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(For the Provincial Wesleyan.)

MARK THE PERFECT MAN, &c.

An angel called this morning at our door
With message sweet;
For one to meet
The Saviour before noon; and cross the river
Over.

That 'dear one' was so full of social joy
As if assembled,
E'er he trembled,
Life's earliest—dearest friends from 'Spirit
land' on high.

I saw him reach the summit of life's moant
Weary and faint;
But no complaint
Escaped his quivering lips; relieved from Heaven's
diving fount.

I saw him next speed through 'the vale' com-
pansions,
Through mists and clouds;
Temptation's shrouds,
While hideous doubts and fears attacked his
nothingness.

'O Christ!' he cried, while struggling with
that host,
'Art thou not here
Lone soul to cheer?
Then help me through this 'vale,' that thought
I've gained to lose.

I saw the world's Redeemer lay His arm
Beneath His head,
And whispering said
'I'll never leave thee till we get beyond the
storm.'

I saw him standing on that cold, cold shore;
Denuded—pale:
All seemed to fail
Save Memory's overflowing, vast, immortal
store.

He stood upon life's threshold unabashed,
While demons moaned,
While mortals groaned,
As from his dying lips earth's latest cup was
dashed.

I saw him sink beneath life's soft horizon
(Faith raised my barque
'Twas almost dark)
I caught a glimpse! how close to open vision!

I saw him through the veil—how very thin
And clear it seemed!
His all now beamed
With Heaven's own brightness, such as man
ne'er looks within.

But, is he gone? Can this be dying, mother?
Then why so fear
And tremble near
The grave, if he's so gently and so quickly
over?

List, tender one—the secret I will tell thee:
The sting removed—
The victory proved—
All that remained for him was just to feel, I'm
free.

AN OLD FRIEND.

Liverpool, Eng., Jan. 7, 1872.

(For the Provincial Wesleyan.)

NECESSITY OF STUDYING RELIGION.

TRANSLATED FROM PASCAL'S "THOUGHTS."

The assailants of religion should at least
learn what it is before they venture on its
assault. If it be a religion, it is a religion
of God, and of enjoying Him openly and with-
out veil, it might be said in reply that there is
nothing to be seen in the world which reveals
Him with such clearness as this. But since, on
the contrary, it says that men are in darkness
and at a distance from God, that He is hidden
from their knowledge, and that even the name
which gives Himself in the Scriptures is the
"Unknown God," since, in short, its aim is
equally to establish these two things—that God
has imprinted on His Church perceptible marks
that it may be recognized by those who seek it
sincerely, and that yet He has so hidden them
that those only will discover it who seek it
with their whole heart; what advantage can
they gain, when neglecting, as they themselves
avow, to search for truth, they assert that
nothing reveals it to them? For this obscurity
in which they are embroiled and with which
they reproach the Church, serves but to estab-
lish one of the things it maintains, without in-
validating the other, and far indeed from subvert-
ing its teaching, places it on a firmer founda-
tion.

Successfully to attack religion, they should
say they had made the most strenuous efforts
at seeking it everywhere, even in the means
the Church holds out for their instruction, and
all in vain. Did they speak thus, they would
in truth assail one of its claims. But I hope to
show here that no reasonable person could
speak in this manner; I will even venture to
say that no one ever has. Everyone knows
how they act who are imbued with this spirit of
hostility. They think they have made great
efforts at self-instruction, when they have spent
a few hours in reading the Scriptures and ques-
tioned some divine or the truths of the faith.
Then they boast they have sought without suc-
cess in books, and among men. But I cannot
refrain from saying, as I have often said be-
fore, that this carelessness is intolerable. We
are not here concerned with some unimportant
affair of a stranger, but with ourselves and our
souls.

