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MEMORIAL SERVICE.

On Sunday morning last a service in
memorial of the Rev. Geo. McDougall
was held in the Brunswick Street
Church, Halifax.

The introductory part of the service
commencing with the hymn,

"Hark a voice divides the sky,"

and including, as lessons, the exquisitely
beautiful and suggestive narrative of
Moses' death, in the last of Deuteronomy,
and the triumphal strain of Paul
the apostle of Jesus Christ, in his last
letter to Timothy, was conducted by
Rev. A. W. Nicolson. The *Dead March*
in *Saul*, strikingly appropriate, and
other selections by the choir were emi-
nently suited to such a service.

The text selected by the pastor, Rev.
John Lathern, was from the last of
Deuteronomy:

*So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died
there in the land of Moab.*

That Nebo scene was suggestive:

1st. Of the fact of death. In all ages
death reigned—from Adam to Moses
and until now. In the brief but im-
portant records of the early patriarchs
we had the suggestive statement, *and
he died*. The decree had gone forth,
dust to dust.

2nd. That the dispensations of God's
providence, in regard to the death of
His servants, were often painfully mys-
terious.

Moses died in the fulness of his
strength. His eye had not waxed dim,
nor his natural force abated. He had
been the tried and trusted leader and
law-giver of the people. Never appar-
ently did they need his presence more
than at the time of his death. They
were about to cross the swellings of
Jordan and to face and fight the numer-
ous armies of the Canaanites. That
Nebo scene had often been repeated.
God buried His workmen but carried
on His work. "Scotland," said Dr.
Cuyler, "was losing her crown jewels."
Our loss had not been a common loss.
There was no man, in all this church of
Canada, whose place, humanly speak-
ing, could be so difficult to fill. For
services less distinguished and less im-
portant to his country, many a man
had been borne in pomp and magnifi-
cence to a grave in Westminster Abbey.
But he had died just where he ought to
have died, and was buried just where he
ought to have been buried—in the
silence of that great lone land, shadowed
by the majestic mountains, in the
midst of tribes, to whose welfare the
best years of his life had been devoted.
For centuries the Hebrew sepulchres
and the dust of the patriarchs in
Canaan were the only pledges to the
Israelitish people of the possession of
the promised land. Moses was buried
in the land of Moab, but God designed
doubtless by this arrangement, to shew
them that His care and concern were
not limited to one soil. The dust of
Moses hallowed and consecrated that
gentle land. The dust of missionaries
and of their families had been the con-
secration of many a heathen land, the
sacred memories of which have pledged
the church to persevering efforts for
its possession.

3rd. That however suddenly death
may interrupt plans of life work, to the
servant of God it can never be unseason-
able. To such, sudden-death is sudden
glory. Sudden as was the departure of
Moses there was the ample preparation
of Pisgah. The Lord showed him
the land, the glorious land, where the
tribes should have their inheritance;
and then, without the pomp or the pain
of dying, he passed away to the better
land. The experience of Moses on
Mount Pisgah has not probably been
altogether a solitary one. As the veter-
an missionary in the North West
closed his eyes to earth, his body wrapt
in its pure snowy shroud, and his spirit
caught up in the chariot of light, his
vision may have been much the same
as that of Nebo. Below, there was very

much land to be possessed; above, there
were thrones and crowns and glories.
Below, there were battles to be fought,
and privations to be borne; above, the
smile of God and the full blessedness of
the beautiful vision.

"He proved how bright were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight."

4th. That to the servant of God, no
matter how, or where, or when death
may come, it is always a blessed transi-
tion from toil to rest. Very delightful
is the thought of rest to the weary toil-
ers of earth. Moses had won, by long
years of incessant care and work, the
designation more to be coveted than the
greatest distinction of earth—the
servant of the Lord. Five times in the
first chapter of Joshua he is spoken of
as eminently, pre-eminently, the ser-
vant of the Lord. Dying at Nebo was
only transition from incessant toil to
endless rest. Few of us can under-
stand the exhaustiveness of pioneer
work, such as has devolved upon the
great missionary whose death we mourn
to-day, as they mourned for Moses in
the land of Moab, but now we know he
rests from his labours and his works do
follow him. He rests as the servant
rests when his work is done, and the
Master saith well done. He rests as
the traveller rests when the journey is
accomplished and the repose of him
awaits him. He rests as the soldier
rests when the battle is fought and the
victory won. He rests as the mariner
rests when the voyage is at an end, and
his bark reposes amidst tranquil
shadows and quiet waters.

