

ONLY JESUS CAN MAKE ME WHOLE.

Halleluiah! tell the story. Speed the news from pole to pole. Let it flash from vale to valley. Onward o'er the billows roll.

Tell it in the red man's wigwam. Tell it by his hunting fire. While the embers all untended Flicker feebly and expire.

Tell it in the ice-bewn cabins. Of the frozen Arctic Zone; Tell it where the sons of Africa Mid their arid deserts groan.

Mid the fragrant groves of Orient, Where ring soft pagoda bells, Where the chant of idol worship On the ear discordant swells.

Tell it where the Roman prelates Meet to dupe the starving soul, Shout it with a voice of thunder Only Jesus can make whole.

Only Jesus, Only Jesus, Let earth catch the glad refrain, Let the distant stars in chorus Send the echo back again.

Let it through the open portals. To the throne of heaven ascend, Mingle with the praise of seraphs, With the notes of angels blend.

JOSEF.

Oxford, November 6th, 1877.

AN AMERICAN IN THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.

A contributor to the Nashville Advocate gives his impressions upon the appearance and conduct of the English annual Session of Methodist Ministers, thus:

"The President for the ensuing year was then elected, the choice falling by a very handsome majority on the Rev. W. Pope, D. D., a Professor in one of the Theological Schools, a very scholarly man, who has received the doctorate from the University of Edinburgh, which is considered a great honor, though I believe the Wesleyans think the University honoured itself as much as it did their professor. His election was a compliment to his personal worth and eminent scholarship, as no one thought him adapted by executive ability for the place. He took hold of his new duties rather awkwardly, and was sometimes absent-minded when a vote was to be taken. But on Sunday evening he preached a very finished and deeply evangelical sermon from the text, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." He was peculiarly felicitous and profound on the latter clause. I had heard Bishop Pierce on the same text twenty-seven years before.

One marked feature of the Conference is the reverence felt for official personages. This is very great, and becomes apparent in many ways.

The affairs of the Conference are in the hands of a few men. These few are on all the important committees, one man being frequently on several of them, while the great majority are never placed on Committees at all. A few are regis- trative under this state of things, and I heard two very vigorous protests on the Conference floor. These leading men do nearly all the talking in Conference discussions. Those who occupy the platform have a great advantage. They are in a commanding position for addressing the Assembly. They are at the elbow of the President, and can get his attention without difficulty, and they are all men whose prestige assures a respectful hearing. It is scarcely too much to say that the platform rules the Conference.

One of the grandest features of this Conference is that its sessions bring the ends of the earth together. Such is the extent of its missionary field, and such the number of men it has abroad that every year finds some of them at home on furlough, and they make a point of being at "Jerusalem" at the "Feast." After an absence of many years they come from remotest regions to enjoy once more re-union with their friends. I heard one preach in City-road Chapel. Thirty years before he had been examined and received into Conference in that very house. For many years he had been in the West Indies, and in Australasia, and had now come up to Jerusalem to worship and to get a little rest. Another spoke in the Conference love-feast at Bristol. In that very house he had been converted twenty-five years ago; the ministers who had led him to Christ were in the house, as well as many of his old class-mates. For twenty years now he had

been on the other side of the equator, in Tasmania, in New Guinea, in Fiji, and God had greatly blessed his labors. In a few days he would return to his field on the other side of the world, and they would never see him again. So of others, from India, from Africa, from everywhere. What a grand spectacle this is! and how much of interest and heart there is in it! How it quickens faith and zeal! It is worth many thousand pounds a year to the Missionary Treasury.

The preaching that I heard was of a high order, but there was not theunction that I expected. From all I could gather I think the American pulpit excels the English in that particular.

Only one thing that I witnessed struck me as really open to criticism—the brethren are much given to eulogizing each other in the highest terms—extravagantly, indeed—in open conference, the subject of the eulogy being present. It must take strong nerves to stand what some good men heard said of themselves.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

THANKSGIVING DAY will be observed throughout our country on Thursday, the 22nd inst. Christians of all denominations will on that day assemble to worship God and to render thanks for his abundant goodness. They will come to the Lord's house with gifts and offerings. Not by words only but by deeds will they express their gratitude. There are in Halifax a number of charitable institutions dependent in whole or in part on public support, and in whose prosperity the country at large is more or less deeply interested. There are

- 1. The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb,
2. The Asylum for the Blind,
3. The Protestant Orphans' Home,
4. The Inebriate's Asylum,
5. The Infants' Home.

