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[Vol. II.]

Poetry.

MAY FLOWERS.

All things that come to us with thee, sweet May, we love;
The bluebird on the topmast bough, the bliner sky above;
The hay clouds that gently move beneath the warming sun;
The mellow air and stirring sounds that tell of life begun;
The grass that shows a deeper green as day succeeds the day;
The insect's hum, the bird's gay song, the children at their play;
The arbutus hiding in the wood, unconscious of its power,
Till loving hands seek out and find the fragrant trailing flower;
The blossom, with its promise true of fruit in rich supply;
The breeze, laden with their wealth of perfume, sweeping by;
No gift of thine, oh, bounteous May, could we well do without;
And still another, bringing joy, I would fain sing about.
A life begun beneath the heart, unfolding every hour,
A sweeter boon may be to us, our precious human flower.
May He who crowns these May-day gifts with life and health and rest
Inspire to perfect blossoming the bud upon thy breast.

MEMORABLE CONFERENCES IN CANADA.

BY JOHN CARROLL.

THE BATTLE-GROUND CONFERENCE.

Lundy's Lane was the most obstinately contested battle in the war of '12—first one side obtaining the advantage and then the other. It was perhaps a drawn battle in the end, as both sides claimed the victory. The Americans, however, retired without pursuit to Chippewa, and the British remained in possession of the ground. The dispute about the issue of this encounter rankled in the minds of both nations. But it is in the power of Jesus to extinguish the animosity awakened in the unrenowned mind by such contentions. The truth of this remark was exemplified at the Lundy's Lane Conference, when men who had fought against each other were seated off together to the ministry of peace.

A large and flourishing society existed in the neighbourhood of the Falls from an early day, and soon after the close of the war a spacious meeting-house, the second in the Niagara country, was built at Lundy's Lane, a little west of the famous battle-ground. It was quaint enough in its structure, with its side to the road, and the door on one side and the pulpit on the other—one of those rooey old pulpits made big enough to hold the presiding elder with all the travelling and local preachers of a circuit, which was often the spectacle presented. Strange to say, this was considered a model church, which those intending to build went to examine and take the plan of. The Fifty Church was built after this elegant model—only that Lundy's Lane was a fiery red, and the Fifty attained to a spotless white.

This Conference was held just three years after the Elizabethtown Conference, and commenced its sessions July 20th, 1820, exactly fifty years ago. Who figured at that time in the itinerant ranks in the Canada department of this Conference? There was Ryan, hale, strong, and pushing as ever; Truman Dixon, large and gifted, and then making a great name among Canadian Methodists; Torrey, 6,072, and enterprising, whose odor of sanctity

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Bishop George was accompanied by the strong men of the Conference from the south side of the lakes and Niagara River—the Barnes and Bibbins, the Chases and Chamberlains, the Filmore and Fairbankses, the Gays and Grants, the Hazens and Hustises, the Lanes and Lannings, the Pecks and Paddocks, the Whites and Willises, with dozens of others too numerous to mention.

One brother who had expected to be there, Richard Paine, had been drowned a few days before in a branch of the Susquehanna. His death cast a shade of sadness over the minds of his assembled brethren.

One well educated young minister, of modest piety and refinement, who had laboured the previous year in the Eastern townships, Lower Canada, in connection with the New York Conference, and had been transferred by the Bishops from that Conference to the Genesee, with a view to his supplying the capital of Upper Canada, which he did the next two years, arrived in time to take part in the business of the Conference and to act as the Bishops' private secretary. This was Fitch Reed, who has given us "a peep behind the curtains" as to this Conference.

Mr. (now Dr.) Reed states of this Conference that a large proportion of the members were

young, and there seemed a general feeling of equality among the preachers, and a disposition to equalize both honors and responsibilities, so that each one possessed a consequence and influence which the others appreciated and valued. The result was the development of any talent any one might possess, inspired natural confidence, and drew more closely and sincerely the ties of brotherly sympathy and love. He says of Bishop George, "he was remarkable for his unaffected childlike simplicity, and his fervent pathetic manner in the pulpit."