After the sermon the following paper
was read, illustrative of the character
and work of the honoured missionary

Rev. Geo. McDougall.

Some of us who were present at the
General Conference in Toronto, remem-
ber the delightful interest of Rev. Geo.
McDougall's first appearance in the
Metropolitan Church. From the land
of the setting sun he had travelled
steadily for eight weeks to be present at
that council. We had just traversed a
portion of the Province of Ontario, and
looked upon it as a noble country, with
unsurpassed capabilities, but we were
told of a territory North West, extend-
ing from Lake Superior to the Rocky
Mountains, affording space for six Pro-
vinces as large as that of Ontario.

Subsequently Mr. McDougall spoke,
with a pardonable enthusiasm of the
almost boundless resources of that
country, of mountains that pierced the
clouds, of noble rivers,—one of which
was navigable for 1,200 miles—of richly
productive valleys and of fertile plains.
We were proud of Eastern coal deposits,
but he had traversed a coal area, in
that land, some five hundred miles
wide. That magnificent region was
destined, he believed, to become the
home of thousands and tens of thou-
sands of the sons and daughters of
Canada.

The same glow of feeling in relation
to the grandeur of the North West
scenery pervades his letters. "The
sight of the grand old mountains," he
wrote last October, on reaching his sta-
tion, "was most exhilarating." Still
later, between Christmas and New
Year, only two or three weeks before
his death, a wish was expressed, in one
of his letters, that he could take his
friends, on a beautiful morning, to the
top of one of their mountains, and give
them a glimpse of a Western prospect;
and if they did not confess that it beat
anything in the British isles he would
admit his judgment at fault.

To the missionary the look out from
one of those venerable mountains,
shadowing valley and prairie, overlooking
forest, lake and river, was much the
same as the prospect from Pisgah—a
goodly land—a land to be possessed.

At one of our meetings, when upon
the deputation here, after the hymn
"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,"
&c., had been sung with great fervour,
"I often think," he said, "when that
triumphal strain, rolling up from these
Atlantic shores, from Nova Scotia and
New Brunswick, ascending the waters
of the St. Lawrence, gathering depth
and volume in the Province of Ontario,
swelling along the northern shore of
Lake Huron, crossing Manitoba, break-
ing the silence of the great North
West, piercing the Rocky Mountains,
sweeping down upon British Columbia,
and then wafted upon Pacific waters,
and then wafted upon Pacific waters,
shall meet and mingle with the mighty
chorus of millions of eastern worship-
pers. And the ideas of the missionary
shall yet be realized. The Redeemer
shall have dominion from sea to sea.

"His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more"

In the mean time there is arduous
work to be done. In the midst of
savage wandering tribes George Mc-
Dougall spent fifteen years—the best
years of his invaluable life. The isola-
tion and self-denial, involved in such
service, it is difficult for us to under-
stand. Missionaries who labor in China
and India and Japan are surrounded
by the monuments and appliances of a
splendid though effete civilization; but
the missionary to the great lone land
labors in the midst of pagan tribes, far
away from civilization of any kind, and
compelled largely, for both material and
spiritual necessities, to depend upon his
own resources.

A few years ago the firmness and in-
trepidity of George McDougall were
subjected to a crucial test. A malignant
disease, the small pox, swept over
the plains, threw its shadow over his
own house and carried off 3000 Indians.
Several members of Mr. McDougall's
family were amongst the victims, and
with his own hands were laid sorrowful-
ly but hopefully in the grave. Around
the premises, wrapt in their buffalo
robes, thronged the dying Indians.
They died in the house, at the door and
inside the fence. Even this sad situa-
tion was not without some alleviation.
There were exhibitions of faith and sav-
ing grace that triumphed over pain and
fear and death. One Indian, who had
become a Christian, ministered to the
sufferers around him, day and night,
until he too caught the contagion of
fatal disease; but to the last continued
to speak of the presence and power of
Jesus.

In scenes and services such as these
the noble sacrifice and disinterestedness
of the missionary were conspicuously
exhibited; and these qualities won upon
the confidence and affection of the In-
dian tribes, through all the north west
territory,—savage as well as civilized
and christianized.

