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Poetry.

LITTLE PAT AND THE PARSON.

He stands at the door of the church peeping in,
No troublesome beetle is near him;
The preacher is talking of sinners and sin,
And little Pat trembles to hear him.
A poor little fellow alone and forlorn,
Who never knew parent or duty;
His head is uncovered—his jacket is torn—
And hunger has withered his beauty.

The white-headed gentleman shut in the box
Seems growing more angry each minute;
He doubles his list, and the cushion he knocks,
As if anxious to know what is in it;
He scolds at the people who sit in the pews—
Pat takes them for kings and princes,
With his little bare feet, he delights in their shoes;
In his rage he feels proud of their dresses!

The parson exhorts them to think of their need,
To turn from the world's dissipation,
The naked to clothe, and the hungry to feed—
Pat listens with strong approbation.
And when the old clergyman walks down the aisle,
Pat runs up to meet him right gladly;
"Shure give me my dinner," says he with a smile,
"And a jacket—I want them quite badly!"

The kings and princesses indignantly stare,
The beetle gets word of the danger,
And shaking his silver-tipped stick in the air,
Looks knives at the poor little stranger.
But Pat's not afraid, he is sparkling with joy,
And cries—who so willing to cry?
"You'll give me my dinner—I'm such a poor boy—
You said so—now don't you deny it!"

The pompous old beetle may grumble and glare,
And growl about robbers and arson,
But the boy who has faith in the sermon stands there,
And smiles at the white-headed parson.
The kings and princesses may wonder and frown,
And whisper he wants better teaching,
But the white-headed parson looks tenderly down
On that boy that has faith in his preaching.

He takes him away without question or blame,
As eager as Patky to press on,
For he thinks a good dinner (and Pat thinks the same),
Is the moral that lies in the lesson.
And after long years when Pat, handsomely dressed—
A smart footman—is asked to determine
Of all earthly things what's the thing he likes best,
He says, "Och sure, the master's cold sermon!"

Miscellany.

MEMORABLE CONFERENCES IN CANADA.

BY JOHN CARROLL.

THE BREACH-HEALING CONFERENCE, 1847.

Seven dreary years were those in the "Separate State," as it used to be called, when Wesleyan altar rivalled Wesleyan altar. The greatest rivalry is between those nearest alike. "Two of a trade can never agree." The strife between us being ended, we can now calmly look back upon it, and must, with our recovered senses, pronounce it to have been horrible. A "Separate State" it was; but we can neither call it a paradise, (for there was no joy in it), nor a purgatory, for I suspect it had no purifying effect upon us. It is true both sections labored hard, and both won some souls; but we must candidly admit that much was done "of strife and vain glory." The numerical gains of the British party were larger proportionately than that of the Canadian.

A great numerical decline appeared in the Canadian section, as appeared at the returns at the close of the year 1845-46. This took the Conference (assembled in Kingston, June, 1843), by surprise. It was indeed a blow which stunned and humiliated every reflecting brother. Great were the searchings of heart, and many were the tears that were shed. Part of the decrease was no doubt the result of the turn of popular favor against the Conference by the strenuous public advocacy of the Governor of the Province, in a dispute with his ministry, for several months preceding, by a leading mind in the Canada Conference; but it was largely ascribed by the ministry to the rivalry they then had to encounter from the agents of the British Conference in the country.

In view of the awkwardness of our position, a resolution was offered to the Conference, that we make one more overture for peace, which, after some little prejudiced opposition, was carried. It was then thought the appointment of the two delegates to go would be better secured by open vote in the Conference than by the former practice of balloting. That was strongly opposed by several, but it carried. Then the names of two brethren where presented, who it was thought would be influential with the British Conference on account of the good record they had made in the minds of the leading members of that body during the first Union. The writer had the honor of presenting the two names together, and they carried. The gentlemen referred to were the Revs. John Ryerson and Anson Green.

