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IN MEMORIAM.

Maggie, Lizzie, Robbie, Nellie and Frances, children of Israel and Mary Longworth have all within a few weeks been laid side by side in the churchyard. They now lie beside little Mable who was called home three years ago, and now their home is childless, and instead of the prattle of children's voices they hear:

"The echo of a distant strain
Of harp and voices, blended notes
Beyond the river."

Tread softly by those new made graves where a whole household lies.
For very precious is that dust which hides them from our eyes.
For human love hath wept its grief while passing
"neath the sod,
And dumb with anguish heard the voice "Be still
for I am God."

Speak softly, very softly, for vanished love and bliss
Are found O earth, within thy arms in compass
small as this.
The light has from the homelife gone; the sun-
shine from the heart.
And buried hopes lie here at rest of love and life
a part.

O veil unraised, be lifted, in vision may we see
A gleam of that unrivalled light sweet ones that
circle thee.
But the answer we had heard before came to us
once again,
Eye hath not seen its tinting's glow, ear heard its
sweet refrain.

But by and by we'll find them in the bright fields
above,
Crowned with wreath of fadeless bloom, a fade-
less wreath of love:
And while the weary pilgrim will find the eternal
rest,
The lambs lie on his bosom for he loved them the
best.

Yes by and by we'll find them and until then we
wait,
For when the Master took them he left ajar the
gate,
And peering through the darkness with tear be-
luminated eyes,
A sound of infant voices came to us from the skies.
A mystic bond twixt earth and heaven that binds
us to the throne,
A faith that leaps the abyss of time and treads the
great unknown.

When faith sees little dimpled hand that beckon
every day,
Tis then that heaven seems doubly dear and not so
far away.

At the hour of early morning and the restful even-
ing,
The spirits of the sainted are often at our side,
And the weaned heart grows stronger with the
ministry of love,
For the soul keeps reaching heavenward, when our
treasures are above.

When the weeping shall be ended in that tearless
world of bliss,
We will know the whys and wherefores we so
longed to know in life,
For the Father will unravel all life's weary web
again,
Woven from the many threads, of the wondrous
mystic skin.

Truro, N.S., May 13th. MARY L. SHEPTON.

LETTER FROM MRS. McDOUGALL.

The following letter from Mrs. Geo. McDougall to her mother, giving the sad details of the death of her husband, whose fate has awakened deep sorrow in so many hearts, will be read with interest by our readers. It has already appeared in the *Meaford Monitor*. The particulars of Mr. McDougall's death have come to hand slowly, and in fragmentary form. We have published all authentic information about the sad event that has reached us. And now with all that is known the real cause of his being lost seems mysterious:

MORLEYVILLE, BOW RIVER,
Feb. 15th, 1876.

MY DEAR MOTHER.—I have just come from the grave of my dear husband, who was buried last week, on the tenth of this month. I hardly know how to give you a detailed account of his death, but I must try to do so. It is very sad to have the painful duty of writing. Four weeks ago from this day my dear husband left home with our son John, and his nephew Moses McDougall, and two Indians, for the purpose of hunting and bringing in meat, the buffalo being now not more than thirty miles from the place. The snow being deep and the weather cold they had but little success till the next Monday, when late in the afternoon they killed six animals. These had to be skinned and cut up and loaded upon the sleds. When done, they started for the tent, nearly four miles distant. Having left Moses at the tent, who was complaining of not being well that morning, his uncle was anxious about him and expressed his desire to hurry on and see how matters were and have a good fire ready when John and the Indians should come. At first John ob-
jected, as they were still two miles from

