

# The Wesleyan,

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**EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE  
METHODIST CHURCH OF  
CANADA.**  
THE STANSTEAD COLLEGE.

The annual meeting of the above Society was held Tuesday evening in St. James Street Methodist Church, and was thinly attended. The Rev. Mr. Scott, President of the Montreal Conference, occupied the chair, and among those present were Revs. Dr. Douglas, Messrs. Gaetz, Hansford, Hagar, of Stanstead, Hardie, of Coaticook, Conley, of Waterloo, Longley and Stafford.

The Chairman stated that a special object of the meeting was to hear statements with regard to the College at Stanstead, which was the only institution of the kind in the Province.

Rev. J. M. Hagar, Governor of Stanstead Wesleyan College, represented the claims of the institution upon the Methodist people of Montreal, on account of the unsurpassed beauty and healthiness of its location; the complete convenience and comfort of its arrangements; the superiority of the instruction imparted, by efficient teachers and professors, in all branches, embracing grades of education from the primary up to full preparation of young ladies to graduate, and of young men to enter a university of commercial life. He remarked that the "mixed" system of admitting pupils of both sexes—adopted by the institution—had been found to work successfully and to advantage, although the College was not committed to it so that it could not be altered, if it were found to be a serious objection among those who had subscribed to the support of the institution. They needed the sympathy and more active co-operation of the people of Montreal.

Rev. Mr. Hansford, former Governor of Stanstead College, followed, after whom Rev. Dr. Douglas was called upon, and advocated the claims of this institution in a very able manner, eloquently describing the beauty of the scenery, and the importance of that part of the country in which it was situated. He stated that some nuns had been making observations in Stanstead, and that they set their eyes upon this institution when it was in financial difficulties, hoping that it would fall into their hands, when they would make of it a great educational centre in the finest portion of the Dominion.

After a collection was taken up in aid of the Educational Society, the Reverend chairman said he hoped at the next meeting of the Society they would be able to announce the decision to establish a French college; and the meeting was closed with the doxology and benediction.

**REV. JOHN P. DURBIN, D. D.**

Rev. John Price Durbin, D. D., Honorary Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at his residence in New York City, at noon, on Thursday, October 19th. Dr. Durbin had for several years retired from active life and for some time had been in feeble health. On the previous Saturday he was prostrated by a stroke of apoplexy from which it became at once evident that he could not recover; his family were summoned and were at his bed-side when he died. The funeral was on last Sabbath at St. Paul's M. E. Church.

A writer in the *Central Advocate* says of him:—

It is long been the judgement of the writ: that John P. Durbin held the foremost place as the pulpit orator of the United States. He always had this one peculiarity that no place was too

large, nor too small for him. At all times, and under all conditions, he was at his best, and it seemed impossible for him to be otherwise. We have heard him tell how, when a junior preacher on an Indiana circuit, he used to get the children to save the pine-knots for him that he might be able to study by their light on his return. He was a self-made man, yet, unlike so many who lay claim to the distinction, he never undervalued the advantages of learning, and has been, his life through, the earnest and consistent advocate of our schools and colleges. Those of our readers whose privilege it has been to have heard him, will well recollect under what physical disadvantage he constantly labored. Few things could be, to a stranger, more discouraging than the well known whine of his voice—dull, dragging and drooping—as nothing could be more glorious than the subsequent triumph over what must be considered a bodily defect. We have heard one tell who was present at a camp meeting, in Dr. Durbin's early days, of a scene which will fully illustrate what we mean. It was customary at such times to appoint the best talent of the Church to preach, and anything else received little toleration, for our forefathers were quite as fastidious as their children, only their taste ran in a different direction. And we need not despise them, seeing these were the days of Russell Bigelow, Bascom, and a host of others, whose names are household words all through the West.

We can judge of their surprise when at an afternoon service, a young, white-headed, and especially-awkward-looking man rose up to conduct the service. He read the hymn as though he had never seen it before, and the peculiar tone made it still more uninteresting. In the prayer he warmed a little, but many a good brother wondered why this man should have been selected to preach, with so many well tried ministers on hand to do doughty service. Why, he was barely a boy! and, if the truth had been told, in their judgement not much of a one at that. He took his text, and the light of his genius began to shine through it. At first they yawned, certain that nothing could come from that quarter worth listening to; then woke up a little as the preacher warmed with his subject, and the peculiar tone died away while his fingers caught nervously at the leaves of the Bible; till, at last, he held them completely at his command, every head bent forward in eager attention, least they should miss a single word. Some men are grand under the inspiration of a crowd, but Durbin required nothing of this. We heard him years ago at Wesley Chapel in Cincinnati, when the large church was crowded to its utmost capacity. You could have heard a pin drop, so hushed was the attention, and his sermon swept over the immense audience as the wind does over the grain field where every stalk bends to its influence. It was eloquence personified, a power that would take no denial, yet while it had the grasp of a giant it was as tender as a child. But it was not till we heard him in New York, a few years ago, that we learned the full extent of his genius. A dear relative, a through Methodist, on a visit to this city wanted to go to church in John Street, that old way-mark of Methodism, on Sunday morning and of course we accompanied him. It proved to be the occasion of the Communion, and much to our delight as well as our surprise, for no announcement had been made in the papers, Dr. Durbin occupied the pulpit. There were barely seventy-five people in the church, but that had no effect on the preacher. How lovingly he dwelt on the Saviour's suffering we have no