Mr. R. gives the following picture of the close of the Conference:—"Anticipating their appointments, the preachers came to the church with their horses and saddle-bags ready to start for their homes as soon as they should learn their destination. The larger number were on horseback, and forming near the church in regular order, two abreast, they slowly moved away over the hill and out of sight, soon to separate, however, and disperse to their several fields of labor, probably never all to meet again."

The Rev. Ezra Adams, I imagine, is the sole survivor of that cavalcade in Canada in connection with our Conference, and the Rev. Drs. Reed, Filmore, J. Chamberlayne, and perhaps five or six more, at the very most, all that remain in the United States.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CREATION.

BY REV. DR. McCOSH.

The following is the closing summary of Rev. Dr. McCosh's first lecture before the Boston Theological Seminary, on the history and order of creation:—

"And what do we learn from this rapid run through the ages? We gather first that in the midst of the potencies of nature, controlling and subordinating them, there is a marshalling power, bringing order, I do not say out of confusion,—for there is no proof that ever there was confusion in God's universe; chaos is a creature of heathenism and was never seen in the actual world,—but producing order where there would have been confusion; making a cosmos where there would have been a chaos. Herbert Spencer indeed tells us, in his usual dogmatic manner and in his customary generalizing flights, that the operation of physical law must be beneficial. But I see no necessity for this; I can find no security for it. If these laws be blind forces they might as readily produce now the one and now the other. True, if they be modes of God's intelligent action the issue must be beneficent, but it is because there is intelligence in them and benevolence in them. It might be difficult to prove directly from nature that God must have created these six elements with their properties, as they appear in the world. But then these elements are so suited to each other, and their properties so act on each other, that we seem to see design in their very make and structure, and we seem entitled to argue that they have been created by the same intelligence as adapts them to each other. Thus we have a being of power working to produce ends. These ends become more and more wondrous. The blind forces are made to work out ideas in the Platonic sense. The Mundus Sensibilis appears as the Mundus Intelligibilis, taking forms with geometric proportions, and of æsthetic beauty, assuming colors of harmonious hues, and giving evidence of a lofty intelligence. In the midst of these, sensation and feeling appear, and there is a wonderful structure of limb and joint and nerve to furnish means of activity and of enjoyment, which in the whole animal creation becomes great beyond our comprehension.

"We now see that this intelligent is also a benevolent power. Crowning all, we have the law written in the heart, declaring that right is above might; and we have the good advancing in the midst of opposition, and asserting that it will at last subdue all to itself and rule in the name of God. And we now see what God reckons the highest of all, and this is holiness, a holiness not independent of intelligence, but a holy intelligence, a holiness not independent of love but a holy love. God is the same in all time, but as the ages roll on they display higher and higher perfection. These three, the power, the intelligence, the love, are thus the three beams which unite to form the pure, whole light of a holy love. We have now risen to the contemplation of a God, the same as is described in the word, God is a spirit, God is love, God is light. These are the stars which have come out of the star-dust to form one grand central sun of pure and dazzling brightness, which we cannot open our eyes without seeing, but which, as we gaze upon it causes our eyes to close in awe and adoration.

"I do not know whether any of my hearers have gone up from the Riffelberg to Corner Gratz, in the high Alps, to behold the sun rise. Every mountain catches the light, according to the height which the upheaving forces which God set in motion has given it. First the point of Monte Rosa is kissed by the morning beams, blanches for a moment and forthwith stands clear in the light. Then the Breithorn, and the dome of Mischabel, and the Matterhorn, and twenty other grand mountains embracing the distant Jungfrau, receive each, in its turn, the gladdening rays, and flash each for a brief space, and then remain bathed in sunlight. Meanwhile the valleys between their deep down, dark and dismal as death. But the light which has risen in the light of the morning, and these shadows are even now lessening, and we are sure they will soon altogether vanish. Such is the hopeful view I take of our world. "Darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the

people;" but God's light has broken forth as the morning, and to them who sat in darkness a great light has arisen. Already I see favored spots illumined by it; Great Britain and her spreading colonies, with certain other European countries, and the United States with her broad territory already stand in the light; and I see not twenty but a hundred points of light striking up in our scattered mission stations in old continents and secluded isles and barren deserts, according as God's grace and man's heaven kindled love favored them. And much as I was enraptured with that grand Alpine scene, and shouted irrepressibly as I surveyed it, I am still more elevated and feel as if I could cry aloud for joy when I see the light of knowledge, secular and sacred, advancing from point to point and penetrating deeper and deeper into the darkness, which I am sure is at last to be dispelled to allow our earth to stand clear in the light of the Sun of Righteousness."—*Zion's Herald.*

DISRAELI.

