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LETTER FROM MONTREAL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Shortly after my last letter to you was written I might have sent you an account of lectures by the

REV. JOSEPH COOK IN MONTREAL.

He came here at the instance of the ladies of the Methodist French Missionary Society, and gave two lectures on subjects of his own choosing, and one on topics suggested by theological students. One of the former was given without charge, for the other Mr. Cook was paid, probably his customary fee, two hundred dollars. The theme of the first was New England Scepticism. This was traced partly to the influence of the French at the time of the revolution. Parisian infidelity was then allowed to fill the veins of many youths. Their growth into a Christian manhood was thus hindered. Mr. Cook thought that what of a state church there once existed in Massachusetts, by secularizing Christianity, enfeebled it not a little. Hence the aspect of some churches for generations towards slavery was also a means of deterioration to the moral character of the people. Happily a great improvement had taken place. In Boston evangelism is now predominant, and bids fair so to continue for many years to come. The second lecture was on the future of America, a much grander subject than the other. Few themes indeed could be more sublime than—whole America—considered with respect to its extent, various climate, its rivers, prairies, mountains; its diversified people, their possible and probable increase, their religion, politics, freedom, and social progress. The peroration of this lecture was the climax of the eloquence of both. It was a vision of the continent as a globe revolving on its axis as if it rested, other supports having been tried and found wanting—on hands that had been transfixed to the bitter cross. The rapturous effect was electric. The applause of the large, thoughtful audience was universal, hearty and prolonged. On an afternoon Mr. Cook addressed the ministerial candidates of several colleges. Clergymen and others were present by invitation. Dr. Douglas presided. The students had been requested to write each a question, or topic on a slip of paper. Many of them did so. The slips were collected at the beginning of the exercise and thoroughly shaken together. Mr. Cook then took them singly as they came to his hand, read them aloud, and proceeded to discuss them. This proceeding was deeply interesting. Here it was a novelty. No one could tell what the next question might be. On some Mr. Cook dwelt much longer than on others. A few he passed over lightly. On the whole he discoursed an hour and thirty minutes, no less to the surprise than the pleasure and edification of his select and intelligent auditory. They unmistakably expressed their approbation, gratitude and joy during the speaking as well as at the close. It does seem bold, if not rash to undertake to discuss in public questions presented by unknown people, of which questions Mr. Cook could not have had any previous knowledge. But he did it with much good humor, tact, and promptitude. He won for himself hereby a higher place probably, in the esteem and admiration of his hearers than by his prepared lectures, although they, spoken without notes, were acknowledged to be among the master pieces of this gifted and learned minister of the gospel. The lectures were financially successful.

A very different public speaker has since appeared in the person of an

ESCAPED NUN

from a convent in the United States. She was advertised to describe how she became converted. The advertisement was something of a puff. It had no name but her own. Her audience was small. Some of them expected a salutary sensation. They were disappointed. The lady clearly manifested her deficiency in some qualifications for addressing a mixed assembly acceptably, which are indispensable in a man, and the obvious absence of which in a woman is intolerable. She came before the public here but once. A woman's best sphere is the more private places of society, and chiefly with her own sex. Her especial field is the home circle. There in her ministries of love she will have love for her reward, angels for her companions and God for her helper.

There have lately occurred several cases of sudden death. These have brought forcibly to mind the warning words, "Be ye also ready." Only that of

MR. O. E. BARWICK,

shall be more particularly mentioned, and that because of the active benevolence towards his family which followed. Mr. Barwick was a teacher under the Protestant Board of School Commissioners. He excelled as a musician. This contributed to his popularity, and made him a favorite with the larger pupils. Without premonition, as he was teaching he fell, and was taken up a corpse. He left a wife and several children. He was of the middle age, and had been unable to make provision for his family after his decease. His fellow teachers and other friends interested themselves on behalf of the bereaved household. By timely, judicious, and persevering effort they raised one thousand five hundred and seventy dollars. This sum will be well invested for the widow and her fatherless children. It is to be lamented that the salary of school teachers is so low as not to admit of their laying up adequately either for the certainly coming time of incapacity to work or for the emergency of early death. To this they are no less liable than toilers in more lucrative employments. How blessed then is the spirit which prompts one to strive to supply the place of provider to the widow and her orphans. It is one of the most Christ-like fruits of charity. Thanks to the Gospel many such instances have occurred. That of Mr. Barwick and his acquaintances is here mentioned in the hope that if elsewhere a similar bereavement should befall, it may be followed by a like going forth of the love that weeps with those that weep, that strives to bear another's burden, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

