

# The Wesleyan,

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### LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

We take the liberty of making extracts from an exceedingly interesting letter which reached us recently, under date of 11th inst. It reveals more of Washington politics and general life than the writer imagined.

Whether it is because the WESLEYAN comes from the hands of an old friend, or the intrinsic value of the paper, or that we still cherish fond recollections of the Dominion, or all three combined, I know not, only we appreciate it so much that we should miss it sadly if its weekly visits were to end. We perfectly agree on the fact of its being one of the very best we receive.

We are now having about as cold weather as we Washingtonians care to see and feel. The community are enjoying just now what they very seldom have the opportunity of doing, that is, skating—and it is taken advantage of by young and old, rich and poor. Not having enough cold weather here to justify a skating rink, we would be at a loss for some suitable place if it were not that our Commissioner of Public Grounds has commenced improvements in and around the Washington Monument grounds, (which you may remember were sadly in need of improvements) and the first is the formation of two beautiful lakes, one covering an extent of about four acres and the other three acres—which, of course, as soon as frozen over form a capital rink—and being Government property, is of course, taken possession of by the people at large.

Congress again assembled yesterday noon; we have had quite a lull in our political world for the past three weeks, owing to Congress adjourning over the holidays; but, bless you, this quiet went last, for they have been gathering strength during the recess, and it is only the calm that precedes the storm. There is great opposition to President Hayes, not only from the Democrats, but there are a great many dissatisfied Republicans, and really he has as many Democrats for his friends as Republicans, which is to be attributed to the numerous favours which he has granted the South. How Congress and Mr. Hayes are going to fix matters is purely a question of time—but we look for warm things this winter. They commenced work yesterday up at the Capitol, by the "Women Righters" going up in a body and presenting a memorial to Congress for the right of suffrage for women. Senator Conkling (our Absalom of the Senate) presented it, and Gen. Crittenden opposed it. Some of the newspapers think that before the latter gentleman gets through he will "wish that he were dead."

New Year's day passed off very quietly here; it was noticeable that there were fewer cases of drunkenness on that day than had been for years, owing I believe in a great measure to nearly every lady who received on that day dispensing with liquor from her table. Temperance people seem to be gaining ground, and are having many hardened cases come forward to sign the pledge. The churches are enjoying the privilege of having the great preacher Dr. Muller from England. He seems to impress the minds and hearts of his hearers in such a way as is seldom granted to anyone. When it is announced that he is to preach, it is almost an impossibility to obtain a seat unless one will go long before the hour of service. He uses no thrilling eloquence, no flowery language, only states the plain truth in such a manner that it convinces one beyond a doubt that every word he utters is the truth.

### PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF BISHOP JANES.

BY MRS. JOHN P. EARLY, LAPOORTE, IND.

During a protracted residence in New York city my husband made the acquaintance of Bishop Janes, when he, as resident bishop, won the love and veneration of the great body of New York Methodists. So symmetrical a character as his could only be fully appreciated upon close scrutiny. After we took up our residence in the West, he occasionally, when making his episcopal tours, honored us with a call, and these calls left upon our hearts always the most delightful impressions. At one time he spent a day at our suburban home, which lay upon the shore of a little lake, for the navigation of which my husband kept a small boat. Knowing that Mrs. Ames, the wife of our honored bishop, was staying with a friend just across this little sheet of water, we proposed to cross over and pay our respects to her. The good bishop entered most heartily into the plan, glad of an opportunity of expressing his regard for one so highly esteemed. A few strokes of the oars, in my husband's hands, brought us to a part of the pond where were large groups of those peerless water-lilies which are so often found sitting in such regal beauty on the surface of our Western ponds. The bishop expressed great admiration of their beauty, and upon my suggesting that some of them might prove an acceptable gift to Mrs. Ames, if we could secure them, he immediately set about the endeavor. With coat-sleeves well pulled up, and his immaculate linen cuffs in imminent danger of losing their stiff propriety, he succeeded in wresting from their bed a right royal cluster of these magnificent flowers. This was accomplished not without much effort, for these flowers, like Narcissus, seem so in love with their own image in the water as to stoutly resist all efforts to separate them from their beautiful reflection. Having thus secured the prize, he gracefully insisted that I should have the honor of presenting it to Mrs. Ames, notwithstanding my protest that the hero who had who had won the trophy ought certainly to be permitted to present it to the lady he would honor. The Bishop was amply rewarded by the enthusiastic admiration bestowed upon the gift by Mrs. Ames, and her warmly expressed appreciation of his kindness.

