

The Wesleyan,

265

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

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

\$3 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE
Postage Prepaid.

VOL. XXVIII

HALIFAX, N.S., AUGUST 19, 1876.

NO. 34

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM,
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DEAN STANLEY.

The character of Dean Stanley as a man and as a writer has been admirably sketched by Mr. J. G. Rogers, a leading Nonconformist thinker and worker in England, in his recent work, "Anglican Church Portraits":—"It is hardly possible to commend too highly the character of the man. It is not only that he is amiable, for many men are thus; but in him there is a rare combination of strength and beauty. A man whose thoughts are always thoughts of peace; who regards the region of controversy as a low-lying valley, ever wrapped in cloud and mist, which an earnest Christian will desire to avoid; who is afraid to say a strong thing, even on behalf of the truth, least some champion of error might perchance be offended, does not find it very hard work to be gentle. The misfortune is that he is utterly without force, and while the world may say kind things about his amiability, it is never moved by his words or deeds. But the Dean is the furthest possible remove from a character of this kind. He has the boldness of a lion in the vindication of his opinions, even though he is gentle as a lamb in his conduct to the champions of error. It is not easy, it seems almost impossible, to ruffle his temper, or to narrow the flow of that expansive charity which marks all his judgments of men and their opinions; indeed, the tenderness he shows to great evils or errors at times becomes almost provoking. Yet he never hesitates in the utterance of his own strong convictions, nor shrinks from the most compromising proceedings if he esteems them right, and feels that they may fairly be required of him. Archbishop Denison cannot be more outspoken and decided when circumstances are demanded in exercise of these qualities; and yet, even in displaying them, there is a sweetness which even a bishop intent on making everything pleasant all round could not surpass.

"The Dean is a prolific author, but his hand looses nothing of its cunning by constant exercise. His style is always charming, and he seldom touches a subject without presenting it in some new light and adorning it with fresh beauty. In his noble Catholic spirit he is specially fond of doing honour to departed worthies, whose creed and ecclesiastical associations were different from his own. Thus at Bedford he pronounced a magnificent eulogy on John Bunyan; at Kidderminster one not less striking on Richard Baxter; and still more recently he came out of the solitude into which his heavy sorrow has plunged him to speak of the great work of John and Charles Wesley. He has a wonderful skill in biographical analysis and sketch, as is attested in the various funeral sermons he has preached in the Abbey for the great men who, during his administration, have been interred within its walls. His enemies say that he desires to turn the Abbey into a Well-hall, that he may have the opportunity of pronouncing the funeral orations of the heroes; but even envy cannot deny the exquisite beauty and real suggestiveness of these remarkable productions. A collection of them would be a very interesting contribution to the literary, scientific, and ecclesi-

astic history of the times. If there is somewhat too eager an anxiety, even in these utterances, to suggest some plea for his loved Establishment, it is not well to be too severe on this excess of earnestness. It may be questioned, however, whether at Nonconformist gatherings, in which the Dean has more than once joined, the introduction of such suggestions is in good taste or is calculated to advance the end he has in view. Still, those who have a faith themselves will not judge harshly one whose only fault is that he is so possessed by his own that he is intent, in season and out of season, in its promotion. They may be all the more disposed to be lenient if they remember that the Establishment he defends exists only in his imagination, or, at most, within his Abbey, and that his commendations of it involve the severest censures on the actual institution with which they have to deal. The consideration of the Dean's theology is not within the province of a sketch like this. It is pleasant to part from him thinking of him as a true-hearted Christian gentleman, a fascinating writer, and a worker in the cause of freedom and progress.

UNSEASONABLE LAUGHTER.

