

Special offer of the Wesleyan!!

The WESLEYAN will be sent from this date until the 31st December, 1878 for one subscription—Two Dollars. This takes in the General Conference Year, during which much connexional interest is sure to be awakened. We ask our Ministers to give us their cheerful co-operation toward bringing the subscription list, within the next three months, up to 4000. They will be surprised by counting up the number of families in their charges, who do not take the Church paper. What can these know of Methodism, in its modern spirit or operations—excepting as they may hear from the pulpit or see in their neighborhood? What can their children learn of the genius and history of the Church of their fathers! The Church organ may be presumed to preach loyalty and impart connexional intelligence to every member of the household every day in the week, thus taking the minister's place, and doing his work during his absence. Think of it, brethren, and act!

REV. E. R. YOUNG IN HALIFAX.

Rarely has so much interest been excited among our congregations and Sunday-schools as by the addresses of this honoured returned Missionary. It was a wise arrangement which sent him to the Maritime Provinces. There is a patriotic as well as Missionary aim in such visits. Mr. McDougal's presence and apostolic sincerity had partially passed from the memories of many who had but awakened to a sense of what was involved in the Missionary idea, when this beloved brother comes before them—McDougal's counterpart, in many respects. We noticed remarks of Mr. Young's acceptance, all along the route he has travelled, since this eastern campaign began. One who had heard his thrilling recitals in Truro, declared he would have allowed all the Indians in America to live and die in the land of the buffalo, rather than endure what Mr. Young had passed through. It is due to him, and will be of great profit to readers outside, that a more extended report should appear of his speeches in Halifax.

His Sabbath services were given to Brunswick St. at 11 o'clock; to the Sabbath-school of Brunswick St. at 3; and to Grafton St. at 7 p. m. Rev. J. Lathern occupied Grafton St. and Brunswick St. pulpits alternately.

The Anniversary Meeting was held in Brunswick St. Church on Monday evening, beginning at 7 1/2—Hon. S. L. Shannon in the chair. The congregation was very large. The Chairman's address, succinct and pleasant, as are all his speeches, was followed by a brief report and addresses from Rev. J. Lathern and Dr. McGregor, Presbyterian.

MR. LATHERN

related incidents brought out in a letter which recently came to Charlottetown from British Columbia. His presence alone would have been an inspiration to a Halifax audience; but his speech added to his popularity.

DR. M'GREGOR

came, he said, to convey the congratulations of a sister church on our Missionary progress. He alluded to evangelistic work in Ontario and Quebec and the marvelous openings for Missions in the North-west. He dwelt on the glorious vision of prophecy, "Christ must reign." What are we to do in this work? He saw no possibility of retreat. Your past history, said he—your resources—your prospects, all forbid it. Presbyterianism, too, must carry on this work. They have many agents in Quebec, that needy territory. So in Polynesia, India, &c. We do not propose to call them home. No! This Brunswick Street platform has brought out great recitals of great Missionary results. And it must still do so. He spoke of the protracted contest in the past, when Romish agencies, and foreign authorities held supremacy in our colonies. What has it all come to? If those rulers and priests of the past were to rise now, what would be their surprise? The British flag flies from Labrador to British Columbia, and that flag represents freedom and Christian light and civilization. This Dominion must now be Christianized by the Dominion. England has helped. We must now meet our privilege and responsibility.

MR. YOUNG

is a man of medium height, fair complexion, about 37 years of age, calm and measured in address, with the intellect of a scholar and the heart of a hero.

After a few introductory remarks on the importance of benevolence, he entered upon his great theme. He had gone out Young—did not deserve the title "Father," as given by Dr. McGregor—and had returned Young. He related the circumstances of his call to Missionary work, and McDougal's intimate connection with his first journeys. Described the country at Manitoba at that time—a wide, boundless prairie, none to welcome the Missionary. Now there is a population which will soon send enough to repay the Missionary Society for its outlay. He gave an idea of George Young's first residence there. This educated, noble man, had but a little, lowly house; he passed through the rebellion; wielded a mighty influence for good, and met with much prejudice. Scott was not the troublesome man he had been represented. He was a loyal man, a communicant of the Presbyterian Church. He would like to tell of the fertility of the country. It had five feet deep of loamy soil. No manure is needed—there are no stones—no stumps. You may run a plough for 1200 miles, and not meet any poor soil. Emigration flowed in rapidly. Our young men are returning to the British side yonder. The future of this country is to be glorious.