AN APPEAL TO THE ORANGEMEN

from a number of the leading Protestant ministers of the city has been made in regard to their waiving their right to walk in procession on the next anniversary. The state of feeling among the people is such as to excite fear that if the occasion be given of the Orangemen appearing in regalia on the streets the peace of the city will be broken, and sanguinary conflict may ensue. The trials of accused parties for shooting with pistols their supposed antagonists have occupied the courts a very long time, with no satisfactory results. The persons chiefly implicated are mechanics, carters and laborers. Their number makes them a power for possible evil in the city. The petitioners believing that the customary procession on July the 12th, would be productive of no substantial benefit, and might be the means of serious injury ask that it be given up. The document has been forwarded to the proper officers in the Orange Order, by whom it will be considered at an early meeting for business. Should they accede to the request of the memorialists and the subordinate lodges abide by the decision of the authorities it will calm many a troubled breast, and lead perhaps to a better understanding between the parties concerned in all time to come.

MONTEAL HAS WITHIN A FEW DAYS BEEN CALLED TO MOURN FOR THE DEATH OF ONE OF ITS MOST DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS, THE

HON. JOHN YOUNG.

He was a native of Ayr in Scotland. He came to Canada before he attained majority, and engaging in mercantile pursuits became a partner in one of the great houses in this city. His patriotism brought him to the favorable notice of the Governor of the Province in 1837. Mr. Young's chief labor for the good of Montreal, and the commerce of the country began with his appointment as Harbour Commissioner. It was he who first pointed out the necessity of a bridge across the St. Lawrence. He even advanced funds to a civil engineer for the survey of the site of the Victoria Bridge. He was sent as the Commissioner of the Dominion to the Australian Exhibition at Sydney last year. Mr. Young returned by the way of the Suez Canal in order to inspect the dredges there at work to see if he could bring from thence any improvement on the dredges used for deepening the channel of the St. Lawrence. In the Red Sea he received a severe sun-stroke from which he never fully recovered. His vitality gradually declined. Most of the time since he came home he was confined to his

house. He died on the 12th inst. His funeral was one of the largest ever seen in Montreal. Some Bodies corporate were present, many of the resident clergy, a large number of merchants, and a host of others. All were desirous of paying a tribute respect to one who is believed to have done more than any other man for the material and commercial interests of the city and of Canada at large.

A CONTRAST.

The Hon. John Young was 67. A day or two previously there died in jail in N. York another prominent man of about the same age, William Tweed. How different was the end of one from that of the other. The reputation of the former for honesty was never stained. Honour and ability to be useful increased with him to the last. At length in the bosom of his family, soothed by all the sweetness of domestic life, and wept by the inhabitants of a large town, he ceased to live. He was followed to the grave by a multitude of friends, in all the highest, the best, and in fact in all conditions of life. The fame of the latter is notorious. A convicted wrong doer, a captured fugitive from justice, rightly denied the comforts of a home, he suffered his last sickness in a prison, and died in circumstances which forfeit a grave in the chief burial place of the city that he had robbed. The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

