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Sabbath School Pic-Nic—Social Tea and Entertainment at H. M. Dockyard—Xmas and New Year—Political—Editorials—The Week of Prayer—Bazaar—Outlook.

Let no one think because of the array of topics at the head of this article, there is to follow a series of long and wearisome platitudes. There shall be nothing of the kind. One hour of sunshine is worth two days rain-fall to harvesters. One "gloria in excelsis" does more to revive dead souls than all the "Dead Marches in Saul" that ever were played with muffled drum and solemn pomp.

Nothing suits Sabbath School children much better than a grand festival or picnic, except it be a mid-night visit from Santa Claus. Well, during the latter part of November, when the boys and girls in Nova Scotia, (we ought to have said Canada) were trying to keep their fingers and ears from freezing, we went out from our school-room in Hamilton marching rank and file, amid glorious sunshine and balmy air, to a beautiful grove of cedars on the North shore, distant from the city about two miles. Here we pitched our tent for the day, and here we held our Sabbath School festival. Here we were in sight of the blue waters that sing and dance and make merry on the coral reefs and banks that lie around our shores. Here lads and lassies and birds made glad notes resounding over hill tops and tree tops, amid undying foliage and beautifully romantic scenery. Teachers and scholars and friends enjoyed this holiday to their hearts content. And after sending up to our God and Saviour a grand doxology of praise, we came home with glad and thankful hearts to rest and work.

Soon another entertainment awaited some of us. Bro. Tyler, so happy and efficient in his plans and in executing them, conceived the idea of giving the marines and sailors and others at the Royal Dockyard a social tea, accompanied by music, readings and recitations. This was carried out with perfect success in the early part of December. A finer evening could not well be given. We gathered in the Royal Theatre (almost every thing is royal in this land) and after invoking the divine blessing, we sat down in company with about 150 as jolly blue jackets, with a sprinkling of red coats and black coats, as ever you did see. These British tars are a fine lot of men the world over—so we thought as we looked upon and mingled with them.

Bread and cake and tea are soon dispatched. We thought if they had tried their best they could not have done better. Dishes are off in a trice. Then came the mental repast. Here for variety and excellence there was nothing wanting. The chair was taken by the writer. Music fittingly opened the programme. The instrumental part was well performed by Mr. Atwood. Recitations were excellently rendered by a number of the men. One by T. T. Davis, M. A., was given in fine style. Rev. J. M. Fisher was easy and graceful in his deliverance. A good solid address, suggestive of noble and heroic doing, was given by Rev. W. C. Brown. Leek Seed Chapel, of early methodistic notoriety, was a happy reading, by Jas. Caruthers, Esq. Then followed a very pleasing and patriotic address by Prof. Rice, of Milltown, Conn., who has been spending a few weeks in Bermuda for scientific purposes. Cheers for our beloved Sovereign, for Admiral Key, and Captain Somerset, who has been raised to the high dignity of being Naval Aide de Camp to the Queen. And last, but not least interesting, the men offered their thanks to my colleague, Bro. Tyler—in this their

enthusiasm was unbounded. I was glad when this part was over, for I was afraid that my dear brother might be overcome by the intensity of their jubilation, but he bore up right nobly under it all, and seems none the worse for it. Never did men seem to enjoy themselves better, and after singing the National Anthem we sought our homes, thankful to Him who supplies all the infinite need of His children.

We send Xmas and New Year's greetings, cordial, gladsome and hearty, to all our dear old parishioners and friends, and if we might be allowed, would say with greater emphasis—grace and peace and love to our beloved brethren toiling with us in the vineyard of our God.

The festive season has come and gone, and left us many happy mementoes of friends, greatly beloved, afar and near at hand.

There is an old custom here, which, to the devout heart, is certainly very touching and impressive. As soon as it is fairly known that the grand old Xmas day is born, all over the city float out sweet plaintive airs from instruments that seem so well qualified for this delightful performance, one unused to it scarcely knows whether it is earth or heaven born—perhaps both.

