

# The Wesleyan.

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## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The *Examiner* thinks judicious economy is a virtue, but injudicious economy ought rather to be classed with the vices.

Make it a point of conscience and honor to leave the parsonage and its grounds in as good condition as you found them.—*Nash. Adc.*

It is worth noting that the Mormons of Utah, at their Spring Conference, declared that they were never before so prosperous or numerous, "despite the opposition of the wicked in the press, in the pulpit, and in Congress."

Rev. J. Krehbiel, in a late sermon, referred to the suggestive fact that Lord's laws are all prohibitory laws. He does not license or regulate evil. As it is assumed that the foundation of righteous human law is found in the divine, the inference is obvious.—*Wes. Adc.*

The *Herald* compares the members of a church who fold their hands and expect a popular preacher to carry them through, to the idle sailors on a vessel, towed by a steam-tug. A church cannot be built up by a minister alone, whatever his talents and devotion.

The prize for the best essay from the literary class of the Vanderbilt Methodist University was awarded to Miss Mary S. Conwell, a grand-daughter of the late Bishop Soule. She was successful against a class of 121 male students. "This," says the *Young Ocean*, "is a feather in the lady's bonnet not put there by the milliner."

The *Examiner* recommends the reviving of the word long-someness, which has become obsolete, to cure an almost omnipresent affliction, and to aid in correcting what has done unspeakable damage to many a pulpit and prayer meeting, taken the life out of many a newspaper, and filled the editor's basket more times than any other one thing.

How do the people now feel who last week united to expend from one hundred to two hundred thousand dollars to witness the performances of a number of actors and actresses, and the gaudy trappings of the stage? We venture there are thousands of them who wish they had their money back; but they may be too proud to confess it.—*Western Adc.*

The Boston *Transcript* forcibly reminds the public of one of its bad ways in the following: "In heaven we are told, there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine who have never gone astray. It is just the other way here below. There is more joy over one righteous man who goes astray than over ninety and nine thousand sinners who have kept it at all their lives."

The *Churchman* has a neat way of stating a condition of affairs which is not peculiar to the Protestant Episcopal Church: "The Bishop of Illinois in an admirable charge made to the recent diocesan convention, administered a severe and just rebuke to that little fraction of his clergy which has shown that it looks upon ordination as only a preliminary to insubordination."

A pastor, who says we must not name him, increased his church extension collection three times over by marking a map of the churches aided in 1881, and hanging that under another map showing the churches aided in 1882. The people saw the point and gave \$121. This sum, mind you, is given by a small and poor charge. Our people have heart, conscience, and brains. If duly and vividly informed they will give to all our benevolent causes.—*N. W. Adc.*

A speaker at the late anniversary of our County Bible Society told of a Mexican's Bible he had seen carried over the plains, thumb-worn and dust-stained by daily use, for which the owner paid fifty dollars. The American Bible Society would have sold the same book for eighty cents; but he had not this copy, in his own tongue, and would have it, even at so great a cost. Verily the gospel has yet power over the hearts of men.—*Colorado Mth.*

It has been in our mind for some time to say that we were gazing men in the Conference too much by the financial rule. There are men who work the work of apostles, but do not "bring up" to Conference a big budget of shekels. The preacher is something else beside a title man. We have memory of a certain person who years ago carried the bag of a connection office, sneering in open Conference through his nose at one of the trustees men we ever had, forsooth he had not got all his collections in full.—*Richmond Adc.*

We heard a preacher the other day who announced his text and repeated a chapter without opening his Bible Bible; but the effect was bad. It had the appearance of attempting to show off.—*Religious Herald.*

In the Church we have Christianity in literature, poetry, architecture, music and eloquence. But, O, where is Christ! We rejoice in the system—exist in the impregnable bulwarks of its defense—but where is the author of the system? We delight in Christian civilization, Christian institutions, and Christian sentiments, but do we rejoice in the God of our salvation? Christ has saved uncounted myriads, and is still "able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him," but Christianity has never yet saved a single soul.—*Alabama Adc.*

The blessed promise of the peace-makers, are we seeking it? We are not worthy to be called the children of God if daily, at home, and in our business, social, and Church relations, we are not seeking to promote harmony among those that should dwell together in unity. The power of one peace-loving soul to accomplish good and disappoint the designs of the evil one in this way is almost incalculable. We need no parchment to preach on this beatitude. Even a little child can coax its playmates to "make up," and grown-up children can not be better employed.—*Western Advocate.*

The education of our children cannot be hurried. It requires time. The processes are necessarily slow, if the work is thorough. If you run a boy or girl through on a lightning express train, the money and the little time used are wasted. To rely upon the short lectures of some travelling specialist to impart a knowledge of any science, or give the necessary training in any department of education is to lean upon a broken reed. The policy of permitting them to operate in any of our schools is of very doubtful propriety.—*Holston Methodist.*

