

The Wesleyan.

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MAIL CONTRACT

TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon on FRIDAY, the 29th August, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, three times per week each way between

East Side of Public Harbor and Public Beach.

under a proposed contract for three years and eleven months, from the 1st November next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of East Side of Public Harbor and Public Beach, or at the office of the subscriber.

CHARLES J. MACDONALD,
Post Office Inspector,
Halifax, 15th July, 1879. } 31-aug 1

MAIL CONTRACT

TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon on FRIDAY, the 29th August, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, six times per week each way, between

Barrington and Upper Wood's Harbour.

under a proposed contract for three years and eleven months, from the 1st November next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be obtained at the Post Offices of Barrington and Upper Wood's Harbour, or at the Office of the Subscriber.

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Halifax, 15th July, 1879. } 31-aug 1

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LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

BIRMINGHAM, July 28, 1879.

MR. EDITOR,—Thanks to kind friends in Charlottetown, to whom I am indebted for a passage to and from England, I find myself in the old land at Home. Though thoroughly relaxed, and not in a mood for much of effort in any direction, yet I cannot relieve myself of a sort of promise that, at least, one communication from the place of Conference should be forwarded to you. I may be pardoned, possibly, if first of all my reference should be somewhat of a personal interest.

Closing the Charlottetown Conference late on Thursday night, and leaving early the following morning, I found myself, by rail and in steamer, across the Gulf, in company with a large part of the New Brunswick ministers, and pleasantly passed the time as we crossed the Gulf—where the monotony was broken by service of song and speeches suitable to the occasion. Along the Intercolonial line we had, in a special car, the vice-regal party from Ottawa. The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise were returning from a salmon fishing excursion. Lord Elphinstone and Col. McNeil, of the party, having come out to Canada in company with the Duke of Argyll, came on board the Moravian at Rimouski. They brought with them the large salmon caught by the Princess—on which we had the satisfaction of dining before our arrival at Liverpool. A place at the captain's table having been courteously reserved, I found myself in most delightful society; and, notwithstanding considerable sea at times, the voyage, on the whole, was one of very pleasant remembrance. We had four or five clergymen on board, but on the second Sabbath morning I was put under compulsion for the service. It is easier far, I find, to make promises at home, when in search of absolute rest, than to keep them on the way.

As we steamed up into the harbor at Liverpool, the day was pleasant, but during the past fortnight the weather, on the whole, has been wet, cold, and gloomy. When once I was fairly landed on English soil, I found myself stirred to an excitement and intensity of feeling which had not been anticipated. The blood of many generations of Englishmen, and of what would be called old families, flows, I believe, in my veins, and by remembrances and associations I was deeply thrilled. As a sleep was out of the question, and, as a last resource, in order to get away from exciting recollections, I lit my gas and read through several chapters in the Book of Chronicles. Reaching the North of England, in the vicinity of home and friends, where as yet no intimation of my proposed visit had been made, my first hour was spent in a small cemetery. There was sacred dust in that quiet, shaded spot; and around names, chiseled on the monumental marble, clustered many tender and blessed memories. Thank God for the hope of the resurrection and the life everlasting.

During the fifteen years of absence from England, the homestead has been broken up, and members of that family circle, who still remained in England, have been separated into bands. In the course of my visits to friends through a wide section of the Northern Counties, I have been privileged to visit many a scene of ancient and historical interest. In Jarrow, on the Tyne, my first inquiries had reference to the venerable Bede. At Durham, the chief centre of interest was the grand old Cathedral, of which I cannot now speak particularly, but of which I shall have something to say, if permitted to meet my own congregation. At Bishop Auckland I had a most delightful stroll through the noble park of the Bishop of Durham—the palace and surrounding grounds—the like of which could only be seen in England. Superb scenery, stately trees, winding paths through richest sward with soft velvety carpet of deep green grass,—forms a residence for the princely ruler of the Durham diocese, of which any earl in the land might be proud. The new Bishop, Dr. Lightfoot, known to many of us as one of the ablest scholars of the English Church, had just reached his episcopal residence, and evidently there had been careful preparation for

his reception. In front of the palace was the most beautiful lawn I have yet seen in England. The arrangement of rare and exquisite plants and flowers formed the very perfection of beauty. It was worth a pilgrimage to see. Through the open window I had a distinct view of the Bishop, as he sat writing at his table. He had somewhat a resemblance to the Rev. John Farrar, as I remember him in his prime. At Barnard Castle again I wandered, accompanied by a much-loved sister, through the matchless scenery described by Sir Walter Scott, the fidelity of description of which constitutes the chief charm of *Rokeby*. "It is," writes Sir Walter, just seventy years ago, in 1809, "one of the most enviable places I have ever seen, as it unites the richness and luxuriance of English vegetation with the romantic variety of glen, torrent, and copse, which dignifies our Northern scenery."

