

The Wesleyan,

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OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

THE BURIALS BILL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—As this is about the only important measure introduced in the present session, it is receiving a very large amount of public attention. It is evident that the Bill will receive at every stage the keenest criticism, and be met with the most determined opposition.

ON TUESDAY LAST

the opponents of the bill met in conference, and took counsel as to the best way in which the objectionable and humiliating proposals may be met and defeated. Your correspondent had the privilege of attending this gathering and listening to men of foremost position and ability. The Government proposals were analysed and shown up in their true light, the feeling of the entire meeting was one of deep and honest indignation, and in no way will the present measure be accepted as a settlement of the question. The Wesleyan body was represented by Mr. Waddy, M. P., and Alderman Fowler of Wolverhampton, and they were in a position to speak with certainty as to the course that we are prepared to take in common with our brethren of the Nonconformist churches in rejecting the pitiable indignity of silent funerals and other provisions which the Government would like to force upon us.

THE EDUCATIONAL MEETING

was held in Exeter Hall, and was the first of our great anniversaries. It lacked a little of the intense enthusiasm of the meeting of last year, and was not so crowded. The choir of about 600 voices formed a great attraction and imparted much interest throughout the whole evening. The business was divided into three portions, and a speaker was appointed to advocate the claims of each.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME

established some eight years ago by the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, and still under his efficient and untiring superintendence, is being lovingly cared for by Methodism, and prospered by the blessing of God. It has spread out into four or more great centres, and bids fair to become a powerful and permanent institution of Wesleyan Methodism.

SABBATH SCHOOL WORK

and specially the doings of the Sabbath school Union received full recognition. Increased efficiency in teaching, improved facilities for systematic work, and ever-growing numbers in our schools afforded material for congratulation and thanksgiving, and incentives to renewed effort and consecration.

THE DAY SCHOOLS

of Methodism were reviewed and the present aspects of the question fully discussed. The statistics were not encouraging. There is a small decrease in the number of schools and of scholars. The formidable competition of national schools in the villages, and of splendidly equipped Board schools in many towns and cities subject our Wesleyan day schools to a severe strain, and in some instances compelled a transfer of our schools to the care and support of the School Boards. This is a subject of deep regret to our educational authorities, but it is unavoidable. It will be an increasing difficulty as the Boards become general, and rates are everywhere demanded. Our people must contribute their full proportion in this form, and they cannot erect and maintain separate schools in any great numbers in the future. Yet our schools maintain their high character and are second to none in efficiency.

THE BUDGET FOR 1877

was presented last night, and in the face of the extraordinary trade depression, it is found that there is no deficiency, but a very small surplus. Revenue to the amount of 79 millions has

been received and the same amount has been expended. The rate-payers have no remission of their burdens to gladden their hearts but there is no increase to trouble them. It is a very quiet and unpretending scheme, but it is something to be thankful for at the hands of a Government which is ever increasing the expenditure of the nation, and so far notwithstanding the increase of the income, has not relieved the amount of taxation.

THE GOOD TEMPLARS

have been sitting at Plymouth in annual session. Rumors of reduced numbers, of formidable secessions, and of strong internal dissensions have been circulated during the year. If we may judge from the returns just presented there has not been much truth in those rumors, but the Order is vigorous, strong and progressive. It has passed through a sharp ordeal on the Negro question which has drifted over from the American side, but its action has been well sustained at home, and its Worthy Chief, Mr. Malins, has again been elected as head of the Order. This report is gratifying, as there have been persistent attempts to damage the order of Good Templars, and also the formation of other powerful temperance associations.

WAR RUMORS

are abundant, and at the time of writing the prospect of peace between Russia and Turkey seems almost hopeless. Turkey is obstinate and insolent, the protocol is rejected, and it is feared that the next step on the part of Russia will be a declaration of war.

April 16, "B."

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

(Central Advocate.)

Unless the original determination is changed, the Tabernacle meetings will close this week. A very general expression is being given to the hope that they may be continued a few weeks longer, but no announcement has been made intimating such an intention. The interest in the work has not flagged for a moment from the outset, but has been cumulative. The question of success, in a very full degree, has been settled for several weeks. Let the meetings close now, when they may, a glorious victory is an assured fact.

