

THE WESLEYAN DAILY RECORDER.

CONFERENCE OF 1870.

No. 12.]

TORONTO, ONTARIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 9, 1870.

[Vol. II.]

Poetry.

FOUND DEAD IN THE STREET.

The labour is over and done,
The sun has gone down in the west,
The birds are asleep every one,
And the world has gone to its rest:
Sleepers on beds of down,
Nest cover of silk and gold,
Soft, as on roses new-blown,
Slept the great monarch of old!
Sleepers on mother's breast,
Sleepers happy and warm;
Cosy as birds in their nest,
With never a thought of harm!
Sleepers in garrets high,
Nest coverlet ragged and old,
And one little sleeper all under the eek,
Out in the night and the cold!
Alone in the wide, wide world,
Christless, motherless he;
Begging or stealing to live, and whined
Like a wail on the angry sea.

The daisy looks up from the grass,
Fresh from the fingers of night,
To welcome the birds as they pass,
And drink in fresh rivers of light;
Sleepers on mother's breast,
Waken to summer and mirth;
But one little sleeper has gone to his rest,
Never to waken on earth.
Dead—found dead in the street,
All forsaken and lorn;
Damp from the head to the feet,
With the dew from the sweet May morn!

Dead—for the want of a crust!
Dead—in the cold night air!
Dead—and under the dust,
Without even a word of prayer,
In the heart of the wealthiest city,
In this most Christian land,
Without ever a word of pity,
Or the touch of a kindly hand!

Miscellany.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD OTTAWA CIRCUIT.

BY AN EARLY INCUMBENT.

THE JOURNEY THERE.

The Conference for 1832 sat in the village of Hollowell, (now Pictou), and began its sessions on the 17th of August. The Annual Conference in those days, which, be it remembered, was only an Executive Conference, usually occupied less than a week, often not more than four or five days. But a special call of the General Conference, which then consisted of all the travelling elders, in order to consider the question of proposals for a union with the British Conference. This led to delay and discussion enough; and the preachers did not disperse till the second Saturday after the Conference opened—that is, till the 18th of August. They were so impatient to leave, that I recollect, as it was announced that the stations would be read off early in the afternoon, that who were billeted a little out of the village, as I was, brought our horses saddled and led to the church and tied them to the fence, while we went in and listened for our fate.

I was read off for Ottawa, not Ottawa city, gentle reader, (nor even the crysolis Bytown out of which it has since evolved, but the extended settlement of the lower Ottawa river), as the colleague of the Rev. John Black. I had been in the bush the two years previous, and I had pictured to my imagination some nice frontier circuit. Ottawa was far away, and involved a long journey, and I was far from strong. Besides, my heart just about that time began to be entangled in quite another direction—but no more of that. As it was, I thought Ottawa a hard appointment, and I wept, although I am ashamed to say it; but it was the only time I ever did weep over an appointment.

I owed this one to the good opinion of my presiding Elder, the Rev. Franklin Metcalf. He had married and become interested in the Ottawa country, and he meant to provide well for them. I felt a little like praying, "Save me from my friends!" But it proved a very happy appointment for the time I staid. A connexional emergency removed me before the year was out. As soon as the appointments were read off, a troop of us were under way for the east.

I remember that the following brethren constituted the scow load at the ferry across the Bay Quinte, from the Stone Mills to Adolphustown, namely: my inseparable friend Simon Huntington, who had been my neighbor the year before; and my fellow-lodger at Father Oser's during the Conference, where our host told us of Jewell, Coleman and Keeler, and sang old-fashioned revival hymns for our entertainment; Era Healy, Franklin Metcalf, Charles Wood and Wyatt Chamberlayne. All the rest but the last travelled on horse-back. Chamberlayne was in a sulky, one of the first I ever saw. We all contrived to pack into the scow, but we loaded her down almost to the gunwales. To increase the difficulty she was leaky, and her crew consisted of one man, and he an old one. When we were half over we found she took in water fast, and there was no means of bailing. No one expressed any alarm, although all looked very grave. I think Metcalf and several others were confident in their swimming

