

The Wesleyan.

249
Longworth Israel

S. F. HUESTIS, Publisher.
T. WATSON SMITH, Editor.

Published under the direction of the General Conference of the Methodist Church.

\$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE
Postage Prepaid.

VOL XXXVI.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1884.

No. 82

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The preacher who is too "touchy" to accept friendly criticism will be likely to get that which is unfriendly. Self-assumed infallibility provokes protest.—*Northern Chris. Adv.*

To educate your children in line and sympathy with the Church of which you are a member, is to perpetuate your faith in them, and to practice what you preach.—*Pacific Meth.*

The New York Examiner says that "a Church which spends \$1000 a year on its own home work can also give at least \$250 for missionary purposes and raise the whole sum easier than it can raise the \$1000 alone."

The Boston Young Men's Christian Union, which has since 1874 furnished carriage drives into the country for the inmates of hospitals and public homes, and for invalids in the city, is continuing this beautiful and blessed charity the present year.—*Zion's Herald.*

It was said of a certain busy preacher that he had crossed "the dead line." He was getting gray, but was doing good work, and much of it, for the Church. The thought occurred to us that the "dead-line" is not strictly chronological. Some men never reach it except at the quiet grave. Others reach it before their mustaches are fully developed.—*Nashville Adv.*

Some people and ministers too often feel that the religious paper should be for them and their standard, rather than for the common Christian to feed on, from which to gather strength and courage for righteous living in the every-day trials and struggles of common life. The entire Church should make the religious newspapers to help in this direction.—*Christian Herald.*

Riding with a wealthy Methodist over his ample farm, we came to a small farm of a humbler neighbor. "That farm is almost surrounded by mine, and I could have bought it some years ago," said he, "but I would rather have such a neighbor than to have his farm. We could not determine which of the two were most complimented by the remark.—*Halifax Meth.*

How often the stock incidents of novelists are verified in life. Mr. George Aitkin, to-day a very wealthy citizen of a Western state, has returned to Louisville, Ky., in determined search for his only child, whom extreme poverty, eight years ago, obliged him to commit to an orphan asylum. Special circumstances have removed all traces of the child's present home.—*Independent.*

The *Christian Commonwealth* has an article on what it calls "Run-about-Christians." We have them here, and we would exchange a dozen any day for one of the "always-in-his-place" kind. It seems about as awkward to hold a prayer-meeting when one of these is away as it is to open services when the Bible and hymn-book have been tucked aside for a social; but the "run-about" is missed no more than a bouquet.—*Western Adv.*

The *St. Louis Advocate* says: "The time for District Conferences is at hand. Be careful, do not substitute programme for prayer, discussion for devotion. Do not mistake the pleasant glow of a lively, interesting and successful programme for spiritual good. We may fill our lives and hearts with pleasant, pious things, and always be on the frontiers of piety. May spend our lives in doing and talking of things about religion, and never reach the thing itself."

Mr. Bradlaugh, as a matter of fact, is now paying the penalty for the very injudicious method of advertising his peculiar views which he adopted when he was elected for the first time to represent the borough of Northampton in Parliament. If he had never gone out of his way to declare that an oath was to him "a meaningless form" and "an idle addendum to a promise," the House of Commons would have had a great deal of the ground cut from under its feet in attempting to oust him from his seat.—*London Tel.*

We are now taught that among the changes which the human frame is undergoing as the result of a high degree of civilization are alterations in the number and constitution of the teeth. Without going into details it may merely be remarked that the brain is using up the material and the room which belong to our masticators. Yet, alas, teeth seem as necessary to the "brainy" man as to his intellectual brother. What is to be done? Clearly there is a promising future for the profession of dentistry. The *London Lancet* is authority for the facts referred to.—*Baltimore Meth.*

Our society is not modelled on that of Europe, therefore we will say that the education of a Canadian should be that of a European; it should be adapted to the necessities and particular conditions of the life he is to lead.—*La Minerve.*

It is not often, we imagine that Mr. Spurgeon is held up as a model of preaching to the dignified members of Convocation. The Bishop of Manchester, however, ventured the other day to do so at York, speaking in his frank fashion of the deficiencies of ordinary sermons. It is true he tempered the dose by prefacing the name of Charles Kingsley, but even so, it could not be very palatable. "Less stiffness and formality"—it is the cry everywhere. Naturalness, straightforwardness, are needed by all who would persuade, but surely above all in the pulpit. "How many souls has not the preaching of old sermons lost us?" That at least is the opinion of the Bishop of Exeter.

