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REBUKED.

How the Church was rebuked last year for its want of faith! A loud wail of dismal forebodings, resounded through the land. Many lions were seen in the way and stout hearts quailed. The spies sent forth brought back an evil report, and the cry arose—"Our leanness! our leanness!" Some seemed almost ready to despair of any good, when, lo! as Jesus appeared on the troubled waves of Galilee and said, "Peace be still," so the Lord came to us and, commanding silence said, "O ye of little faith wherefore did ye doubt?" Subdued and humbled we wondered that we had forgotten the Master's words, "Lo, I am with you always; I will never leave thee nor forsake thee; call upon me in the day of trouble and I will answer you." Rebuked we confessed our want of faith, and poured out our souls in prayer for the grace of patience and for strength to bear the burden in the heat of the day. The Lord answered, "Cast thy burden upon me and I will sustain thee;" and when we cried, "We believe, help Thou our unbelief," the blessing came. The Lord was better unto us than all our fears. Temporal prospects brightened and the Spirit's wonder-working power was felt in all our sanctuaries. Unto them who mourned in Zion was given beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. The cry was changed. The West called—"Watchmen, what of the night?" and the East answered, "The day is breaking." The weekly sheet, whose columns were heavily draped in mourning over impending desolation, suddenly brightened with joyful tidings. The hearts of its readers were thrilled with the blessed intelligence of scores and hundreds being converted to God. The year closed, the Conference met, and when the statistics announced that the prosperity of Zion during the year was unparalleled in the history of our church, the rebuke was complete. The heralds of the cross rejoiced with trembling and, in their heart of hearts, promised never again to doubt the covenant keeping God.

Brethren, let us not forget the promise or the lesson. Let us bow in submission to the will of heaven and place ourselves in the proper attitude to receive its blessing. Let us bow our knees in believing prayer, and receiving the blood-stained banner of the cross with the inscription, "In this conquer," let us buckle on the armour and go up to possess the promised land.

THE ST. PAUL'S ISLAND DISASTER.

FULL PARTICULARS.

The following is a copy of a letter received by Mr. H. W. Johnston, agent of the Marine and Fisheries Department, from the superintendent of St. Paul's Island, giving a detailed account of the recent disaster at that place:—

St. Paul's Island,
August 23, 1876.

HENRY W. JOHNSTON, Esq., Halifax, N. S.
SIR,—My telegram to you has already informed you of the fearful destruction done to this station on the 18th inst. by a waterspout, and I now beg leave to send you a report of the disaster as follows:—

From the 1st of August up to the 16th we had no rain, nor not a cloud to cover the scorching rays of the sun. The air at last was filled with a suffocating smoke as if the whole world was on fire.

