holding the annual meeting of their Home Missionary Fund in that cradle of Methodism, the City-road Chapel; to-morrow at the City Temple there will be a similar gathering in connection with the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund. Until within the last few years Wesleyan progress in London was comparatively slow. In the earlier days of the Connection large

and ugly buildings were erected in what were then the most populous quarters of the metropolis; during the last ten years there has been a rapid extension in the modern outer-suburbs. The old black-and-bare style of building is discarded, and, instead, we find churches springing up which, if not exactly models of ecclesiastical architecture, are a great advance upon the older meeting houses. This very month alone no less than half-a-dozen such churches are reported as either just commenced or just being opened at Streatham, Furbiton-hill, Putney, Crouch-end, Fulham, and Forest-gate. It is worthy of note, too, that the style of preaching in these suburban churches has undergone a change: men like Mr. Matthew Arnold, who study Methodists from the outside, and who complain of the dominant influence over them of "a mind of the third order," like that of John Wesley, would be astonished at the freedom with which the rising men discuss in the pulpit the great problems of the time. Orthodox they doubtless are; but they are not afraid to treat science with profound respect.

John Wesley said, "The world is my parish," and the Missionary Society of his followers, which spends about a hundred and fifty thousand a year upon mission work in all quarters of the world, shows how deeply his followers have been imbued with his idea. Their zeal indeed has sometimes outrun their discretion, for during the last few years a debt has been accumulated of £38,000, which need hardly be a matter of surprise, considering that the Wesleyan body have been engaged in raising a Thanksgiving Fund amounting to £303,000. Towards the removal of this debt £30,000 had been already promised, and on Saturday and Monday the remainder was wiped out. At the Saturday Breakfast in the Lower Exeter-hall considerable impetus was given to this effort by the offer of a venerable South African missionary, who had been presented with 250 guineas by the people among whom he laboured in the Diamond Fields, to devote the whole of it to the liquidation of the debt. After such an example the wealthy laymen present could not but follow suit. The missionary operations of the Wesleyan body extend to most of the Continental countries, as well as to our principal colonies, Western Africa and the South Seas. The most brilliant successes have been won in the Fiji Islands. We need not take the reports of the Society in evidence; the two volumes which Miss Gordon-Cumming published some months ago upon Fiji and the Fijians bear ample testimony to one of the most rapid and complete social revolutions that has been known in modern times.

How many missionaries are coming from the ranks of the converts of 1827?—*The Word, The Work, and The World*.

Philosophy has sometimes forgotten God as a great people never did. The scepticism of the last century did not uproot Christianity, because it lived in the hearts of millions. Do you think that infidelity is spreading? Christianity never lived in the hearts of so many millions as at this moment.—*Banquet*.

Just in proportion as a man becomes good, divine, Christ-like, he passes out of the religion of theorizing, of system building, and hiring service into the religion of beneficent activities. It is well to think well; it is divine to act well.—*Horace Mann*.

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prayer-meeting. Why should a man pray if he "doesn't like the minister?"

There are a number of reasons why some "don't like the minister."

Some of these reasons are good, no doubt, but many are the reverse. Neither the good nor the bad absolve a hearer from his duty. Perhaps it would be presumption to ask why you "don't like the minister?"—*Exchange*.

CONVERTED WHAT FOR.

The protracted meetings are over. The work of special evangelists is drawing to a close, the churches have received most of their accessions, the papers have reported and proclaimed the numbers—great numbers in many cases, too; and, now what of it all? What is to be the outcome, what is to be the actual gain in spiritual power, what is to be the future of these children of the kingdom, and what is the Church's responsibility to them? What were they converted for? Was it to swell a church-roll, to advertise an evangelist, to make an Easter show, to "join the Church;" to recruit the wretched ranks of worldly, waiting, worthless professors; to step out from their first communion with a paid-up soul-insurance policy in their pocket, and a license to live as the world lives; to go through the sad round of church festivals, and dancing Sunday school picnics, and society parties, and theatrical pleasures, and summer dissipations, and turn up at the next revival service withered and blighted backsliders, or hardened formalists, who have got sufficiently converted to keep them from ever seeking a true conversion, but not enough grace to withdraw one lust or sanctify one sin? There is a question in the Acts of the Apostles which every earnest convert and every faithful church may well ponder: "Unto what, then, were ye baptized?" It is a very solemn charge for the Church of Christ to have these tender babes put in her bosom. She is responsible for their future. Her spirit, example, and nurture will, in great measure, determine their stability and usefulness. Let her first put into their hands the Word of God, as the guide and strength of their life; let her take them by the hand and lead them out into the work of God, as the best discipline and incentive to their new powers; and let her teach them that the world is their field of Christian work, and that the Lord is calling many of them to enter its open doors, and go to its dying millions. One of our most useful evangelists is in the habit of closing his meetings by an address to young converts on foreign missions, and calling upon the youngest disciples to regard themselves from the first as Christ's messengers to a perishing world. It is sure to give them a broader and higher type of piety; and it is surely the true aim of all discipleship, and the loud and solemn message of the Master to His followers, in these last days.

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