A rumor ran lately in one of our circuits that Bishop Granbery would preach at a certain appointment. It was a mistake, but the report brought a great crowd. Among them was a conceited individual, who never cared to ride a mile to hear "common country preachers," and had never seen the circuit-rider who filled the pulpit that day. After the sermon the pompous person, in a patronizing way, said to a group of Methodists: "Why don't you have such men sent to your churches? It is worth while to go some distance to hear that sort of sermons." The by-standers asked who he thought preached. "Bishop Granbery." A roar of laughter greeted the answer: "That was our circuit-rider!"—*Richmond Adv.*

Sir William Charley outdid himself at the Old Bailey last week. A man who had been concerned with four others in assaulting, first, another man, then a woman who cried "shame," and finally a woman in whose shop the first woman took refuge (the assault in the last case, consisting of a blow on the head from which the woman ultimately died), was sentenced by the Common Serjeant to ten months' hard labor. A companion of this prisoner in the first two assaults got four months. Subsequently three other prisoners, indicted for stealing linen, received from the same learned judge five years penal servitude. Sir William Charley evidently has the true conservative feeling about the sanctity of property.—*London Truth.*

To those who saw the Ecumenical Methodist Conference in London the recent Pan-Presbyterian Council in Belfast presented, in one particular at least, a striking contrast. In the former the "brother in black" was so conspicuous, while in the latter he was so entirely unrepresented as almost to suggest the inquiry "Has Presbyterianism no interest in the colored races, or is it merely accidental their absence from the great Pan-Assembly of 1884? Her mission, no doubt, is in large measure to Scotch settlers throughout the globe; alongside of this, however, the saying of Wesley, "The world is my parish," might afford an appropriate and suggestive theme for contemplation.—*London Watchman.*

With too many of our watering places it is rush, display, excitement, glee, frivolity and heart-ache from the beginning of the season to its close. This may constitute enjoyment for some people; but is it enjoyment? Leaving Brighton, which is an exception, and other smaller watering places out of the question, your modern Englishman takes his wife and children to some seaside or country resort. His girls wear out their dry dresses and boots, his boys dress anyway. At the close of the season his family returns to town refreshed. The average American girl returns more jaded than when she went. Which plan is better!—*New York Journal.*

The Boston *Congregationalist* says of the importance of vacations: "All of us will do well to give some time to absolute physical and mental rest. There is no sin when one has earned his freedom by honest labor, in lying on the grass and watching the flying clouds, swinging in the hammock and listening to the birds, or sitting dreamily on the rocks while the spray flies just below and the salt breeze hums through the neighboring gullies, and it is just as well for him when the book which he has taken with him falls unnoticed at his feet. He who has no time for such things has none for looking about him sufficiently, and is in danger of going ploddingly through life unconscious of some of God's best gifts. There is indeed a time to rest and to devote that time to anything else than rest is wrong."

THE CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.—W. C. PALMER.

Many were lifted by his skillful hands from their couches of suffering, greatly to the surprise of themselves and friends, and were led to shower their benedictions upon the head of their benefactor. But the triumphs thus achieved were not altogether attributable to scientific skill. He was indeed a master in his profession, availing himself of the newest methods of treating human maladies. But his successes were largely due to special Divine sanctions upon his efforts. His patients were made subjects of prayer, and he looked for heavenly wisdom in the selection of remedies. Thus going forth under the blessing of our covenant-keeper God, he wrought wonders and conferred lasting blessings upon suffering humanity. How many have called him blessed in that he was made the instrument of turning aside the fatal hour, when the life of a father, mother, or darling child was involved!

