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## Religious Miscellany.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

JOY.

BY MARY E. HERBERT.

"Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice."—Phil. iv. 4.

What an ecstatic emotion is joy! How it animates the heart; how it causes the pulse to throb, and the eye to sparkle, and the step to bound! Before it, difficulties that seemed "like giant walls to be," are laid prostrate, and the soul shaking off the burdens by which it had been encompassed, goes sweetly singing on its way.

A man afflicted with chronic dyspepsia, applied to a celebrated physician for a remedy. His prescription was this passage of Scripture: "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again, I say rejoice."

And no doubt, for many physical as well as moral evils, this would be a blessed panacea, for powerfully does the mind affect the frail body; sorrow and anxiety have sometimes so exhausting an effect that every limament betrays the inward emotion. The pallid cheek, the sunken, heavy eye, the nervous arm, the listless step—all broken their presence, causing observers who mark these manifestations to pity, though they may not be able to relieve.

We do not believe with the poet Young, that "The impious for a good man to be sad; for the path of life is sometimes thickly strewn with thorns; and, as bruised and bleeding, many of earth's helpless ones pursue their way, it is wonderful that they should become 'sore discouraged'."

Rather, perhaps, as a tender exhortation than a stern command was this text penned; yet, no doubt, it is one of the Christian's most blessed privileges. For here is an unfailing source of joy: earthly delights, however pure and refined, may become exhausted; the joy that springs from them is mixed and evanescent, but our God is the same, an ever-flowing fountain of happiness to His people. He is not only a sympathizing, but an Almighty Saviour. His resources are as infinite as His love, and that is unbounded.

Let us cultivate a more rejoicing frame of mind. Let us be more thankful for mercies given, and pray for a larger increase of faith; then, indeed, shall we "fear no evil," for God will be with us. "His rod and His staff they shall comfort us."

## TRADITION AND PREJUDICE.

Isaac Taylor, in his notable book on Primitive Christianity—a work of exhaustive learning in patriotic literature—admits the importance of tradition. The Scriptures are, indeed, the standard of Protestant faith; but then how do we know what documents are the Scriptures except by tradition? The first day of the week is the recognized Christian Sabbath; but how, unless by tradition, do we know that the Apostolic Church substituted it for the Jewish seventh-day Sabbath? Holy Scripture occasionally alludes to the observance of the first day—the "Lord's day"—but nowhere specifically designates it as the Sabbath. And so with other facts. Tradition, then, has its function in the Church. We absolutely cannot do without it. But what can be more uncertain than tradition? What, in its passage through the vicissitudes of centuries, the mutabilities of opinion, the transitions from enlightenment to barbarism and from barbarism to enlightenment, is more liable to error? What demands more the calm, clear discrimination of reason? Assuredly man can commit no greater folly, no greater treason, to God's own order than by the abdication of his reason—in which, of course, we include his conscience or moral sense—that finer faculty by which he discerns the best moral probabilities in his complicated and contingent circumstances.

Human reason is indeed always fallible, but what is there in the condition or powers of man that is not equally so? Revelation itself deprecates not only its verification, but its interpretation also, on reason. All ancient truths depend, directly or indirectly, on tradition, as we have seen; yet nothing is more fallible, nothing has erred more flagrantly, than tradition. All the myths and legends of the world—nearly all the dire superstitions of religion and atrocities of ecclesiastical power and oppression—have been founded in tradition. Human reason is God's appointed umpire over all questions of truth; he that abdicates his reason reproaches himself; he becomes a drift on the tumultuous current of opinions and events. By surrendering himself to "an authority," so called, he abandons himself to the reason, or more frequently, to the caprice and ambition of others. Prelates, Popes, Councils, and men like himself; by their official positions, or associated interests and actions, they are more likely to be tempted into error, to be less conscientious, than his individual reason and moral sense. In deciding for himself, with the help of all possible exterior lights, he is most likely to be guided by his own supreme, eternal interests. He is, at least, most likely to be sincere; and sincerity is one of the highest guarantees of truth in this erring world. He that errs sincerely may, indeed, be said to be more truthful than he that, perchance, holds the literal truth in insincerity—holds it officially or traditionally, but not conscientiously or at the dictate of his reason. For if the former even err in the letter, he holds on to infinitely higher truth, the truth of his own nature—he is truthful in himself, though his honestly entertained opinions may not be so. And what is the importance of literal truth if it be not subservient to this higher personal truthfulness?

