

# The Wesleyan

249

Rev. A. W. NICOLSON,  
Editor and Publisher.

Published under the direction of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

\$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE  
Postage Prepaid.

VOL. XXIX

HALIFAX, N.S., AUGUST 11, 1877.

NO. 32

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**NOTES OF A VISIT TO NEW-  
FOUNDLAND.**

(REV. C. STEWART, D.D.)

The locality in which the Newfoundland Conference was this year held is one of varied interest. It may be said to be the birth-place of Methodism in America. One hundred and twelve years ago, that is the summer of 1765, the Rev. Lawrence Coughlan arrived, as a Missionary, in Harbor Grace. For ten years before this, he had labored with Mr. Wesley in Great Britain. Representations had been made to the latter of the extreme spiritual destitution of the settlers in Newfoundland, and, as he was then himself without resources to afford them assistance, he obtained ordination from the Bishop of London for Mr. Coughlan, and had him despatched, as an agent of the "Society for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts." But he never ceased to be a Methodist Preacher. Giving prominence to those doctrines which he had been accustomed to declare in the old country, and by which he had himself been converted, he soon had the pleasure of seeing the word of God taking effect upon the consciences of his hearers. Before the end of the year, a class-meeting was formed, and from that time, though with checkered experience, the cause so introduced grew and prospered. Under date of Nov. 4, 1772, Mr. Coughlan thus wrote to Mr. Wesley, "I am now in the seventh year of my servitude as a Missionary. \* \* \* I am and do confess myself, a Methodist. The name I love, and hope I ever shall. The plan which you first taught me, I have followed as to doctrine and discipline. Our married men meet apart once a week, and the married women do the same. \* \* \* In winter I go from house to house and expound some part of God's word. \* \* \* There are some also whose mouths God hath opened to give a word of exhortation."

Two years before Mr. Coughlan's return to England, a Mr. Stretton, a local preacher from Limerick, in Ireland, having come to the Island, began to assist him; and afterwards this good man, assisted by a Mr. Thomey, who had been brought to God under Mr. Coughlan's ministry, went up and down these shores "testifying the gospel of the grace of God." Hence the work continued to spread, and from that time to this, a succession of faithful men have been raised up to defend and promote it, and the blessing of God has crowned their labours with success. Not only so, but the introduction of Methodism into the Islands of Jersey and Guernsey, and ultimately into France itself, may be directly traced to the spiritual awakening experienced on these shores. (Vide Wilson's Newfoundland and its Missionaries, pp. 143-145, also Steven's History of Methodism.)

Other, and far less pleasurable features of interest are attached to this part of the country. Within the last quarter of a century, the animosity begetten of religious and political differences has here displayed itself in violence and barbarity. Firearms were freely used in the light of day. During the darkness of night, cropping of ears and slitting of noses were the means employed to convince, or correct, the representatives of the press; while it was perilous for any decent person of the opposite belief to be out of doors. Happily, this reign of terror has quite passed away. Men still differ in their views, but they have been taught that loyalty and the rights of conscience are not to be placed at a discount; and those who dare to think for themselves must, when peacefully disposed, be defended at all hazards.

Carbonear has acquired celebrity of late on another account. It is the nearest town to the famous telegraph station of Heart's Content. My excellent host, Mr. John Maddock, in company with his wife and daughter, gave me a day's rare enjoyment, by conveying me to the famed depot, and procuring admission to witness the apparatus and operation of the Atlantic Telegraph. The distance from Conception Bay at this point, to Trinity Bay, is about twelve miles. An elevated plateau on the middle of this ridge implies an ascent on the one side, and a corresponding descent on the other; and thus an opportunity is afforded for obtaining an extensive view of each Bay on approaching to it. Such views, as I found them, in the leafy month of June, were simply magnificent—on the one a stretch of twelve miles, on the other of twenty, and bounded on each side by a coast line of every changing form. The first part of the country through which we passed, though stony, is evidently capable of profitable cultivation. At present it is well adapted for grazing, and for this purpose seems to be "commons"—goats and sheep, and horses and cows being alike in considerable numbers turned out to pasture upon it. Soon, also, we come to "Victoria Village." But let not the name deceive. It is not Queenly yet. Its houses are very, very poor, and its inhabitants must be deplorably off—when at home. But there are influences at work, in school, in church, in personal effort, which are adapted to bring about improvement, and must ultimately do so. For the most part, however, our road is over a wild "barren," with frequently recurring ponds, or lakelets, swarming with trout, and most enticing to the angler. The road is often circuitous, and as the telegraph line is, for directness, frequently carried through swampy land, it becomes a necessity, during the wintertime, to have some means of guiding the wayfarer on his journey. Posts, not unlike those used for the telegraph wire, though shorter, are used; and we have seen them set along other portions of road, where equally they were required for the protection of life.