Word reached them that Indians had come for him and his wife. They went in boats to

NORWAY HOUSE.

He and his wife were put in the stern of one boat, near a large ox. Thus they travelled two weeks, sailing and rowing—running and seeking shelter. The water was sometimes shallow. An Indian would leap out, Mrs. Young would get on his back, Mr. Young would similarly rest on the shoulders of another Indian, and so be carried to the shore. These Indians had been converted before he went thither. He left that mission the largest on the Continent. It had 400 communicants and 1000 christianized Indians. In every house is a family altar. So thoroughly christianized are they that no trace of Paganism remains. They do not wish to speak of their past iniquities. In lovefeasts they will tell of the past, but only in gratitude for deliverance. In his travels, by canoe in summer, by winter in dog-trains, he found one place where a son had killed his helpless mother; and another where a parent had been left to the wolves. His circuit was 500 miles by 200. It now has five Missionaries. The boys wish to hear of the dogs. Those they used were of the Esquimaux kind—large as Newfoundland dogs. They stand cold well, and draw heavy loads; but such thieves! Had known one to eat the shoes off an Indian without waking him. He tried once to keep a sheep—a rare thing there—and pigs and hens, but the dogs would eat everything. Described how the sleds were made. Now let us go to the

NELSON RIVER.

—800 miles. We take four sleds, each with four dogs. The loads are, fish for the dogs, provisions, Bibles, clothing, &c. We select a sagacious Indian as guide. He never gets lost. Marvelous is the instinct of those men. I follow on. Good-bye has been said. No letters can be sent back. No word till we return. Before us is an immense forest. The snow is deep, and difficult to wade through. On the lakes it is different. Night comes. We unharness—take our axes—no dead heads, for all work—clear away a space eight feet around—cut down some dried trees—make a fire—put on the kettle and get tea. The dogs are fed—16 of them—with 32 white-fish thawed by the fire. It is found best to feed the dogs only once a day. The dogs dig into the snow and lie down. An Indian pours tea, and calls supper—the cold is 40 below zero—he had seen it so cold that before the tea could be drank ice formed on the cup. Then prayers (he read a verse of a hymn in the Cree language—sounding strangely enough to English ears). Then an Indian spreads boughs, buffalo skins and blankets. We don't undress there, but put on all we

have to wear—overcoat, hood, big boots, shawl—so tied up that it is difficult to lie down. The Indian, so gracefully and quietly—like a mother at a trundle-bed—tucks in the Missionary. I complain of being smothered. Indian insists. "Now," he says, "don't stir." And that is the worst of all. There is misery in the thought. But the Indian is right. I threw off my covering once and had my face frozen. A big St. Bernard dog is a great comfort beside one then. Getting up is the worst. The cold then is dreadful. To kindle the fire—to get breakfast—to harness the dogs—at 3 o'clock in the morning, what a trial. Mr. Young disclaimed the honour of heroism attributed to him—his wife was superior to him by far. Coming to a lot of wig-wams, the dogs forget their weariness; 250 men, women and children hurry to kiss me—and soap there is three dollars a bar! I get through that process quickly. Then my missionary work begins. I preached for four hours at a time—no one went out. Their earnestness and attention was remarkable. Then a Chief arises—tells he had heard God in the thunder—saw Him in the storm, Speaks gratefully of God's love, and testifies that the sermon had told the truth. Another rose—an old man. He said, "I am getting old—have long needed all this gospel—but how is it you never came before? I hope I will not die till you come again." Described how he taught them to read the Bible. At Beren's River,

AMONG THE BOITOS,

a wild, hard race of Indians, he founded a Mission. They had the reputation of being treacherous. Was warned they might poison him. But he went among them. Their conjuror's would come near his head at night to make a rattling noise and annoy him. Now almost every trace of Paganism is gone. We tried to get them to pray, and the scenes at times were very interesting.

Across on the West side of Lake Winnipeg, there are 200 christianized Indians; and at other places we have planted Missions.

