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OUR ENGLISH LETTER.
THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—In addition to the public meetings, held to consider the various aspects of the Turkish Question, and the voluminous correspondence in the newspapers, a conference has been held consisting of upwards of 1000 delegates, and the list of names disclose an immense array of talent, rank and influence. Men who are famous and foremost in all departments came out boldly in opposition to any attempt or proposal to support by the might of our arms, the present Government of Turkey. The conference was not avowedly political, but it was in direct antagonism to some of the indiscreet and fiery utterances of Lord Beaconsfield, and doubtless expressed the views of the great Liberal party of the day. The papers which represent the Government, and others which support Turkey through all her crimes and misdemeanors, were in great wrath at the decisions of the Conference. It was the extreme of rashness and the reverse of every thing patriotic to assemble and discuss questions of high imperial policy at the present crisis, and on the very eve of the assembly of the European Council at Constantinople. Much more of this loud talk was indulged in, but it is quite evident that the Conference has exerted a mighty influence in the interests of peace. The Government refused to call Parliament together, and there was no other way in which the voice of the people could be heard. Our rulers have taken counsel from the unmistakable expression of opinion, and Lord Salisbury is shaping his policy more after a peaceable fashion, and is not acting as if we were in mortal fear and terribly suspicious of every act and move on the part of the Russian Government.

THE MOHAMMEDAN PETITION,
from India, begging our Queen to maintain the Sultan and his possessions, and hinting at the possible consequences to the vast myriads in India who profess his faith, and own him as a kind of spiritual lord and head, is a fact of deep significance. Yet there are suspicious facts in the wording of the document, and the resemblance of the arguments to those invariably employed by certain parties at home, that deprive the petition of much of its value, and lead to question its origin and inspiration. There can be no doubt as to the sympathy of millions in India, with the rule of Turkey as it is, and it is certain that in the event of a protracted war or the existence of its Power, the Turkish Government could soon stir up a terrible manifestation of sympathy and wild enthusiasm in the midst of the Mohammedans of India.

THE SITUATION
is a critical one. Turkey appears obstinately determined to resist the demands made, and at any moment we may hear of a wide rupture, and an immediate close of the negotiations. This shadow hangs over all the joyousness of

CHRISTMAS TIDE
and it is easy to mark in the vast accumulation of war material and the movement of troops, the possibility of the sudden outbreak of war on a scale of great magnitude.

Turning to happier themes, we note the removal of an onerous restriction from the shoulders of

OUR DAY SCHOOL TEACHERS,
who are now at full liberty to exercise their gifts as Local Preachers. They are not to undertake duty that will at all interfere with their public and scholastic work, but with this exception they can come upon our plans, and render very valuable aid in a sphere for which many are admirably fitted, and

from which they have, for so large a time, been debarred.

THE NEW MAGAZINE,
published at sixpence, and taking the place of the venerable shilling magazine, and the juvenile "City Road Magazine," has been issued. It is about equal in appearance to your Canadian Magazine, and one might suppose that suggestions as to size, paper and type had been taken from the young monthly of the Dominion. The specimen number is a fair start, but it will have to go farther in the indicated lines, ere the new sixpenny will satisfy the Methodist of to-day.

"EARLY DAYS"
is enlarged, and takes a pleasant form, and full-page illustrations.

"MEN, BOYS AND GIRLS,"
at a half-penny, promises to be popular, and on the whole the new arrangements bid fair to be useful and progressive. The old system of shilling and seven-penny acts is abolished, and some new rules are set forth for the better, and wider distribution of our Book Room publications.

This is my last letter for the year 1876, and it seems a fitting time just to write a line or two, expressive of what has long been on my mind in relation to the get-up and filling-in of our own "WESLEYAN."

Some recent numbers have been so complete in varied information from all parts of the vast field, so rich in local news, so lively and withal so true to Christ and Methodism, that they have given me very great satisfaction and pleasure. Accept kindest greetings, dear Brother, for yourself and all your patrons, from
Yours truly,
G. B.
Dec. 28, 1876.

