

and my sources of information will be rusty. It was at Bristol just ten years ago, that I was received into the ranks of the English Conference. They have been eventful years to our Church, both at home and in your Dominion. The present moment may not be unfitting in which to express my abiding attachment to my brethren in the Maritime Provinces, my joy in their successes; and especially my deep sorrow at the terrible calamity which has befallen our churches and people in the desolated city of St. John. I have shared often in the splendid hospitality of our Methodist families, and preached in the churches which have been burned. Several members of my own beloved family circle have suffered in the overwhelming calamity, and the event has occasioned much sorrow in our English home.

THE WAR

rolls on in one great wave of conflict and loss. The Russians appear to be rapidly advancing, and unless the decisive check of which Turkey and her friends are forever talking, be speedily administered, Constantinople will be reached by the hosts of the invader. There is no present sign of intervention. Russia and Turkey are to fight it out to the bitter end.

P. S. Since the above letter was written, it has pleased God in his infinite wisdom and love to take to Himself our eldest son, William Fowler Black. He was born in Berwick, Nova Scotia, Dec. 16th, 1861, was baptized by the Rev. A. B. Black, and had just completed his sixth year of study in our English Connexion schools. An attack of rheumatism two years ago left him enfeebled, and he has now rapidly succumbed to disease, and after a few weeks illness has been taken to with Christ. He was a fine promising youth, well advanced in his studies, and we looked with hopefulness for an honored and useful maturity. Our friends in the Provinces, will kindly accept this intimation of the death of our beloved son.

LETTER FROM ONTARIO.

(We owe our esteemed correspondent an apology. His letter should have appeared some weeks ago. An awkward accident, placed it among papers to be filed, and left it to be discovered only at this late date. But the matter really loses little by delay. We are all obliged to "H. R. R. S." for the very interesting details conveyed from time to time by his correspondence.—EDTOR.)

DEAR BROTHER.—The burning of your beautiful capital of New Brunswick, St. John, has stricken us with grief, and led us to feel that blood is thicker than water. Canada mourns to-day as though one of her fairest daughters were dead. Yet not dead. Your grief and loss have already evoked a spirit of sympathy and liberality in the West. Toronto, London, Hamilton, and Sarnia, and many other towns, have flashed their contributions across the wires to your sorrow-stricken city.

Your correspondent would like to have given your ministerial readers some items of the Chatham District Meeting, but the books are in other hands, and, having been very much engaged with some of the financial matters, he failed to collect the statistics necessary. It is not the banner district, but, I believe, ever long will be. Ridgetown, where the meeting convened, is a good sized village, amidst a rich and old settled agricultural country. It rejoices now in a splendid \$20,000 church. The item of deficiencies of salaries was much heavier than we have been wont to note on other districts, and rather indicated that the spirit which has raised the Hamilton and Brantford districts to the first ranks among us, has hardly reached this Westernmost one.

The construction of the Canada Southern Rail Road, through these formerly isolated but rich counties on the shore of the Lake Erie, has been a grand thing for the churches, and old fogeyism is dying out, and the spirit which makes a people proud, even at considerable personal sacrifice, to provide generously for their ministers maintenance, is beginning to prevail. It is a grand thing to be able to bring a live, earnest ministry, or a whole-souled layman once in a while a distance of a few hundred miles, to electrify a circuit into a newness of vigor, and lift it out of the old ruts of fifty years ago. Success to our railroads—if they will only not infringe too much upon the sacredness of our Sabbath days.

Well, what about our (London) Conference. Three hundred ministers and preachers assembled in the town of Guelph. A charming embryo city, which has sprung up upon the banks of the Speed, some forty miles due West of Toronto, and thirty North-west of Hamilton, built of stone out of its own quarries, and presenting the appearance of the best built town I know of in Canada. Its churches are all fine stone buildings, and

are nearly all new. Methodism possesses two, both large and elegant. The Rev. E. B. Ryerson, who is likely, for long, to enjoy the Presidential honours of our Conference, is the pastor of Norfolk St. Church, in which we assembled. The town contains about 8000 or 9000 inhabitants; and among its principal industries is the manufacture of organs and sewing machines.