The immortality of the soul is something that
is so supremely important, and interests us all
so deeply, that only the loss of reason can ren-
der us indifferent as to what it implies. So
widely different are the courses that our
thoughts and actions should take as there are
eternal blessings to be hoped for or not, that it
is impossible to advance intelligently and judi-
ciously without keeping in view for our guide-
ance that point which should be our first aim.
Our first interest and our first duty is, there-
fore, to enlighten ourselves on this subject on
which depends all our conduct. For this reason,
in the case of those who are unconvinced,
I make a very great difference between those
who spare no effort to instruct themselves in
this matter, and those who, giving themselves
no trouble about it, live without bestowing on

it a thought. I cannot but have pity on those
who sincerely deplore their doubt, who regard
it as the greatest of ills, and who, striving ear-
nestly to rid themselves of it, make of this
inquiry their chief and most serious employ-
ment. But I regard in an entirely different
light those who pass through without think-
ing of its latter end, who, simply because they
cannot find in themselves the knowledge neces-
sary to convince them, neglect to seek it else-
where, and who fall to examine carefully what
is said, or who, in opinion, are of those that are
received through a credulous simplicity, or
those which, though obscure in themselves,
yet rest on an immovable foundation. Such
simplicity in that wherein are concerned them-
selves, their eternity, their all, fills me rather
with anger than compassion. It astonishes, it
appals me. I regard it as a portent. And this
I do not say through the pious zeal of a spiri-
tual devotion. I maintain, on the contrary, that
self-love, human interest, the most ordinary
light of reason, should give us these feelings.
What is perceived by the least enlightened will
sufficiently convince us of this.

We need not have very lofty intellects to
comprehend that there is here no true and solid
satisfaction; that all our pleasures are but van-
ity; that our ills are infinite; and that death,
which every instant menaces us, is, in a few
years—perhaps in a few days—consigned us to a
never-ending state of happiness, misery, or
annihilation. Between us and heaven, hell, or
nothingness, there is but life, of all things in
the world the most fragile; and, as those sure-
ly cannot enter heaven who doubt the immorta-
lity of their souls, their only prospect is hell or
annihilation. There is nothing more real than
this, nothing more terrible. Act the hero as
they will, this is the end of the most fortunate
life in the world. Vainly do they turn their
thoughts from this eternity that awaits them,
as if, by ceasing to think of it, they could effect
its annihilation. It exists in spite of them; it
draws near; and death, which is its commence-
ment, will, in a short time, intalibly reduce
them to the horrible necessity of being forever
annihilated or wretched.

Momentous indeed are the consequences of
this doubt! To be involved in it is unquestion-
ably a very great misfortune; but, when
such is the case, it becomes an imperative duty
to seek for light. He who doubts, and does
not thus seek it, is, at the same time, very unjust
and very unfortunate. But, if, in addition, he
is tranquil and satisfied, if he openly avows
this doubt, and makes it the subject of his joy
and his pride, I can find no terms wherewith
to characterize so deluded a creature. How
are feelings like these generated? What
ground for joy is there in looking forward to
inevitable ills? What matter for pride in
being wrapt in impenetrable darkness? What
consolation in having in the future nothing that
can console?

Such apathy in so great ignorance is mon-
strous. Its extravagance and stupidity should
be brought home to all whose lives are steeped
in it, by showing them what passes in their
own minds and contending them with their
own folly. For when men choose to live in
this ignorance without seeking enlightenment,
they reason thus:

