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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Do you pray for the success of mission work? That is well, but how much do you pay?—Ez.

A prayer meeting ought to be kept brisk and bright. A long hymn, a long prayer, and, worst of all, a long talk, will "put a coldness" on it.—Baltimore Episcopal Methodist.

The preacher who tries to do all the work of his church is better than the one who does nothing. Both cultivate inactivity and promote inefficiency in the church, but the former keeps himself alive; which the latter fails to do.—Halston Methodist.

The marriage insurance bubble that spread throughout Texas has at last burst and engulfed the young of that region in lots of trouble. While they have harvested nothing but misfortune, the officers of the concerns have lined their pockets with their ill-gotten gains.—Ez.

French newspapers have taken up the letter written by Darwin in which he says that he does not believe in Divine revelation, and they wonder why the English refuse to allow a living freethinker to take a seat in Parliament while they raise a monument in a cathedral to one when he is dead.

One pastor, anxiously praying and planning for revival meetings, is so impressed with the pressure of amusements, fairs, etc., upon the people as to declare: "The devil has a mortgage on us till Christmas, and then he will probably foreclose."—Independent.

The Bishop of Michigan hits hard at a class of ministers so deficient in manliness that they are always thinking "not how they may help men, but how men may help them," which he describes as a "chronic condition of being ministered unto."—Eccl.

The New York Observer says it is glad to see that there is a growing tendency on the part of college authorities to let the civil officers deal with students who violate the laws by committing assaults upon their fellows. A student at Bowdoin has just recovered \$2,700 as damages for injuries inflicted by hazing.

The American newspapers—even the most anti-British—speak of the "Queen" and "Her Majesty" and the sitting of Parliament as if the United States were still Crown Colonies and those entities were the controlling powers. The force of habit is so strong that a century does not destroy it altogether.—Toronto Globe.

A curate at the English Church Congress complained that in the West End of London curates were allowed to preach only on Sunday afternoons, to a congregation of servant girls. One did not get the best out of a man, he insisted, when relegated to those subordinate positions.—He did not count souls.

The India Watchman referring to the progress of the work in the Kolar Mission says: "It is somewhat difficult to instil the New Testament idea of a Christian—one joined to Christ by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and advancing in personal holiness, edifying believers, and leading sinners to Christ. But, difficult or not, this is the only standard of Christianity for adoption set before us in the Bible, and must be maintained."

We saw "the right hand of fellowship" given to a new Church-member during our late journeyings. The new sister sat in a chair, and the brothers and sisters came forward sheepishly and looking the other way extended to her two fingers each. It was painful to all concerned. The secret was, the meeting was as cold as an ice-house. The hand without the heart amounts to nothing.—Nashville Ad.

If Mr. Beecher had been educated as a Methodist in his youth and young manhood, he would have had less trouble with the problem of sin and its final retributions. The recent pamphlet presents his utterances in a much less objectionable light than the newspaper reports, and will be read with interest by those who are pleased to follow the modern trend of minds previously educated in, but blossomed from, a Calvinistic theology.—Zion's Herald.

It was in Macedonia that Christianity was first preached in Europe by a Christian Apostle in response to the cry, "Come over and help us." It is interesting to note that an Evangelical mission sponsored by Swiss, Dutch, and Scotch Methodists, whose agencies were in the heathen darkness when St. Paul first preached Christ in the Macedonian city, Philip-

pi,—now, after nearly two thousand years, bears back the gospel message to the degraded population of Macedonia.

An exchange says: "The Nickel Church to be built at Palestine, Texas, is to be paid for by not less than 200,000 persons contributing a nickel apiece." If those people will keep on giving nickels they will build that Church, sure enough. A few years ago a zealous brother in Marengo county supplied a Sunday-school of more than eighty scholars by receiving only one egg from each scholar every Sunday morning—and the school was all the better for it.—Alabama Advocate.

At least one of Mr. Herbert Spencer's criticisms of American social life may be profitably heeded, and that is that there is everywhere a tendency to let small annoyances alone, rather than make a fuss about them. The result is that the annoyances come to be regarded as the rule, and so our rights and our liberties are liable to be insidiously undermined. The old motto "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" is as true now as it was in the early days of the republic.—N. W. Ad.

A commission is now investigating, at Portland, the Maine Reform-School. Superintendent Farrington admitted that he has been in the habit of putting cayenne pepper in the boys' mouths as a punishment for swearing. He said that the novelty of the penalty had induced him to adopt it. The Superintendent might better have adhered to the time-honored domestic remedy and scoured the profane mouths with wood-shashes, than which nothing can produce a nastier sensation, while at the same time it is cheap and harmless.—N. Y. Tribune.

