

THE WESLEYAN

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1881.

THANKSGIVING.

It is scarcely necessary to repeat that Thursday next, by public appointment, is set apart for a day of General Thanksgiving. Our younger friends will certainly not allow the day to be forgotten; and calculations based upon its arrival may make the intervening week seem to some less susceptible hearts longer than the usual seven days.

As a festival, Thanksgiving Day can never be to us what it is to American neighbors. Even to them it has lost much of its interest through the departure of the pioneer homes, in which the blazing fire, the spacious hearth, and the chafarons brick oven were symbols of the simple, homely, natural life of those days, so powerful in shaping the character and moulding the institutions of the country. To our neighbors belong at least traditions of these. We have similar traditions, but they have no reference to this now annual festival.

Perhaps in this there is small cause for regret. The day for this reason may all the better answer its intended purpose. Recognition of any period in its more festive character almost necessarily implies forgetfulness to some extent of the sacred purpose dictating its observance. Less real spiritual benefit, there is reason to fear, is reaped from the Sabbath in our day, when the mother or the servant is too often detained at home to provide the hot Sunday dinner, than in the days of our fathers when the Saturday might have been called what the newly Christianized natives of the New Hebrides now term it—"the cooling-day." And the absence of associations of earlier days may leave us more at liberty to think upon the many causes for thanksgiving which must at once present themselves to the man or woman who gives a quiet moment to the consideration of the topic.

We do not stay to state these. Each should do this for himself. Not that the only reasons for thankfulness lie in those things which confer immediate benefits upon individuals. Far from it. Personal benefits will make a long, long list, only shorter than our shortcomings; but the glance of the patriot will bring new mercies under review, and the meditation of the Christian will call forth the utterance to which uplifted hands will give but partial emphasis, "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" That thanksgiving which only takes cognizance of personal mercies will partake of the spirit of the Pharisee, who only thanked God for things which others did not share; most joyous will be the gratitude of him who rejoices in the work of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost in bringing, and permitting him to be a humble co-worker in bringing, order out of chaos, light out of darkness, life out of death.

That man is to be pitied who has to get up thankfulness to order specially for Thanksgiving Day. Such thankfulness is lacking in essential elements. The simple difference between any ordinary day and the day prescribed by law for thanksgiving should be that, under the favorable influence of the latter, the too often weak and intermittent current of ordinary gratitude should flow like the strong and rapid stream. Even he, however, who on Thursday next may offer his morning thanksgiving in defective devotion, may be a gainer from the day if he will but pencil down a list of the good things flowing from the Father's love and the Saviour's death, and the Spirit's work; never forgetting, of course, that Love Divine grants blessings temporal and spiritual under the one heading of the "all things" which come through the cross of Christ.

"Oh, the blessednesses of the man who walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly!" bursts forth the Psalmist, in the first of the songs of David, the son of Jesse, as if the state were beyond description. Equally difficult of description is the position of that man whose vision has ceased to be forever filled with his lacks and needs, and who ever sees only mercies in the past and only heaven ahead. Such a happiness may be in part a gift of nature; in its fullness it is a triumph of grace. He who is the subject of it will understand what an early Yorkshire settler in Nova Scotia used to remark again and again, in spite of all the discouraging circumstances of that day: "Next to the love of God, the greatest blessing is a thankful heart."

Efficient governments may give us of God's warrant for thanksgiving; the power from above alone can enable us to fully appreciate our blessings.

THE MANAGEMENT OF MISSIONS.

Would-be wits have sometimes amused themselves and others at the expense of the managers of Christian missions. The remark of the man who gave one dollar to send out another dollar has often been quoted as an illustration of the expenditure of mission funds. It is to be regretted that the keen shaft of ridicule should so often and unjustly have been levelled at the many branches of the most benevolent work that earth or heaven knows. Cost in the management of missions there must be; it cannot possibly be avoided. Arrangements for a department whose working extends throughout the entire field at home, addresses at important centres of operation, the collection of moneys which people wait to be asked to give, the sending out and maintaining for years of numbers of men at distant posts, the large amount of correspondence, and the regular preparation of statements of receipts and disbursements, which cannot be attended to in the spare hours of any minister or layman must involve expense even under the most careful management—an expense often heavily increased by the payment of interest upon loans rendered necessary by the delay on the part of those who have not yet learned that "he gives twice who gives quickly."

