

# The Wesleyan,

Rev. A. W. NICOLSON,  
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## HINTS ON GENERAL READING.

### LETTERS TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

#### NO. I. POSSIBILITIES.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—Whatever may be thought of the method you have adopted for eliciting advice, there can be but one opinion as to the great importance of the subject you have suggested. Years of observation have convinced me that our ministers—indeed all ministers—as a class, do not read on general subjects as diligently as they ought. It may be considered wise for professional men to confine their reading chiefly to subjects which must directly engage their attention in public life; but, while questions upon which we are always supposed to be instructed claim the principal place in our reading, there is a general as well as a professional intelligence which is necessary to public men. What would be thought of a young man left heir to a fine mansion of several floors and many rooms, and with years and means with which to furnish them all, who would confine his care to the parlour alone, while all besides should be left dark and desolate? This parlour would be his perpetual reception-room. His friends would soon quote against him his contracted notions and niggardly habits. God has given you an intellect with a variety of faculties, each of which will gain strength and brilliancy by constant reading, and neither of which should be neglected.

And here I may be thought too unguarded in expression. Circuit work seldom, it may be said, admits of either devoting much time to reading, or particularly of adhering to any fixed literary plan. Let me guard you against this fallacy at the outset. It is admitted that the ministry is a sacred work; that its claims are numerous and sometimes distracting. You have, however, observed to but little purpose, if your own acquaintance and our denominational traditions have not convinced you that several Methodist ministers, in different periods, have, amid the most faithful, systematic circuit toil, earned for themselves a good reputation among refined scholars and men of letters. This is always the reward of patient, plodding industry, in the pursuit of knowledge. It comes by no other means. I can conceive of no greater hindrance to your usefulness among the intelligent classes than that you should yield to this paralyzing fallacy, that circuit work dooms a man to ignorance.

Let me advise you to look over the early history of our church with a view to understanding the force of my present reasoning. Methodism from the commencement, though making use of the roughest material, when it suited God's good purposes, always cherished exalted opinions upon the advantages of education and general reading. John Wesley was particularly emphatic upon this point when receiving young preachers. "Let him read much," he would say. "Cultivate a love of reading." And when it was objected that a young man could not be brought to this, Wesley would reply—"If he cannot, will not read, let him go home." His own example was something wonderful in this way. He taught how, with immense cares weighing upon a man; while travelling from three to six thousand miles a year, chiefly on horseback; while writing more than many persons could find time to commit to paper, even in leisure and retirement; a proper use of his time may enable any one to read many books, so that others besides the reader may reap great profit from the exercise. Among the shrewdest, sharpest things in Wesley's Journal, are his comments on books.

In offering suggestions on reading, I would not have you think it a part of my advice, that you must necessarily buy large numbers of books. While a good library is an essential part of every minister's furniture, the term library ought to be understood in a restricted sense. Few Methodist preachers have either the means to procure, or the time and money necessary for the frequent packing and transporting of heavy libraries. Every book purchased ought to be subjected to this standard:—that, both as regards matter and binding, the book shall last with care for fifty years.

I have seen multitudes of books in private libraries which, fifty years hence, should they exist so long, will be sold by the hundred-weight as old paper. Ephemeral literature can usually be obtained for a reading through the kindness of parishioners; for that matter, many a rare author may be borrowed during a preacher's rounds, to be brought safely back when well perused. Never buy a book of inferior binding, except to be given away when read. Ragged books, like broken China, are an abiding eyesore. A good method is, to buy sets of books, bound strongly and with some uniformity. They become thus both ornamental and useful,—a spring of refreshing toward which your family and yourself may turn with joy on many a weary, thirsty day.

In many central localities may be found public libraries of great value. Each provincial legislature has many hundreds of standard works kept constantly replenished from latest publications. Only a friendly introduction is required to secure for a resident reader access to these splendid collections. Many private libraries there are, too, among city and country people containing choice books; and it is our grateful experience that, showing a proper appreciation of the privilege, a minister is usually welcome to the boon of borrowing his favourite authors. When all these sources fail, brother ministers, having suitable reading, will seldom shut up their bowels of compassion against an appeal for literary help.

