

# The Wesleyan,

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### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND DISTRICT.

It may be interesting to you MR. EDITOR, and to the readers of the "WESLEYAN," to know that in the District of Prince Edward Island, the various interests of the Methodist Church work are being extended, strengthened and consolidated. At a very considerable expenditure, all of which has been fully met, our large and spacious Church, in Charlottetown, has been renovated and beautified. It was pronounced by Dr. Talnage the most beautiful place of worship that he had seen this side of N. York, without claiming the recognition so publicly and unstintedly accorded by the Brooklyn preacher, we are glad to know that, when the design shall have been fully completed, which it can scarcely be before next spring, it will be creditable to the Island, and will at least, rank amongst the most spacious and attractive Churches in the Dominion.

We have also opened a new Church in Charlottetown, which in accommodation and general arrangement is much the same as Charles St., Church in Halifax. The main auditorium will comfortably seat over four hundred persons and room can be made for nearly one hundred additional seats. It also affords ample and convenient space for Bible and Infant classes. The site of the new building between the Cemetery and Academy grounds is one of the most eligible and commanding in this city. The present erection will, upon the completion of the whole design, form the transepts and extension of the main structure. The prospects of this Mission Church, under the special care of my esteemed colleague, Brother Steel, are of the most satisfactory and assuring character.

Following the opening services in Charlottetown, on the next Sabbath, it was my privilege, at the request of Bro. Deinstadt, to take charge of the service in the dedication of the new church on the Tryon Circuit. The Victoria Church is of sufficient capacity to seat five hundred persons, having a gallery across the entrance, a well proportioned tower and spire, commanding an extensive prospect across Bay and Gulf, and altogether is finished in the most modern attractive style. The pulpit stand, in striking contrast to the old polished boxes, until recently so prevalent in the Island, of solid walnut, in Grecian style of architecture and of richly finished workmanship, which, with other fittings, was executed by Mr. Mark Butcher, is a model of what with advantage might, perhaps, constitute the prevailing style of pulpit elevation. The afternoon and evening services, both of which were crowded and impressive, were conducted by Rev. H. P. Cowperthwaite and Dr. Isaac Murray. Within two miles of Victoria, at an important centre, known as Crapaud Corner, a spacious church, which is also being attractively furnished, has been recently opened for worship. In regard to church accommodation few places can compare with Methodism in the Tryon Circuit; and we are glad to know that the marked success which has in so many fields accompanied the efforts of its present genial and hard-working Pastor are so plainly visible in his present sphere.

From the western to the eastern part of the Island, to which my official duties next led me, it was gratifying to find that progress was still the order of the day. At Mount Stewart, a flourishing and prosperous community, improvements are being made in the Methodist Church, which, when completed, will place it in better keeping with the surroundings of enterprise and rapid extension. At Maricou in the Souris circuit, a new Methodist Church has been erected on ground in which there has long been Methodist preaching, but where until recently Methodism has had no organized existence.

Very attractive are the scenery and surroundings of the new church. The ground on which it stands sloping down to the magnificent St. Peter's Bay are traversed and beautified by no less than three rivers, the Morell, the Marie, and the Magelle. Just now the wooded slopes are robed in their most gorgeous hues—purple and golden; but to the finest landscape the erection of a sanctuary contributes an additional attraction.

"The temples of His grace:  
How beautiful they stand,  
The honors of our native place,  
And bulwarks of our land."

The interior of the Marie Methodist Church will not be completed until next summer; but it is already furnished for worship, and there can be no more appropriate dedication than that of the present Missionary meeting for which the new building was so comfortably prepared. Very providential apparently has been the appointment of Bro. Knight to the Souris circuit.

Yesterday I was called to officiate at the dedication of a new church at Black River. The day will long be remembered by many of us who were permitted to take part in the services and to partake of the generous hospitalities of the families on that auspicious occasion. The service in the afternoon was conducted by the Rev. F. W. Moore, and in the evening by Rev. J. C. Berrie, under whose active and efficient superintendence the circuit is placed.

The new church at Black River now forms a spiritual home for a few Protestant families holding a place in the centre of a Roman Catholic community. It has long been a neglected field but the dedication of a church now open for worship, will doubtless prove the commencement of a new history in the spiritual life of the Protestant families at Black River. The church, the fruit of special revival services owes its existence to the fidelity and pioneer enterprise of Brother Goldsmith—the story of which when fully told will claim a permanent place in the annals of Home Mission work.

JOHN LATHAM.

### WHAT THE PAPERS SAY.

It is easy to run a Republican paper in France. For instance, you write an able article against the administration, and then you don't write any more for several weeks.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

A fault-finding disposition, like every other disposition of the mind, acquires strength by indulgence; and after it has been formed and indulged, it will be found exceedingly difficult to break it off.—*Methodist Recorder*.

Our migratory potato-bug has crossed the seas and got into Germany, and the people are up in arms to exterminate it. If only "German infidelity" and lager-beer might meet as good a reception over here, we would pronounce it an even "swap," and wish for mutual good riddance!—*Chicago Advance*.

The language of skepticism is very curious when employed about the deep things which have to do with our immortality. The brilliant orator and statesman of Spain, Emilio Castelar, wrote a letter of condolence to Madame Thiers upon the death of her husband. He says: "I have appealed to the energy of my soul in order to ascertain whether a living spirit like this ever dies, because the organization which it contained returns to the earth." This is all so eloquent a man can say on a subject that is plain when read in the light of the Scriptures.—*United Presbyterian*.

"Layman" asks us what we think of a minister's passing over two good little Christian boys who were at the Lord's table—aged respectively eight and nine years. We presume it was done under the supposition that the little fellows were not well advised as to what they were doing—as the minister was not the principal criterion. If the children "discerned the Lord's body," and were prepared to assume their baptismal vows, they should not be repelled from the Lord's table.—*Nashville Advocate*.