A clearer acquaintance with the working of our Missionary Societies would, we are certain, win for their managers more sympathy and prompt assistance. Those who know their working best have ever been the most ready to defend them. When the leaders of the Wesleyan Reform movement in 1840—1852 raised the cry of "Stop the supplies," and charged the Secretaries with waste, eminent laymen like Thomas Farmer, and James Heald were the first to raise their voices in denial of the justice of the charges set forth. The management of our missions is not only worthy of the best men, but it demands their undivided energies. John Beecham, for years one of the Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, is said to have once been in conversation with a missionary just from a distant field, when his evident and precise knowledge of the mission led the minister to say, "Why, have you ever been there?" Such knowledge, even in our day, is not gained without study, and such precise knowledge is always an advantage. How heavy and how exhausting is the work of missionary management is well known to those who have read the memoir of Dr. T. M. Eddy, or have become familiar with the later days of Dr. Punshon, whose death was undoubtedly hastened by the depressing outlook for the Society in the early months of 1881.

That our own Missionary Society—that of the Methodist Church of Canada—is managed in the most economical manner will be seen from a glance at a comparative table published in the *Missionary Review*. The editor of the *Review* is a returned Presbyterian missionary who labored many years in India, and is thoroughly posted on missionary topics:

Table with columns: CHURCHES, Maximum Salaries, Cost of Admin. (of Miss. or of other's work), Whole Cost, and Cost per cent. Rows include Presbyterians, U.S. Pres., Re. Ch., Dutch Pres., Congregational, A. B. C. M., Am. Miss. Soc., Am. Baptist, Miss. Union, Baptist South, Free Baptist, Nev. Day, P. O. Ep., M. E. Church, U. Bre. Christ, and OF CANADA.

On the receipt of Two Dollars the WESLEYAN will be sent to any new subscriber until the end of 1882. Will our Agents please publish this offer. Our paper ought to go into every Methodist home in the Maritime Provinces.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A young Scotchman, who recently arrived in Newfoundland to take charge of the mission at Random South, commenced his ministry on the first Sunday in October in a fisherman's coat and boots, borrowed for the occasion. On the previous Friday evening, on the passage from St. John's, the craft in which he sailed struck a rock, only giving him time to spring to the deck and into a small boat, value in hand, but leaving behind hat, coat and boots, with his whole supply of winter clothing, and the three trunks of books comprising his library. In a manly note to the President of the Newfoundland Conference, asking for books needed at once in view of Conference examinations, he says, "I do not know how I am to pay for them. I set out for this place with all I thought I should require; now I possess scarcely anything." President Ladner presents the case in another column, asking ministers and friends who may have any spare books in their libraries to aid in making up Mr. Lumsden's loss. Any volumes sent him or ordered to be sent him from our Book Room, will be carefully forwarded by Rev. S. F. Huestia. A young man who could reach the shore on Sunday morning in such plight, and greet his future parishioners with the challenge, "Lend me a coat and boots, and I'll preach to you," is well deserving of help.

The President of the Newfoundland Conference, Rev. Chas. Ladner, of Brigus, and H. J. B. Woods, Esq., of St. John's, arrived per *Nova Scotian*, on Sunday morning, on their way to the approaching meeting of the Missionary Board at Toronto. Mr. Ladner took advantage of a few spare days to visit his aged father and other friends at Charlottetown, while Mr. Woods proceeded to Massachusetts to see his brother, Rev. F. Woods. These gentlemen confirm previous reports respecting the failure of the Labrador fishery. Mr. Ladner states that the falling off as compared with last year's quantity will be not less than 300,000 quintals. On some parts of the Southern coast, too, the shooe fishery has proved a failure. Correspondence between Burin and St. John's has already taken place respecting the need of Government aid to prevent suffering in the former district. Our ministers in the Island are working with energy and success,—a census taken this year, as in other parts of the British Empire, would have shown—but appalling financial difficulty stares them in the face. They have thus far stood the test manfully; but there may come a point at which even brave men may feel themselves bound to halt. We hope most ardently that an increase in Missionary contributions will prevent the necessity of a single step backward in that or in any other part of our vast mission field.