The spiritual successes of his medical career were still more glorious. "What is your life?" inquires Holy Writ. "It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little while and then vanisheth away." The body is a curious and wondrously wrought piece of Divine mechanism. It demands and should receive our constant care. But what shall we say of this intelligent and immortal tenant of the body—the soul? "What shall it profit a man," asks Jesus, "if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Dr. Palmer had a lively apprehension of its exceeding value. He had personally felt how terrible is the burden of sin. And he had been brought to know the joy of a soul delivered from that burden. Hence, when he went forth in the morning, instrumentally conveying healing and life to the bodies committed to his care, he felt that he was likewise ordained to be a minister of life and salvation to their souls. His natural cheerfulness made him an angel of gladness in the dreary chamber. There was light in his eye, love in his heart, and comfort in his words. His hands and mouth were full of the promises of the Father of mercies to lay upon troubled and bleeding hearts.

An incident or two may be given in illustration of the foregoing statements. A sick man, through the instrumentality of our beloved physician, had found Jesus. An intelligent infidel lady in the family thought it was a happy delusion. However, she said if it continued, and there was no shrinking at the last, she would believe that there was a reality in Christianity. The hour came, and the Comforter did abide. The family was gathered to witness the departure of their beloved one. The dying man said, "My eyes are closed to all of earth; I see none of you; but," he exclaimed, "O, the glory, the glory that I see beyond!" The infidel lady, with a shrill voice, cried out, "O, it's a true, it's a true!" and immediately gave herself in covenant to God, and received the Holy Ghost in a remarkable manner. Her aged father renounced his infidelity in which he had trained his children, and was thoroughly converted.

Then another daughter yielded, and was happily saved. The father lived a joyful Christian a few years, and left the Church militant in hope of a glorious resurrection. The two sisters thus saved have been for many years blessing the Church with their fearless testimony that Jesus saves His people from all sin, holding meetings in their own house for the promotion of holiness.

Memory holds dear an instance where a whole family was brought to Jesus. Dr. Palmer had been called to attend a married daughter in a serious illness. Through his leadings, under God, she had accepted Jesus as her Saviour. She recovered and made a public profession of her faith. Soon her husband, father, mother, and sis-

ter came into the fold, and have continued as followers of Jesus. Facts of this sort might be multiplied indefinitely, but these are sufficient to give the reader an insight into the beneficent results realized by the departed one in the prosecution of his earthly calling.—*The Beloved Physician, by Rev. Geo. Hughes.*

COREA AND JAPAN.

Dr. and Mrs. Maclay, of the M. E. Church, have visited Corea. They took with them to act as interpreter, Mr. Pokwi Piang, the first Korean convert, who has been studying theology with a view of returning as a missionary to his country. He is a well-educated gentleman, endowed with natural power, and will doubtless be of great value to the church in beginning work in Corea. Dr. Maclay expresses himself as devoutly thankful that the church has determined to do something towards the evangelization of Corea, and says: "I esteem it a high privilege to bear to the people of that land the salutations of our church and the message of salvation through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. May we all be divinely guided in this movement! Shortly after my return to Japan (accompanied by Mrs. Maclay) in June, 1882, a Japanese member of our church in Yokohama brought to Mrs. Maclay for instruction in English three young Coreans whom she received and taught until our removal to Hanoi, when she placed them in charge of Mrs. Davison, who taught them until she accompanied her husband, Rev. W. C. Davison, to the United States. I now have with me letters of introduction to the friends of these three young Coreans. . . . We shall need at once a good man to take charge of the Korean work. Upon whom shall this honor be placed?"