The marked feature of the work for several weeks past, has been the interest developed in connection with the subordinate meetings. Those that we have heretofore mentioned have increased in numbers and power, and various other special meetings for railroad men, for members of the press, and the meeting for market men at Faneuil Hall. These special meetings have not only been held in the main portion of the city, but in East and South Boston, in Charlestown and Cambridge, and in all the surrounding towns and cities.

Last Friday was a very notable day in the history of the revival. It was the occasion of a great and enthusiastic temperance convention. Every Friday during the course of the meetings has been devoted specially to the interests of this cause, and the success which has attended the efforts in behalf of the inebriate has been signally great. The day was a very disagreeable one, but the attendance was large. The first part of the programme consisted of the narration of their experience by converted drunkards. No one can tell so well the wretchedness of intemperance as these men who have "sounded the shoals and depths," and nothing is better calculated to excite sympathy and interest for this fallen class than these recitals, by the victims themselves, of the horrors of the terrible captivity. After these personal experiences, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, of New York, delivered an address. He spoke with special reference to the work of the church in the prevention of drunkenness. When God commits people to our care in the churches, he does not give them to us originally as wrecks. We receive them as children from the nursery. The young people come to us untouched by the demon of the cup. Our first work therefore is that of preservation—it is to put up the light houses, to buoy the channel, to point out the sunken rock, to set the example of abstinence, to save from wreck. We have not only in our midst thousands of inebriates who are to be reached in brotherly love, and brought to Christ, but

thousands of people who are in danger, who as yet have not fallen, but who will fall unless we take care of them. Unless this preventive work is done we will always have an amount of curative work on our hands that will far exceed our resources. Reformed men, like Mr. Sawyer and others, may stand fifty yards from the falls of Niagara and see thousands carried to destruction, and may occasionally draw one out and save him. But let the mass of God's people go five miles above the cataract and prevent the children and young people from throwing themselves in the rapids. What shall the church do? One thing to be done is what the Church of Scotland was to do by Mr. Moody, when they asked him, "What is the best way to arrest intemperance in Scotland?" He gave them a glance like a shot from his eye, as he said, "Let the ministers and Christian people put the bottle from off their own table." That answer set Scotland to shaking. If there is wine in the pulpit, it will leak into the pews.

The next speaker was the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., of New York. He took for his text a paraphrase of a popular proverb, which he put thus: "An ounce of mother it worth a pound of priest." He urged the obligation of Christians to have a feeling of tenderness for the fallen and despaired classes. No one in this country has a wider experience in dealing with this class than he, and no one probably has accomplished so much in that direction. He stated that every week he met assemblies of seven or eight hundred of these men, and that from twenty-five to fifty of the number were reformed weekly. This kind of people, he said, need to be approached with more of the mother than of the priest.

A VISIT TO WIDOW JONES.

Dr. Mark Trafton writes betimes for *Zion's Herald*. There is a little veiled satire in his story, the concluding half of which we copy. We are thankful to say that our own worn-out ministers and minister's widows, though no better cared for than they should be, do not quite suit the picture here presented. We would fain hope that the Doctor (who is somewhat of a wag) has been using a good deal of colouring in his sketch of New England Christian forgetfulness.

But we must come to the object of our visit; and so I at once, as delicately as possible, opened the subject, and asked the widow how she was getting on, and asked her what was her prospect for the winter, now so near at hand. She looked at me a moment (I saw she was making a desperate effort for self control), and then replied, "Well, we have so far succeeded in paying the rent, which is six dollars a month, and getting something to live upon. You know the insurance upon which my husband depended, is lost, and that leaves me with nothing but my hands. I do not get as much work as I could do. I bought a sewing machine but I owe for it, and may have to give it up. My children require much of my time. I could take in washing"—here she broke down entirely, and her sobs shook her whole frame like an ague.

I got up and walked to the window. My wife was crying like a child. It was too much for my philosophy. It was a problem beyond my powers of solution. She recovered herself shortly, and went on: "My husband told me, just before he died, that the Church which he had served so long would not see us suffer, and the Preachers' Aid Society would take care of us; but all I have yet received is this paper," and she passed it to me, saying, "I don't know what to make of it."