The Rev. Dr. Pope, of St. John's, N. B., took the chair on the closing day of the Ecumenical Conference. The black drapery of the pulpit and platform, and the many touching references in both prayers and addresses to the death of President Garfield, gave to the gathering on that day a special degree of solemnity. In the afternoon, Dr. Allison, of this city, read the closing essay—"Methodism, a bond of Brotherhood among the Nations." The Doctor's essay was followed by the invited address by Rev. Benjamin Gregory, and other addresses by Drs. Buckley and Andrews. Dr. Buckley, in a message to his paper, says that the closing exercises on that afternoon—the 20th—were "intensely interesting and impressive." Elloquent addresses were made by Bishop Simpson and Dr. Osborn, and eight closing prayers were offered by as many delegates, and in the following order: by the Rev. W. Arthur, A. M., of the British Conference; Rev. Bishop J. T. Peck, L. D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. Wm. Cocker, D. D., of the Methodist New Connexion Church of Great Britain; Rev. George Douglas, L. D., of the Methodist Church of Canada; Rev. Bishop Wm. Dickerson, D. D., of the African M. E. Church; and by laymen Samuel D. Waddy, ex-member of Parliament, and now Queen's Counsel, London (a Methodist local preacher), and General Clinton B. Fisk, of the United States.

A well-known correspondent writes that our Toronto Publishing House has in the press a work in refutation of the Atheistic theories of the day, and in vindication of the doctrine of a personal God, from the pen of Rev. A. W. McLeod, D. D. of Baltimore, formerly a well-known Methodist minister of the Maritime Provinces, and now of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. The coming work will not be by any means Dr. McLeod's earliest essay at authorship. His letters on Apostolical Succession, The Argument on Universalism, etc., and Conversations on Baptism, published many years ago, are all valuable stores-houses of forcibly-presented argument on the several subjects. The last named work on Baptism was, we think, republished by the Conference Office, England. Some of our readers will remember him as the successful manager of the WESLEYAN during its earlier years.

All over the continent the Methodist "home guards" are well coming roving brethren as they come home in "squads." We regret to learn that some of our Canadian brethren have had unpleasant experience of storm and tempest on their way back. Dr. Dewart, who, with Dr. Sutherland, Rev. S. J. Hunter, Dr. Stone, and John Macdonald, Esq., arrived in the *Peruvian* on the 4th inst., reports that "for days it was not possible to keep the deck, as the waves swept over it constantly." The *Anchoria*, on which an American delegate took passage, was much injured by a collision with a large sailing vessel, but outrode the gale in safety. The other immediately sank with all on board. That cry for help which can never be forgotten was heard, but nothing was left to tell the name of the ship or the number of the lost.

An interesting paper from the pen of the venerable Dr. Wood, Honorary Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada, appears on another page. Few of our readers are aware of the persistent struggles through which our predecessors obtained, even in the British North American Provinces, the liberties we to-day enjoy. We should welcome from Dr. Wood and from any others of our fathers, who are at once reviewing the past and awaiting the revelation of the future, a series of papers such as that now given. By such recitals of our history as these personal actors can give, our readers would be interested, and our young people would be strengthened in attachment to the Church of their fathers.

Lack of space prevents us from transferring some remarks from a very interesting article in the October number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, on Methodist missions in the North West. As the testimony of the Rev. George M. Grant, D. D. so well known as a Presbyterian divine, and as a traveller in that vast region, the article possesses unusual interest. His statements respecting George Macdougall's work, and the success of other laborers in that immense field, must inspire our people with courage, while his references to the work yet to be done, and to the men who are needed to do it must prompt them to more earnest endeavor. Other papers in the Magazine will also interest its readers.