The village of Heart's Content is situated on the curved shore of an inlet or harbor of the same name. This harbor is probably not more than three or four miles in circumference; but its waters are deep, and it affords a much more eligible position for landing the cable than the original one in Bay of Bulls. Here the Great Eastern found a safe anchorage, combined with the opportunity for perfect freedom of movement, in discharging the last of her precious cargo.

The buildings connected with the Company's buildings are substantial and elegant, if not imposing, and embrace in addition to offices, stores, etc., comfortable residences for the Superintendent and Operators. The Offices stand by themselves, and would not, either by their external appearance or internal arrangements, impress the beholder with the magnitude of the interests which they represent. Yet here is one of the two valves of the world's great heart. Information such as, in the present condition of our race, is deemed essential to its vitality, is here rushing to and fro incessantly. Tidings on all conceivable topics, public and private, national, political, commercial, religious and scientific; tidings of peace and of war, of gain and of loss, of life and of death; tidings to swell the heart with joy, and to overwhelm it with grief; tidings for the one, and for the many—are passing here from day to day, seven days in the week, and twenty-four hours every day! "Just repeat your last word," says the operator of the Old World to his confere of the New. It is done, and quick as thought, comes back the answer, "all right," and away go the winged words again. Here come messages from Japan, Calcutta, Petersburg, and "the seat of war;" there they go from South America, California, Washington, and "St. John laid in ashes." Yet the little village is unconscious of the heart-throbs which pulsate to and fro upon its shore, and the question of the hour with its simple inhabitants is whether the caplin has struck or the codfish is plenty!

Four cables, we are told, have been laid, but only two are working. Mark that strip of paper shaded a little more, but in the same way as you have often seen a

stereotype. A faint light, reflected and magnified from a tiny mirror no larger than a sixpence, plays upon it now at one end, now at another. The gleam on the mirror is the result of the electric current as manipulated at Valencia; the movement back and forth indicates the letters, and they are flashed along as quickly as one man can call them, and another write them down.

But here again is another electrical machine. It is self-acting, and slowly unrolls a strip of white paper. Upon this the lower end of a glass syphon, not much thicker than a human hair, touches, while the other end being inserted in a trough of ink, and the instrument itself suspended on a silken fibre, the electric current causes it to deflect more or less to the one side or the other, and thus produce an unending "copy" for the interpreting eye of the operator. If there is no movement at the office in Ireland, or here, the slowly unwinding paper shows but a black line; but the instant that telegraphing begins, on either side, that moment the busy pen resumes its angular writing. In other rooms, new marvels met our eye. Here, a system of batteries quietly, steadily supplying the force which sweeps so mysteriously from Continent to Continent. There, one machine by which, if an accident occur anywhere along the ocean bed, the precise locality can, immediately be determined, and a party sent off to fish up the cable and repair it; and another, of more recent construction, by which it can easily and accurately be ascertained whether, and to what extent, any loss of power has taken place,—any deterioration by wear or tear—on the part of the insulated wires. "Doubtless," said our very affable attendant, "such deterioration must take place; but this particular wire has now been in operation for five years, and no appreciable loss has yet been discovered."

If, before such achievements of the human mind, we may magnify man, how much more Him in whose hand is our breath, and whose are all our ways! "This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."