Messrs. Ryerson and Green attended the next session of the British Conference, and were successful in their mission. Old Dr. Banting, in Committee, assigned as a reason for the trial of another attempt at joint labor in the Province, that "they had come down a little, and we had come up a little," referring to the action we had severally taken in our respective countries on recent public questions in Britain and in the Colonies. The scheme of Union which issued from those deliberations is to be

found on the pages of our book of discipline, and he that runs may read. The delegates returned to Canada, with the scheme as elaborated in London, (England). The Executive Committee of the Canada Conference was convoked. On consideration of the proposals laid before us, was thought that, though they contained nothing which conflicted with the rights of our members, yet, to avoid the dissatisfaction which attended the former Union, it was finally concluded that it would be wise and fair to submit the propositions to all the Quarterly Meetings in the Province, and to report the result to the next Conference. The travelling chairmanship, which then existed, furnished great facilities for this. It was done, and the verdict of the great majority of the lay-officials of the connexion was for union on the terms proposed. In the meantime, considerable hostility was expressed by a section of the Canada Conference preachers, and an agitation was got up against the scheme by them. The most of the British missionaries were also known, or thought to be, hostile to any intimate connection with the Canada Conference; but they were not in a position to resist the action of the British Conference. The Conference to which my caption refers came on in Toronto, and opened its sessions on the 3rd day of June, 1847, the Rev. William Ryerson being elected President. While we sat in Adelaide Street Church, the British Missionaries held their session of the Canada "Western District Meeting" in Richmond Street Church. There were strong opponents to coming together in both bodies. The Rev. Dr. Alder had arrived from England as the plenipotentiary of the British Conference, and brought with him, from New Brunswick, the Rev. Enoch Wood, the sight of whom was enough to inspire love and confidence in the most distrustful breast. Nevertheless, the opposition to the principles and details of the Union was strong among some in the Canada Conference; and the discussion which followed thereon was long and obstinate. This discussion was about the first question which drew out and demonstrated the great debating powers of Wellington Jeffers, then comparatively young in the Conference. Although at that time opposed to some of the terms of the Union, he has shown himself one of the most hearty and efficient in carrying it out. Dr. Alder sat in the Conference, and explained point after point, and then, as before, showed himself the able diplomat. One claim after another was settled and accepted, till at length the scheme as a whole was affirmed, not unanimously like the first union, and yet it has been far more harmonious in its working. Upon the final vote, Dr. Alder took the chair of Conference.

One of the principles of the arrangement now entered into was that "the missionaries of the parent Wesleyan Missionary Society now in Canada, shall be stationed by the Canada Conference in the same way as the other ministers of the Conference." The result was that they came over from Richmond Street in a body, and came trooping into the Conference. The venerable form of Case appeared once more among us. Other well-known faces were in that incoming group—those of Evans, Douce, Thomas Fawcett, Stoney and others; while several new faces, which we still delight to look upon, appeared along with them—such as Breden, Slater, Sallows, and many more. A sort of fellowship meeting followed upon this. There were confessions, professions of renewed attachment, and many tears. Then an appropriate hymn was sung, and we bowed together around the altar and solemnly gave ourselves, conjointly, anew to God in a holy covenant. God's spirit was poured upon us, and our hearts were filled with joy. Happy were the brotherly greetings of that day. Only three were received on trial at that Conference, but among that triumvirate was one who proved no mean acquisition to the body; one who has long occupied the Presidency of our University. Will it be necessary to mention the name of Samuel S. Nelles, A.B. The commingling of "Kanucks" and "Britishers" in the list of stations issued from that Conference was refreshing to behold. My article is too long to tell anything of the blessed results which have followed from the action of the "Breach-healing Conference."

OUR ENGLISH BIBLE.

SHALL IT BE REVISED AT THIS TIME.

The demand for a revision of our English version of the Bible grows apace. Discussed for the last twenty years, the question loomed, nevertheless, none of its interest, yet approaches no nearer to a final determination. The lack of an authority recognized by all the English-speaking nations as competent to order a revision is no doubt one of the chief difficulties in the way. Moreover, the attachment to the present version is deep; thought and feeling have entwined about its phrases and idioms, so that many changes, though philologically considered improvements, would greatly shock the popular mind. To disturb hallowed associations is unwise, save at the command of truth.

Yet the advocates of a revision of our translation present a strong case. The received Greek text, from which our English version is made, and which we owe to Erasmus, has on many points been superseded by older manuscripts brought to light since his time. The great discovery of very recent years, the Sinaitic manuscript, which Tischendorf found, and which he has so carefully edited, is both one of the oldest and most complete extant, and contains important variations from the received text. It would seem, therefore, impossible to proceed with the revision of our English Bible

without first settling the text of the original in some authoritative way. How this can be done to the satisfaction of the Christian world, we are not able to say. If attempted, it will require time, large comparison of views by many scholars, and then an acquiescence in the results of their labours by the Christian world.