Next week we will more specifically consider your object.

### SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S CAREER.

Sir Garnet Joseph Wolseley who is Governor of Cyprus, was born in County Dublin, Ireland in 1843. He entered the army in 1862, and served in Burmah, in the Crimea, in India during the Sepoy mutiny of 1857-'58, and in China in 1860. He was subsequently stationed for several years in Canada, and in 1870 was knighted. In 1874, as chief commander, he entered the Ashantee war, entering Koomasie, February 4, and receiving the submission of King Koffee. On his return to England, he declined a title, but received the brevet of Lieutenant-General, a parliamentary grant of \$125,000, and the freedom of the city of London, with a valuable sword. Subsequently he was, for sometime Governor of Natal. The vicissitudes of a varied career, a recent sketch says, have given Sir Garnet occasion for the display of qualities outside and beyond his own profession. He has proved himself equally efficient in council and in camp; he has administered, as a modern consul, large territories beyond the seas, and at the present moment at the India Office they value highly his shrewd intellect and his natural capacity for affairs. But he is above all things a soldier; high military command is his chief aspiration, military renown his dearest dream. And it cannot be denied that he has already displayed many of the gifts of a born leader of men. The expedition to the Red Sea may have been a bloodless campaign, but it was surrounded with innumerable difficulties. His small force was in a measure amphibious, having to move both by sea and land. It was not easy to keep supplied, so great was the length of its communications; yet from first to last there was no hitch; and the whole affair brought out into strong relief Sir Garnet's powers of organization and administrative skill. It was the same, but intensified a thousandfold in the Ashantee campaign. Here success was, only to be compassed by the completeness of the preparations for the decisive march; and in all these from the moment of his first appointment to the chief command to the capture of Koomasie, Sir Garnet was the heart and soul of the enterprise, its moving spirit and strong backbone.

He never quailed or lost his head even when met by repeated disappointment; when most harassed by a depressing and indeed lethal climate his pluck never deserted him. Sir Garnet Wolseley is strongly in favor of the employment of Indian troops in European warfare. He is full in accord with the Beaconsfield Administration, and is an occasional contributor to periodical literature.

### THE LAST HOURS OF THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

A correspondent of the London "Standard" at Madrid, writing on the 24th of June, thus describes the scenes in the royal palace during the last hours of the unfortunate young Queen:—

"About half-past two, a. m., a terrible return of the symptoms occurred. The Queen was again seized with hemorrhage, and the doctors declared that there was imminent danger for her life. The Prime Minister was sent for directly, and at half-past three he arrived at the palace after sending special messengers to his colleagues, who all followed him in quick succession. The Cardinal Patriarch of the Indies was ordered to come, and he appeared before four o'clock, with all the priests of the Chapel Royal in attendance. Cardinal Moreno, Primate of Spain and confessor to the Queen, also arrived, and all the members of the royal household were collected in a very short time.

"After four the weakness of the royal sufferer and the alarming symptoms increased so swiftly that the medical men informed Senor Canovas del Castillo that their worst apprehensions might soon become a deplorable reality. Every member of the royal family was in the first ante-chamber. I hear on good authority that the Premier himself and the cardinals did all in their power to keep up the courage of the Infantas and the Montpensiers. Around the Queen were her mother and father, King Alfonso, the Princess of Asturias, and the medical advisers of the household. It was a sad and solemn scene in the splendid palace of the Bourbon kings, as the morning of the 24th of June broke upon the afflicted royal family. Down below, the great city was reposing peacefully, ignorant of the horrible suspense in the royal chamber.

