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CHRISTMAS, 1876.

When you draw the curtain's bright fold
And shut out the fierce freezing cold;
When fires are warmest and brightest,
And hearts are gayest and lightest;
When soft carpets hush all the echoes,
And voices as soft as the cuckoo's
Ring through the close bolted door,
Do you think of the poor?

In your favorite seat, at your ease,
While over the ivory keys
Your daughter's white fingers are stray-
ing—
How fair she is at her playing,
As pure as the sweet Madonna
That looks from the wall upon her—
When the song is finished and o'er,
Do you think of the poor?

Do you think with a sigh of pity
Of the cellars all over the city,
So dark, and dismal and cold,
Where huddle the young and the old—
Huddle and freeze together
In the terrible winter weather—
As for you the happy hours wane,
Do you think of their pain?

Do you think of the beauty and sweetness,
Of womanhood's lovely completeness,
Sold for a morsel of bread,
And a place for the fair guilty head?
Sold when temptation was dire,
Crushed like a rose in the mire—
With your pure, happy daughters and
mothers,
Do you think of these others?

To-day the glad bells are ringing,
And choral voices are singing
His praises, who, born with the lowly,
Taught that love only makes holy;
Saying, oh, brother to thee;
"What thou dost for these is for Me."
We may forget, but be sure,
He thinks of his poor.
—Mrs M. F. Bells.

1876—1877.

I looked and saw an old man sitting
with a huge folio on his knees, over
which he was intently poring, and he
appeared to be engaged in casting up a
sum of considerable length. The page
open before him was numbered 365,
and beneath was a date, December 31,
1876. He had nearly accomplished his
task, and only turned from it to look
occasionally at the clock on the wall,
the hands of which were fast approach-
ing the hour of twelve. They reached
it at last. The clock struck, and the
old man with a sigh closed the myster-
ious volume, and was about to rise and
place it on his shelf among many oth-
ers of a similar size and shape, when I
observed with astonishment my own
name on the cover.

"Stop," I cried with much emotion
"stop and let me see the contents."
"Well then," he murmured, "have
your will: come hither;" and he re-
placed the volume on his knees, and
suffered me to turn over its pages. I
found them to contain a journal of all
my aims and wishes, thoughts and feel-
ings, words and deeds, through the past
year. I ran my eye hastily over the
whole. There was scarcely an entry
that was not more or less dark and om-
inous. Those acts and intentions of
which I had hoped the best were all of
them infected; either in the motives
that led to them, the feeling that ac-
companied them, or in some other lit-
tle matter that was otherwise connect-
ed with them; the plague spot was still
discoverable, tainting and poisoning
the whole. The wonderful minuteness,
also, of the details utterly overwhelmed
me. Things that I had altogether over-
looked or forgotten were here carefully
recorded and commented on.

"What!" I exclaimed, "is it possi-
ble that the eye of God can take cog-
nizance of trifles like these?"

"Trifles!" he replied; "there are no
trifles among the concerns of man.
Nothing can be trifling that
affects the glory of God, or the eternal
condition of souls; and this is the case
with every act and moment of man's
life. Men are always living either well
or ill. They are doing either right or
wrong through every moment of their
being."

"What then?" I replied, "shall gross
actual transgression bring no more
guilt on us than a mere passing emotion
of the heart?"

"Not quite so," he rejoined; "but your
views, I perceive on this subject are
very imperfect. God is a Spirit. He
sees and hates sins wherever found.
Above all, He abhors it in the heart.
It is there that He desires to establish
His own dwelling-place, and from
thence that He looks for His service
and praise. But can the Most Holy
dwell with sin? or can He relish a
tainted tribute? Words and actions are
only the out-gushings of the spirit
within; and until the fountain-head is
made pure, in vain shall we expect
purity in the streams that flow from it."