When the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., accompanied to the altar, in the chapel at Whitehall, that stammered bride-groom, the Elector Palatine, afterwards the "struggling King of Bohemia," she could not help laughing loud at something which tickled her fancy. Dr. Chalmers "burst out" at a ludicrous incident at his own wedding—"a business that is often accompanied with tears being thus converted into a perfect frolic." The Marchal de Bouffiers whom Saint Simon designates as the gravest and most serious man in all France, and the greatest slave to decorum, broke out into laughter once while in attendance on the Grand Monarque at mass—the cause effective of this defect being a whispered wally of satirical song; and when His Most Christian Majesty turned round in surprise to see whence those unseasonable sounds, that surprise was greatly augmented by his finding who the culprit was, and beholding such a personage shaking himself all to fits, and the tears running down his cheeks. Thomas Hood cites his own experience of "laughter mingled with lamentation in the chamber of death itself." Henry Nelson Coleridge frankly vowed his "ungovernable tendency to laughter upon the most solemn occasions." Even Sir Walter Scott says he has felt that when a paroxysm of laughter has seized him at a misbecoming time and place, the efforts which he makes to suppress it—nay, the very sense of the impropriety of giving way to it—tend only to augment and prolong the irresistible impulse. "The inclination to laugh becomes uncontrollable, when the solemnity and gravity of time, place and circumstances render it peculiarly improper." One man characteristic of the Prussian Tobacco-Parliament immortalized by Mr. Carlyle, was roaring laughter, huge, rude and vacant, as that of the Norse gods over their alert Yule time, "as if the face of the Sphinx were to twinkle itself to laughter; or the fabulous Houyhnhms themselves were there to mock in their peculiar fashion," at such horse-play as never elsewhere was seen. Mr. Foster describes Goldsmith's as a laugh ambitious to compete with Johnson's, which Tom Davies, with an enviable knowledge of natural history, compared to the laugh of a rhinoceros; and which appeared to Boswell, in their midnight walkings, to resound from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch. Dr. Parr may have wished to compete with the elder and every way greater Doctor in that as in

other respects—judging by what De Quincy relates of his "obstreperous laugh—so monstrously beyond the key of good society." Ridetem catuli ore Gallicani—the picture is a pretty one in neither sex, and the din is distracting. Charles Lamb, in one of his letters, tells a correspondent of a visit he has lately had at his office, from an eccentric acquaintance, who laughed at his own joke with "a laugh which did not think the lungs of mortal man were competent to. It was like a thousand people laughing, or the Goblin Page." He imagined, afterwards, it seems, that the whole office had been laughing at him, so strange did his own sounds strike upon his "nonsensorium!"

(The above we find in an exchange. It may be added that John and Charles Wesley are said to have been overcome to an extraordinary degree on one occasion while crossing a field together. Some ludicrous incident had provoked their merriment, which, after producing repeated bursts of laughter, prevented them from crossing the stile to the highway for some time, as at each venture, a word or look from one was sure to set both again in a helpless condition. We know a clerical gentleman who is in danger of his life from sheer helplessness when driving a horse which happens to kick or run away. The driver sees something in each movement of the animal, which provokes his sense of the ludicrous, and soon becomes a child in the moment of greater danger.—Ed. WESLEYAN.)

TO OUR GIRLS

The pastor of a Church in one of our large cities said to me not long ago: "I have officiated at forty weddings since I came here, and in every case, save one, I felt that the bride was running an awful risk. Young men of bad habits and fast tendencies never marry girls of their own sort, but demand a wife above suspicion. So pure, sweet women, kept from the touch of evil though the years of their girlhood, give themselves, with all their costly dower of womanhood, into the keeping of men who, in base associations, have learned to undervalue all that belongs to them, and then find no time for repentance in the sad after years. There is but one way out of this that I can see, and that is for you—the young women of the country—to require in association and marriage, purity for purity, sobriety for sobriety, and honor for honor. There is no reason why the young men of this Christian land should not be just as virtuous as its young women, and if the loss of your society and love be the price they are forced to pay for vice, they will not pay it. I admit with sadness that not all of our young women are capable of this high standard for themselves or others; too often from the hand of reckless beauty has the temptation to drink come to men; but I believe there are enough of earnest, thoughtful girls in the society of our country to work wonders in the temperance reform, if fully aroused. Dear girls, will you help us in the name of Christ? Will you, first of all, be true to yourselves and God, a pure in your inner and outer life that you shall have a right to ask that the young men with whom you associate, and especially those you marry, shall be the same? The awful gulf of dishonor is close beside your feet, and in it fathers, brothers, lovers, and sons are are going down. Will you not help us in our great work?"—*Mary E. Lathrop.*