I do not know what has placed me in this
world, nor what the world is, nor what I am
myself. I am in terrible ignorance of all
things. I have no knowledge either of my
body, senses, or soul; and even this part of
myself which thinks that I am, and reflects on
every thing and on itself, knows itself no bet-
ter than it knows anything else. I see these
awful spaces in the universe which surround
me, and I find myself attached to a point of
this vast expanse, not knowing why I am placed
on this spot rather than another, nor why
this span of time given me for my life, has
been assigned me and not another, of all the
eternity that has preceded me and all that is to
follow me on all sides. I see infinitely only,
which swallow me up like an atom and as a
shade which lasts but for an instant and van-
ishes never to return. All that I know is that
I am soon to die, but this death which I have
learned to shun is that of which I am least
knowledge. As I do not know whence I came,
I do not know whither I am going. I only
know that when I leave this world I shall fall
either into nothingness or into the
hands of an angry God, ignorant as to which
of these states is to be my eternal doom.
Such is my state, full of misery, feebleness,
and obscurity. And from all this I conclude
that I ought to live all my days without think-
ing of what is to befall me, and that I have but
to follow my own inclinations without reflection
and without dismay, doing all that is need-
ful to consign me to everlasting woe in case
what is said of it be true. Possibly I might
find some enlightenment in my doubt; but I am
not willing to take the trouble of going a step
in its search. I will treat with disdain those
who combat themselves with this care, and
without foresight, without fear, and with
the tremendous experiment, suffering myself to
glide softly into death, wholly unconscious as to
the eternity of my future state.

Truly it is a glorious thing for Religion that
she has for enemies men so unreasonable.
Their opposition is fraught with so little dan-
ger, that it but serves to establish the principal
truths she teaches. For the Christian faith
seeks mainly to establish these two facts,—the
corruption of human nature and the redemption
of Jesus Christ. Now if these persons do
not, by the holiness of their lives, serve to
show the truth of redemption, they at least, by
their sentiments so unnatural, serve admirably
to show the corruption of human nature.

Nothing is so important to man as his state,
nothing is so dreadful to him as sterility. If,
therefore, there be found men indifferent to the
ruin of their being and to the peril of an eter-
nity of woe, their state is not a natural one.
They are far indeed from being indifferent in
respect to other things; they are alarmed even
at the smallest; they foresee them; they feel
them; and the same man who passes his days
and nights in rage and despair at the loss of
some office or at some imaginary offense
against his honor, knows that he is going to
lose all by death and yet lives without prepa-
ration, without trouble, and without emotion.
This strange insensibility to the most terrible
things, in a heart so easily affected by the

trifling, is monstrous; it is an incomprehen-
sible enchantment, a preternatural torpor.
If there be a man in prison, who knows not
whether his sentence is passed, who has but an
hour in which to learn it, and who is aware that
in this hour he may procure his pardon should
be condemned, it is contrary to nature to
suppose that he will employ this time, not in
ascertaining whether his sentence be passed,
but in play and diversion. This is the state of
the persons of whom we have been speaking,
save that the ills which they are menaced
are different from the simple loss of life, or, it
may be, the transitory punishment which this
prisoner has to expect. Yet they run careles-
sly on the very verge of the precipice, willfully
blinding themselves by keeping before their
eyes only what is pleasurable, and deriding
those who admonish them.

The true religion is, therefore, proved not
only by the heat of those who seek God, but
also by the blindness of those who do not and
who live in this dire negligence. Strange must
have been the perversion in the nature of man
that he should live in this state; stranger still
that he should make it the subject of pride.
For even if he were wholly convinced that he
had nothing to fear after death, but to fall in-
to nothingness, would not this be a subject of
despair rather than pride? Unconvinced as he
is, it is not inconceivable folly to glory in
being involved in this doubt?