The evening meal, after we had retraced the lake, was taken just before dusk, upon a rich summer evening, to which the affable dignity of the bishop gave an unusual charm, while his simple piety baptized every word he uttered and every action he performed in a rare and imperishable fragrance. At a later period, he came after dark one night, from town, to our home, designing to spend the night and take an early train in the morning. After an hour's chat and the evening devotions, he proposed, upon retiring for the night, to bid us "good by," saying that he should leave before time for rising, in order that he might catch the train, and could not permit us to be disturbed at so early an hour. I insisted that "good-bys" then were premature, and we should be up to say them in the morning, for I should certainly have ready a cup of coffee for him before leaving. Against this he in his usual quiet manner, protested, while I quite vehemently insisted that I should certainly be ready to act the part of the hospitable hostess in the morning; and so we parted at night. The first thing of which I was conscious, in the morning, was the click of the front gate, several yards from the house. Springing to the window, I saw in the gray morning the good bishop had passed out with his face steadfastly

set toward town! I might have known it would be so, for quiet persistency always wins over impetuosity, but I was so sincerely desirous of fortifying him against the fatigues of the day, upon which he was to enter so early, with a breakfast, I did not think I could oversleep that morning. In spite of my intense mortification and extreme disgust of myself, I was impressed with the honor which had been bestowed upon our house by the few hours' sojourn of this holy man of God. I felt as I might have done had an angel folded his tired wings under our roof for the night, and then plumed them for an early flight, leaving a blessing behind; without giving us an opportunity to pay our homage to the heavenly guest.

The time came, all too soon, when the venerated bishop paid us his last visit. A dark shadow had settled down upon the household. The youngest child—the Benjamin of the parents, and the older brother's hearts—had been stricken with disease, and his feet were fast pressing down to the brink of Jordan. The family had assumed a trembling, listening attitude, fearing each hour lest they might hear the rustle of the Death Angel's wing. In such an hour of gloom and sorrow, the good bishop shed again the radiance of his serene piety upon our family circle. Rejoicing with the invalid in his unflinching faith, and his hope of a glorious immortality, he commended him to the Saviour, to whom he had given his heart when a little boy, and whose grace would insure perfect victory; and then kneeling in prayer, he led the sorrowing ones to the foot of the cross, then to the sepulchre of the risen Lord, then to the glorious resurrection morn—when a triumph born of faith seemed to bridge the chasm between the parting which must be here, and the meeting "over yonder," and we were able to say, "It is well." In three weeks the beloved child passed triumphantly to the "Home of the Blest,"—when a letter full of sympathy, but pointing to the glorious future, came to us from the beloved bishop; and two years later he too joined the good and pure of all ages in the city of our God, to "go no more out forever."

Amid the waterlilies on the lake—in the quiet of the family circle—in the midst of a sorrow-stricken household, as well as in the pulpit and amid the rugged scenes and responsibilities of official life, the serene piety of Bishop Janes shone ever with the same warm steady glow. In his dying hour he struck the key-note of the grand, beautiful harmony of his useful life—he had trusted in God and was not disappointed.—*Northwestern Adv.*

DR. GERVASE SMITH, in a letter to the *Methodist Recorder*, gives interesting and amusing details of his voyage to Australia. We quote:—

### THE SLAVE TRADE.

We have two or three officers of the Royal Navy with us, who have been long and recently employed in the suppression of this accursed traffic. They assure me that on the East Coast of Africa a flourishing trade is still carried on; but as there are 1,500 miles of coast to be watched, the captures are comparatively few. The ports from which they are shipped are small in number. The result is that the poor creatures, kidnapped in the inland villages, are driven in gangs across a larger extent of country than the slaves formerly were. Many thousands, therefore, die before they can reach the slave ships. The Arabs are the great sinners in this dark business, and unblushingly justify their conduct. A little while ago an Arab interpreter on board one of H. M. ships assured the boatswain that the arrangement was providential—that Allah made the white man to be his master, and the black man to be his

slave. When reasoned with on the subject of payment for labor done, he savagely retorted, "If you bought a horse or an ass, would you pay him wages? Is it not enough to give him food?"

The Sultan of Zanzibar professes to have put down the traffic in his dominions but this is very feebly done, and even captains who are taken red-handed by our cruisers are rarely punished. It seems, moreover, that much mischief is going on in Madagascar. A slaver from the coast conveys a cargo thither, and an exchange is made for cattle. These are carried off and sold, while the slaves remain in bondage on the island.

The following fact is authenticated by a fellow-passenger: Some time ago a British cruiser knew that a slaver was in a certain port taking in human cargo. It was determined to capture the ship. Nearly 400 wretched beings were huddled together, and the captain put out to sea. He soon discovered that he was watched, and, after making several efforts to evade the cruiser, he determined on this fiendish expedient. He put a heavy chain completely round his vessel, and fastened each end to an anchor, which was placed in an elevated position. Every one of the slaves was brought forth and bound to a link of the chain. When all hope of escape was gone he commanded the link to be cut and the anchor to be loosed, when these hundreds of poor creatures were engulfed in the waters. The inhuman captain at once altered the appearance of the docks, produced false papers, and evading justice, went back to secure another cargo, and, if necessary, to repeat the atrocious act.

