

GENERAL READING.

PASTORAL ADDRESS.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA, WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THE CONFERENCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK AND PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Dearly Beloved Brethren: We rejoice to send this our annual greeting, from Sackville, N. B., in which place we—as your ministers—are now assembled. On this spot we are surrounded by several buildings, erected at different periods in our connectional history, for the purpose of giving to a portion of the rising youth of these Provinces, a sound, religious, and yet unsectarian education; and by which already a large number, both male and female, have been sent forth to bless and adorn the homes and professions of the Nova Scotia Conference are now in session but a few miles from this place. Our intercourse with these beloved Brethren has been refreshing, and we hope mutually profitable. We have realized the presence of the Divine Master while occasionally mingling together for consultation and worship; and together we are about to separate to our appointed spheres of labor, we cannot but think of our fathers in this ministry, many of whom since we last held our Conference in this village have passed to their reward. And as we clasp hands (perhaps in some instances) for the last time with the Nova Scotia Brethren, our song—though in sadness—is

“Even now by faith we join our hands With those that went before, And greet the blood-sprinkled bands On the eternal shore.”

Our resolve is to be “followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.” We intend to profit by the teaching of the past—to abide by the old truths—to practice the old methods, and to preach no other gospel than that by which our Fathers won for Christ such signal victories. In our day as in those of the earlier preachers, the truth when proclaimed with beautiful simplicity,—with intense yearnings for the salvation of those addressed,—and accompanied by the power of the Holy Ghost, will we believe produce the like results. We wait before God for this unctious for souls for this endowment of power—for this fire baptism, that the word in answer to your prayers, may be effectual “to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin.” As Methodists we have already an admirable ecclesiastical organization—a compact brotherhood, and an intense family sympathy, but our faith has no rooting in these things; we also turn with longing from holy water, candles, and crosses, with all the other sanctified trumpery of an æsthetic ritual, to the Gospel of Jesus Christ—have never felt uncertain about that, nor about our duty in relation to it. The Master came not merely to instruct those who flocked to listen to his gracious words,—but came, that there might be a Gospel to preach in this day, and in these but deny its natural immortality, and regard blessedness in the future life as the exclusive privilege of the righteous. From the teachings of men who thus give us a tortured exegesis of some fragmentary portions of the written Word, we turn to the large, consistent and glowing utterances of Him who “abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.” His sermons abound with thoughts and sayings, which teach us to regard this life as but a point in an unending existence; as the mere bud whose flower—in the case of the holy—shall bloom for ever in the paradise of God; hence he said, “If a man keep My sayings he shall never see death.” Death now lays his hand on the brow of king and beggar, of saint and sinner, but Christ tells us of a new, a better, a perfected life. And Brethren, is it not that we may obtain a fitness for so glorious a resting—the one to the other, which now obtain between the Pulpit and the Pew, between the Pastor and the Flock,—and thus in our ascending course, to become helpers of each other's faith.

Among the many exhortations of the Great Teacher, in which he insisted upon the religion of the heart beaming out in the life, and in common things, he said, “Let your light so shine before men”—not make or compel it, but let it shine or beam out “that they may see your good works, and glorify therefore ask, that the religion you profess may be manifest in a faithful discharge of the duties which devolve upon you as ordinary citizens; the higher life may bring us into union with the spiritual and unseen, and the lower life into contact with the things of sense—but both are of God,—fellowship with the invisible when the soul in quiet abiding has hushed before the Lord is our abiding privilege. But for a man not to “provide for his own,” is to deny the faith and show drudgery of human toil may be so conducted that the work done at the close of the day, the assurance, therefore, who are engaged upon the farm, in mechanical or professional life, purpose, and honesty of aim, for there is no greater error than the too prevalent opinion that the legitimate employment of the “bread winner” is that part of life in which Divine light can never shine; much less be guided

with the hope of heaven. “Every creature of God is good, and nothing is to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving, and be sanctified by the Word of God and prayer.” The immoralities of trade at a period when competition is the animating spirit of commerce, have too often caused us to blush over the selfishness and fraud of some who we had hoped would rise by the rewards of honest business, to stand abreast with the most successful, in agricultural, mechanical or professional life. But why divest human industry of all that is sacred? and in that way reverse the divine order, which is “Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.” Brethren, if the employment in which the Spirit found you, when first He came to illumine and to save, is one on which you can conscientiously implore His blessing from day to day, then let it be so conducted that while it is made to insure you the legitimate rewards of high business qualities, it may likewise be a benefit to all around you.

