

CORRESPONDENCE

A VOICE FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have often wondered why none of our brethren here have written to the WESLEYAN on the subject of low salaries, and consequent hard times, when so many from other Conferences have been writing. Perhaps our silence may be interpreted to mean that we have less reason than others to complain. But, sir, I have good reason to believe that some of our ministers and their families have neither sufficient food nor sufficient clothing. Nearly, if not every, article of food is much dearer here than in Canada generally; and as to presents, which Mr. Smiley, in the Guardian, some weeks ago, made out to be such an important item with him and others, my experience is that in about fourteen years I have received \$11 in cash, and perhaps \$30 worth of fish, etc., etc. We have no "donation parties," but, on the contrary, in every one of our circuits, poor people begging are hardly ever absent from our doors, especially during the winter.

I understand that married ministers, especially on missions where receipts are estimated at less than \$350, and these are a majority in this Conference, have received official information that a grant will be given by the Missionary Society to make up their salary to that amount—*that large amount*. I know one minister who on account of the general and deep poverty of his people, will not raise his assessment, within \$40, and who will therefore be that much short even of \$350; and it is to be feared that several others will be no better off, if even as well.

I do not advocate communism, but since all Methodist ministers are brethren, and since every man is sent by the Conference to his station, where one gets \$310, or \$350 at most, and others get \$280, and \$1,000 and \$1,200, there is pressing need for the adoption of some plan whereby the abundance (comparatively) of some should supply the deficiency of others. Much has been written lately about the Children's Fund, and I am convinced that it must be by means of it that the striking disproportion of our salaries will have to be reduced. For instance:—If the circuits whose receipts are above, say \$600, are made responsible for the annual allowances of the children of men in actual work on these circuits, there would be a considerable sum of money left at the disposal of the Missionary Committee, to be applied to the relief of men and their families on these poor missions. Just calculating roughly the probable number of such circuits, and the probable number of claimants on them, it would require about \$120 from each man on these circuits to provide the usual allowance for each child. I do not consider the salaries of any of these brethren mentioned above as too high; no doubt every dollar is required; but the terrible deficiencies of many of the others demand this action.

This, or something like this, is not done soon, every some of us will have to resign our office, and go to our farm or our merchandise; for it is a distressing, heart-rending thing for a minister of the gospel to have to pinch and pinch himself and his family in order to appear respectable before his congregation and before the world, and not get into debt, and to feel that after all he cannot keep out of debt. Some time ago the wife of one of our ministers said to me,—"Oh, dear, I am tired and sick with having to be careful, and be careful, and to save, and to save."

I merely throw out this about the Children's Fund, and hope that it will be thought about and acted upon. I would like to write a little further in explanation of the plan suggested, but have written already as much as my eyesight will permit.

JOHN REAY.

Cupids, Nfld., Feb'y. 14, '81.

[The first paragraph of the above letter, having reference to a clerical error, we omit. We cannot quite comprehend Mr. Reay's statement respecting the grant, but are confident that the Missionary Committee have nothing to divide beyond the grants already made.]—Ed.

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

MR. JAMES HEMMEON.

On Thursday, the 22nd ult., this venerable brother passed from earth to his eternal reward, in the 81st year of his age. For the last six or seven years he has been a resident of Liverpool; but, most of his life was spent in Shelburne, where he was born, and where he was born again at the age of 19 years, in connection with services under the direction of the sainted Avar.

I have been unable to gather any definite information respecting his Christian life, excepting that since his conversion in early manhood, more than sixty years since, he has had a good reputation as a consistent and exemplary Christian and member of our Church. In his last days he had no doubts or fears of his acceptance with God, but was able to receive with joy the message which called him hence. Several children, among whom is the Rev. J. B. Hemmeon, mourn the loss of a kind father, but, mourn not as those who have no hope. May God bless this afflictive providence to their good, as well as that of his aged and stricken widow.

C. J.

Liverpool, March 1, 1881.

THOMAS COSTAIN.

Mortality prevails amongst us. Death is making its inroads into different families, and within one fortnight five have been taken from this little community—Minimigash, P. E. I.

