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25

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THE EMPRESS OF INDIA.

(Written for the "Wesleyan.")

Aye, give her Empire! for she sits enthroned
On the firm basis of her people's love;
Our glorious Monarch! with rare virtues crowned,
Victoria, Queen, anointed from above!

The setting sun casts no departing rays,
On her dominions wide strewn shore to shore;
And they will back in her meridian blaze,
Till the firm fiat "time shall be no more."

Now may the glad New Year auspicious dawn,
With great prosperity its days be crowned,
"Neath her mild rule may shambly be gone,
And blessings rich be scattered all around."

"Eastward the star of empire takes its way,"
With pomp and pageantry to Delhi's gate;
Rulers and chieftains, subject to her sway,
Gather in regal Oriental State.

Let the famed jewels bright of India's land,
Flash out their smiling welcome on the scene,
And all the lands skirt by her coral strand,
Hail to their Empress! our own gracious Queen!

And let the trumpet notes sound loud and long,
And deep revebrate o'er hill and dale;
Let Britain bring her offerings of song,
Australia's distant lands take up the tale.

British America sends her greeting,
Bright welcome, for our Sovereign Lady's sake;
"The fiery arrow, with lightning beating,"
Doth all a nation's loyal thunder wake.

See! England's royal standard is unfurled,
The "Star of India" lights the gorgeous scene;
One hundred guns proclaim to all the world,
Victoria, Empress! may "God save the Queen!"

The proclamation spread, the thousands cheer,
The Empress-crown shines radiant on her brow,
And all throughout her Empire, far and near,
In loyal fealty to her sceptre bow.

Another crown awaits Victoria's brow,
When her bright reign is closed in righteousness,
And with the hosts redeemed, she'll cast it low,
Before the exalted Jesus, Prince of Peace!

Jan'y 10th, 1877.

The Queen's Imperial title in India.—Maharaj
Adraja, Shri Sri Rian Victoria, Mahar-i-Hind,
Great King, King of the World, Her Majesty Queen
Victoria Caesar of India.

BRO. DEWART, OF THE "GUARDIAN," IN SORROW.

Very formal and pointless do we feel our exhortations to others to be at times, when no actual well of experience we have from which to draw. In times of sympathy with the bereaved, what can editors and ministers say who have not themselves felt the anguish of separation? How shall they lead who have never penetrated the wilderness? God honours some men by preservation from deep affliction; but He honours others still more by giving them volumes of painful but salutary instruction which they may read to others. Our beloved brother, editor of the Toronto *Guardian*, has been passing through a dispensation the more distressing because it was so sudden. The tender words in which the event of his dear boy's death are recorded, show how exquisitely keen must have been the parental sympathy. To the bereaved father and mother we accord our sincerest condolences. We remember the child as he played in the happy companionships of home. It was well with him then,—better, if we can but believe, with him now.

Here is an extract from the article referred to:

Little Albert was with us at church on Sunday morning, and went with Harry and Eddie to Sunday School in the afternoon, where they gave in their collecting cards and missionary money; and came home much pleased at their success. He had taken a cold, and coughed during Monday night; but there was no symptom of illness, much less of danger, when he arose and was dressed and went down to breakfast as usual. While he was dressing, we heard the dear little fellow singing sweetly,

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love overshadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

A circumstance that gave a wonderful depth and intensity of meaning to these words, when they were given out by Bro. Fotts, and sung by tremulous voices at the funeral. On Tuesday, after dinner, his mother had just fixed him with loving hands on the sofa for a little sleep, and was sitting beside him. He

had just spoken to her, when her attention was arrested by a choking sound, and, turning to him, saw his face twitching convulsively, as if in a fit. Kind neighbors came in. A doctor was summoned. Every remedial means that could be thought of were adopted. But all in vain, in a little over an hour the struggle was over; and the spirit of our darling had passed away from earth. The crushing bolt of death fell upon us out of a cloudless sky.

LITERARY.—Of Mr. Pope's sermons, the first volume of which we have received, we have been expecting an extended review from one well capable of doing it justice. This having failed through unforeseen causes, we cannot do better than give a notice from last week's *Presbyterian Witness* of Halifax:—

DRAUGHTS FROM THE LIVING FOUNTAIN: being Expositions of Bible Truth for every Sabbath of the year. By Rev. Henry Pope, Jr., Minister of the Methodist Church of Canada. With an Introduction by Rev. James R. Narraway, A. M. Vol. I. St. John, N. B., J. & A. McMillan, 1877.

