

THE WESLEYAN

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1882.

THE LATE CONFERENCE.

The last mail places us in possession of an amount of news respecting the late Conference which for editorial purposes is simply embarrassing. We content ourselves with the publication of the racy letters of a ministerial delegate, and an extract or two from the careful reports which the *Methodist Recorder*, with marked promptness, is giving to the public. That the late gathering has been proved to be a great success is admitted readily, we believe, by those who were at one time disposed to question the wisdom of its promoters. They have found that by the "grace and the moulding" of the Divine Spirit, Methodism has produced in its adherents a wonderful unity of spiritual life. All who bear our common name, speak one language. Doctrine, fellowship and experience, are expressed in terms and tones which are familiar to all.

An interest such as, years ago, Edward Fraser, once of Bermuda, awakened in England, has been felt in the able delegation from the African Methodist Churches, which forms a contingent of thirty representatives. "Many of them," remarks the *Recorder*, "might make their mark in any Church, some are men of remarkable tact and dignity, several are natural orators of no mean order." One of the number—Bishop Payne—presided over the Conference on the 17th instant, and a number of others have occupied metropolitan pulpits and taken a full share of work and pleasure in the public and social gatherings connected with the Conference. Any distinction, if distinction there has been, has been in their favor.

An interesting debate followed the reading of a paper on the "Itinerary," by Mr. Antiff of the Primitive Methodist Church, who, in urging modification, declared that the system did well for the country, but was not adapted in its present form for the city. In this view he was sustained by William Arthur, who asserted that Methodism had done less for London than for any other four millions of the English-speaking population of the globe. "We need," he said, "to look very carefully at the condensed labor which alone can reach condensed populations." The *Watchman*, the most conservative of English Methodist journals, remarks: "Mr. Arthur's brief address on the subject was at once weighty and significant. When such a man as he hints that we must consider the relation of the Itinerary to the dense masses cooped up in our large towns; draws so sharp a distinction between concentrated and scattered populations; and throws out the remotest hint of the kind just quoted, we seem to hear a suggestion that may lead to modification."

English representatives had to receive some plain teaching from American and Canadian delegates on the subject of temperance, to the importance of which our fathers and brethren across the sea have not all yet waked up. Our own Dr. Sutherland uttered some remarks in his usual forcible manner, for which we hope to find room elsewhere. In England, if possible, more than at home plain words need to be uttered, and blows driven straight out from the shoulder against a monster evil with which ministers of the Gospel should have nothing to do but in the way of an eternal quarrel. How can they ever forget that stinging rebuke of a foreigner—"It is well that you English are a drunken nation; but for that you would be masters of the world."

But we are forgetting our purpose not to forestall our kind correspondent. Let us dismiss the theme by expressing our two-fold satisfaction—satisfaction that English Methodists have thrown their doubts to the winds, and recognized in the Conference just closed "an occasion from which a great evangelistic impulse will be given not only to all Methodists, but to all evangelical Churches whatever;" and satisfaction at the impression made upon Englishmen in general. In view of this we hope for a degree of self-assertion on the part of our English brethren which in the past they have failed to show. Traditions, as the *Methodist* wisely remarks, have too often become trammels. The admissions of the public journals, of all shades of opinion, must tend to increase backbone. With this and the supply of the far more important blessing, the baptism of the Holy Spirit which always follows true consecration, the outlook will be such as never before has cheered the friends of Methodism in England and elsewhere.

The next meeting of the Conference is to be held in America in 1887.

THE WORLD-WIDE TOPIC.

On Monday last the closing scene in a sad historical event was witnessed. A few eyes only gazed on it in fact, but millions were mourners in spirit. The flags which at its end rose to the head of the flag staff, or fell to the earth, the religious services which were held far beyond the proclaimed districts of the nation most immediately concerned, only lent emphasis to a feeling of sympathy which was world-wide in its extent. From across the ocean, England's Queen caused a floral wreath to be placed upon the deceased American ruler's coffin, from all parts of Europe came messages of condolence and regard, and even the very antipodes made their voices heard in tones of sympathy.

