

THE WESLEYAN DAILY RECORDER.

CONFERENCE OF 1870.

No. 1.]

TORONTO, ONTARIO, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1870.

[Vol. II.]

Poetry.

WHAT MAKES A MAN!

Not numerous years, nor lengthened life,
Not pretty children and a wife,
Not pins and chains and fancy rings,
Nor any such like trumpery things;
Not pipe, cigar, nor bottled wine,
Nor liberty with kings to dine;
Nor coat, nor boots, nor yet a hat,
A dandy vest, or trimmed cravat;
Nor all the world's wealth laid in store;
Nor Mister, Reverend, Sir, nor Squire,
With titles that the memory tire;
Not ancestry, though bled to Will;
Who went from Normandy to Kill;
Nor Latin, Greek nor Hebrew lore,
Nor thousands volumes rambled o'er;
Nor Judge's robes, nor Mayor's mace,
Nor crowns that deck the royal race.
These all united, never can
Avail to make a single man.

A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A helper of the human race,
A soul of beauty and of grace.
A spirit firm, erect and free,
That never basely bends the knee;
That will not bear a fetter's weight
Of slavery's chain, for small or great;
That truly speaks of God within,
And never makes a league with sin;
That snags the truth for its own sake;
That worships God and him alone;
That trembles at no tyrant's nod—
A soul that fears no one but God,
And thus can smile at care and ban,
That is the soul that makes a man.

MEMORABLE CONFERENCES IN CANADA.

BY JOHN CARROLL.

THE LITTLE CONFERENCE AT BEAVER DAM.
The first Methodist preachers who labored in Canada were from the United States. Appointments were made to this country before the division of the work in America into Annual Conferences (by that name at least), with fixed boundaries. Before that the Bishop travelled over the country and gathered the preachers at convenient points, examined their characters, ordained deacons and elders, took on any new laborers who offered themselves, and made the appointments for the country around for the ensuing year. These were sometimes called District Conferences. The District Conference which made the first appointment to Canada in 1791, sat in New York.

The first year the several Annual Conferences are mentioned by name in the Minutes was 1802; and the Canada appointments stood in connection with the New York Conference for that year. In that relation they remained till 1810, when the Genesee Annual Conference was organized, and Upper Canada was comprehended within the new Conference boundaries. In that relation they remained for fourteen years, that is, till the formation of the Canada Annual Conference in 1824.

While this relation continued, no less than three sessions of the Genesee Conference were appointed to be held in Canada. The first appointment of this kind, we may naturally infer, was anticipated with eager expectation by the Methodist preachers and people in Canada. This Conference was appointed to be held in Niagara, July 23, 1812. This did not mean the town of Niagara, for there was no church erected there till eleven years after that date. The house in which it was appointed to be held was Warner's Meeting-house, which stood on the spur of the mountain, a mile or more west of St. David's. In that vicinity one of the original societies of the province flourished, with the venerable and holy Christian Warner at its head.

But, alas! the eager and loving laborers from both sides of the dividing waters who longed to embrace each other at that annual assembly were denied the anticipated pleasure by the outbreak of the fratricidal war between Great Britain and the United States, which raged from June, 1812, till 1815.

The preachers who labored in New York State did not presume to cross the Niagara River, but turned aside with their Bishop Lyons, whose their Conference had been organized two years before, and held their annual meeting there. The twelve or thirteen laborers in Upper Canada, at the close of their ecclesiastical year, converged toward the appointed place of meeting at the proper time. One authority says they met in the Chapel where the larger assembly would have met; another says they withdrew further from the army lines, and assembled in the house of a Mr. Swazey, at Beaver Dam. To this latter statement I myself incline as authentic.

The curious will say, who were the men who composed this Conference? The unfinishing ones who stood to their post; who organized, though a little hand, to maintain and carry on the work of God in those stormy times? We answer, the staff of laborers appointed the previous year to the Province consisted of the following preachers:—Henry Ryan, Thomas Whitehead, Edward Cooper, Joseph Gatchel,

THE MANNER OF CHINESE TRAVEL.

BY BISHOP KINGSLEY.

