

THE DAILY RECORDER.

FIRST GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE UNITED WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

No. 10.]

TORONTO, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1874.

[Vol. III.]

PLAN OF THE PUBLIC SERVICES IN CONNECTION WITH THE FIRST GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE UNITED WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

METROPOLITAN CHURCH.
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. J. H. Robinson.
7 p.m. Rev. D. D. Currie.

RICHMOND STREET.
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. J. A. Williams.
7 p.m. Rev. Dr. Jeffers.

ELM STREET.
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. Dr. Bice.
7 p.m. Rev. Dr. Selles.

CARLTON STREET.
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. N. Barnshaw, B.A.
7 p.m. Rev. E. Kershaw.

BERKELEY STREET.
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. R. F. Huestic.
7 p.m. Rev. Alexander Sutherland.

QUEEN STREET.
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. H. McKewen.
7 p.m. Rev. George Brown.

YORKVILLE (Blair Street).
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. E. M. Hogg, M.A.
7 p.m. Rev. W. H. Bridges.

YORKVILLE (Young Street).
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. R. F. Huestic.
7 p.m. Rev. J. W. McCullum.

TEMPERANCE STREET (New Connection).
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. E. Whiting.
7 p.m. Rev. W. Stephenson.

SPADINA AVENUE (New Connection).
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. J. G. Laird.
7 p.m. Rev. J. W. McCullum.

UNIVERSITY STREET.
Sabbath, Sept'ber 27—11 a.m. Rev. William English.
7 p.m. Rev. E. M. Hammond.

Poetry.

Charity.

Now abide these three, Faith, Hope, and Charity,
but the greatest of these is Charity.
If we knew the cares and crosses,
Crowding round our neighbour's way,
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous, day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain,
Leaving on his heart a shadow
Leaving on our lives a stain?
If we knew the clouds above us
Held but gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Fitting o'er the dewy grass,
If we knew that birds of Eden
Were in mercy flying past?
If we knew the silent story,
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would we drive it with our coldness
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe;
But the cheeks, tear-washed, are whitest
And kept in life are bowers of snow.
Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward living nature,
Cherish good, that still survives;
So that when our diroled spirits
Soar to realms of light above,
We may say, "Dear Father, love us,
E'en as we have shown our love."

For the Recorder.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

BY REV. W. W. ROSS.

At the suggestion of our much-travelled friend of the "Ambitious City," Mr. Sandford, I gave up the mountains of Pennsylvania for the land of lakes. How much I missed by the former I know not; what I have gained by this is one of the great joys of my life. I took, as tourists having time usually do, the route of the northern lakes. Running by rail to Sarnia, we there changed to steamer of the Beatty line for the head of Superior. To me, after leaving Lake Huron, the way was new, and rich in interest. If your readers are so inclined they may keep me company by water; if not they may take the short-cut by rail to St. Paul. We will meet again within a week. Our company was made up mostly of emigrants bound for Manitoba. A few were going by the Red River Route, more by the overland from Thunder Bay. Among them was a party sent out by the Government on a Geological survey. Their destination was several hundred miles beyond Fort Gary. Some left behind their families. If prospered in their way, they would probably be absent four or five years. At times they were merry over the matter. At other times there was no mistaking the sound—at each remove they dragged a lengthening chain. Such is life—such is law. Suffering is the price of progress. The foundations of civilized lands are laid in the pains of the pioneer. When the fathers have fallen, and the children as princes shall dwell in the land of plenty let them remember the wailing in tears. Bruce mines is before us. What a wintry welcome! Neither man or boy—not even a dog at the wharf. Stretching along the shore for some distance are dwellings, but the dwellers have departed. The windows are mostly broken or boarded. At last we see life—at least its

form. In an open doorway, stock still, like Pompeii's petrified sentinel, stands a human being. It made no move from first to last. Sending a man to take the ropes, we managed to make fast to rickety old wharf. Clambering over piles of cordwood, the only tokens of trade at this end of the town, we land. By various windings and leaping we escape the holes of the wharf. Keeping close to the mail-bag we make for the other end of the town. Here we find life and considerable activity. The Wellington mines are worked with some vigor. Healthy, rosy-cheeked children, just out from school, flocked around us, offering for sale well-worn bits of ore, fished from their pockets. The most striking feature of the place is the vast piles of refuse ore. There is a superior school, and, even at the height of former prosperity, a needless number of churches. They are all deserted, I believe, save one—the Wesleyan Methodist. Running to overtake the returning mail-bag, we rush on board out of breath. We are soon steaming into the St. Mary's river. The change from broad to narrow waters and green banks is very agreeable. Some of the scenery is worthy a more skilful pen than mine.

