

# THE DAILY RECORDER.

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## Poetry.

### Death.

Out of the shadows of sadness,  
Into the sunshine of gladness,  
Into the light of the Blest—  
Out of the land of the dreary,  
Out of the world of the weary,  
Into the raptures of rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow  
Into a blissful to-morrow,  
Into a day without gloom;  
Out of a land filled with sighing—  
Land of the dead and the dying—  
Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion,  
Tempest-swept off as the ocean,  
Dark with the wrecks drifting o'er,  
Into the land calm and quiet,  
Never a storm cometh nigh it—  
Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of the land in whose bowers,  
Perish and fade all the flowers—  
Out of the land of decay—  
Into the Eden where fairest  
Of flowers, and sweetest and rarest,  
Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the wailing,  
Thronged with the anguish and ailing,  
Out of the world of the sad,  
Into the world that rejoices—  
World of bright visions and voices—  
Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever mournful,  
Out of a land very mournful,  
Where in bleak exile we roam,  
Into a joyland above us—  
Where there's a father to love us—  
Into "Our Home, Sweet Home."

## NOTES OF TRAVEL.

BY REV. W. W. ROSS.

Duluth is a promising place—if the through Northern Pacific Rail Road is built, and probably it will be. It is beautifully built, somewhat like Prince Arthur's Landing, but on a more rapid and higher rise. It is regularly laid out, the streets running from the water back, showing very finely from the steamer. It boasts of many beautiful dwellings. Some of them—the finest—rise up in the midst of blackened stumps and piles of rocks. There are several hotels, one first-class. It is a city of churches and saloons. The German and Scandinavian element prevails, and so does lager beer. There is a flourishing Y. M. C. A. Association and reading room. It is doing a good work, especially in keeping down the saloons. The Methodist Church is rather elegant, and capable of seating 500. This evening the congregation numbered fifteen. The service was in keeping—half an hour long! Sermon only ten minutes. Summer evening services seem growingly unpopular. My hotel experience was not the most restful. Mine host put me in what he may have considered his very best room. Opening into it, from I know not where, was a door which I had no control. True, it was fastened, but who held the keys? To get to bed and sleep under such circumstances was out of the question. Fears of evil quickened the powers of invention. Taking a cord from my baggage, I tied one end to the door-knob. Placing the water jug on the stand, at its very edge, I tied the other end to the handle. Opening that door one-half inch would bring the catastrophe. Then rejoicing in my ingenuity, I went to bed and lay awake to hear the crash! I but for the ludicrousness of the affair, I should have felt like lecturing the landlord. The next morning I took train for St. Paul, 150 miles south-west. For the first forty miles our way was through the woods, sometimes over yawning chasms, running on the elevation of trestle work from 400 to 900 ft. high, at other times along the dunes of the St. Louis; their falls are famous—after their kind, they are certainly the finest I ever saw. Rush City, Pine City, and possibly others which I did not see, or have forgotten, are on this line. None of them could have exceeded a score of houses—some less. There are no "villages." Two houses are a town or a city. It is a feature of this Western world—cities, like Jonah's gourd, gone in a night. Emerging from the timber, we entered the "openings"—semi-prairie. Wild convolvuluses, larger than the tame, are running over the bushes in all directions. As far as the eye can reach, for miles upon miles, scattered with the most lavish hand are tiger lilies and other flowers of brilliant hues. In other parts of this State, through which I have passed, these are free from flowers and all undergrowth except grass. The only growth of wood, the scrub oak, very much the shape and size of an apple tree, presents to the stranger the appearance of a vast and irregularly planted orchard. Nearing St. Paul, we pass several beautiful lakes, favorite resorts of the citizens. At last one of its ambitions of life is attained—I look upon the Father of Waters, the Mississippi! Here it makes a bend between high and picturesque bluffs. We are but one of many who pronounce St. Paul beautifully situated. Its business part is built mostly on a plateau, its principal street running down to

