

REV. THOMAS HARRISON.

A Methodist friend in this city sends us the following:
The accompanying sketch is copied from the *Baltimorean*, which paper was handed to me by a relative of Mr. H.—I was pleased to see the notice, and his likeness which was at the head of it. The reasons are—Mr. Harrison's great grand father was a leader in our church in Halifax. His grand father was a leader here also—and subsequently a leader and Local Preacher in St. John, N. B., where he, and his wife died in the Lord. His mother is a niece of Dr. Richey, his father was a scholar in our Sunday School in this city.

The subject of one of our sketches today, the Rev. Thomas Harrison, the youthful evangelist, whose labors in this city has attracted so much attention for some months past, is a native of Boston. In very early life he was awakened upon the subject of religion through the influence of a pious mother, but was not converted till sixteen years of age. He at once united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and manifested such great earnestness in the cause of Christ, was licensed as an exhorter, at the age of seventeen. While engaged in secular pursuits in Boston, he became impressed that God had called him to devote himself entirely to the work of saving souls. He accordingly left his employment, and took a course of study preparatory to entering the ministry. While at the academy engaged in his studies, he received license to preach in his nineteenth year. Continuing his studies in theology, the call soon became so urgent that he left all, and entered upon a mission work in the city of Brooklyn. In this work he met with marvellous success. His meetings there among the young men were characterized by great power.

After remaining in Brooklyn for some length of time, he was led to the work of an evangelist in his own State. Here meetings held by him at Long Plain, South Middleboro', Cambridge and other places, during the fall and winter of '75 and '76, were wonderful in results, great numbers being converted.

Mr. Harrison came to Baltimore last May, during the session of the General Conference, remained for a time, preached occasionally in several of the churches sermons of great power and effectiveness, and this was the opening which led to his great work here during the past six months.

In the latter part of October he returned to Baltimore, and about the middle of November commenced revival services at Franklin Street M. E. Church. Here he labored for nearly six weeks, with continued success. He then went to Caroline Street, where his work was abundantly blessed, but an engagement at St. John's Methodist Independent Church, North Liberty St., compelled him to leave at the end of two weeks.

At St. John's the meetings were wonderful indeed, there being fifty penitents at the altar the last night. In the midst of this great work he was obliged to leave, on account of a previous engagement made for Union Square Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Dr. Joseph France pastor, on the 5th of February last. The work at this church has exceeded anything ever witnessed in this city. During the thirteen weeks of its continuance, about eight hundred have been converted. A large proportion of these have been men—some of them the most wicked that could be found in the city—who have been thoroughly reformed, and now give abundant evidence of the fact.

As the interest in these meetings is increasing, and the crowds continue so great, it is thought probable that a "Tabernacle" will be provided, to accommodate the great numbers during the now rapidly approaching warm weather.

The invitations for work in various churches in this and other cities, are so numerous that it is impossible for him to accept them. His engagements extend for many months to come. His services are desired at several of the camp-meetings to be held this summer; among others the great National Camp-meeting at Chester Heights, near Philadelphia, for which he is promised.

As an evangelist, Mr. Harrison has no superior, his labors during the past four months having resulted in the conversion of about fourteen hundred souls, over seven hundred of these in this city. He seldom preaches a sermon during his revival meetings, but presents Bible truths in persuasive exhortation. His familiarity with the Scriptures is remarkable.

Although young, being but little over twenty-four years of age, and of apparently frail constitution, his powers of endurance are truly wonderful. He still retains his energy and strength, notwithstanding his twenty-four weeks of continuous labor, frequently holding two and three services a day, and protracting his evening services until a late hour. He seems to have supernatural strength given him.

So youthful and yet exerting such a marvellous power over the masses he is very naturally attracting great attention, and should his health continue, the probability is that he will be one of the greatest reformers of the day in which he lives.

COMING TO CHRIST.

Coming to Christ is a phrase often used to describe that act of the penitent heart which is performed when self and self-righteousness are renounced as the ground of salvation, and Christ is accepted and trusted as the Saviour of the soul. This language is correct enough, and has an abundance of Scripture sanction. Perhaps no words could describe more correctly the process by which a converted sinner abandons his life of sinful indulgence and gains the mastery over appetite, unbelief, and the opposition which the world presents to a course of obedience, and conformity to the divine purposes. Finding Christ is the imperative demand of the soul, if strength to achieve victory is to be gained, or rest for the troubled spirit is to be found. Christ is the home of the prodigal who longs for his father's house, the home for the ship that has been tossed upon the waves, and has found weariness; the shelter alike for those who have been smitten by the noonday heat, or the northern blast; the Healer of the diseased, who touch but the Hem of His garment.