Our Watch-night service was a season of solemnity and holy influence. Never have we enjoyed any similar service more fully, and the conviction is deep upon our heart that the new year has come brimfull of promise. We feel there is a great tide of holy influence sweeping us forward to the eternal shore. It is not the wild rushing floods of Niagara, but the grand flow of the Mississippi or the Amazon. God will surely be gracious this prophetic year, and the disenthralment of vast multitudes of sin-bound men shall be proclaimed.

Political matters here without significance. A few months ago His Excellency Maj. General Lefroy prorogued the Colonial Parliament. His speech on that occasion cast an ominous cloud on the political horizon. It was unlike any cloud we ever saw. Its Crown Colony policy was the protuberance which made it look singular to our somewhat republican vision. Whether this cloud has floated over to the Parliament at home to be indicated there or has evaporated into smoke, we cannot tell. Of this we are certain—nothing is seen or heard of it at present.

One thing would surprise our news paper men of Canada, viz.: Public questions here are seldom or never discussed. The man who ventures to express candidly and fully thro' the press the deep and strong conviction of his mind, may soon find himself hopelessly in the jaws of unrelenting and greedy alligators. Nor is this state of things a novelty in the world's history. It has always been so where old cliques and old family compact remain long in power undisturbed. Politically Bermuda needs a Nova Scotia Joseph Howe, or a Prussian Bismark. Their tread on these fragmentary isles would be sufficient to rally the dying energies of the people and give them free institutions—the glory of all free lands. May the deliverance soon come.

We always read editorials, and especially editorials of the WESLEYAN. They are usually bold, incisive, full of pith and vim. And when we read them, we sometimes ask ourselves the question—"Who wants to fight with giants?" Not we, certainly; although striplings have done credit in this line sometimes.

When younger, we used to think that editors, ministers and generals, somehow, were a sort of superhuman giants, and we confess that we cannot quite divest ourselves of this awful feeling to this day. In your editorials, especially for the last few months, you have been lavish towards Bermuda. We all most heartily thank you, Mr. Editor, for those characteristic letters in the WESLEYAN, about the land we live in and its generously hearted people. We hope you will not suffer them to be put in the wastebasket, but give them to us in compact form:

Under the head of "Military and Naval Work," in the WESLEYAN of Dec, 9th, appears the following: "It is noticeable that no Methodist Chaplain, as such distinctively, has ever been appointed to any

military or naval station in North America. This year our Central Missionary Board took up the necessities of Bermuda and resolved to send a minister thither to act in the capacity alluded to."

In your report of the action of the Central Board in its sitting at St. John, N.B., you use this language: "In Bermuda there are four missionaries, two of whom act as Chaplains to the army and navy." Looking at both the above statements, in so far as they relate to Bermuda, the conclusion was drawn that our true relation to the army and navy would not be clearly understood by them. We do not act as chaplains merely; we are two of the ministers here chaplains to both the army and navy. This is our true position: Our minister in St. George's is Chaplain to the Wesleyans in the army at the garrison there. Our minister in Hamilton is chaplain to the Wesleyans in the army and navy at the garrisons at Prospect and Boaz and the squadron in these waters. The St. George's minister has appointment from the "Horse Guards," and is duly gazetted at the Head Quarters in Bermuda. The Hamilton minister has his appointment from the "Horse Guards" and the Lord's Commissioners of the Admiralty, and is duly gazetted at the Head Quarters of these departments in Bermuda.

The additional minister to be sent will have no different relation to the army and navy from what we have. He will simply be in a position to give more attention to the marines and seamen at H. M. Dockyard, and the men of the Garrison at Boaz.

Let me here add—we hope and pray that this promised help may not fail to come in due time. We have greatly needed him this winter.

The week of prayer. The first of the series was begun last evening, Monday, in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton. The attendance was fair, the exercises were very earnest and impressive. A most gracious influence rested upon us during the entire service. Tonight, Tuesday, the service is held in Zion Methodist Church. We are looking for the manifestation of the divine glory. Our great need in these fair isles is a Pentecostal revival of God's work.