This is the theory of Protestantism. It is God's own rationale of the intellectual and moral world. Humanity is conditioned here in inevitable fallibility. Its noblest function here is search for truth, and this fact necessarily implies uncertainty, fallibility. Protestantism is right, then, in investing reason with supremacy over tradition and authority in questions of truth.

Tradition and prejudice—they have come almost to mean, morally, the same thing. They

still bind nearly the whole world in fetters. The world is at this moment looking with bewildered interest on an example of their power—a grand mediæval spectacle in Rome, which is seen by all advanced minds to be anomalous in civilization. There is not one proposition before the Vatican Council that is not a fable or a fallacy of tradition—not one. And there sits Christendom (or by far the most of it) dreaming and gabbling over its *officæ foliæ*. The subject of apparent greatest interest there—the infallibility of the Pope—has for centuries been a disputed dream; not a word about it can be found in Holy Scripture. To human reason it is simply shocking by its absurdity and its possible evil consequences. The history of the Popes, through more than a decade of centuries, is a recorded confutation of the preposterous claim. And yet it is to-day a matter of the gravest consideration to the assembled chief of most of the Christian world. Tradition has whispered it, though doubtfully; Ultramontane ambition likes it; and Scripture and reason are thrown in abeyance, and the nineteenth century scandalized by its declaration; for declared it will be, indirectly, if not directly. The assumption of the Virgin, her ascension to heaven without natural death, has not a word of intimation in Holy Scripture. It was not dreamed of for centuries by the ancient Church; but later traditional Mariology has fancied it, as childhood fancies fables; and the Christian manhood of our century, its hoary-headed sages, sit to-day beneath the grandest roof of the Christian world, reverently discussing it in a dead language, and will demand that the reason of our age shall stultify itself by accepting it as a divine truth! The famous "Syllabus" will be endorsed doubtless by the Council; there is hardly a proposition in it that was not the utterance of the Dark Ages; not one of them can be found in the Christian Scriptures. European, and especially American society, have outgrown every one of them; they would upseize the civilization of the modern world, and defeat the most obvious destinies of the human race, were they effectually adopted by Christendom. They have no sanction whatever but in *officæ foliæ* traditional ecclesiasticalism. But tradition reigns in Rome, and the prelates, assembled from all the world, will degrade Christianity and insult humanity by their declaration as essential truths of God.

Such is the baneful power of tradition and ecclesiastical authority when reason is set aside and Scripture tortured into strange meanings, or supplemented by "traditions." Such is their destructive sway, in our century, throughout the Latin Church. Men who have not faith in God may well despair of the fate of humanity in the presence of such a dominant power of error. But the spell has been broken—history has sounded the knell of the dead past; and all, be they kings, pontiffs, or people, who kneel at its closed altars, gaily kneeling and praying for its restoration, are perishing there, while the race marches on; marches out of the sight of the senile traditionalists; marches to its final redemption.—*Christian Advocate.*

## METHODISM AND REVIVALS.

BY REV. GEORGE G. LYON.

Methodism is the product of a revival of religion and embodiment of the spirit of revival, and it has been the producer of religious awakenings and conversions in almost every branch of the Christian Church to so great an extent that nearly all of Christendom is pervaded with its spirit. The style and manner of preaching, the method of conducting religious services, and the songs and other exercises peculiar to Methodism have been largely adopted by many bodies of Christians, and which were greatly to their prosperity. These facts are generally admitted, and cannot be successfully gainsaid. But we often hear it said, "While other denominations are availing themselves of these peculiarities which have aided so materially in spreading and establishing Methodism everywhere, and are improved in their adaptation, and invigorated with new life, and increased in numbers by them, Methodism is abandoning those inspiring agencies, and is adopting the formalities of less zealous Churches." This probably arises from the fact that many of the more demonstrative exercises that once adhered to Methodism, and which were witnessed in nearly all her societies, are becoming generally discontinued by her ministers; and more boisterous meetings, for example, in which sound is substituted for sense, are less prevalent than formerly; periodical protracted meetings and "gotten up revivals" are looked upon with less favor than in former days; and Evangelists without pastors, who are about the country to arouse and excite the people, to spasmodic efforts, are regarded with less consideration than in former years; and many of the more judicious pastors and people refuse to countenance their commission, and decline to co-operate in their labors; but nothing is more prosaic or intelligible than the essential to the earnest piety of Methodism has been abandoned. Methodism is still "Christianity in earnest," and the aim of her wisest counselors in the ministry and laity is, that she shall always and periodically be in earnest, and that the spirit of revival shall be the constant rather than the spasmodic experience of her communion.

