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REV. W. H. MURRAY, the Beecher of Boston, has been addressing a large assembly on the proposed visit to that city of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. The Rev. gentleman confesses to having undergone a considerable change of mind in respect to these evangelists. He proposes to give them a grand welcome. Should the visit be carried out it would pay Pastors and soul-seekers to go from these Provinces that their labours might be aided through a study of the means those honoured men employ. Here is Mr. Murray's opinion:—

MOODY AND SANKEY.

I have been asked by several of my people to say a few words at some time or other upon this matter of revivals. I do not propose to speak but a few minutes upon them. I will say, briefly, then, that I believe in them even in the technical sense, and I believe in them, I think, more than I used to three or four years ago—I mean in the technical sense. Of course I always knew that there were seasons of stagnation and points of stagnation in the currents of Christian experience and endeavor, and that the angels of God must now and then come down to quicken and stir the waters in order that men may step in and be healed. I knew all that, and, after my best way, endeavored to keep the salutary currents going, but I never was much in favour of this uproarious method of conducting religious services, I never was much in favour of what might be called the nineteenth century patent method of converting men, of making a great, formal, set religious effort, advertising it through a thousand newspapers by the novelty of it, or the extravagance of it, or by complicated machinery bringing influences to bear on the consciences and understandings and affections of the people. But I think I am growing more wise than I used to be, because I think other people know more than I used to think they know, some of them. I think, friends, there is room in the providence of God for every kind of work; I think there is opportunity for every fashion of endeavor. I think there is an audience for every style of preaching that is not irreverent and profane; I think there is a want for every kind and nature of supply that the ignorance, as well as the wisdom, of men may invent.

After some more remarks in the same vein, Mr. Murray concluded as follows: Mr. Moody, in the hands of God, is being made the instrument of great and lasting good to this country and the whole world. I think the church is really reaping the finest harvest from his endeavors. I think we ministers are getting the strongest hints from Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey. I feel that Mr. Moody is converting the pulpit more than he is converting the pews, and many of us needed conversion mightily. He is teaching us plainness and simplicity in preaching the Gospel, the foolishness of excessive wisdom, and the needlessness of excessive eloquence. He is showing us how strong are the currents of God's grace poured through roughened and ungranted pipes, and I think it was a lesson, which we needed beyond what they did in England, Scotland or Ireland. I hail his coming to this city, if in the providence of God he should come here, and I hope the most cordial of invitations and greetings will be extended to him. So far as I can, representing the New England Church, I shall cause him to feel that his faith and his heart are upheld by heaven, and I shall throw my heart and sympathies in the scale of his labors. At the same time you know there are two sides to every lot, at least if it is properly enclosed, and there are two sides to the question of the treatment of Mr. Moody by the church. I think the church, if they are saints, are acting very selfishly.

THE ATTENDANCE AT THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

The attendance at the Centennial exposition for the one hundred and thirty-six exhibition days, ended and including October 14, aggregates 5,772,448 paying visitors, and 1,362,629 non-paying ones, showing a grand total of 7,088,077 people who have entered the grounds. The Philadelphia Ledger,

whence we take the above figures, makes a number of suggestive comparisons between them and those representing the attendance at prior world fairs. It appears that the pay admissions to the Centennial for the 236 days exceed the whole number of pay admissions at the Vienna show of 1872 for 186 days by 2,229,826, and the proportion of non-paying to pay visitors is far less. At the London Exhibition of 1851, 6,039,195 persons, paying and non-paying, attended in 141 days. Our Exposition already exceeds this by more than a million. At Paris, in 1855, the aggregate admissions were 5,162,330 in 200 days; and in London in 1862, the numbers admitted were 6,211,108 in 171 days—both of which aggregates were largely exceeded. At the 1867 Exposition in Paris, 8,805,969 people entered in 217 days. Judging from the present ratio of attendance, there is every probability that a million and three quarters will be added to the aggregate of paying visitors to the Centennial above noted, and a quarter of a million to the others, thus making over nine millions in all for 158 days, Sundays excluded against the 8,805,969 in Paris in 217 days, Sundays included.