During Xmas holidays our lady friends held a sale of fancy and useful articles. There was a great variety of goods; some from the Centennial city. The sale brought them the sum of fifty pounds sterling, which, after deducting expenses, goes towards the building funds of the new church.

Our outlook—always hopeful. The consecrated hearts at the opening of the new year, the thousands and tens of thousands of our mighty Israel that are on their knees before the great God and Father of us all, and who, with pleading spirit, are imploring the down-shedding of His power, His saving grace, upon the world, give assurance of mighty victories. We unquestionably believe that he who has ransomed at so great a price will visit His heritage with showers of salvation. Amen.

R. W.
Hamilton, Dec. 9th, 1876.

SPEECH BY DR. REID, OF N. Y., AT GERMAIN ST. MISSIONARY MEETING, ST. JOHN.

Rev. Dr. Reid, of New York, was received with applause on rising. He said he enjoyed this honor and high privilege on account of his old friendship with the pastor of this church. He was not so familiar with the work of the Society as the brethren here. But he liked the way they did things here—making a great occasion of a cause like this—meeting night after night for a week. He was glad to see the chairman present, as the representative of the laity, as the missionary spirit was the great civiliser. He was glad, also, to meet his brother Dr. Maclise. The missionary cause knew no sect. In the late civil war in the United States parties were forgotten, and what should missionaries know of Methodism or Presbyterianism when they stand in the presence of Mahomedanism? When we stand in the presence of the Devil we must only remember that we are Christians. [Applause.] The grave of the Methodist martyr of Beyroot is watched over by Presbyterian eyes. There is no sect here.

He did not feel he was in the Queen's Dominions, but in Christ's Dominions. There are no boundary lines here. In his country they did not reckon the Indian missionary as a foreign one. This Society had but one foreign mission, except that to the Indians, the Mission to Japan. A great change had come over public sentiment in respect to foreign Missions. The Apostles, at the command of Christ, preached the Gospel in all their world before they died. But heresy sprang up, a polemical age arose, the Church became dogmatic, and piled up tons of theological lore. She built universities and cathedrals, but lost her spiritual power. But when the old monk found a neglected Bible and read that men were to be saved by faith alone, a new era had dawned. But the Reformation did not come in reality until Wesley and others aroused the people to the spiritual wants of the world. The millenarian doctrine prevailed, and Doctors of Divinity, who were oftentimes the slowest to learn, said that God would convert the heathen in his own good times. When foreign missions were first proposed the missionaries did not know where to go, for the whole world was shut against them. The isles of the ocean were inhabited by cannibals, China was walled in, and India was shut by the East India Company, which only wanted gain and not care for souls. But things had changed since then. Although the Methodist Missionary Society of the United States was but one year older than himself, and had been the last to enter the foreign field, some of their missions had grown to the stage of raising up their own pastors and workers, who were converted on the spot by God, and trained up, after the good old Methodist fashion, to be class leaders and preachers. Such missionaries can live much more cheaply than Europeans or Americans sent there, and do far more good. China was to be saved by the Chinese, India by the Indians, and old Germany to be revived by the Germans. The Bible has been translated into almost every language, and the missionary finds grammars and lexicons ready made to his hand.

At first the heathen world did not understand the object of the missionaries, but they have begun to understand them. He referred to the length of time some missions had been established before making a convert—some ten, eleven, even twenty years. The Methodist Episcopal mission in China got one convert after eleven years, and then they were afraid he was a scallawag (laughter), and soon a Baptist came along and immersed him (laughter). But, an opening once made, the work had progressed rapidly until some of the congregations were quite large. He dwelt on the results of the mission work in Rome, where 400 Papal soldiers had been converted to Methodism by one man. Last year the Methodist E. Church in the United States had raised \$600,000, and were \$260,000 in debt. God was marching on faster than he had ever marched on before, and the Churches were falling behind hand. They were all in debt. There are two things for Christians to do—To give more to the cause of Christ or stop praying. Men enough could be got, but money was wanted: money was the key of the situation as it had been before.