The editor of the *Chronicle* confesses that he went to see the "circus." Going a little further on than was necessary for the study of natural history, he felt "a little conscience-stricken." Relief came through the sight of the eye. He says, "when a worthy Methodist clergyman came in and took his seat near us we thought it was all right." Alas, that his peace of mind should have to be disturbed by that "note" in the WESLEYAN! The incident has its lessons. That minister, whoever he may be, should be more careful to remember Paul's rule of expediency, and his fellow-wanderer, the editor, should seek to cultivate a tender conscience, less ready to interpret the right or wrong of actions by human examples. Both parties are doubtless sorry by this time, and will do better in future.

Monday, the 2nd inst., was the Jewish Day of Atonement. On that day the wail goes heavenward from Jewish lips: "Woe is us, for we have no Mediator." Such a note of helplessness should make the Christian cling the more closely to his faith in the "one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, who is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." Unto the uttermost! What blessed possibilities of salvation lie hidden beneath that word, possibilities which angels desire to look into, but only men are privileged to fathom!

The *Missionary Messenger*, the organ of the African Episcopal Methodists of Canada, gives its contributors some wise counsels. Among others are these: "Do not write two pages when one will suffice—other people wish to be heard. Do not always expect your article to appear in the next issue—papers cannot be stretched. Do not fail to sign your name so that the editor may know you. Believe that your editor is no nearer perfection than yourself, and accord him some little sympathy."

We give to-day the last of a series of racy letters from Britain, from the pen of the Rev. A. W. Nicolson, the delegate from the Nova Scotia Conference to the great Ecumenical gathering in London. Among the many Methodist journals of America, none has in this respect been more highly favored than our own. Where so much was to be seen and so much heard, the writing of these letters, even to one who holds a ready pen, must have involved no small degree of self-denial.

A "much married" rascal in the United States has just been sentenced to ten years imprisonment for the crimes of bigamy and forgery. It is to be hoped that the publicity given to Marvin's case may serve to deter young women from hasty matrimonial alliances with comparative strangers. Too many victims of such haste are to be found in our own Provinces repenting at leisure.

Send the WESLEYAN to friends. They will welcome it. It will be sent to any address in the Dominion, Great Britain or the United States, for two dollars, from date of receipt of cash up to the end of 1882.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

To the Editor of the Wesleyan: MR. EDITOR.—Permit me to acknowledge through the columns of the WESLEYAN, the receipt of one thousand dollars from the Executors of the estate of the late Mrs. S. N. Binney, being that lady's bequest to the Endowment Fund of the Mount Allison College. I beg to offer, on behalf of the Board of Governors, sincere thanks to the Executors for their promptness in the payment of this legacy. J. R. INCH, Pres. M. A. College. Sackville, Oct. 7th, '81.

WHO WILL HELP?

The Rev. C. Ladner, President of the Newfoundland Conference, sends us the following letter. Any parcels in response should be forwarded to our Book Room. DEAR MR. EDITOR.—A fortnight since Bro. James Lumsden arrived from England, to take charge of the Random South Mission. He left St. John's last week in a schooner for his field of labor, but on last Friday night the craft was lost near Random Head, Trinity Bay. Our brother had not time to save a pair of boots. He had a good supply of clothing and a valuable library. Our good people of this circuit are subscribing for the replacing of his clothing, but it is difficult to supply the books lost. Perhaps our brethren of the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and P. E. Island Conferences, hearing of our young brother's loss, will be inclined to contribute a volume or more from their own stock, to aid a promising young minister in this time of distress. On my return to Newfoundland, I shall gladly take charge of any such contributions from brethren or friends. C. LADNER. St. John's, Oct 7th 1881.

FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The following letter from Rev. Benj. Chappell, dated "Clinton, B. C., Sept. 20th," will be read with interest:— DEAR BROTHER,—Kla-hoc-ya, or, if you will have it in English, rather than Chinook,—How do you do? It is time that I dropped you a line, having been on the circuit for a month, but I have been particularly busy trying to get round it. That is not done in a day. With Bro. Turner, 350 miles north, Bro. John Macdougall, 600 miles east, some brother in Washington Territory, on the south, Bro. Hall, 200 miles west, one may, if he wishes, lose himself "where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save its own dashing," for the said Oregon has its rise on my circuit and flows through it some 200 miles, I would think. "No pent up Utes" indeed.