"I see, then," said I, that on this
supposition my case is an alarming one.
I may indeed cry aloud "My leanness!
my leanness! Woo is me!" My very
tears need be washed; my very prayers
to be prayed for; my best feelings and
doings are not merely imperfect, but
often offensive."

"Even so," he mournfully replied
"all that is not done to the glory of
God, to the good of mankind, or to the
advancement of our own spiritual
interests, is a waste of hours and talents
which God has bestowed on us."

"Waste of hours! Alas!" I exclaimed,
"how large an item must this make in
the account against me!"

"It does," he answered, "it does;
look!" and he turned to the general
summing up of the past year. "Look,"
he continued, "at this squandering of
precious hours; of hours the purchase
of a Saviour's blood; of hours wrung
by infinite mercy from the hand of
eternal justice for you; of hours, for
one of which the spirits now in prison
would leap in their chains; of hours
which can now never be recalled, and
each of which has borne you on nearer
to death, to judgement to eternity."
I looked at the list. What a desolation
of privileges and opportunity!

"And what," said the sage, "if I
were to add to these the convictions
you have stifled, the awakenings you
have hushed, the warnings you have
sifted, the persuasions you have re-
jected, the resolves you have broken,
the trials you have spared, the dangers
you have escaped, the respites that
have been begged for you again and
again, the anxious looks that have been
sent forth from heaven for your re-
pentance, and the joy that would even
now animate every bosom there could
it but be said, 'Behold he prayeth!'
Oh! God is love! God is love! He
waiteth to be gracious. The Saviour of
sinners opens His everlasting arms,
and says, 'Come unto Me, and find
rest to your souls.' His blood cleanseth
from all sin; and happy for you, for
all, if you might begin the entries of
the coming year with a record of con-
trition and faith on your part, and of
grace, of pardoning, and of sustaining
grace on His!"

"Be it so," I exclaimed, when deep
emotion left me the power of utterance;
"be it even so, Lord Jesus." Over the
records of the past, when brought into
judgment, let Thy name be found in-
scribed; and for the temptation of the

future let Thy grace be imparted, and
it will, I know, be sufficient. Here I
would begin the year by giving myself
to Thee. Dwell in my heart by Thy
Holy Spirit, and mold me to Thy will!"
In the violence of my excitement I
awoke—it was a dream. And morning
ushered in the coming year.—*Sunday
Magazine.*

HINTS FOR MINISTERS.

"I had resolved, on coming to Edin-
burgh to give my evenings to my
family; to spend them not as many
ministers did, in the study, but in the
parlor, among the children.

"The sad fate of many city ministers'
families warned me to beware of their
practice. Spending the whole day in
the services of the public, they retired
to spend the evening within their
studies, away from their children,
whose ill-habits and ill-doing in their
future career showed how they had
been scribbled on the altar of public
duty. This I thought no father was
warranted in doing.

"Thus the only time left me for pre-
paration for the pulpit, composing my
sermons and so thoroughly committing
them that they rose without an effort
to my memory,—and therefore appear-
ed as if born on the spur and stimulus
of the moment—was found in the
morning. For some years after com-
ing to Edinburgh I spent Summer and
Winter, at five o'clock. At six I had
got through my public and private
devotions, and was then prepared and
engaged for my session, and
was seated at my desk, having till nine
o'clock, when we breakfasted, three
unbroken hours before me. This be-
ing my daily practice, gave me as much
as eighteen hours in each week—and
instead of the Friday and Saturday—
the whole six days to ruminate and
digest and do the utmost justice in my
power to my sermon. A practice like
this I would recommend to all mini-
sters, whether in town or country. It
secures ample time for preparation,
brings a man fresh each day to his
allotted portion of his work, keeps his
sermon simmering in his mind all the
week through, till the subject takes
possession of him, and, as the conse-
quence, he comes on Sabbath to his
pulpit to preach with fullness, fresh-
ness, and power."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

THAT QUESTION OF THE NORTH
POLE refuses to be buried. Disappoint-
ment has only whetted the appetite of
venturous explorers. The cruel North
will claim more victims yet; whether it
will yield up its secret—is not so cer-
tain.