Night is on us, and navigation now is too perilous for further progress. We make fast till morning at Garden River. This is a picturesque place. On one side of the river is the French population. I found them out at once from their uniform, trim, white-washed houses. On the other side the Canadian, are other nationalities, very much mixed. The place owes its prosperity, which is very considerable, to lumbering interests. I inquired after our missionary. He had been removed by the late Conference, to the great sorrow of the flock. His successor had not yet arrived.

While it is yet early morning we reach Saint Ste Marie. Here things look more hopeful. The Methodist Mission premises were pointed out to me. The pretty white church and parsonage are an honor to those whose hands helped to rear them. Not knowing but that our brother C. might be a 4 o'clock a.m. son of Wesley, I made first towards his house, hoping to have a word with him, if only from the window. The only greeting I got was a growl from a neighbor's dog.

On board once more, we quickly cross to the other, the American side. What a difference! The one still asleep, the other wide-awake. Our cousins certainly get up earlier than we do. I'm not so sure that their strength lasts as long. Their business, and ours too, for that matter, has to go to bed too often during the day. "He that is greedy of gain, that will be rich, falleth into temptation and a snare." I was surprised at the shops, so many of them, and so well stocked. They would have done no discredit to our cities. This prosperity is owing largely to the building here of a ship canal. There is reason to fear an ephemeral life. The passage through the Locks was exceedingly pleasant; they are very fine. The wharf and walks were thronged with people. The most novel sight to many was the Indians catching white fish in the rapids. Each bark canoe contained two; one at the stern poling it up the stream; the other at the prow using the dip net. It required all the skill, which few but an Indian acquire, to steady so frail a craft in such wild waters. Before we were out of the Locks, they were on board with a basket of this delicious fish. Never did I enjoy fish more, unless the first salmon of the season on the Saguenay steamer. We are in Superior!

I expect to be thrilled with a similar and sublimer sensation only when I am out upon the Pacific. We were free from storm, but somewhat hindered by fogs. After a long stretch of unbroken waters, Silver Islet rises to view, fifty miles ahead.

We pass with salutations an excursion steamer bound for Agate Bay on the south shore. The stars and stripes are streaming from the mast head. It is the fourth of July. They are gone specially in search of agates. These shores north and south are rich in varied treasure. Silver Islet is off the mainland only a little; originally it was a rock, exposed just enough to reveal the precious ore. It was formerly owned by a Montreal company. Through lack of push, I presume, hardly lack of funds, it passed from them to an American company. With characteristic enterprise they took hold of it vigorously. By transporting material from the mainlands they broadened the islet into a base form, which now rise half a dozen goodly sized buildings. Among them, boarding house, reading room, office, &c. About 150 hands are employed. The shaft has been sunk over 600 feet. It is jealously guarded. Comers and goers, especially workmen, have to pass through a search room. Occasionally specimens are stolen away. One genius concealed a rich lump in the knot of an enormous neck tie. The yield, as our readers know, has been at times surpassingly rich. It has paid the company for certain, and perhaps the public. On shore, I went in search of our missionary. He had not yet returned from Conference. I met with the Presbyterian missionary, with whom I had a brief but pleasant talk. Off to your right as you stand on shore, facing south, is an extended bluff which might be called a mountain. This, I think, is Thunder Cape, or the sleeping Indian. Farther on, after leaving the channel of navigation, is an island of magnificent upward proportions. Be-

yond and back of this again, just across another and navigable channel is a singular formation, near the mainland called Pie Island. It looks like a round deep English pie inverted. In mythology it might make a feast for the gods—if of good digestive power. Within this grandly guarded place is the famous Thunder Bay, not less than nine miles long, and as many or more broad. I am not writing for immortality, but for a soon to die "daily," so I'll be pardoned if not mathematically correct. Direct ahead on yonder rising shore is the place for debarkation for those bound to Manitoba, by the Carpenter & Co. road. Prince Arthur's Landing is a pretty place. Its natural advantages are more than ordinary. It is well laid out. Streams fed by fountains above the town, run down the streets. By the planting of trees and the care of these streams, the place may be made, with very little expense, very beautiful. I hope that beauty may not be sacrificed to a short-sighted utilitarianism. What well-built wharves—some what narrow, it may be! The whole town, the lying-about loose part, at least, and they are not a few just now—has turned out to see us. The coming of a steamer is the event of a week. Unrecognized myself in the clerical grey, I recognized several faces from other parts of the Dominion. Some cheery and hopeful as though they were getting near the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow; others Micawber-like, a sort of waiting-to-turn-up look; and others the same sad discouraged face which they wore in other places. I'll not just with their sad faces. Some of them have yielded sweat, but little bread. One of them toiled hard as an agent for one of the thousand and one inventions that are going to make every man's fortune who is so fortunate (!) as to have anything to do with them—in an incredibly short time. Here we shall spend several hours. I make first for our mission-ary. Here, as at the Saul, we have a neat white church and parsonage. The hard-working Halstead is at home. He has done a good work here. His record is on high and among men too. The town wears a smart look. All kinds of dry goods, groceries, drugs, in, I should say, super-abundance. They are over-doing the business. The weaker will go the wall, and very soon too. The spacious stables and yards of the Carpenter Road are full of bustle—waggons coming in and waggons going out. C. himself, watched by the "opposition" eye, set right and left, is flying about, a piece of perpetual motion. I met him first at the Madoc Eldorado, next in the Orillon pushing his fortune in the provision line, and now at Thunder Bay. If he fails in this his last line, it will be owing, not to lack of push, but tact. There were nine hundred emigrants between here and Fort Gary, some of them on the way for weeks, and in sore distress. For his own, and country's sake we wish him success. Ah, there's a "character," face burnt and somewhat bloated, well on in years, still showing, both of brain and body, a certain rough shaggy strength, not unlike the granite of his native hills. He wears the channish cap, though not the kilt. Who is he? He is the brother of a distinguished Professor in a Scotch University. He came to Canada many years ago. He is unmarried—a hermit-hunter for more than half the year. In the fall he goes off alone into the far back-woods to trap and hunt. Keeps perfectly sober till spring; comes out, sells his pelts, gets drunk, and keeps so till his money is gone, and trapping time calls him back again.