A correspondent writes to us that he was waiting at the Windsor railway station a few days ago, and saw three or four gentlemen from Clever standing near him. They all wore the Roman collar, and the limp felt hat, and the long, single-breasted frock coat which is the uniform of themselves and their friends. A gentleman who got out of the train was evidently surprised at seeing them; and asked one of the porters if they were Catholic priests. "No sir," was the reply, "they ain't Roman priests, but they be very good imitations of them."—The Rock.

Dr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, and one of the writers in "Essays and Reviews," has been elected Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University. Time was when it would have been useless to propose Dr. Jowett for this post, but Oxford has undergone a great revolution, and the home of the great High Church resuscitation of forty years ago has become the hotbed of scepticism and infidelity. Thus it comes to pass that Dr. Jowett, one of the most advanced of the school to which he belongs, is chosen to preside over what is still professedly a Christian University, without one protesting voice being raised.—Record.

A teacher writes in the Educational Advance: "How many have studied grammar until they can recite glibly every rule in the book, and who cannot write correctly a neat and expressive letter! It ought to be reasonably expected that a spelling school champion, who had learned by heart the time-honored 'blue back' word spell 'kind' with a 'k' if spelling it in a letter to his teacher. Yet we were the recipient of a letter containing this and many other mistakes of an equally ludicrous nature from a young man, too, whom we had previously failed to 'spell down' with Webster's spelling on two different occasions at spelling matches."

It is a puzzle to many persons why such evangelists as Mr. Simpson pitch their Gospel tents in such a place as his occupies, almost under the shadow of half a dozen church steeples or more. There is hardly a locality in the city which is better supplied with the means of grace. On the east side, among the lowly population of the crowded tenements, there is much more need of Gospel effort. A tent pitched somewhere near Tomkins Square would attract throngs of poor persons who are not reached by ordinary Church ministrations. If the evangelists with the tents really want to reach the masses of the people, they ought to go where the people are in mass.—N. Y. Sun.

The Rev. Dr. Bryden, of Liberia, is making an effort through the South to secure instructors for a College in the African Republic. We hope he may succeed in getting the right sort of men. There has been no disposition on the part of colored ministers to rush unduly into Mission work in Africa. An effort was made in a Col-

lege in Tennessee over two years ago to arouse interest in this direction, and after some weeks of earnest effort the President reported that a number of the students had attained a state of consecration in which they were ready to say, "Here am I, Lord; send him!" This sort of consecration seems very general among our colored brethren, and is sufficiently wide-spread among those of lighter hue.—N. Y. Ad.

WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE UNION.

The local press of Louisville, Ky., is almost a unit in the expression as to the dignity, earnestness and ability of the women composing the Temperance Convention just closed. The touch of womanly tenderness which was exhibited in the readiness to turn aside for a few moments from weighty consideration to receive, not the nation's President, but a deputation from news-boys, some barefooted, some rather tattered, almost all motherless, was a sentiment finding response in every heart.

Frances E. Willard came to the foot of the steps to receive the leader of the band, who presented her with flowers, in the name of the rest. Laying her hand upon his head in mute benediction, she led the way, and the little procession filed up, while their friends of the Newsboys' Home explained their position and gave touching incidents of their history. Mrs. Bent, of graceful bearing and golden cornet, played for them as though in the presence of royalty, causing impressions there that will follow those twenty-five boys with a softening, purifying influence through the coming years.

When one ballot was cast for National President, it was announced as the result: There is but one candidate; 219 votes for Frances E. Willard. No huzzas, not even the Chautauqua salute marked the joy, but a simultaneous uprising and a musical out-burst, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

She was led forward by Mrs. Foster, of Iowa, the destined Holofernes of the liquor traffic. The woman represented the fifty-nine thousand who were at home praying for her, for the great cause of temperance and their loved ones. In her own tender, inevitable way she thanked them and pledged herself anew to them and to the warfare, the watchword now as ever, "For God, and home, and our native land." The last day's session was a busy but harmonious one. The resolutions so much dreaded by a few, showed tact, judgment and superior wisdom, and were adopted with brief discussions. Sabbath day was marked by the general opening of the churches for the prominent speakers. Hannah Whitall Smith never had a more beautiful record than when she gave in the home of an invalid girl one of her most precious Bible readings.