And yet man is unquestionably so perverted
that there is in his heart a cause for this joy.
This irrational repugnance between the fear of hell
and of nothingness seems so fine a thing that
not only those who are truly in this unhappy
state glory in it, but even those who are not be-
lieve it is praiseworthy to pretend that they
do. For we learn from experience that the
greater part of those who manifest it are of this
latter class,—that they do not believe that they
are not in reality what they wish to appear.
They are persons who have been taught that
the fine manners of the world require that they
should conduct themselves thus. And this they
call shaking off the yoke, and the majority
act thus only for the sake of imitating others.
But, if they have ever so little common sense,
it is not difficult to show them how greatly they
deceive themselves in this seeking for esteem.
This is not the way to gain it, even, I say,
among people of the world who judge matters
sensibly and who know that the only means of
success is to seem honest, faithful, judicious,
and capable of serving well one's friends; for
men naturally love only that which is beneficial
to them. Now what advantage is it for us to
have a man say that he has thrown off the yoke,
that he does not believe there is a God who
surveys his actions, that he considers himself
as the sole judge of his conduct, that he does
not think he will have to give an account of it
to any one but himself? Does he think that he
has by this induced us to have heretofore con-
fidence in him, and to expect from him consola-
tion, counsel, and succor in all the exigencies
of life? Does he think he has filled us with joy
by telling us that he doubts whether our souls
be anything else than a little air or vapour, and
still more by saying this to us in a proud and
contented voice? Is it then a thing to be said
gaily? Is it not rather a thing to be said with
tears as the saddest thing in the world?

If such persons would but think seriously up-
on their conduct, they would perceive it to be
contemptible, so contrary to good sense, so op-
posed to honesty, and every way so far remov-
ed from the refined air that they seek, that
nothing is more capable of drawing on them the
contempt and aversion of men and making them
pass for persons devoid of sense and judgment.
And, in truth, if we should prevail on them to
state their opinions and the reasons they have
for doubting religion, what they would say
would be so feeble and despicable as to operate
as an argument against them. To one of these
men some one once said very appropriately:
"If you continue to discourse in this way you
will convert me." And he was right; for who
would not dread to entertain opinions that would
associate him with persons so contemptible?

Those, therefore, who but pretend to have
these opinions, are very unfortunate in putting
a restraint on their nature only to render them-
selves of all men the most absurd. If they at
heart regret that they have no more knowledge
than they disseminate no longer; this avowal
causes them no shame. There is shame only in
being without it. Nothing more clearly dis-
covers a strange feebleness of mind than igno-
rance as to the unfortunate state of a man with-
out God; nothing marks more strongly an ex-
traordinary baseness of heart than not wishing
the truth of the eternal promises; nothing is
dastardly more to play the hero against God.
Let them leave such impiety as this to those
of us who are ill-bred enough to be truly capable
of it; let them be at least respectable, if they can
not as yet be Christians; let them, in a word,
know that there are two kinds of persons who
may be called respectable,—those who serve
God with all their hearts because they know
Him, and those who seek Him with all their
hearts because they do not yet know Him.

It is, therefore, for those who seek God sin-
cerely and knowing their misery, truly desir-
ing to be freed from it, that it is right to labour in
order to aid them in finding the light of which
they are destitute. But as for those who live
without knowing or seeking Him, they regard
themselves so little worthy of their own care,
that they are not worthy of the care of others;
and all the charity of the religion which they
despise is needed to keep us from despising
them and leaving them to their fate. But be-
cause this religion obliges us always to regard
them while in this life as capable of the grace
which can enlighten them, and to believe that
they can, in a short time, be more filled with
faith than we ourselves, and that, on the other
hand, they are liable to fall into the same blind-
ness in which they are, it behoves us to do for
them what we would wish them to do for us if
we were in their place, and to urge them to do
steps in the search for light. Let them give to
the reading of what is here written some of the
time they employ so uselessly otherwise. Per-
haps they may here find something; at all
events they will not lose much. But I hope
that those who will bring to it perfect sincerity
and a genuine desire for knowing the truth,
will be satisfied and will be convinced of the

evidence that they have here gathered of a re-
ligion so divine.

A. D. S.

PULPIT PREPARATION.

