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METHODIST TABLE TALK

(From the London Methodist.)

"Let it serve for Table-talk;
Then, howe'er thou speakest, among
other things
I shall digest it."

"Mr. and Mrs. Perks have sailed for South Africa." It is a very brief, formal announcement, but one that will have an interest for all of your readers. One of the best-known and best-beloved of all the favourites of the Methodist people, our united prayers go with him that in these rough winds the Almighty Father may protect him, and that the change may benefit and invigorate Mr. Perks for service long to come. It would be, perhaps, impossible to name another man in the Connexion who is at once so profound a scholar, so godly a man, and so popular and beloved in every circle. We cannot but look for much good as the result of his visit to the Cape and its colonies.

By the bye, while we are at the Mission House, there is another whose name is buzzed in Table-talk—one who will always figure prominently in the history of Wesleyan Missions and in the records of the Mission House. Time may come, and time may go; but he goes on for ever. As young, as active, as hard at work as ever, there is Mr. Boyce. And yet he is one of the oldest ministers in the Connexion. He entered the ministry in 1829. He was one of the earlier missionaries in South Africa, when the colonies were most lawless and unsettled, when the Border tribes were at once most suspicious and most defiant, and when the perils of the Bush began much lower down, and gathered much more thickly than today. Then in '45, when Australia was a misty possession of the British Empire, somewhere on the other side of the world, and was associated only with the gangs of convicts at Botany Bay, Mr. Boyce was there, shrewdly spying out the foundations of that vigorous and extensive Society which we now possess. Now, after nearly fifty years of service, it is rumoured that he is going to retire, and "settle in Australia." May he long enjoy his well-earned repose—if repose could be possible or enjoyable to Mr. Boyce. If this be so, the Mission House will have a vacancy. The recent legislation of the Conference has driven Table-talk to find three names for every vacant place. The vague tongue of rumor states that the choice will lie between three Indian veterans—Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Walton, and Mr. Kilner. And from three such men who can choose?

Preparations are being made in good earnest for the "gathering of Methodist Workers," for such is the name which the originators have chosen. Of course there are men who object to anything that is new. *Supernumerary*: That is not a Methodist phrase, sir. Methodism has local preachers, leaders, stewards, Sunday-school teachers, tract-distributors, and sick-visitors. But "workers" belongs to the slang phraseology that has come in with the flippancies of the age. Our *Young Man* laughed good-humouredly in reply: Well, you might certainly quote Scripture precedent for such an advertisement. It would run somewhat thus: "To you it is notified, O people called Methodists, that with the consent and

agreement of the President, the chairmen, the superintendents, the ministers, and sundry laymen of the Metropolitan districts, at what time the President, the chairmen, the superintendents, the ministers, and the sundry laymen may see fit to choose, there shall come together, in such a place as the President, the chairmen, the superintendents, the ministers, and the laymen of the Metropolitan districts shall mention, a meeting of the President, the chairmen, the superintendents, the ministers, the local preachers, the leaders, the Sunday-school teachers, the tract-distributors, the sick-visitors, and the missionary collectors of the people called Methodists." On the whole, I think the term "workers" is a good deal better. So did all of us.

This movement will, no doubt, be followed up in the country. In London it has originated with the laymen. And laymen elsewhere will certainly follow suit. Carefully excluding all talk about Methodist politics, and sticking closely to an earnest effort to raise the spiritual life of the people to a more ardent and intense degree, these meetings cannot but be productive of great good. Let ministers and laymen unite in their arrangements for such gatherings in the country. Nor will they, I hope, be fettered in any way by the action of the London Ministers' Meeting. It is said here that no layman is to preside at the London meetings. Common-sense can only mourn over such priestly tendencies, and hope that other districts will put in the best man they can find, be he minister or layman. These meetings are not official, but for the purpose of kindling new spiritual life. *Young Man* again, irrepressibly: Heaven forbid that this movement should be strangled with red-tape! Let us hope that this last-born child will be allowed a chance of living without being sat upon by every heavy official!