powers. Some one asked Healy if he could swim, his answer was, "Like a stone." I was no swimmer myself, but I cannot say I was alarmed, although the boat was nearly full before we got over, for I had arranged a mode of operation in my own mind, in the event of requiring it, which I was perfectly confident was feasible. I had a powerful gelding, thoroughly trained by an old Irish trooper in the Perth settlement, a horse with which I was never afraid to go into the deepest slough; for experience taught me that he never missed his footing, and if there was any bottom to the hole, I knew he would fetch me out. I reined him close to the gunwale, and stood upon it, ready to vault into the saddle as soon as the boat began to go "tit tot," which she was almost ready to do before we reached the shore. She stranded near enough for us to get out safely. We went on our way rejoicing.

God spared us for further toil. But after the lapse of 38 years the writer, the youngest of the group, finds himself the only survivor of that boat load. Healy and Metcalf fell suddenly but safely, not six months separated in death. Huntington lived six years longer, and then passed away. Chamberlayne was located and died. Wood went to the Western States and ended well.

That night we were all the guests of old father George Silks, who entertained us about the olden times; and his kind-hearted old wife provided most abundantly for our bodily wants. Huntington, Wood and I performed a Sabbath day's journey, the next day, while searching for some of the Methodist meetings along the Bay, and found ourselves at the house of Col. Clark, below Bath, for the night. That gentleman kept a diary and recorded all the events that occurred in the neighbourhood for miles around, in so much that mothers would sometimes come to inquire "how old their babies were."

I had not had an interview with my superintendent for the prospective year since receiving my appointment, although he had been my first, and was always my best beloved colleague, but now I was to encounter him. As I and Huntington were slowly wending our way through the Pittsburgh woods, he and W. H. Williams, riding at a rapid pace, came up with us, when my ears were saluted with the sharp, shrill voice of Black rung in my ears, "How do you do, Johnny? We'll have fine times down on the Ottawa. Plenty of cat-fish there, Johnny." Perhaps this piece of baldness was as good a thing as could have been said to me; it set us all a laughing with its absurdity, and dispersed the gloom I felt about my appointment. That day crossing the road in a piece of woods, we saw the largest reptile that I ever beheld, indigenous to Canada—a black snake not less than twelve feet long and proportionately thick. I charged him with my powerful horse, but he managed to get off.

In this journey I did a foolish thing, which I ever after regretted—changed my powerful sure-footed Dick, because he was rough gaited when he trotted, though he was an easy horse to center, for a tall, pretty Arabian Spot mare that I called Pussy. I gave the preacher \$20 to boot; and before next Conference I was forced to make another change, and my third horse died in a few weeks, and I had to start anew.

I rested an afternoon and night at the house of my friend Black, below Prescott, who had labored on the Augusta Circuit the year before. There was always something in Mrs. Black's hospitality that went to my heart. The next day I left them to move on to the Circuit at their leisure, away around by the Cedres, and I pushed on with the lively George Poole, who had been our predecessor on the Ottawa: he too, also long since gone, intending to cross the great Allegheny of the Glengary country. Late that night we found quarters at Mr. John Bailey's, of Moulinette. We came after supper and left by sunrise. We breakfasted some miles forward at the house of an honest Dutchman, Mr. Links, the last family friendly to Methodism till we reached Van-klake Hill in Hawkebury. This day we had no dinner, for nothing eatable could be found at "Priest's Mills" (now Alexandra) for man or beast. We met a luxurious spot of clover unfenced, where we waited our horses. We were weary, and wanted to lie down on the grass and rest ourselves but we were afraid of the prevailing cholera, and abstained—a very foolish thing, for I believe a sleep in the grass would have done us good. About sunset I had the first sight of my future Circuit. We reined our horses up on the brow of Van-klake Hill, and looked down into the valley of the Ottawa. It was a magnificent view, but the frostiness of the wind which came up from it, though only the month of August, made my heart to sink within me.

SWEARING REPROVED.