the levee. Round about in all directions rise inequalities, crowned by the finer class of residences. Many of these are of palatial proportions and furnishings. The city excels in the number of its unique commodious building locations. Its business suffered badly in the common crises of '57 and '62. House after house, the very wealthiest went down. Fall of spring they have risen to a new life and health; one house this last year did three millions of business, another four. It is centrally situated to a vast and fertile field. She must become, commercially, great. A few miles farther up the river is Minneapolis, noted for its milling and factory interests. Here are the Falls of St. Anthony, furnishing one of the finest water-powers in the world. Here rose first, full of promise, the city of St. A., but M. and St. P. have swallowed it up. I spent a day "doing" M. It is laid out on a dead level, and admired by many. I prefer the bluffs, the endless irregularities of the sister city. It boasts a goodly number of first-class residences within spacious grounds. Their chief hotel is every way in keeping. Their City Hall may be put into the same class; but their boast may well be of their mills. The saw mills I have seen equalled though not surpassed; the flouring mills stand alone, the largest massive masonry, several stories high, has a "run" of forty-two stones, and has a capacity for 2,000 barrels per day. The machinery is mostly hidden, and works almost noiselessly—common characteristics, it is said, of great powers generally. Another mill, smaller and less pretentious, has almost equal fame. They were slow to show myself and friend, a stranger from the east, through, until assured we were not millers in search of their secrets of success. When satisfied, nothing could surpass their courtesy and painstaking. But the mill that has acquired the highest reputation is at Dundas, a small place a few miles below St. Paul. Ye sons of Scotia, ye may well be proud of this. Mr. Archibald, proprietor, of Scotch birth, discovered a new method of manufacture. It is now claimed that out of Minnesota spring wheat he produces the finest flour in the world! It commands in New York and Boston markets the highest price.

A woollen mill at Minneapolis turns out, it is claimed by our ambitious cousins, the finest woollen goods in the world—especially blankets. Some that I saw, ranging from fifteen to forty dollars were, certainly, of great excellence. There is a good deal of rivalry between Minneapolis and St. Paul. Probably in time they will come together in one city.

Midway between Minneapolis and St. Paul, at the confluence of the Mississippi and Minnesota, on a lofty, precipitous bluff of the former, is Fort Snelling. It is wanting in the Gibraltar strength and sublimity of the citadel in Quebec yet. It has a charm peculiarly its own. It was built purely for protection against the Indians, in troublous times a regiment was quartered there, now only a company. The Sioux, the most troublesome, have retreated beyond Minnesota. Fort Snelling is, with the dunes of the St. Croix, the most picturesque spot in the state; to the former, perhaps, belongs the palm. From it are to be viewed varied and commanding. Foreigners accustomed to sublimer scenery say, to get a finer view than this the traveller must climb a mountain. Standing within the look-out tower, rising from the very brow of the bluff, you see directly under your feet, winding around the Fort, a railway track out into the soft sandy rock. Raising your eyes you see to the left up the Mississippi; in another direction you follow the same in its downward course, and the eye rests on St. Paul. Directly opposite, on the other side, the shore of the Mississippi, with an island covered with wood and grass growing between, lies Mendota. This shore slopes in spots gently upward, again rises abruptly into bluffs and all irregularities of very considerable height. This spot was the residence of the first Governor of the State, General Sibley. His house, built of stone but plain, making a well-to-do farmer look, is still standing. This place was selected by Stephen N. Douglas for the capital. He pressed the matter before Congress, but wiser counsels prevailed in favor of St. Paul.

To the right, stretching away many a mile until lost in the far distance, is one of the gardens of the state—Minnesota valley. It is watered by the river bearing the same name. Looking little bigger than a brook now, yet, at high-water, it is navigable for 150 miles. At our rear, hidden behind rolling "reservation" lands, lies Minneapolis. All within the Fort is clean and neat. It is open without let or hindrance to all.

What shall I say of Minnehaha? I have just come from the Falls, but almost too full of emotion to give a clear account. Were it not necessary to get this off by the morning's mail, I should take time for my thoughts to distil into a description worthier so celebrated a spot. Well were they called the "Laughing Waters." True to life was the Red man's vision. Not the laugh of the Ogress, but of the slyph, subdued and silvery. Dr. Dixon, as he gazed upon Niagara, thought of the snowy folds falling from the shoulders of a goddess. Let Minnehaha be the bridal veil. I left the place full, not of the Falls, but of the ideal beauty of which

they are a sign. They are one of God's own poems. Milton may interpret Niagara; Heber, Minnehaha. The heat of the city is intense. Of the citizens I will speak hereafter, when better acquainted. I will now hasten away.

(To be continued.)

## Our Portrait Gallery.

### THE DELEGATES TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

#### REV. WILLIAM HENRY POOLE

Entered the itinerant field in Canada in 1846, but the author of the "Itinerant's Memorial," "Case and his Contemporaries," although it comes down to the year 1846-47, by a lamented *lapsus*, omitted his name in this biographical history, something which he intends to atone for in his next volume. In the meantime, Mr. Poole, whose large person, commanding voice, and efficient assistance in carrying on General Conference business, must have his antecedents duly chronicled to his fellow-legislators from various parts of this broad continent.