Another "character!" Surely I have seen that face before. Can it be! Yes, it is he—a lawyer from a distant part of the Dominion, but so dissipated. To-day, as I had often seen him before, staggering along the street. He was so drunk as to be unable to walk straight, and yet not so drunk as not to know and feel his shame. As he approached the hotel, on the balcony of which we were sitting, he made desperate efforts to appear sober. He succeeded in coming to a stand still on the sidewalk; then, nodding his head knowingly, as if considering a "case," he made various points on his palms. Finally, he folded his arms across his breast, fixed his eyes upon the walk, and went into a meditative mood. At last he disappeared into the bar-room. Passing by the building some time after, I saw him again. He had just emerged from the room; he was now lost to sense and shame; saw nobody. After repeated efforts he managed to steady himself on the very edge of the platform. Politics was now the passion. "It is a lie; I-I-I say it again; the Pacific Scandal is-is-is a lie. They can't make the country swallow it. I'm a true Tory; I'll vote for him every time. Three cheers for Sir John A. Macdonald!" We have left behind us the most of our company and freight. Next day, Sunday, at five o'clock, we reach Duluth, the steamer's destination. Here is the receipt of custom. Our captain has spoken well of the officer. He combines courtesy with conscientiousness. If he judged the passenger honest, the luggage was passed unopened; if otherwise, and any contraband goods discovered, he didn't confiscate for the States and his own good, as he might, but enacted dirty on the spot and passed them. Some, either ignorant or thinking thereby to escape examination, had nailed their chests and boxes; they were obliged to open them.

(To be continued.)

Our Portrait Gallery.

THE DELEGATES TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

REV. ENOCH WOOD, D.D.

Does the gentleman need any introduction to the Methodist public, whether lay or cleric, in this wide Dominion? Nay; still, for form sake we must say something, and most will be surprised that it has not been said before. Having been forty-eight years in the ministry, admitting him to have been only twenty-two when he entered it, would still run his years up to seventy; and yet his blonde hair is very little changed; his complexion is as fresh as a boy's, and he is scarcely wrinkled at all, nor is his walk that of an old man. True, his constitutional plumpness of muscle prevents wrinkles; and as to his walk, it was always since we knew him, deliberate and noiseless. It would be hard to conceive the idea of the Rev. Dr. Wood going "upon the run." He makes no display of scholarship, and yet every one gives him the meed of all necessary attainments; and without seeking it, he has received one of the highest degrees conferred by any University. Without self-assertion he is preferred to honor; and without flagging and slaving himself he is thought equal to the most important work. Although an Englishman, and sent out by the British Conference, he has been all his public life in the foreign work—three years in the West Indies, eighteen in New Brunswick, and twenty-one in what we now call Ontario. After a period embracing three apprenticeships, he is now surely a Canadian—may, including the whole Dominion of Canada, number six apprenticeships. No doubt he is thoroughly colonial in all his ideas, feelings, and sympathies; and it is fortunate for the United Methodist Church and these united colonies to have secured to themselves a man so calmly wise.

Dr. Wood owes much of his influence to the unobtrusive, but known kindness of his heart. No brother ever went to him with a tale of sorrow, but he met the most ready and often tearful sympathy from our friend. Any official trouble he ever fell into, arose more from his pecuniary advances than from any other cause. His emotional susceptibility, combined with his unpretentious ability, give his pulpit ministrations a peculiar charm. Alas, that some of us so seldom enjoy them! Dr. Wood, from his constitutional caution and conservatism, would never venture on any fundamental change in Methodism from himself, yet he would readily coincide with any such change that is made by connexional authority. It must be said, however, in justice to him, that the project of confederating all the older Methodist bodies in the North American colonies has been a favorite scheme with him since his coming to Canada West. He is a good presiding officer; for although he vapors no superior knowledge of connexional law, somehow or other, by his instinctive sagacity, he generally goes right, and decides points of order with wisdom and fairness. There! we have said something, but from the difficulty in fathoming and measuring this deep, capacious mind, and the hurry with which we have had to do it, we are not satisfied with what we have said.