The vehicles used for the journey are carts, one to each man; and each cart drawn by two mules. The hubs of the carts, although designed to carry but one man and the driver, are as large as those of our strongest drays in the United States, and the wheels are strong and full of rivets as the wheels in Ezekiel's vision were of eyes. Through these ponderous hubs the axle project for a distance of seven inches, being three inches in diameter where they come through. What good this projection of the axle does, except to hit against everything in the way, belongs to Chinese civilization to determine. On to these axles, which are very heavy and strong, are attached heavy frames made of two scantlings, running from the mule heads across the axle, to which the frame is made fast by strong bands and bolts of iron. There is nothing in the shape of a spring, or through brace, or any such thing. The Chinese have not got along to these things yet in their civilization. On to this frame is fastened the thing in which you are to be imprisoned during your trip to the capital of the Celestial Empire. It is only large enough for one person, who is expected to sit with crossed legs on the bottom of the machine.

This strange cage is a kind of cross between a hen-coop and a dog-kennel. It is made of hard wood, and very strong, the sides being made to resemble the windows in a penitentiary, the checkered bars being of hard, strong wood instead of iron. There is no seat of any kind, nor anything in which you can lay hold to steady yourself, as a protection against the terrible jerks you suddenly get from side to side as your cart drops into the ruts of ages, and is jerked out again by mule-power. Your prison somewhat resembles an old-fashioned Pennsylvania or Kentucky freight wagon, bating the size, only the ribs of your enclosure are much nearer together and stronger. Then over all is placed a covering of strong, blue cotton muslin, to prevent the rain or dust from coming in, or you from seeing out except in front. This cover is made to come down in front of you, so that you must crouch to see out even in front, like a dog looking out of his kennel, or a chicken looking out from under the old hen on a rainy day. You must first get on to the shaft, and then crawl backward through this hole to your quarters. Bed and bed-clothes, carpet-sacks and shawl are packed away in this little cramped concern, and you endeavor to adjust them so that your bones may escape being broken against the rough sides of your narrow cage. But the roof is so low that if you put in enough to make anything like a comfortable seat, your head will hit against the top, and if your head barely escapes the top of the roof in the middle, it will be sure to hit the sloping sides as soon as the lateral motion begins, and that is the moment that cat gets under way.—Western Christian Advocate.

PRISONS OF THE INQUISITION.

A writer in the *Galaxy*, who appears formerly to have been a Roman Catholic priest, thus describes the horrible prisons of the Inquisition at Rome:

As late as 1825 new prisons were built for the Holy Office in lieu of those humbly destroyed by the French. These gloomy piles excite the wonder of the traveler who comes suddenly upon them after visiting St. Peter's and the Vatican close by. For this blood-stained prison is under the Pontifical roof. When the present Pontiff fled to Gaeta in 1849, the populace burst open the prison. No instruments of torture were found, for they were all destroyed by the army of the Republic. In one cell was a furnace, a woman's dress, and long tresses of hair pulled out by the roots. The furnace was of peculiar construction, and suggestive of horrible things, being large enough to contain a human body. The general impression of the people was that it had been used to consume the remains of victims. Near the luxurious apartment of the Vice-Custode, a Dominican friar was found in a deep trap, a shaft opening into unknown depths. This was the *cade in pace*. As soon as the accused had confessed his offence, he was sent to the Commissary, the *ombudsman* lying directly in his way. The words "Go in peace" were a signal to lose the catch, which at the least pressure opened a yawning tomb. The earth found at the bottom of this pit was chemically analyzed, and proved to be a compost of common earth, decayed bones, etc., fetid to the smell, and horrible to the sight. At one time (1840) it was thought necessary to examine the prison, as the foundations had become insecure from the constant overflow of the Tiber. The architect was not allowed to go alone, lest he should make plans, so two priests, one of whom was myself, and two guards escorted him. The most superstitious person could not tremble more than I did on entering these dread portals. The apartments of the jailers are common and mean, and generally these are all that the visitor who obtains a special order from the Pope to inspect the Inquisition is allowed to see. Antonelli once remarked of these applications, "Show your gold to the thief," referring to the "chief among you taking notes," of which the Vatican has a great hoard. Dr. Maitland, author of "The Church of the Catacombs," had permission to take copies from the inscriptions in the Lapidarian Gallery, but after two days it was revoked and Dr. Maitland had to surrender the papers he had about him on pain of search. But to return to the