Mr. Poole has performed a filial duty to the memory of his ancestors, and a thoughtful one to his and their descendants, by permanently putting on record, in a printed "Memoir," a well-authenticated genealogical statement, from which it appears that, through his own immediate branch of the Poole family settled in Ireland, the family originally was English, and highly distinguished for social position, learning, and piety. Mr. P. traces his relations to the Poolses in the County of Derby, some of whom received honorable mention by Richard Baxter. Matthew Poole, the celebrated Annotator on the Bible, was of this family. Mr. Poole's own immediate father was descended from a branch of the family which settled in Ireland. Thomas Poole, W. H.'s grandfather, was liberally educated and taught the High School of Leinster, known as "Dysart School." He was a class-leader and local preacher among the Methodists, the whole family having co-operated with Wesley, Ouseley, and other Wesleyan worthies, from their earliest labors in Ireland. His son William, our subject's father, was classically educated in England, upon his father's decease, took charge of the school till his emigration to Canada, in 1831. They settled at Carlton Place, where he resumed the work of teaching, and his son William Henry took up the employment after him, between the time of his returning from Victoria College till his entering the itinerancy in 1846, and won the reputation of great originality and success in teaching. An uncle of the Rev. W. H. Poole, John by name, was one of the first settlers in the township of Beckwith, and entertained the early itinerants, such as Black, Wright, Healey, G. Poole, R. Jones, and many others. He and his wife were two of the most exemplary religious persons we meet with.

Our subject's list of Circuits and Stations is as follows: Smith's Falls, Elizabethtown, Coneseon, Demorestville, Toronto East, Peterboro', Cobourg, Newburgh, Brockville, Goderich, Hamilton Centre, and Queen Street, Toronto. Mr. Poole was the instrument of a very remarkable revival on his first circuit, and has never had a station where he has not met with success, perhaps we should say, *great success*, in promoting the piety, numbers, funds, and church property of the connexion. As a pastor and promoter of the Sabbath School interests in his circuits, he ranks among the highest for diligence and success. He has a method of his own with regard to Bible classes, in which he is remarkably successful, saving up the fruits of one circuit's preparation and experience for another. In his preaching, his individuality appears as well as in every thing else. It is popular in the truest sense of that term, not flashy or sensational, but level to the popular mind in its structure, language, and illustration, and commands the popular heart by its earnestness. It is hard to classify, being neither argumentative, expository, nor declamatory, in the usual sense, distinctively, although a large mixture of all these elements are contained. It is practical, and illustrated by a great many facts. He is not memoritor, nor a reader, nor strictly extempore, for he is always well prepared, with a few notes of topics to help his recollection of the course he intended to pursue. There is freshness and vivacity in every part, and often great pathos.

There is only one thing inexplicable about this very commanding, able, and pious man. In the whole twenty-eight years of his active ministry, he has, comparatively, been preferred to very few of the higher offices of the connexion. It is idle to mention minor ones in connection with a man who has done so much for the Church, and of so much ability, of these he has had his share, but he has never been Secretary of Conference, or even Chairman of a District.

We don't think he is ambitious, or fond of notoriety, but the humblest brother will at length be cast down, when he sees the usual expressions of confidence are withheld from him. And we have sometimes thought that there are persons,—we don't apply this to him,—who seem incapable of earning their brethren's confidence, if they were even to lay down their lives for the cause, which, indeed, in a certain sense, they have done. We do not say that we have had a day of pre-emption and prescriptive right among us, but if there has been such, we are thoroughly sure it is now over. With ministers from all parts of the Dominion and from three several Connexions, the laity introduced, and the usual forms of doing business which obtain in free governments, every man will have "a fair field and no favor." So mote it be.

#### HON. SAMUEL LEONARD SHANNON

This very able and somewhat amusing gentleman, is a native of Halifax, N. S., of good old loyalist extraction. Was educated at the Grammar School of his native City, and afterwards graduated at King's College, Windsor, in 1835. He was called to the Bar of Nova Scotia in 1839, and made Queen's Counsel in 1865; was commissioner of Provincial Railways from 1858 to 1860; represented the Western Division of the County of Halifax, in the House of Assembly, from 1859 to 1867; became Member of the Government of Nova Scotia in 1863, under the leadership of the Hon. J. W. Johnson, and continued a member of the Government, which carried Confederation, until 1867; was candidate for the whole County of Halifax, in the Dominion Parliament, in 1867, and was defeated; under order from the Colonial Office, in 1868, and was entitled to the prefix Honorable for life; was member for the Canal Commission, under the Dominion Government, 1871; became Law Agent of the Dominion Government; and Minister of Justice, in Nova Scotia in 1871, and held office until the change of Government in 1873.

As to his religious history, the Hon. Mr. Shannon was brought up a Methodist, and joined the church in 1844. Was a teacher nearly twenty years, and made a class-leader in 1858; and for the last four years has been Superintendent of the Sabbath-school of the Grafton Street Methodist Church, in Halifax. We are extremely sorry this very able member of the General Conference has been obliged for private reasons to leave.