The frequent changes involved in the itiner-
ant system of labour, though confessedly very
favorable to an efficient discharge of duty, offer
to some peculiar temptations to intellectual
sloth. The custom of writing sermons, or
skeletons of sermons, has become the com-
mon thing among the fathers of the plan, argu-
ment; and minutes of the plan, arguments
of pulpit exhibition, are preserved in manu-
script for future use. After some time a stu-
dious man finds himself in possession of a good
supply of discourses, sufficient to meet the
demands of a circuit or station for one or two
years. By a judicious intermingling of these
old sermons with others prepared, invaluable
time is secured for pastoral duties, and much
mental culture, a constant growth in wisdom,
influence, and usefulness, from youth to old
age. Upon not a few promising young men,
however, this peculiarity of our system oper-
ates fatally. When their stock of plans has
accumulated so far as to answer current de-
mands, they make no more, and cease to be
students. They stagger on in the same dead
stagnation under the burden of these stale, antiquated
sermons. The human intellect must work
or it will starve. The perusal of yellow man-
uscripts is not study. The mind must invest-
ment wrestle with new propositions. The
objection is not to the quality of the old ser-
mons; it is possible they may even be better
than the preacher may now be able to produce;
yet they may be useless and creditable to
the author, while an inferior discourse, fresh
from the mint of the soul, blazing with the
emotion of a laboring mind, may awaken profound
repetition: are the stalest of performances.
They remind us of the desiccated preparations
of the botanist—bored, fringed, grace
and color, yet indeed possessing a measure of
medicinal virtue. A brother once said to me,
"I know several preachers in the Conference,
who have not studied in ten or twenty years."
A little less guilty than those who have not
prayed in twenty years.

No matter if a minister has a cart load of
sermons as good as Paul preached, at least
half the sermons called for by exigency of
ministerial labor, should be produced by cur-
rent efforts. A sermon a week is no more
than a requisite for best nature of mental
life. The greatest boon that could befall many
preachers would be the confiscation of their
manuscript. Our ministers, in open Confer-
ence, and private discourse, exercise over
each other a supervision more comprehensive
and searching than is found in other denomina-
tions. But the remedy for this evil rests with
the individual conscience, and for thorough,
systematic, protracted study, there can be no
substitute. True, it is better to have souls
than to study. The effect is more excellent
than the cause; but it cannot exist independ-
ent of the cause. Effectual preaching without
diligent study, is an impossibility. Old ser-
mons are preached with good effect by men
who are still in the habit of making new ones
and who keep their intellects thoroughly awake
by study and invention, and by passing through
an intense resuscitating medium. But whoever
attempts to divorce what God has joined to-
gether, will be rebuked by an unblest and un-
welcome minister. Grey hairs must succeed
the heyday of youth, and they must come
crowned with a superior wisdom and piety; he
who does not expect to remain always young,
must provide for the exigency of a period
which will steadily require the fulfillment of
early promises.—Dr. Uxix.

TEMPERANCE AND THE PULPIT.

The pulpit should make war on rum, be-
cause rum makes war on the pulpit. In-
terference is one of the biggest obstacles in the
way of the Gospel. The reign of King Jesus
and the reign of King Alcohol are always in
conflict of attraction, there churches are deserted
the assertion of Paul is proved true: "Ye
cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the
cup of devils." If the tables of drunken reve-
ry are numerous, surrounded, the sacramental
tables are neglected. Satan has no more
efficient batteries planted over against our
citadels of virtue, our homes and school-houses
and churches, than those temples of his, which
by the increase of XXX and wines and
liquors perpetually fills the air. He has no
better infantry and cavalry than the multi-form
drinking customs of society.