place to tell—one passage must suffice that we shall never forget. He leaned over the pulpit at the close of his discourse, and, with that impressiveness which never left him when fully engaged in his subject, said, "When I was in Jerusalem, I waited till the last day to get to Mount Olivet. I went out of St. Stephen's gate, and going along the path that led to the Mount, I passed the Garden of Gethsemane. I paused, leaning over the rugged wall, and looked in upon those gnarled olive trees that had been there so many centuries; and, how it came I cannot tell, but I found myself at the foot of one of those trees, with my face in my hands, and my hands in the dust, and from the very ground there seemed to come a voice saying, 'Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me!'" The words of the preacher were tremulous with emotion, and never, before or since, have we heard anything to equal it.

**THE CORLISS ENGINE AND AN  
"EXPERIENCE MEETING" AT  
PHILADELPHIA.**

BY REV. DR. J. H. M. CARTY.

A letter descriptive of the wonders of the great Centennial, you are ready to exclaim as your eye runs over the caption of this article. In this you are mistaken. A good many attempts have been made to describe this wonder of the age, but it has never yet been done: it cannot be described in its entirety. The only thing that can be done is to take it to pieces and describe it in sections, and that would require an age. For instance, the great Corliiss Engine in Machinery Hall. It may not be the largest in the world, but it is large. It weighs seven hundred tons; it required sixty-five cars to transport it from Providence, R. I., to Philadelphia. Cars had to be made of extra strength to carry some of its parts. Its wheels start slowly, driving miles of shafting, moving other immense machines, and anon propelling a sewing-machine or rocking a toy rocking-chair with the figure of an old grandmother in it. About all one can do here is to gaze and stare and wonder and look amazed—get a few glimpses and go home feeling that it is the grandest display of universal industry, art, science, education, war, the world has ever beheld. It is a good place to study human nature, for in the crowd and jostle all sorts of people come together; all are good-natured, and all get amazingly tired. I heard of one man who has been there every day regular since the opening, nothing with tireless ambition every article. Will he ever get through? One stumbles upon a great many people going about with book and pencil, taking notes. It seems almost laughable to think of it; for allowing one's self only three minutes to each article in all these buildings, it would require just two hundred and sixteen years to complete the job! Another I heard of, came, reached the ground at twelve o'clock, remained until six, and went home, saying he had seen it all to his satisfaction.

But I set out to write about another attraction, which belongs to the spiritual side of Philadelphia. I allude to a religious "experience meeting" as big as the Corliiss engine in its way. This meeting is held once a month under the auspices of the Mariner's Bethel M. E. Church on Washington avenue, of which Rev. W. H. Huespiess is the eloquent and popular pastor. This church is not strictly a mariner's church, but one of our regular city churches which invites especially the sailor. The church edifice is a very handsome one, built of different colored stone, with a fine lecture-room and class-rooms, and a galliard auditorium which has a seating capacity of over one thousand persons. This church is peculiarly a revival church. Sinners are converted at almost every service—week day and Sabbath—the year round. The congregations as a rule, crowd the house at all the services. Even the Thursday evening prayer-meeting, to accommodate the numbers who flock hither, is held in the main auditorium. The singing is congregational, without the aid of choir or organ. These brethren are an earnest, hearty, responsive

people. They laid the foundation of their new church in prayer, and by prayer they sustain it. The expenses are met by the voluntary contributions of the people, and though they are mostly poor, often the month's income exceeds by several hundred dollars the out-go. This church dates back to about the year 1831, and is the fruit of a sermon preached on the wharf one Sunday afternoon by the celebrated George Cookman, which stimulated some young men to do something for the sailors, and hence the organization of this society.

Once a month this society holds an "experience meeting" on Sunday afternoon a sort of general class-meeting. It was my good fortune to be present at one of these gatherings recently. I confess it was a surprise to me. About half an hour before the time of commencing the body of the church was well filled; and by the time of service, every spot in the great room was occupied—aisle, gallery, and altar. There could not have been less than fifteen or sixteen hundred people present. The meeting lasted about two hours, abating not an iota of interest to the close, reminding one of a Methodist Conference lovefeast, only more so. Upon enquiry I learned that these meetings were inaugurated nineteen years ago; and though held regularly each month through all these years, they have increased rather than decreased in interest. When the society removed from the old and less pretentious to the new and more elegant structure, some predicted a decay in these meetings, but instead they have grown in power constantly. This is a live church.