On a table by the dainty couch were rarest flowers. One of the sweet singers of the convention gave an appropriate solo, loving prayers were sent up from the quiet women there assembled, while God's peace was over all. A more harmonious convention has never been recorded.

The national officers have been noted for dignity and ability and patience: the mother of the crusade, Mrs. Judge Thompson, and the mother of the convention, Mrs. Hill, of New Jersey; the child of the convention, sweet Anna Gordon, Miss Willard's private secretary, gentle, faithful, unselfish, won over a smile and tender recognition as she passed to and fro; Mary A. Woodbridge, Ohio's president and well-beloved of Maryland; the arm of Foster & Foster, Judith Ellen Foster, who, with her husband, was an honored guest in one of the principal homes of Louisville; Mrs. Willard, the able editor of the Chicago Signal, and Miss Winslow, of Ohio; Mrs. Stevens, of Maine, and her namesake of Massachusetts; Mrs. Denman, of New Jersey; Mrs.

Mary T. Burt, of New York, graceful and queenly; Miss Jennie Duty, of Ohio, whose young life is so full of beautiful deeds; Mrs. F. Chapin, of South Carolina, with a brilliant delegation; Mrs. Ingham, of Ohio, whose beautiful report of the crusade was so justly commended; quiet little Jennie Smith, so marvelously healed, and whose name is so beloved by all the railroad boys; Mrs. Barnes, of New York whom "our girls" claim; Mrs. Silbey, of Atlanta, Ga., who wore a dress spun in her husband's mill. Mrs. Bottome, of New York, whose drawing-room meetings have been such a blessing, scattering Scriptural forget-me-nots along the way at the noon hour, and—but I do not know where to pause—I will say last, not by any means least, the West Virginia delegation, led by Miss Taylor, its president, who is also president of Wheeling Female College, and Maryland, with its five representatives, three State officers and two State superintendents. "My Maryland" was there, with the District of Columbia and Delaware near by.

The next convention will be held in Detroit, Michigan.—Mrs. Georgie Hulse McLeod in Morning Herald.

CLOSE COMMUNION.

Under the title "The Sins of Close Communion" the Rev. E. H. Pratt tells in The Evangelist several stories which have come in the experience of a pastor, illustrating what are the language of Professor Willkison, "The amenities of Close Communion." The first case is that of a dying woman, member of the Presbyterian Church, to whom the communion was administered in her sick-room. Her husband, a Baptist, sat by approving the service, but refusing to join in it, because "his Church forbade" it. The next case is of a good Baptist woman residing seven miles from any Baptist Church, who asked the Presbyterian minister if it would be proper for her to commune with his church. He offered her a cordial welcome, but with an excess of conscientiousness, advised her to write to the church of which she was a member, asking consent. The pastor of the church, which is one of the largest in the denomination, for which this Presbyterian minister had preached in exchange, wrote back denying her request and threatening her with excommunication if she communed. The third incident is of a Baptist father of intelligence and influence, living in a town where there was no Baptist church, and who with his family attended the Presbyterian church, of which his wife was a member. The daughter was converted and joined the church and communed with her mother. The father, who heartily approved and advised his daughter's course, sat in a corner with tear-filled eyes, but could not commune, because his church, fifty miles away, had forbidden his participation. The last case is of a young woman of a Presbyterian family, who married a Baptist and removed to another place. Here she loyally went to a Baptist church with her husband, and, finally for the sake of her children, was immersed and joined the Baptist Church on profession, her letter from her own church being refused. A few years later the family removed to her native place, where they necessarily attended the Presbyterian church in the vicinity. She wished to commune with her mother and brothers and sisters. A letter of inquiry was sent to the Baptist church of which she was a member, and the answer came back refusing permission. She was deeply hurt by the refusal; but found comfort, at last, when she was taken away from her earthly home to a place where no believer, we imagine, is forbidden to sit down with dear ones to the marriage supper of the Lamb. Is such close communion commendable or is it not disobedience.—Independent.

FORMALISTS.

Speaking of the perilous times of the last days, the apostle designates a class of persons as "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof," and commanded Timothy "from such turn away." Formalism in religion, while destitute of the power, is condemned on divine authority; but there are not wanting persons who look on such formalism with a lenient eye, and cherish it as the sum and substance of their religion. So far from regarding it as a sin, involving a high degree of guilt, they esteem it right in itself and worthy of especial respect. They have a fearful facility in turning aside the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God; and while the faithful minister is portraying their character to the life, and pointing out their sin and insecurity, they, in self-forgetfulness, are busy in applying the solemn words to others. Madness! As if amid the forked lightning's glare, a thunder-bolt were about to be discharged at their own defenceless heads, they stood gaping at others not in more danger than themselves, and it may be, not in so much peril as themselves! As if on a dark night's journey, they had been warned that an abyss, which no man could fathom, was directly in their path, yet, with light step and lighter hearts, thinking of others on a similar journey, they proceed without a thought of the danger awaiting them!