Methodist workers will find a long-standing want supplied in the new Penny Hymn Book, issued by the Book Room. Well got-up, capably selected, and very cheap, it should be circulated by tens of thousands. In our prayer-meetings and cottage services, in the meetings of children, and in out-door meetings, it will be a great boon. Your readers will be all the more interested in it when they know it has been printed at the Children's Home. By the way, it is reported that, by the time your present issue affords fresh topics for Table-talk, the long-talked-of Connexion Hymn Book will have made its debut.

And so from the new Hymn Book Table-talk passed on to the children. "That is a capital example" for our missionary meetings," said our Host, a Sunday-school man. "They are going to have some hundreds of children at Exeter Hall, at the meeting on the 10th, and there is to be a special address for them. That is the right way to revive interest in our Missions: interest the children, and you interest the adults of this generation and of the next too. Now that Exeter Hall has set the fashion, none will fear to follow it. Let such a precedent be law. Have the children in at every meeting. Let them sing—not a dozen verses, but two or three between each piece. They need not be necessarily 'From Greenland's icy mountains.' And let one of the speeches be addressed to them. It is not only wisdom, but it is duty. Surely they have fairly earned it. No missionary meeting will be a failure if the children are thought of and cared for."

Hibernicus: In my country people not only say that you English Methodists who won't have Lay representation are very priestly, but that your new chapels show where you Ritualists are going. *Anglicanus*: Ritualists! Not a bit of it. What do you mean? *Hiber-*

nicus: Why, see what the *Carlow Sentinel* says (it's well there's an Irish sentinel to watch you). It says that the new Abingdon Chapel has a place for the figure of a patron-saint at the door, and an organ in the chancel; and that a surpliced choir is to be placed there too, if indeed it is not there already. *Anglicanus*: Bravo! anything else? *Hibernicus*: Yes. The *Sentinel* presumes that the friends as Abingdon will go in for "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and then for vestments and incense! *Anglicanus*: Well, now, I can't credit the *Carlow Sentinel* with originality. That libel first came out of a Church of England paper, and then it got into a Devonshire paper, and two or three other little newsmongers got hold of it, and then *The Methodist* gave it a kick, and sent it flying out of England; and so some compassionate Irishman has taken the poor thing up to nurse, and it has grown on Carlow butter-milk, and you have brought it back here. It's all nonsense. *Hibernicus*: Nonsense! Isn't it true? *Anglicanus*: Well as to the remark about "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and vestments, and incense—this, you see, even the *Sentinel* only presumes; and it is nothing but a presumption from beginning to end. The same may be said about the statue; and as for those singing-boys in the white shirts, they are as likely to be seen in Mr. Cremer Clarke's Chapel as in John Bright's meeting-house. The organ is put into the chancel just because it was the best place for it. Now I hope you Irishmen won't bring any more such cock-and-bull stories over here.

SELECTIONS FROM LAST WEEK'S PAPERS.

METHODIST PROGRESS.—A Presbyterian divine who has been visiting some of the Methodist Institutions in the United States breaks out into the following strain: How God has blessed our Methodist brethren during the fifty years covered by the existence of this Seminary! In 1825 they had but fourteen hundred preachers; in 1875 they had twenty-eight thousand. Then they had three hundred and fifty thousand lay members; now they have seventeen hundred thousand. Then their Church edifices were worth next to nothing; now they are worth \$70,000,000. Then they had no parsonages, unless saddles and saddle bags were accounted such. Their preachers were circuit riders, and went through the forest singing "No foot of land do I possess, No cottage in the wilderness." Now their parsonages are valued at \$10,000,000. Then their educational institutions consisted of this same Cazenovia Seminary, which that day was founded, though it had not then gone into operation; now their theological seminaries, their colleges and academies, are more than I have time to enumerate. Then they had no scholars of distinction; now they have many, and their number is every year increasing.

A somewhat notable experiment, by way of attempting to solve a problem that engages much attention just now, has been begun by a small Baptist church in Berkshire, that of Brimpton. It has elected as its pastor a mechanic who has labored efficiently as an occasional preacher for upwards of a dozen years. He will still continue to work at his trade, the Brimpton friends not being numerous enough to provide adequate support or a pastor. The new pastor's name is Mr. Jossey, and he was publicly recognized last week. Of course, in spite of its novelty, this is really the revival of an old fashion. Abraham Booth, one of the profoundest theologians in the Baptist Church, was simultaneously pastor of a church and a framework knitter at Sutton-in-Ashfield.—*Christian Worker*.