Coming to Christ supposes a distance between Him and the one coming. And is not this the true condition of all men? It is a distance of spiritual condition, of moral state, and not one of space. No man who reads aright the lessons of his own heart's history, and then compares them with the history of the matches One, can fail to see the broad interval he has to travel before he stands by the side of him who is the pure and spotless. It may seem dark as well as broad, only a faint ray of light streaming over it, coming from a dim object afar, whose outlines can scarcely be made out.

With such a vision before him, it is hard for the sinner to believe that that ray of light comes from the Sun, whose brightness is the light of this world, and the glory of the eternal city, where are built the "palaces of Angels and of God;" hard to believe that he who seems so far away is so nigh, that one step is sufficient to span the dreaded gulf; that one moment is long enough to accomplish the deliverance of the soul from its chains and darkness, and to place it beside Him who sets the captive free, and who, when found, is peace and life, and eternal rest.

And yet so it is. One step of faith, and one moment of trust, and side by side are the seeker and the sought. One moment's unflinching trust brings him who has seen so dimly at first out of the mists in which sin and unbelief had wrapped him, and reveals him as the Son of God with power to forgive and save. The eyes are opened, the far off is brought nigh, the absent is made present, and he whom the soul sought is Himself seen to be seeking the lost. Christ is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and thy heart, if thou art seeking Him.—*Pittsburg Advocate*.

"WHAT did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a Massachusetts teacher of his class. "To worship in their own way, and make other people do the same," was the reply.

THE SPEAKING TELEPHONE IN NEW YORK.

Professor A. Graham Bell has recently completed a series of three lectures, in which he introduced his speaking telephone to New York audiences. There can be no question but that the instrument is a wonderful invention. Without the aid of any battery, using only the current induced in the circuit by its permanent magnet, the telephone on the occasion of the last lecture transmitted musical sounds and speech from Yonkers to New York, a distance of 26 miles. With the battery attached, melodies and chords played on a small organ at Yonkers were distinguishable throughout the large hall where the lecture took place. It is a most bewildering sensation to hear a song faintly emitted first from a box on the stage, then from another suspended overhead, and finally from a third across the room, as the operator switches the current from one telephone to another.

Professor Bell prefaced the exhibition of his instrument with a brief account of the principles on which it is based, and gave an interesting statement of the investigations leading to its invention.

A correspondent asks: "Do you think that the telephone will take the place of the telegraph now in use?" As this question is one which a great many are now asking, we would say that we do not. It may perhaps supersede the Morse system to some extent for private lines and the like, and, possibly, may be utilized somewhat in forwarding press reports; but for regular commercial telegraphing, it does not appear to us to possess, as it now stands, any advantages. In the first place messages would require to be taken down in short hand by the receiving operator, and afterwards copied in long hand; and we all know the liability to error, not to speak of the great delay of such a system. Then, again, while "Auld Lang Syne," "Home Sweet Home," or anything with which we are perfectly familiar, could be very easily recognised, it is questionable if regular messages could be "telegraphed without serious errors occurring. It is very much like talking through the little toy "lover's telegraph," or an ordinary speaking tube. If great care is taken to speak slowly and distinctly, and you have an idea of what is coming, you can generally make out enough to understand what a person is talking about. But it would seem to us that nobody would care to trust important messages, sometimes involving life and death, or thousands of dollars, to being sent in this manner. We chronicled, issue before last, a ludicrous mistake made in just this way. A reporter telegraphed over the police wires to the editor of a Brooklyn paper that he was at the lunatic asylum, where he had gone on business and could not get back in time for the afternoon edition. The sergeant told a policeman to step around to the newspaper office and inform the editor that Koselowski (the reporter) was at the lunatic asylum. The policeman misunderstood the message, and reported to the editor that Cardinal McCloskey was insane, and had been removed to the lunatic asylum. It is not too much to expect that just such mistakes would constantly occur were the telephone in use for commercial telegraphy. For the above reasons we do not think that telegraphers need have any fears about the telephone usurping, to any great extent, the place of the system handed down to them by Professor Morse.—*The Operator*.