My impressions of Conference, and the members of the great Methodist Council, I must reserve for a later communication—possibly until my return. On the evening of my arrival in Birmingham, I was fortunately successful, after considerable search, having no landmarks for guide, in finding my most estimable brother Hearty—who, with his wife and mother, had been here from the opening session of Conference, and who had the privilege, which to them was a great gratification, of being present at the open Conference.

Yesterday was, for Methodist families in this populous town, a great day. With so many illustrious preachers, in morning and evening services, it was difficult to choose places for worship. As I had heard the ex-President, Dr. Rigg, who preached the official sermon in the Conference Chapel, we went in the morning to the venerable old Cherry St. Chapel—once a grand centre of spiritual power for Methodism, but now, in consequence of the removal of wealthy families to the more modern sanctuaries, brought down almost to the level of a mission. We had the satisfaction of listening to the Rev. Richard Roberts, who nobly sustained his reputation as one of the most eloquent men in England. His theme, based upon three passages of Scripture, was, man a little lower than the angels—on an equality with the angels—through redemption ranking above the angels. Mr. Roberts has all the attributes of an orator, and best of all there was the accompanying unction of the Holy One. In the evening Rev. Chas. Garret, of more than local fame, preached a soul-stirring sermon upon the gathering of the people to Shiloh. Mr. Garret, in some passages, in gracefulness, in versatility, in touches of power, in thrills of eloquence, reminded me a little of the manner and style and silvery speech of the late Dr. DeWolfe.

In the same chapel, on the Saturday evening, we had the Conference Love-feast—to us a wonderfully demonstrative service. Think of old St. John Centenary, as you have seen it crowded for an ordination service, galleries and all, and you have an impression of what the Cherry Street Love-feast gathering looked to us. In the afternoon of Sunday, wishing to see a little across the denominational lines, Bro. Hearty and myself decided to visit the Annual Birmingham Primitive Methodist Camp-meeting at Brookfields. We were instantly placed under arrest by the authorities, and appropriated or utilized for the occasion. We had considerable aversion to mounting a cart in the face of a surging and somewhat noisy Birmingham crowd; but they would take no denial. One of us took for a starting-point a forest scene, the other an incident of ocean travel; and, as best we could, preached a living Saviour. As the result of open-air speaking, like all who followed us, we were considerably hoarse.

Excuse these lines, rapidly pencilled. We are just leaving for London.

JOHN LATHEAN.

THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.

The ordinary routine business of the Conference at Birmingham was interrupted, on its third day, (July 24,) by the appearance of a deputation of Congregational ministers. The deputation was greeted with hearty applause. Rev. R. W. Dale, a leading Congregational minister read an address on behalf of his brethren.

We give below a report of the speeches delivered on the occasion by Revs. Wm. Arthur, Dr. Punshon, and R. W. Dale.

SPEECH OF REV. WM. ARTHUR.

Mr. Arthur said: Mr. Dale, Rev. Fathers and Brethren,—In the name of this body of ministers, some of whom are fathers to me, but all of whom are brethren to you, I beg to express my deep feeling, touched first by your presence; and then by the charming address which you have just read. The last time I saw a Methodist assembly invaded by a deputation of ministers I was in the city of Naples. I sat in a synod surrounded by twenty-four Methodist ministers, most of them native, when in came a body of Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians. I said to them, "If you are Congregationalists, so are we; if you are Baptists, so are we; if you are Presbyterians, so are we; if you are Episcopalians, so are we." Not one of the Shilloboths used can have any tendency to separate us, or lead us to say we are the Church, you are not. I can give a man credit when he is brought up in a narrow system, and becomes liberal; then he is better than his system; but when a man is brought up in a liberal body, like Methodism, and becomes narrow, he is worse than his system. We each have our own distinct organization, doctrine and discipline. If as Methodists, we possess advantages in our own peculiar position, we have also our own disadvantages. I never feel the slightest tendency to be impatient either with Dissenters or Churchmen who find fault with me because I do not think as they do. I always prefer to take my own course. I believe that man is less calculated to be catholic in sentiment and liberal toward others who adheres most firmly to his own views. I should think less of Mr. Dale if he were not so staunch a Congregationalist. The longer I live the less am I inclined to think there is any grandeur or beauty in the idea of unity, secured by uniformity. As the centre of the tree is not the oak in its strength, or the ash in its beauty, but the heart, which is in all trees alike; as the centre of the universe is not Jupiter, the largest planet, or Venus the brightest, but the sun; so the centre of the Church are not Christians but Christ. I do not want to ask whether you or we are doing this or that particular work; I rather rejoice that we are all endeavoring to be faithful to Christ. I believe that the question whether you or we do most good in the world does not depend on whether you or we are this or that in particular ecclesiastical principles or organization, but on whether you or we are nearest to Christ in our personal faith, in our personal conformity to his will, and our will to commend Him and his salvation to all men living.