the tent, but his father urged it would be better. So being on horseback he rode off at a gallop. John and his party followed slowly. When they reached the tent, what was their surprise and consternation to find no father, only Moses fast asleep and fire about out. The sleeper was awakened, but he had not seen his uncle. The night being clear they judged from the stars that it was about ten o'clock. They reloaded their guns and went upon the highest places the could and fired a great number of shots, and also in the valley; but to no purpose. After passing a sleepless night, at early dawn John started out in quest of the horses, for he thought his dear father might have been thrown, and if so, his horse would be with the others. He was greatly relieved to find his father's horse was not with the band. He spent the day in riding in every direction and firing shots till late in the evening, but no father was to be found. This was Tuesday. Wednesday was very stormy, fearful drifts, no leaving the tent. Through the day he thought it possible that his father, in his wanderings the first night, had been going in the direction of home, and when day-light came, he would find the road and have gone there. This led him to come home, but no father was there. Next morning early, he started out with David and two others, and went down to where the mounted police are stationed, forty miles from this, in hopes they might find him there. He was not there and had not been heard of. A number of the police, with captain and officers, and others turned out and rode all over for miles; but no vestige of our dear one could be found. Some of the party came to some tents occupied by half-breeds, among whom was a boy who said he had seen a white man riding a dark-colored horse on Tuesday afternoon. He rode around in a circle, then stopped his horse, got off, and knelt down for some time, holding the horse by the rein, then he re-mounted and went on the way, as the boy thought, to a place called Elba, where some families are staying. Saturday the horse came to a tent that stood near the road homeward, without any saddle. All these days, the dear boys enduring so much distress and suspense, I was from home. I had gone down the river sixty miles, on a visit to our daughter Nellie's home. The first Sabbath I was there my dear husband was with the mounted police and preached twice for them. On Monday he came to Nellie's and staid until Wednesday morning. When he left for home he was so well and hearty, little did we think we were bidding him good-bye, looking on his smiling face for the last time. Arrangements were made that I should meet him in two weeks from the next Saturday, at the mounted police station, as he would be there to preach at the appointed time. Accompanied by Nellie, I went, expecting to meet him. Instead we found John and David with others; they had just come from a general search for their father. They greeted us, I thought, with rather a sad salutation, but it being dark, we did not see their faces; nothing was said to give us any clue that there was anything wrong that had transpired. The family at whose house we stopped were very kind. Supper being ready, we all drew round the table. Conversation was very dull. When near through supper a priest came in, and the first words he uttered were, speaking to John: "Mr. McDougall, I am very sorry for your misfortune." The cold chills ran through me, and looking at Nellie, I was startled; she was very pale. Turning to John, I mustered up courage to ask what misfortune had happened. David spoke: "Mother, we may as well tell you first as last, father left John on his way to go to the tent, lost his way and has not been found yet, and this is the 9th day." You may judge my feelings and Nellie's. But still there was a ray of hope; as some Sauces were camped a little further north, he might be there; a party was out to see. In the meantime we came home, John and David to get fresh horses and a supply of provisions. All the men in the place went. They travelled two together for three days; on the fourth day, near noon, signals were made, they gathered at the tent, there to find the body of my dear husband. A party that were out had found it, and brought it to his sorrowing sons. He was found lying as if some kind hand had been there; one hand lay on his breast, the other a little on the side, his eyes and lips closed, and a smile on his countenance, his legs and feet in the right position ready for burial, when he lay down to die he must have had great presence of mind. Our comfort is we feel assured that Jesus was with him in the trying hour. When the corpse was brought home, and I was feeling so bad, my dear son George put his arms around me, saying: "Mother, don't weep, father was not alone, the angels of heaven were hovering over him, waiting to take him home to be with Jesus." We all think he could not get lost. The opinion of every one is that he became snow-blind; some think he was taken ill; it is a mystery to all. It has been a severe trial to write, but, dear mother, for your sake I have tried to do my best. I close with dearest love to brother and sister; and yourself, in which George unites.

ELIZABETH McDOUGALL.

"HE'S A BRICK."

If it is slang, it is really classical slang. And yet of the thousands who use the term, how few—how very few—know its origin, or its primitive significance. Truly, it is a heroic thing to say of a man to call him a brick. The word so used, if not twisted from its original intent, implies all that is brave, patriotic, and loyal.

Plutarch, in his life of Agesilaus, King of Sparta, gives us the origin of the quaint and familiar expression.

On a certain occasion, an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the king over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame—knew that though only nominally king of Sparta, he was yet ruler of Greece—and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defense of the town; but he found nothing of the kind. He marvelled much at this, and spoke of it to the king.

"Sir," he said, "I have visited most of the principal towns, and I find no wall reared for defence. Why is this?"

"Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied Agesilaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning, and I will show you the walls of Sparta."

Accordingly, on the following morning, the king led his guest out upon the plains, where his army was drawn up in full battle array, and pointing proudly to the serried hosts, he said:

"There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men, and every man a brick!"

YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Yosemite Valley, of which the world has heard so much, is situated on the Merced River, in the southern portion of the county of Mariposa, 140 miles a little south-east from San Francisco, but nearly 250 miles from that city by any of the travel routes. It is on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, midway between the eastern and western base, and in the centre of the State, measuring north and south. It is a narrow gorge, about eight miles in length, from a half to a mile in width, and enclosed in frowning granite walls, rising with almost unbroken and perpendicular faces to the dizzy height of from three thousand to six thousand feet above the green and quite vale beneath. From the brows of the precipices in several places spring streams of water, which in seasons of rains and melting snows form cataracts of beauty and magnificence surpassing anything known in mountain scenery. The valley bottom is like a floor, the Merced River, taking up much room as it wanders from side to side, apparently in no haste to leave. There are broad tracts of natural meadow, radiant in spring time with a wonderful carpeting of flowers. These meadows are separated by belts of trees, park-like groves of pines and cedars, black oak and olive, almost without undergrowth, and through which one may ride unimpeded in all directions. The walls are of granite, with an average height of about three thousand feet; in some places nearly vertical, and with very little debris at the base; in others a pine-covered slope leads up to gigantic towers, spires, or sharp-cut peaks. There are now no fewer than five trails over which a beast of burden may climb in or out of the valley; and a man, sure-footed, cool-headed, and strong, may find a dozen places where he could, with real danger, scale those impassable barriers. The general color of the rocks is monotonous, varying from a bluish gray to an ochre, that, in full sunlight, is almost creamy in tint.—*Appleton's Journal*.

ARMED PEACE IN EUROPE.

A well-informed writer in the last number of the *London Quarterly* estimates that the present military strength of four nations of Europe, Russia, Germany, France, and Austria, amounts to nearly 6,000,000 of men. In all Europe there are probably not less than 7,000,000 of men withdrawn from the productive industries of life, trained in the art of destruction and slaughter, and subsisting on the labours of the tax-ridden industrial populations. This state of things is only less disastrous than one of open war. It does not add to the security of Europe. It is no guarantee of peace, but rather a perpetual menace of war. Governments possessing such costly and powerful machinery of destruction, are strongly tempted to try its efficiency on the slightest provocation. Then the impoverishment of the country caused by its maintenance depletes those financial resources which are emphatically the sinews of war in all modern conflicts. Russia's 2,000,000 of soldiers would be of little use without the money which would have to be raised by ruinous loans, mortgaging the industry of generations. Better employ nine tenths of these men and the cost of their maintenance in developing the immense natural resources of the empire. What a millennium almost would a general disarmament of Europe bring about.

Moreover, such immense armies are practically useless in the field. No man can handle such masses. Napoleon's greatest disasters resulted from his largest armies. The greatest victories of the world have been won by comparatively small bodies of men well led. The larger the army the greater the difficulty to transport forage, commissariat, and supply of war material; and the greater the chances of disaster, of panic, and of disease.

The soundest principle of defence is a small army in the highest state of efficiency with large reserves in the industrial population. This is the policy of English authorities to create. The insular position of England has freed her from the burden of a large standing army. Her peaceful industry has accumulated that wealth which makes her to-day the autocrat of the money market of the world. She lends to all nations and borrows of none. The "nation of shop keepers," with their devotion to duty, have developed a stronger and nobler character than the nation of soldiers with their vain pursuit of *la gloire*. The "military virtues" of a war-like nation are more than neutralized by its military vices.

Here on this continent are four and forty Anglo Saxon millions living side by side, with scarce 20,000 soldiers among them—hardly enough to garrison their forts. Yet they have given signal proof that they can fight if they must, though they are glad when they can, to beat the sword into the ploughshare. We cannot be too grateful to that providence of God which permits us in quietude to work out our high destinies, to develop our Christian civilizations, undisturbed by the clash of steel, the hatred and horrors of war, the false and fading glory of arms. *Esto perpetua!* So may it be for ever.

DIFFUSIVE RELIGION.

The great characteristic of Christian affection is not enjoyment, is not self recreation, is not personal happiness, but beneficence. It feeds, clothes, and educates people. Like Christ it does not come to be ministered unto but to minister and to give itself a ransom for many. Its prime expression is not receiving but imparting. It is not pond-like—a receptacle which allows itself to be filled and then reposes complacently in its fulness. It is a stream rather, which sings to men, which runs gleefully into thirsty mouths, which is glad to be sucked up by the growthful banks that contain it, yet, which longs for nothing so much as to be taken up in the cloud, and appropriated by the wheel, that the laborers may have harvest in the field and bread from the mill.—*W.H.H. Murray*.

HOW DANIEL DREW LOST \$10,000,000.