In the Pluralities Acts Amendment Bill the Bishop of Exeter ventures the proposition that if a pluralist has two livings of a minimum value of £200 per annum this course shall be stamped with the brand of illegality, and that no successor shall do so again. Moreover, that a curate in charge shall be paid nearly as much as if he were incumbent. These revolutionary suggestions strike at the root of all the old-fashioned comfort of the Establishment. The country will, however, endorse the Bishop's proposals, and thank him for the common sense, the business capacity, and the appreciation of the beauty of justice which they exhibit.—*The Koch.*

The Hicksite branch of the Society of Friends held a public meeting in New York recently, and two addresses were delivered by Sutherland Gardner, of Rochester, and Isaac Martindale, of Philadelphia. The reports that were read from the quarterly meetings showed that the Society was gradually decreasing in numbers. If the present rate of decrease by death should continue, it was stated by a Friend, the yearly meeting would be ended in sixty-two years. There was much discussion of the subject, and it was considered that the time had come when an inquiry into the cause of the decline of the Society should be carefully considered.

Philip was a disciple. When the inquiring Greeks came to him and said, "Sir, we would see Jesus," they expected that he, by his intimacy with the Master, would be able to lead them to him. It was a reasonable expectation. Our friends and neighbors, knowing our profession, have a right to expect of us that we will lead them to Jesus. Many of them are longing to find the way. Are we so intimate with him, that we can readily take them by the hands and lead them to him? If not, why not? Have we any right to be satisfied with our own condition, if we are not always so near the Master as to be able readily to take our fellow-men to him?—*N. Y. Adc.*

The sitting of the English yearly meeting of the Society of Friends on the 25th ult., was occupied in revising the "Book of Doctrine, Discipline and Practice." The meeting had specially under its consideration the recommendation of the conference to withdraw the prohibition of marriages between first cousins at the meeting-houses, and instead to give strong advice against such marriages. The proposal met with considerable opposition, but the general feeling of the meeting was that Friends contracting such marriages should not be driven to other places of worship or the registry office. Ultimately it resolved that the recommendation against such marriages should be strengthened.

## WESLEY AND THE MORAVIANS.

It was in Texas, at a dinner, some time ago, when a gentleman propounded to me the question, "Was not Mr. Wesley converted on the *Meg-flower*?" I replied to him, "My brother, Mr. Wesley was not converted at sea, he was converted in London." It may be well for us to keep in mind that Mr. Wesley never saw Plymouth Rock, but landed in Georgia, full one hundred and sixteen years after the Pilgrim fathers had landed in Massachusetts. The vessel that my friend was inquiring after was the *John Simonds*, which sailed from England in December, 1735, and arrived at Savannah, Feb. 6th, 1736. And I stop for a moment to introduce you to the passengers in that craft during this memorable voyage. They were Bishop Nitschman, and twenty-five other German missionaries, and four Englishmen, John and Charles Wesley, Mr. Delamotte, and Mr. Ingham. Now how happened it that these people all met together in this vessel? It was not by appointment; no, one party started away back in Germany, and came down to the sea to take any vessel up for America; the other had already secured passage as early as October. The hand of God was in it; they were all starting on the same errand, moved by one impulse. The Holy Spirit working upon the Moravian Church in Germany, and upon a company of young divines of the Church of England, converged these distinct lines of Protestant life upon one objective point, the conversion of the tribes of Indians then in Georgia and the Floridas—the Choc-taws, Seminoles, Creeks, Cherokees, and Chickasaws.

Doubtless the presentation of the Indian chief, Tomo Chieha, and a small company of Indians, by General Oglethorpe, to King George the Third, a short time previous, had turned the public mind in this direction; but suppose Mr. Wesley had gone to Georgia without the Moravians, then what of Methodism? Or let us suppose that the Moravians had gone to Georgia without Mr. Wesley, then what of Methodism? It was, in the main, this association of the Wesleys and the Moravians, and their interchange of ideas, that prepared the way for the birth of Wesleyan Methodism. Mr. Wesley, as you all know, had been passing through a great agitation of spirit in his search after a consciousness of divine favor. Before coming to Georgia, and while there, he was a High-churchman, and unpractical in all his methods. But by the time he had been jostled for two years with the elements of the Savannah colony, the discharge of the debtors' prison of Fleet street, London, and of the overcrowded cities of Italy and of Germany, and the Indians, you may be sure that he began to take very common-sense views of men and things. He went back to England a much wiser man than when he came to America.