A M. E. missionary writes from Kiuaiu, Japan: "At Kumamoto, the metropolis of the island, where we commenced work only nine months ago, I baptized fourteen converts, among whom were some of the best men in the city. One was a member of the Keikuwai Ghu (legislature of the province), and is a man of some wealth and splendid ability. The Ghu was in session during my visit, and as it was known that one of the members was to be baptized on Sunday, an immense crowd assembled to witness the strange performance. Since commencing work here our chapel has been mobbed three times and badly damaged; the pastor, Bro. Asuga, also being severely wounded. The leader of the mob, which proved to be a Buddhist priest, has finally been arrested by the civil authorities and fined a small amount. Bro. Asuga requested the court to deal with him as lightly as possible, and loaned him a blanket to protect him from the cold the night preceding the trial while he lay in prison. This Christian act made a deep impression upon the people and the fellow priests of the guilty party. Three priests came the day after the trial to thank Mr. Asuga for his kindness to their brother when in trouble. He told them that he was only putting into practice the doctrine he had been preaching, and for which he had been stoned. They expressed deep regret for what their brother priest had done, asked pardon and promised that his evil conduct should not occur again. These things spread through the city, and the result is, our congregation is more than twice as large as it was before."

A VOICE FROM THE PEW.

One Sabbath, on entering the pulpit preparatory to delivering the discourse for the morning, a minister found a little note lying upon the Bible. He took it up and read it, thinking very likely that it was some notice to be given out that morning. Judge of his surprise and consternation when he

read, "Sir, we would see Jesus!" What did it mean? What could it mean? Had he not been preaching Sunday after Sunday—yes, and sitting up far into the night studying and writing that he might be better able to give his congregation a fine discourse? Did he spare himself in any way? Did he not multiply church activities, and what he himself could not lead did he not support with his presence? What more could he do? His mind was now in the highest tension and his time filled.

These, with many kindred questions, passed quickly through his thoughts as his well-trained choir sang the opening hymn. Ah! my good earnest preacher, listen to your own discourse this very morning.

You preach Sunday after Sunday, faithfully and conscientiously filling your place irrespective of your physical condition; but what do you preach? They of the pews come, it may be tired and hungry for the word of life—come and listen to a well written, systematically arranged, highly intellectual discourse upon the relation of cause and effect in the spiritual life, or upon the danger of learning unaccompanied by piety, or some similar subject, for which there is no present call in the pulpit, and which only leaves the heart more unsatisfied. Plainly, you have fallen into the error of the day, "scientific lecturing."

Yes, "we would see Jesus." Not in the misty background of some great picture, representing our theologians discussing some knotty question; not as the cause of profound questions of the day; not even in the majesty of the great King of kings always. But listen! we would see him as he lay in the lowly manger that night in which angels heralded his birth; we would silently and reverently stand at the gate of Gethsemane, and seek to sympathize in that anguish which caused great drops of blood; we would watch him as he bled on the accursed tree, "wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities," pure and sinless, yet "bowled down by the iniquity of us all." We would watch him there, not with the cold, calm, cruel eyes of the world, but with a heart overflowing with gratitude in the contemplation of so great a salvation.

Thank you, if we, like Mary of Bethany, sat often at Jesus' feet, gave the cross a more central place in our life and preaching, there would be the same necessity to bemoan the low state of religion, the lack of revivals, and the number of unconverted in this time? No, I think not. Try him, ye ministers of the Gospel, and see if the windows of heaven be not opened and a blessing poured out, so that there shall not be room enough to receive it. Try him, and see if Christians are not awakened to renewed activity and love, and if their ranks are not swelled by new workers.—*The Presbyterian.*

A MISSIONARY HERO.

Among other distinguished missionaries who have labored in Fiji, honorable mention should be made of John Hunt, who was a farm laborer in Lincolnshire, and was converted in his youth in a Wesleyan chapel in his native village. He was an untutored young man—neither his father nor mother could read—still he became a local preacher, and used to walk many miles on Sundays to preach the gospel. "On being recommended for the ministry, he was sent to the theological institution at Hoxton, London, where he devoted himself with great energy to the study of English, Latin, Greek, and Theology—hitherto his only books had been a Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress." News reached England from Fiji for a reinforcement of missionaries, when John Hunt and James Calvert were sent to strengthen the hands of the little band who were laboring among the cannibals. On

his arrival he entered heartily into the work, but he was only permitted to labor about ten years. His companion, Mr. Calvert, says respecting him: "His labors were abundant. He preached regularly and attended to the people of his charge, visited the schools, wrote 'Memoirs of the Rev. William Cross,' translated nearly the whole of the New Testament and some parts of the Old, composed in the Fijian language an original and much enlarged edition (left in manuscript) of 'Sermons on the Evidences, Doctrines, Duties, and Institutions of Christianity,' visited infant chuches and unexplored parts of Fiji, studied and administered medicine to a great extent, and built two mission houses at much personal toil."