In its pecuniary results, the Centennial largely exceeds those of any exhibition yet held. The greatest return was at London in 1851, namely, \$2,121,610; the next at Paris in 1867, when it was \$2,103,877. The cash receipts for the Centennial were \$2,686,008.75.—*Scientific American.*

DEATH OF CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

This famous ecclesiastic, who had more influence than any other individual at Papal headquarters, died a few days ago. We subjoin a notice of the event and the man, from the Halifax Herald of 7th inst:—
Cardinal Antonelli is dead. His life remains to be written. He was born in 1806, and was therefore 70 years old when he died. He served under two Popes, Gregory XVI and Pius IX. He was made a Cardinal by the latter, in 1847, with the title of St. Eustachia. His offices under the present Pontiff were Secretary of State, President of the Council, Prefect of the Palace, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Levites, and generally he was Prime Minister and Advisor of the Pope, and the means of communication between His Holiness and the higher class of the outside world.

It is a singular fact, (or perhaps not singular to a scientific student of ecclesiastical history) that Cardinal Antonelli was not a priest. He never passed beyond the order of Deacon; and he had his chaplain to celebrate mass for him daily. The practice of nominating lay or non-ecclesiastical Cardinals is said to have begun in the twelfth century. Till the 17th century the Bishops took precedence of the Cardinals, but subsequently that was altered. Cardinal Patrizi who is reported dying is a very worthy and dignified gentleman of the old school, fascinating by his courtly manners all who have been entertained by him, among whom are several from this city.

JAPANESE AT THE EXHIBITION.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, A. M., Editor of the Canadian Methodist Magazine, has been at the great show in Philadelphia. From his very entertaining sketch of the Exhibition, we make the following extracts:—

The recent progress in Japan in all elements of civilization is wonderful. Seventy-five miles of well-equipped railway are now in operation, with iron bridges and viaducts of the best character. Electric nerves thrill through the country. Yokohama is lighted with gas. A steam navy is being rapidly created. The post-office department organized in 1871, has already four thousand five hundred post offices, many of which are also money-order offices and savings banks. Intelligent commissioners are thoroughly studying American and European systems of government, finance, industrial economy and education. I made the very agreeable acquaintance of one of the commissioners at the Exhibition. Among other things, I asked him if he was from Yeddo. He said "Yes." I then enquired if he knew either of the missionaries of the Methodist Church of Canada—the Rev. Mr. Cochran or Dr.

McDonald. "Know them! Very well," he exclaimed, and his dusky face brightened. "Why," he added, "Mr. Cochran baptized me." Hereupon he shook hands with me very warmly, and gave me his card, on which was neatly written his name—Mr. Wakichiro Tawara. At my request he gave me his autograph in Japanese. On being informed of the reinforcement of the mission his joy was very evident and sincere. He informed me that there was another of the native members of our Church on the grounds, but I did not succeed in seeing him. I asked him how it was that the Chinese at the Exhibition always wore their national costume, while the Japanese wore the European dress. "Oh," he replied, "the Chinese are fond of adhering to old customs, and we like to adopt new ones;" and this I think, is one radical difference between the two countries, and greatly favors the success of Christian missions in Japan.

MR. TUPPER THE POET IN AMERICA.

HOW HE READS AND LOOKS.