FLETCHER HARPER.

The last of those remarkable Harper brothers, James, John, Joseph Wesley and Fletcher, passed away in New York last week. Fletcher was born in 1806. Their father was a Long Island farmer. The oldest were apprenticed to printers in New York city when 16 years of age, and afterwards, when out of their time, established themselves in business. Wesley and Fletcher were afterwards apprenticed to their brothers, and admitted to the firm as they became of age. In 1825 the firm assumed the present familiar style, Harper and Bros., and they very soon became the leading publishers of America, and have never lost this freely accorded rank. In 1853 their whole immense establishment was

burned to the ground, entailing the loss of \$1,000,000; but the next day they hired temporary rooms, and went immediately to the work of reproducing their books. Their present establishment is one of the largest, and most complete and convenient in the land, covering an acre and a half of ground, and built absolutely fire proof. To Fletcher belongs the credit of establishing their famous periodicals, now one of the most successful and lucrative portions of their immense business. Fletcher has had the charge of the printing and publishing department. He was thoroughly accomplished in every branch of the business. Withal he was a well educated, widely read, exceedingly courteous, vivacious gentleman, an admirable conversationalist, the life of the social circle, preserving the looks and vivacity of early years long after he had reached the grayer period of life.

His was a very beautiful and attractive old age. Like all his brothers and his parents, he was an active and official member of the M. E. Church. He was hearty and local in his allegiance to her to the last, and was the warm friend and social companion of all our older and most noted ministers of the New York and adjoining Conferences. The death of his brothers deeply affected him, and he has quietly awaited the hour that he knew could not be far distant, of an eternal reunion. The firm now is composed of John and Joseph (two sons of John), Fletcher, jr., Philip (son of James), and Joseph (son of Wesley).—*Zion's Herald*.

MOVEMENTS OF MOODY AND SANKEY.—Messrs. Moody and Sankey's last service in the Boston Tabernacle was held on May 29. There was a social reunion of the choir and the ushers on Saturday evening, May 26, at which Mr. Moody was present. About 2,000 persons attended the re-union. Major Whittle, of Chicago, is to preach in the Tabernacle every Sunday evening during June. Mr. Moody is now staying at Northfield, and Mr. Sankey goes to Cohasset. It is reported that Mr. Moody will probably begin a new series of meetings at Boston in the autumn, afterward going to Baltimore and Cincinnati.

AT WORK AT NINETY-SEVEN.

The venerable Lovick Pierce, D. D., not only still lives, but works at the age of ninety-seven. The editor of the "Southern Christian Advocate," speaking of an interview with him a couple of weeks ago, writes: "He was homeward bound from a preaching tour, which had embraced a district conference, at which he had delivered three sermons. Besides travelling several hundred miles, including one all-night ride, he had within nine days preached six times, his sermons varying in length from an hour to an hour and thirty minutes; and yet he looked as vigorous, and was as sprightly in conversation, as the day he left home."

WE WILL SEE JESUS.—The glory of heaven will be in seeing Jesus. "A little while and ye shall not see me, because I go unto my Father." "Where I am, ye shall be also." When we return home after a long absence, it is not the house or the furniture, or fireside that awakens our joy. It is meeting the loved ones. If they have gone, every forsaken room or empty chair is an agony. So in our Father's house it will not be the pearly gates or the streets of gold that will make us happy. But Oh! how transcendently glad will we be when we see our Lord. If we ever weep in heaven it will be tears of joy at meeting Jesus. Perhaps in that "upper room" also he may show unto us his hands and his side, and we may cry out with happy Thomas: "My Lord and my God."—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler*.

LOOKING AT CHRIST.