## CONTINUOUS REVIVALS.

Those annual gatherings during the winter months, ranging from three weeks to three months in duration, which once characterized Methodism, and which were seasons of rejoicing, were so uniformly succeeded by spiritual droughts, famines and deaths, that a general desire has been awakened for revivals that run through the year without droughts or deaths and with unceasing rejoicings.

Revivals and zealous labors, hearty singing and earnest prayers, are peculiar to Methodism, but they should be constant and not spasmodic; and a Methodist society that is not in a continuous work of grace, or that depends upon periodical awakenings for its rejoicings and conversions, has merely the name but is destitute of the spirit and power of Methodism.

It cannot be denied that those intermittent revivals for which Methodism has been distinguished have, by the blessing of God, been the means of saving many souls; but all are forced to confess that they have been attended with more or less evils, and no one will contend that they are as beneficial as revival protracted through the entire year. And so the labors of Evangelists have been owned of God and have frequently resulted in the conversion of many sinners, but nearly every one is persuaded that there are serious objections to them; and very many, and the number is constantly increasing, are convinced that the steady labor of the Pastor and people will, in the long run, build up a society more substantially.

DAMAGES DONE BY REVIVALISTS.

The Evangelist must perform all the work, and the people look to him and hold him responsible for a given amount of success; and, as a consequence, Christians are taught practically that there is nothing for them to do, and that all that is necessary to the increase of the piety and membership of the Church is to secure the services of some noted revivalist at a season of the year when the people have time to attend meetings. Thus "religion is made easy" at a small expenditure of time, talent and treasure; but what are its consequences? The regularly appointed Pastor of the Church is for the time ignored, and is, as soon as the Erratic is proclaimed, he (the Pastor) is expected to gather together and build up in doctrines and duties fifty or five hundred persons who prefer to receive religious instruction from another—many of whom never come near the church after the Evangelist leaves it—and most of whom mistake a temporary fervor for piety, and good intentions for change of heart, and are persuaded that they can get along through life, as they got "religion," well enough without his assistance.

The Church, as a body of believers, is looked upon as an almost useless organization, and connection with it is considered an irksome duty rather than an inestimable privilege, by the practical teacher of which the candidate entombs himself in a sacred cemetery, or where he is expected to exhibit himself on communion occasions, and at the hours of prayer and class meetings, as a tombstone over the dead. The ordinary means of grace are mere social gatherings for formal services rather than centers of religious influence, and sources of religious power, where men and women renew their strength and gather fresh energy, and encourage each other to heroic effort by relating their loves and labors, and from which emanate the grandest schemes for subjugating the world to Christ.

PRAYING BANDS.

The same objections hold good against Praying Bands as at present constituted and conducted; they deprecate the pastorate, their converts largely scatter when they return to their homes, their special services underrate the regularly appointed pastor, and they practically teach that Church communion is useless, if not deluding. And yet they are not an unmitigated evil. These earnest band brethren teach the important lesson that every society should be organized into a praying band, and that all its members, young and old, male and female, should be active workers in it; and for this lesson the Methodist Church is under great obligation to the devoted and zealous Christians who have instituted this order in their midst.

## APPROPRIATE LABORERS.

There may be instances when "Revivalists" and "Praying Bands" can be employed to advantage, and when a special effort will do good; but even in these extreme cases the Pastor and people are disgraced by their own confession of want of piety and zeal and confidence in God, and learn to rely upon human aid, and teach the young man and Beauty—that his wife, sir, was the only man as an ever said the Lord's Prayer, or any other prayer. He were a rude set, sir, we of the mines, and 'specially in this place; we didn't like anything that was what we called 'pious.' Sundays, sir, used to be a regular bad day with us. It was nothing but drinking and dancing, pitching, and cards, and swearing. Well, sir, you see, Jesse he got married to a regular lady-like girl, sir, and a pious one. They didn't none of em—that is, Pinks, his wife, and old mother—fine us in our merry-makings on a Sabbath; but sometimes the young man and Beauty—that his wife, sir, would walk five miles to hear a person preach. We was all down upon Jesse, sir; you see the real thing was, he made us ashamed of ourselves by his goodness, and I was worse than the rest, trying my best all the time to pick up a quarrel with him. Well, sir, one Saturday night, what did we see but a notice stuck upon this very tree, that there'd be a person from Frankston on the morrow to preach to us. We didn't like the news, and we could tell pretty well where the move come from, 'cause you see we knew Jesse was pious. So we wouldn't have no psalm-singing, no chanting, praying, no reading out of the Bible.