When the sun was rising and casting its loveliest rays on the beautiful scenery which is seen from the palace windows across dreary plain and bold mountains in the distance, the Queen of Spain was receiving the sacraments of her Church. In the dimly-lighted galleries the Cardinal Primate passed amidst kneeling courtiers, ministers, and heavy-aflicted relatives to carry extreme unction to her. The Nuncio, who had also been informed, gave the poor sufferer the last blessing of her faith in the name of Leo XIII. She received the solemn rights of her religion with composure and Christian resignation, glancing several times at her nearest and dearest relatives around. As soon as this melancholy and impressive service was over the ministers all retired to the lower part of the palace, and have there remained assembled. At eight this morning Her Majesty was quiet, and still possessing all her faculties. The pulse was falling fast, and her weakness increasing.

"We heard this morning at the palace that Queen Mercedes had asked the Duchess of Montpensier about nine o'clock whether she had really taken any repose. The Duchess made a great effort to reply in the affirmative as she had not left her daughter since yesterday. King Alfonso has also left the side of Queen Mercedes, and both His Majesty and the old Duke endeavor to conceal from her the deep and sincere grief that afflicts them."

### PARADOXES.

Is there anything more curious or strange in fiction than the simple fact expressed by Thucydides, that ignorance is bold and knowledge reserved? or that by Thomas Fuller, that learning has gained most by those books by which the printers have lost? What is more remarkable than that labor should be so scarce in China, that vast tracts of land lie waste and uncultivated?

That the best building in Iceland should be the jail at Reikiavik, the capital, and that it should never have contained a prisoner? It is hard to believe that Molière, the famous French humorist, and writers of comedies, bore himself with habitual sadness and melancholy. That Cowley, who boasts with so much gaiety of the versatility of his passion among so many sweethearts, should have wanted the confidence even to address one. That Young, the author of the sombre "Night Thoughts," was known as the gayest of the circle of acquaintance. That the pious Cowper should have attempted suicide. That Thomson, the poet of the "Seasons," should have composed so much classic and vigorous verse in bed.

### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A small fish occurring in Brazil, known technically as *Callichthys asper*, presents a remarkable deviation from the ordinary mode of respiration in fishes, by which it can live for a considerable length of time out of water. According to the observations of Jobert, this fish, while provided with gills, as is usual in fishes, takes in air by coming to the surface, the oxygen of which is absorbed by the walls of the alimentary canal, the carbonic acid secreted in the usual manner, which is discharged through the anus with the remaining nitrogen. This supplementary mode of respiration corresponds quite closely to the lung-breathing of the land vertebrates, although it is effected by the alimentary canal instead of the lungs.

A new method of preserving animal food for an indefinite period of time has lately been brought to notice. This consists in the enveloping of the substances to be preserved in gelatine, which protects them from the atmosphere and prevents the initiation of decomposition. Eekardt, of Germany, has applied this method to the preservation of fish, and Dr. Campbell Morfit has patented a process on the same principle in England and America.

Dr. Morfit's preparations of more than a year old have lately been tested with milk, beef, cheese, cream, cabbage, tomatoes, pork, sausage, etc., and have been pronounced to be perfectly savory and wholesome. The primary principle of Dr. Morfit's process consists in getting rid of nearly the whole of the natural water contained in the substances to be preserved and replacing it by gelatine. The compound is then dried, and in that state can be kept for any length of time. One pound of gelatine will preserve fifteen pounds of meat, fowl, or fish, or eight gallons of milk.

THE PHONOMETR.—It is certainly an age of scientific wonders. We have recently had the Telephone, the Phonograph, the Microphone and the Magophone; and now we have the Phonometer. Mr. Edison found when experimenting with the telephone and phonograph, that "the vibrations of the voice were capable of producing considerable dynamic effect." He commenced experimenting on this instrument, which is "for measuring the mechanical force of sound waves produced by the human voice," and constructed a machine for this purpose. It is thus described by the *Scientific American*:

"The machine has a diaphragm and mouth piece similar to a phonograph. A spring which is secured to the bed rests on a piece of rudder tubing placed against the diaphragm. This spring carries a pawl that acts on a ratchet or roughened wheel on the fly wheel shaft. A sound made in the mouth piece creates vibrations in the diaphragm which are sufficient to propel the fly wheel with considerable velocity. It requires a surprising amount of pressure on the fly wheel shaft to stop the machine while a continuous sound is made in the mouth piece.