Thomas Costain died on the afternoon of Tuesday, Feb. 1st, in the 73rd year of his age. Our deceased brother was born in the Isle of Man in 1809, and emigrated with his father's family twelve years after. Their first residence was at Bedeque, where, under the fervent ministry of the Rev. J. Snowball, Thomas was deeply convinced and truly converted. He immediately joined the Methodist Church and continued a faithful member until his decease—a period of forty-six years. In paying this small tribute to the memory of the deceased I not only speak from a six months acquaintance, but from the testimony of his neighbors and friends. He was not only a kind, inoffensive, harmless member of the community, living a peaceable life in the full enjoyment of the esteem and respect of those around him; but, aside from this, he was a religious man, and, doubtless, his unimpeachable morality was after all an emanation of his Christian piety. He loved Christ. He loved the brethren. He loved Christian fellowship. He loved his Church. His life, then, has not been in vain, because that integrity and fidelity which characterized it must have had an influence for good. Our deepest sympathies are with Mrs. Costain—the bereaved widow—and the fatherless children. But while tears of sorrow and sympathy are mingled, we cease to weep when we remember that among his last utterances were such outbursting expressions as—"All is well. I do not fear. Christ is precious." May we so live and die.

J. W. W.

SUSAN, WIDOW OF THE LATE ISRAEL L. BENT, OF GRANVILLE, N. S., AGED 67.

A sister devoted and beloved has cheerfully answered to her Saviour's call.

"Child of affliction come home."

She, from the first, appeared to be the object of a watchful Providence; and was evidently a partaker of rich grace. At her birth she was bereaved of her pious mother, but the God, who in apparently torpid infancy provided for Moses, also cared for her; and she was still in hands and surroundings favorable to her general welfare.

Early moved upon by divine influence, she gave her heart to God, about forty-two years ago, in a signal religious movement. As the result of living and justifying faith in Christ, she openly avowed herself among the witnesses of God's saving power; and was enabled, through grace, most convincingly to sustain the verity of her testimony.

Her entrance upon married life, while it connected her with a partner who was an attached member and also a leader, among our Wesleyan people, devolved upon her much responsibility; placing her as it did in the steps of one removed by consumption, the marks and ravages of which in a numerous family were but too manifest. To this care was added that of one son of her own. But withal there was the further trial of widowhood for some twenty-six years. In the course of even's her lot was arduous, and not a little trying; but while uniformly endeavoring to follow the Great Shepherd, and to do all practicable for the good of her own and God's family she found the promised grace sufficient. There was a beautiful consistency in her whole course. As with holy women of old, Christian tidiness and order in her person and affairs were manifest, and what is vain and superfluous was absent. Her adorning was the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price.—I Peter 3:4.

After having been for some time located elsewhere with a branch of the family, and when recovering from illness, she was returning, partly in the cars, on a cold day to her own residence, there to finish, as it proved, her earthly sojourn. Inflammation from fresh cold set in, and it soon appeared that her gracious Saviour was shortening the days of her tribulation. Her ministers and friends were glad to witness that the religion of her life was available now. When the power to converse had ceased, to an enquiry she clearly responded respecting the preciousness of Jesus, and on the 27th of Dec., 1880, reminded us most happily of the blessedness of those who breathe their lives out sweetly on a dying bed, which the presence of Jesus makes "soft as downy pillows are."

To the friends and neighbors assembled at the brief service before interment, Bro. Johnson, the Superintendent, spoke words beautifully encouraging and comforting.

J. F. BENT.

Bentville, Feb. 11, 1881.

MRS. THOMAS ALLEN.

Died, Feb. 8th, 1881, at the Farm, on Starr's Road, in the suburbs of Yarmouth, Lydia, the wife of Thomas Allen, Esq. Mrs. Allen was the youngest daughter of Mr. Minor-Huntington, and sister to the late Herbert Huntington, M. P. P.—for many years a lead- ing statesman of this Province. She was also nearly related to several influential families of this community. In former years Mr. Allen was a leading ship-builder and extensive owner of ships. Some of the senior ministers of our Conference will remember them in their former pleasant residence. Mr. Allen, who is now nearly eighty-three years of age, has had large ex-