LETTER FROM ONTARIO.

Your correspondent has long been silent. The locale of his residence has, in accordance with the inexorable laws of the church, been changed from where it was during the past three years, to the most southerly town of Canada, and at the extreme south east point of Ontario. The magnificent Detroit river, here four miles in width, and studded with fertile islets, sweeps majestically by it. The navigation of the great net work of lakes passes by it at an average of one ship in every six minutes. The Canadian southern R. R. here terminates, and is connected with the Chicago line, by an immense steam ferry boat, and numerous bridges which span the river. The town is one of the oldest but not most progressive in the Province. It has its historical interest, but is the centre of a large French settlement, and Roman Catholicism is the prevailing religion. We did not arrive at our new station till October. July found us in search of health. Crossing the Atlantic—then amid the grand and picturesque scenery of Scotland's lochs and trossachs; then further south, till we found ourselves locked arm in arm one day in the streets of Nottingham—on the way to the Conference-room, in company with your English correspondent. A month in Staffordshire—a week in Leamington—with trips to Warwick Castle, Kenilworth, and Leigh Hall. A week in London and another at Brighton. A few days at Cheltenham, a look in upon the shrine of Shakespeare at Stratford, a ramble through the Scotch metropolis, Edinburgh—and then to Glasgow, a tour to Sir Walter Scott's home in Abbotsford, and Lord Byron's at Newstead, and very many other places were included in his summer ramble—not forgetting the Centennial.

A passing tribute is due to his former circuit. It is one to fame unknown. The head of the circuit was in a small country village; the membership numbered only about two hundred. Yet beside a liberally supporting married and a single man, it contributed to our missionary fund \$375, and to the other connexional funds with equal liberality. From such a people it was hard to tear ourselves away, and we were glad of the three months interval before entering upon our labors upon a new field of work. In the sequestered nook in which we find ourselves, we realize the blessedness of being "little and unknown." We know nothing of what is going on in the Methodism of the London Conference only as we look upon it through the windows of the "Christian

Guardian." The era of church building as well as of revivals continues unabated. Dr. Eves is in frequent requisition at the dedication of new churches; and our respected President is in travels more frequent for similar purposes. He is an eloquent man and a very able pulpit divine. We meant to have written you a short sketch of our St. Catherine's Conference and its President as the time, but were peremptorily ordered for a season to cease all efforts of the kind, and seek for rest and this Mr. Editor is the first time we have ventured to add one iota to our regular ministerial duties, by such work. Your kindness in sending the WESLEYAN notwithstanding our silence, has been highly appreciated. We should miss very much its weekly appearance. We must defer a sketch of "Father Byrne," and other matters to another letter, and subscribe ourselves,
Yours, &c.
H. H. R. S.

LABRADOR MISSION, 1876.
(BY REV. GEO. FAYRE.)

Having during the past summer been again appointed by the N. F. A. Conference, as missionary on Labrador coast, I here present a report of my labors on that important mission. Through the generosity of M. T. Knight Esq., whose kindness both last year and this, I shall never forget; I obtained a free passage to Labrador coast. We left St. John's on Tuesday, July 4th, but on account of head winds did not reach Labrador until the following Tuesday. My mission this summer commenced at Hensley Harbor, which place I did not reach last year. There I found several methodists and a few Episcopalians, most of whom visit the place only for the summer months, but some few families remain there all the year round.

We held service in a house purchased by the late Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, who was formerly the Episcopal missionary at Battle Harbour, Labrador, and who, in his truly catholic spirit, for which he was dearly beloved by the members of the Methodist church as well as his own, left word that it was to be opened for Divine service to Protestants of all denominations. At each service, notwithstanding a very heavy shower of rain, there was a goodly number present; and best of all the Master's presence was felt, and it is to be hoped that good resulted from the preaching of the word. I was very much pleased at finding a Sabbath school organized, and in a flourishing condition; this I visited, and presented to each of the scholars a small book which they seemed glad to receive, especially the natives, for whom I selected those with the most attractive covers.