A small iron steamer, specially built for the use of Mr. Saker, the apostle of Western Africa, has been despatched from Clyde. By its aid Mr. Saker will be able to proceed up the river to visit the inland tribes, instead of having to walk over the mountains. The steamer is mainly the gift of Mr. Thomas Coats, of Paisley, who has named her the "Helen Saker," after the devoted wife of the missionary. The Rev. T. H. Grantham, late curate of Slinfold, Sussex, with his wife, have been received into the Catholic Church by the Very Rev. Cannon Butte, of Arundel.—*Tablet*.

MR. PHILIP PHILIPS IN SYDNEY.—The *Sydney Morning Herald* of Tuesday, July 6, says: Mr. Philip Phillips, well known not only as a composer, but as an admirable singer of sacred songs, appeared before a Sydney audience last night in the Wesleyan Church, York Street. About one thousand persons were gathered to listen in the Church in York Street to the "Singing Pilgrim." There is a good deal of pleasing naïveté about the pilgrim, who, as an American, thinks a good deal of the Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence. He said that he need scarcely remind them that this day was being celebrated in his native land with bonfires and rejoicings. Now, as he had often joined with Englishmen in singing their National Anthem, and had often felt inclined, when he saw the English flag, to take of his hat to it—(cheers)—he would ask them to pardon him if he sang to-night a national hymn—"Our Native Land"—which was sung from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to the tune with which they were all so familiar—that of God save the Queen." Would they oblige him by joining in the chorus? (Cheers). To this appeal it is almost needless to say, the audience most cordially responded, and joined with spirit in the noble words of the national hymn alluded to. On the platform was the Hon. S. D. Hastings, who was called by Mr. Phillips one of America's noblest sons, who had always been ready to stand up for the right, and who had shown himself one of the strongest advocates in the cause of temperance. Mr. Phillips is announced to sing for some weeks to come at the various Wesleyan Churches in the city and suburbs, and in Newcastle, Maitland, Bathurst, Goulburn, and Parramatta.

A novelty has been introduced by Ned Wright in the shape of a movable baptistry, which is to go along with his tent. It was brought into use for the first time on the evening of last night. The tent has been erected in Southampton street, Camberwell; and on the evening specified, 40 men and youths—12 of whom professed to have been converted under Mr. Moody's preaching—were publicly baptized. Mr. Hodder gave an address to the candidates. The baptistry stands in the centre of the tent, and is composed of wood in five separate pieces, capable of being detached and removed with ease. It was made by Ned Wright himself, assisted by workmen, and answered the purpose admirably. The tent, which holds about 1,200 is well filled every Lord's day, and week-night services are also held in it regularly.

It is very difficult for missionaries to get a foothold in China. A recent experience of several missionaries of the American Board illustrates this fact. They had ascended the River Min to a place called Shaure, about 260 miles north-west of Foochow. Here a favorable opening for Gospel preaching presents itself, and a native helper is already at work. They endeavored to purchase a piece of land, and on three occasions had all but the signature to the deed, when the owners became intimidated by their neighbors. In two cases the owners were beaten and for a brief period confined in prison. So the attempt was given up.

STATE OF RELIGION IN CHINA.—A missionary in China gives the following rapid summary of the present condition of the various religions in that country:—"Buddhism is making no progress. Mohammedanism is at a discount, because of its rebellious tendencies. Confucianism is strong and active. Roman Catholicism is making rapid progress. Protestant missionaries are doing what they can."