### A SAD PICTURE ON THE CARS.

Dr. Clarke, of the Pittsburg Methodist, during a tour from home, writes to his paper:—

At Dresden Junction our train receives from the Valley Road a car load of lunatics. They come from a county asylum in Zanesville, and are bound for the State Asylum at Columbus. By permission of the conductor and the gentleman in charge of the unfortunate, we spent a little time in the rear car among them. It is a most interesting company—sad enough, as a picture, but with some sunny beams withal, playing through the shadows. Most of the poor creatures are aged,—gray-haired or almost entirely bald, wrinkled, sallow, thin and wasted in flesh. Their eyes are bright, but restless; their voices (for many of them are carrying on busy conversations with imaginary auditors), are husky and piteous of tone; their grouping is evidently in accordance with personal preference. For lunatics have their likes and dislikes—and these are very intense sometimes. Some of these strange passengers were extremely dignified, occupying their places as if they sat on thrones. Others were wonderfully amused at the situation, to the degree of outright hilarity. A few were weeping, but without tears. Their moans and sobs were incessant, but their wild eyes refused to become moist, and glared as ho: coals of fire. Others were wrapped in profound meditation, utterly unconscious of the presence of fellow-imbeciles or curious stranger. One old man, with both hands upon the top of a rough staff, and with his chin buried among his fingers, seemed to be gazing into some old problem of a thousand years, and to be committed to that attitude and that penetrating gaze; even if it should be for a thousand years to come.

A young lady of pleasing manners, but of most sorrowful face, was calling by name some one who would not come. She peered through the car windows, trying intently to see far out in the distance and darkness, holding her hand above her lustrous eyes as if to help her own power of vision by concentrating the lines of light,—and calling, almost wailing, the name of some one dearly beloved, who still refused to come. Had she lost a precious friend? Evidently. And her longing soul had wandered out in quest of the departed until itself became lost in the shadows. And this is the poor body of one who but recently was the picture of health and happiness. And now her very life was broken, divided. The body here and a shadow of a soul; but the real life that loved, that once thrilled with joy and was all radiant with peace—that beautiful life was wandering in dreams, weary with a grief that no tears would come to relieve; and the disconsolate woman, with voice worn into a plaintive monotone, doleful as a cry from the grave, was still calling, calling for her lost beloved. Dear Lord, do answer that most desolate cry and send the lost one home to that heart, or else come Thyself and bring peace.

We lingered among the poor demones while and thought of Jesus who lifted that desperate victim from the tombs and sent him to his friends clothed and in his right mind. He is the Saviour from every bodily distress—the Deliverer of all those who are bound.

How grateful we should be for the right use of our reasoning faculties! A gentleman was once met on the corner of a street in London by a stranger who extended his hand in greeting, and while looking intently from his eyes wonderfully bright, said: "Excuse me, sir; but let me enquire: Have you ever thanked God for your reason?"

Have you ever thanked God for your reason?"

The gentlemen so abruptly met and faced by such a question, hesitated a little, and said: "Well, perhaps, not so sincerely, nor so often as I should."

### A BAPTIST ON INFANT BAPTISM.

A correspondent of the *Baptist Weekly* went to church one Sunday outside the pale of his own communion, and saw the ordinance of baptism administered to four infants. He describes it with kindly criticism from his point of view, and makes the following suggestive remarks: "Feeling, as I have for many years, that a union with Christ was a personal thing, a matter in which we as individuals were especially concerned, I did not see the propriety of the service in its statements. But I do not hesitate to say that I would like to see what I will designate an *Infant Consecration* practiced in all our churches, a service where the pastor would make to the parents a short address on the proper training of children and offer a prayer for the spiritual well-being of the children; but no ordinance of the Church used, nor any Church membership consequent thereon." There are a great many parents in his denomination who feel that there ought to be some recognised relation between the children of believers and the Church of Christ.—*New York Observer*.

### AN UNPALATABLE TRUTH.

Mr. Hughes, author of "Tom Brown of Oxford," is entering upon a new career. He succeeded admirably as an author; made his mark in journalistic writing, and (if we mistake not) in the House of Commons. He has, in a Church Congress, at Croydon, England, recently delivered some timely counsels to the over-confident friends of Episcopacy. We quote from a report in the *Watchman*.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, Q. C., said he regarded the Church of England as the national inheritance of the people. The clergy were the guardians of that inheritance, and how were they doing their duty? He admitted that they were doing their duty nobly in many ways; but, at the same time, he was bound to acknowledge that the inheritance was endangered mainly through the conduct of the clergy in their relations with Dissent in this country. They had become too professional in a narrow sense; they were separating themselves too much from the nation in general, and particularly from that portion of it which was outside their own lines—viz., their Nonconformist brethren. In illustration of this he referred to the objection taken to a Dissenting minister assuming the title of reverend and their conduct in relation to the Burial Question. That question he looked upon as virtually settled. [No.] If that assembly thought that the opinion of the country was with them, they would find that they were grievously and seriously mistaken. [No.] Would the Dissenters come back? If they wished them to come back they must alter the articles of the Church. [No, no.] He would be glad to have that done. He regarded the Thirty-nine Articles as a venerable document, but obsolete. [No, no.] They should not only alter the Articles, but alter the Prayer-book—[oh, oh]—though not extensively. They were as competent as their fathers to do such work. God was just as much with the nation now as He had been, and if they set to work in the spirit their fathers had shown they would be able to provide, to a certain extent, a new framework for the Church—[no]—and make it again as it once was—the worthy National Church of the people of England. [Cheers.]