Sickness befell this man of God, from which he never recovered. During the weeks of suffering which preceded his death the people made the greatest lamentations and offered earnest prayer for his recovery: "Oh, Lord," Elijah Verani cried aloud, "we know we are very bad; but spare thy servant. If one must die, take me! Take ten of us! But spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people!"

As he neared his end, he confidently committed his wife and babes to God, but was sorely distressed for Fiji! Sobbing as though in acute distress, he cried out; "Lord, bless Fiji! Save Fiji. Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji; my heart has travelled in pain for Fiji!" Then grasping his friend Calvert by the hand, he exclaimed again: "Oh, let me pray oncemore for Fiji! Lord, for Christ sake, bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Save thy servants, save thy people, save the heathen in Fiji." To his wife he said, "If this be dying, praise the Lord." His countenance assumed a heavenly smile when he exclaimed, "I want strength to praise him abundantly!" and with the word "Hallelujah" on his lips he joined the worship of heaven. He was buried the day following his death. Loving Fijians bore him to the tomb. On his coffin were these words:

Rev. JOHN HUNT
Slept in Jesus, October 4th, 1848,
Aged 36 Years.
—*Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.*

HOW MUCH.

Christians are forever insisting that God will not do what he is constantly assuring us he is able to do—"as to the uttermost." They seem more anxious to know what God cannot or will not do than what he has promised and is able to do. Why not take the promises at their full value? Amanda Smith once said that her father had made to her certain bequests in his will, and she would have them or she would break the will. Let us ask and receive that our joy may be full. Let us prove the Lord by bringing all our possessions to him, and see if he will not pour us out a blessing which we shall not find room to contain. Let us inquire, How much, oh, Lord (and not how little), am I entitled to according to thy Word?—*Christian Witness.*

Jonathan Edwards fought a hard battle with penury in his last years, and was sorely perplexed to find food for his large family. Dismissed from the church at Northampton, Mass., over which he had been pastor for a quarter of a century, he removed to Stockbridge to labour among the Indians. He was obliged to support his family of ten children on a mere pittance. In this seclusion he wrote his treatise on the "Freedom of the Will," which is regarded as a masterpiece in theological literature. So great was his poverty at this time that the treatise was written largely on the backs of old letters and the blank pages of pamphlets, as letter paper was beyond his means of purchase. His daughters, all young women of superior mental powers, made lace and painted fans for the Boston market, that they might add something to the family resources.

WILLS
LOOD,
months. Any per-
restored to sound
ese Pills have no
sent by mail for
OSTON, MASS.
BRONCHITIS.
EMENT will instan-
es, and will positively
ation that will save
s delay a moment.
For Internal and Ex-
nal Use. (CURE
Whooping Cough,
Diphtheria, Diseases of
the Throat, Hoarseness,
Laryngitis, etc.)
LAW
Dose, 1 Imp-
Co., Boston, Mass.
Biliousness,
and Kidneys,
Scrofula,
Impure Blood,
Bowel.
S
UPS,
RINKS.
ation, are
valid.
mit, Lemon-
SALE of
Halifax.
our signature and
udy labels and
rial favourings
S!
Spices
rant them absolute-
timate Provinces has
BB'S.
Dealers.
EBB
nants,
STOCK, VIZ:
CHES!
ACH.
Spectacles and Eye
CAN EIGHT-DAY
Nautical Goods,
transit observations,
N.
on Street.
UMPE.
LSION
R OIL
Soda, etc.,
bers of the Profes-
the best and most
ntis, and Asthma,
Cough, Influenza,
Wasting, and Child-
ashed Blood, Over-
all the many other
spinal System, in-
and highly valued.
able to the taste, no
e readily taken by
cents per bottle.
ARSHALL,
ERS,
rapers,
erchants.
Retail.
33 and 236
STREET
s, Nfld.