POLYGAMY

is our principal difficulty. A chief may have four wives. It is so difficult to arrange in dividing families when they are converted. Described a case in which a wife thus left her husband, and the Missionary's feelings in seeing her terrible struggle as she took away her children. Geo. Young once went to Oxford House. He met an Indian with two wives. The Indian wanted baptism. Mr. Young refused, till one wife was given up. One wife did find another husband, and left. They wondered, when christianized, that God did not favour them more than others. A priest had baptized a number; he gave each a shirt, and they offered themselves to Mr. Young for baptism again if he would give them another shirt. An Indian, who took a piece of the Missionary's pemican while very hungry out shooting, came with a quarter of venison to pay for it. They are honest, compared with many in more civilized lands, and when not surrounded by unprincipled whites.

Our Missions are not a failure. We put this matter before you, said Mr. Young. My heart is in that work, and I could return to it cheerfully. We have fine men yonder; pray for them. Mayor Ritchey, in a neat speech, moved the appointment of next year's Committee. The Sabbath-school, it was announced, had given upwards of \$100 to Missions.

The plate collections on Sabbath, and in this meeting at Brunswick St., were \$170, against \$70 last year. There were two subscriptions sent up of \$400 and \$250. The attendance increases year by year—a very hopeful sign, and ornate speeches are making way for plain, simple, Missionary narrative. Which pays best is seen in the congregations and the collections.

Grafton Street Meeting will be reported next week. The proceeds of the Grafton Street meetings already foot up to upwards of \$2600.

Last Sabbath was observed generally in our churches, in observance of the order directed in the circular of the Central Missionary Board. Reference was made to the great Missionary purposes of our own and other churches in the sermons. That holy day, and the

week ensuing, will, we trust, have a stimulating effect upon Christian prayer and benevolence. We had the privilege of spending the Sabbath by invitation among old friends at Windsor. Rev. R. Brecken, A.M., the Pastor, preached in the forenoon, an impressive discourse, in which his characteristic method of concealing the sermonic skeleton by most becoming drapery of language and ideas, came out to fine advantage. An earnest chaste, scholarly pulpit address is always popular, and in this Mr. Brecken excels. He has a good field and is surrounded by willing reapers. In the evening our own mind was subdued and cheered by turns, in marking contrasts of the past and the present in this fine congregation as we addressed them. Mr. Young, the returned missionary addressed them on the previous Friday evening, and left an abiding impression for good.

DEATH OF REV. WM. McCARTY.

This honored servant of Christ passed to his reward on the morning of the 17th inst., at 6 o'clock. He had been in declining health for some time, but his death took his friends by surprise. He had lost his house, with all it contained, in the St. John fire, and taken refuge among kind friends, to whom he had formerly ministered, in Digby. In the absence of necessary data we will not give extended remarks in reference to Mr. McCarty in this issue. We cannot permit the occasion to pass, however, without paying a personal, tender tribute to the memory of a man whom we had much cause to love and revere. Mr. McCarty was pre-eminent in the use of such executive gifts as call out the Church's strength for usefulness. Several of our ministers and many of our active laymen owe their more immediate connection with practical christian work to the honored departed. Among that number the Editor of this paper holds a place. To Mr. McCarty he was indebted for the promptings and counsels which first brought him into direct co-operation with the living, active agencies of the Church; and all through his subsequent life he had reason to feel that the father was also, in the truest sense, a friend of young men.

The Messenger is perplexed over a term used a week or two ago, by one of our genial correspondents—the "female brethren." This is not surprising. If the Messenger understands anything outside of *Baptizo* and its cognates, it has yet to be revealed. The only thing of doubtful place and name in the order of creation, as far as we know, is the Messenger itself. That it belongs to some period far back in the world's history, most seem agreed. But which? is the question. We have no difficulty on the subject ourselves. It belongs to the diluvian period. It is one of the messengers from the ark, that went out to see—nothing but water. Give it its proper name and all difficulties will vanish—the *Diluvian Messenger*.