PEMBERTON.—The unhappy man, whose whole life, since he was a boy, has been marked by criminal acts, a wretched victim of intemperance, but still loved and clung to by a devoted wife—George W. Pemberton—was executed in Boston jail on Friday morning last. It will be recalled that, under the pretence of examining the gas meter in the cellar, he murdered the much lamented Mrs. Bingham, of East Boston. To Dr. Lorimer, who was his spiritual adviser to the last, he made a partial confession, acknowledging the fact of his being in the house of his struggling wife with a woman, and knocking her to the earth. He affirms that this was done in a fit of drunkenness. What should be done with those that sell the liquor, when we hang their victims?—*Zion's Herald*.

GALLANT RESCUE OF A SHIPWRECKED CREW—A CURIOUS CASE.—The American Counsel had a curious case before him yesterday. A shipwrecked crew, American citizens, sought assistance from the Council to reach their homes in Boston, but he could not aid them because their late ship—the schooner "Emeline," wrecked on a voyage from Boston to Port au Prince—was in the eye of the law a British one, though she was owned by American citizens and the crew was chiefly American. The "Emeline" belonged to Digby, in our Province, some years ago, and was sold to parties in Boston, but as the United States laws do not permit American citizens to become the lawful owners of British built ships, the "Emeline" still hailed from Digby and sailed under the British flag. The case was a peculiar one, but the Consul's decision undoubtedly was the only one that could have been given. Our Marine and Fisheries Department attended to the immediate wants of the distressed seamen and they will proceed homeward to-day.

Capt. John Chisholm, the late commander of the "Emeline" has requested us to publish the following:—

HALIFAX, Oct. 18.—The schr. "Emeline," which was lost on the 10th inst., in the Gulf Stream, had a continuation of heavy gales from south to east; gale increased on the night of the 9th. We have too; sea increasing with great violence. At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 10th a tremendous sea boarded us, breaking all the beams from forward aft to the quarter deck and stowing boat; also currying away every t'ing that was movable on deck. In about three minutes the vessel filled and capsized. All hands clung to her side. The masts broke off by the deck, and she then gradually lighted. The deck shortly after broke up, and as fast as the lumber worked out of the hold she settled in the water. At noon the quarter deck was level with the water. We made a raft of boards and spars, placing them on the top of the after-house, and weary and hungry we sat down to await our fate, but great was our joy when shortly the brig, "Comrade," of Boston, hove in sight and bore down upon us, and, in a tremendous sea, lowered their boat, placing their lives in danger to save us. The names of the men who behaved so heroically are David Rockwell (second mate), William Sims and John Brunet (seaman). To them we owe a lasting debt of gratitude. Capt. Barnes, of the brig, "Comrade," treated us in the most kindly manner, doing all in his power to render us as comfortable as possible. We remained on board his vessel two days, when we were transferred to the brig, "Ellis E. Butler," also of Halifax, where we received a most cordial welcome from her excellent captain who seemed at a loss to know in what manner he could render us the most assistance. God bless Capt. Barnes and Williams, and may their last days be their brightest. Two better men never stood the decks, nor warmer hearts never beat within the breasts of men. Tomorrow we leave Halifax for Boston, thankful to our many friends for their kindness to us during our stay among them. We hope to meet them all in a better world.—*Halifax Chronicle*.

TRACT DISTRIBUTION IN GERMANY.—Mrs. Prinsep writes:—My Bible-carrying at Kreuznach is going on a pilgrimage to Mainz, Frankfurt, &c. and I need a large amount of tracts—a million at the very least. The colporteur has distributed some 30,000 already this season, and by next week will have cleared out many more thousands at the Kreuznach Fair; and it is such a needful work, for never did I see people more hungering and thirsting after food for their souls than they are. I have just returned from Germany, so can testify what it is. Pray help me if you can, and ask the Lord to bestow the Bible-carrying. I have four texts painted on it in German.—*The Christian*.

Five Christian young women—Mt. Holyoke-graduates, if possible, but well educated in any case, and well acquainted with the best American public school methods—are wanted at once to go as teachers to Cape Colony, South Africa. The climate is beautiful and delightful. The colony is well settled with substantial English families. Schools are being projected for the education of their children, and for more or less direct influence on the natives. Good salaries are offered the teachers, and their passage money advanced. Several able women are already in the field, but it is greatly desired that an additional company of five should sail from this country in November, and only one of this number has as yet been secured.—*Congregationalist*.