Well, the minister came and he found a Babel. We all got together, and we raved, and laughed, and pitched quots, and made such a noise that the parson had to give it up. He tried again and again, and came right among us; he was plucky, I tell ye, but he hoisted in his ears, and threw mud on his clothes, and so he was fairly driven off, 'cause you see we had liquor enough in us to set us crazy.

Poor Jesse! how we jeered him after that; but he bore it meek, sir, and I was often ashamed of myself, though I did savor I'd confessed it. But I was sorry enough for my heavy noise, shaking the earth, and then a crash like rattling thunder beneath our feet, and we knew that somebody was buried alive. It was in the working shaft where Jesse was, and there didn't happen to be a soul in the place except him, poor fellow!—they'd all gone into another shaft, where he didn't like to follow 'em, 'cause they were such a wicked set; and as they were eating their dinners, and he his, the accident happened.

We dug him out, sir; he was awful crushed, all but his face, that looked smiling and peaceful-like, and we couldn't bear the sight of him for one day there came a rumbling heavy noise, shaking the earth, and then a crash like rattling thunder beneath our feet, and we knew that somebody was buried alive. It was in the working shaft where Jesse was, and there didn't happen to be a soul in the place except him, poor fellow!—they'd all gone into another shaft, where he didn't like to follow 'em, 'cause they were such a wicked set; and as they were eating their dinners, and he his, the accident happened.

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## A WINTER SONG.

The day is Thine, the night also is Thine; Thou hast prepared the light and the sun; Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; Thou hast made summer and winter. Psalms lxxxvii.

Hope on, my soul, for summer days  
Will surely come again;  
A winter may be bright with praise,  
Though often dark with pain.  
Imprisoned safe the harvest lies,  
Until the showers of spring,  
Until the sunny summer skies,  
Their warmth and music bring.

Fear not the chill and wintry wind,  
That whistles round thy cot,  
The gusts may chink and crannies find,  
The tempest enters not.  
And thou shalt have a better home,  
In glory bright and pure,  
Where pelting rain can never come,  
For all is sunshine there.

Be patient, then, the little while,  
The howling storm may roar—  
Tis but to herald summer's smile—  
Its discord soon is o'er.  
Come driving sweet, come snow and hail,  
Come chill and wintry blast;  
The rainbow promise cannot fail,  
And summer comes at last.

## PERSONAL CANVASSING.

A pastor, writing from Brooklyn, N. Y., respecting the gracious revival prevailing in many of the Churches of that city, says he has been at the pains to ascertain how, in each case, the work commenced and continued. His words are these: "The most thorough system has been observed by the pastor and his members in the matter of personal labor with the ignorant and unconverted. There has been a house to house canvassing; men have arranged their business, and women their household duties, so as to make personal religious calls. Sunday school teachers have made frequent, earnest, and affectionate appeals to each member of their classes, and there has been an attack, if I may use the word, not en masse, but on the one person at a time. And this kind of work has not been commenced to be soon abandoned, but has been carefully and sedulously carried on and in every case the Lord has responded by the outpouring of His Spirit." Is there not truth in these words? The conversion of men can never be effected in platoons, but one by one, and you must be one to go after an impenitent soul. So soon as old Church members will the labor, sinners will be born into the Church all over the land, and the glory of the Lord will shine forth in every temple.—*Western Advocate.*

## "GOD WILL SHOW ME THE WAY."

"Yes sir," said the man, running his hand through his shaggy locks, his harsh face showing the marks of unusual intelligence, "missing in this region is a hard life, but I think we've all been better since little Pinky went away."

"And who was little Pinky?" asked the gentleman, while the dark eyes of the young fellow at his side sparkled in anticipation of a story.

"Well, you see, it is something of a story, and if ye'd more farther on to the shade of the old oak yonder, I'll maybe be pleasanter to the young miss, for the sun be hot."