Wherever God has permitted you to pitch your tent, there let there be a mission, which both morning and evening there shall ascend the incense of prayer to His holy name. It is said of Abraham “He will command his children, and his household, after him.” This is a duty still devolved upon christian parents, and of them the Master “seeks a godly seed.” Prayer in the family, with the right government of children, will smooth down rising asperities, prevent misanthropic bent, foster and mature true affection among the children, and lead them, when you shall have passed to your rest, to hold and to propagate the faith in which they were instructed while yet young. But to promote the glow and fervor of the religious life, there must be due attention to closet duty; the man who is recreant in this, has no right to expect the open reward which Christ has promised to those who pray in secret places. Hence many yield to the foe in public during the day, because they had not been girded with power in communion with God at early dawn, and having lost the clew, they wander farther from the right path to their final undoing. But “beloved we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak.”

At this period in our history, the religious training of youth in our Sabbath Schools is of the highest importance, the young people of to-day will be the race of to-morrow, the Sunday School of the present is to be the Church of the future. And just as we see the far off fountains of supply, so will be the stream of life in these Provinces of our Dominion, when the present generation of men shall have passed from their surface. One of the greatest needs of the day is, can our Sabbath Schools be made more potent for good, and the answer comes to us not all at once, but little by little, from the many conventions which have been held for the purpose of collecting and propagating the desired information, so that at present, there exists no reason why these Institutions should have merely a feeble existence. Many periodicals are now issuing from the press to assist both teacher and scholar in their work. The “International Bible Lessons” are a much prized compendium, and they monthly sparkle with useful hints,—but that is no reason why the old Catechisms of our Church should be laid aside. Direct questioning stimulates thought, and if the answer be once learned, it may prevent a relapse into error in future years. The theological movement of the day has the principal number of their abiding among those who were not grounded in the truth while yet young. Therefore let us give all diligence to make our Sabbath Schools, not only in town and village, but in all the settlements of the land, sources of supply to keep up and augment the membership of the Church. To attain this end for which our Sunday Schools exist, Bible classes should be formed where at all practicable. Such classes not only afford opportunities to the more advanced youth of our congregations to obtain correct views of saving truth, but are promotive of true piety,—a vague apprehension of the doctrines of “the Book” prevents robustness of spiritual life and usefulness in the Church of God. Bible Classes are also the look for the Local Preachers of the future; we cannot afford to let this class of excellent workers be diminished in number, much less relegated to the limbo of forgotten agencies. Such men have done nobly in the past,—in their ranks we once stood,—and there is a vast field still awaiting their self-denying labours. The young men should prophesy, and in such preliminary training schools, so earnestly the best gifts for the still higher work of the ministry, whether Local or Itinerant.

During the year the cause of temperance has been greatly revived in many places, and our desire is that Bands of Hope, and congregational organizations, should be at once formed for the purpose of abating the drinking usage, and of sweeping from our land this curse of intemperance. We have no word of commendation, however, for the frivolous sports and pastimes which in some localities have got linked on to the late temperance revival; and our prayer is that from the “Clubs” there may soon be separated all that is calculated to enervate the man, destroy health, or begot in the rudimental history of our youth, a wish for the higher forms of gambling, with their debasing and sinful courses. Take the religious element from the temperance movement and it is powerless for good; try therefore, in all places where your influence is felt, to make temperance the avenue of a higher, a better, a religious life.

But what we most need at present is individual consecration to God, and then a general endeavor throughout the entire Church, to attain that holiness of heart and life for which the early Methodists were so distinguished. Christian holiness involves the idea of separation to the Lord, and to his service; when attained it resides in the soul of its possessor, and thence projects into the life. “Whatever things are true, honest, pure, lovely, and of good report.” This doctrine in the sense in which it involves privilege and possession, is now receiving much attention among the churches of the land. In the past it was regarded almost exclusively as one of the peculiarities of Wesley, and our pulpits in those days, gave out no uncertain sound upon this subject. But of late the too general absence of living witnesses of its reality, has discouraged its broad and persistent proclamation as the common right through Christ of every believer. But the command, “Be ye holy for I am holy,” rings out with more than clarion distinctness from the written word; and Brethren, if ye are called”—at all—we are called not unto uncleanness but unto holiness,—if elected”—it is through sanctification of the spirit unto obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ,—and, if “predestinated” it is to “be conformed to the image of His Son.” And that is about all that can be said in relation to the meaning of words which too often have been

employed to bolster up opinions, for which there is no warranty in the Word of God. Called, elected, and predestinated, not to heaven irrespective of the meekness for its enjoyment, but to holiness in this life, as the best preparation for the other in the glory-land beyond. We therefore exhort you to seek this great salvation,—present salvation from inward and outward sin, “And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly. Faithful is he that calleth you who also will do it.”

