

# The Wesleyan.

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## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Bishop Pierce lately rebuked unseemly religious professions. Said he, "The light-house fires no cannon to announce its presence—it simply shines at once a warning and a guide."—*Southern Christian Advocate.*

There seems to be something lacking in a crowded church when scarcely a child's face is to be seen. This separation of parents and children around the altars of the Church is ominous. Here is something for pastors and parents to consider.—*Nashville Ad.*

From an invalid's room have gone out the sweetest thoughts ever come into words, which, repeated by thousands, have stimulated the living and cheered the dying; and from many an evening time of life the most golden rays of influence have fallen upon the hearts of men.—*Western Ch. Advocate.*

Two letters from members of the Board of Overseers now abroad have had great influence in determining the minds of the Board: one from Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., in favor of granting the degree, and another from Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D., in opposition to it, and the latter seems to have had a controlling weight in the matter; and so Gov. Butler goes unopposed by the University of Harvard.—*Journal of Education.*

Of the late Bishop Peck an editor says:—"He was a liberal man. His money was freely given to all good causes, so far as he was able, and in this respect he was an example worthy of imitation. It is not infrequently occurs that ministers, whose duty it is to preach the grace of liberality, do not practise it, and are themselves penurious to a sad degree. Bishop Peck gave his all to the Church, and died like Wesley, without an extra word left."—*Journal of Education.*

Following are good rules for public speakers, and if carefully observed would largely increase the average audience: "First, Know what you are going to say. The second, Endeavor to say it for yourself. The third, Be natural and unadorned. By bearing in mind these simple injunctions any man, free of congenital or acquired defects, and if he might not be a good speaker, could hardly fail in being an agreeable and sympathetic speaker."—*Central Methodist.*

A woman went one day to hear a D. D. preach, and, as usual, carried a pocket Bible with her, and she might turn to any of the passages the preacher might happen to refer to. But she found the age had no use for her Bible these days; and, coming away, said to a friend, "I should have left my Bible at home to-day, and have brought my dictionary. The Doctor does not read in Scripture, but in such learned words and phrases as require the help of an interpreter to render them intelligible."—*American Paper.*

A drinking wife; a scandal float; a venal husband; the alleged despoiler of womanly virtue and the good name of a household is shot dead. A trial; the murderer is cleared, and the majesty of the law is paralyzed. Wine did the business. A woman was unsexed; two homes blighted; one man lies in a bloody grave, and another walks the earth with the taint of human blood upon his hands. These are the victims. Society, which licenses the saloons, is the criminal.—*Texas Advocate.*

Christians, don't forget to pray! The demands of business are inexorable. It requires early departure from the home in the morning, and close attention during the hours of the day. Worn-out mind and body demand a full night's sleep. Christian men content themselves with a verse or two of Scripture, and a hurried prayer. Others do not find time even for this. But prayer is the Christian's vital breath. He cannot dispense with it, and retain Christian life. Make time for prayer, and hold it as sacred as any business engagement.—*N. Y. Ad.*

At a Diocesan Missionary meeting in Chicago some years ago, when after urgent applications for missionaries and appropriations, the treasurer had reported that so far from doing more, he had not the money then due, Bishop Whitehouse, having listened patiently, at last arose, and remarked that he "knew of a plan by which all the indebtedness of the Board could be paid and ample provisions could be made for the new stations that the Board would recommend." It is this, said he, "if all the Churchmen in Illinois, who smoke, will give me the value of one cigar a day." That brings the thing right down from being a question of possibility to one of will, and that on the part of Christian persons.—*Church News.*

Zion's Herald says: Day-dreaming is only building "castles in the air." It puts nothing good into one's character. It accomplishes nothing valuable to the church or to society.

If our faith stops in Christ's life, and does not fasten upon the blood, it will not be justifying faith. His miracles, which prepared the world for His divinity, His holiness, which fitted Himself for His sufferings, which were insufficient for us without the addition of the cross.—*Iowa Methodist.*

It is a great loss to Sackville to lose Professor Weldon and Professor Goodwin in one year. On the other hand it is a great honor that two students of that institution should thus be called upon to fill important positions in other colleges. No doubt the salary at Kingston will be much larger—probably a great deal larger—than at Sackville. It is pretty clear that if we want to retain our scholars in New Brunswick we must pay them better.—*St. John Globe.*

A correspondent of the London Daily News said last week, "Non-conformists in country parishes suffer annoyance of various kinds for daring to avail themselves of the provisions of the new Burial Act; and then, when a knowledge of this fact detours some Non-conformist from attempting to do so, bishops and clergymen exultingly point to the fervency of Non-conformist burial services as a proof that the Act was passed only to remove an imaginary grievance."