Inquisition. Leaving the custodian's department, we entered a vaulted corridor, very dirty, gloomy, and damp. It was a *cul de sac*, leading nowhere. The friar who accompanied us was more initiated, and opened what appeared a gargoyle made of a hideous grinning head, probably some defunct inquisitor. It yielded to his key, and a small door opened leading to the door of the newly arrested. The cells were small, six by four, of stone grained with age and dirt, horrible as the dens of wild beasts in the Coliseum. There was no window except a little grating high up in the wall about the size of an octave volume, no outlet but the little, low door. Through this grating food and water were passed to the captive. The "State of Prisons" records no worse dungeons. They are living sepulchres. In one of them a large number of skeletons, minus the skulls, was discovered buried in lime. This is supposed, with every probability in favour of the surmise, to have been the bath of quicklime. In it the sufferers were immersed up to the neck, and it was slowly increased until, with the suffocation of the smoke and the anguish of oppressed breathing, they died in unspeakable agonies. After a little time the heads would roll off into the hollows left by the shrinking of the lime. These were found collected in a lampy. The first tier of cells seemed to complete the prison, but our Chorus pulled an iron ring in the stone floor, and revealed a small cavernous pit with an iron ladder to it. It looked like descending a coal shaft. We hesitated, lest the ladder should prove rotten; and truth to say, being so wholly in the hands of this friar, we were somehow apprehensive of treachery. The architect told me afterwards that the same thought had occurred to him and under its impulse he had noted every peculiarity of the way we had come, and was fully prepared to strangle the friar at the least approach of danger. We insisted with much politeness that he should descend first. We followed cautiously, and found ourselves in a low corridor which baffles description. Damp dripped from the slimy walls; vile reptiles and horrible vermin held carnival. Rats emboldened by impunity, scampered about, and stopped to stare at us. The cold that hot day penetrated the skin. As before, we could see no cells and no openings in the wall as above. The plashing of the river was audible. The friar pulled one of a line of rings inserted in the wall, and a small door opened. By introducing the legs first, we managed to get in. Imagine a cell level with the bed of the river. A small grating looking upon it, but far above reach, admitting light enough to reveal a foul den of torture. The odor was horrible. Into these prisons the condemned were sent. At the least enlargement of the capricious river, the cell was filled with water and the prisoner drowned. The despairing cry for help and mercy died away unheard. Or worse than this, rats entered from the river and devoured the victim. No inquiry was made for them after imprisonment. The technical word in the records for these dungeons was *gehenna*, sufficiently expressive. We breathed a secret prayer for the unhappy victims once confined there, recalling the prime maxim of the tribunal, "as much punishment as can be inflicted without killing." Truly, they made hell felt in life.

CHRISTIANITY NOT DEPENDENT ON BUILDINGS.

The Church building is not primarily a missionary instrument. The early Christians preached the Gospel to the entire known world. It became the faith of the universal empire. And all this before they made general use of churches. The itinerant preacher converted the people; the church edifice gathered them for nurture and discipline in the new life and its activities.

It is most irrelevant then to attribute the failure of the Church to reach the masses, in any age, to the want or misuse of buildings. Christianity overspread and controlled the world without them. They are the consequence, not the antecedents of evangelism. The masses can only be reached by missionary work. The proclaimer of the Gospel must go to them. They will not come to him. They do not feel their need of his message. They, in ignorance or perversity, avoid his proclamations. They do not want to be stirred to thought, to be quickened in conscience, to be "pricked to the heart," to be disturbed by fears. They shrink from the atmosphere of a sacred house, the society of good men; they recoil from committing themselves to the position of anxious, or fearful, or earnest seekers after God and salvation. The Church must, therefore, go to them, awaken in them a sense of need, disarm their opposition, relieve them from the dead of ridicule and jeers from their evil companions and neighbors. The building is, accordingly, not a missionary instrument. It does not "go." The pulpit invites people to come. The Master says, "Go, preach." Human nature responds, "Come after us, we will never come to you." This the Apostles knew. They did not wait for buildings. They went to the people.