The next place I visited was Cape Charles; but did not get there before many of the people had gone north; so that the congregations were not so large as last year. Still we had a goodly number present at each service which was held in a store; when the comforting influence of the Spirit was felt. During my stay there, I visited a young man, who was a resident, and had been for some time sick; he seemed to be trusting in the Lord, but had not a clear assurance of his sins being forgiven. I tried as best I could, to point him to Christ as his only Saviour; and as he heard the good news that God loved him, it brought tears to his eyes.

From this place I took passage to the mail steamer to Dead Island, and from thence I went to Triangle; this time I stayed there over the Sabbath, but not having a minister on the Sabbath for a long time. The place of service for morning and afternoon, was rather a novel one, it being a stage, which is used for landing fish, and in which they split and salt it. The evening service, and those during the week, were held in a house, where we had some very hallow'd meetings.

I returned from Triangle to Dead Island, where services were conducted in a dwelling house, the congregations were good upon the Sabbath, but not so good during the week. Whilst staying there I visited a poor young man, who has since died; he was then in a sad state; his life had been one of rebellion against God, having been a great blasphemer; his tongue was now so swollen and sore that he could scarcely speak. Poor fellow! when last I saw him he seemed anxious

about his soul, but I had to leave him without any evidence of a change of heart.

My next removal was again by steamer. By one of the passengers I learnt of the death of dear brother Dixon, who has left the church militant to join the church triumphant. After spending one night on board, I was safely landed at Venison Island, at which place the Methodists are very few, but we got good congregations. We conducted services in a large store. Upon the return of the mail steamer I took passage in her to Square Islands, where we had some interesting meetings in store; the Lord was truly in our midst.

From Square Islands I went up Serammy Bay, to visit some friends from Newfoundland. Whilst there, those terrible storms commenced, which proved so disastrous upon the coast of Labrador this year; such gales of wind and heavy seas had not been experienced there before. I thought only to have spent a couple of days here, but on account of the storm, was detained from Monday until Friday, that day, which was the first of September, I shall never forget. The sea was so rough that some expressed an opinion, that we should have hard work to get along, but others thought it would not be so very bad, so being anxious to reach another harbor before Sunday, in company with three men and the colporteur, belonging to the British and Foreign Bible Society, I left in a large boat belonging to a steamer, which was kindly lent us. We had a fearful time, and often wished ourselves back, but we could not return; some of the ballast was thrown overboard, sails reefed, and after a time one taken down; great care had to be taken upon the part of the helmsman, so as not to have the full force of the waves, yet in consequence of the sea rolling in all directions, it was impossible to escape them all. All on board seemed to be anxious for their safety, especially as the wind was continually rising. We were bound for Fishings Harbor, but gladly made for Ship Harbor, in doing so, we had a very narrow escape; no one on board being acquainted with the place, we had to run the risk of all shoals, and just outside of Ship Harbor is a sunken bank, which in our ignorance we passed over. Just as we were on it, a heavy gust of wind came off the land, and what with the extra motion of water on the shoal, and the wind, we really thought our boat would have been swamped. A kind Providence however was near, especially in the shoal not breaking, for if it had done so, our boat would certainly have been dashed to pieces, and not one of our number left to tell the tale. As may be expected we were glad to get into any harbor, and felt easy when once more sailing upon smooth water. The people all wondered to see a boat coming in that direction, for they thought it impossible for a small boat to live in such a sea.