perience of business disaster and reverses in life. Bravely have these been borne by him. Very noble and patient and hopeful, through all these years, was the spirit of his wife. Though somewhat reticent in speech, she was always sunny and pleasant in demeanor. During the successful pastorate of my immediate predecessor—in first appointment to this charge—the Rev. Joseph Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, who had long been congregational worshippers, were welcomed to the communion and membership of the Church. I well remember, in the years which immediately followed their reception, with what chastened and holy joy they mingled with us at the sacramental communion. Mr. and Mrs. Allen were married January 13th, 1831, and consequently completed the half-century of their united course in the early part of this year. Scarcely a month before Mrs. Allen's death, their friends gathered around them for the last time, and their golden wedding was appropriately celebrated. Though far advanced in years, they both at that time gave promise of continued health and vigor. But, like the pilgrims waiting at the river, Mrs. A. seems to have had some message from the King—a premonition of approaching departure. "I am soon going," she said, "to the golden city." Very affectionately she charged the younger members of the family, then present, to live so that they might meet her in that happy land. During her last sickness she rested with unflinching trust in the promises of God. These immutable words had been brought with comfort in her past experiences. They had been to her a secret source of untiring consolation. Weak as she was she could not be silent. Rarely has it been my privilege to witness a more beautiful exhibition of the power of spiritual truth. In reliance on Him who hath over- come the sharpness of death, and opened the kingdom of heaven to all be- lievers, she found her latest foe beneath her feet.

Yarmouth, March 2nd.

J. LATHERS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BUTTERINE.—The Chicago city authorities are after the makers of this, and kindred other villainous compounds, with a sharp stick. Several retail vendors have been arrested and fined and a "war to the knife" seems to be waging against the adulteration; but it is to be feared that the suppression of the nefarious traffic, will like smuggling, when the profits are extravagant, be found no easy matter. When land can be bought at eight cents and retailed at thirty cents, the temptation is too strong for weak consciences to bear. The butter dealers have awakened to the fact that if the reported twenty adulteration factories in this city are suffered to go ahead and flood the markets with lard and tallow, not to say uncleanly kinds of grease, and pass it off for "choice dairy" butter, the trade of Chicago in this latter article may soon be represented by 0; and they have signed a paper declaring that they will have nothing to do with the "bues" in any shape or form. We hope they may be found able to resist the pres- sure of immediate and enormous profits, and continue firm.—Recorder and Covenant.

A LINE OF TENNYSON.—Many years ago, as I have always remembered on the appearance of the first four "Idyls of the King," one of the great- est painters living pointed out to me, with a brief word of rapturous admira- tion, the wonderful breadth of beauty and the perfectness of truth in a single verse of "Elaune." "And white sails flying on the yellow sea." I could not but feel conscious at once of its charm, and of the equally certain fact that I, though cradled and reared beside the sea, had never seen anything like that. But on the first bright day I ever spent on the western coast of England I saw the truth of this touch at once, and re- cognized once more with admiring de- light the subtle and sure fidelity of that happy and studious hand. There, on the dull, yellow, foamless floor of dense discolored sea, so thick with c'otted sand that the water looked mas- sive and solid as the shore, the white sails flashed whiter against it and along it as they fled, and I knew once more the truth of what I had never doubted—that the eye and hand of Mr. Ten- nyson may always be trusted, at once and alike, to see and to express the truth.—Fortnightly Review.

"HELPING FOLKS."—"There is a man," said his neighbor, speaking of a village carpenter, "who has done more good, I really believe, in this community, than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very well in prayer-meeting, and he doesn't often try. He isn't worth two thousand dollars, and its very little that he can put down on subscription papers for any other object. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find them out to give them a neighborly welcome, and offer any little service he can render. He usually on the lookout to give stran- gers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor, and look after his affairs for him; and I've sometimes thought he and his wife keep house-plants in winter just for the sake of being able to send little bouquets to invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word for every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He really seems to have a genius for helping folks in all sorts of common ways, and it does me good every day just to meet him on the streets."—Christian Observer.

BREVITIES.

The man who is ever ready to take the chances will very probably take his last one in the almshouse.

If a student convince you that you are wrong and he is right, acknowl- edge it cheerfully, and—hug him.—Emerson.