Whether all this could be effected is matter of doubt; but if it were, revision of the present modern versions would follow as a matter of course. The changes would not effect at all the substance of Christian teaching or of Christian belief, but would satisfy the demand, which is instinctive with all scholars, for clearness and precision. It must be remembered though that this call for the utmost exactness is confined to the scholarly classes, the people generally being satisfied if the Bible they read substantially represents the sense of the original. Verbal niceties are no more to them than the minute details of finish in a painting to one who is not a connoisseur.

Still, every scholar wishes some modifications of rendering made to meet the critical requirements of his own mind. Mr. Wesley revised our English version of the New Testament with singular good judgment, and gave it, with his abridgment of Bengal's notes, to his people. No doubt some very slight changes suffice to clear up the meaning of passages as present not satisfactorily rendered. The "beasts," for instance, in the Book of Revelation, in the enumeration of the company before the throne of heaven, is a very harsh term for what might have been rendered "creatures." "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord," is made more intelligible if given correctly, "that the times of refreshing may come from the presence of the Lord," which is Wesley's rendering. That God's refreshings follow upon men's repentance is a truth of priceless value to mankind as a reason for repentance. "Supposing that gain is godliness" is obscure, but "supposing that godliness is gain," which the original requires, is transparently clear. Throughout our version, the word "hell" represents two words of the original text—one designating the place of the punishment of lost spirits, and the other the abode of all departed men—the world beyond our sight. These are merely samples of many instances of a like kind which have been collected by Trench, Alford, and other advocates of Bible revision.

Some obsolete words should be removed, and their places taken by modern equivalents, though we do not see the need of an extensive modification here, as some desire. It is true "to marvel" is antiquated, but its meaning is perfectly intelligible; and though "abandoned" is not now current, yet even a child-reader understands that it means "hungry." But "to let" is no more used in the sense of "to hinder" or "convention" does not now mean "conduct" (or behavior); and the unlearned would hardly suppose that the sentence "our conversation is in heaven" really meant "our country (or place of abode) is in heaven." "Take no thought for the morrow" is the old English for "be not anxious about the morrow." The word "offence" could, in some places, be better rendered literally by "stumbling-block," and the verb "to offend" by "to cause to sin." "We took up our carriages," in the narrative of Paul's journey to Rome, certainly needs to be replaced by "we took up our baggage."

But there are no reckless or careless pruning of our venerable translation of the Holy Scriptures will be tolerated by the English-speaking peoples. It must be touched reverently. Its phrases have been wrought into the texture of our thoughts. The text-book of a mighty race, which has drawn spiritual nourishment from it for over two hundred years, no changes can be safely made in it which will seriously impair its identity.—*The Methodist.*

ANECDOTES OF REV. ROWLAND HILL.

FROM A LECTURE BY THE REV. J. VAUGHAN, OF LANCASTER, ENGLAND.

Hill, a Raster.—On one occasion the worthy cultivators of the soil complained that the preacher "ranted" so loudly that he could be heard through the village. Mr. Hill referred to these remarks in the pulpit, and, with the deepest feeling exclaimed, while pointing to a sleepy farmer, "What! shall we not lift our voice like a trumpet, and cry aloud, and spare not, when, with all our ranting, sinners can sleep and be cursed under our sermons?" The old farmer opened his eyes, heard the last remark, rose, took his hat, and left the church, declaring he would never visit it again as long as he lived—a wicked resolution which he never broke.

Swearing.—On his way home from his last tour in Ireland, Mr. Hill was very much annoyed by the reprobate conduct of the captain and mate, who were greatly addicted to the ungentlemanly habit of swearing. First the mate would swear at the captain, and then the captain would swear at the mate. "Stop, stop," shouted Hill, "let's have fair play, gentlemen; it's my turn now." "At what is your turn?" said the captain. "At swearing," replied Hill. After waiting until his patience was exhausted, the captain urged Mr. Hill to be quick and take his turn for he wanted to begin again. "No, no," said Hill, "I can't be hurried; I have a right to take my time and swear at my own convenience." "Perhaps you don't intend to take your turn," responded the captain. "I don't mean," said Hill, "but I do, as soon as I can find the good of doing so." The rebuke had its desired effect;

there was not another oath on the voyage. As a preacher, Hill was simple, clear and fluent. His powers of imagination were far above mediocrity, and he had a remarkable talent for illustrating and simplifying great and important truths.