(To be continued.)
The recital of Brother Osborn's labors reminds the writer of one of your own most heroic veterans—Hector Brewster by name, whose family is under the pastoral care of the writer. In his eighty-sixth year he is still hale, hearty and happy, the oldest effective Methodist preacher extant, and one of the best agents the American Bible Society ever had. If he ceases to work, it will be because he ceases to live. A few Sundays ago he preached three times and traveled from ten to twenty miles. As a sacrifice for that noble organization, he cannot be beaten. During a hot summer's day while pleading with a country congregation to give him \$30 for the Bible Society, the all gent man was overcome by heat and disappointment, and incontinently fainted. He had only received about five dollars. Alarmed and anxious, the people gathered round him, dashed water on his face, and when he regained consciousness, very anxiously inquired what they should do for him. "Raise me those thirty dollars," he responded, in gasping tones. Said he, "They raised me thirty-five." The ruling passion was strong in what looked like death. Father Brewster is revered and beloved through all his district, and will be greatly missed when translated to that new Jerusalem whose existence and accessibility he has done so much to bring to the knowledge of the perishing millions.—Am. Paper.

People will not be surprised to hear that the Rev. John Farrar has resolved to retire from the Governorship of Heidelberg College next Conference. He has well earned his rest. Mr. Farrar's active ministry dates from 1822. The great portion of that period has been spent in departmental life in college and school. He has been twice President of the Conference, and he held the distinguished position of Secretary of that assembly 1831-33, 1853-60. Perhaps no one else has taken part in the organization of as many Wesleyan ministers as Mr. Farrar. He will go into private life with the admiration, respect, and love of his brethren; and while none will begrudge him the repose, and fall to hope for him a bright and promoted sunset, none can say he held his appointment longer than he was able to discharge his duties with great efficiency.

Last Saturday's Bournemouth paper states that arrangements have been made with a number of "popular preachers in the Wesleyan connexion for visiting Bournemouth, who will on one Sunday in each month in rotation occupy the pulpit of the Wesleyan Church. Amongst these are several ex-presidents, and what may be designed as coming men. It goes on to give a list of the ex-presidents, who are expected, and of what it calls the "coming men," but with reference to one of the latter it says—"The Rev. Dr. Rigg, who many of the knowing ones of the denomination anticipate will be elected to the chair next year."—London Methodist.

Real cannibals have been discovered by missionaries on the islands of New Britain and New Ireland, off the north-east coast of New Guinea. These natives are nude savages of the oriental negro type, which live more like beasts than human beings. The Rev. George Brown, a Wesleyan missionary, reports that he saw women roasting the leg and thigh of a man who had been killed in a fight. In another hut smoke-dried human flesh was hanging. In another he counted thirty-five jaw bones of men and women. Cannibalism seemed to be common throughout the islands, not as a religious rite, but as an ordinary means of subsistence. The natives assured the missionary that the accounts heretofore published of a race of human beings were true, and were certain these strange creatures were not monkeys.

"GRANDFATHER"

"Grandfather" is the name of an old parrot, owned by Mr. W. H. Seward, Jr., of New York. This parrot has been a great traveller in his day, but now lives quiet at his home on the Hudson River. His master is very fond of him, and so are all his family; and he is the pet of all visitors who go to the house.

Several years ago, when there was a dreadful war in our own beloved country, Mr. Seward lived in Washington, where his father, a great statesman and Patriot, then held the office of Secretary of State.

At that time, the well-known "John Brown Song" was all the rage. The very boys in the streets, would sing as they went along, "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave," and several other lines, ending with the chorus,

"Glory Hallelujah!"

"Grandfather" would listen and try to sing it, but all he could learn of it was the "Glory Hallelujah," which amused the family very much. After a while he seemed to forget even this; for he dropped it altogether, although he learned many new things.

Many years passed. Mr. Seward had gone to his own home on the Hudson river. The war was over, and the old campaign song of "John Brown" had passed out of people's minds.

The aunt of Mr. Seward, who had lived with him in Washington, and had not seen the parrot since, came to make the family a visit; and in asking after the health of all of them, said "Don't tell 'Grandfather' I've come; I want to see if he will remember me."

Then she went into the room where the parrot's cage hung, and, going up to it, said, "Good morning, 'Grandfather'! How do you do? Do you know me?"

"Glory hallelujah!" said the old fellow.—The Nursery.