On the 16th the weather changed and the wind shifted round to the N. N. E., with rain squalls. The smoke for some days back was not so oppressive, cleared away and I looked for pleasant weather. On the 17th the wind in the forenoon was from the East and a very hot sun; shifted in the afternoon to S. S. West, with rain squalls. During the forenoon of the 18th the wind was at about South, with fitful gusts and threatening clouds. In the afternoon the sky looked fearfully wild and the clouds seemed to be flying towards each other and whirling around in every direction. About 4 o'clock, p. m., we had some distant peals of thunder, with some bright lightning; at about a quarter-past four there was a very loud, crackling clap of thunder and a shower of rain. The wind changing round to the Northwest. I went out and had a walk around the buildings to see that all was right after the thunder, when all at once I heard a fearful rushing noise (I think it was then about 5½ o'clock) I looked in the direction the noise was coming from, when I beheld a sight that made me tremble from head to foot. At a distance of less than a quarter of a mile from me in a westward direction, was sea, rocks, earth, trees, and water, all whirling around high up in the air to a distance of more than a hundred feet. For a few moments I watched the whirling blast to see what direction it was likely to take. I saw it was crossing the cove towards me. By running in a North West direction I saw the safest way of escape, as it was going in a North East direction, and would, I was sure take the buildings in its course. In the dwelling house was my poor feeble mother, deaf and dumb sister and servant—my wife and child were fortunately away. Leave them to their fate I could not. I had two men in the field close to the house. I ran to warn them; as I did, so a squall of the whirling blast struck around me, carrying in its course a grinding-stone. Stones flew high up into the air above me. The main body of the blast was now close to me, and I ran with all my might for the dwelling-house, calling on the two men in the field to follow me. They both seemed fearfully frightened. One of them, on hearing me call to him to make for the house, seemed to come to himself, and with all his might ran for the house, just in time to escape the destroying blast that followed. As we passed the threshold of the door, the darkness of night surrounded us and the raging tempest burst around us, shaking the house from top to foundation, and amidst falling plaster, chimneys, windows dashed in and broken into atoms, chairs, tables, everything overturned, we, as we thought, took the last look at each other. As quick as it came it was over. All was again still and calm. The sun shone out bright and fine. But oh! what a wreck was left. With the smoke of the falling plaster we at first thought the house was on fire. Finding this not to be the case I made the best of my way outside. Two of my men, when the waterspout first made its appearance were away some distance from the house. I think about a quarter of a mile. On seeing the fearful blast coming over the mountain they also ran for the house. At last they were obliged to throw themselves on the ground, and clinging to a bush were saved, the earth and rocks passing over them.

Not so the poor fellow who seemed not to heed my warning voice when I called on him to run for his life. He was found after an hour's search at the door step quite dead. He must have been killed on the spot where he stood and carried with the blast to where we found him, a distance of 300 feet. On looking around I found that five buildings had been destroyed, not a particle of them left, with all their contents. The boat house, provision store and dwelling are still standing but fearfully shattered. As for the dwelling house it is a perfect wreck, roof broken down in several places, chimney all gone, foundation started, windows all broken, and inside plaster has all fallen. The buildings destroyed altogether consisted of house of refuge, barn, stable and two outhouses one of which was about six hundred feet from the others and to the

North East on top of a hill. Four of the buildings covered an area of 70 by 20 feet. Two bridges over which I passed an instant before, were carried a distance of 400 feet and smashed into atoms. A rock 5 by 4 feet, and 18 inches deep, was broken in three or four pieces. A plough and stove that were in the house of refuge, along with a lot of farming utensils and a lot of cooking gear, carpenter's tools, etc., were all swept away. The stove and plough went over the dwelling house and were found over two hundred feet from where they had been stored. The man in charge of the South West light told me he saw, about four o'clock, p. m. six water spouts rising in a westerly direction from the island about two miles off. Two passed down on the South East side of the island, one of which we saw from the humane station after the disaster. Two passed the North side and came over the island, one of which struck this station. The two that came on the island, passed close to the South West station, but fortunately did no harm.

The deceased was a native of Ingonish, Cape Breton County, twenty-three years of age, and leaves a widowed mother and brothers and sisters to mourn their loss. He was eleven months with me.

Trusting that no time will be lost until men and materials are sent to make the place once more habitable.

I am, sir, your obdt. servant,
(Signed) SAMUEL C. CAMPBELL,
Superintendent of St. Paul's Island.

HE'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THAT BY-AND-BYE.

Not long since I was present at a social service, when a lady, who had lost an only child not long before, arose. Referring to her recent heavy affliction, she said in a voice tremulous with emotion, "I am sometimes led to question why it is that God has dealt thus with me." "He'll tell you all about that by-and-bye," interrupted her pastor earnestly, "He'll tell you all about that by-and-bye." Since then the words have frequently recurred to my mind,—"He'll tell you all about that by-and-bye." What a sweet thought! Oh! if earth's sorrowing ones could but realize its deep meaning, how much lighter would their burden become. When death invades the home circle and snatches thence it may be the "fairest and best," the question very naturally arises "Why was it that that one should have been taken when another might so much better have been spared?" Ah! God know best what one to take. "His thoughts are not as our thoughts, neither are our ways as His ways."