Permit a concluding paragraph for the information and amusement of my young friends.

### CROSSING THE LINE.

The day before we reached the equator I was on the quarter-deck, and heard two passengers discussing the expected event. One of them said with energy, "We will shave 'em to-morrow." The other, casting a sly look at my somewhat rough and neglected cheeks, smartly replied, "Yes, and some of 'em are getting well ready for it." This led to a long conversation, when a gentleman who had frequently witnessed it gave me the following account of "Crossing" in the olden times. Happily the barbarous custom is now illegal, but the old sailors think that they have fallen on degenerate times. On the night before the vessel came to the equator, by a little collusion between three or four persons, of whom the captain was frequently one, a large barrel of tar was fired and thrown into the sea. There was an immediate shout, "Ship, ahoy!" In a few moments a guff inquiry was heard from the pretended vessel, "Have you any of my children?" "Yes, was the reply. "Then, to-morrow," roared old Neptune, "I shall be here." The victim or victims were selected during the night; sometimes one of the crew and sometimes a passenger who had not been there before. The morning came, and the old sea king, dressed in his regal costume, was, by a small sleight of hand, brought on deck, and led to his throne, already fitted up. Two barrels were placed near the spot, one filled with sea water, and the other with an abominable mixture of pitch and all unmentionable impurities. The poor fellow was led blindfold, up to his majesty, whose first question generally was, "What is your name?" As soon as he opened his mouth to reply, a large paint brush, filled with the execrable matter, was thrust into it, amid the shouts and groans of the delighted spectators. As soon as the man had somewhat recovered, another question was asked, and the process repeated.

When at length the man was nearly choked, he was thrown into the salt water to undergo a torture not second to that already endured. Another victim, who had been kept in ignorance of all this, was then led up to pass through this ruthless ordeal. For generations this horrid ceremony has been practised with the general and frequently laughing concurrence of the country. Some time ago a passenger who had been victimised brought an action against the captain of the vessel, and obtained a verdict. "Not too soon," both yourself and your readers will say.

### RETURN OF THE DEPUTATION TO THE EASTERN CONFERENCES.

After travelling upwards of three thousand miles we are glad to announce the safe return of Rev. E. R. Young to his circuit and family. The press, in all places which he has visited, took special and eulogistic notices of the missionary services he attended, and of the work the Society is engaged in carrying on. In addition to the following extracts from a letter addressed to the Secretaries, he states that our people in the Maritime Provinces take great interest in the Japan and Indian Missions.

PORT DERRY, Dec. 24th, 1877.

Your letter, conveying the request of the Central Board of the Missionary Society was received in due time. Willing and anxious to do what I could to aid our noble Society, I quickly arranged my home affairs and prepared for the work. I reached Chatham, N.B., Nov. 3rd, for the first of the series of meetings.

I preached or lectured on the subject of missions at the following places: Newcastle, Chatham, Moncton, Charlottetown, Cornwall, Turro, Windsor, Halifax, Lunenburg, New Germany, Berwick, Middletown, Bridgetown, Digby, Yarmouth, Weymouth, St. John, Portland, Carleton, and Sackville. I attended in all, forty services save one, in the Eastern Provinces.

I met with the greatest kindness and received the earnest co-operation of all in the good work. I shall ever remember with gratitude the "brethren beloved," both clerical and lay, with whom it was my privilege to be associated at the different services.

The attendance was always good; in many instances commodious edifices were very much crowded. A delightful spiritual influence pervaded every service. The financial results were very encouraging; in some places the contributions exceeded our most sanguine expectations. While some places are doing very nobly, and others all that can be reasonably expected of them, there are a few that ought to be educated up to a more scriptural standard of giving.

I was surprised to find instances where the missionary Sabbath collections were not allowed to be included in the missionary contributions of the circuit but were appropriated to local purposes. After learning the universal custom of the West, I incline to think in future they will adopt the more "excellent way."—*Guardian.*

### MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

The vexed question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, which is forbidden by law in Great Britain, but permitted in most if not all of the Colonies, has called forth a strong letter from the venerable African missionary, Dr. Moffat, addressed to the Secretary of the Marriage Law Reform Association. He says that, having translated the Bible into an African language, he has thoroughly studied every verse, and cannot conceive it possible for Biblical scholars to regard such marriages as forbidden by the Scriptures. He adds that he can hardly persuade himself to believe that his dear Scotch countrymen who are proverbially distinguished for their acquaintance with Scripture, are opposed to such marriages, and is convinced that they will be compelled to take a leaf out of the Colonial records and acquiesce in the abrogation of so unjust and tyrannical a law.