But as that dishonored name of Guiteau meets our eye we are reminded that the last sad scene in this historical drama is not yet enacted. One wishes that it had been. To turn from that couch of suffering and final death over which nations have bowed, with wife and attendants, to lose sight of that sorrow which has cemented nations in its experience, and gaze into that gloomy cell where an assassin crouches and moans and prays, is a change from which one shrinks. We have no thought in common with that spirit of low revenge which seeks gratification in personal vengeance, nor with those papers that express admiration of the guard who made himself an assassin in his attempt at the prisoner's destruction. None should say that the latter must die, until the law, with calm, careful, solemn investigation shall declare him deserving of death. Then sentence of death upon him should involve sentence of death upon the system which developed him; a scaffold for his execution should be a scaffold upon which a world should look as the death place of a national custom of which he was only an incarnation. If the system perish not with the man the great American Republic will greatly demean itself in touching him with the fingers of the hangman. A Western paper very justly remarks that "the assassin's shot was only the final expression of the slander, wrath, prejudice and devilish intolerance that has found less tragic, but perhaps just as baneful, expression in newspaper articles and in stump speeches in all sections and from both parties for nearly a score of years. The spirit that seeks to ruin a political opponent by malignant slander is of the same origin and quality as the spirit that seeks his death by shot or steel. The unscrupulous and bitter spirit of our politics had become a national sin and the nation is punished in the shooting down of one of the best rulers Providence ever gave us."

The world has only yet reaped half its benefit, only half learned the lesson which Providence desires it to learn. In its admiration of the martyr President it has learned the beauty of goodness and the blessedness of a Christian home life, and in looking upon a fine picture it has become better, but it has yet to learn, as it watches the closing career of the repulsive assassin, that national safety can only be based upon national morality, and national morality upon true Christian principles. Heavy as is the cost, President Garfield will not have died in vain, if in the place of that degrading rule—"to the victors belong the spoils," the nation shall institute such a civil service system as he aimed to introduce, and Guiteau's name may at some far distant period lose some degree of its infamy when men remember that he was only an incarnation of a vile system, who taught the world by an illustration of a terrible kind that in the realm of politics there lay a brighter and nobler path, that personal aims and self aggrandizement had hidden from the perception of men.

OUR DUTY.

The principles upon which, as a Connection, we maintain our educational institutions are not of recent adoption. They are not local in their origin, nor temporary in their character. Just as we hold that the Head of the Church has called His followers to proclaim the gospel to every human being, so we believe that He has called His Church to care for the young, and to afford them the best preparation possible for the active duties of life. Hence the work of the Sabbath-school, of the Bible-class and of the college lie on the same foundation. In the prosecution of this work we are not of the number who say yea and nay. We dare not vacillate; we cannot turn back. But it is not enough to define our position, or to remain at it—we must go forward. Our educational institutions, as in some sense the main spring of our agencies in this direction, are to live, and therefore they are to grow. This, then, means thought, prayer, effort, and liberal-

ity. Our present duty is to make up, at the earliest possible opportunity, the Endowment Fund at present required. But this is not all. Measures must be taken to secure the youth of our own congregations as students for our own College. Others are eager to obtain them; and are using such means as are very tempting to needy young men. We hope that the inducements offered to the young men of Methodism to draw them away from their own Institutions of learning will be rejected as promptly as they deserve to be. And we trust the day is not far distant when Scholarships will be so established among ourselves as to help those who really need help to get through with their College course. In the meantime, to prepare the way for this, let the Endowment scheme be completed forthwith.

NOT WORTH COUNTING.