Some years ago, I made a passage to England, in one of the Cunard steamers. We had a full complement of passengers, and each one had his appointed seat at the table. It was my lot to be placed opposite a person who was greatly addicted to swearing. On my left hand also sat one equally given to this wicked habit. I found my position a very painful one, and felt it my duty to reprove them, but conscious that this required great wisdom. I took counsel with a brother Methodist as to the best method of discharging this difficult duty. His advice was, that I should not attempt to reprove them, lest I should do harm instead of good. I felt it was necessary to exercise great caution, but could not think it right to sit in altogether so plain a duty. I

determined to watch for a favorable opportunity, and the old saying that he that watches for a providence will not have long to wait, proved true in my case. At the next meal the swearer opposite, addressing me said: "I say, do you ever hold forth?" Not fully understanding his question, I seized a knife, and stretched out my arm, saying, "Yes, you see I am holding forth now." "Oh," said he, "I do not mean that; I mean do you ever hold forth spiritually?" "Yes," I responded, "I have the honor to preach the gospel as a Methodist local minister, and am not ashamed of my calling." "Well," said he, "I thought so." "Indeed," said I, "why do you think so?" "From your smooth face and black cloak," he responded. Now, thought I, there is a nail driven in the right direction. These men will not continue swearing now they know that I am a minister. A short time afterwards I was leaning over the bulwark of the vessel, and watching the motion of the waves, when I felt a hand laid on my shoulder. On looking round to see who touched me, the swearer who sat opposite me at table, accosted me, saying: "You said you belonged to the Methodists." "Yes," I replied, "I did."

"Well," said he, "there are some great soundrels in that Church." I admitted that there were had people in that Church, but claimed there were also a great many good ones. "Wheat and tares grow together till harvest," said I. "When you see a counterfeit sovereign do you conclude that all sovereigns are counterfeit? Would there be any counterfeits if there were no genuine?" "Well," said he, "what is the gentleman who sits at your left at table?" I replied, he attended the Episcopal Church, and I thought he was a vestryman. (This was the other swearer.) "What is the gentleman who sits at your right?" I answered, "a member of the Episcopal Church, and for a member of that Church (so lenient in its discipline) he is exemplary man. I have not heard a profane word, nor an indelicate remark from him since he came on board." My shot hit him. He left me, and told the other passengers I had been reproofing him for swearing. He did not swear again in my hearing during the passage.

At our next meal, the swearer on my left uttered a volley of oaths. I looked in his face with an expression of sadness. He at once said: "I beg your pardon. I do not often swear, do I?" "Some persons," I replied, "swear so frequently that they are not conscious of it. Yesterday you resolved to give up chewing tobacco, and gave away your stock of tobacco. Resolve to give up swearing as well as chewing the weed, and you will soon get rid of it. It is a bad habit." "Well," said he, "if I swear again, jog my knee under the table, and I will thank you." I did not hear him swear again during the passage, and before we parted he gave a proof of his confidence by intrusting some business to my management, and afterwards became a valuable customer to the firm of which I was a member, and thus I gained a benefit by doing my duty, and lost no respect of parties re-proved.

Reader, go thou and do likewise, and He that has said, "Thou shalt not suffer sin on thy neighbor," will bless thy labors.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

SOME STRANGE THINGS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

It is a strange thing that more frequent prayers are not offered in public religious meetings for the victims of strong drink. In the ordinary prayers of the social meeting, and of the pulpit, petitions are made for the sick and the sinful, for the poor and the needy, for the conversion of the heathen, and for the restoration of the Jews. But the poor drunkard and his suffering family are commonly forgotten. We never heard a dozen ministers in all our life who especially and fervently prayed for the reformation of the slaves of alcohol. It is quite too rare to hear the Christian work of Temperance mentioned at all in public devotions. In the whole Book of Common Prayer used by our Episcopal brethren we do not recollect a single prayer for drunkards. Yet there is never a day in which alcohol is not destroying more souls than any other evil in the community. When Christians begin to pray for the Temperance cause as they do for the missionary cause, they will be as ready to give and to work for it. God's "holy arm can give us the victory!"

