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Bro. L. GAETZ forwards to us the following address, delivered at the St. James Memorial Service, for

REV. GEORGE McDougall.

We have not come together to-day merely to indulge in eulogy. We are met to pay a deserved tribute of honor to the memory of a devoted missionary and a truly noble man. Whatever we may say or leave unsaid, the name of George McDougall will be written among "the few immortal names." That name is so deeply engraven upon the history of the North West, and upon the hearts of its Aboriginal races, that the pen of the historian will haste to do it honor, and even the untutored Indian will hand down to his posterity the memory of an honest official; a zealous peace-maker; an unselfish friend; and, above all, an heroic minister of Jesus Christ. The death of such a man is not only a loss to the church, but to the country in which he lived.

Elisha looking longly after the flaming equipage which bore hence the prophet of Horeb, from the privations of the wilderness and the rage of kings, cried "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." He felt that a prophet's undaunted message and all conquering prayer, were often mightier in the nation than her military forces. The real strength of a country does not lie in arsenals and ammunition, but in the incorruptible integrity, and God fearing devotion of good men. The recognition of this truth is at least implied in the fact that from all quarters, men of every shade of ecclesiastical creed, and political opinion, have vied with each other in acknowledgement of the sterling worth of our lamented brother McDougall.

One way in which we may honour the memory of a good man is to mark his virtues and learn to imitate them. Our own short acquaintance with the deceased, left upon our mind the portrait of a man of rugged honesty, as little flattered by a favor as daunted by a frown. Calm and deliberate in his judgment, and practical in his plans. With the rare gift of perceiving an opportunity, and a strength of purpose resistless as fate. With his whole soul in his enterprise, and mighty faith in God, he threw his energies against the most appalling obstacles, never dreaming of defeat. To him "the primal duties shone aloft like stars," and eclipsed all lesser lights of policy and self interest. Full of generous impulses and incapable of being false to friend or foe. We need not wonder that such a man succeeded in his holy calling. It would be an unaccountable anomaly if he should fail. We venture to hope that some author, worthy of his subject, may be inspired with the purpose of giving to the public, as early as possible, a faithful record of the life, and missionary labours of Rev. George McDougall. Such a book would be warmly welcomed in almost every Methodist home in the Dominion. It would be a valuable addition to our Sabbath-school libraries, a blessing to our rising ministry, and a stimulus to the cause of missions.

Another way in which we may honour the memory of a good man, is by pushing forward the loved work which his death palsied hand compelled him to leave unfinished. In the restless enterprise of his great heart our lamented missionary pleaded to the latest hours of his life for the reinforcement of old stations, and the location of new. Like a great general planning the conquest of the entire country, he judiciously selected his positions and strove to plant his forts. On the plains and among the mountains, by the rude pathways of the emigrant, and in the centres of a scanty trade. Amid the haunts of the settler, and on the hunting grounds of the savage he marked out the positions which commanded the widest usefulness, and were likely to insure the most speedy conquests. But his plans of labour and thoughts of love

are left to other hearts and hands. Directly or indirectly they are left to ours. What more beautiful, or to him a more grateful tribute of our love, than for the Methodist Church of Canada to fulfil that latest and deepest purpose of his heart, and rear on the distant plains of the North West the "orphanage" for which he awakened such deep sympathy on both sides of the Atlantic. The accomplishment of that most deserving object is within the reach of the Methodists of this Dominion, without prejudice to a solitary interest of the church. Who will direct the effort?

The memory of a good man may be further honoured by a tender regard and practical sympathy for his bereaved family; the shares of his toils, privations and sorrows. No Christian heart could have been unmoved at the touching story which the widow tells of her husband's death and her heart's desolation. But for the grace of God how could she endure the picture of her faithful, heroic husband, roaming, probably blind, over the plains; faint, weary, and cold, alone with God, for days and nights together, until the last hope of earthly home and friends died out, and in growing weakness he made haste to commend his spirit to God who gave it, and laid him down to die.

The Church has lost a devoted missionary. The country has lost a great and good man. But the family has lost husband and father in a lone land, and under circumstances more than ordinarily sad. But his ashes will slumber as peacefully in the Valley of the Saskatchewan as in the vaults of Mount Royal. In death the providence of God kindly shielded him from the ostentation of pompous obsequies, and in the moving of the resurrection he will have the further honor of rising with the kindred dust of the tribes for whom he sacrificed even life itself. "They cease from their labours and their works do follow them."