SPEECH OF REV. DR. PUNSHON.

Dr. Punshon said: It does not need that anything should be added to assure our dear brethren of the sincerity and warmth of the welcome which has already been expressed, nor how heartily the Conference as a body of ministers, whom a common faith and purpose bind very closely together, reciprocate their utterances of kindly feeling. I hail these interchanges of brotherly greeting not merely on their personal side, but as a vindication, in the midst of scoffing and in spite of prejudice, of the substantial unity of all the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. I suppose that so long as we are constituted as we are, denominational divisions are a necessity. I do not hesitate to avow my conviction that they are a very convenient arrangement inasmuch as they give scope enough for all schools of thought and types of character. But I hope that we are so far putting away childish things—our pretence for instance—so far as to believe that, though we differ, we need not quarrel; our pride, so far as to believe that there are some parts of the Lord's work that could be done better by other people than by ourselves; our prejudice, so far as to believe that beyond the uniformity of creed and service-book, and outside of it, there may be true unity of the spirit held in the "sweet bond of peace." The President has told us that in shaking hands with Mr. Dale—and every one who could have anticipated the meeting of such hands with such hearts behind might have said the same—that he felt in the hand clasp "the touch of spirit-

ual consanguinity." I do not think it would be difficult to trace out our genealogy. The Methodist church is allied almost to everybody that professes the Christian name. We are sometimes supposed to have sprung from the loins of the Church of England. But I like sometimes to trace our genealogy a little farther back. If John Wesley was the son of a clergyman of the Established Church, you will please remember that the grandfather of John Wesley was one of the two thousand. His son, John Wesley, after whom our John Wesley was named, was a fearless confessor for the truth in days when it was very difficult to confess, and after repeated imprisonments he sank at thirty-four years of age into the grave. Then it should be remembered that John Wesley's grandfather married a wife (not an unusual thing I believe) who was a daughter of Mr. John White, Chairman of the Assembly of Divines, whose epitaph, as far as he could remember, ran thus:

Here lies a man Now lost to mortal sight,
Whose name, life, action, All alike were
WHITE.

I remember, too, that Mrs. Susanna Wesley (and we are proud to have had something to do with her as well as with her husband) was the daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley, a very eminent Puritan minister who had Daniel de Foe in his congregation, who celebrated his versatility and eloquence in not unobscured verse. It should be noted that he also married a daughter of Mr. John White (not the other John White)—but a John White who was also a member of the Assembly of Divines, and who was also Chairman of "the Committee of plundered ministers!" It is thus evident that as Wesleyan Methodists we have a genealogy of which we may well be proud, and which links us with the great bodies of Nonconformity in this country, while on the other hand we stand intimately related to the Church of England. We are Hebrews of the Hebrews—for our genealogy is pure on both sides. There are no bars sinister across our coat of arms. So that if you (the Nonconformists) are proud of having in your veins the blood of such men as Howe, Bunyan, Baxter, Charnock, Owen, Calamy, and a host of men of massive thought and burning words, we as Wesleyan Methodists can be proud of the same thing, for they are ours too. We are lineal descendants of these noble men as much as our Nonconformist brethren. On the other side we stand closely connected to Lowth, Hooker, Stillingfleet, Jeremy Taylor, and a host of masculine and energetic thinkers of former times who thought and studied under the shadow of the Church of England; so that we must be of good blood under any circumstances. But I wonder what use it would be to us or our Nonconformist brethren to have a good and noble ancestry if we shamed them. We must not be so enamoured of our fathers' memory as to cease to imitate their example. It is dishonour to the dead only to wait over the marble. If we would not shame an ancestry that was honoured, let us be stimulated by their example to nobler activities and darings for the cause of Christ and for the good of man, so that we may think what others only dreamed about, and do what others did but think, and glory in what others dared but do. As to our own ecclesiastical position, I think somehow or other that God has put us into it. We did not choose it, and we cannot get out of it. There is a story to the effect that when Bishop Eliott was installed at Bristol, he was perplexed about the Bristol use. The Dean turned to the south. Very Rev. Canon So-and-So maintained the eastward position. The Bishop solved the difficulty, however, by turning his body east by south! I have no need to make the application. The fact is, while we are disposed at all hazards to maintain our position as a Church of Christ—nobody's vassals, nobody's poor relations, but everybody's friends, who are working for the cause of Christ and for the good of souls—some times for the sake of attaining the best ends of our religious confederacy, we impose upon ourselves a sort of restraint in other and lesser matters; and nobody has ever yet proved to us that thus to impose self-restraint was incompatible with the highest freedom.