All these institutions are doing Christ-like work, and the Evangelical Alliance venture to recommend that on thanksgiving day a collection be taken for one or more, or for all the five. Some will naturally prefer one object and some another: there is room for choice and the preference of each contributor should be duly respected. The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb can point to a record of some twenty years successful work. The dumb have been taught to speak, and scores have been taught to think and to work and lead Christian lives. What this institution is doing for the children of silence the Asylum for the Blind is doing for another class not less unfortunate. In this School for the Blind the pupils are taught to read and write, and also to practice some industry by which they can earn an honest livelihood.—The Orphans' Home furnishes a refuge and a place of training for the orphan children of Protestant parents,—none being admitted under two years of age. The children are in due time sent to homes in the country, or otherwise provided for. The Inebriate's Asylum is intended to help the unfortunate drunkard to escape from his terrible bondage. Already it can point to one and another and another rescued from destruction by its means.—The latest born of our public charities, the Infants' Home, is intended specially for the help of helpless infancy. Babies of all ages under two years are admitted when their condition would otherwise be utter destitution or a speedy death. Though not yet quite three years in operation, over 150 babes,—some of them fatherless and motherless—some of them snatched from impending ruin—have shared its tender care; and nearly a score of them are growing up, far from scenes of misery and vice, in happy country homes.

The Evangelical Alliance venture to recommend that on Thanksgiving Day, the churches throughout the whole country should remember the unfortunate and the helpless, and show by actual deeds a depth of sympathy which words cannot convey. Is it too much to hope that year after year on Thanksgiving Day, institutions such as we have named will be kindly remembered and that their capacity for usefulness greatly enlarged?

It will of course be understood that the Evangelical Alliance does not presume to dictate as to the disposal of their gifts by the charitable on Thank-

sgiving Day: we only venture to recommend as above,—and we do so in the firm belief that the measure we propose is calculated to be of great and lasting benefit.

Churches acting upon the above recommendation may send their collections to the Treasurer of any of the institutions named, or to either of the undersigned.

By order of the Evangelical Alliance. S. L. SHANNON, President, ROBERT MURRAY, Secretary. Halifax, Nov. 5, 1877.

MISSIONARY MEETING.

The Annual Missionary Meeting was held in the Methodist Church, Newcastle, on Monday evening last. The following gentlemen occupied the platform, rev. H. McKeown, superintendent of the Circuit, Rev. Egerton R. Young, Rev. Mr. Jenkins and Rev. M. Thomas. Rev. Mr. McKeown occupied the chair and briefly read out of the Annual Report the various items of Income and Expenditure for the year ending June, 1876, showing an income of \$162,639.78 and a total expenditure of \$158,677.64, showing a balance of income over expenditure of \$3,962.09, which amount has been used to diminish the debt of \$25,388.70 now remaining against the Society. After presenting these matters to the meeting the chairman introduced the Rev. Egerton R. Young, a missionary from the great North West territory of Canada. Mr. Young explained that his object in being present on this occasion was to give them some information in reference to our home missions in Canada, and more particularly to his own experience as a missionary to the Indians of the great North West, as well as to the urgent need of the liberal encouragement of this work. Mr. Young gave a very pleasing account of the travels of his company to their northern home, occupying some six weeks from the time they left Toronto, spoke of the wild lawless tribes of Sioux whom they met on their journey while South of the boundary line, and who riding upon their active horses swooped down upon them in a half circle, but the unprotected travellers had one thing that assured them of good treatment from the Indians, and that was a British flag, which was always unfurled upon such occasions, and although in U. S. territory the flag was always respected by these savages, who shook hands with them, spoke of their respect for the "Great Mother," and then listened attentively to the religious services which followed.