Pigs and Beans.—One Sunday evening, at Surrey Chapel, he gave out for his text, "We are not ignorant of his devices," and introduced his sermon by telling the following tale: "Many years since I met a drove of pigs in one of the streets of a large town, and to my surprise they were not driven but quietly followed their leader. This singular fact excited my curiosity and I pursued the swine until they asked the man how he succeeded in getting the poor, stupid, stubborn pigs so willingly to follow him, when he told me the secret; he had a basket of beans under his arm, and kept dropping them as he proceeded, and so secured his object. Ah, my dear hearers, the devil has got his basket of beans, and he knows how to suit his temptations to every sinner. He drops them by the way—the poor sinner is thus led captive by the devil at his will; and, if the grace of God prevent not, he will get him at last into his butchery and there he will keep him forever. O, it is because we are not ignorant of his devices that we are anxious this evening to guard you against them." This was not a very elegant illustration, but it was true and natural.

The Old Lady and her China.—Mr. Hill was in the habit of taking nearly everything he saw or heard into the pulpit, and using them up in his sermons. When preaching on the government of the temper, he said: "I once took tea with an old lady, who was very particular about her china. The servant unfortunately, broke the best bread and butter plate; but her mistress took very little notice of the circumstance at the time, only remarking, 'Never mind, Mary, accidents cannot be avoided.' 'My word, but I shall have it by and by,' said the girl, when she got out of the room. And so it turned out. The old lady's temper was corked up for a season, but it came out with terrible vengeance when the company retired."

HAVE I NO FATHER?

I was once in an awful storm at sea; we were for many hours tossed about in sight of dangerous rocks; the steam engines would work no longer; the wind raged violently, and around were heard the terrific roar of the breakers, and the dash of the waves as they broke over the deck.

At this dreary and trying time, while we lay, as might be said, at the mercy of the waves, I found great comfort and support from an apparently trifling circumstance. It was, that the captain's child, a little girl of about twelve years old, was in the cabin with us. He had come two or three times, in the midst of his cares and toils, to see how his child went on; and it is well known how cheering is the sight of a captain in such a time of danger. As our situation grew worse, I saw the little girl rising on her elbow and bend her eyes to the door, as if anxious for her father's re-appearance. He came at last. He was a large, bluff, sailor-like man; an immense coat, great sea boots, an oil-skin cap, with flaps hanging down his neck, were streaming with water. He fell on his knees beside the low berth of his child, and stretched his arms over her, but he did not speak.

After a little while he asked if she was alarmed, "Father," the child answered, "let me be with you, and I shall not be afraid."

"With me?" he cried; "you could not stand it an instant."

"Father, let me be with you," she repeated.

"My child, you would be more frightened than I." He kissed her, while the tears were on his rough cheeks.

"No, father, I will not be afraid if you take me with you. O! father, let me be with you!" and she threw her arms around his neck, and clung fast to him. The strong man was overcome; he lifted his child in his arms and carried her away with him.

How much I felt her departure! As long as the captain's child was near, I felt her to be a sort of pledge for the return and care of the captain. I knew that in the moment of greatest danger, the father would run to his child; I was certain that were the vessel about to be abandoned in the midst of the wild waves, I should know every moment, for the captain would not desert his child. Thus in the presence of that child I had comforted myself; and when she went I felt abandoned, and for the first time fearful. I arose and managed to get on deck. The sea and sky seemed one. It was a dreadful sight. Shuddering, I shrank back and threw myself again on my couch. Then came the thought: "The child is content: she is with her father; and I have a father!" O God, I thank thee! in that moment I could answer "Yes." An unseen Father, it is true; and faith is not as sight, and nature is not as grace; but still I knew I had a Father—a Father whose love surpasseth knowledge. The thought calmed my mind. Reader, does it calm yours?

"Oh!" cries the trembling soul, "the storm is fearful; the sky is hid; we walk in darkness and have no light."

"Be still, and know that I am God," saith the Lord. Be happy, and know that God is thy Father.

"Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." And all things are under the dominion of Christ, and all things, yea, even terrible things, shall work to-

gether for good to them that love God. Tempest-tossed soul, as the child clung to her father's bosom, so cling thou to thy God. In the moment of thine extremity He will appear to be with thee, or take thee to be with Him.

CROSSING THE LAKE.

I went to prayer-meeting one Sabbath night rather reluctantly. I preferred, it must be confessed, to stay at home and read and study my Sabbath School lesson. The night was so dark and cold, and home was so warm and pleasant, and then I did not care, I thought—but I fear my own heart was cold—to hear Mr. A.'s long exhortations, or Mr. B.'s cold prayers. What is the use of going? I said; why not stay at home just for to-night? I went, however, for although I still think less meetings on the Sabbath—if the minister and Church could so agree—would be more profitable to all, yet I heard much that night which benefited and interested me. The subject was God's providence and his goodness in answering prayers. After considerable pleasant talk upon the subject, and some unusually warm prayers, Dr. C. illustrated the matter by a thrilling and appropriate story.

"A traveller," he said, "came to the shore of a northern lake late one March evening, expecting to cross on the ice, and then go on to his distant home. Asking for a conveyance, he found that no one was willing to carry him over. The ice was unsafe. His business was urgent, and he was willing to attempt the passage, but not for a thousand dollars would any driver run the risk. At last a fellow-traveller was persuaded by him to attempt the perilous journey on foot. Together they went along for a while cheerfully and safely, but when about half-way over they suddenly became aware that the ice was growing thin and porous, so that in some places they could easily thrust their noses down through to the water. Then did the traveller realize his danger, and offer constant, fervent prayer to God that he would save his own life and that of his impatient friend he had urged to accompany him. Silently they had picked their way around the dangerous places, hardly knowing how they went, but guided on in some mysterious manner. The shore was in sight, and breathing more freely, they thought the danger past. Soon they saw stretched between them and the land a belt of open water shining in the clear moonlight. They were too weak and weary to call for assistance with any hope of an answer, and at that late hour it seemed unlikely that any one would see them. Again a silent prayer was offered, and instantly from a house not far distant, a person came forth with a plank in his hand which he placed over the water and called out, 'Come over quickly.'

"They went and were saved. Then the Christian asked his friend, 'How did you feel when on the ice?'

"I felt that I was going to perdition," he replied, "and resolved if my life was spared to serve God."

"Reaching his home, the pious traveller found that his wife, not knowing his danger, or that he was on the lake, spent the whole night in praying for his safe return. Is not this," said Dr. C., "a wonderful instance of God's overruling providence and His willingness to answer prayer?"

It is wonderful, I thought, and as I returned to my home, the night seemed no longer so cold or dark, for I thought of the starlight beyond the clouds, and the warm sunlight the morrow would bring, and of the good Lord who ruleth over all, who sent His Spirit to shine into my heart.—*S. S. Times.*

THE METHODISTS.

I have said that the Methodists of this country are in transition. The fame of their great achievements arrests general attention. The movement is so great that I cannot measure it. I note the learning of the preachers and professors; I see the meeting-houses costly and elaborately appointed; I hear of endowments of academies, colleges, seminaries, and universities; I feel the earth tremble as the chariots and horsemen of this great Christian army go thundering by me. I know where they came from, and the camps they have left, and the victories they have won. God prosper and give them good speed. But be their achievements what they may, they cannot more bless mankind nor glorify God than have their fathers, who believed in the power of the Holy Spirit to convert and sanctify, and, going forth empty-handed, have filled the English language with music and with gospel testimonies; and have added, it may well be millions of names to the roll of the redeemed.—*T. K. Beecher.*

THE CHRISTIAN SHALL TRIUMPH.

The Master, who is the grand type of manhood—God in the flesh; God clothed in the person of Jesus Christ—represents to man true manhood; and if there be one thing true, it is this: that he never flinched from trouble. And when it came upon him, he did it by what the ocean does by storms—drank them up. All troubles seemed to sink into the vastness of his being. He bore our sorrows and our sins, they were a part of his cross. Multifarious, ever changing, and forever continuing, the cross rested upon his heart as well as upon his person; and he bore it, and bore it to the end. And he says to us: "Because I live, ye shall live. I have overcome; ye shall overcome."