### MUSINGS.

Just as the "children's hour" dawned this evening I was thinking of heaven. I wondered what that world was like where they have no twilight, where the nightly shadows never fall, where no home-groups gather in the lamp-lit rooms for social intercourse, but where the sun-light of heaven flashes its brilliance upon all the surroundings of life, and I felt thankful for the words of Holy Writ "There shall be no night there."

None of the darkness arising from doubt and despondency. None of the darkness arising from adversity and spiritual declension, shall ever intrude themselves in that bright world, and no shadows from temptation's dark hour ever fall on the soul again. Heaven is the land of the sun, and yet there are no sunset scenes to witness there, for the sun of Righteousness never goes down.

"The light that fills the upper temple" is never dimmed and the glory is never tarnished. Well will it be for us, dear reader, if when we come to die we "move into the light."

I wondered also what the rest of that world was like where there are no burdens to carry and no battles to fight and no tears to shed, where the whirling brain and the weary feet shall rest, where the jostling competitions of life shall be over and the fierce strife shall be ended, where the anxious careworn brow of the city merchant shall never be seen and the mother's earnest solicitude for dear ones shall be felt no more, where cries from falling comrades on the battle-field of life shall no longer ring in our ears, for the armour shall be doffed for the white robes. Where the slavery of sin shall end, and the freedom of the skies shall be gained. Rest for the toiling hand that has lost its cunning. Rest for the weary heart that

has throbbled with pulsations of affection for others. Rest for the toilers who spent life's long day in the Master's vineyard, and at sun-down went away home.

Rest for the pilgrims who, with blistered feet, trod the desert sands of life, but who are resting now in the paradise of God.

Rest for the rowers of life's waters, over whose frail crafts the foam-crested billows broke with relentless fury and threatened them with shipwreck, but who, nevertheless, arrived safe in port.

Rest for the Christian statesman who, amid the corruption and strife of political life, found time to honour God, and who, from the arena of conflict, has found his way to the land of repose. Yes, rest! Perfect, glorious rest! Rest at home in our Father's house. The rest of holy service. The long-sought, everlasting rest that "remaineth to the people of God." And then, as my musing ended, I thought of heaven as mine; as purchased for me by Jesus, with its bright supernal clime.

CALEB PARKER.

### PASTORAL ADDRESS

OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA, TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH UNDER ITS CARE.

*Dear Beloved Brethren:*—Among the various duties devolving upon us at our Conference, there are few so important, sacred, and delightful as that of addressing you, the members of our Church, upon the subject of the common salvation, thus assuring you of our continued interest in your spiritual advancement and eternal welfare.

Having therefore obtained like precious faith with ourselves, we salute you in the name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and we pray that grace, mercy and peace from God our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, may be multiplied unto you.

Deep is our sympathy with all that concerns you. Our interests are united with yours. Many of you are the fruits of our ministry. We have begotten you through the Gospel. We share with you the same spiritual baptism. Our voices blend with yours at the throne of grace. We surround the same sacramental table. We are fighting for the same crown, and hope, ere long, with you to share the same victory, which has been purchased by the blood-shedding of Him who now sitteth on His exalted throne.

We are thankful to be able to state, that after another year's toil in the Master's service, we can report an increase of 317 members to our church; and also that 1285 persons have been received on trial.

This, considering the difficulties we have met with, the opposition manifested, and the persecution to which some, at least, have been subjected, is to us a sign that God hath not forsaken his people, and also that the soul converting power of the Gospel still attends the labors of the ministers of Christ.

It is with sad hearts we have to record the death of one of our number. We refer to our deeply lamented brother, the Rev. John Dixon. He was a young man of great promise. God had greatly owned his labours among us, and we thought that there were still many years of happy toil in the Master's service before him. But God thought otherwise, and took him home to the Church triumphant, and to praise him there for ever. We feel our loss acutely, but our loss is his infinite gain, and we trust his death will be sanctified to us and you.

Three young brethren have, during the year, been received on trial as candidates for our ministry; and six others, who have travelled four years on probation, and who have given ample proof that they are called of God to preach the Gospel, have been publicly set apart by the imposition of hands to the sacred office of the Christian ministry.