As they travelled north over the vast prairies, the future home of millions of happy people, one by one of his companions reached their destinations and left them, until at last they rescued the southern end of Lake Winnipeg. Mr. Young's appointed station was at the extreme northern end of this Lake, about four hundred miles further, which had to be navigated in Indian canoes for that distance. However, he and his family arrived safely and set to work among the Indians, his circuit being about five hundred miles long and 350 broad. He reports the Indians as being able to read the Bible with fluency and sing the hymns in their own tongue, this much desired accomplishment being greatly simplified by the use of a syllabic character, the invention of a missionary among them, the Rev. Mr. Evans, and which has been the means of much good, in leading the Indians first to read and then to enquire for a missionary to explain the Word of Life to them. Mr. Young's description of the modes of travel, in winter by dog trains for many days, sleeping out in the open air with the temperature sometimes from 40 to 60 degrees below zero, in summer by canoes, gave a very vivid idea of the hardships endured for the sake of extending God's Kingdom. He gave one instance where he and his Indians had to chase each other for an hour round a circle on snow shoes before one of them could hold a match in his hand to light a fire, so excessive was the cold. He (Mr. Young) thought that the end had come, and that their work was over. Mr. Young touchingly alluded to the conscientious observance of the converted Indians to the ordinances of their Church, sometimes travelling several hundred miles rather than miss the sacrament, and refusing to leave their homes for a distant jour-

ney unless they were sure of getting back in time for these observances. Mr. Young has a very pleasing address and his remarks were listened to with great attention. The collection amounted to twenty-five dollars. Mr. Young and Mr. McKeown left for Moncton yesterday morning.—Union Advocate.

WHO PAYS?

That a Sunday-school involves expense is so evident as to need no proof. True, the services of officers and teachers are gratuitous, but books, papers, pictures, maps, and other articles necessary and useful, cost money. It is matter of astonishment, however, that considering the number of pupils, the expense is so slight. The average cost of maintaining the Sunday-schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church last year was only about forty cents a scholar. Surely no one can complain of this as extravagance; and though here and there we find a school where some unnecessary expense is incurred, yet in the main we believe our schools are economically conducted. This may be safely asserted in many cases where the average expense reaches far beyond forty cents a scholar.

Yet, small comparatively as is the cost maintaining our Sunday-schools, the expense must be met. How? is the practical question, and a very grave question it often becomes, a question puzzling the brains, and weighing upon the hearts of those who have the management of the school.

Too often the school is neglected by those in the Church who ought to be among its best friends. They strangely plead that inasmuch as they are not connected with it they ought not to be called on to contribute to its cost. "Let those who manage the school pay for it," is the sentiment they advocate. Thus it happens that the noble men and women who do the work which the school requires are at the last called on to meet the expense. It is theirs; they made it, and they must keep it. If any chaos to help it their gifts may be accepted as charity, but they cannot be demanded as a right, nor can any complaint be made if they are withheld.

Surely no one can claim that this is the true idea of the Sunday-school. It is not a private, but a public institution. It belongs to the Church; not to that portion of the Church which labors in it, but to the whole Church. Consequently the whole Church ought to be taxed for its support. If there is any difference in the contributions the workers should pay less and the non-workers more.

The necessary expenses of the Sunday-school ought to be regarded as a part of the necessary expenses of the Church, and ought to be raised precisely as the other expenses are raised. Salaries, interest, fuel, lights, repairs, and incidentals are usually put into one budget in Church finances. Let the Sunday-school be added to these, and though the aggregate expenses of the Church will be thereby increased, the burden will be placed where it rightly belongs.—S. S. Jour.

A BAPTIST ON CLOSE COMMUNION.

Dr. Pattecost's protest against the exclusive use of his Boston Brethren, is one of the most complete things in literature. Here is just a specimen:—

"Driven from the scriptures; driven from the Confessions; driven from the line of the historical development of the denomination; driven from the primitive practice of the churches; driven from present usage, in their attempt to make close communion an essential article of faith and practice, the advocates of that theory affirm, as a last argument, that close communion is essential to the existence of our denomination, and to a successful protest against the error of infant baptism and the practice of adult sprinkling.