The story is told of a mother whose only child became suddenly ill. The little one grew worse and the physician finally gave him up. At this crisis, the mother, falling on her knees, not, however, in meek submission to God's will, began to pray, if prayer it can be called, "Oh God, my child must not die." The child recovered, and his mother lived to see him hanged on the gallows.

O friends, let us not question God's dealings toward us—let us ever remember that "He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." What we know not now we shall know hereafter—"He'll tell us all about it by-and-bye."

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

JOSIE.

DON'T GO!

Old John Robinson's circus will soon appear in this State. In one of his flaming handbills in a shop window in this city he pronounces it a "strictly moral circus."

The idea of a circus being moral!—Now, reader, we beg you do not be seen in this or any other circus. Surely you have no money to waste on circuses,

even were it allowable for you to go to them. We are told that many Church-members go to circuses as they pass through the country, and we are pained to believe it. How can any Christian go to such places? How can they throw away their money on these miserable shows while all the interests of God's Church are calling for help? Is your preacher paid up to date? Is he half paid? Have you paid your proportion of the various collections ordered by the Conference? If not you have no money to spend on circuses, leaving out entirely the question of morality.—Don't go to the circus. It is a school of vanity and of vice. You may get harm, but certainly no good, at such a place. In this connection we give the following; read and ponder before you visit the circus. Here is the difference tersely put in a letter from Maine in *Zion's Herald*:

"Barnum's Centennial Big Show" has been here and left. Ministers, deacons, stewards and class-leaders went to see.—Reason why they went.—It was not a common circus. Decision of those who saw it.—It was uncommonly mean. Seventeen thousand tickets sold in Rockland. Give us a dollar for missions, brother!—Very sorry, but the "times are so hard," can't do it this year?—*Richmond Christian Advocate*.

FRATERNITY WON.

We record, with profound gratitude to Almighty God, the reconciliation of the two chief bodies of American Methodists. We have been laughed at for regarding this reconciliation as possible, and sneered at for treating the promotion of it as a religious duty. The scoffers are welcome to the front seats, and may make the heartiest amens. The reconciliation is by ample authority—it is complete; and, as we have often said it would, it strengthens all and harms none. Neither church loses an ounce of right, or a hair of privilege. The existing status is accepted, and made binding on both churches.

We are glad that it is done, and well done. The commissioners have earned a large place in the enduring regard of Methodists the world over. We are glad that they represented our church so faithfully, that Fuller and Newman were united with Fancher, Crawford, and Fisk, in this act of concord. They gave nothing away; they were asked to give nothing away; it was on both sides a receiving—and that is all there was of it. We feel better for plainly calling the Southern men brothers, and joint heirs in Wesleyan doctrine and method. The South feels better for recognizing our pastors at their doors as fellow laborers in a common cause. We join hands—two-and-a-half millions of Methodists—and sing, as the Commissioners did when the happy bond was executed.—*N. Y. Methodist*.

OBITUARY.

ELIZABETH BENNETT was born in Fortunate Bay, Newfoundland, in the year 1819, while yet young she was converted to God, and from that time to her death continued to walk in the fear of the Lord, and to hold membership in the Methodist Church. While yet in middle life her health became impaired, from which she never fully recovered, her illness however, was not such as totally to unfit her for domestic duties until about four years ago, when she was altogether laid aside. But although submitted to the crucial test of the furnace of affliction, she failed not to evince her willingness to suffer as to do the Master's will, assured that she could equally well glorify him there as elsewhere.