The mistake of our day is the confinement of preaching to ministers, and the shutting of ministers into pulpits. The failure to reach the masses is to be laid at the door of the Christian men who will not send ministers to the people, and do not go themselves. The Church is waiting for the people, and the people are waiting for the Church, and consequently they never get together. We should preach everywhere, in homes, in shops, in tenement

houses, on wharves, in halls, in chapels, whenever the people are or can be gathered. When once they feel a need of pastoral care and nurture they will go into church buildings, be they free or not free. And we have faith in the Christianity of our day, to assure us that when the people ask for permanent places, they will have them at such rate as it is best, on their own account, for them to pay; or at such rate, if they are unable to share the burdens of their spiritual home and school.—Dr. Duryan in *Christian at Work*.

BUNKUM REPORTS.

Be it far from us to charge any one with intentionally and knowingly making *bunkum reports* to our Church papers. We fear, however, that sometimes wrong impressions are made. For example, a brother says—"no particular brother is meant."—I have increased my periodical list one hundred per cent. It is owing to circumstances whether such a statement implies diligence, and that duty is fully discharged. Having sometimes followed pastors who had been diligent and faithful in circulating our Church papers, we have found it difficult to increase the subscription even *five or ten per cent*. On the other hand, we have been in charges where there had been great neglect of this work for three or four years, or more, and it was comparatively easy to enlarge the list for the *Advocate or Repository* fifty or one hundred per cent. We have, therefore, learned from experience that a pastor may have done only *half* his duty when he doubles a periodical subscription.

The same may be said of raising missionary money. A few years ago, with but little effort we raised in a certain charge an amount equal to the aggregate for six previous years, and the next year, in the same charge, we trebled our first collection. During the eight years these had been but little change in the Church's financial ability.

In another charge, the following year, with equal effort, at least, we barely increased the amount for missions six per cent, over the previous pastor's report.

The explanation is, in the former charge the duty of the Church in regard to missions had not been explained as it ought to have been, in the latter it was otherwise.

Again, we have learned from experience that a donation is not always a sign of a "duck's nest," as the boys used to say. First, it is not always safe to infer that a pastor is generally popular because he has been "donated." Secondly, it is no infallible indication that a charge making a donation is very liberal. Once or twice the writer's salary was not paid, nor likely to be; a few friends determined to get up a donation. Said donations were more the result of *unpopularity* than the contrary.

Some charges we have heard of have been in the habit of voting pastors small salaries with promise of donation, the amount of which must be regulated often by contingencies—such as price of wheat, cut-worm in the corn, cholera, and last, but not least, "if we like the preacher," perhaps, after the salary and donation have been paid the case stands thus:—Salary + donation = great stinginess.

We have had but little to complain of in such matters, yet are fully persuaded that such pastors have had much. Brethren, let us guard against "bunkum."—*Ec.*

FOLLIES OF GREAT MEN.

Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, changed color and his legs shook under him on meeting a hare or a fox. Dr. Johnson would never enter a room with his left foot foremost; if, by mistake, it did get foremost, he would step back and place his right foot foremost. Cesar was almost convulsed by the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get into a cellar or under ground to escape the noise. To Queen Elizabeth the simple word "death" was full of horror. Even Talleyrand trembled and changed color on hearing the word pronounced. Marshall Saxe, who met and overthrew opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat. Peter the Great could never be persuaded to cross a bridge; though he tried to master the terror, he failed to do so; whenever he set his foot on one, he would "shut out in distress and agony. Byron would never help any one to salt at the table, nor would he be helped himself; if any of the articles happened to be spilled on the table, he would jump up and leave his meal unfinished.

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

We read of a philosopher, who passing through a mart filled with articles of taste and luxury, made himself quite happy with this simple, yet sage reflection: "How many things are there here I do not want!" Now, this is just the reflection with which the earnest believer passes through the world. It is richly furnished with what is called good things. He has spots of honor and power, to tempt the restless uprisings of ambition of every grade. It has gold and gems, houses and lands, for the covetous and ostentatious. It has innumerable powers of taste and luxury, where self-indulgence may revel. But the Christian whose piety is deep-toned, and whose spiritual perceptions are clear, looks over the world, and exclaims: "How much there is that I do not want! I have what is far better. My treasure is in heaven."—Dr. Tyng.