"But nothing is more unwarrantable than this: to wrest the table of the Lord from its simple, pathetic, and tender memorial place in the Church of God, and erect it into a breastwork from behind which to carry on a sectarian war. If the doctrine of believers' baptism cannot be defended and maintained without this perversion of the Lord's Supper from its original design, it cannot be defended at all; and if the Baptist denomination can only be kept together by close communion, it would be far better, in my humble judgement, that it should cease from the earth, acknowledging her mission to be complete."

The "Fredericton Reporter" says:—

Messrs. Moody and Sankey will commence the campaign in New Brunswick on Sunday next Nov. 4th. They have formed a combination with four or five other speakers and exhorters, and will make a forward movement simultaneously from several points. The evangelists will follow the same plan as they have adopted in Vermont, and attacking parties will be sent out to various towns throughout the State at the same time. Mr. Moody sent forth an appeal to the pastors of churches of New Hampshire to co-operate with him in his evangelistic work, and to hold special services on Sunday next, and as often during the month as possible. Mr. Moody seems to be as earnest and zealous as ever.

This is precisely what Mr. Moody's friends in Boston feared he might do. We fear the programme, though it may gain him some friends, will shut out several valuable co-laborers of last winter. But time will tell.

OBITUARY.

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION IN MEMORY OF THE LATE ARCHIBALD MORTON.

The question often presents itself to an observing mind, "Why are lengthened obituaries often written of persons, who have not been remarkable for piety or usefulness, and a silence that can be felt, observed in reference to many, who have been for many years burning and shining lights in the Church of Christ, and having turned many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever?" Our solution of this question may be, "they need no formal testimony from the feeble pen." They have been living witnesses of the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ to beautify and sanctify the life, and make it eminently useful. Their memory is deeply enshrined in the affections of all whose privilege it has been to have been influenced by their godly example and faithful precepts. They are had in everlasting remembrance, and being dead yet speak.

There are many living, with whom the name of Mr. Morton has been a household word since their earliest childhood. Amongst their pleasantest reminiscences of early life, is that of the "old Argyle St. Sabbath school, and its honored and efficient superintendent." They remember his untiring zeal, his loving, yet firm authority, and his unwearied efforts for the salvation of all beneath his care. How his cheerful words of encouragement would quicken the energies of the teacher, and incite the scholars to diligence, while his reproof would be felt, so deeply by the wayward, that it seldom failed to produce penitence and decorum.

Many of the most steadfast members of the Methodist Church in Halifax, and many who have been scattered far and wide—carrying the lamp of a consistent Christian profession with them, and many more, who have had an abundant entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven, were brought to God through the instrumentality used in connection with the "old Argyle St. Sabbath school," and later the Grafton St. Sabbath school, which Mr. Morton continued to superintend for many years. We remember the prayer-meetings held in connection with these schools, and remember many who went forward to be prayed for, and to be instructed how to "flee from the wrath to come," who there in early childhood found Jesus precious, and who maintain their Christian integrity to this day. As a city missionary, eternity alone can reveal how many, through his instrumentality, have been delivered from the power of darkness and have been translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. As a class leader, where can the record begin, of how greatly his own, deep experience of the constant fullness of the love and grace of God, stimulated his classes to prove a deeper experience, than otherwise they would have ever attained.

We need but speak of his influence in the weekly prayer-meeting. His voice has been too lately heard, to be soon forgotten there. We esteem an intimate and almost life-long acquaintance with Mr. Morton, as one of the blessings which we shall ever be thankful. His Christian society and words of kindly admonition have ever been deeply prized by us, and though we felt bereaved when we saw the notice of his death, we knew that him it was

"Only a crossing over, Waters all dark and wide, Storms on the fearful billows, peace on the other side. Only one scene of anguish and sorrow in death words told, Then a sweet sound of singing, softened by harp of gold. Only one crossing over, sadness and shroud and woe, Filling one hour of parting, ere he could enter there. Only one night of trial borne on the swelling tide, Then to the realms of glory safe by the Saviour's side."