The following suggestion of the Congregationalist remains us—well it does not matter much who it was: "The minister who takes up any large amount of time with an address in opening the prayer meeting need not expect the brethren to follow promptly. Many a time has the pastor or so far exalted the subject that every thought of it that was in the minds of the brethren has been rolled over and over before they are given a chance."

The Albany Times speaks of the two great evils of American schools, over-crowding and over-teaching, and makes the following suggestive statement: "It is a fact which Americans may as well acknowledge first as last, that their educational system contains some radical defects. Our school children are far from strong, mentally and physically, and the education given is often far from practical. Any well considered plans to improve the system by remedying these defects should meet with careful consideration."

A clergyman writes of the Boston Baptist Meeting, describing 4,000 converts, a new Mexican town of 4,000 inhabitants, on the railroad, about thirty miles north of El Paso. It has a convent and Roman church; it has also "a small Mexican Methodist church, established a few years since," and "three weeks ago a Presbyterian church was organized, with six persons." He begs some "benevolent brother, sister, Sunday-school, or church," to send him \$100 to start a Baptist church, for which he has found five members.

One hundred and ten new members were received into the church by the Rev. Mr. Talmage, lately, making the total membership of the Tabernacle, 2920. It was announced that the service would be the last until the fall. Mr. Talmage spoke from Isaiah vi, part of verse 2, describing the glory of the seraphim. He deplored the irreverence of this age, toward parents, and toward serious and sacred things. "It is like a tack-hammer trying to break a thunderbolt," he said. "Don't be flippant about God; don't joke about death; don't make fun of the Bible; don't deride eternity." The brightest and mightiest of angels take no familiarities with God!—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A correspondent of Church bells writes:—"A young tradesman in the West of England, respectable, well conducted, much esteemed by his own friends and associates, fell into a rapid consumption. After he had earnestly considered the subject of his own state, a great change came over him, and he was desirous to receive the sacrament. The vicar of the parish, an able, experienced, and devoted parish priest, prepared him for Holy Communion, and his mother and sister, both of them communicants, looked forward to partaking for the first and last time together with him. He was suddenly taken much worse late one evening, and the senior curate, who was sent for in the vicar's absence, said that he himself had dined, and could not possibly administer the sacrament; if the man lived he would do so in the morning. The poor fellow died soon after, and his relations felt the denial deeply. The last consolations were withheld because the curate had had his dinner!"

## THERE IS ROOM.

What a glorious declaration is this in regard to the gospel. There is yet room. Millions have been invited, and have come, and have got to heaven—but heaven is not yet full. There is a banquet there which no number can exhaust; there are fountains which no number can drink dry; there are harps which other hands can strike; and there are seats there which others may occupy. Heaven is not full, and there is yet room. The sabbath-school teacher may say to his class, there is yet room; the parent may say to his children, there is yet room; the minister of the gospel may go and say to the world, there is yet room. The mercy of God is not exhausted; the blood of the atonement has not lost its efficacy; heaven is not full. What a sad message it would be if we were compelled to go and say, "There is no more room, heaven is full. No other can be saved. No matter what their prayers, or tears, or sighs, they cannot be saved. Every place is filled; every seat is occupied!" But thanks be to God, this is not the message we are to bear; and if there is room, come, sinners, young and old, and enter into heaven. Fill up that room, that heaven may be full of the happy and the blessed. If any part of the universe is to be vacant, let it be the dark world of woe!—*Abolitionist.*

FRANCE AND THE GOSPEL.

It may confidently be held that the day of gloom will speedily pass away from the French Republic. The days of her mourning have been many and prolonged. Let us hope that they will soon be ended. There must surely be a brighter future for a people so appreciative of beauty, so keenly intellectual, and so full of heart. But France cannot be healed except at the feet of the Saviour. It is not merely an idle fancy which sees a movement dawning there. There are many agencies at work in various parts of the land, and all of them meet with success. In and around Paris, Mr. Gibson, Mr. M'All, and Miss Booth also, find prompt response. In Southern France a genuine revival is reported from among the Methodist societies of the Covenants. An increase of one hundred during the past year upon a register of less than two thousand in connection with the French Conference shows a proportion much in excess of that recorded at home. It will be a new departure for French Methodism when such revivals become the habit of the Church life. The doctrines and the usages of Methodism are such as will meet the need and suit the temperament of the people. They are the usages and doctrines which have stirred the souls and called forth the sincere and fervid testimonies of nations more phlegmatic than that of France. If readers doubt, they may cross the Channel and visit Paris. Under the guidance of Mr. Gibson or of any of his household of workers they may find their way to one of the Reunions Populaires, and there they may hear for themselves the old-fashioned story of sin and salvation, of penitence and faith, of pardon and peace. Or they may choose to test the work at Havre. There in the French meeting-room they may see a hundred persons of all ages listening attentively to an earnest Gospel discourse. That ended, the whole assembly remains for the after meeting, one for testimony. There is no need for prompting now. The English pastoral care—"Now brethren, let no time be lost!"—is not heard here. It is rather the old-fashioned restraint—"One at a time, friends!" Old men, gray-headed, and late yet in their teens, marries and maidens, one after the other, will tell how mercy found them in their sins. There is no making the ring of either the voice or the experience. Their penitence does not mean penance, their faith is a heart trust, and their pardon may be read in the love-light in their eyes. One