ST. JOHN CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR.—That commodity commonly known as "news" is just now exceptionally scarce, and I find it difficult to forward you much of general interest. The late revivals in

OUR CHURCHES

have ripened into results of cheering and permanent good. Through the agency of these special services many have been turned from paths of wickedness and vice, and are now being gathered into full church membership. These have not been confined to the Methodist Churches of our city alone, but have been shared in by the other evangelical churches as well. The Rev. Mr. Sprague, last Sabbath evening, at "old" Germain Street, received into full communion quite a large number of candidates. His sermon was specially adapted to the occasion, and was earnest and impressive. A few weeks ago Mr. Evans held a similar service at Exmouth Street Church. Next Sabbath evening a service of the same description will be held at the Centenary Church. It is hoped Mr. Pope will have so far recovered from his protracted and prostrating illness, as to be present and take the lead on that occasion.

At the last session of our Local Legislature an act was passed for the purpose of still further restraining the

LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Many grocery stores also keep liquor for sale, both by wholesale and retail. The object of the Act is to separate entirely the grocery and liquor business. The act came into operation on the first day of this present month, and its effects as yet of course cannot be foretold. It is said that some of the dealers are trying to evade the law by putting up their board partitions, and by keeping groceries on one side and liquors on the other. Ordinary people, who are not warped by self interest, will, I think, look upon that board partition as "too thin," and it is hoped the administrators of the law will not be able to see it at all. This vice of intemperance is an alarming one. The number of young in this city going headlong to ruin through its means is mournful to contemplate. It is high time a determined effort was made to roll back this deadly tide, so destructive of public and private happiness and prosperity. If the law should come before the courts—and there is talk of it now—I sincerely trust it may be fully sustained and upheld, as its rigid enforcement must have a restraining influence upon the use of intoxicating drinks. Among other matters of importance dealt with by our Local Legislature last session were the enactment of the codified laws and provision for the erection of a

NORMAL SCHOOL

at Fredericton. The building will cost it is thought upwards of seventy thousand dollars. It will be the key stone of the arch in our Common School system. In

this connection it may not be amiss to say that a copy of the Act passed at the late session of the Nova Scotia Legislature, organizing the "University of Halifax," has just reached me, kindly forwarded from the office of the Provincial Secretary. With the cardinal principle of that Act, I am fully in accord: viz. a central examining, non-teaching corporation, exercising a superintending control over Collegiate education throughout the Province. It is just possible some better and more satisfactory method of constituting the Senate might have been adopted. For instance, the various affiliated colleges, might naturally be supposed to be deeply interested in the success of the measure, and I think, *ex officio* should have had some representation upon the Senate. The position of fellow is apparently for life—not by any means a desirable provision in such a measure. From a hasty perusal of the Act I have come to the conclusion that the success of the University of Halifax will entirely depend upon the wisdom displayed by the Lieutenant Governor in Council in appointing the members of the senate. There is no reason why a University system fashioned after that of London, Calcutta, and other noted centres of learning, should not flourish upon Canadian soil. The meetings held in this city last month under the auspices of our

EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY

were not so well attended as its importance demanded, and as an enthusiastic educationist could wish. People always require to be educated up to great enterprises, as well social and moral as political. When our people awake to the importance of the objects of the Educational Society, and are taught that the attainment of those objects must determine the future of Methodism in the Dominion, they will, I feel assured, do all in their power to foster and promote the interests of that Society. The Deputation to St. John—Dr. Pickard and Prof. Kennedy—did good service in the cause, by their pointed, practical, and earnest addresses. We are just now having a season of Scottish song from

KENNEDY

and his family. This somewhat distinguished Scottish vocalist and elocutionist, has been delighting our citizens—especially the Scottish portion—for some nights past. He closes here to-night, (Wednesday), and will visit Halifax in his tour. His family—three sons and two daughters—are fine vocalists, and they sing together with a taste and precision truly surprising. The season with us is advancing, and yet

BUSINESS MATTERS

are not of the most encouraging description. Deals, and in fact all other kind of lumber, are selling at low figures, and returns from cargoes sent forward have not materially eased the prevailing depression. Some of our lumber dealers have sold their stocks at heavy losses, rather than hold over for higher prices; and it is thought by some that this course, after all, is the soundest policy. Depreciation in value and interest and other changes involved in carrying heavy stocks, soon reduce the margin for profit. This course a year ago would possibly have averted much of the financial stringency last winter, and much of the present stagnation. One encouraging feature is the activity this spring among our people in building operations. New buildings are going up in considerable numbers. Those possessing means are availing themselves of the low rate of wages and the stagnation in the lumber business to erect buildings. This industry gives employment to many who otherwise would be idle, makes a limited market for building material, and gives partial relief. The

NEW POST OFFICE

a fine substantial structure approaches completion. When opened to the public for postal purposes, it will prove a great convenience, as the present office is somewhat "cramped, cabined and confined." There is a rumour on our streets that the present Post Master—Mr. Howe, will be superannuated in a few weeks, or perhaps days, and that a prominent editor of this city will be appointed in his stead. It is probable the change will not take place until the new building is ready for occupancy.