We are glad to be able to say that our Ministerial death roll is a short one for this year, but two of our Brethren have passed away to the rewards of heaven since we last met in Conference. Bro. Wm. McCarty was with us last year, though in great feebleness. He had lived and laboured among us long enough to reveal the genuineness of that piety which he had obtained in early life. As a man he was “a workman of whom we were not ashamed.” He rendered valuable service to the Church of his vows, and he enjoyed the entire confidence of his brethren. He died at Digby, N. S., in the fall of last year, in the 62nd year of his age, and in the 33rd of his ministry.

John Ellis, a young evangelist, possessing both zeal and ability, was cut down in the midst of his usefulness. He died on the St. Martins Circuit, N. B., in July of last year, in the 32nd year of his age, and the 6th of his ministry.

We are happy to inform you that our Educational Institutions at Sackville, N. B., are in a state of prosperity. The badness of the times—in a business sense—has not lessened the attendance to the extent that was once feared. Recent changes in the staff of officers will, it is hoped, give to the working of these institutions yet greater efficiency, and they still commend themselves to your patronage and support.

The Methodist Book Room in Halifax is intended to subserve the interests of our Church in all the Conferences in these Maritime Provinces, and has attained already, under the skillful management of the Book Steward, a high degree of success in the various branches of its legitimate business.

This Book Depot is intended to supply to our people, all publications necessary in Sabbath School work, as well as books for the private library, or for family reading. At this office the Wesleyan newspaper is still published, and it is regarded as a necessity in many of the homes of our people, and our hope is that in due time it will be found in all the Methodist families within the bounds of the Conference.

And now, Brethren, “we commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.”

JOSEPH HART, President, CHARLES H. FAIRLEY, Secretary.

LEIGH RICHMOND.

There are few who have not heard of the “Dairyman's Daughter.” Translated into many languages, and circulated by millions, it has found its way into all parts of the earth, and been read by men of every condition and rank in life. It has been seen in the palaces of kings and the huts of the North American Indians, and under God been the means of the salvation of multitudes of souls.

Its much honored author was the son of a Liverpool physician, and was born in 1772. At seventeen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he made the most of his time and of the educational advantages enjoyed. At the end of eight years he was ordained deacon, and soon after entered upon the duties of double curacy of Brading and Yaverland, in the Isle of Wight.

He was as yet, however, without the all essential qualification for the fulfillment of the duties he had undertaken. The work of grace in his heart had yet to be accomplished. A copy of Wilberforce's “Practical View of Christianity,” sent him by a thoughtful college friend, was the means of effecting in him the change that he required. Led by the perusal of it to see his own deep need, the way of having that need met, and what Christ is to all who fully receive him, he became a new man. Henceforth Jesus Christ was the alpha and the omega of his faith and ministry. The results of the change were immediately manifest in the larger audiences that now hung upon his lips, and the conversions that rewarded his labors and prayers.

The “Dairyman's Daughter” lived at the village of Arretton, six miles from Brading, where, by particular request he visited her during her last illness. The publication of her biography and experience got at once into a wide circulation, and made the author known.

Mr. Richmond was induced at the end of eight years, to exchange his curacy at Brading for the post of assistant minister at the Lock Chapel, where larger opportunities of usefulness were enjoyed, and he had the satisfaction of seeing many there also brought by his ministry to the Saviour.

waters of life, he grew in the power and grace of the Lord Jesus, and was the means of even rich blessing to others.

Nine years after his settlement at Turvey, the Duke of Kent placed him on the list of his chaplains, and insisted on his preaching at the palace when he came to town. This wish of his royal patron was complied with, when Mr. Richmond preached from the text, “Return, thou backsliding Israel saith the Lord, and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you: for I am merciful saith the Lord, and I will not keep mine anger forever.”

“It was an effective and touching sermon,” says one of his biographers, “and impressed upon the Duke exceedingly.” Adverting again the following day to Mr. Richmond's style of preaching, as at once Scriptural and winning, the Duke said he had come to the resolution to see if he could procure for him a vacant stall in Westminster Abbey, then at the disposal of the minister. The effort was made, but failed, and Mr. Richmond continued his accustomed course.

He was tried by heavy family afflictions. His eldest son, led astray by evil companions, went to sea, and after many disappointments and wanderings, died on board a vessel, far from home. The father was comforted by the assurance, supplied by his letters and papers, as well as by the testimony of those who had witnessed the change in his son's character, that he died in full reliance upon Christ for pardon and eternal life.