A London letter says: "Perhaps the
most curious thing is that the non-success
of the British expedition to the Pole, and
the declaration made that to reach the
Pole is impossible, has created a desire
to make another attempt. Indeed the
project of another expedition is now in con-
templation, and I should not be surprised
if one were to start next spring. This
much seems to be certain, and that is,
there will be no further attempt made by
the way of Smith's Sound. The present
expedition has demonstrated that this
route is an impracticable one."

A PRESBYTERIAN minister having, at
his request, baptized a young man by im-
mersion, the Presbytery declared it con-
trary to the principles of the Presbyterian
Church. The matter was carried to the
Synod of Philadelphia, and gave rise to a
warm debate; Immersion was said to be
opposed to the Confession of Faith; but
it was argued that in a number of Presby-
terian Churches, people could be either
immersed or sprinkled. The Synod hard-
ly sustained the action of the Presbytery
but requested all parties concerned to in-
terpret its finding as giving "fraternal
counsel."

THE LATE BISHOP GEORGE D. CUMMINS.

George David Cummins, D. D., of
the Reformed Episcopal Church, was
born in Smyrna, Delaware, December
11th, 1822. He was educated at Dick-
inson College, under the patronage of
the Methodist Episcopal Church, and
graduated with distinction in 1841. He
was converted under the preaching of
the Methodist ministry, and was con-
nected, subsequently, with the Balti-
more Methodist Episcopal Conference.
In 1844, he studied for the ministry of
the Protestant Episcopal Church, and
in October, 1845, was ordained deacon
by Bishop Lee of Delaware, by
whom he was also made a presbyter,
in July, 1847. The degree of Doctor
of Divinity was conferred upon him by
Princeton College, in 1856. His first
charge was the parish of Christ's Church,
Norfolk, Va.; his next, that of St. James's Church, Richmond, in the same
State; then, that of Trinity Church,
Washington, D. C., which was followed
by that of St. Peter's Church, Balti-
more, M.D., when, finally, he was called
to preside over that of Trinity Church,
Chicago, Ill.

While in charge of this last parish,
he was elected Assistant Bishop of
Kentucky, and was consecrated in
Christ's Church, Louisville, November
18th, 1866. The Bishop of Vermont
performed the consecratory service, as-
sisted by the Bishops of Kentucky and
Iowa—the latter of whom preached the
sermon. The Assistant Bishops of In-
diana and of Tennessee, the Missionary
Bishop of Nebraska and the Bishop of
Pittsburgh, were present also.

The low-church views of Bishop
Cummins were so decided, that he took
occasion to censure the ritualistic ten-
dencies and practices of the churches in
the See of Kentucky. In 1873, he was
present at the meeting of the Evangelical
Alliance in New York, and pursued
a course that caused a great deal of
discussion within the Episcopal denomi-
nation. Soon after he withdrew
from the Protestant Episcopal Church,
and originated a body which is known as
the Reformed Episcopal Church. The first
General Council of this new denomi-
nation assembled in the City of
New York, December 2d, 1873, when all
the steps necessary to the efficient or-
ganization of the body were taken. At
the second General Council, convened
in New York also, May, 1874, he was
elected President of that Assembly.

During the seven years of the per-
formance of his functions as a bishop,
his exertions on behalf of the Christian
Church generally were most unremit-
ting and meritorious. He was sincere,
eloquent and able; and given to labor
and to thought in connection with his
high mission. He was, in truth, a
faithful guide and guardian in all
things pertaining to his flock, and had
set his heart upon the success of the
new branch of the Church of Christ
that he had founded.