Many parts of this Island until lately have been unvisited by us, but we are thankful to state that few places are now left without our ministrations. And we rejoice that the old fashioned Gospel is still proving itself the power of God unto salvation. On our old established circuits God has during the year, graciously poured out His Holy Spirit, and multitudes have been made happy in the love of God, and are now wending their way to Zion. In many of these circuits chaste and commodious sanctuaries are being erected. On our Missions also God is owning the labours of his servants. Never have they been more prosperous. Never since Methodism was introduced into this island was there such a glorious prospect before her as there is to-

day. God is doing a great work for us, whereof we are glad.

In our Sabbath-schools, which are indeed the nurseries of the Church, we have an earnest and faithful band of workers. The officers and teachers are truly alive to their important duty. One of the most pleasing features in our Sabbath-school work is, that three-fourths of the teachers are converted persons, who seem to be working specially for the salvation of those committed to their charge; and as a result, according to the statistics, 364 children have this year experienced a change of heart. May they be kept faithful, and become useful in the church and to the world!

Many of the members of our Church have died during the year, but, we are happy to state, they have died in the Lord, and have gone to be for ever with Him in eternal bliss. It has seldom been our happiness to witness such triumphing over the last enemy. Our people die well, God is with them in the valley, cheering them with his presence and supporting them by his power.

And now dear brethren suffer the word of exhortation: "To write the same things to you, to us is not grievous, but for you it is safe." We trust that you will give all diligence to make you calling and election sure. To secure this desired end, attend to the duties of our holy religion. "Search the Scriptures." Let the "Word of God" be your constant companion, and make it the rule of your life. It is by this that the man of God is to be perfected in every good word and work. Let your closet duties in no wise be neglected. Remember the saying of our Lord to his disciples: "But thou when thou prayest enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." If you would grow in grace, increase in faith, and be perfected in love, neglect not private devotion. Attend regularly the public means of grace. Never be absent from the house of God unless prevented by circumstances over which you have no control. Go from your knees to the house of the Lord. Be there in time, and when there wait only upon God, and you shall renew your spiritual strength.

Be punctual at your attendance on the class-meeting. Let it be the delight of your heart, the joy of your soul to meet with the people of God. Cultivate the habit of religion and you will look for the means of grace as you do for your daily food. Try to get to the week-evening services. You will find these valuable helps on the way to Zion. Let your whole life be blameless. Avoid the very appearance of evil. Forget not that you profess to be followers of him who was the embodiment of all purity. Seek to become like him. Be the "Sons of God without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, among whom ye ought to shine as lights in the world." Endeavour to be useful in the Master's service. Opportunities for doing good will present themselves to you; embrace them. Especially would we ask you to speak for Christ, to recommend the Saviour to those who know him not. Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work. But above all we would urge upon you to become holy. "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." And this is our wish, even your perfection. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." It is impossible for us to misunderstand the teaching of God's Holy Word upon this point, and never were such breathings after the "Higher Life" in the Church of Christ, as at present. This is no new doctrine in our section of the Christian Church. The early Methodists were famous for their spiritual attainments. They lived near to God, and experienced, to a wonderful extent, the efficacy of Christ's blood to cleanse from all sin. Let us therefore see that we do not lose sight of these blessed privileges. Let us become sanctified to God throughout body, soul, and spirit, cleansed by the blood of Jesus from all the defilement of sin, and thus be made meet for that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

Our Conference has been one of peace and harmony. Whilst together we have experienced much of the Divine blessing. The best of all is, God is with us. We have afresh dedicated ourselves to God and his service. And now we go forth once more to do battle with the powers of sin, to win souls for Christ. We trust that during this year showers of blessing may descend upon every hill of Zion within the bounds of our Conference, and, as a result, may multitudes of sinners be convinced of sin and converted to God.

Signed on behalf of the Conference,  
JOHN GOODISON, President,  
JOSEPH PASCOE, Secretary.  
[FOR STATION SHEET SEE EIGHTH PAGE.]

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June 12, 1876.  
American Invoices  
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