As a Christian minister I oppose drink, be-
cause it opposes me. The work I try to do
is undone. My charge against it at this point is
simple and direct; it is an obstacle to the
spread of the Gospel; nay, it is an enemy which
assails the Gospel, and whose complete success
would drive the Gospel from the earth. The
chains it forges are the strongest and most gall-
ing ever fastened on the human body or the
human soul. There is not a sinner on the face
of the earth so unlikely to be savingly affected
by the influence of the Gospel as the habitual
drunkard. He may be a man of delicate sen-
sibility, of lofty purpose, and of towering in-
tellect; he may have qualities which, uninter-
rupted by alcohol, would adorn any character; but, if
he is addicted to his cups, his destination is al-
most inevitably the bottomless pit. The sal-
vation of a thorough drunkard is one of the
mightiest miracles of Almighty God. I know
men who are frequently convicted of their need
of experimental religion, but who are held
back from a single step towards it by the
charms of rum. All fetters would be gossamer
in the way of their urgent longing; "Why
hold them? Many a poor, broken hearted
man, who has staggered up to the altar for prayer
and cried earnestly upon the bowl which he
caused them, and which will aggravate them,
until they eliminate amid unpenetrable flames."
So far as the probability of success in the
proclamation of my message is concerned, let
me to the brazen blasphemers of the name
most dear to my heart; let me go to the forger
who for long years has been using Sataanic con-
ning to defraud his fellow men; let me go to
the murderer, who lies in felon's chains await-
ing the execution of the law's supreme penalty;
but send me not to the pitiable object in human
shape, whose spirit is beclouded, and whose
soul is reeking with the fumes of rum. And
why? Because his will is entrained by the di-
rect bondage conceivable. His manhood is in
the dust, and a demon sits on the chariot of the
soul, lashing the fiery steeds of passion. No
possible motive, or combination of motives,
can be urged upon him which will stand the
moment before the infernal clamorings of his
appetite. One of these unfortunate beings
(for I know not but they are to be pitied as
much as blamed) once said that, if he were
placed in one corner of a room, with a jug of
rum in the opposite corner, and a cannon firing
balls across the room every instant, he would
start for it, not so with the weaker or the
stronger. It is not so with the weaker or the
stronger. The Gospel can be presented to either of them from a more ad-
vantageous standpoint.

The truth here insisted on stands out with
fearful vividness, if you compare a drunkard's
death bed with that of other sinners. Take
the case of one who escapes death by his own
hand or by accident (a multitude of them are
carried off in these ways,) but who stands

on the verge of a dishonored grave, brought
there by his own excesses. It seems as though
the good influences which linger round other
death beds, as long as life remains in the body
have deserted him. You need not repeat in
his ear the fearful assurance that "no drunkard
shall inherit the kingdom of God." He feels it
in his most secret soul. "Hell from beneath is
moved to meet him as he comes. The devil is
so sure of him that they cannot wait for the
spirit to leave the body. They come up and
fill the room. His eyes see them just as they
see the terror stricken relatives that stand
around his bed.

Listen to a brief account of this dreadful
condition, extracted from the written state-
ment of one who has experienced it, and has since
become an eloquent advocate of temperance.

"The term 'close communion,' as applica-
ble to one class of Baptists, is of long-estab-
lished and well-settled use. Nor did it origi-
nate without reason. They are close commu-
nion in a sense very different from those with
whom they compare themselves. It would be
a fair test of our position to inquire what we
would do if we believed that immersion was
not baptism. With that belief I certainly
would not exclude Baptists from the commu-
nion any more than I would Quakers who dis-
card all baptism but that of the Spirit, and I
presume no Congregationalist would. The
only reason we would not, as a rule, receive
one who had never been baptized, is that
the command to be baptized is so plain
and all but universally acknowledged that,
generally speaking, one could not present him-
self thus without giving evidence that he was
not a Christian. Thus his rejection would
really be on the score of lack of Christian
character, instead of lack of baptism. This makes
our ground wholly different from theirs; and I
can hardly see how an ingenious man can think
it the same.

In a word, we should not hesitate to com-
mune with those who conscientiously believed
they had been baptized, and whose belief was
sustained by more than half of Christendom.
We would feel that we were going against the
whole tenor of the gospel, which is not of the
letter that killeth, but of the Spirit which giveth
life, if we were to insist, as they do, upon
our own judgment in regard to the mode of an
ordinance. It is as if we were to exclude
others from the Supper because they would not
receive it in a receding position, as was origi-
nally done.