Who can estimate the possibilities which are bound up in the life of the infant to whom men only measure out days? A mother's love scarcely dreamed that Charles Wesley could live, yet what does the world owe to him who, grown to manhood, gave it more than six thousand "hymns and spiritual songs," among them that hymn "Jesus, lover of my soul," which the Holy Church throughout the world will never cease to use, "till the storm of life be past," when ten times ten thousand of the redeemed will treasure it as one of the sweetest memories of the former scene. A circumstance in the earliest history of the late Bishop E. O. Haven, as told in the *Christian Advocate*, is interesting: "He was born but shortly before the census of 1820 was taken. The enumerator called at his father's house, and the mother gave replies to all the questions, whereupon the Government official started for the door. But she told him there was another member of the family of whom no register had been made. She then brought her baby to him upon a pillow. He looked at the child a moment, turned, and left, saying: 'He won't live; it won't pay to count him.'" Yet the child lived to enter the ministry, fill several of the most prominent offices in the Methodist Church of the United States, and to die as one of its bishops, leaving a highly honorable record. In his later days Bishop Haven "would recount this incident with the greatest delight, and would heartily laugh on saying that the census of 1820 ought to be in the Government publications 9,637,132, not 9,637,131 as it now appears."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The *Methodist* speaks of the evident acquaintance of the "American brethren" with the origin and early history of Methodism, and of the "deep and genuine feeling" with which they "turn to the cradle of Methodism. It says:—'They mention with great familiarity the names of men and women who were distinguished in the early stages of the Methodist movement, and they display great interest in all those scenes and places in England which Methodism has made historic and sacred. Evidently they turn to the cradle of Methodism with a deep and genuine feeling. In this respect they furnish an example which is well worthy of imitation. The English Methodists of this generation are in some danger of losing interest in their spiritual ancestry. Our history, our biography, our theology, and our literature in general, are worthy of more attention from our people than they receive. Outside of our own boundaries they are read and studied. Enthusiasm in Methodism has become somewhat traditional. We need now and henceforth to be stimulated by a clear conception of the spirit and the principles which are contained in our own distinctive form of church life.' The same danger threatens Provincial Methodism. The memoirs of Wm. Carvoso and Hester Ann Rogers and others like-minded are too often put on the top shelf, and are too frequently refused by the committees appointed to select Sunday-school libraries.

Movements along the line indicate a waking up on the part of temperance men. We referred to the vote in Hants last week, omitting to state that at Avondale the vote was unanimous in favor of the Act. At Sackville, N. B., fresh efforts are to be made to put the Act in force. In Moncton the ministers are urging more active effort in the same direction. The action of the Charlotte-town authorities, following that of Fredericton, is provoking to "good works" and "love" as well. In November a vote will be taken on the acceptance or rejection of the Act in the County of Pictou, and early in the following month a similar vote will be asked from

the city and County of St. John. Petitions to that effect have just been forwarded to Ottawa. In the meantime the liquor-dealers are wide awake, and have engaged eminent English counsel. As soon as one-half of the two thousand dollars asked for shall have been subscribed, the Committee of the Dominion Temperance Alliance will ask J. McLaren, Esq., of Montreal, to represent them before the Privy Council. Let temperance advocates not grow weary. The expulsion of dramshops is a work not to be accomplished before breakfast. It must be accomplished, for it is a work of the devil which Christ came to destroy. George Eliot has well said:

"In God's war  
Slackness is infamy."

Men engaged in the temperance strife would do well to remember this sentiment.

The phrase—"A world in morning," used by a French paper the other day was well chosen. Not merely in the Republic, where tokens of grief were to be expected, but from all points with which the telegraph wire connects us, unusual marks of esteem have been paid to the murdered President. Is the world growing better? Is the bond of human brotherhood getting stronger? It would seem so. In several Provincial Methodist churches sermons in harmony with the subject uppermost in men's minds were preached. The *St. John Daily News* publishes a synopsis of a memorial discourse preached by Rev. D. D. Currie, in Centenary Church on Sunday evening, from Gen. 49: 23-24, and regrets that it has not space to publish a "most thoughtful and eloquent sermon" preached by Rev. E. Evans, of Fredericton, to his own congregation, from Psalm 97: 2. In leading English Churches a similar course seems to have been adopted. On Monday afternoon about the hour of the funeral a service was held in St. Andrew's Church, St. John, and the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Halifax. In the former city the closing of shutters and blinds was almost universal, in the latter minute guns were fired from the citadel and flagship.