OUR COURTS

are now busily engaged in disposing of a large amount of business both civil and criminal. It will be remembered that on the 17th of February last, Mr. Philips a money broker of this city, was robbed by a thief in his office window, and about \$1200 worth of bank notes taken. The robber immediately after the daring deed jumped into a sleigh and drove off with another person. Two parties, Devine and Tole, were arrested as they drove into a lively stable that evening where they had hired a horse, and pieces of plate glass corresponding with that of the window broken was found in the bottom of the sleigh. The jury acquitted Tole, but brought in a verdict of guilty against Devine. He was sentenced this morning to five years in the Penitentiary, on the way from the court to the gaol he attempted an escape, and came very near accomplishing his purpose. O'Neil, the person charged with murdering his mother-in-law, last February in

Carleton, will be tried on Monday next. The crime charged against him is a black one, and it is to be devoutly prayed that a few persons in existence, capable of committing such an unnatural offence against God and humanity. A. B. St. John, N.B., May 6, 1876.

WHITTIER'S CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spoke that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World, thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,
Send back to us Argonaut of peace.

For art and labor met in true,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought or sold!

O! make Thou us, through centuries long
In peace secure, and justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

BISHOP SIMPSON'S PRAYER AT THE OPENING OF THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

"Almighty and Everlasting God, our Heavenly Father, Heaven is Thy throne and the earth is Thy footstool; before Thy majesty and Holiness the angels veil their faces, and the spirits of the just made perfect bow in humble adoration; Thou art the Creator of all things—the preserver of all that exist, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers. The minute, and the vast, atoms and worlds alike, attest the ubiquity of Thy presence and the omnipotence of Thy sway. Thou alone art the Sovereign Ruler of nations; Thou raisest up one and castest down another, and Thou governest the kingdoms of the world to whomsoever Thou wilt. The past, with its records, are the unfolding of Thy counsels and the realization of Thy grand designs. We hail Thee as our rightful Ruler, the King Eternal, immortal and invisible, the only true God, blessed for evermore. We come on this glad day, O Thou God of our fathers, into these courts with thanksgiving, and into these gates with praise. We bless Thee for Thy wonderful goodness in the past for the land which Thou gavest to our fathers, and which Thou hast preserved for us, and which Thou hast revealed in the fulness of time to Thy chosen people whom Thou didst lead by Thy own right hand through the billows of the deep, a land of vast extent, of towering mountains and broad plains, of unnumbered products, and of untold treasures. We thank Thee for the fathers of our country. Men of mind and of might, who endured privation and sacrifice. Who braved multiplied dangers rather than defile their consciences or be untrue to their God. Men who laid on the broad foundations of truth and justice the grand structure of civil freedom. We praise Thee for the closing century, for the founders of the Republic. For the immortal Washington and his grand associates. For the wisdom with which they planned and the firmness and heroism which under Thy blessing led them to triumphant success. Thou wast their shield in hours of danger. Their pillar of cloud by day and their pillar of fire by night. May we, their sons, walk in their footsteps and imitate their virtues. We thank Thee for social and national prosperity and progress. For valuable discoveries and multiplied inventions. For labor-saving machinery relieving the toiling masses. For schools free as the morning light. For the millions of the rising generation. For the books and periodicals scattered like leaves of Autumn over the land. For art and science; for freedom to worship God according to the dictates of conscience; for a church unfettered by the trammels of State. Bless, we pray, the President of the United States and his constitutional advisers, the judges of the Supreme Court, the Senators and representatives in Congress, the Governors of our several Commonwealths, the officers of the army and navy, and all who are in official positions throughout the land. Guide them, we pray Thee, with Thy wisest counsel, and may they ever rule in righteousness. We ask, Thy blessing to rest upon the President and members of the Centennial Commission and upon those associated with them in the various departments, who have labored long and earnestly, amidst anxieties and difficulties, for the enterprise. May Thy special blessing O, Thou God of all the nations of the earth, rest upon our national guests and our visitors from distant lands. We welcome them to our shores and we rejoice in their presence among us, whether they represent thrones, or culture, or research, or whether they come to exhibit the triumphs of genius and wit in the development of industry and in the progress of civilization, preserve thou them, we beseech Thee. In health and in safety and in due time may they be welcomed by loved ones again in their own native lands. Let Thy blessing rest richly on the Centennial Exhibition; may the lives and health of all interested be preserved in Thy sight; preside in its assemblage. Grant that the association in effort may bind more closely every part of our great Republic, so that our Union may be perpetual and inviolable. Let its influence draw the nations of the earth into a happy unity. Hereafter, we pray Thee, may all disputed questions be settled by arbitration and not by the sword, and may wars forever cease among the nations of the earth. May the new century be better than the past, more radiant with the light of true philosophy, warmer with emanations of a world under sympathy with Thee; may capital, gains and labor be freed from all antagonisms, by the establishment and application of such principles of justice and equity as shall reconcile diversified interests and bind in imperishable bonds all parts of society. We pray Thy Benediction, especially on the women of America, who for the first time in the history of our race take so conspicuous a place in a national celebration; may the light of their intelligent purity and enterprise shed its beams afar, until in distant lands their sisters may realize the beauty and glory of Christian free-