"Mr. Edison says he will have no difficulty in making the machine bore a hole through a board; but we consider such an application of the machine of very little utility, as we are familiar with voices that can accomplish that feat without the mechanical appliance."

The steamer "Seine" has picked up the lost Atlantic cable of 1866, which she was sent out to look for. Who would have ventured to predict fifteen years ago that after twelve years men could go out to hunt for and infallibly recover a rope no thicker than one's thumb from the depths of the mid Atlantic?

### TWO SIDES OF A QUESTION.

I was watching the postman this morning—  
Watching and waiting to see  
If out of his well-filled budget  
He was bringing one letter to me,  
Until as I lingered and wondered,  
And doubted and hoped, why, it came—  
My letter—and bore in one corner  
A mystic device and a name.

A name so far-famed that—no matter,  
You'll guess it directly, I know;  
And a symbol—a hand just extending  
A torch to a hand just below.  
"That device," so I said, as I viewed it,  
"Is full of bright meanings for me;  
"I illumine the hopes half extinguished,"  
Yes, thus says the torch, "I can see."

Meanwhile, in a flutter of pleasure,  
I opened the missive; and, lo!  
Instead of kind words of acceptance,  
The editor coolly said no.  
Not even a reason to soften  
The force of the terrible blow;  
But "regrets," and "obliged to decline it."  
And "thanks" and "yours truly," you know.

Now when I refolded my letter,  
And studied that symbol once more,  
How far its significance varied  
From the meaning I fancied before!  
That torch was the saddest of omens;  
It seemed to say plainly: "You dance,  
Ignore all the trash you have written,  
And make a good bonfire at once."

THE MENNONITES.—Not many persons seem to know in what the Mennonites differ from other sects. Most of those who have their homes on the other side of the Mississippi, like those now coming, are Russians, and by their intelligence, sobriety, thrift, and industry make excellent citizens. They are a sort of Quaker-Baptist, agreeing in many things with the baptist denomination, though they believe usually in sprinkling instead of immersion. They are wholly opposed, along with the Society of Friends, to taking oaths, holding office, capital punishment, and employing force, all of which they regard as inconsistent with the spirit and teachings of Christianity. The believe that the New Testament is the sole rule of faith; that the terms person and Trinity should not be applied to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; that infants should not be baptized, and that there is no original sin. Their first organization was by Menno Simonis, in Holland in the sixteenth century. They have been much persecuted in the past, persecution materially reducing their numbers. Toward the end of the eighteenth century several thousand German Mennonites took refuge in southern Russia, and it is their descendants who are making their homes in the West. The Emperor Paul granted them freedom forever from military service, and their number has since largely increased, from continuous immigration. It is estimated that there are now over 200,000 in the United States, and they are steadily multiplying. They are much esteemed wherever they settle, despite certain peculiarities, including a love of exclusiveness.

### LITERARY.

Our *South American Cousins*, published by J. J. Little & Co., New York, is a book of 300 pages, by the celebrated Dr. William Taylor. We have rarely read a work so entertaining on travel, certainly none upon the same theme, South America. Dr. Taylor keeps his eyes about him, and is a wit, a philosopher and a Christian.

The *Technological Institute*, Halifax, has issued its first annual announcement. This institute, so much needed, and now so well patronized, can only be understood by a perusal of this very comprehensive manual.

A *Guide to the city of Halifax* has been issued by C. C. Morton, Bookseller.

The Mount Allison Ladies Academy has issued its *Circular and Catalogue for 1878*. Dr. Kennedy, Principal, is to be aided, we are happy to see, by an excellent staff. Copies of the Circular, with other information, will be supplied on application to Dr. Kennedy.

The *Calender and Catalogue of the Mt. Allison Wesleyan College* has also reached us. The usual strong representation is offered in connection with the Arts Faculty. We wish these Institutions prosper.