On the 11th inst., a memorial service was held in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto, in view of the death of Dr. Lauchlin Taylor. At the close of his sermon, the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Potts, read the following extract from a letter received from Dr. Burwash: "We have no particulars yet, except that he (Dr. Taylor) died of heart disease. When John (his nephew, John Burwash) reached him he was not aware of his danger, and probably was somewhat in stupor. As John began to break the physician's prognosis, he asked, 'Do you think I am dying?' 'Yes.' 'Does the doctor think so?' 'Yes.' 'Then all is right.' He then tried to arrange a little business but his power was gone. This is all we know as yet. When I last saw him we talked very closely of personal religion, and he assured me in very strong terms of his clear consciousness of the favor of God: 'I know that I have the divine favor. I feel it. I cannot be mistaken.'"

The Rev. J. A. Rogers came passenger per *Caspian* from St. John's on Sunday evening. His venerable father, whose declining health called him thither, does not, at the advanced age of eighty-three, expect to recover strength and sight, but clings to Him who is the strength of the Christian's heart and his portion forever. Mr. Rogers represents the outlook for Methodism in Newfoundland as being most cheering. We announce to-day the dedication of a new church at Willingate. The new church in St. John's—the third in that city—is said to be a very fine building. Business prospects, too, are improving. The Labrador fishery has, we fear, been much below the average, but the shore fishery has been more successful than at any time during the last fifteen years, and great activity in commercial matters is reported from St. John's.

From a brief private note, accompanying the interesting letters on the Ecumenical Conference which appear in our paper to-day, we learn that Rev. A. W. Nicolson was to sail for Halifax direct, per *Australia*, of the Anchor Line, on the 21st inst. Mr. Nicolson was selected as one of the Committee appointed to prepare an address from the Ecumenical Conference to Methodists throughout the world. In the performance of this duty he found himself associated with Revs. Bishop Peck, Wm. Arthur, and C. C. McKechnie—a brother Scotchman, of the Primitive Methodist Church. Mr. Nicolson will continue a description of the Conference in our columns. He concludes: "This is a grand Conference and to is

accomplish very much, I verily believe, for our common Methodism."

In the course of the discussion on "the Lord's Day" in the late Conference, Bishop McTear said that "Methodists, and especially ministers, ought to be very jealous over their own practice in the matter. He said, I saw this notice in the public prints in America, that a certain Ex-President, the example of whose wife has been quoted here most properly and forcibly, when on a journey stopped over the Saturday night, kept the Sabbath, went to church, and resumed the journey on the Monday morning. Sir, that was worth more than a thousand tracts circulated on the Sunday; and, *per contra*, sometimes an item gets into the papers that men whom we honour and love and pray for take Sunday trains for distant points, when there is no absolute necessity for it. I say that a just and respectful but earnest animadversion and protest becomes the Methodist press when these things occur."

The Dominion Exhibition is bringing crowds into our city. On Monday attempts to get a place for the sole of the foot in our larger hotels were unsuccessful. As we write the sun shines out bright and clear, giving us such weather as previous storms prepare us to prize highly. All looks cheery at present. There can be little doubt that in spite of some unpleasant delays at the beginning this Exhibition will be a success. A special reporter will give in another column some brief notes on the affair. Such displays must give an impulse to every department of trade and commerce, and just now when business everywhere seems to be on the spring, must be of peculiar value.

A monster circus has left our Province, carrying with it, there can be no doubt, thousands of dollars. One of its employees was killed on the way to this city, it is said by comrades, and in his pocket was found an imploring letter from his mother, urging his return from his sinful life. How many Christian men and women—registered at least as such on the Church list—have patronized this miserable affair? How many Sunday-school teachers, with watchful eyes upon them, have taught their scholars an unfortunate lesson?

A telegram from Venice says that the high position, social and ecclesiastical, of Count Henrice Campello, the arch-priest of the Basilica of St. Peter at Rome, who has publicly abjured Romanism and entered the little Methodist church worshipping in the Piazza, has produced an immense sensation in Roman Catholic circles.

Methodist preachers are now telling of Jesus Christ and preaching a free and full salvation in thirty different languages.

Thursday, October 20th, has been named by the Governor General as a day of Thanksgiving throughout the Dominion.