He is about 58 years of age, is tall and commanding in person, has a clear, agreeable voice,—and is a very ready, and when he chooses to be, is a very amusing speaker, indeed, a vein of humor runs through most of his speeches.

#### REV. W. J. HUNTER

This is a comparatively young, but rising man, rather dapper, but handsome and manly in person. He is of Irish parentage, born at Phillipsburg, Province of Quebec, and has spent all his days in our Dominion. He was brought up and converted in the neighborhood of Mount Albert, and is one of the many talented and successful ministers of the body who came out from the interior of the country. The Rev. Andrew Edwards has the honor of introducing this distinguished preacher into the church. This event occurred in 1855, when he was only twenty years of age. He is not a graduate, but he is one of those born preachers to whom two or three years college training (his term at Victoria) has placed in advance of some who are more elaborately scholarly. His early experiences of the world were gained in the occupation of farming, clerkship, and school teaching.

He went out early into the itinerant field, having been now at the age of thirty-nine, not less than eighteen years, in one way or another, identified with ministerial work. He had his share of rural circuits, but they were usually good ones. He has

gone on from Dundas, Waterdown, Clinton, to Toronto East and West, London, and Hamilton Centre, till now he is stationed in the capital of the Dominion, being the Incumbent of Ottawa Centre, and chairman of that district. He is a clear, clever, useful preacher, and faithful pastor. In connexional business he is competent; and if he is wise years will give him weight.

#### DR. JOHN CLARKE, M.P.P.

Of North Norfolk, is the son of Rev. Wm. Clarke, a distinguished Congregational minister, and brother of Rev. W. F. Clarke, equally, or more distinguished in the same denomination. He was converted early, under the ministry of his own father. After graduating in medicine, he settled at Simcoe in practice, where he became a member and office-bearer in the Wesleyan Methodist Church; and has since become leader, Steward, Sunday-school superintendent, and local preacher, all of which positions he has occupied for some years.

He has always taken an interest in public affairs; and has been considered a consistent politician on the Reform side. He is a supporter of the present Ontario Government. A few days ago his constituency endorsed his course by a hearty vote. He is taking active measures to secure a prohibitory liquor law. Dr. C. is very amiable and pleasing in his private manners. We have no data for the Doctor's age, but he is personable and young looking.

#### REV. RICHARD SMITH

Was born in Maitland, Hants County, Nova Scotia, in 1819. Was converted to God and received into the church in the fourteenth year of his age, and entered upon the work of the ministry in July, 1841. Has since that time been engaged in the work of the Gospel ministry in important Circuits in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. Has filled the office of District Secretary, and is now Chairman of the Liverpool District, N. S. God has greatly honored him in "winning souls." As a preacher, Mr. S. is usually earnest, and sometimes fervidly eloquent. This reverend gentleman will give a good account of himself under the new order of things.

#### HON. WILLIAM GAMBEL STRONG

Of Bedique, Prince Edward Island, son of the late Rev. John B. Strong, the first Wesleyan Missionary from the British Conference to Canada, in the year 1813. Born at Sackville, New Brunswick, is a member of the Executive Council of Prince Edward Island, Member of the Legislative Council, and Leader of the Government in that body; trustee of the Lunatic Asylum, Member of the Board of Education, and Justice of the Peace. Under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Enoch Wood he joined the Wesleyan Church in St. John, New Brunswick, in 1840, has been for many years a Local Preacher, Class Leader, Trustee of Churches, and Steward of the Circuit on which he resides. As a public man, is highly respected, and as a speaker, though rather retiring in disposition, is accurate, concise, and eloquent. A worthy man is he. It is pleasing to see the Pioneer Missionary's son contributing to the consolation of his father's church, and to the advancement of the country his father helped to evangelize.

#### THE REV. ALFRED ANDREWS

Is forty-one years of age, dark complexioned, and has an enduring constitution. Was born in Suffolk, England, but emigrated with his parents in childhood to Toronto. They were Wesleyans, and he was trained in the Adelaide Street Sabbath-school, and awakened by an earnest appeal at a tea-meeting, from the Superintendent, Mr. Geo. Simpson, in Terauly street. Subsequently, the family removed to Aurora, where they united with the New Connexion, and Alfred was converted under the labors of the Rev. James Caswell, in 1849, when he was sixteen years of age. He received his education, first in Mr. Hodgson's private classical school, Toronto, and afterwards in the Newmarket Grammar School. Circumstances causing the family to return among the Wesleyans, Alfred was appointed, first a leader, and then a local preacher; and although married, (for he had expected to follow the business of a farmer) such were his abilities and the necessities of the work, that he was employed by Rev. Lewis Warner to supply a vacancy at Mount Forest. Succeeded by Mr. Caswell.

(Concluded on fourth page.)