SPEECH OF REV. R. W. DALE.

Rev. R. W. Dale said: The duty entrusted to me was completely discharged when I had read the address which you so kindly received; but, Sir, as soon as I found myself within those walls I discovered that it was the wish of some of my friends that something should be added to the written document. Although it may be a humiliation for me to say so, I am obliged to acknowledge that I do not find in myself that robustness of resolution which I ought to have discovered, and that would have enabled me to say that I congratulate myself on the task which had been imposed upon me by my dear brethren. My brief experience would be the most salutary caution should I at any moment seem disposed to forsake Congregationalism for Methodism—for I have already learnt with what quiet but irresistible energy the authority of the officials of this venerable assembly is enforced. It is impossible to come here, even as a stranger and a guest, without having the integrity of one's freedom imperilled. If anything could have added grace and honour to your reception of us, it would have been the selection of William Arthur and Dr. Punshon to acknowledge our address. There is a certain mystery to the outer world which surrounds the ministry of Methodism. You are with us in particular localities for so short a time that we have hardly opportunity of making your acquaintance; and, just as we are learning to love and honour you, we are reminded of the old line, "Our mercies brighten as they take their flight." But, Sir, there are some names that are connected with Methodism that are known and honoured of God throughout the world, and among these there are none brighter than those of the two distinguished brethren who have just addressed us and the Conference. I will not venture to express the feelings that I have long cherished for both those brethren, and, in the name of those with whom I am associated this morning, I desire to thank you, Sir, not only for the words that fell from your own lips, but for electing men so distinguished to acknowledge the address that we have presented. The topics that have been raised by both these brethren are wide and suggestive. I am not sure in what latitudes I shall soon find myself—if I attempt to follow them. Perhaps it is safer to avoid the temptation altogether. But I heartily agree with my dear friend Mr. Arthur, that there is very little to be made of charity between Methodists and Congregationalists, Baptists and Presbyterians. They are all too near akin for the charity to be a very surprising, heroic, and illustrious virtue. I can quite understand that charity may be an honorable thing when it exists between men who differ on questions that deeply move the human heart, that have agitated the history of the Church and of the world, and who nevertheless retain towards each other that generous confidence and that hearty affection which ought to exist between Christian men; but we are not far enough apart to be charitable. I cannot discover the grounds and reasons for antagonism between you and us that charity needs to master. I think charity is not inconsistent with a certain wise and Christian covetousness. When I look upon Methodism, there are some things which you have that I wish we had. I hope, I say, that charity is not inconsistent with that. There is a commandment which tells us that we are not to covet anything of our neighbor's. That commandment was given a long while ago. It was given to the Jews, and they perhaps needed it in those days. But I hope it is not uncharitable to covet some of the institutions of Methodism. I have often said to my own friends that I heartily wished that our Congregationalists could, somehow or other, transplant to our soil what seems to have flourished so luxuriantly on yours—I mean, Sir, the class-meeting. Somehow or other Congregational soil does not agree with it. I have tried more than once to secure, here and there, in my own church, what I thought might be a preparation for such an institution. I think if it got transplanted, and fairly took root, perhaps the form of the leaf would be a little changed, and the colour of the blossom and the fruit might appear somewhat changed; but, whatever might happen as the result of transplanting, I have again and again and most earnestly desired to see the principle of organization which has done so much for Methodism reappearing in some form or another amongst ourselves.