The Presidency passed from the hands of Rev. G. R. Sanderson—now D.D.—into those of Rev. James Grey. There is a strong disposition among the brethren of this Conference to divide the honours of office, and though the vote indicated that many would rejoice to have re-elected the former incumbent, the vote was decisive for the present occupant. Tall in person, not specially fluent in speech—yet well educated at our own Victoria—James Grey is indebted for the honour which he possesses to the respect which his brethren has for his thorough acquaintance of Methodist discipline; his clear judgment, his ability and fearlessness as a Conference debater, and the simplicity, geniality and brotherliness of his disposition. No man enjoys, to a greater extent, the confidence of those who know him. Your correspondent never attended a Conference whose public services were of greater interest, or better sustained. The sermons of the venerable Dr. Ryerson, and of Dr. Douglas, were very highly appreciated. While the latter was preaching the former sat behind him with his face constantly wet with tears, at the grand message which the eloquent preacher was delivering from the text—"The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." Nor do I wonder, for it was certainly one of the most sublime discourses we ever listened to.

Among the rising men of our Conference is the Rev. Hugh Johnston, of Hamilton. His address, and that of our beloved editor, at the reception service on Friday night, was of a very high order of merit.

The announcement of a nett increase in the membership, of two thousand two hundred, filled our hearts with gratitude and praise.

Toward the close of our sessions, one of our number tendered his resignation as a minister among us, with a view of connecting himself with the Episcopal Church. The itinerant wheel in its rotation had not always revolved to suit his own ideas of where duty called him, and chafed, he had determined to make his escape from under it. We part with regret from our nearest neighbour, Rev. J. P. Lewis, who has been very successful as a Methodist preacher.

Comfortably settled down again in our Western home, and looking hopefully forward to another year of labor, we bid you, Mr. Editor, and all our readers, a hearty God-speed. Yours, &c., H. R. R. S.

CHILD WHIPPING.

The children of poverty! My heart bleeds when I think of them! the children simply covered by a rag; the children of famine and of starvation; the children of drunkenness and the children of crime, flotsam and jetsam upon the wild sea of life; the children in alleys; the children that crouch in corners when they hear the unsteady step of a drunken brute of a father; the children—little babies—with drinking mothers; the children, too, of the rich, that have no liberty—those little children that are crushed, that are trampled upon, that are frightened, I pity them all from the bottom of my heart! What right have you to tyrannize over a child? I have very little respect for a man who cannot govern a child without brute force. Think of whipping children! Why, they say that children tell lies. Yes, cowardice is the mother of lies—tyranny is the father of lies. Suppose a man as much larger than you as you are larger than a five year-old child should come at you with a pole in his hand: "Who broke that plate?" You would tremble, your knees would knock together, and you would swear you never saw the plate, or that it was cracked when you got it. Think of a member of the Board of Exchange whipping one of his children for prevaricating. Think of a lawyer beating his own flesh and blood because he evaded the truth. Think of a dealer in stocks punishing his children for setting afloat false reports. What an inconsistency! Think of it! If you should hereafter whip your child, I wish you could have a photograph taken when doing so, with brows corrugated with anger, your cheeks red with wrath, and the little child shrinking, trembling, crouching, and begging! If this child should happen to die, wouldn't it be sweet in the

autumn, when the maple leaves are turning to gold, and when the scarlet vines run like a and regret out of the earth, wouldn't it be delightful to go and sit on the mound that covered the flesh you had beaten, and look at the photograph of yourself in the act of whipping that child? Now, think of it, think of it! And if all I say to-night will save one blow from the tender flesh of infancy, I am more than paid.—Col. Ingersoll.

In the city churches last Sunday an appeal was made for special collections to aid in rebuilding the churches and parsonages in St. John, N. B. Rev. D. D. Currie, Secretary of the General Conference, occupied the pulpit of the Metropolitan Church in the morning, and preached a sermon in behalf of this object. In describing the misery which prevails in the burnt city, among other sad things he stated that there was not a member of the Centenary and Germain St. Methodist Churches of St. John who had not been rendered houseless and homeless. He also preached for the Elm Street Church congregation, in Shaftesbury Hall, in the evening. The collections, so far as we have learned, were very liberal.—[Guardian.]

CENTENARY CHURCH.

At a meeting of the congregation of Centenary Church, the report of the Building Committee was submitted and approved of. It was agreed to erect a church to cost \$65,000—to be built of brick, with a brick spire 225 feet high. The church will occupy the old site, and also the two adjoining lots on Princess street, if they can be obtained. The church will front on Wentworth street. It will have no basement but, at the end, fronting on Princess street, running transversely, there will be a school room. The plans accepted are those prepared by John Welch, of New York, the architect who designed Rev. Mr. Talmage's church. Work will proceed at once. The church will be large and commodious. A letter has been received from Rev. Mr. Sprague, now in England, stating that there is an excellent prospect of receiving a good subscription. Rev. Messrs. Currie and Lathern are meeting with much success in Ontario.—[St. John News.]

OBITUARY.