Talking with a correspondent of the *Boston Times*, Daniel Drew says:—
"I've retired permanently from business this time, which I ought to have done years ago under different and happier circumstances. I never dreamed that the time would come when I should have to go into bankruptcy. There never was just such a case as mine ever heard of afore. No man was ever so rich as I was, worth at one time eight or ten millions of money, and then made to lose every dollar of it in so short a time. I had been wonderfully blessed in money making; got to be a millionaire afore I know'd it hardly. I was always pretty lucky until lately, and didn't think I could ever lose very extensively. I was ambitious to make a great fortune as Vanderbilt and tried every way I knew, but got caught at last. Beside that I liked the excitement of making money, and giving it away. I have given a good deal of money away and am glad of it. So much has been saved anyhow. Wall street was a great place for making money, and I couldn't give up the business when I ought to have done. Now I see very clearly what I ought to have done. I ought to have left the street eight or ten years ago, and paid up what I owed. When I gave \$100,000 to this institution and that I ought to have paid the money. And I ought to have provided for my children by giving them enough to make 'em rich for life. Instead of that I gave my notes, and only paid the interest of 'em, thinking I could do better with the principal myself. One of the hardest things I've had to bear has been the fact that I couldn't continue to pay the interest on the notes I gave to the schools and churches. And then my children ought to have been left with large fortunes, as they had a right to expect. The thought of these things at first came near killing me, or driving me crazy but I've got over the worst feelings now

under the kind sympathy of those whom I intended to benefit."

"But Mr. Drew, did you not formerly, when you were perfectly solvent, make some provision for your children and grandchildren?"

"Yes, I gave my son the old homestead and some other small property up in Putnam county, where we came from, which I hope will make him independent at least. My daughter had married a rich man, and when he died, leaving considerable property to five children, I was made executor of the will. For so sacred a trust as their property I was obliged to give security, which I did by making over to them this house and where we are and the North River steamboats, the Drew, Dean Richmond, St. John, and Chauncey Vibbard. This security makes them whole, and I thank God that breach of trust to them is not on my conscience. The mother, my daughter, is, of course, well provided for through her children and deceased husband. My son's principal business now is in connection with the management of the boats, by which he is getting on very well."

REVERENDS AND RATHER REV- ERENDS.

We are afraid that even our friends of the clergy are not unappreciative of the value of a title properly bestowed. We are quite sure that in England much weight is attached to it, judging by the following anecdote, which has just come to us from abroad:

A certain rural dean said to his bishop that he thought it rather hard, as the dean was entitled to be styled "The Very Reverend," and the arch-deacon "The Venerable," the rural dean—who had, as the bishop knew, very grave and responsible duties attaching to him—was merely "The Reverend." The prelate, reflecting for a moment with apparent seriousness, said he saw the grievance, but was at a loss for the remedy, unless styling the rural dean "The Rather Reverend" might meet the difficulty.

Speaking of church dignitaries, in that clever modern novel, *The Bachelor of the Albany*, the wince proper to be set before high clerical people are described at a dinner given by that beau-ideal of an English clergyman, the Dean of Ormond: "As to Dr. Bedford himself, his radiance, his benevolence, his amenity, his fulness and fatness, are only to be illustrated by supposing that, by some marvellous alchemy, the spirit of good humor had been distilled, concentrated, and incorporated into a folio book of divinity. The dean had brought forth from his cellar, for the occasion, his oldest and finest wines: his very reverend port, his right reverend claret, his episcopal Champagne, his archiepiscopal Burgundy."

The fluid suitable for Reverends and Rather Reverends is not mentioned. Perhaps beer or sherry.—*Harper's Magazine*.

DANGER OF RICHES.

A poor widow, in her poverty, like her in Scripture, had been always ready to bestow her mite freely, in the cause of charity or religion, until, by some turn in the wheel of fortune, she suddenly became wealthy, when she no longer proffered aid, but waited to be called on, and then gave only coldly, reluctantly, and stintedly. On her pastor's remonstrance, in regard to her change of feeling and practice, she made the striking, but melancholy reply: "Ah! sir, when I had a shilling purse, I had a guinea heart, but now that I have a guinea purse, I am afflicted with a shilling heart. In my poverty I never had any distrust of Providence, or anxiety about the future, but now I am haunted with fears of poverty." This reminds us of the case mentioned by Mr. Wesley in his sermon "On the Danger of Increasing Riches." "A gentleman came to a merchant in London, a few years since, and told him, 'Sir, I beg you will give me a guinea for a worthy family in great distress.' He replied: 'Really, Mr. M., I cannot well afford to give you it just now; but if you will call upon me when I am worth ten thousand pounds, upon such an occasion I will give you ten guineas.' Mr. M., after some time, called upon him again and said: 'Sir, I claim your promise; now you are worth ten thousand pounds.' He replied: 'That is very true; but I assure you, I cannot spare one guinea so well as I could then.'