Ridicule of sacred things is Satan's strongest card with the young. Shame on the professed Christian who will aid him in this work of ruin!

A compositor, setting up a report of a horse race, said the "fool-sellers were busy," instead of the "pool-sel- lers." But it did not alter the sense of the paragraph.

Nothing is more easily earned than money; but unless it comes over the broad macadamized road of the Ten Commandments, nothing so certainly impoverishes a man.

Worldly faces never look so worldly as at a funeral. They have the same effect of grating incongruity as the sound of a coarse voice breaking the solemn stillness of night.—Janet's Re- pentance.

Rufus Choate believed in hard work and struggle. When some one said to him that a certain fine achievement was the result of accident, he exclaimed: "Nonsense! You might as well drop the Greek alphabet on the ground and expect to pick up the Iliad."

I measure ministers by square meas- ure. I have no idea of the size of a table if you only tell me how long it is; but if you also say how broad, I can tell its dimensions. So when you tell what a man is in the pulpit, you must also tell me what he is out of it, or I shall not know his size.—John Newton.

An intoxicated man saw two railway cars passing him, the other evening, with red and blue lights in the front and rear. His indubitable brain compre- hended colored lights, and he was heard to say to himself, "Must be pretty sick—sickly here; they are run- ning apothecary shops about on whe- wheels."

William Black, the novelist, once called on Carlyle, and after a little conversation, the philosopher remark- ed: "You know Scotland very well, I see. I've read your novels with pleasure. They're very amusing, vary. But when are ye goin' to do some work—when are ye goin' to write some real books—mann?"

Cardinal Richelieu, like many edu- cated Roman Catholics, had but little faith in his own creed. A dull priest, the Abbe Malot, once expressed to him a doubt as to how many masses would save a soul. "Pho!" replied the Car- dinal; "you are a blockhead. As many as it would take snow-balls to heat an oven."

"A wedding, a Christmas-tree festi- val, and prayer-meeting were held in a certain church during the same week. On both the first-named occasions the audiences were too large for the build- ing; at the prayer-meeting four broth- ers gathered around the stove, talked, sung, prayed, and talked again, and found it so good to be there that they dispersed rather reluctantly. These things are very suggestive."

Scene in a newspaper office.— Managing Editor: "We want a few lines on the governor's message. What shall be said about it?" Editor: "Have you read it?" M. E.: "No. Have you?" E.: "No. John, have you read the message?" John: "No." E.: "Jim, have you read it?" Jim: "No." E.: "Oh! well, call it an able document, which points out needed re- forms and shows the increasing pros- perity of the province."

Carlyle once asked an Edinburgh student—who tells his story in *The Milwaukee Sentinel*—what he was studying for. The youth replied that he had not quite made up his mind. There was a sudden lightning flash of the old Scotchman's eye, a sudden pulling down of the shaggy eyebrows, and the stern face grew sterner as he said: "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder; a wife, a noth- ing, a no man. Have a purpose in life if it is only to kill and divide oxen well, but have a purpose; and having it throw such strength of mind and mus- cle into your work as God has given you."

The Turkish Ambassador, Musurus Pascha, was one of the party at Shan- don, and he and Livingstone travelled in the same carriage. At one of the stations they were greatly cheered by the volunteers. "The cheers are for you," Livingstone said to the Amba- sador with a smile. "No," said the Turk, "I am only what my master made me; you are what you made yourself." When the party reached the Queen's Hotel, a workman ran rushed across the road, seized Living- stone's hand, saying: "I must shake your hand," clapped him on the back, and rushed back again. "You'll not deny, now," said the Ambassador, "that that's for you."—Personal Life of David Livingstone—Blackie.

Nothing is more common than to hear old people utter querulous com- plaints about their deafness; but those who do so are not perhaps aware that this infirmity is the result of an express and wise arrangement of Providence in constructing the human body. The gradual loss of hearing is effected for the best purpose, it being intended to give ease and quietude to the decline of life, when any noise or sounds from without but discomposes the equilibri- um, and prevents peaceful medita- tion. Indeed, the gradual withdrawal of all the senses and the decay of the frame in old age have been wisely or- dained in order to wean the human mind from the concerns and pleasures of the world, and to induce a longing for a perfect state of existence.

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