The days of Grub street are indeed over for ever. John Milton received \$25 for the copyright of "Paradise Lost." Sam Johnson walked London streets night after night in hunger and wretchedness because he had not money enough to purchase the shelter of a roof; Robert Burns was dunned on his death-bed for a debt less in amount than is now required to buy the best edition of his works; Poe hawked his tales and poems from one publishing office to another to get a miserable pittance scarcely sufficient to buy food and medicine for his dying wife, and the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli receives \$50,000 for his novel *Lothair*. Who says that the world, the literary world at least, does not move?

The career of Disraeli is one of the most remarkable in the annals of literature or politics, and as an example of what high genius, vaulting ambition and indomitable will can accomplish when pushed steadily toward one purpose deserves to be kept in perpetual remembrance. His ancestors, Hebrews of pure blood, were driven from Spain in the fifteenth century by religious persecution, and sought refuge in Venice. His grandfather removed to England in 1748, where his father, Isaac Disraeli, author of the "Curiosities of Literature," was born in 1766. The name was originally written D'Israeli—a name never borne before or since by any other family, that their race might be forever recognized.

Benjamin was the eldest son, and born in London, December, 1805. His mother's maiden name was Basvi. A private academy furnished him the means of early education, but while still a mere boy he was entered as an articled clerk in an attorney's office in the city, where he remained three years. Wearied and disgusted with the ungenial drudgery, he finally escaped from this thralldom, and through the influence of his father's literary friends, "Disraeli the younger," as he was then proud to style himself, secured the *entree* of the best of society in the metropolis. His striking personal beauty, elegant manners, and wonderful conversational powers made him a great favourite with all, and he was the particular pet of Lady Blessington and the select coterie at Gore House, where our own N. P. Willis met him some years later.

At the age of nineteen he visited Germany and travelled extensively on the continent, and in 1825-27 he published his celebrated romance of "Vivian Grey," a book which literally took England and Europe by storm, and made its author famous. He then edited for a little while a small political newspaper called the *Representative* which cost the proprietor, John Murray, \$350,000 in six months, and finally died an unlamented death. From 1829 to 1831, Disraeli travelled through Italy, Greece, Albania, Nubia and Egypt, and on his return published "Young Duke" and "Contarini Fleming." The latter the German poet Heine pronounced "one of the most original works ever written." At this time he made an effort to get into Parliament, and was rejected by the people on three or four successive occasions. Never relaxing his intellectual labours, he continued to write pamphlets and novels, but meanwhile kept his eye fixed on the goal of his hopes and aspirations.

Victory came at last, and in the first Parliament under the reign of the present Queen, Disraeli, then thirty-two years old, took his seat as member from the conservative borough of Maidstone. Every one knows that his maiden speech was a miserable failure; he was caught down by the house, and closed his remarks in the following characteristic and memorable words: "I am not surprised at the reception I have experienced; I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."

Two years later he fulfilled his pledge by delivering a speech which attracted great attention by its eloquence and ability. In 1839 he married the widow of his friend Wyndham Lewis, whose ample means lifted him above the reach of pecuniary embarrassment, and whose strength of mind and judicious advice have contributed largely to his subsequent renown. In the dedication to one of his works he speaks of her as "a perfect wife" and when a few years since, a peerage was offered him he declined the honour, but requested that it might be conferred upon her, which was accordingly done. An anecdote of this lady will give a very clear idea of her character, and explain the influence which she has always exercised upon her husband. On one occasion she accompanied him in her carriage to the

gateway of the House of Commons, where he was that day to deliver an elaborate and carefully prepared address on some important subject. He bade her good-bye in the vehicle, and stepping out flung the door to behind him. Her fingers were in the hinge, and flesh and bone were crushed to a jelly. The pain was terrible, but repressing even a groan until he was out of sight and hearing, lest the accident might discompose the thoughts of the orator and unfit him for his task, she ordered the coachman to drive to a surgeon's office and there submitted to a severe operation.