2. There is another strange thing, and that is that, while some people of extra orthodoxy in the church find fault with too much teetotalism in the sermons of certain ministers, we never have heard that tipplers or their wives make much objection to it. Liquor-drinkers seldom censure a minister of the Gospel for preaching against the intoxicating cup. Why, then, should Temperance people do it?

3. Is it not strange, too, that, in spite of all the wretchedness of drunkards' wives, young women are continually willing to marry men who are in the habit of indulging in the social glass? Ladies often refuse the marriage offers of young men because they are too poor, or too humble a family, or too plain in their person or their manners. But only now and then one has good sense enough to refuse to unite herself with a man who will not pledge himself to total abstinence! We never pity the woman who marries a moderate drinker, when she finds herself the wife of a sot.

4. Another strange thing still we have observed, and that is, that good, benevolent people will give one hundred dollars cheerfully

to the Bible and the Foreign Mission cause, and yet will look twice at a dime or a quarter before they put it into a collection for the Temperance enterprise. Rich men leave hundreds of thousands to other religious charities in their wills; but when did a man ever bequeath \$10,000 to a Temperance Society or an Inebriate Asylum?

5. The strangest thing of all is that, in face of all the horrors of drunkenness, millions will still continue to tamper with the poison, and millions of professed Christians don't do anything to dissuade them from it.—*Temperance Tracts.*

GREEK BRIGANDS.

There is a curious account, published in January, 1869, of the system of brigandage as it is now carried on in Greece. The pamphlet, written in modern Greek, is by a certain Andrew Moskoniso, a cavalry lieutenant. He states that after the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, and the subjugation of Greece by the Turks, bands of patriots, particularly from among the tribes known as the Cleftani and the Armatoli, joined together to resist the tyrants, and retreating to the mountains and fastholds of nature, there set up a code of laws and formed a small but independent government in the midst of the conquered country. Gradually, however, these heroes dwindled into robbers; and the warfare against tyranny became a spoiling of the weak. Their code of laws, as at present existing, is a strange mixture of barbaric chivalry. It contains fifteen clauses, which are as follows:

1. All treachery to be punished by cutting off the extremities of the traitor, as an example to others.
2. On a second offence, the traitor to be killed and exposed.
3. The rich to be captured, and not allowed to depart till they have paid ransom, and sworn not to injure the brigands by a relation of their adventures to the authorities.
4. The captives, if not ransomed, to be strangled.
5. If the ransom be short of the sum named, lots to be drawn whether the captive shall go free, having one ear cut off to show that the sum was deficient, or shall be killed.
6. Captives once ransomed must, if recaptured, pay a second time.
7. All soldiers to be killed.
8. The bearers of the ransom to be respected, and small money to be given them on their departure.
9. After the ransom is paid, before the captive is released, he is to be kept and entertained some few days, to see what manner of man he is; and before he goes his beard is to be shaved off.
10. All robbers plotting with government to be killed.
11. No one to be admitted into the band as a member who has not previously committed a criminal act.
12. Should a captive escape, his keeper is to be held responsible, and expelled from the band.
13. Never to steal the goats and sheep from the shepherds, but to pay for all taken.
14. To offer gifts at any monastery or hermitage, by way of expiation for sin.
15. Not to be cruel to captives; to go shares in everything; and never to injure women.

POWER OF WOMEN.

Dr. Adolphe Monod, that most eloquent of all the ministers of France, says: "The mightiest influence which exists on the earth, both for good and for evil, is concealed in the hand of woman." She may sit as a judge or a senator, or fill the pulpit, or plead at the bar, or be diplomated in medical colleges, or command armies, or vote at elections, yet her power is greater over men who do those things than all else, and the greatest over those who deny it. What made the Greek soldiers braver than all others? If there be truth in history, it was due to their mothers, sisters, and wives. They conjured them to conquer, or return, borne dead upon their shields.

Our soldiers were patriotic during the late war, but who does not know that their patriotism was re-enforced by the women who presented banners and flew to the fields of blood with kind words and sanitary supplies?