Died of consumption, at Randolph, Parish of Lancaster, St. John, N. B., June 29th, 1876,

ADA MARY,

only daughter of Charles P. and H. Amanda Baker, in the seventeenth year of her age. Cut down in the flower of her youth, she yet died gloriously. Rarely indeed is the departure of even the aged saint, ripened and mellowed for the skies though he be, invested with such a halo of glory as that which gilded the closing scenes of the earthly life of this gentle-spirited girl. So clear, at the last, was her vision of God, so vivid her perception of the presence of the Redeemer, so strong and unflinching her trust in the efficacy of his atoning sacrifice, so bright the evidence of her acceptance with the Divine Father, so joyous her anticipation of future blessedness, and so manifest her meekness for entrance into the realms of bliss, that her death-bed utterances breathed an almost seraphic tone, and were the wonder of sorrowing relations, the recollection of which will long live in the hearts of her bereaved parents as a most precious and consoling memory.

This sweet young saint, whose graces so swiftly ripened in affliction's fires, was impressed from childhood with the fear of God. But as the chill gloom of the valley of the shadow closed in upon her, she, in the name of Jesus, crept nearer to the Father's heart, and fear and unsatisfied yearning gave place to love, confidence and joy.

In this state of mind, never having been consecrated to the service of the Sacred Trinity, she felt constrained to seek baptism at the hands of her faithful pastor, Mr. Phinney. The holy ordinance was greatly blessed to her in her sick chamber. She, herself, described it to some of her young companions as being "lovely, for God was present." But she was not so pre-occupied with her trials or her triumphs as to overlook the parental agony with which her slow but sure descent toward the dark, cold river, at whose mysterious brink sad separations are fated to take place, was hourly watched. An only daughter, the bosom companion of a fond mother, she well knew how lonely the daughter-less parents would feel—how desolate the dear home would seem to those who should tarry in it after her departure; therefore she prayed fervently that He, who once in His tenderness and power said to a mourning childless mother, "Weep not," would in effect repeat the cheering words to the hearts of

her own mourning parents, when all should be over, and she expressed to them her belief that her prayer would be answered.

Patiently she suffered, but her longing to be with Christ grew irrepressible. At last the end drew near. Softly trod the approaching messenger; but the echoes of his footsteps, long waited for, fell upon her listening heart. She felt that deliverance was at hand. Her confidence at that supreme moment was expressed in the memorable words, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Then came the pathetic farewells—the last kiss to father and mother and little brothers, with whispered entreaties to the dear ones to "meet her in heaven, for she could not do without them" even there. This done, she raised her dying voice, and sang the stanza commencing with the line, "I am so glad that my father in heaven," and closing with the words, "Jesus loves even me." But the closing line as it ran was too tame an utterance for the faith that filled her exulting soul, and therefore she sang, "Jesus loves me, I know."

Having chanted her last anthem on earth, she then breathed her last prayer. Clinging her attenuated and almost transparent hands, she raised her fast dimming eyes heavenward, and gasped, "O Lord forgive all my sins and take me to thy mansions in the skies." Scarcely had her tremulous lips performed the holy task ere the silver cord began to unravel. In a few minutes its last strand was loosed; and Ada was with the immortals, mingling in brightness, with the brilliancies of that radiant day of glory that knows no night. But among the young and old who watched her departure, the scenes witnessed in her death-chamber will for many a long year be referred to with bated breath and reverent speech as wonderful displays of divine grace amid human weakness and pain. J. R. N.

REV. JOHN ELLIS,

The subject of the following lines was born Dec. 28th, 1846, at Goland, Donegal Co., Ireland. With the family of which he formed a part he came to America in the year 1858. The first years of his sojourn in this country were passed in St. John, N. B., and vicinity, and were spent by him in clerking and study.

In 1860, during the ministry of the Rev. James England on the Portland circuit, he was brought under religious impressions, induced to seek the Saviour, and consecrate himself to God. The letter to his mother conveying the news of his conversion was remarkable for the expressions of joy and new-found peace which it contained. "The following lines," wrote he, "are descriptive of my experience."

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon my breast.

I came to Jesus as I was
Weary, and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad.

I looked to Jesus, and I found,
In Him my Star and Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done."

The indications which attended and succeeded this point in his life, mark his conversion, as unquestionably genuine. While diligently discharging his duties as a merchant's clerk, the principles of his religion were faithfully adhered to and exhibited; and, when not on duty to his earthly employer, he sought, found and improved opportunities for active service for his heavenly Master. In many of the various ways which offer to one in city surroundings he ministered to the spiritual needs of his fellow-creatures.