One of the principal benefactors of this church is Mr. Frank Queen, editor of the well-known sportsman's paper, the *New York Clipper*; and though not a professor of religion, he has contributed to its financial interests over twenty thousand dollars. This church has sent out a good many men who, among the ministry and laity, have borne names familiar to the church. Rev. Joshua Humphries, father of the present incumbent, was once its pastor. He resides with his son, a venerable supernumerary of the Wilmington Conference, ripe in years, grace, and wisdom. It is also note worthy that the name of Taylor should have a place here. The sailor must come to regard that name with a peculiar fondness. Rev. Edward P. Taylor, the mariner's preacher, was famous in Boston; Rev. William Taylor was, in the same way, renowned in California; and Rev. John S. Taylor was for five years the pastor of this church, under whose labours the first edifice was erected. Philadelphia Methodism is characterized by a degree of fervor and heartiness which is inspiring. The churches take good care of their pastors and their families. Parsonages furnished splendidly throughout are common, so that moving is comparatively easy. They believe that this adds to the efficiency of the minister, and they are correct. Even the teamster knows that if he would have his horse do full work he must be well cared for.

I advise all persons coming to Philadelphia during the Centennial, after they have viewed the big engine and the other great and curious things, to visit the Mariner's M. E. church, and if possible attend a big "experience meeting."—*N. W. Advocate.*

The world is on the eve of scientific marvels, far outstripping everything yet seen or heard. It is confidently believed that the "Keely Motor," of which little has recently been said, will soon revolutionize all mechanical means for driving machinery. It is now employed—the force, whatever it may be—in working small engines; but the energy of the thing is so powerful that, when applied to great engines, it bursts every kind of metal in which it is contained. This modern Sampson, instead of toiling patiently as a slave, proceeds to pull its castle down about its ears. Should the inventor succeed in binding this giant agency, we may yet own our own editorial jaunting car for sea and land, to travel as rapidly and more cheaply than now by rail and steamboat. Who knows? At all events we are to have a cheaper and more ready mode of

transmitting messages. Sir William Thomson, President of the British Association, lately said, in reference to his Centennial visit:—

"In the Canadian department I heard 'To be or not to be'—there's the rub, through an electric wire; but, scornful monosyllables, the electric articulation rose to higher flights, and gave me passages taken at random from the *New York newspapers*: 'S. S. Cox has arrived,' 'I failed to make out the S. S. Cox,' 'The city of New York,' 'Senator Morton,' 'The Senate has resolved to print a thousand extra copies,' 'The Americans in London have resolved to celebrate the coming Fourth of July.' All this my own ears heard spoken to me with unmistakable distinctness by the thin, circular-disc armature of just such another little electric-magnet as this which I hold in my hand. The words were shouted in a clear and loud voice by my colleague judge, Professor Watson, at the far end of the line, holding his mouth close to a stretched membrane, such as you see before you here, carrying a little piece of soft iron, which was thus made to perform in the neighborhood of an electric-magnet in circuit with the line motions proportional to the sonoric motions of the air. This, the greatest by far of all the marvels of the electric telegraph, is due to a young countryman of our own, Mr. Graham Bell of Edinburgh and Montreal and Boston, now becoming a naturalized citizen of the United States. Who can but admire the hardihood of invention which devised such very slight means to realize the mathematical conception that, if electricity is to convey all the delicacies of quality which distinguish articulate speech, the strength of its current must vary continuously, and as nearly as may be in simple proportion to the velocity of a particle of air engaged in constituting the sound."

WHAT A charming hymn is that of Bonar's!

"Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged;  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer."

It was our privilege to visit Horatius Bonar in his own home in Edinburgh last July. He is a most genial man, kind, loving, and universally beloved. In appearance, our dear friend, Bro. W. D. Howard, of Pittsburgh, recently deceased, was like him, save that Bonar's hair is gray, while Howard's was auburn. But in size, movement, voice and general mien, the two bore striking likeness to each other. Bonar, like Howard, is pre-eminently a pastor. He moves about like a shepherd among the flock. Even the little lambs know his voice. They follow him along the streets and gambol in his home pastures. Bonar's residence is a model of quiet beauty and taste. Flowers, vines, rare foliage and birds greet the stranger at the threshold. No wonder sweet hymns emanate from Bonar's heart and home. We shall remember our call at Bonar's manse, as one of the chief joys of our journey abroad. His warmth of welcome, his spirit of devotion, his brotherly words, these are all hymned already in the soul.

The music now so popular, found in Sankey's collection, as set to the hymn:—

"What a friend we have in Jesus?" was composed by Webster, author of "Lorena," "Sweet Bye and Bye," and many other well known melodies. Poor Webster! His own life was a sad one, at last. Gifted, affectionate, unselfish—he was less a friend to himself than to strangers. But his songs will not die. Had Bonar known Webster, he could not have furnished more appropriate words to the music, although the melody was originally adapted to another song—*Pittsburgh Recorder.*

The rumour of the approaching abdication of the Emperor of Russia is revived. His Majesty, it is well known, has personally a horror of war, and a story, alleged to have been well founded, was circulated some months ago to the effect that in the event of a crisis arising when peace could no longer be maintained, he would at least temporarily surrender the responsibilities of government to his son. The revival of the old rumour was simultaneous with the appearance of disquieting reports as to the threatening attitude of Russia in reference to the Eastern difficulty.—*Telegraph.*