is at this time in the crisis of a general election. His Honour the Lieut. Governor has published his statement of the reasons for which he dismissed his late ministers. The ex-premier De Boucherville has publicly, yet feebly replied. The House of Commons has refused by a large majority to censure his Honour. His new cabinet have assumed the responsibility of the situation, and appealed to the country. The verdict will be pronounced at the polls in a few weeks. If men having the franchise in this Province were equal in intelligence to the voters in the other Provinces of the Dominion there would be no doubt as to the issue. But they are not, and they are largely controlled by their priests. Some of these are actively and determinedly canvassing for the party of the dismissed ministers. Should they be restored to power, (of this there is much doubt), the country, will at least have heard in the meantime, not a little on the limits of the prerogative of the Governor, and of those of his executive. By both parties the constitution will be upheld as the great, the sure, the only palladium of the people's safety. If the true lessons on these vital matters will be learned they will ultimately repay for all the toil, vexation, and even money that to each them may have cost. The chief political meetings in the rural parishes are held at the church doors outside as soon as mass is over on Sundays. But then the speeches of the candidates and their friends are in a language the hearers understand.

The organs of the Methodist Church both east and west are directing attention to the

GENERAL CONFERENCE

which is to meet in the autumn of this year. That assembly is, no doubt, anticipated with mingled sentiments of hope and fear. Surely the former ought greatly to predominate. So it will both with the ministers and the members of the church. They still exultingly repeat the last words of Mr. Wesley: "the best of all is God is with us." A few men may have experienced inconvenience from real or apparent defects in the recorded regulation of the first General Conference, or in their application in some cases. It would be a miracle no one had reason to expect of the whole work of the Conference were so perfect as to produce no amendment. At the coming Conference whatever of this may have been discovered will be reviewed, and the united judgment of practical men, both ministers and laity will be in requisition for its improvement. Therefore forward the economies of the church will be at once more in accordance with the needs of the brethren and the will of God. The result will be the wider spread of His kingdom and the increase of His people. Perhaps the chief attention now would be wisely directed to the cultivation of the best state of the heart towards the brethren and towards Christ. If this be not wanting the divine blessing in counsel, guidance and sanction will not be withheld. Thus the Methodist Church of Canada shall be in the estimation of the best informed as one "that looketh forth in the morning fair as the moon, clear as the sun," and, against error, impotence and unbelief, "terrible as an army with banners." Yours truly,
E. B.
April, 1878.

TWO EASTER MORNINGS.

BY ADELAIDE S. SEAVENS

"I have reason to believe that a great joy is coming to you, my daughter." The rich blood flushed the cheek of the lady addressed as she turned her face and looked out upon the declining light of the pleasant April afternoon. There was silence for a few moments, and then the white-haired clergyman rose to take his leave.

"You will come again—soon?" she said.

"Yes, before many days; and may He who hath begun a good work in you, perfect it unto the day of Christ Jesus! Humble yourself, my daughter! Let these Lenten days of heart-searching and repentance be the tomb of all pride and bitterness, from which shall arise a new life!"

Slowly the lady went upstairs through the dusk to her chamber.

"What did he mean? No—he can't mean that!" and with a throbbing heart and burning cheek she paced restlessly back and forth. After a while she went to a private drawer, drew forth a tiny, jewelled box, unlocked it, and took out a picture. The handsome, intellectual face of a young man looked up into hers. Half tremblingly she raised the picture as if to kiss it, then put it back, while the hot tears fell fast and thick.

"No! I am not worthy! O my God, what have I done?" and sinking upon her knees before her western window, her face buried in her hands upon the broad sill, she gave way to an agony of grief. The April stars came out one by one, but still in bitter self-reproach and humiliation the lady knelt, feeling that her lips might not sing, "Resurgam," at the blessed Easter-tide.

Emma Armstrong was the only daughter of the leading lawyer of—burg. When but three years old her gentle, invalid mother died, and the little girl, surrounded by a somewhat unloving atmosphere—for her father was pre-occupied with his professional duties, and her practical aunt Susan had "no time to waste in petting young ones"—grew up a high-spirited, proud-tempered reticent girl, capable of intense affection and intense pride. At fourteen she was sent away to a young ladies' seminary where she remained six years, devoting herself assiduously to her studies and perfecting herself in music. A few short visits home in these half dozen years, and brief, fortnightly notes from her father, the fountain of whose love seemed to have dried away since his wife died, were the only links binding her to her childhood's days. But very proud was that father when he came for her, and realized that this tall, fair girl, charming in manners and finely cultured, was his daughter.