We very cordially welcome this Volume of Sermons by a leading Methodist minister who has been for a year or two laid aside from active pulpit work by illness, but whose heart and brain have evidently been busy in the Master's service. The Volume before us contains twenty-five discourses. Mr. Pope writes with great fluency. He has an easy command of a fine round rhetorical style. He is never tame or flat: he is ever fresh, racy, impressive and suggestive. We hope that these volumes will meet with a cordial welcome especially among Methodists, to whom naturally the author looks as his constituency. A few, and only a few, of the Sermons bear traces of the distinctive Wesleyan theology, which however is in no case dragged to the front in a polemic spirit. The great truths of the Gospel, repentance, faith, new obedience, the work of Christ for men and the duty of men towards Christ,—are faithfully and eloquently presented to the reader.—Mr. Narraway's Introduction is exceedingly appreciative and cordial.

In one of his discourses Mr. Pope touches on our political relations in a loyal and becoming spirit. He expresses a decided preference for the British form of Government. "The spirit and traditions of our national ancestry have been infused into the heart of our people—enkindling and feeding the fires of an intelligent loyalty, and I do feel it to be a fit subject of gratulation to day that the sentiment of our youthful Dominion respecting the maintenance of our connection with the Mother Country is so hearty and, save in a fractional degree, so harmonious. There may be differences of opinion as to the best methods of perpetuating this connection, but I am confident that there are but very few to be found among us who would not deprecate our removal from beneath the protection of that great power which the Ruler of the Nations has advanced to the foremost rank among the empires of the world, and few who do not loyally pray that the glorious British ensign may long continue to wave over the public buildings and harbors and homes of our country."

This has the ring of real patriotism, and while such teaching is heard in our pulpits there need be no fear of disloyalty in the pews.—We could adorn our columns with many readable extracts from Mr. Pope's sermons; but we have said enough, we trust to express our high appreciation of them, and our earnest hope that he may find a large audience whom to address from his sick room. The publishers have done their part very well,—paper, type, and binding being highly creditable to Messrs. McMillan. It requires no little courage to publish one volume of sermons, but to publish two is simply heroic.—St. John has already given at least one successful volume of sermons to the world.—We refer to Mr. Bennett's *WISDOM OF THE KING*. Of course it was widely different from the "Draughts from the Living Fountain." It appealed rather to thinkers and scholars than the miscellaneous public. Still, it was successful; and we hope that Mr. Pope's volumes, which are distinctively popular, will prove equally so.—We are not aware that any volume of sermons have been published in Halifax these twenty-five years—except a small volume by the venerable Judge Marshall.

THE PRESIDENCY.—A good solution of the electoral difficulty has been reached, it is to be hoped, by the United States. A competent representative body is to count the votes, and decide whether any shall be rejected. A law to authorize this measure is before Congress, and will doubtless pass. There is opposition to it by extreme men on both sides; but all moderate parties agree in recommending its adoption. Better this than civil war, though adventurers may not think so.

A FRIEND writes this week:—

"I asked Mrs. — how she liked the *WESLEYAN*. She replied, 'I want you to write the editor for me, and say I would not be without it for double what it costs.' Put that against the statement of some who say 'It costs too much.'"

That suggestion of cheapness comes to us so frequently that we have long ago decided the question in the affirmative. The majority have it. The *WESLEYAN* is cheap at \$2.

THE AUTHOR OF "HOLD THE FORT."

Mr. P. P. Bliss, who perished in the Ashabula bridge accident on the 29th ult., was a native of Pennsylvania, and was about forty years old. He was an only son, and was raised by pious parents. His mother is still living. In 1864 he went to Chicago and found employment in the music-house of Root & Cady, becoming a student of Professor George F. Root, the distinguished composer and author of "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "Come Home, Father," "Just After the Battle," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," etc. His musical education, under the efficient training of such a master, was thorough, and the numerous compositions of Mr. Bliss, such as "Hold the Fort," "I Am So Glad that Jesus Loves Me," "What shall the Harvest Be?" "When Jesus Comes," etc., all attest the affection as well as the culture and genius of the author.