Now, with what prospect of success could a
minister go to the bedside of such a fend-
haunted man, to pour into his ears the con-
solation of the Gospel? Far be it from me to say
that the occupant of such a bed cannot possi-
bly pass from it to Abraham's bosom. I am
ready to preach Jesus to any man as long as
the blood courses in his veins, but I will say
an utterly unable to conceive a case more
hopeless.

Now, shall the pulpit, or shall it not, utter
its emphatic and reiterated protest against
men's needless haste in rushing into evils so
great as these? Shall it or shall it not warn
young against these threats of gossamer,
which are scarcely felt until they grow into
chains of steel, unbearable and unbreakable?
Shall it or shall it not jealously guard itself
against the assaults of this wily foe? For
there is no other temptation which has been
so destructive to the character of the Chris-
tian ministers. God's command to Aaron and
his sons was, "Do not drink wine, nor strong
drink, lest ye die." If all the suc-
cessors had heeded this warning, religion would
have been spared many a severe reproach.
What a proof it is of the insidious and awful
power of this temptation, that any minister
of Christ shall be lured on by it to destruction
in spite of all the seemingly righteous motives
which cry out against the monstrous folly, and
sin! His position, his reputation, his family,
his Church's Bible, his Saviour, all protest;
but the enchanting cup meets him at every
turn, and down he goes. Oh! what a fall
from the Pulpit into hell! [From Sermon by
Rev. C. D. Fosk. New York.

EXTRACTS FROM CANADIAN WESLEYAN
MISSIONARY NOTICES.

The Wesleyan Missionary Notices (Canada)
February, contain valuable and
deeply interesting letters from several of our
missionaries in our distant Missions, that can-
not fail to be read with interest by all our
readers. There are letters conveying facts of
great interest from Rev. G. Young, Rev. E.
R. Young, Rev. George McDougall, Rev. J.
Campbell, Rev. W. Pollard, Rev. Thomas
Crosby and the Rev. T. Hurlbut. The
long communication from Rev. E. R. Young
is well calculated to inspire the supporters of
our Missions with greater liberality. We
give a few extracts from his journal which may
give some idea of the work in which he is en-
gaged.

VISIT TO OXFORD HOUSE.

I have visited Oxford again this summer,
and was fortunate in being there at just the
right time, as the two brigades, manned by our
Oxford Indians, the one coming up and the
other going down, met each other at their
own house. On account of my visit, the gentle-
man in charge kindly permitted them to remain
there for three days. I held ten services;
married three couples; baptized over thirty
adults and children, administered the Sacra-
ment of the Lord's Supper to about eighty per-
sons. The last Sabbath evening service was
an exceedingly interesting one, as every per-
son in the house, including Hudson Bay officials
and their wives, the European servants and
natives all promised to seek the Lord until they
found Him. The trip was pleasant, as the
rains were frequent, and the camping places
poor. Sometimes our bed was a rock, at other
times it was a swamp. The rocky one was pre-
ferable, if smooth, as it could be kept dry.

ANOTHER BOAT LOAD.

Of men has called to have a talk with me
and again I am interrupted in my writing. We
thank God for such interruptions, and gladly
leave the pen and go out to where they are
now seated on the grass waiting for me.

I have had a very interesting inter-
view with them, and will try and give you
an account of it. They were from Berea and
a place half way between this place and Red
River. After a few words, as to health, &c.,
had passed between us, an old man, who seem-

ed to be spokesman of the party, said, "Well
praying master—the Missionary's name,—do
you remember your words of three summers
ago?" I asked "Why?" He replied, "Your
words were, that you would send to your coun-
try, and to the great Keebeeyawewekemook
—Missionary for us." For my answer, I translat-
ed my letter to you of October, 1868, published
in the Missionary Notices. "We thank you for
sending that word he replied; "But where is
the Missionary?" I was lost for an answer,
for I felt that I was being asked by this hun-
gry soul the most important question it is
possible for the Christian Church, to whom
God has committed the great work of evangeli-
zation, to hear.