The Secretary of the Guysboro and Cape Breton District announces that a Scholarship of \$25 at Mount Allison has been voted by that District.

THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

London, itself, is a most perplexing word. To attempt a description of London would be utter folly; and yet your readers would scarcely consider it respectful to the great metropolis if no mention of its ten thousand wonders appeared in this correspondence. I must, however, defer any such writing to a more leisurely period. The Ecumenical Conference may be said to have opened on Tuesday morning, at a breakfast prepared in Exeter Hall, by the Religious Tract Society. There were, perhaps, 300 of the 400 delegates present by invitation. This was one of the celebrated London breakfasts where business is really meant. It was chiefly advantageous to us from a distance as affording an excellent opportunity of hearing such men as Dr. Osborn, William Arthur, Bishop Simpson, Lord Mayor McArthur, Ebenezer Jenkins, Dr. Cook, Hocart, colored bishops and others. They were all on familiar terms with their audience—a really pleasant occasion. There was no attempt at oratory, yet it was easy to trace in these speeches the peculiar forces which have rendered these several names so generally popular.

On Wednesday morning at nine o'clock the Council proper began. City Road Chapel, seating about 1,100, has been renovated so frequently and well that, while it presents appearances as if they were a hundred years ago, it is an airy, cheery chapel. The walls are well covered with tablets, preserving in this home of Methodism precious memories of its most distinguished children. A bust of Sir Francis Lycett was added just the day before we opened. At the hour announced for Bishop Simpson's service, Dr. Osborn entered the pulpit, and for forty-five minutes led the con-

gregation through the prayer-book exercises. It was a not unwelcome thing to Canadians, simply because it gave us an idea of what "prayers" in our Methodist Churches means; but it was a somewhat gloomy omen for the services over which Dr. Osborn might have control. It was found, indeed, that this propensity to extend preliminary exercises, so characteristic of certain great men, was met prudently by an arrangement for appointing a new presiding officer for each day of the session.

It was nearly eleven when Bishop Simpson took the pulpit. He is now seventy-two, with much of the stoop which extreme years are apt to bring, and seemingly under disadvantage of limited lung capacity, compared with palmier days. But, as an orator, a thinker, a theologian, he is a marvellous man still. He read his text from John Wesley's Bible—a small, worn, calf-bound, smoke-dried book, but a precious memento at this particular juncture. From John vi. part of 63rd verse, he discoursed on the mysteries of life in every sphere, naturally turning to the history of Methodism as capable of explanation only by the energy of truth. The remarkable simplicity of his language, the grouping of his cardinal ideas, the fidelity with which he carried the leading thought through the entire warp and woof of his sermon, the mastery reasoning of the whole, and the pathos of his peroration, left every one in wonder and adoring gratitude. Much was expected of this sermon. There were representatives from all parts of the globe—from a church which has almost encircled the world, whose message is proclaimed in more than thirty different languages. If Methodism has produced in its grand century of conquest any results of learning, of accomplishment in oratory, of great executive and practical skill, they were surely gathered that hour in City Road. And Bishop Simpson seemed to feel all this. There have been many great occasions in his life; none was greater than this. It is something to say he was quite equal to it. I hope his sermon will be printed and read everywhere in America.

The Reception meeting in the afternoon was disappointing in one way. Dr. Osborn and his preliminary exercises occupied two of the three hours at our command. He seemed to regret that the other hour must be relinquished. In that one hour we heard from Bishop McTear, of the M. E. Church, South; Bishop Warren, North, and our own Dr. Douglas. But the architect had spent so much time in building the porch that the main building was cramped and well nigh ruined. Dr. Douglas, especially, was crowded beyond all moderation.