I had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. Tupper, a day or two after he arrived here, in the house of his friend and host, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage. I call it a pleasure, and the most of good-hearted Americans will do the same as they have opportunity, for Mr. Tupper is so good-hearted a writer, poet or whatever, and withal so good a friend of America, and everybody else, that any body must be badly bitten with the spirit of cynical criticism, not to welcome him with a shake of both hands, and to take both his verses and his readings of them for better or worse, with his own hearty good humor and good will. For he has come to read his works to us—to us, the American people, even from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same (which are the boundaries of our empire). Not content with his millions of readers in two generations already, he has exported and expatriated himself to add one more, even the Father of them all, as it were, and to show them all how Tupper should be read. Very kindly he showed me, in several short pieces. Of his style in reading, it is sufficient to say that it is worthy of his matter. In fact it seemed to me rather to popularize that which was popular as mere print could be, before. His readings will be more like his writings than they are like themselves, and I hope they will be proportionally more popular. For his writings are good—the very best thing in all writing, let the power-worshippers say what they will—and they are writings which the mass of mankind can and do read; and that is possibly, the very next best thing. At all events, it is a most useful thing. And let us never forget that Tupper owes most of the persistent ridicule with which he has been pursued to the motive of dislike to piety in literature which generally characterizes the literary class, and let us stand by him the more for that. He begins next Sunday, in Dr. Talmage's pulpit, and a very proper lay preacher he is, with his poem or essay on the Immortality of the Soul. I am sorry to see the profane and irrelevant light of that luminous production by pretended and complimented quotations like this:—

Why is the soul immortal? Chiefly, because it never dies.

The horsefly differeth from the canal boat, and mortality is not the same as immortality.

I feel called upon to assure your readers that these lines are spurious. Mr. Tupper will continue his readings after the election, in Chickering Hall, New York; following (save the mark!) the too prominent T. T. who brings out a new lecture, "The Master Motives." Would that he had learned from his spiritual father to teach the Master Motive from above, the filial fear of God, which both repudiate as a slavish, unchristian thing!

I should not omit a little personal description of our friend from England. His height is five feet and some barley corns, but he is well enough proportioned for five feet ten. His abundant hair and beard are well grizzled, but his nose and cheeks are still brightly tipped with the ruddy English glow. His manners and spirits are abundant, and all over him like a garment, or like many garments in a lively breeze. His egotism is as exuberant, as inoffensive and as English, as a boy's. He has an enormous library of scrap-books, containing everything the newspapers have ever said of him, good, bad and indifferent.—*Cor. Chas. Adv.*

OFFICERS ELECTED BY GRAND DIVISION, Sons of Temperance in Halifax, on the 8th inst.—Rev. R. A. Temple—Grand Worthly Patriarch; Mr. Halliday, Berwick, Grand W. Associate; Mr. Parsons, Halifax, Grand Scribe; Rev. J. Stothard, Grand Chaplain; Mr. Murray, Grand Conductor; Mr. Thomas Hunter, Grand Sentinel.

God's promises run parallel with His providences.
A crumb with God's blessing is better than a feast without it.

OUR MISSION WORK.

BY REV. ROBT. WILSON.

MISSION, the great pulpit orator of France, was once called upon to preach a funeral sermon in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The deceased was a Prince of royal line, a member of the then reigning dynasty. The King, the Queen, the various members of the Royal family were present, clad in the weeds of woe. The great, the noble, and the titled of France were there, to lend a mournful interest to the occasion, or to sympathize with the bereaved and sorrowing relatives. The spacious edifice was draped in mourning, while the few dimly lighted tapers upon the altar wreathed everything in gloom. The preacher arose in the pulpit and silently surveyed the scene before him. Fixing his eyes upon the coffin, which contained the mortal remains of the mighty dead, he seemed to be rising on the utter emptiness of earthly pomp and glory. And, in a voice tremulous with emotion, yet thrillingly expressive, he brole the deep oppressive silence with the brief but comprehensive utterance, "There is nothing great but God."

Adopting the idea while varying the phraseology of the eloquent divine, we are disposed to say, in view of the daily increasing responsibilities of our Church in connection with her Missionary enterprises, "There is no work great but this one."

The work of the explorer has been called great. Columbus, Cabot, Raleigh, Cook, Park, and Livingstone, won for themselves imperishable renown. Believing in the existence of broad and beautiful lands with which Europeans were unacquainted, they went forth in search of them, and, in the face of difficulties the most formidable, of dangers the most appalling, of opposition the most deadly, and the contempt of the learned and the ridicule of the rude, they heroically persevered. Success crowned their efforts; the Eldorado of their dreams was discovered, and in succession, America, North and South, the Eden-like islands of the Pacific, and the interior of Africa, were laid open to the astonished gaze of Christendom, to be redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, to be civilized, refined, and made Christian. Enemies became friends, hisses were exchanged for hosannas, indignance gave place to independence, kings delighted to do them honour, and to-day their names have a charm, their words a power, and their deeds a glory. And viewing the stupendous results of their well directed enterprise, we cheerfully pronounce their work "Great."