It appears that the cause of the death
of Bishop Cummins was cold, taken
while riding in an open carriage to the
railway station in Baltimore, after eve-
ning service on Sunday, June 18th,
having preached twice on that day. He
was perspiring freely, after his exer-
tions; and being anxious to reach his
home in Lutherville, had not taken suf-
ficient precaution to wrap himself up.
Before he had reached the station, he
felt suddenly indisposed, as if from
acute inflammation.

On reaching his home, the symptoms
of his case became more and more
dangerous, refusing to yield to the
most astute medical treatment; and
his bodily sufferings became so intense
in two or three days, from the high
state of inflammation that the pulsa-
tions of the heart were distinctly aud-

ible at some distance from the couch
on which he lay. On Monday, June
26th, all pain having ceased suddenly,
he began to entertain the hope that the
crisis had passed, and that he would
recover; but his physicians were of a
different opinion, and apprised him
that the end was near. He received
the intelligence with Christian resigna-
tion, after which he began to sink
gradually.

At this supreme moment, the fruits
of his well-spent life were spread before
him as on a golden salver, and he tast-
ed of their refreshing sweetness; for,
when his grief-stricken wife asked him
"Darling do you know me?" he re-
plied, yes dear, I know you." And
when again she inquired, "Do you
know Jesus?" he brightened up, with
all the energy of which he was capable,
"Yes I know Him!" Soon afterwards
he repeated the first line of the hymn—
"Jesus, lover of my soul."

On being asked whether he had any
word to send to the Church, he answer-
ed, while a glow of enthusiasm lit up
his features for a moment, "Yes, tell
them to go forward and do a grand
work!" Then failing rapidly, and just
eight days after he had been stricken
down, he fell asleep in the fifty-fourth
year of his age, with the words, "Jesus,
precious Saviour," trembling upon his
lips.

The funeral obsequies took place on
the following Wednesday, the 28th,
commencing with a short service at the
family residence, in Lutherville, near
Baltimore, Md. Besides friends and
neighbors, there were present; Bishop
W. B. Nicholson, Rev. Messrs. Postel-
thwaite, Reynolds and Washburn, of
Baltimore; Rev. W. T. Sabine, of New
York; and Rev. M. Gallagher, of Bal-
way, N. J. These accompanied the
remains to the station, whence they
were taken to the Church of the Re-
deemer, Baltimore, where the regular
service was performed at noon. Be-
sides the ministers already named,
there were present: Bishop C. E.
Cheney, and Rev. S. Fallows, recently
elected Bishop. The services were
conducted by several of the clergy, and
brief addresses were made by Bishop
Nicholson and Bishop Cheney. Upon
the conclusion of these, the remains
were taken to Loudoun Park Cemetery,
and interred besides the grave of the
Bishop's mother.

Bishop Fallows, in referring to the
oratorical powers of Bishop Cummins,
observes: "His style was remarkable
for its crystalline clearness. The
golden lamp of his thought could
never be seen in its pellucid depths.
He selected, seemingly on the instant,
the most happily-fitting words to con-
vey his meaning, as the magnet seizes
the particles of steel out of the inter-
mingled mass. Sentences rounded,
and golden periods apparently polished
with the most elaborate attention, fol-
lowed each other in constant succession
in his purely extempore efforts."

It had been thought by some that
the demise of this able and faithful
worker, would militate against the sta-
bility of the new denomination; but
the steadily increasing prosperity of
the body may be inferred from the fact
that a new church belonging to it is now
in course of erection in Newark, N.
J.; while quite recently the corner-
stone of another such edifice was laid
in the city of New York, with most im-
posing ceremonies, on the corner of
Fifty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue.
There were present upon the latter
occasion a very large and influential
concourse, among whom were the Rev.
Bishops Nicholson and Fallows, of the
Reformed Episcopal Church; Bishop
Reinke, of the Moravian Church; the
Rev. Drs. Robinson, Hepworth, Deems,
Tyng, and others. This church is to
be in the charge of the Rev. W. T.
Sabine.