dom and elevation. We beseech Thee, Almighty Father, that our beloved Republic may be strengthened in every element of true greatness, until her mission is accomplished by presenting to the world an illustration of the happiness of a free people with a free church in a free state, under laws of their own enactment, and under rulers of their own selection, acknowledge supreme allegiance only to the King of kings and Lord of lords, and as thou didst give to one of its illustrious sons first to draw the electric spark from heaven, which has since girdled the globe in its celestial whispers of "Glory to God in the highest, Peace on earth and good will to men," so to the latest time may the mission of America, under Divine inspiration, be one of affection, brotherhood and love for all our race—and may the coming centuries be filled with the glory of our Christian civilization; and unto Thee, our Father, through Him whose life is the light of men, will we ever ascribe glory and praise, now and forever. Amen.

There is a gateway at the entrance of a narrow passage in London, over which is written, "No burdens allowed to pass through."

"And yet we do pass constantly with ours," said one friend to another, as they turned up this passage out of a more frequented and broader thoroughfare. They carried no visible burdens, but they were like many who, although they had no outward pack upon their shoulders, often stoop inwardly beneath the pressure of a heavy load upon the heart. The worst burdens are those which no outward pack upon the heart. The worst burdens are those which never meet the eye.

There is another gate—ones which we are invited to enter, must enter, if we would ever attain to rest and peace and over which is also inscribed, "No burdens allowed to pass through." This is the straight gate which leads to life; and by it stands One who opened the narrow way to which it leads, saying to each one of us, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Selected.*

When John Adams had at length reached the goal of his honorable ambition, and had become President of the United States, Mrs. Adams wrote to him the following noble and truly wifely letter:—

"You have this day," she wrote, to "declare yourself head of a nation. And now, O Lord, my God, Thou has made Thy servant ruler of the people. Give unto him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad. 'For who is able to judge this Thy royal sovereign, and not less applicable to him who is invested with the chief magistracy of a nation, though he wear not a crown nor the robes of royalty. 'My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent, and my petitions to heaven are that 'things that make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes.' My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation on the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country and with satisfaction to this great people shall be the daily prayer of your
A. A.

Our friends in Canada are mourning now, and I profoundly mourn with them. Those who were present at the missionary breakfast at London, will not forget the stirring address by the Rev. George McDougall. I regret to say that that name is among the church's martyrology. The last mail from Canada brought the sorrowful news that he had been frozen to death on the plains, and it may be that the snow shall be his winding-sheet until the sun reveals him. He has gasped out his life in a lonely desert grave. But it is a grand thought that God buries His workmen, and yet he carries on his work. One of the most interesting things that have come to my knowledge lately, is the way in which God rebukes the natural unbelief and discontentment of His servants. We sent out a young man to the English church at Calcutta, and he expressed his dislike to go to such a place. He wanted to grapple with heathenism first hand. But he went, and we have no note of dissatisfaction from him now. Since he went, the Lord has been pleased to show him one of the most glorious revelations of His will that he has ever known in his life. He never knew in England such a revival as he has known in Calcutta, and between forty and fifty of those who went out with the Prince of Wales, on board the *Osborne* and *Serapis*, are coming home with trial tickets for membership. And as they were leaving, grasping the young missionary's hand, they said, it seems as though we were leaving home instead of going home. (Applause.) Now, as regards Italy, I want just to take you to Naples. You know the custom in continental nations in Catholic churches. Men go in and stay for five or ten minutes, and go out again. And they have been doing the same thing as regards our Wesleyan chapel. Our missionary thought he could utilise this, and so he got Gospel leaflets printed, and every person that entered had one put into his hand, containing some truth calculated to bring to his mind the knowledge of his sins, and of Christ as a Saviour, and it has been ascertained that 6,000 have thus gone into our chapel.—*Mortley Punshon.*