Dr. Judson was a brave man, but the charming and beautiful Ann Hazeltine, whom he loved, re-enforced his bravery. The influence under which John Bunyan grew up to manhood were not good. He was wild, reckless, and profane. But he overheard two women talking, not of their neighbor's faults, but of Christ and their own Christian experience. They arrested his attention. It resulted in his conversion. Those two poor women made John Bunyan what he was.

The power of men over women is great, but not so great as that of women over men. It is hard for a man who plunges into vice or error to drag his wife with him; but easy for a woman to lead her husband astray. It is a power that grows out of her nature. The morals of the people are in the keeping of women. What they frown upon, man will not do. Men can be saved from drunkenness if women set their faces against it. Young men will not drink if the young women they love and respect frown upon it, but if they are indifferent as to that matter, or encourage the practice, they will.—*Herald of Gospel Liberty.*

THE SPOILED PAINTING.

When Sir James Thornhill was painting the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's, he stepped back one day to see the effect of his work, and came, without observing it, so near the edge of the scaffolding that another step or two would have proved his death. A friend who was there and saw the danger, rushed forward and snatching up a brush, rubbed it straight over the painting. Sir James, transported with rage, sprang forward to save his work, and received the explanation: "Sir, by spoiling the painting, I have saved the life of the painter."

And has not our heavenly Friend many times wrought thus to save a soul from death? Often in their blind idolatry, men have walked near the verge of utter and eternal ruin. And when nothing else would save them, God has broken their reverie by some strange and startling act; and when their rage and wrath was done, they have found that a kind heart guided the destroying hand, and that mercy presided at the ruin of their hopes and joys. Thus does the Lord, in His wisdom, mar the pride of our glory; but who that sees the mercy He has in view, would not praise Him for His goodness? Who that has felt His chastening cannot bear witness to His love! Let us murmur no more at His chastisements; let us rather say in the words of the poet:

"I love to see my Father's hand,
Though oft it bears a rod;
'Twill lead me to the promised land,
The city of my God."

—*Christian.*

MOTHERS, SPEAK KINDLY.

Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more mischievous habit. When mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while in many a home, where the low, firm tone of the mother or the decided look of her steady eye is law, they never think of disobedience, either in or out of sight. O mother! it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in woman," a low sweet voice. If you are ever so much tired by the mischievous or willful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the home good, but plenty of evil. Read what Solomon says of them, and remember he wrote with an inspired pen. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, will they remember a harsh and awful tone! Which legacy will you leave to your children!

"I OUGHT TO HAVE ANTICIPATED THIS."

A few days have passed over the grave of a noble young man from whose lips fell these words. He had well represented the grand enterprise of life insurance, but neglected his soul. When the physician informed him that his sudden and severe illness was fatal, and his time on earth very brief, he said, with the deliberation of a deep and awful conviction, "I ought to have anticipated this; but now it is too late."

The words thrilled the hearts of those who loved him and watched the ebbing life. Yes, he ought to have anticipated the possibility of such a hurried departure from the scenes of probation. O what a burden of conscious folly and guilt and peril extorted that confession from the dying man! The number of those who have felt the anguish of such an awakening to the stupendous failure of a human soul for eternity the judgment day alone can reveal. Forever will the dreadful ought weigh down the lost spirit.

FIDELITY IN LITTLE THINGS.

Great virtues are rare; the occasions for them are very rare; and when they do occur, we are prepared for them; we are excited by the grandeur of the sacrifice; we are supported either by the splendor of the deed in the eyes of the world, or by the self-complacency that we experience from the performance of an uncommon action. Little things are unforeseen; they return every moment; they come in contact with our pride, our indolence, our haughtiness, our readiness to take offence; they contradict our inclinations perpetually. It is, however, only by fidelity in little things that a true and constant love to God can be distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit.

A MISTAKE.

Many Christians imagine that, now since they have believed, they must draw their comfort from some other source, or in a different way from what they did at first; they turn their whole attention to themselves, their experiences, and their graces. Forgetting that the true way of nourishing these is by keeping their eye upon the cross, they turn it inward and try to nourish them by some process of their own devising.