Rev. Alexander Clark says: "Mr. Bliss's hymns are already world-wide in their reputation. These are sung all over Great Britain; they have been caught and chanted into the artistic music-boxes of Geneva; they have been translated into all the languages of Christendom; they are the whole world's heritage, and future generations shall arise to pronounce blessings upon the humble, devoted, unselfish, Christian, manly man, who emerged from the pine forest of Pennsylvania, to be a leader in sacred song and an evangelist of glad tidings in the great centers of population."

Mr. Bliss had been associated with Major Whittle in conducting evangelistic meetings, and at the time of his accident was on his way to take charge, with him, of the Chicago meeting at the close of the labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. At a memorial meeting, held in the Chicago Tabernacle on the 31st ult., Mr. Moody said: "I heard, late yesterday afternoon, that our dear brother Bliss and his whole family had perished. I thought at first that it couldn't be true, but a friend who was on the train telegraphed that there was no hope. For three months I have stood here between the living and the dead, and it seems to me now that I am standing in the place of the dead. Brothers Whittle and Bliss were to have taken our places. We were looking over his hymns this morning to find some that were appropriate to sing to-day, but his hymns are all so cheerful. That is one reason why he was so very dear to us. He was never cast down. His face was always bright, and his heart full of Christian love. Once when he was with me I spoke of a shipwreck near the harbor of Cleveland, not far from the scene of the terrible disaster where he himself met his end. I remember right after I told the story he sang his sweet hymn, commencing, 'Brightly beams our Father's mercy.' So, we may trust that one of these bright beams of God's sustained mercy was with him in the last minutes of his life. This man, so young, so promising, was the author of hymns that are sung around the world. The other day we received some copies of his hymns that had been translated into the Chinese language. We need not mourn for them. That father and mother, with their two little boys, are in glory this morning. We shall miss him so; but let us submit and bow to the will of God."

Rev. E. H. Goodwin, Dr. D. D., of the First Congregation Church, Chicago, of which Mr. Bliss was a member, and whose Sabbath-school he superintended, said upon the same occasion: "I seem-

ed to be part of his household, and have been for years. One of his little ones bore my name. This dear brother had so long stood by me in Gospel service. I had knelt with him so many times in prayer, I had known so much of his heart in respect to the work with God had called him to do, and it had been to me such an increasing delight to see how God had been using him in putting the Gospel in song, that it seemed to me impossible that God had called him; and it was hours last night before, though tears and prayer, I could seem to see any light. But it did come at last; whether in walking or dreaming, I can hardly say; but I seemed to have a vision of a great praise service, with my brother leading the song. He was to have led the praise service this afternoon in our Sabbath-school, with which he had been so long identified as superintendent, where his voice had been such a welcome one, and where he had been so abundantly blessed of God in bringing dear children to Christ. And perhaps out of the fifty of the Sabbath-school, or more, whose names will be read to-day and who are coming into the fellowship of the Church, hardly one of them but could bear witness personally to the beauty of life and character of the dear brother. Only a little time ago a friend from South Africa had written how he stopped for a night's rest in the Zulu country, when brother Bliss's song, "Hold the Fort," burst upon his ears from a company of natives. Just so through the years his influence for God would spread and increase. One of the most beautiful hymns of the deceased was:

"I know not the hour when the Lord will come
To take me away to his own dear home;
But I know that his presence will lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for me."

Mr. Bliss is represented to have been one of the finest-looking men, physically, that ever stood upon the platform among the Moody and Sankey workers. Tall, stout, well-proportioned, with dark, curly hair and black eyes, a picture of health and strength, with a promise of a full half century of active services for the Master.—*West Advocate*.

Mr. Moody, referring to the death of P. P. Bliss, said:

My heart goes out for his mother. He was an only son, and his mother is a widow. Let us put up a prayer for this mother. And there was dear Mrs. Bliss, who was not one inch behind her husband. She taught him how to pray, and encouraged him with his music. I have often heard him say, "All I am I owe to that dear wife." Now, about the charge of his singing for money. The royalty on this book has amounted to about \$60,000, which has been devoted to charitable purposes. I once told Mr. Bliss to take \$5,000 for himself, telling him I thought he needed it; but he would not take one farthing. Chicago never had a truer man. He will be appreciated a hundred years hence. Like Charles Wesley and Dr. Watts, he was raised up to sing in the Church of God. God be praised for such a woman! God be praised for such a man!