"The Methodist" is shocked because the Roman Catholic priest who prayed at the St. Louis Convention, "addressed the throne of grace with his eyes open." Good for the priest! He recognizes the fact that at political meetings now-a-days you must scotch as well as pray.—*Pittsburg Advocate*

A very curious event has occurred at Sart-Darne-Aveline, a small commune in the Canton of Genappe, in Belgium. A young curate had been sent there to assist the old and blind parish priest. The young curate, discharging his duties very zealously and without meddling with politics and the private affairs of parishioners, became obnoxious to his bishop, and was recalled by him. The parishioners protested against this, and refused to allow the various curates who were successively sent to them to officiate. The parishioners, having addressed themselves twice to the Evangelical Society, obtained at last the service of a pastor, and the commune formerly entirely Roman Catholic, has now a Protestant congregation of more than fifty families, numbering from 500 to 600 souls, and a Protestant church is already being built at the cost of the congregation.

That dreaded scourge, the plague, has again broken out with great violence, in the lands of the Orient, and is pursuing its customary and destructive path towards the west. It is especially fatal in the region of Bagdad and on the west side of the Tigris, and a great deal of apprehension is felt in Constantinople at the tidings of its stealthy approach. It is stated that the eminent Assyrian explorer, George Smith, has been compelled to suspend, if not to abandon, his excavations, on account of its ravages, and to return to England. It is gratifying to know, however, that, during the visit, he discovered what he believed to be the site of Carchemish, the capital of the great Hittite nation.

ENGLISH CONFERENCE PROCEEDINGS.

It is sad to find that Rev. Wm. Arthur was prevented by feebleness of voice, from taking part in the discussion of the English Conference. His influence, however, was strongly felt, and, as usual, on the right side. Rev. Canon Morse, whose parish church was in the vicinity of the Conference, sent an invitation to that body to be present at a service to be conducted by the Canon himself. The Conference was embarrassed by the fear of committing itself on the one hand, and offending on the other an ecclesiastic who was kind enough to entertain some members of the Conference at his own residence. Mr. Arthur, by the President's request, drafted a reply which solved the difficulty, leaving members of Conference at liberty to attend the Canon's service as they felt disposed. Hymns from the Methodist hymn book were used at the service, which was attended by 200 members of the Conference.

At the close of the service a very large number of the ministers availed themselves of a general invitation given them by Canon Morse to the Vicarage. After partaking of refreshments and enjoying pleasant intercourse they adjourned to the lawn, where Mr. Bedford, who during the Conference is a guest of the Vicarage, thanked the Canon on behalf of all present for the spiritually refreshing service of the afternoon, and the Canon and his family for their kind hospitality. Dr. Johnson added a few hearty words in which he referred to the "good time" a gathering of Methodists had a few weeks ago in Westminster Abbey at the uncovering of the Wesley Monument. Dr. Eyerson of Canada, Mr. President Cornforth and Mr. Hocart of France, Mr. Buller, of Australia, and Mr. Olver, (Mr. Bedford's co-guest at the Vicarage), all spoke briefly in the same strain, Mr. Olver saying that Canon Morse had done more that day than perhaps any man in England to promote true catholicity of spirit. The Canon was almost overcome with emotion as he briefly acknowledged what had been said; and stated that he had prayed earnestly to God to enable him to improve that opportunity.

A deputation from the British Conference is to visit the General Conference of the M. E. Church South. This is as it ought to be.