such genuine fellowship meeting will go a very long way towards answering many questions. Nor is the scene at all marred by the box which is regularly expected and regularly held at the doors. In a country where the State professedly provides religion for every one according to his creed it may be that one of the lessons least readily learnt will be that of supporting a voluntary ministry. Nevertheless the work steadily goes on, and Gospel agencies, of which Methodism need not be one of the least effective, are surely though slowly turning the long-lost wanderer back to an unknown Saviour. France restored to Christ will assuredly be the faithful ally of England, in peace and well doing.—*Watchman.*

SPEAK OUT.

The interests of truth demand outspokenness. How is error to be met but by the bold proclamation of the truth? How are the emissaries of Satan paining upon mankind his lies—always at it, night and day—how are they to be silenced but by witnesses faithfully crying in their ears, "This is a lie and that is a lie. This is the truth and this is the way; we know, we see, we feel—walk ye in it." Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die? They want outspoken witnesses. There are plenty of false witnesses now as there ever were and what does Jesus Christ want? He wants his true witnesses to come out and face them and be a match for them—not to sneak away in holes and corners and be ashamed of it and talk about an unobtrusive religion—unobtrusive nonsense! There is no such thing! Come out before the world. If he be God speak for him. As Elijah said: "If he be God serve him; but if not, serve him." Then away with all this nonsense, your saucy antics and Bibles and professions—leave done with it all and follow Jesus. Be one thing or the other. If he is God serve him. And methinks the words of an Elijah now to come and ring it all through England. I would like to see any man get up and make a straightforward recognition of an appeal to God in our House of Parliament and I would like to see how he would be greeted.

I was strolling as I was passing the Royal Exchange and saw on the top of the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," how many believed it who walked beneath its shadow. "I wonder what anyone would be thought of were he practically to recognize the fact. "Oh!" they would say, "he's not fit for his post—you'll have to take him away; he's a little affected in his head." Oh! you know it is so; but God is not mocked though men think he is. God sits in the circle of heaven, and though the people do rage and the heathen imagine a vain thing and the kings of the earth set themselves, he is laughing at them and by-and-by will come their calamity.

We say the world is dying—what for? Sermons? No. Periodicals? No. Religious stories? Oh! dear, no. There is no chance of a want of them for many a long year to come. Dying for disquisitions? No. For speculative theories? No. For creeds and battles? Oh! you might have them by the dozen. What is it dying for?—down right, straightforwardness, loving, earnest testimony about what God can do for souls. That is what it wants. That is what those poor men in the shops, those walking up and down Oxford street, in the theatres, in the dancing saloons, in the concert rooms—everywhere, that is what men want—somebody to come and take them loosely by the collar and tell them that God is God and can save them. "He can save me my brother and he can save you!" That is what the world wants. One word like that is better than a sermon and it will do more for God and the salvation of the world. Oh, yes, men are saying, in fact all over this land, thousands, "Here I am, a

poor slave of sin. I know it." They say it in their consciences though they do not say it to you. They say it often to us when they are pushed into a corner by the sword of the Spirit. "I know I am wrong, sinful, wicked." As that dear John Allen whose life I have been telling about said once when sitting swearing, surrounded by his companions, "Jock, if you were to die what would become of you?" "I should go to hell, straight!" He was an honest fellow. He knew where he was going and he said it.—*Mrs. Catherine Booth.*