He had not landed three days when he met with Peter Bohler, and in a few months after, Mr. Wesley and his brother Charles were converted, the one on the 24th, the other on the 21st of May, 1738. The great doctrines of the Reformation, which for nine years they had been laboring to solve, were, by the providence of God, the teaching of the Moravian, and the direct impression of the Holy Ghost upon their minds, cleared up, and the event constituted an epoch in the vitality of Methodism.—*Bishop Kneier.*

Next to dying and going home one self, it must be sweet to accompany a Christian friend down to the very banks of the river. It is strange that after such experiences we can ever again have a worldly thought, or ever lose the sense of the reality of divine things! But we are like little children, ever learning and ever forgetting.—*Mrs. Prentiss.*

## CLASS-LEADERS.

Take now a leader of deep experience, who has dared to confide in the Divine assurance that "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin"—who has counted the cost and renounced the world, passing forever with its carnal indulgences and sinful pleasures—who has consecrated himself without reservation to God and his cause forever, and thrown himself with a power of faith that knows no denial, upon the blood that cleanseth; and by constant trust in Christ alone, has preserved above the flame of perfect love; and mark the difference in his leading. With devout breathing after God, he listens to every word when a member speaks, observes the difference between what is said in mere form, by habit or from memory, and the trueout-pourings of the soul—how far the member has proceeded—where stopped—what is the grand defect in his mental life—the special difficulty in his way, the reason why he does not go beyond his present position and grow up into Christ. His reply is no senseless commonplace, but a palpable hit. This is your difficulty and this is your remedy. I have been where you are, and in this way I gained my victory, the victory you require. What a flood of light is poured upon the darkened heart in a few words fitly chosen! How clear is the manifestation to the soul of a higher life—an attainable perfection in holy love! How difficulties vanish and the scheme of salvation simplifies under the influence of deep experience, and he who came to class no doubt upon a particular point goes away with a salutary and appropriate lesson. He who came disheartened goes away with his soul encouraged, and seeing what is for him and how easily it is obtained, he resolves to obtain it, and if his struggles do not immediately result in the highest realization of holiness their efforts are seen in the quickening conscience, the ardent breathing after a higher spiritual life, and the evident power with which he resists evil and labors for God.

Under such a leader the whole class moves as by a common impulse onward in the divine life. The class-room is no place of dreaded confinement for a tedious hour, but the loved scene of fresh consecrations and renewed baptisms of the Holy Ghost. The marked effect of holiness in the leader is seen in the increased numbers and regularity of attendance, as well as in the growth in grace and the vigorous Christian life of the members. This is not mere a priori probability. It is history—fully authenticated matter of fact, which we have all witnessed so frequently, that the mere statement must carry conviction to every reader. We know that whatever may be the importance of intelligence and character and experience in a class leader, the grand difference after all is in holiness. Some who are really illiterate are vastly better leaders than are splendidly educated men, merely because they drink deeply from the fountain of life.—*Bishop J. T. Peck.*

A GOOD REPROOF.—Dr. Newman Hall is the author of a tract entitled "Come to Jesus," the circulation of which has been simply enormous. Severe criticism has been passed upon it. He wrote a reply replete with sarcasm and bitterness, and carried it to Dr. Binney. Dr. Hall read it, and when he had finished said: "Well, Dr. Binney, how do you like it?" "Oh," was the careful reply, "I think it is remarkably well written, and there are many sharp and biting things in it. By the way, have you fixed upon a title as yet?" "No, I have not," replied Dr. Hall, "perhaps you can assist me in that matter." Then Dr. Binney said, slowly and deliberately, "While you were reading some of those hard hits it occurred to me that this would be a good title: 'Go to the Devil,' by the author of 'Come to Jesus.'" The hot-tempered manuscript was never printed—indeed the story goes that it was torn up in Dr. Binney's study.

## THE DEAD SILENT ONLY TO US.

The modes of communication in heaven between people of strange languages, whether by a common speech, or by the power given to the disciples at the day of Pentecost, or by intuition, are not made known to us; but this wonderful faculty of language, holding an intermediate place between spirit and matter, has, of course, a corresponding faculty in the world of spirits. It is, no doubt, an inconceivably pleasurable source of enjoyment. This increases the sublimity which there is in the silence of the dead, and its impressiveness. For what fancy can conceive of the communications, from heart to heart, in that multitude where every new acquaintance is the occasion of some new joy, or wakes some thrilling recollection, or leads to some interesting discovery, and gives some fresh subjects of love and praise!

The land of silence surely extends no further than to the gates of that heavenly city. All is life and activity within; but from that world, so populous with thoughts, and words, and songs, no revelation penetrates through the dark, silent land which lies between us and them. Our friends are there. Stars, so distant from us that their light, which began its travels ages since, has not reached us, are none the less worlds, performing their revolutions, and occupied by their busy population of intelligent spirits, whose history is full of wonders. Yet the first ray denoting the existence of those worlds has never met the eye of the astronomer in his incessant vigils.