During this period she sometimes gave indications of a possible recovery, but only for a short time, when she would again relapse into her former weak and helpless condition. Consumption the sure forerunner of a speedy dissolution had however undermined her constitution, and of late it became apparent to her friends that her days on earth were very few; although she knew and felt this she repined not, but patiently endured as seeing him who is invisible, she was willing to abide God's time, and never murmur at his stay, nor wish her sufferings less, but calmly acquiesced in the Divine will. Being herself of a kindly disposition, she was to the last remarkably considerate towards others, fearing to put her friends to any inconvenience on her account. It was the winter's privilege during the last year of her life to visit this patient sufferer, and not soon shall I forget the smiles which often lit up her countenance as from time to time we conversed on spiritual things, and to witness the grace of God exhibited in her patient endurance of weakness and suffering.

On Friday, August 11th, as she herself said she took a fresh cold which prostrated her more than usual, the following day she grew worse, and from appearances her friends were assured that the end was near, I did not witness her last moments, but give the particulars as stated by her son. Last night, said he, I had to witness the last breathing of my

mother, who I know is now with Jesus. I was called to her bedside about 12 o'clock to receive her last farewell, she told me she was going to leave us to be with Jesus; after bidding us all adieu, and looking steadily upward with a fixed eye, she said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." She lingered, however, until the night had passed away, the Sabbath morning appeared, the sun was rising as her spirit took its flight to spend an eternal Sabbath in glory. To the last her mind was free from the buffeting of Satan, the last enemy to be destroyed was death, thus died a patient sufferer in Christ.

O, may we triumph so, when all our warfare's past,
And dying, find our latest foe, under our feet at last.
W. KENDALL.

THE WESLEYAN

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

The WESLEYAN will be sent to new Subscribers from the 1st of September, 1876, till the 31st December, 1877, for one year's subscription rate—Two Dollars. This gives the Paper four months free.

This offer is made with a view to increase the circulation of the Paper, which has now, as its readers acknowledge, a very large variety of news, besides much information from the Churches. We will continue to afford reliable reports of the Markets in St. John and Halifax, the latest intelligence by Telegraph and otherwise of any importance, thus meeting the necessities of business men. For the family the WESLEYAN will afford a good store of the freshest, purest reading, necessary to keep members of the household in possession of facts as well as incidents of every-day life. Correspondence from England, the Western Provinces, the United States, Newfoundland and elsewhere will appear in its columns.

Agents

We are disposed to offer the utmost encouragement possible within the limits of our means. Times are now brightening, and thousands of families in our Church not receiving the WESLEYAN may be encouraged to take it. That our Agents may help us to secure this end we make this

Liberal Offer

In addition to the usual Cash Premium which each Agent may retain when remitting, we will give to the one who sends us the largest number of New Subscribers before the 1st of January, 1877, TWENTY DOLLARS CASH, providing the number sent be not less than forty. To the one sending us the second largest number we will give in addition to the usual Premium TEN DOLLARS CASH. To the one sending us the next largest number, FIVE DOLLARS CASH. The names may be sent as soon as they are obtained and the Cash forwarded any time between now and the first of January, 1877. But in all cases the money must be all sent in before the Special Premium will be paid.

We rely upon our Brethren to help us at once. We will send specimens of the Paper to any address they may order free. Ministers wishing to employ their spare hours in a way to do good, will find this a profitable method. Ministers who cannot attend to the Canvas may secure some one who will at once make money and be very usefully employed. Speak of the Paper in your Prayer-Meetings, and on your visits. Help us and we will help you.

The WESLEYAN is now sent by friends:

- 1.—To many who are away from the Province. It contains for those a perpetual cheer, as we learn from persons far from home.
- 2.—To poor persons and to those who have been obliged through circumstances to discontinue their Subscriptions.—The blessings pronounced on such donors by those benefited, are frequently sent to us in letters.
- 3.—To Children who have gone out into Business or left home to reside with Strangers. The WESLEYAN thus becomes a bond of Church and Family connection.

Our old Subscribers—true friends of the Paper, are asked to help us by recommending the WESLEYAN to their neighbors and requesting them to subscribe. We will send the Paper to any thus secured as above promised, sixteen months for two dollars.