While thus engaged the desire previously had to separate himself for the work of the ministry was fostered; and becoming at length convinced of his duty to enter this great work, he offered for it in the year 1871. He was received by the Conference and permitted to attend the Educational Institutions at Sackville. There he remained for two years, sedulously applying himself to the preparation for the duties of that calling to which he felt himself "inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost."

At the close of his term of study he was appointed to labor in connection with the Bedouque and Tryon circuit, then under the superintendence of Rev. J. S. Phinney whose testimony to his sincerity and zeal is unqualified. At the succeeding Conference he was sent to Baie Verte on which circuit he remained two years laboring with acceptance and success; and winning, as well by his social qualities as by his public labours, many intimate friends whose hearts are now doubtless, saddened by the intelligence of the early termination, by death, of the ministry of one who gave promise of much usefulness.

At the close of his labors on the Baie Verte circuit he received ordination and was appointed to Dalhousie. During the year spent there he was "in labours more abundant." Nowhere during his brief

ministry was he blessed with greater success than on this extensive and laborious circuit.

At the next Conference he was appointed to the Benton circuit. Little did it seem to him—less to others—that this was to be his last circuit! After removing to and opening his ministry upon it, he was joined in marriage, on August 2nd, 1876, to Miss Lee, of Tryon, P. E. I.—a young lady in every way worthy his affection and confidence, willing, and qualified, as well by spiritual grace as by natural endowments and acquired abilities, to share in the sorrows and joys, the trials and triumphs, and the labors and rewards incident to his position.

About the middle of last March his labors were interrupted by the failure of his health. The nearest medical advice was sought; but, the disease seeming to develop, he visited St. John for the purpose of consulting the physicians there. He then came home to his father's at Shanklin, St. Martins, where rest and attention to the directions of his doctor seemed to somewhat recruit him.

Anxious to be at his loved work, and longing to be on his appointed field he returned to his circuit. On the way he contracted a cold from the effects of which he never recovered. After reaching the circuit he failed rapidly, and was soon constrained to write for his brother to come and move him home. This request was complied with as soon as possible. During the time after this his last return to his father's until his death his sufferings were intense. He all along cherished the hope of recovery, but at the same time possessed the spirit of resignation to the Divine will.

On the Monday preceding his death he was visited by Rev. J. S. Phinney and Dr. Addy his medical adviser. The doctor told him he could not live longer than the end of the week. This did not surprise nor alarm him. Bro. Phinney administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to him, and conversed and prayed with him during the day. Those services in that sick room that day are said to have been most blessed—such as cannot soon be forgotten by those who participated in them. From that day he was enabled cheerfully to abandon all hope of recovery, and calmly wait the approach of death. Though he suffered much he murmured none. At 11 o'clock, p. m., on Thursday, July 26th, the "silver cord was loosed," and the spirit of Bro. Ellis, liberated from earth, passed peacefully away to the "Palace of angels and God." His remains were interred on the following Monday. Of the funeral I do not write as another brother has consented to furnish particulars of it for publication.

May the God of all consolation and grace comfort and sustain her who, ere twelve months had scarcely passed, has been called to exchange her bridal garments for the habiliments of widowhood! And may the bereaved parents, now aged, and the other members of the family receive of the fullness of Gospel blessing, and "grace for grace," to sustain them in their present trials, and to prepare them for future blessedness. C. W. H.

St. Martins, N. B., Aug. 9th, 1877.

WILLIAM FULTON

Died at Wallace, on July 13th, in the 93rd year of his age. Bro. Fulton was born in Londonderry, but when quite young came to reside in this neighborhood. He experienced religion some time before any Wesleyan minister was stationed in this place, and was led to connect himself with our Church under the ministry of the Rev. Thomas Paine, and for nearly seventy years he continued to be one of its most useful and faithful members. He was one of the builders of the first Wesleyan church in Wallace, and for many years filled the offices of steward and trustee. As a Christian his outward life had always been consistent with the requirements of religion. The various means of grace were highly valued by him. Naturally, he was of a cheerful disposition, always having a kind and pleasant word for those who met him. While he was characterized by humility, always forming a very low estimate of himself, all through life he lived in the enjoyment of religion. And although not having the opportunity of attending religious services for some time, of late he had been growing in grace and enjoyed blessed seasons of fellowship with God. During the four months he was confined to his room his soul was frequently filled with rapturous emotions while conversing with those who visited him, and during his own private devotions. Towards the close of life his mental faculties began to fail, but to the last there were times when his mind was quite clear and he was able to converse with those around him. After an unusually long connection with the church militant he passed away to the church triumphant, having obtained the victory through the blood of the Lamb. J. H. Wallace, August 6, 1877.