The work of the inventor has been called "great." The names of Arkwright, Symington, Watt, Stephenson, Fulton, and Morse, never die. Their trials and their triumphs are the world's heritage. We are amazed at the magnitude of the work that has been accomplished through the instrumentalities they set in motion. The habits and ideas of civilized men have been completely revolutionized, the world has passed through the most important changes. The steamship, the railway, and the electric telegraph, are the results of their labours, and long as worth can be appreciated, and genius can be admired, so long will they be spoken of as the benefactors of the race.

The work of the statesman has also been called "great." He, who disdaining party or personal considerations, will sacrifice ease and comfort, and consecrate his abilities to the public good, and safely guides the ship of state through seasons of political commotion, or who will unite in one various territories and races, and lay broad and deep the foundations of a great empire, is entitled to the highest honours his countrymen can confer upon him while

living, and in their grateful memories when he has passed away.

We call, and rightly, too, the work of the teacher "great." He who devotes himself to the intellectual elevation of the rising race has chosen for himself an arduous but an honourable calling. In the youths before him he has the representatives of a coming age—the men and women of the next generation—the ministers, governors, judges, lawyers, and legislators, who will bless or curse society when the matured manhood will be laid low. Their own and their country's future will largely depend upon what and how he teaches. The chords of the instrument upon which he plays has been strung by the hands of the Infinite organist, but the music to be evoked therefrom will be determined by his skill; and the field over which he scatters the precious seed will wave with its golden grain, he but well and wisely does his work. Yes, the educator of the young is a public benefactor, and whenever and wherever he prosecutes his arduous calling—in the log cabin in the wooded wilderness, in the commodious school-room of our older settlements, or in academic, collegiate, or university halls—he is doing a great and noble work.

But greater, vastly greater, than all these is the mission work to which our Church is called, and in its presence they dwindle into insignificance, and pale away in the light of its superior excellence. They aim at man's mental or material enrichment, but this at his moral and religious; these prepare him for this world, but this for the next. Between the two there is a measureless difference, for what are the achievements of the former when contrasted with the glorious results of the latter. For to know what has been accomplished through the preaching of Christ crucified, we must take our stand on the sunlit summits of the everlasting hills, and listen to the song of "the multitude which no man can number." "Unto him who hath loved us, and hath washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and the Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

The greatness of this work will readily be admitted when we look at the field to be cultivated. Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, ours is unquestionably a great country, and of all the vast and magnificent regions over which waves so proudly the red cross-flag of England, none occupies so honourable a position as our own rapidly rising Dominion. Its vast area, its rich resources of river, forest, field and mine, and its intelligent and liberty-loving population are suggestive of the greatest possibilities. Here nature has done everything on the grandest scale. Contrasted with our mighty streams, the rivers of Europe are mere brooks. Were our grand Lakes found in the Old World they would be dignified with the name of seas. Were our valuable fisheries, our rich mines, our extensive forests, and our fertile fields, but found on the other side of the Atlantic, poverty would disappear, and the nations would sing for joy of heart. Everything that outward circumstances can afford, lies in abundance at our feet. We have room to strive and labour and grow; we have everything to encourage hope and confidence in our future, and as Westward the star of empire takes its way, and we hear the tread of the coming millions, be it ours to make the very best of our circumstances and lay deep and broad the foundations of a permanent prosperity.

But notwithstanding the broad and beautiful lands that have been committed to our care, the unimpaired privileges with which we are favoured, the glorious heritage to which we have fallen heirs, the recollections of a glorious past and the anticipations of a glorious future; if it be true that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people;" if it be true that real greatness is inseparable from real goodness, and that the only fame