They had lost the thunder they used to work with—the crocodile devouring its victims, the widow burning on the funeral pyre. These customs have been abolished by grand old Great Britain, and missionary speeches have to be made without their aid. They had been told that they could not go into old nations with history, poetry and religions of their own, and make converts, but he had lived to see whole nations converted from heathenism to Christianity; there were Christian Missionaries now who knew the taste of human flesh. Japan, he felt sure, would be the next nation to embrace Christianity in a national manner, and he was glad that the Canadian Methodist Church would share the honor of the conversion. The fact that His glorious promise was fulfilled in the conversion of the isles of the sea, was an earnest that the promise of His second coming would be fulfilled also. When God shall set us on fire we shall set the world on fire. What giving will be done then! And, O my brethren,

what preaching will be done then! exclaimed the speaker. A Catholic lady who often went to hear him preach, in talking with him about the difficulty of getting money for religious purposes, told him about the little boy, with his first pair of trousers, who asked for a penny to put in the plate. But the poor little fellow had a terrible time to get it into the pocket, as many men now have (laughter), and the little boy told the collector "he deseed he'd have to get down on his knees before he could get his hand in his pocket." That is the way with many men, they can't get into their pockets unless they get down on their knees—unless they have the prayerful spirit and elevation of feeling. He hoped the people would not subscribe for this great work as though they were subscribing to build a porch on the parsonage, but give liberally. The soldier who falls out of line in a charge on the enemy's fortifications cannot join the ranks after his companions have effected the capture and throw up his cap in triumph, nor can men who keep out of line in the charge on heathenism join the noble army of the redeemed in the shouts of triumph over the adversary.

ANECDOTE OF MR. MOODY,

An old man once got up to speak at a meeting in the West. He had for years lived on borrowed time. He could remember but one thing about his father. He could not remember his death; he forgot all about the funeral. But there was one little thing which followed him in all his pilgrimage: One cold bleak night, in his New England home, the father took up a little chip and made a cross, and held it up before the boy. He told how the Son of God left heaven, and suffered and died on the cross down here; and said the old man, "All those years it followed me." There is no child too young to be impressed with that story. What we want is to bring our children to Jesus.

PLEASANTRIES.

A little girl, when asked by her mother about suspicious bites in the sides of a dozen apples, answered: "Perhaps, mother, they have been frobbitten; it was so cold last night."

"How do you like your new Minister, Madge," asked one very stylishly dressed young lady of another, in a Highland car the other day. "Oh, he is just splendid," she replied with animation. "You ought to see him, Maud. He is so handsome, and he prays so beautifully, and reads the hymn in such a lovely way."

A firm in this city advertises "Velvet Sermon Covers," at only five dollars each. A Philadelphia exchange says they are intended for presents to dainty young rectors who hide in delicate little sermons, which they read softly, finish quickly, and which the congregations forget rapidly. Think of the apostle Paul with a "velvet sermon."—New York Advocate.

A man was sawing wood yesterday afternoon in a back yard. He severed two sticks as thick as your wrist, and then went into the house. "Mary," said he to his wife, "my country needs me; there's no use talking, we just got to slaughter all these Injuns; no true patriot can be expected to hang around a wood-pile these days." "John," said his wife, "if you fight Injuns as well as you saw wood and support your family, it would take one hundred and eighteen like you to capture one squaw, and you'd have to capture her when she had the ague and throw pepper in her eyes." John went back to the wood-pile wondering who told his wife all about him.—Salt Lake Tribune.

DEDICATORY CHURCH PRAYER OF THE PERIOD.—Scribner has this arcaistic paragraph: "We dedicate the edifice to thee, our Lord and Master; we give it to thee and thy cause and kingdom, subject to a mortgage of \$150,000. We bequeath it to our children, and our children's children, as the greatest boon we can confer on them (subject to the mortgage aforesaid) and we trust that they will have the grace and the money to pay the interest and lift the mortgage. Preserve it from fire and foreclosure, we pray thee, and make it abundantly useful to thyself—subject, of course, to the aforesaid mortgage. Amen."