I am writing at an altitude of 3,000 feet. Pavilion Mount, which I expect to visit to-morrow, is 4,000 feet. I am encouraged in the work more and more as I get better acquainted with it. Yesterday afternoon, in a bar-room, on the "wagon-road," I had the most satisfactory conversation with a Chinaman that I have had yet. He spoke English very well, told me of the suspicion of China toward England, and the opinion entertained that Christianity is but being used as an instrument by which China shall become British. I was able to get some idea from him of their religious belief: the others that I have spoken to seemed to be quite destitute of any. He told me of "Gook-di," their name for God (believing, as he says, in only one God), of "Tin-ton," their heaven, and "Fank-too," where the wicked after death, of Confucius greater than Buddha, and the Son of God. I was able to explain to him in what way the death of Christ was more to us than the life of Confucius could be to them, and rejoiced to have an opportunity in any intelligent way to "preach Jesus" to three of them. I suppose there are at least not less than 2,000 Chinese in my circuit, so that one need not cross the Pacific on missions to the heathen. I find myself being quite drawn out toward them. Poor fellows! They see but little that would commend Christianity to them. One of them, having been mercilessly beaten on the coast by a Hoodlum, "just for fun" merely said, "you Christian, me heathen."

I find I cannot be of much service to the Indians until I pick up the Chinook, which is a jargon first used by the H. B. Company and understood by all the Pacific tribes. It is painful in passing ranches, and seeing there the sick and dying, not to be able to say one word of all that is in our heart to say. Yesterday I was able to put a Gospel truth in a few words: *Naghalee the skookum*, "the Chief above good," or in other words so precious to us all, "God is Love." The Indians throughout this part of the Colony are as a rule under the care of either the Roman Catholic or Episcopal Church. But this will not prevent my helping them in any way I can. I will not have time this morning to write at length about the white population. The farmers are as a class, very generous-hearted men, generally miners, who having failed at that, have undertaken the surer occupation of ranch-work. This morning Mr. Bell pointed out to me an old man on the other side of the road—"That," he said, "is the man that first struck the Caribou claim. Barkerville is called after him. There was a time when he could not pack what he was worth in gold. He is now working on the roads, without a dollar of his own. Run!" About 40 millions have been taken from the gold mines, and much of it has proved a curse rather than a blessing. If you will excuse these "rambling remarks" this morning, I will try and write more consistently the next time. And now, *Misoph*: The Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent the one from the other. B. CHAPPELL. Nicola Valley, B. C.

of cheap literature, and of working people, to read a volume that would be a degree that is some, and you have quite equal to the stated. What a large class! A book on the subject of the mind's pursuit of happiness, conveying the same strain as your readers—will do all such little "conversations" with the readers or hearers, but they will be Dr. Osborn's with an essay on it, if there be a living, the English idea, Me thodist, that if there be which Dr. Osborn's, it is Hyman's great expectation the man and part, I am extension and a lowed in quantity of matter any more equal to the day's self-satisfaction, just his own time a Birkenhead the difficult to hurry in And that quality of excellence which Englishmen. Persons about the state to indicate their character, would a Osborn. And I could not see any privilege as any more Dr. Buckley, of the cate, followed. No once has so complete this rare genius. The man created for all that New York, E. sits with Dr. Curry Stonewall Jackson-gy, I came looking, it really a little more would be in danger of being trampled down like men of humanity, sometimes strangely till they burst forth. The same time was offered Dr. Osborn, but he declines even that there seem kick at his leader for out beyond the present. Our Canadian representative reason to feel injured these proceedings. I speak very often, by all of them, though they would have had times to get a hearing hints and half the would speak, and on gallant men held the all corners. But Cass, which was far better. Pope came on as President closing day when Dr. paper on Methodism among the Nations. Justice to themselves situations. There were and winks here and there, most cultured of the distinguished Superintendent threw off those putting their way the works of sophistry, an entangling themselves the case in a great me Benjamin Gregory for original, humorous paper how our poor people are shattered! Gregory, polished man, a fore; but his white hair, person, his resemblance to Dickens, these were features. There is the which genius invariably. And here I must at description.

THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

It was curious to note the eagerness with which Southern men introduced their own special work, in its varied features, when opportunity offered. This subject of education gave such a chance. And it was really instructive and encouraging to hear so much of actual result in the education of the freedmen. One Bishop created no little sensation at an evening meeting by alluding to the topic, and producing a book, considered ingenious and elaborate, on the elements of the Greek language, the work of a colored man. "Brethren" said the colored man, while cheered again and again on this theme, "You make me forget since coming to this Conference that I am a black man, except when I look in the glass." "We send you sugar and cotton," said he, continuing his appeal, "is it too much to ask Englishmen to send us mental and moral help in return?"

On the education and special training of ministers, Dr. W. B. Pope read an essay in all respects such as we might expect from that quarter. To those who remember the opposition offered to the appointment of this man to his present place, as Theological Tutor, and successor to one of the very first teachers who ever graced a Methodist chair of Theology, there is something comforting in seeing things as they are to-day. Unquestionably the first divinity student of our Church, and so highly esteemed by other denominations that they hasten to do him honor—a scholar among even the merely philo-sophic thinkers of this time; and a writer whose reputation, already world-wide, is destined to live very long, Dr. Pope, only as yet in the prime of his manhood, will carry through to old age (which may God vouchsafe to him) a sweet consciousness, that his path was of the Lord's ordering. The reader of the essay will find in it some striking passages, original and solid throughout. The discussion which followed was not confined to mental or religious training. One speaker deplored the neglect of physical culture among our ministers. It was perhaps in favor of this argument that the speaker himself had a noble physique, a rich flow of blood, and a voice that might awe a hurricane! Not a little amusement was produced by a D. D. who gave a standard of physical proportions. He would accept no man he said, above six feet four, and very few under four feet six. This while standing beside Ebenezer Jenkins, whose "words are always weighty," whatever may be said of his bodily presence, was rather a bold stroke of oratory, over which, however, all were disposed to laugh good-naturedly. There was a little impatience sometimes with the apparent intention of speakers to attribute all the best results of Methodist effort to the "educated agencies," so-called, while no recognition was made of the great facts, namely, that the larger proportion of Methodist preachers had been deprived, through no fault of theirs, of a collegiate training; that many of these, notwithstanding, had obtained a degree of culture, through systematic and persevering application, quite in advance of some who were favored with scholastic recognition; and that among the bravest, the best and most graceful of Methodist preachers, were men of the larger class alluded to. True, the Church took high ground for ministerial training; but let us give honor to the heroic, though undistinguished dead and living. That was the burden of one or two speeches, and they struck a sympathetic chord in the assembly.

A very animated debate followed a paper on Denominational Literature. There was one point, scarcely hinted at, that seldom finds utterance in such discussions. I mean the tendency among rural people to neglect reading altogether. Of the many ardent disputations I have listened to on this topic, I cannot recall an instance where there was a deviation from the one-line of thought, namely, light literature injurious, and does the larger proportion of reading consists of the doubtful kind? It is always taken for granted that the evil among the middle and lower classes, indeed of the higher as well—is in respect to the character of the reading. It requires but a limited knowledge of both English and American society to ensure the conviction, once the subject is weighed as it deserves—that, with all our boasted advantages

After all, Mr. N. does this great Ecumenical well! I have met before. It was deep in an advanced stage of All at once it began to cut their way the divine voice and had governing its affairs. hically. I. What will not be? Much was said and subject of an Ecumenical But that has been set law of necessity. E North and South, their distinct Hyman H. And branches of Metho. All branches of them brought out that to give an impossible sacrifice, be gained. Something may have in the way of united bodies, so long distracted immediate attempt to though much was not carry a strong influence. 2. What has been up? A most blessed I spent came with the beginning sided toward the... see more "eye to eye" will be less childish... were born to... influence with... worst elements, and in human nature. Wh no more be fastid... pent about at any place can only look and expect