I unrolled the red tape document and read: "You will fill out the blanks and return it to the secretary."
"How old are you?"
"How many children have you who are dependent on you?"
"Have you any property, and if so, how much?"
"Have you any income, and if so, how much?"
"Have you an occupation, and how much can you earn?"
"How long was your husband in the ministry?"

There are some other questions which might with equal propriety have been inserted, as, for instance: "What was the state of your husband's wardrobe when he died, and what is the present probable value?"
"Do you keep a dog, and if so, what does it cost to board him?"
"Do you spend any money in unnecessary travel, or in attending lectures or concerts, and if so, how much?"
"Do you take any periodicals, except

ZION'S HERALD, and if so, can you not dispense with them all, except the last?" and could you not stop that, and borrow your neighbor's?"

"Did you ever try to live on two meals a day, and so save one-third of your table expenses?"

But I was too indignant to indulge in humor at that interview, and my first impulse was to tear the paper in shreds, and throw them into the stove; but I restrained myself, and said to the poor, forsaken one, "I will see to this matter. In the meantime do not hesitate to make known to us your wants; you shall not suffer." So we left and returned home.

At our cosy tea-table, after a long silence, my wife said, "What are you thinking of? Why don't you speak?"
"I was thinking of this. Suppose when you have six children, the eldest twelve and the babe at your breast (he is now six feet and four inches in height, and weighs 192 pounds), I had died, what could you have done? How many nights I have lain awake pondering that grave question."

"But you did not die, and if you had, some way would have opened for us, no doubt. God never forsakes His children."
"All that is true; you are a woman of piety and faith; but you see, you are not in that condition, and so you can know nothing about it. But what about poor Sister Jones, on whom we have just called. God has not forsaken her, I suppose, nor forgotten her, either; but has left her to the care of the Church—His Church, they call themselves—and they send her a paper of—not pins, but such questions! And she must make known all her condition; and if her husband had left any property, she must use it all up to the last cent before they will aid her at all."

"Tell it not in Gath that the M. E. Church aids none of her worn out ministers or widows, but paupers!" My indignation was here rising again, but was checked by that peculiarity of my organism, and which I am obliged to struggle against—a disposition to look upon the ludicrous aspect of things—and I set down my pen and burst into a fit of laughter.

"Well, this is no laughing matter," said my wife, who never laughs when she can help it. "I feel more like crying, and have felt so since I saw that poor woman and her helpless children; and she, a minister's wife, talks of taking in washing!"—and here the good woman broke down again, and pressed her napkin against her eyes.

"Wait a moment," I said. "As soon as this laugh is over, I will join in weeping; but it just occurred to me that there was another question which might have been sent to that widow—this, for instance: 'Had your husband a set of false teeth? If so, were they on gold or rubber, and if on gold, what did you do with the plate?'"
"No, I am not treating it lightly at all. I am but using the only weapon which can pierce the incrustation of selfishness and indifference which covers the sensibilities of the Church, on this matter of care for worn-out preachers, widows and orphans' sabbath."

Year by year the case is presented, and still the aid comes in meagerly and reluctantly, and the worn-out suffer. There's Sister Jones. Her husband gave all the best years of his life to faithful services for the Church, and he had the assurance when he joined the ranks that he should have a living, and if he broke down, he should be provided for in age and infirmity; that if he fell at his post, his widow and children should be the care of the Church. When young, he was told that if he interested himself in the sale of our books, he would be creating a fund from which he would draw something, at least, if disabled. His estimates have barely met his necessities, so that he could save nothing; and now his unhappy family are left in utter destitution. It has a bad look. Our supplies from the Book Concern are cut off. Our extravagance in church building has crippled our Churches, and the poor are left in poverty and want. O ye people of God, in your quiet homes, with your wants all supplied, remember the claims of these sufferers, and deny yourselves of some luxury, send in at once a percentage of the debt you owe our suffering Sister Jones, and her classmates!

We find in *The Observer* the following graphic exhibit of the crowding of the ministerial ranks in the United States:—
April 12, 1877.
Dear Sir,—Having heard that the pulpit of the ——— has not yet been filled, I write to ask you to put the name of my friend, the Rev. ———, before the people. He is just the man for the place, and I am yours.