THE METHODIST MISSIONARY DELEGATE IN ST. JOHN PULPITS.

(From the St. John "News.")
Having obtained the consent of Rev. Dr. Reed, of New York, Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, to attend the annual mission services in this vicinity, he was also prevailed upon to preach in the Methodist Churches, yesterday, both morning and evening, as he had previously reached St. John.

"YE ARE THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."
There was an unusually large congregation in Exmouth Street Church at the forenoon service, where Dr. Reed occupied the pulpit. Rev. Mr. Hart participated in the opening exercises, prayer being offered by Dr. Reed, who also read a portion of Scripture. The subject of Dr. Reed's discourse was based on Matthew v. 14th v.: "Ye are the light of the world, a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." He commenced by stating that the world in which we live is dark, as not more than one half of the people at this time even hear the Gospel, and of that portion called Christian but a limited number can properly claim the title. If

so society here furnishes one of the best samples of humanity, what, he asked, would be said of some of the portions of it? On all sides might be seen, selfishness, pride, forgetfulness of God, and other things equally sinful; and if this is the case, what of the desert? It was true, as said of old, that the whole world lay in the wicked one, but that was not the thought of the text. The Saviour did not mean to call attention to the darkness so much as to the means of illumination. There he sat on the mountain and uttered the words of the text, and they had come down through ages and reached us, we hearing them as from him—"Ye are the light of the world." Those before him who entered into and aided Christ's mission—to save a perishing world—were the light of the world, and if they accomplished this through their labors and exertions, their light would be the greater. Light was emblematic of knowledge, ignorance of darkness. Wherever the gospel goes there can be found instrumentalities of advancement. Many of our most celebrated authors had embraced the Christian faith. Wherever religious institutions were planted, schools, colleges and the press followed in rapid succession; but where it was absent then they would be wanting.

Light was also emblematic of happiness and that this view was correct, as well as that light was an emblem of moral influence, was aptly shown by the rev. gentleman, who then explained that the position assigned to us by Christ was the only one that we could appropriately sustain. Taking up the heading, that a light in the world was the only position a Christian could properly sustain—he remarked that the words "a candle should not be put under a bushel but in a candle-stick" were appropriate. He then spoke of the class known as inconsistent Christians and said that he would rather have a fanatic than one of this class. He would rather have the finger of scorn pointed at him than to be a member of a church and not exert his influence to shed light on the world. Go to the church and see what was thought of the inconsistent man. It was found that the church was embarrassed and would only too gladly be rid of such a burden, for then, having nothing to carry but themselves, victory should be easy. He then referred them to the Bible for its utterances about such cases. It spoke of a Christian of this kind as a dry and sapless branch, as a useless plant, able to serve no purpose.

What is a Christian? He was a man of superior excellence; one filled with all good; one in daily communication with God. Could such a one mingle with us with out his influence being felt? Can a man be a Christian and not resemble the family of Christ? He doubted if such could be. The preacher went on to show that the character of a light was the only one Christians could innocently sustain. God had given this position to them, and they must sustain it or they would be recreant to their duty. He asked why God put love in the hearts of men if it was not for a purpose? He told his hearers that they must not think that the world would not get on without them, and that it was not on his account that they were allowed to remain on earth but for themselves. There was some reason why man has been made the agent of conveying to man the light of truth. Dr. Reed then made allusion to the sin of one neighbor against another, and he warned them to see that, neither by sins of omission or commission they did wrong to a neighbor. Who their neighbor was he defined. Several illustrations were here introduced of the manner in which a neighbor might be harmed. A man may be digging a drain and by neglecting to place a light a stranger might fall into the trench and be killed; he might next stand at the coffin of that man and see his sorrowing wife and children and think of what great harm he had done. But the loss of property or life was nothing to the loss of the soul. What a loss! Who can reckon it? Tell me, said the preacher, of the value of the blood of Christ, and I will tell you what is lost in the value of the soul. A man, who, by his carelessness has caused death is not near so bad as one who, from want of proper action, allows a soul to be lost—the murderer of the body is praiseworthy in comparison with