"Coningsby" was published in 1844, ran through three editions in as many months, and was translated into several foreign languages. "Tancred, or the New Crusade," the last of his novels, except the one now being issued, appeared in 1847; and from that time until the present, Disraeli has devoted himself to politics exclusively. His political career for the past twenty years we need not recall. Enough to say that this offspring of a once despised and persecuted race, a race which for nearly eighteen centuries was made the mark of the world's scorn and oppression has, without family influence, without the wealth which draws friends and adherents, marched upward step by step, until he reached the highest position a subject can hold, and controlled the policy of an empire on which the sun never sets, as first Minister of the Crown and Premier of England.

The copyright of "Lothair" may not be worth £10,000; but the lesson which its author's life teaches is worth that and more.—*St. Louis Republican.*

ABOUT WORDS.

Big Boys and Girls: While younger folks are looking at other matters on this page, what if we take a little run among words? We may get some interesting facts.

At the start we find *boudoir* to be derived from the French word *bouder*, to pout, and parlor from *parler*, to speak or converse. So we see the difference between a parlor and a boudoir. In the former one looks for social amusement and pleasant conversation, but in a boudoir one reasonably expects to be alone, or at least quiet.

Then there's the word *supercilious*. Where do you think it comes from? From *supercilium*, the Latin for eyebrow, that feature being most employed in the exercise of the sentiment. *Sincere* has also an obvious origin, since it comes from the Latin *sine cera*, applied to honey freed from the mixture of wax.

Locust comes from the Latin *locus ustans*, burning or laying places waste, and certainly it is a very appropriate word as we use it. *Cobweb* is from the Dutch *kopwebbe*, as *kop* in that language signifies a spider. *Petrel*, which you know is the name given to a class of sea-birds with large webbed feet, is a diminutive of *Peter*, from their habit of walking on the waves, which they do with the aid of their wings. *Onion* comes from the Latin *unio*, taking its name from the oneness of the bulb; and *crucifix* to cross and to from, is derived from the Latin *crux*, a cross.

Pony is from the French *puis ne*, literally born since or after, junior. The word *pony*, as applied to a small horse, and *postie*, designating a junior judge, have the same origin. *Trumper*, to deceive, gives us our word *trumpery*. *Prem*, of a mercantile house, is synonymous with "sign," being derived from the Spanish *firma*, a signing or subscription. *Easter* gets its name from the Saxon goddess Eostre, whose festival was celebrated about the time of the Passover, which latter feast has taken possession of the name. *Herring* is derived from the German *heren*, an army, on account of the great multitude of these fish appearing at certain seasons. *Nest*, or horded cattle get their name from the Anglo-Saxon *hnan* to butt, or strike with the horn; *soldier* comes from the French *soldat*, pay; and *homb* is from the Italian *ghenbo*, bent, crooked, bowed.

There are many other interesting derivations that come to light even in a hasty search like this. There's *comrade*, formerly *camerado*, or chamber-fellow, from the Latin *camera*, a chamber; *action* from the Latin *agere*, to increase, because it is a mode of selling in which the price of an article is augmented at every bidding; *honor* from the Anglo-Saxon *honor*, a hawk; and *cubit* from *cubitus*, an elbow, because this measure, so frequently mentioned in the Bible, is the distance from a man's elbow, bending inward, to the end of the middle finger.

It would be a good thing if this hurried overhauling of words should lead you to starting out on a little research of your own.—*Hearth and Home.*

POPULATION OF THE WORLD.

There are on the globe about 1,288,000,000 of souls, of which 350,000,000 are of the Caucasian race; 552,000,000 are of the Mongol race; 190,000,000 are of the Ethiopian race; 175,000,000 are of the Malay race; 1,000,000 are of the Lado-American race.

There are 3,612 different languages spoken, and 1,000 different religions.

The yearly mortality of the globe is 333,333,333 persons. That is at the rate of 91,584 per day, 3,730 per hour, 60 per minute. So each pulsation of our heart marks the decease of some human creature.

The average of human life is 33 years. One-fourth of the population die at or before the age of 7 years. One-half at or before 17 years.

Among 10,000 persons one arrives at the age of 100 years, one in 500 the age of 90, one in 100 lives to the age of 60.