Does any one need to be informed that Dr. Wood, though retiring, is highly respected in good society, and very influential with public functionaries; and that he has been twenty-one years, either Superintendent of Missions or Senior Secretary, a good part of which time he was Treasurer also; likewise eight years, President of the undivided Canada Conference, and that he is now President of the Toronto Annual Conference?

JOHN STOREY, Esq.,

General Conference delegate for Quebec, is a noble specimen of robust, sanctified manhood, noted for his gushing generosity to the cause of God, to which he is under great obligations himself. He was born of Wesleyan parents in old Ireland, near Killeandra, county of Cavan. As his progenitors were Methodists on both sides, he was early admitted to membership himself, which he has maintained till this day. He entered the employ of Messrs. Calvin and Back, of Garden Island, and is their responsible manager in Quebec. He has twice visited his native land, on the second of which

visits he married a staunch Methodist lady, who sees eye to eye with him in his efforts for his beloved church. He is the Recording Steward and one of the principal supporters of the Wesleyan cause in the old city of Quebec.

REV. RICHARD WHITING, The Chairman of the Pembroke District, is not above medium height, handsome and neat in personal appearance, with a well-knit frame, and healthy constitution, eminently adapted to sustain the toilsome labors of an active Methodist preacher. As a worker, Bro. Whiting has been laborious and untiring; as a preacher, he is earnest, practical and pointed. Hence, he has been very successful on his different fields of labor, having had gracious revivals of religion on nearly every circuit on which he has been stationed.

Mr. Whiting was born in Cornwall, near Bodmin, in 1820. This county has furnished a goodly number of ministers to our Canadian Conference. He was baptized in the Church of England, brought up in its Sabbath School, and was confirmed by the late Bishop Philpotts, of high church memory and became a communicant in that Church. Having been converted through Wesleyan agency, when about thirteen years of age, he began to preach while quite a youth, and labored as a local preacher on the Bodmin and Liskerd circuits, till he left England for Canada in 1845. He reached Chatham, Ontario, on a Saturday evening, and began his ministerial labors the next morning, and has for nearly thirty years, without intermission, faithfully prosecuted his work.

Mr. Whiting, though a staunch Methodist, has always cherished a kind attachment to the church of his childhood; and has cultivated friendly relations with many of its ministers. And yet, this excellent brother has recently become the object of the most bigoted and unchristian treatment from that church, that has ever disgraced the annals of Canadian ecclesiastical history. He has committed an unpardonable offence against Episcopal propriety and liberty. It appears, the Episcopal minister at Pembroke, being too late for a funeral, Mr. W. being present at the request of the friends of the deceased, read a portion of holy scripture, and offered prayer at the house, then proceeded to the graveyard, where he laid the astonishing hardihood to pronounce the benediction in consecrated ground. Thereupon an action has been instituted against him in the law courts, to punish him for having dared, under the open canopy of heaven, on free Canadian soil, to ask God's blessing upon the people! Tell it not in Gath, that while falsehood and wickedness are abounding, men who call themselves the true ministers of the world's Redeemer, believe they are doing God service, when they persecute earnest workers for Christ, who do not pronounce their shilloleths. And worst of all, this intolerant bigotry shields itself under the cover of Christian duty. Alas for the church, or the minister, that has so sadly misapprehended the law of Christian charity and duty!

THOMAS BOWLES, Esq.,

One of the Toronto District Delegates, is muscular and manly in person, dark complexioned, hair and beard abundant, black and curly. Is yet in his prime, having been born July 27, 1830, which makes him just past forty-four years of age. His constitution was developed on a farm, a business which he still follows. He resides in the place of his nativity, in the township of Chinguacousy. He is of Irish parentage. He is a well-to-do man of business, for which he is naturally adapted. His manners are sociable and off-handed. He enjoys the affection and confidence of those in the midst of whom he lives, whose suffrages have preferred him to several civic offices. He has been connected with the Municipal Council the last twelve years, holding various positions of trust during the time, and is now Reeve of his township.

As to religion, he has progressed fast. He became identified with the Church in 1852, but not converted till the following year, a spiritual child of the venerable S. C. Philp. Being gifted and zealous, he has risen to be class-leader and local preacher, and has now the honor of representing the metropolitan district in the General Conference. We opine, he will be found observed. (Concluded on fourth page.)