"WHERE IS THE MISSIONARY?"

The question thrilled me, and I went down
like a reed before the storm. I could only weep
and say the Lord would have mercy upon me, and
on the apathetic Christian world whose apologist I
have to be to earth's millions of perishing souls
whose representative I have here and now in
old Indian whose eyes are sufficed in tears
to tell him of a want of men, or lack of means
to carry the glad tidings of salvation to his
perishing countrymen, would only have filled
his mind with doubts as to the genuineness of
a religion which could be enjoyed by a people
without the endeavoring to send it to those
who had it not. So I tried to give him an idea
of the world's population, and the vast number
yet unconverted to Christianity. I told him the
churches were at work in many nations, and
among many people, but that many years
would pass away before all the world was sup-
plied with missionaries.

"HOW MANY WINTERS WILL PASS BY BEFORE
THAT TIME COMES?"

He asked, "A great many, I fear," was [the
answer. He put his hands through his long
hair, once as black as a raven's wing, but now
becoming silvered over by the hand of time,
and replied, "These white hairs, and the pre-
sence of my grand children, in the wigwags,
tell me I am getting old. My countrymen at
Red River, on one side of us and here at Nor-
way House on the other side, have mission-
aries and churches, and schools, I do not
want to die until we too have a church and
school." Friends of missions in Canada! We
want \$200 from you to enable us to commence
this mission immediately. Part to pay a good
Christian Indian from Norway House to teach
them how to read the sacred volume in their
own tongue, and to tell them the "sweet story
of old," and what the Lord Jesus has done for
him. The other part we want, that we may be
enabled to render them a good Indian carpenter,
with tools, to assist them in building their
houses. Several have got out the timber al-
ready, saying they believed something would be
done for them.

A HORRID TRAGEDY.

Another dreadful event has occurred about a
hundred miles from us. A boy about fifteen
years old went crazy, and in his ravings kept
asking for flesh to eat. At last he said, "I
will surely kill somebody, and eat them if I
can." One day he attacked his father and tried
hard to bite him. The father and an elderly
brother of the crazy one, then deliberately
strangled him, and burnt his body to ashes.
They have a superstitious belief that unless the
body of a crazy person is consumed by fire, it
comes to life again, and ever after is a great
source of trouble and affliction to its friends.
Poor boy, who was so healthy and had restored
few months in an asylum, and who had been
reason to his throne. I took my gun and
went and visited the family. They were in
deep sorrow at what they have so rashly done.
They have moved up to our village, and now
come regularly to church. We believe there
were some of the murderers of our Saviour
among the multitude who listened to Peter on
the day of Pentecost; perhaps many, among
the thousands of converts. If this pagan
family sincerely repeat of their dreadful
deed, we shall receive them into the fold.

OPENING FOR A MISSION.

Here is a splendid opportunity offered for the
commencement of a Wesleyan Mission, which I
am confident in a few years would be much
larger than this at Norway House, as the nat-
ural advantages are so much greater. Many of
our people from here would go there if a mis-
sion were established. As things are now, we
lose many of our members every year, who are
crowded out from this place to parts of the
country where Methodism is not represented.

My journeying home was not without its per-
ils. As the boat in which I went to Berea
River had to go to Red River, I was obliged to
take a canoe and some Indians for the re-
turn trip. The good canoes were all away or
engaged, and I was obliged to make the journey
in a shanty and six-penny old one, that had been
condemned as being unsafe for even river fish-
ing. Fancy traveling a distance of about 100
miles between Belleville and Hamilton, on a
such stormer lake than Ontario, in an old
birch bark canoe, so rotten that the pressure of
the thumb was quite sufficient to burst through
the bottom. But "the King's business required
 haste,"—the winter was fast approaching
my people were gathering for our love feast
and sacrament, and so trusting in Providence
and three pagan Indians, I made the attempt, and
in due time I reached home, alive