Try it, friends. And a word in your ear—march up to Truth frankly and nobly, with a clear brow and open hand. Don't eye it askance. Don't fancy that you are called on to play the part of a detective who has been warned to look out for a rogue, and that here you shall probably find the culprit. Or, instead of vaguely saying Truth, let me say—Christ. Once, indeed, they did come out against him with lanterns and torches, and a body of police armed with swords and staves, to haul him away to an unjust judge; but you, O my friends! will not treat him so. Go, gaze on that wondrous face, and remembering how many of earth's noblest have seen, they say, "the glory of God in the face of Christ," gaze at least with some reverence, some readiness to see what of truth and goodness and holiness and God there is there. Listen to him in docile spirit. Suppose him

to be, after all, the very Christ of God who can reveal the father to you. What a fearful loss you incur by looking at him as Caiaphas looked, at Annas, and numbers of the Saducee and Pharisees of his own day. About his character, at least, no one need be in any perplexity at all; and character is the portico to so much beside. If you have never tried what thorough discipleship will do to banish perplexity, try it, only let it be out and out discipleship.—*Rev. H. H. Dobney*.

OBITUARY.

HENRY COPP.

April 28th died at English Settlement, North Esk, Northumberland Co., in the 92nd year of his age, Henry Copp. He came to this country from England many years ago, and was the first to settle in the woods, some 17 miles from Newcastle on the N. W. Miramichi river, and being followed the next year by five or six other English families, the place took the name it now bears. During the great fire of 1825 Mr. Copp's losses were very heavy, but he succeeded in subsequent years, in retrieving them considerably. Some 37 years ago the place was visited by Methodist preachers for the first time, Rev. Dr. Pickard being the first minister who preached in the settlement. The meetings were held, in the summer time in a log building belonging to Mr. Copp, and during the winter in his large kitchen; a few years after, the little church which still stands was erected, principally by Mr. Copp and Mr. Shaddick, since which time English Settlement has been a regular Methodist preaching place. Methodism in that place owes a great deal to Mr. Copp, who was over the warm friend of the preachers, showing always a particular partiality for Englishmen.

The last years of his life—throughout which, his welfare was tenderly cared for by one of the most devoted and affectionate of daughters, Miss Elizabeth Copp—were much clouded; not by any particular bodily ailment, but by the infirmities of age, and what was very like a species of mental aberration; but still to the very last, though unable to read, or to hear distinctly, he was much engaged in prayer, and his thoughts appeared to be occupied with the cheering idea of God as his reconciled Father. Henry Copp is dead and buried, but not lost—only gone before.

Miss Copp asked me to write, for the *WESLEYAN* a few lines about her father, knowing that she would thus have the sympathy of many of our ministers, whose hearts would be stirred by the recollections of by-gone years.

A. R. B. SHREWSBURY.

Derby, Miramichi, June 1, 1877.

St. John, N. B., June 7, 1877.

DEAR BRO. NICOLSON.—You will no doubt regard the subjoined communication worthy of a place in the columns of the *WESLEYAN*, it is copied from the *Methodist Recorder*, received by last English mail. W. MCCARTY.

IN MEMORIAM.

On Monday, April 9th, passed away the Rev. MICHAEL PICKLES, of New Brunswick, Canada, at the ripe age of 80. Mr. Pickles was born at Oxenhope, near Keighley (Yorkshire), and for many years was a local preacher in the Keighley circuit. In the year 1827 he was sent out by the Wesleyan Missionary Society to Eastern British America, where he remained as a travelling and supernumerary minister up to June of last year. Not having visited his native land during his long ministry, he desired to spend a few months with his relatives and friends, and reached England, July 7, 1876, accompanied by Mrs. Pickles. For the most part they have resided with their son at Wyke, near Bradford. Towards the end of March of this year he went to see a relative at Halifax, and purposed going forward to see the Rev. Samuel Joll in Lincolnshire, but was taken ill, and after a brief illness died. During his sickness all he said and did seemed to indicate that he was both ready and willing to depart. On April 14, he was interred at the Park Cemetery, Halifax. Several ministers of the Wesleyan Church were present at the funeral, and Rev. B. Wood, (Baptist) of Bradford, and the Rev. A. Craven, (Independent) of Wyke near Bradford. The Rev. J. Brasb, of Halifax conducted the service. The Rev. B. Wood delivered an earnest and touching address, and Rev. J. Fletcher conducted the service at the grave. The deceased was a faithful man and "feared God above many." He put his whole heart into his pulpit ministrations, and illustrated what he had taught by the quiet and unassuming consistency of his holy life. There are left to mourn his loss his beloved wife and seven children, three of whom are engaged in the work of the ministry. One of his sons is head master of the Westfield Independent day school, Wyke.