## MEXICO.

At the late session of the Irish Conference the Rev. William Butler, D.D., formerly of the Irish Conference, general superintendent of the missions of the Methodist Church in Mexico, was introduced, and by request addressed the Conference. In rising to speak, Dr. Butler received a very cordial greeting. He said he appeared there that day under considerable feeling, as he stood on the place where he had been ordained to the ministry in 1840. There was no spot on earth so dear to him. Many years ago the Rev. James Lynch, who had been Dr. Coke's companion, laid his hand upon his head, and he was sent out to India; but wherever he had been he had never ceased to love Ireland. He had the honor to have a son as his successor in Mexico, and he would rather have that house than to see him President of the United States. He came from Mexico—now the most Protestant of all Roman Catholic countries. He remembered when General Santa Anna was dictator of Mexico, and when no Bible or missionary could enter that land. He lived to see that man deposed, and visited him with some American gentlemen, and found him in a state of great poverty, in a poor street, supported by a piñata from his clerical friends. There was no nun or convent, monk or monastery, or Jesuit in all that land. He was there the day they were turned out. On that morning the editor of the *Monitor Republicano* headed the leading article in that paper, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, farewell." The country was now open to all Evangelical Churches, and he was told by the present President of the Republic to come to him at any time of the day or night if he received any opposition in the prosecution of his work. He had purchased the convent of San Francisco, which is built on the site of the old Palace of Montezuma, and there the mission had a chapel, school, and book concern. He had also purchased for 10,000 dollars the Inquisition, where the awful cruelties common to such places had been practised. When the Revolution took place the people burst into the building, and after careful examination of the walls discovered the secret cells where some victims had been built up alive and allowed to perish. Four of these were brought forth by the people and their photographs taken in the public marketplace that the sun might perpetuate after generations the deeds that had been done in darkness. In that place they had now an institution for training young men for the ministry.

The cordial thanks of the Conference were presented to Dr. Butler for his valuable address, and a resolution was adopted expressive of sympathy with him in his work.

## ZENANA VISITING.

Miss Tucker, so well known as A. L. O. E., writes from Batavia:—"I paid a very interesting visit to-day to the Zenana of the sister of Haidishah. You may possibly remember the story of that dear lady, a supposed descendant of Mahomet, who was taught in our Mission school, and

departed this life a humble believer in Christ, confessing Him before his bigoted relatives, and glorifying Him by a pure consistent life. His sister's Zenana has been five times closed against me, but I thought to-day that I would try again to gain entrance. To my true pleasure I was welcomed by the poor sister, who is very sad, her husband does not care for her, though she is an attractive young creature. He has made her mother go away, and her younger brother has gone with her. The poor sister's eyes dropped tears, as she told me of her lonely, desolate condition, but what was most touching was her reference to her Christian brother. "He has gone to God," she said. The Mahomedan appears not to have the slightest doubt that her brother is now in the place "which is best for all." I read to her from the gospel, that book which was so dear to her brother that he would not carry it like other volumes, under his arm, but on his breast. I asked the bibi her name, for though I had been a dozen times to the Zenana I have never heard it. "She would not tell me. 'Call me Tatt, Shah's sister,' she said, that is a good name. The fragrance of that youth's early piety, lingers in his Mahomedan home. Please ask your praying friends to remember Tatt, Shah's desolate sister. There is another bibi for whom I would ask special prayer, Mitir-Nissa, 'the lady of kindness.' She is a fine woman, good looking, intelligent, one of the very few women in Batavia, who can read Urdu. Her antecedents were very bad, but she is, I believe, really desirous, to lead a good life and get to heaven, in the Mahomedan way, for she is a strong Mahomedan. She and I usually look on each other as sitting in darkness, yet mutually feel very kindly towards each other. She welcomes me cordially, and listens readily to the Word of God. I was encouraged the other day by her look of earnest, grave attention, when I read to her of Christ and his burden of sin. Still she clings fast to Mahomet. I made an agreement with her that till we meet again, we should pray for each other's enlightenment morning and night. I do not think she will forget. It is much more cheering to converse with even a prejudiced Mahomedan, than with the careless creature whom one so often meets in Zenanas. There alas! it seems that one is soiling by the wayside! Yet one should never despair. There is one place to which it seemed both to your biwewoman and myself almost useless to go. However, I thought 'as the door is open, I should not neglect it altogether.' So I went, and from that visit, three nice Zenanas (new ones) were open to me, Mitir Nissa's being the second."

"The atonement is a profound reality in Methodism. It is the central truth of our theology, the harmony of our doctrines, the light of our faith, the light of our religious experience, the effective element of our preaching, the impulsive force of our evangelical working. Justification by faith, regeneration, adoption, the witness of the Spirit, sanctification, so vital in Methodism, have no real ground, except in the atonement. Without this truth all that is evangelical must fall away, and a mere moral system remain. How different from our historic and present Methodism! What a change with the redeeming Christ no longer in our hymns, and prayers, and sermons, lost to our faith, lead to our Christian life! What a paralysis of all the forces of our evangelical work! As our fathers cherished this great truth as the source of our salvation, the impetus of their zeal, and the power of their success, so will we cherish it. *John Davenport Lockwood, Advocate.*

Do you ask me, how I feel, when I am having much to do with Jesus? Every beat of the pulse is a loud song from God.—*John Davenport Lockwood.*