How can the peril of formalists be avoided? What can be done to induce them to look into their own hearts, to weigh themselves in the balance of the sanctuary, to awaken them to deep concern for their safety? We are almost at our wit's end. But there is a last resource—the direct influence of the Spirit, flashing light into their minds, setting their sins before them in the light of God's countenance, and, with this, calling to remembrance and applying with unwaivered energy a word, a prayer, of fathers or mothers, of ministers and other dear friends, long since uttered, long since heard, and long forgotten, by which they may be led to compare their spiritual state with the requirements of God's law—attended, also, by the conviction that the religion which saves, whilst demanding every service to be performed "decently and in order," lays hold of the inner man, bringing understanding, will, judgment, affections, desires, and even the imagination in subjection to Christ. They must feel that not until this is actually experienced and proved by corresponding action, is there the faintest dawn of safety.—Baltimore Methodist.

OUR PECULIAR INSTITUTION.

The class-meeting will be maintained among us as long as we are a Methodist Church. The grounds for this our belief need not be rehearsed at length. The roots of the class-meeting are in the Scriptures, in the needs of believing souls, in historical Methodism, and in the convictions and affections of a large and increasing number of the most thoughtful and prayerful of living Methodists. The late Methodist Ecumenical Conference at London advised that the class-meeting be rehabilitated and maintained by all the Methodists of the world. There was no dissenting voice in that venerable body; the vote was unanimous. The man who, in the face of its blessed past history, and more glorious possibilities for the future, doubted or denied the value of the class-meeting, was not there. Or, if he was present, he was prudently and decently silent. A dissenting "Nay" would have sounded like the croak of a frog in the midst of the singing of the spring birds. The anti-class-meeting element in the Church was not presented, or did not have the temerity to reveal itself in City Road Chapel. No more important and timely delivery was ever made. More than any thing else would the restoration of the class-meeting arrest

the tendencies in modern Methodism that grieve and alarm many. It would sweep aside the formality that in so many places has stricken the Church with the rigidity and numbness of spiritual death. It would do more than any thing else could do to correct the looseness in doctrine which always runs parallel with looseness of living. It would rouse the many unconverted or back-slidden members of the Church to see their folly and peril. It would draw a real line between the Church and the world, and the prayer-meeting would be fuller, and the theater and ball-room would be thinner. It would awaken the voice of living testimony where deadness and dumbness have settled down upon the people, and a great multitude of souls that are ready for the touch of the live coal from the altar of God would be lifted to a higher life. If all the Methodisms of the world would respond to this call to come back to this old path, the last decades of this century would witness wonders of greater power and grace than marked its opening. God put the purpose into their hearts, and give them the mighty impulse they need to raise them to the height of their privilege and opportunity!—Nashville Ad.

THE FEELING GIFT.

The Central Baptist tells a good thing in a very quiet but effective way. It is wonderful how much could be done in getting out of the straits of church debt if this principle were recognized.

"Brother Thomas, I am out to-day with my list, raising subscriptions to our pastor's salary."

"Well, Deacon, you are late about it; you ought to have finished this work before the year began. How did you happen to put it off so long? It is not treating the church or the pastor right."

"Never mind about that now. I want your subscription. Won't you put down twenty-five dollars? You'll never feel it."

"No, sir; I'll do no such thing, by which they may be led to compare their spiritual state with the requirements of God's law—attended, also, by the conviction that the religion which saves, whilst demanding every service to be performed "decently and in order," lays hold of the inner man, bringing understanding, will, judgment, affections, desires, and even the imagination in subjection to Christ. They must feel that not until this is actually experienced and proved by corresponding action, is there the faintest dawn of safety.—Baltimore Methodist.

"Well, have it your own way. Good-by. (Alone.) It will never do for a hundred dollars to stand opposite his name, and only fifty dollars opposite mine. I must make mine at least a hundred dollars."

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat and drink and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace around in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade—that is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship that forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust are the true nourishment of our natural being.—Martineau.

No one can attain to much religious happiness until he knows that he has been the means of good to some suffering soul.—Edwin Hood.

Every one has the strength to know that some one needs you to be strong.—Mrs. Browning.

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Longworth, Mr. R.