THE LORD MAYOR'S RECEPTION.  
What shall I say of this unique affair! Methodism, so little accustomed to conditions of pomp and state, is becomingly modest when such invitations are thrust upon it as that of the Right Hon. Mr. McArthur to the delegates of the Ecumenical Conference. But we went—submitted to the weary process of delivering up over-coats and hats to liveried servants, who knew so little of order that they exhausted the patience of everybody, themselves included; submitted to be announced, received, shaken by the hand, and—assigned to the quiet limbo of forgetfulness, for is it not the end of all public receptions? Yet there was much to be learned. The Lord Mayor, we are sure, intended to edify us all. He passed through the circumstances of that display which distinguishes grand affairs of this kind; went in procession, preceded by the mace and followed by the High Sheriff, and other dignitaries in dress of office; went through the ceremony of robing and disrobing, of sitting enthroned beside the Lady Mayoress; and finally was transformed into a genuine, old-fashioned Methodist, as he gave out a hymn, two lines at a time, spoke words of welcome with great animation, invited speeches and called for prayer. It happened that, ten years ago, last May, I was one of a delegation from the International Convention of the Y. M. C. Association, convened at Washington, U. S., to carry greetings to General Grant, at the White House. An immense company joined us at the gates; we shook hands, heard words of welcome, returned the compliment in earnest speeches, and closed with singing and prayer. Another decade brings me to London to see a similar occasion at the Mansion House, London. We were told then that the stately halls of the White House had never witnessed such a reception before, just as we are told now that the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House in all probability never echoed to such sounds as those of last Wednesday evening. Certainly it never had a Lord Mayor with a Methodist Hymn Book in his hands, leading the devotions of a Methodist gathering. Are we viewing the millennium? There seemed to be a curious, enquiring look in the eyes of the servants in this great centre of English dignity and decorum, as if they were half startled out of their British propriety, but Mayor McArthur will never compromise his religion to lords or lackeys. His immediate predecessor won the hearts of his servants by giving them a banquet before he left the Mansion House and acknowledging his indebtedness to their faithfulness. Mr. McArthur will do even more than this.

THURSDAY'S SESSION.  
It was somewhat pleasing to Western delegates to find the devotions this morning under the direction of Dr. Dewart. While introducing his name, let me mention a few others who may be entertained for by the readers of the *Wesleyan*. Mr. Churchill is now between seventy and eighty; has indeed reached the period when ripe age is a boast. Yet he is, save a slight stoop and a manifest consequent diminution in physical height, as fresh, buoyant and natural as twenty years ago. Mr. Butcher is but fairly recovered from a most acute ill-

ness; the same whom we knew so well stood together through District meetings for ordination. Dr. Dewart is not as we could desire to gain from the one life must be less sympathy in people.

At this moment Methodist New Zealand is reading a paper on the history of the hand of Methodism. Venerable, he is Wesley at an age. His essay was in Peck, chairman of the conference, and declared his paper to be five minutes, but not all wholesome but an improvement. I need say nothing more. It was a gem.

When Dr. Fox of the Presidency, Evanston, Illinois, who was to succeed my own mind the day when the nation announced, to Dr. C. is a short, keen, great concentration of the energy and of the predecessor in it to call for a ten way; but to do this, is to commend one, and dry up your hands! The managed, however, of the resources that brief limit.

Dr. Gardner, of Montreal General member as representative of the Church of Canada, whose services were delivered; but there being called, when our speakers, the restraint must English. Bishop's little merit at all speakers. Comfort to one thus, clearing that some were much the best off in the middle. The brother had a vision, notwithstanding the several attempt to say that conference are because me say it with the has been deprecat aged. Members saved from it. G prayer. This Commission informs the world of what is. It is to give a operations. It is branches of the Church One or two evident.

Our colored brethren respected. They best residences. All round for something to be a color summit of popular Bishop! These in expressing indignity subject of the Church is even more patient statements on this disposition to induce means frequent. ference is tolerant overlook the past future.

Dr. Edwards, of the *Advocate*, M. J. Justice of Methodist paper. He is a fine brain developed well-informed, he only a master call will be part of the will astonish the even more success Dorchester of Boston the world.

Next came Mr. That name is surely typical English, withal modest, gave a good turn, making. What might be Secretary of the well as Secretary, ence, he is in date with work, as shown, called Henry Gervase Smith, of me self. Alas! have fallen out of years! The usual minutes speeches great men I have ed brethren free speakers like Dr. and Dr. Kizz.

Rev. Wm. Arth-