What about the New Hymn Book for the Methodist Church of Canada? A Committee appointed by General Conference to consider this subject, has not once met. Are the members prospecting? Have they any agreement? The present Hymn Book—the old English one—may hold out for another year. Dr. Jobson contemplated a demand for it in the Colonies and in Canada for some little time, and so kept up the stock in some of the editions. But it cannot continue very long, in view of the fact that a new Hymn Book is adopted and being published rapidly in England. Then, is it desirable to continue a large Hymn Book? Would not 600 choice selections suffice for general purposes? Are there any such selections in view? When General Conference meets, will be a late period at which to send a committee into an unexplored region in search of material, while it may, at so late a juncture, find itself compelled to adopt some Hymn Book hurriedly. It is certain that, with the facilities now existing West and East, several editions of a new Hymn Book might be launched in each establishment quickly, thus furnishing the market at an early date after Gene-

ral Conference. But where is the book? In whose minds is the project gathering form?

A CHRISTIAN LETTER.

Few business men, we fear, could write a letter similar to this, which a friend permits us to furnish, in part, to our readers. It breathes the right spirit. The last thing the writer would have desired, we feel persuaded from the tenor of his epistle, would be the notoriety of publication. But as a beautiful specimen of christian experience and devotion; as an example in letter-writing between christian believers, and especially as an evidence that religion and business are not incompatible, we give this business man's letter for perusal. May it be accompanied with a blessing! EDITOR.

My Dear Sir:—

Your valued favor of 6th August lies open before me, and I cannot let this opportunity pass without just a line to say that heaven is still shining on me, inside and out. Oh how sweetly at this moment comes up to my heart Peter's ascription of praise, as he utters from a soul filled with divine love, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undecaying, and that fadeth not away reserved in heaven for us (you and me), who are kept by the power of God." Oh how glorious to experience a knowledge of this keeping power God, daily to realize God's exceeding love to us in Christ Jesus and that

"To us with His dear name are given, Pardon and Holiness and Heaven."

If God's love to me was so great while a stranger to Him, what must it be now that I am a child, an Heir of Glory; no longer under condemnation, but rejoicing in that liberty wherewith Christ maketh His people free. Truly "If when an enemy I was reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more being reconciled, I shall be saved by His life." I value my position to-day as a child of God more keenly than ever and sing with louder strain thereon.

"Fixed on this ground will I remain, Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay; This anchor shall my soul sustain, When earth's foundations melt away; Mercy's full power I shall then prove, Loved with an everlasting Love."

An incident is described in the Moncton "Times" which exceeds many fabrications of romance. A tramp entered the dwelling of a clergyman of that town, put some drug in the tea of his host, and during the unconsciousness which followed, freely prowled through the rooms, helping himself to whatever suited his tastes. This proves that plausible travellers may be tramps in disguise, and that tramps—of whom there are entirely too many now-a-days—may be so dangerous as to deserve extreme watchfulness.

THE TEMPERANCE REFORM MOVEMENT proceeds apace. We had hoped to possess facts from the hand of an active co-laborer of Rev. Mr. Dutcher regarding the recent campaign of this useful man, but they have not yet come to hand. We met Mr. Dutcher a few days ago, and felt exceedingly impressed by the christian spirit and ambition which seems to actuate all his movements. His career in these Provinces has been very productive of good.

As Thursday—the day we usually go to press—is Thanksgiving, we are obliged to complete this issue a day earlier in the week. Our readers will not, therefore, be surprised at seeing the WESLEYAN before it is due.

SERMON TO YOUNG MEN.

By request the Rev. Waldron W. Brewer preached a sermon exclusively to young men in his church on Sunday evening last. The Rev. gentleman claimed identity with them, being scarcely a score and a half years old, and as a young man felt great freedom in addressing his fellow laborers, especially those connected with that powerful institution the Young Men's Christian Association. So many appropriate passages of scripture had been suggested to him that it was with difficulty he had chosen the one read—a portion of 14th verse, 1st chap. 1st John. He found in his text two questions—What is personal power? and how to possess that power.

1st. Physical power. It was good to see the strong armed and big chested young man in conflict with danger, especially when fighting for the right. 2d. Power of birth and blood—true greatness was not hereditary. 3rd. Power of wealth, commerce, &c., all good where properly directed. 4th. Intellectual power, all

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