The silence of the departed will, for each of us, soon, very soon, be interrupted. Entering, among breaking shadows and softly unfolding light, the border land, we shall soon gradually awake to the opening vision of things unseen and eternal, all so kindly revealing themselves to our unaccustomed senses as to make us say, "How beautiful!" and instead of exciting fear, leading us almost to hasten the hand which is removing the veil. Some well-known voice, so long silent, may be the first to utter our name; we are recognized, we are safe. A face, a dear, dear face,—breaks forth amidst the cryedon lines of the dissolving night; a form—an embrace—assures us that faith has not deceived us, but has delivered us to the objects hoped for, the things not seen. Oh, beatific moment! awaiting every follower of them who, by faith and patience, inherit the promises—dwellers there "whither the Forerunner is for us entered."—*Anna.*

## "I AM WITH YOU."

Some look on the Lord Jesus as dead. They read his history as of one who lived long ago, but who is not living now. They read Matthew's narrative, or John's, and they are interested—for the moment moved. They feel that the words are very beautiful, that this stroke of kindness or tenderness was very touching, that this interposition was very surprising. They feel that the whole history of Jesus of Nazareth is very affecting; and if they were visiting Palestine they might linger over many a silent spot with a solemn impression. "Is this the grassy mound where he preached that sermon? You lake, is it the one he so often crossed? Are these the very rocks which echoed the strong crying of his midnight prayers?" But there they feel as if it ended. They look on it all as a tale that is past. They take it for granted that the cross was the conclusion of that life—the most wonderful life the world ever saw—but still its conclusion. To them Christ is dead, not living; and, therefore, no wonder they do not love him. You may revere the character of those long ago departed, but love is an affection reserved for the living. You will only love the Lord Jesus Christ when you come to believe in him as a living Saviour—one who was

once dead, but who dieth no more. Jesus lives. He was not more alive when he sat at Jacob's well than he is alive at this moment. He was not more alive when he poured the water in the basin and washed their feet, not more alive when he rose from the table and sang the parting hymn, and went out among them to the Mount of Olives, than he is living now. The Lord Jesus lives. He is alive for evermore.

## A TRUE STORY.

"I wish to resign my class," said a teacher to our aged superintendent. "I work, and my labor is in vain."

"My friend, work done faithfully for Christ is never in vain. Toi on, don't lose heart."

"I must give up the work, sir; I can't keep on any longer."

"Yes you will when I tell you this: I have been a Sunday-school teacher now for thirty years, and I have not grown weary yet," warmly replied the superintendent, "and I never will leave the work until my Master calls me home."

"I don't feel like that. My class tries me sorely. If I could only hear of one lad who had become a Christian I should not want to give up."

Three days afterwards this teacher came to the superintendent, an open letter in his hand, and tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Oh, sir," he cried, "do you remember Robert Clarkson?"

"I should think I do, the young tyrant! How he used to plague you, to be sure. What part of the world is he in?"

"Chicago, and has been there for ten years. You know, sir, he was in my Bible-class. Well, this letter is from him, and he writes to say that he is now a superintendent of a Sabbath-school out there, and the words I said to him at parting were the means of his conversion. And—I shall never forgive myself for growing weary of teaching—I will take my class as usual next Sunday."

## BEHIND THE SCENE.

There are Protestants not a few who have an ideal rosate view of Catholicism. They see it only at a distance, through a mystical haze, which "gives enchantment to the view." They see the stately churches, the pompous ritual; they feel the mystical charm of the *Misere* as it rolls up to the vaults of the cathedral. They see the solemn, serious, holy air and step of the "religious"—the "pious monk and nun"—and read or hear with emotion "the chant, the prayers, and the holy voices of the church. Moreover, these Protestants and others of no faith, imagine that under the controlling sway of the Pope's and bishops' crooks all outbursts of evil are restrained, and all is conducted in unity, peace, and "the fragrance of piety" by the shepherd's call. These deceived people do not know that this is all the purest delusion; that nowhere in the Christian world is there, behind the scenes and inside the fold, a greater play of coarse and carnal passions than precisely in the Catholic Church. They know little of the dirty ropes and pulleys that move the stately scenery, and of the nasty, cheap tallow candles that give the glorious mysterious illumination. Such false conceit should be taken away.—*Christian Statist.*

Bishop Hedding, when he presided at the Erie Conference for the last time, says a correspondent of the *Christian Advocate*, spoke in the Conference breakfast, and said: "For fifty years I never had my head on my pillow to sleep without the witness of the Spirit of my acceptance with God last year. I immediately arose and went on my knees, and never arose until I felt the Spirit of my acceptance with God. So for fifty years I have gone to sleep every night, knowing if I did I would awake in glory."