It has often been said, says the Otta-
wa Free Press, "that there is not an In-
dian who would harm George MacDou-
gall—not one in fact who would not die
for him." His power over the aborigi-
nal tribes is instanced by the fact that
he was employed by the Government
to treat with the Crees, the Blackfeet
and other tribes. In the execution of
that Government commission, so suc-
cessful in result, he travelled, for the
purpose of reaching Crees and Stonies,
three months, visited 497 tents, in-
cluding 4000 natives, visiting different
camps. Travelling west by the South
Saskatchewan he was deeply impressed
with the importance of a speedy adjust-
ment of misunderstandings between the
Government and the Indians. Although
they seemed anxious to avoid collision
with the white man, yet they expressed
a firm resolve, unless satisfaction were
given, to oppose the erection of tele-
graph lines and the construction of
roads. The state of the native mind
was such that a rash act on the part
of a white man, or a single depredation
committed by an Indian would have
involved the whole country in an Indian
war.

What such a war means, in a finan-
cial aspect, may be inferred from the
fact stated by an American General
that each Indian killed on the Plains,
in the course of a protracted and unsat-
isfactory conflict, had cost the United
States \$100,000. The value of Mr.
MacDougall's services to the country,
cannot therefore be easily estimated. To
his influence, acknowledged, by all the
Government is largely indebted for the
peaceful condition of the Indian tribes.

We all remember the visit of Rev.
Geo. MacDougall to the city of Halifax,
as he stood upon the platform, at the
first missionary meeting held in this
church, an almost breathless hush pass-
ed over the congregation. We could
scarcely realize that this was the man
around whose work there gathered so
much of thrilling interest—a work
which, in magnitude, was challenging
more than national recognition.

In listening to George MacDougall
the impression was at once received of
his eminent fitness for arduous and re-
sponsible missionary enterprise. Gen-
tle and unostentatious in manner, but
eminently practical and keenly appre-
ciative, with a pure healthy glow of pa-
triotism and nationality, a grand enthu-
siasm and thorough loyalty to Christ,
glorifying only in the cross, by his ap-
peals, the sympathy and interest of the
meeting were roused to the utmost.

The failure of Protestant missions to
other Indian tribes, had rendered some
of us not a little incredulous in regard

to such missions in the North West. It
was refreshing to hear of really prosper-
ous communities, such as that at Ross-
ville, with a membership of 380, with
18 leaders, Sunday schools and day
schools, and all the appliances of church
work. To some of us it was gratifying
to hear of the special adaptation of our
own church agencies—love-feast, class-
meetings, prayer-meetings, and espe-
cially the *hymn book*—to the work of In-
dian evangelisation. To these we were
indebted he believed for the hold we had
in these missions.

Upon that hallowed ground, of soul
saving toil, the noble missionary has
fallen. The banner has fallen from his
stiffened grasp. Moses the servant of
the Lord is dead. What Joshua will
stand forth to fill the vacant place? Eli-
jah has gone up in the chariot of Israel.
Upon what youthful Elisha shall his
mantle descend? Who then shall be
baptized for the dead? Who of our
young men, of the most gifted and cul-
tured, for we would willingly give the
choicest of all, turning away from the
attractions of mercantile occupation,
and professional distinction, impelled
by a sense of duty and constrained by
the love of Christ, will offer themselves
for this service; saying, "here am I
send me?" We should be ashamed of
our Christianity and we might well be
deemed recreant to duty and to sacred
trust, if with a necessity so pressing and
with possibilities so grand, we hesitated
in response to such an appeal or were
found wanting in spirit or in stamina
for such a work.

Yes! we shall have men for the North
West enterprise. Not in vain has the
heroic George MacDougall fallen at his
post. Because of his intrepid spirit
and because of his hallowed memory,
many a heart will throb with an energy
more intense, and many an eye will
brighten with the light of nobler resolve.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

The "Christian at Work" is a very re-
spectable paper, and we doubt not it
generally means to tell the truth, though it
occasionally falls into rather grave mis-
takes. A case of this kind happened to
it last week, which, if it loves the truth, as
we doubt not that it does, it will be glad
to see corrected, and then to make the
correction in its own columns. The ut-
terance referred to is this:

If we had accurate statistics of the pro-
portion of religious failures to the suc-
cesses in any given Church or denomina-
tion, we should not find great cause of
gladness. It is estimated by our Methodist
friends, however, that only about one out
of every seven persons who are admitted on
probation afterward makes a full profession
of his faith. This was the average in sev-
eral large conferences a few years ago. It
is well that there is a back door, out of
which unworthy probationers, who have
been quickly received, may depart as soon
as they are proved to be unfit for full
membership.

Now, we have been personally engaged
with Methodist Church affairs for a good
many years, and we have given special at-
tention to the matter of "probationers,"
and have carefully estimated the propor-
tion between the number of probationers
received, and the number that actually
come into full membership; and the re-
sult shows that about sixty five per cent.,
or perhaps two thirds of the whole, make
good their course.