One morning, not long after her return home, Emma went down into the library, humming the refrain of a sweet old German song. She did not observe it was occupied until half way across the room.

"Emma, this is the son of my old friend, William Thornton," said her father.

A reserved looking young man, tall, well-built, with brown eyes and an intellectual face, bowed gravely over the hand extended to him so cordially.

Philip Thornton was a graduate of Harvard, and only son of a bank president in a neighboring town. His parents were both dead. He had called to see Mr. Armstrong about the settlement of his father's estate, as he contemplated an extended European tour before settling down; but an unexpected obstacle met him that day, and changed his plans. Seeing Emma Armstrong sealed his fate; he fell deeply in love with her. A sunny courtship followed, her father smiling his approbation; and the following Easter morning, in the church, the

venerable clergyman, who had united her father and mother in marriage long years before, who had baptised the baby Emma, and pronounced the last sad, but comforting, words over the mother's grave, made them man and wife. Everybody predicted a happy union, as the proud husband led the young bride from the altar, and carried her to her new home.

But scarcely a fortnight had passed before there was a collision. Both were alike in temper—both proud and high-spirited. The bitter words spoken on either side rankled in their hearts, and they shortly began to avoid each other as much as possible. Finally the growing alienation culminated in a "scene," proceeding from some trivial cause. Words were uttered in the heat of passion, too stinging to be forgotten or forgiven, and Philip turned his back upon his home.

Days passed, but he did not return. The wife, stung to the quick at being thus abandoned, and made the subject of vulgar curiosity among the villagers, was almost wild with grief and passion. At the end of a fortnight a letter came—his handwriting on the envelope. She glanced at the postmark, and then, at the moment too proud to open it, returned it without breaking the seal, and went home to her father's. She feigned no explanation. The world talked, of course, but secluding herself, she heard nothing of its malicious whispers.

But an event was approaching which would turn the current of her feelings. Eight months after her husband's departure, she was called to pass almost under the valley of the shadows in giving birth to a daughter. All the repressed tenderness and affection of her nature were lavished upon this tiny blossom God had given her. "I shall call her Mara," she said to the aged clergyman who was a frequent visitor, and who in all mildness and love tried to help and guide her. She became changed—softened, but her pride was still unhumiliated.

Five years passed—long years of dreary waiting, bringing no tidings from Philip Thornton. Whatever hopes the wife may have cherished secretly, were well nigh crushed. Her father no longer had charge of her husband's estate; and she did not know who his agent was, nor even whether he was living or dead.

About this time the well-known evangelists, Moody and Sankey, were holding revival meetings in an adjoining city. Night after night the immense audience-room was crowded to overflowing, and many a poor unshaven wretch, reeking with the fumes of whiskey and tobacco, and many a sinning, outcast woman, from whose violence not a few dainty ladies drew back in loathing and scorn, dared to creep guiltily in and listen to words whose meaning was made so plain to them—dared even to lift up their eyes to heaven, and cry, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!"

Among the hundreds from—burg who attended the tabernacle services, was a former schoolmate of Emma Thornton, a young lady passionately fond of the theatre, balls, and all sorts of fashionable dissipation.

"I'm going to hear Saint Moody just for the fun of it," she had told Emma one day.

But was it "just for the fun of it" that this same young girl knelt that night with a deep, earnest resolve shining in her tear-wet eyes, and implored Divine pardon for the follies and mistakes of her past life? Nay, Celia Barton is now one of Christ's devoted disciples.

"Come, Emma, leave your work and go to prayer-meeting with me to-night. Please!"

Mrs. Thornton lifted her eyes from her crocheting, and answered reluctantly.

"No, Celia, I do not wish to."

"But why? Can you leave little Mara with your aunt?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But I hate prayer-meetings! The hymns and the prayers and the testimonies jar terribly."