Married men live longer than single ones. In 100 persons 65 marry, and more marriages occur in June and December than in any other months of the year.

One-eighth of the whole population is military.

Professions exercise a great influence on longevity. In 1,000 individuals who arrive at the age of 70 years, 42 are priests, orators, or public speakers, 4 are agriculturists, 33 are workmen, 32 soldiers or military employees, 29 advocates or engineers, 27 professors, and 24 doctors. Those who devote their lives to the prolongation of that of others, die the soonest.

There are 335,000,000 Christians. There are 5,000,000 Israelites. There are 60,000,000 of Asiatic religions. There are 160,000,000 Mohammedans. There are 200,000,000 Pagans.

In the Christian churches, 170,000,000 profess the Roman Catholic faith.

75,000,000 profess the Greek faith.

80,000,000 profess the Protestant faith.—*Leisure Hour.*

EVERY CHRISTIAN A TEACHER.

A Christian is an instructor. He has been taught, and he becomes a teacher. He has found the preciousness of knowledge, and he seeks to impart it. He feels that what he formerly needed so much was *teaching*, that what the world still needs is *teaching*, and so he becomes a teacher. Not as if setting up for superior powers or knowledge, but simply as one who has had a treasure imparted to him, and who therefore longs to impart to his poorer fellow-creatures his divine gold and silver. He sees that the great need of humanity is teaching, true teaching, teaching in the things pertaining to the true God, and he sets himself fervently to *teach* an untutored world. He does not confine himself to a small inner circle, but he has his eye on everybody. Not with one or two he is content. He remembers the words of commendation to Levi: "He walked with me in peace and truth, and did turn away *many* from iniquity." *Many, many*, is his watchword. Like Joseph Alleine, he becomes "insatiably greedy of souls." *Many, many*, is the burden of his prayer. *Many, many*, is inscribed on all his plans. His spirit widens and widens, his eye and heart take in larger and larger circles. He remembers the multitude whom his Master taught, the thousands in the early days of the Church, and he seeks *many, many*.

Christians, you must be teachers. This is your vocation, as those who have themselves been taught by God. Teach by your lives. Teach also in words. Lose no opportunity of instructing others, young or old. Let your lips keep knowledge for all. Live an instructive life.—*Dr. Bourne.*

THE WEAKNESS OF THE PULPIT.

We are often told in the present day that the power of the pulpit is gone, and that the press has taken its place. Dr. Charles J. Brown's observations on this point are so just as well as so suitable to the times that we quote the passage entire. It is to be found in his work just issued under the title of Preaching; its Properties, Place, and Power. "I believe that this whole allegation about the power of the pulpit being gone is baseless. I will tell you what is gone. The power of a neat little manuscript carried to the pulpit and prettily read,—that is gone. Oh never attempt, by the reading of a little manuscript book in the pulpit, to compete with the volumes which issue from the press, or you shall be miserably cast in the competition. But carry to the pulpit a different thing altogether,—carry to it well digested thoughts, with suitable words to express them,—written in your inmost soul, and if needful also in your manuscript,—thoughts and words wherewith to stir the souls of your hearers to their inmost depths; wherewith to hold loving intercourse with them, and tell them what God has been telling you; and both you and they shall find that the pulpit still wields a power altogether its own. As for the press, I am confident that in this age of rapid communication and ceaseless living intercourse of man with man, books are not actually read to any such extent as is apt to be imagined."

WORDS OF CHEER.

Sailor upon the turbulent ocean, swept to and fro by the surging billows, and the darkness of the night, turn thine eyes toward the distant haven where, ere long, amid the sunlight of the coming day, thou shalt cast anchor safely, cheered with the rejoicings of the many glad hearts that await thee! Then the darkness and storms of thy present way will be past, the billows and threatening dangers of thy surroundings will cease. Cheer up; thou shalt at last rest safe in port!

Soldier, amid the clangor and carnage of the battle-field fear not, faint not. The colors are still proudly waving, the clarion notes of victory will soon greet thine ear. Look to God amid the din and danger; all will be well; trust, soldier, trust. Strike for God and thy native land!

Voyager to a celestial port, the storm is loud and the night is dark; but the day, the glorious day, never succeeded by night, begins to dawn, and soon thy voyage will be past, and