The Rev. Thomas Booth, the newly-chosen President of the United Methodist Free Churches, remarked, in the course of his address to the Conference assembled at Sheffield on Thursday, that he hoped the time was not distant when all the sections of Methodism would be found working shoulder to shoulder in Christianising the world. "He had been connected with the movement of 1849-50. That was a time of din and strife, and the din seemed scarcely even yet to have passed away." At the latter stage of the proceedings, one of the ministers of the body gave notice of

a motion to the effect that a fraternal message should be sent to the Wesleyan Conference at Nottingham. Notice of a motion has been already given in the British Conference to the following effect:—"That it is desirable that a closer union be established between the various Methodist bodies of the British Isles, with a view to their judicious co-operation in the great work of spreading Scriptural holiness throughout the land." We are convinced that these indications of brotherly regard fairly represent the mind of Wesleyan Methodism; and we trust that in the course of the discussions which this week will witness at Nottingham no offensive epithets or harsh language towards other sections of the Methodist family who succeeded from the mother Church in years or generations gone by will point the sentences of eager debaters. The recital of struggles far away in the Methodist ages stirs in the breasts of the younger generation an emotion somewhat akin to that of which Englishmen are conscious as they stroll through the halls at Washington.—*London Methodist.*

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND INTELLIGENCE.

[From the Souris Times, 10th.]

THE HOT WEATHER—VIOLENT THUNDER STORM.

The new Masonic Hall in this town is rapidly approaching completion.

For several days past the sun has been excessively hot, ranging from 100 to 104. On Monday a man named Paul McPhee was sun-struck while working on the side of a vessel in Morrow & Co.'s shipyard, but he is recovering.

On Monday evening last the most terrific storm of thunder, lightning and rain passed over this town that has been known for many years. The lightning struck in several places, and persons received shocks in different parts of the village but happily no lives were lost. The electric fluid entered the Bayvue House, the residence of James McDonald, Esq., and shattered the corner of the building from the upper story to the ground. H. F. Perley, Chief Engineer of the Dominion, was standing within four feet of the window on the second floor and escaped unharmed. In the lower room Mr. James McArthur was prostrated by a stroke through a window near which he was standing, paralyzing one of his legs and slightly stunning him, while the apartment was filled with sulphurous smoke. All present received a slight concussion, but otherwise were unharmed. Among the occupants at the time were W. R. Watson, Esq., High Sheriff of Queen's County; Messrs. A. W. Owen and G. W. Cutler, of Charlottetown; Capt. P. Graham, of New Glasgow, N. S., Mr. W. Taylor and lady, and the two Misses Beer of this place. In the adjoining dwelling occupied by Mr. C. C. Carlton, the lightning entered the front door and passed through the hall. The end of a building in the rear was riddled as with shot. Mrs. D. Beaton, Miss J. Macdonald and Miss Carlton were in the act of coming out of the house when the former received a sharp stinging blow on the bridge of the nose, which cut the skin and caused blood to flow profusely during the greater portion of the night. Miss McDonald escaped without a touch, but Miss Carlton received a portion of a stroke on the forehead that caused a dizziness which continued all the following day. A child of Mr. Henry Jenkins, who resides in the new hotel, was paralyzed and remained so for some time. Different persons experienced slight shocks, causing nausea and headache, but no further bad effects followed. Those who were injured are recovering. A flag which was flying for a public outdoor meeting on a flag-staff at Mr. James Moynagh's barn, was torn to shreds but no other damage was done, except to scatter those who were assembled. On the north side of the island the storm was very severe. The barn of Mr. John McAulay of Black Bush, was set on fire by lightning destroying the entire building and its contents, consisting of five tons of hay, wagon, sleigh, threshing machine, and all his farming implements. His dwelling narrowly escaped destruction. While endeavouring to save some of the property he had his hands severely burned. The flashes of lightning were almost without intermission, and the claps of thunder followed each other with such rapidity as to make it appear like one uninterrupted peal lasting over an hour.

A NEW USE FOR IRON—One of the most incomprehensible discoveries—if it be true, which is questionable—that we have ever encountered is announced in a recent French journal by M. Massie. He says that the mere introduction of an iron bar, in the box to which barley, rice, bran, biscuit, and like farinaceous material are stored, is sufficient to prevent either the ravages of decay or the attacks of insects. Full details of the experimental investigation are given. An iron bar 3 lbs. in weight is reputed to protect 40 gallons of grain; and certain biscuits were preserved for seven months in excellent condition, while others, under like circumstances but without the iron, were total-