Probationers are received on the simple
condition of professing to have "a desire
to flee the wrath to come, and to be saved
from sin;" and it often occurs that per-
sons are so received who make no profes-
sion of conversion, but are simply "seek-
ers"—only a comparatively small part of
whom hold out—while others may fancy
themselves to have been renewed, but of
whose religious experience the Church
may have serious doubts; and yet they
are admitted "on trial," because some
good may come of it, and if not, no harm
will befall the church. From a pretty
wide range of observation we have become
satisfied that Methodist conversions are
quite as good as the average of those of
the other evangelical churches, and that
the system of a novitiate called the "pro-
bation" is eminently judicious, and also
agreeable to the practice of the primitive
church in its palmiest days.

We can readily surmise how our con-
temporary became so grossly misled; and
we would suggest to him the propriety of
going to head-quarters for information in
Methodist statistical matters.—N. Y. Ad-
vocate.

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT CHARLES FINNEY.

A great desire was felt by Mr. John
Ashworth and other good men, for a re-
vival of God's work in Rochdale. Mr.
Finney, an American, was on a visit to
this country, whose labours in various
Churches, especially the Methodist So-
cieties, were being graciously blessed, and
consequently in great demand. Mr.
Ashworth and one of his ministers, who
was at that time, (March 20th, 1860) the
guest of Mr. Barlow, of Bolton, desired
to see him, and if possible secure his
services. The following account of their
interview is given by Ashworth:

"Being shown in the library, we had
only to wait a few moments, when he made
his appearance in a printed morning dress.
After mutual introduction all sat down.
"What is your errand gentlemen?"
asked Mr. Finney.

"We come from Rochdale," was the re-
ply, and the friends are anxious to have
you a few nights with them. We have a
very large chapel, and no doubt it will be
crowded to hear you!"

"Is your chapel well ventilated?"

"Yes, very," we reply.
"The Manchester people are urging me
to give them three nights in the Corn
Exchange, before I return to America,
which will be in a few days."

"We understand you are wanted there,"
we observed.

"But I cannot come to you and go to
Manchester?"

"Well, perhaps you will give us the
preference?"

"Indeed! indeed! let us kneel down and
pray about this matter," said Mr. Finney.
"We knelt down, and I do not think
that either of us will ever forget that mo-
ment."

"Mr. Finney began first, and said,—

"Lord, here are two selfish men come
from Rochdale to request me to go to that
town to preach; they say they know I am
requested to go to Manchester. I cannot
go to both, and they want me to give
Rochdale the preference; they care
nothing about Manchester souls, only
about Rochdale souls; but Lord souls are
souls, equal in value everywhere; teach
these two men that souls are souls."

"Then laying his hand on my shoulder,
he said, 'Pray, brother!'"

"What I said, I cannot tell, but I know
it was very short. He then laid his hands
on my companion, saying, 'Pray, bro-
ther!' He also was very brief, and we rose
from our knees with no little confusion."

"After a considerable pause Mr. Finney
rose up, paced quickly about the room,
and abruptly said, 'I feel I have nothing
to do at Rochdale.'"

"Just then [Mrs. Finney came in from
a morning meeting, and looking at her he
observed.— You are looking pale my dear,
have you had all the meeting to yourself?
I fear you have. Do you know since you
went out, the Doctor called and thinks I
ought not, in my state of health, to take
the service in the Manchester Exchange;
that I am exhausted, and may die in the
pulpit. If I do what will you say dear?"
"Mrs. Finney placed both hands upon
his shoulders, looked him right in the face,
and in a solemn, impressive tone replied,
"I should say," rest, warrior, rest, thy
warfare's ended!"

It may or may not be true, as stated,
that several of the churches in this city,
won over by Mr. Sankey and his chorus
at the Hippodrome, have decided to
dismiss or reduce their paid choirs and
go back to congregational singing. If
such is the fact, it will not be the least
important result of the revivalist's
visit to New York. These churches will,
in the first place, find relief from an
item of expense which is kept up, prin-
cipally because custom demands it; and
in the second place, they will come to
realize how far singing, individually and
collectively, may be made a helpful act
of worship. The principle of congre-
gational singing, of course, does not ne-
cessarily exclude a choir, if a church
chooses to keep one. In such cases its
functions are simply changed; where
before it might have been able to draw
the worshipper's attention away from
Watts and Toplady and Heber to Me-
zart and Mendelssohn, it now has only
to act as leader in the hymn-singing.—
New York Paper.