The lady and gentleman followed the brown and weather-beaten man to the cool shadow of the oak, and finding a seat for the young lady on a convenient rock that came squarely up from the ground, the miner began with his customary preface.

"You see, Pinky were the son of Jesse Pinkam, a young man, and a regular good one, as the saying goes. I reckon Pinkam was the only man as an ever said the Lord's Prayer, or any other prayer. He were a rude set, sir, we of the mines, and 'specially in this place; we didn't like anything that was what we called 'pious.' Sundays, sir, used to be a regular bad day with us. It was nothing but drinking and dancing, pitching, and cards, and swearing. Well, sir, you see, Jesse he got married to a regular lady-like girl, sir, and a pious one. They didn't none of em—that is, Pinks, his wife, and old mother—fine us in our merry-makings on a Sabbath; but sometimes the young man and Beauty—that his wife, sir, would walk five miles to hear a person preach. We was all down upon Jesse, sir; you see the real thing was, he made us ashamed of ourselves by his goodness, and I was worse than the rest, trying my best all the time to pick up a quarrel with him. Well, sir, one Saturday night, what did we see but a notice stuck upon this very tree, that there'd be a person from Frankston on the morrow to preach to us. We didn't like the news, and we could tell pretty well where the move come from, 'cause you see we knew Jesse was pious. So we wouldn't have no psalm-singing, no chanting, praying, no reading out of the Bible.

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an accident happens, but it were awful to see how still and white she were! Awful, sir, and I never want to see a sight like that again.

"We all got bad; for poor Jesse hadn't never said a lawful word to one of us, and he'd borne many an insult. We couldn't see to call him when he were living; but used to call him 'weak-headed,' and a 'tame covey,' but as he lay there in his coffin, there come a different feeling over me, sir, you may depend on it. O! if I'd a heard then to the lesson that was telling me of; if I'd only listened then to the voice of God, speaking as it were from the lips that crushed, dead body, I'd a saved myself many a day of sufferin', many a hour of torment. But I didn't."

"We all walked to the grave, and I tell ye it touched even hard fellows like me to see that young fellow, with her little child in her arms, foller close to the coffin, never crying, only holding her head down, as if it were too heavy bowed with her sorrow to keep it up."

"Well, we had a talk at the grave by the same parson as we'd treated so badly. I don't know what his good words would a-done in after days, if I hadn't been a leader in wickedness, a hater of pious people, and of everything that had to do with religion—a wicked, swearing, worthless sinner! I say it to my shame, I don't boast, sir; God forbid! I wish I could shut out of my thought all the years of my life that I ain't spent piously. But God, I hope, 'll be merciful to me."

"Well, sir, his wife, the poor young thing, took the death sadly, they say. They said the shock had been too sudden—cried on all her tears, like. She never cried on't, only languished and pined, grew thinner and white, and died just three months after poor Jesse. That was how the little boy—Jesse's little boy—came to be an orphan, sir."

"Well, we all determined to take care of the little one, as we can't have every month to see which should have the maintainin' of him. It used to come to me pretty often, but I done it willingly, sir, because I considered 'll be hard to the man—very hard to poor, dead Jesse."

"The boy was pretty, sir, but he didn't grow much. You see he hadn't no mother-love to thrive on. The women, they thought did well by him, but they sort of hustled him, and he wanted something different, coming of a delicate child. I don't 'pose nothin', sir, you give a child that feel, that having somebody to love and care mother, does, no, not all the 'cossetin' in the world by strangers."

"Well, the years passed, and the little fellow began to be handy in the mine. It seemed a pity to see him beginning that hard sort of life, but then we're not able even to take care of one more helpless hand, and there was plenty young as he down there. But he were so different from all the rest of the children. He looked for all the world before he got the glim in his face, like a gentleman's child, sir. His skin was like the shells you sometimes see with a beetle red tinge on 'em, and he had his mother's large brown eyes, and his father's curly hair, and then you see, he had spirits beyond his strength, and gloried in it."

"Things was going on about as usual, except that I was harder down on religion than ever. The soft feeling wore off my heart, and I think I hated what was pious worse no before. Our Sundays was training days—nothing good, everything evil, just as evil as could be."