Not long after, his second son, a young man of great promise, died of consumption. Leigh Richmond's own health began to fail, and while yet only fifty-five years of age he was amid deep and widespread lamentation, borne to his grave.

As one can understand and would expect, that which had been his joy in the day of life was his support in the hour of death. Jesus Christ was everything to him then, strength and consolation, victory and power. He had done much in the service of his Lord and Master during the years of his public life, instructed many in the way of salvation and the deeper things of God, and been the comforter of multitudes by his ministry in the pulpit and by his published writings; but not on these things did he now rest, but entirely on the sacrifice and love of Jesus. It was from the cross of his Lord, that he drew his comfort and confidence, and not from anything that he himself had been or done.

“Brother, brother,” was his language to a friend a short time before he expired, “strong evidences, nothing but strong evidences, will do at such an hour as this. I have looked here and looked there for them; all have failed me; and so I cast myself on the sovereign, free and full grace of God, in the covenant by Jesus Christ, and there, brother I have found peace.”

Calmly and trustfully he fell asleep.—Christian Sunset.

FAMILY READING.

THE ABIDING ONE.

“God is the Strength of my heart, and my portion forever.” Ps. 73: 26. Some hearts are like a quiet village street, Few and well known the passers to and fro; Some like a busy city's market place, And countless forms and faces come and go. Into my life unnumbered steps have trod, Though brief that life, and nearing now its close. At first the forms of phantasies and dreams. And then varied tread of friends and foes. Coming and going—ah! there lay the pang. That when my heart had blossomed and unlocked Its wealth to greet the loved familiar step, Lo! it was gone, and only echoes mock-ed. My listening ear. But oh! there came one step, So soft and slow, which said, “I pass not by. But stay with these forever if thou wilt, Amid this constant instability.” Then in his eyes I saw the love I craved— Love past my craving—love that died for me. He took my hand, and in its gentle strength I learnt the joy of leaning utterly. He taught my heart to trust him fearlessly (Trust off betrayed, but now misplaced no more); My Rock! my Rock! my wave-besieged Rock! Safe in thy cleft I rest for evermore. All things change, and noblest human hearts Can ne'er be rocks; but they are pot-ter's clay. The Lord our God, He only is a Rock! Who trust in Him may trust in him for aye! Still do the countless footsteps come and go; Still with sighs the echoes die away: But one abides, and fills the solitude With music and with beauty, night and day.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

The noble missionary, Moffatt, tells a beautiful story. He says: “In one of my early journeys I came with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a little milk; but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night, at a distance from water, though within sight of the river. When twilight grew on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached, with a cooking vessel on her head, and a leg of mutton in one hand and water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked for kindness to strangers. Then the tears stole down her sable cheeks, and she replied: “I love Him whose you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in his name. My heart is full; therefore I can't speak the joy I feel in seeing you in this out-of-the-world place.” On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept the light of God in her soul in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from Mr. Helm when in his school some years before. ‘This,’ said she, ‘is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil that makes my lamp to burn.’ I looked on the precious relic printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled our prayers and sympathies together at the throne of our heavenly Father.”

GOOD SOCIETY.

Many parents who have sons and daughters growing up are anxious for them to get into society. This is an honorable anxiety, if it interprets good society after some lofty fashion. Parents your daughter is in good society when she is with girls who are sweet and pure, and true-hearted; who are not vain and frivolous; who think of something else besides dress or flirting, or marriage; between whom and their parents there is confidence; who are useful as well as ornamental in the house; who cultivate their minds, and train their hands to skillful workmanship. If society of this sort is not to be had then none at all is preferable to a worthless article. See to it that you impress this on your children, and above all that you do not encourage them to think that good society is a matter of fine clothes, or wealth, or boasting to be somebody. As you value your child's soul, guard her against these miserable counterfeits; and impress upon her that intelligence, and simplicity, and modesty and goodness, are the only legal coin. The same rule holds for boys as well as for girls. You would have these enter good society. Do not imagine that you have accomplished it when you have got them in with a set of boys whose parents are wealthier than you who dress better than your boy can afford to, and who pride themselves on their social position. Good society for a boy is the society of boys who are honest and straight forward, who have no bad habits, who are earnest and ambitious for the company of shallow, heartless women, old enough to be their mothers, and are not envious of their friends who fancy there is something grand in dulling all the edge their heart'shops upon such jaded favorites. There is nothing sadder than to see either young men or women priding themselves upon the society which they enjoy, when verily it is a Dead Sea apple that will choke them with its dust, when they need some generous juicy fruit to cool their lips and stave the hunger of their souls.—Chris. Reg.