ANSWER. ———, April 14.
My Dear Sir,—Your request is cheerfully complied with, and your friend will be invited to preach when his turn comes. There are now seventy-three names on the list of candidates recommended, and if each one of them is heard not more than two Sundays, your friend will be wanted about three years hence. It is well that you wrote so soon, because applications are coming in so rapidly some of them will have to wait four or five years.

Always yours,

GOUGH COMING.

This is something like an announcement! To the thousands who never heard him, and to other thousands who have—for he is said to be as effective on the platform as ever—this intimation comes with glad surprise. Apart from his subject—that too is as important as ever—it is an event in one's life to hear Gough. Engaged at \$750 for three lectures, the confidence of the Temperance men who invite him runs high. They ought to be sustained handsomely, for it is more than a Temperance enterprise. All admirers of eloquence will thank them. We subjoin an extract from his Autobiography in relation to his former visit to Halifax.

I continued in Ohio,—visiting Indianapolis, Aurora, and Madison, in Indiana,—lecturing constantly till the 12th of June, when I left Cleveland, reaching my home on the 14th, and rested till July 4th, working with an occasional respite till the 28th; remained on the farm till August 25th, when I left on the steamer *Europe* for Halifax, Nova Scotia. I continued there for more than a week, delivering nine lectures. I had an opportunity of addressing the famous Forty-Second Highlanders, then stationed at Halifax. An English paper stated, three years after, that "many of the men were all the better for it."

In passing through the city, I had noticed a sign hung up in front of a low drinking-house, with a daub of a picture, representing a half-intoxicated soldier in the Highland costume, a bottle in one hand and a pipe in the other; "The Jolly Highland Soldier," in red letters beneath. In the course of my address to the soldiers, I told them what I had seen, and asked them if the publican dared to exhibit the picture of a drunken lawyer, a drunken doctor, or a drunken minister, or even a "Jolly Highland Officer?" No! He associated the Highland soldier with drunkenness. It was an insult to them, and to the "Garb of old Gaul," of which they were proud. The next day the sign disappeared. A deputation of the men had waited on the proprietor, with a very emphatic request that the offending sign should be taken down. I heard of a sign that was taken down in Connecticut because it told too much truth. The rum-seller's name was Solomon Camp, and being economical of space, he directed the painter to inscribe, "S. Camp's Tavern." The artist omitted the space and dot, and it appeared, "Scamp's Tavern." All have heard of the "Seven last Plagues for sale here." A peculiar name for a grog-shop is, "The Silent." Another, "The Bite Tavern;" another, "The Shades." One I saw was the "Spider" and on the blinds was painted an enormous web, with unfortunates flies entangled in the meshes.

At the recent public meeting in Boston, Mr. Gough was one of the speakers. We find this notice of his appearance in *Zion's Herald*.

Mr. Gough, in the evening, was at his best. He did not lack in wonderful dramatic power and irresistible humor, but he was evidently greatly impressed with the solemnity of the scene, and the divine grace that was present. The address had the pathos, and solidity, and religious force of his most effective temperance discourses, and profoundly impressed the audience, made up, as it was largely, of tempted men.

BAPTIST ORDINATION.

[From the *New York Herald*.]

The *Examiner* and *Chronicle* indulges in a little mild sarcasm over our statements concerning the re-ordination of Rev. Mr. Haynes, who has just entered the Baptist ministry. The gentleman was ordained according to the forms of the Methodist Church, but when he changed his denominational relations it was decreed that his ordination was invalid. We simply suggested that when a man is consecrated by one branch of the Christian Church, and changes his field of labor, his consecration holds good if we are all brethren, as we pretend to be. The *Examiner* and *Chronicle* says he was ordained a Methodist, and nothing else. We humbly confess our error. We supposed that he was ordained to the Christian ministry, that he went to work in the Methodist branch of it. If, however, he was made nothing but a Methodist, and not a Christian, he should certainly be ordained over again. Let us not have a second blunder, though. This time let the elders see to it that he is not ordained as a Baptist only. We are heartily sorry to have been laboring so long under the delusion that if a man was a Christian he might possibly be a Baptist too.