"Well, sir, one day that little fellow was on my beat, and he done up his work quick and airy, so he stood some time beside me talking. He was queer at talking; I never heard such strange things as he'd say. So, says he, as I was fixing my tools—says he, 'Keene'—that's my name sir—where'd all this coal come from?'"

"Come from the earth," I said.

"Yes, but what made it?"

"I prided myself on my little learnin', so says I. 'Why, mster made me, Pinky,' we used to call him Pink and Pinksy."

"Well, what made mster, Keene?" he still kept asking.

"Why—why? mster made itself," I said.

"O, no," he cried; and with a solemn look as ever I see on any face, and his voice somewhat hoarse, and deep, like a voice of warning. I don't know why, but I never heered anything like it. Says he, 'God made everything; God is down here in the dark!'"

"I declare it was as high as if a man had struck me as could be. Says I, 'Pinky, where'd you get that from?'"

"Says he, 'The good man told me.'

"What good man?" I asked, and an ugly feeling came over me.

"What preached at mammy's funeral," said he.

"And where'd you see him?" I sort of growled like.

"Out in the road yesterday. I see him on a horse, and he took up and rided me over so far and back, and he told me all the good things."

"I was silent, I tell ye. I didn't know what to say; but I was mad. Just then, in moving up quick, my lamp went out. Now, that's a thing that don't happen but a few times in a good many years, and I knew I'd have to wait and holler till somebody come, for the pit was full of holes; and so I said, 'Don't be afraid, Pinky, they'll be here soon; but I was shak'y, so we was in a dangerous part of the pit.'"

"Says he, 'I don't feel afraid, Keene, don't be afraid, I'll be down to us as I can.'"

"I declares I felt my blood trickle cold; and every wind that come down the shaft-way I thought was His breath—the breath of God!"

"Well, the hours passed, and nobody come. Presently, says little Pinky, 'I'll go for you, God will show me the way,' and I heard his little feet pattering along them dangerous places. It was awful! The sweat started out on me thick, and it seemed like I couldn't breathe. But when I called him back he shouted with his little voice, 'God'll show me the way.'"

"It almost makes me tremble when I think of it, sir; that boy went over the worst road in the pit, full of sun shafts and dangerous places, for me with no lamp! O, sir, when they came for me with plenty of light, I—I couldn't believe it, sir, I couldn't; and though they kept telling me that Pinky was safe, I tell you, sir, I thought it was a lie till I saw him, and heard him cry out, 'I am safe, Keene, God showed me the way.'"

"Well, sir, you mayn't think this looks true, but 'tis O, 'tis as true as wonderful, sir, and I tell you I was a different man after that. Not that I grew good at once; no, I didn't know that way then, sir. I didn't feel like little Pinky—I didn't feel sure that God'd show me, but he did."

"One day, after Pinky had been working hard, he said he was dry, and his head ached. Well, we always expected something'd be ailing him; so that night I carried him home in my arms, and laid him on his bed, and he never stirred—the miner choked for a moment, drew one rough hand across his eyes, turned away for a brief second, then said hurriedly—he never got up from it of himself again. Every night he came home he was worse; and I tell ye, I fell as if all the light I ever see was going out."

"One morning he asked me in his weak voice, 'Wouldn't I send for the good man that preached for my mammy? I didn't say no, 'twasn't in my heart to do that thing, and before long the parson was there talking and praying. That seemed to do the child good. And as the miners dropped in, with their black faces and the little lamps in their hands, he'd smile round at them so sweet, sir, it would a done your heart good to see it."

The man passed again, overcome by the recollection of the scene. The muscles round his firm lip quivered, and over his great bronze face there swept an expression of an almost womanly tenderness.

"O, yes, he died then! He grew very bright and lively though, and we'd all got our hearts on his getting well, when there was another change, and the color left his face, and his little hands hadn't no strength in 'em. The minister came again, and as he stooped down, says he, 'My dear child, are you afraid to go?'"

"And what do you think, sir, he said? O, how it went through me! 'God'll show me the way!'"

"And he showed him the way, sir, I never see anything like that dying, sir—never. He held my hand; he said, 'Keene, you love God too.' He give a gasp, and then he smile, and then there came a bright glory light over his white face that made it shine all over—O, sir, I—I can't—tell it."

The man held his head down and sobbed like a child; and his wife was not the only tears. The next morning was the Sabbath. A near bell was heard; a plain white meeting-house was in sight. The stranger and his daughter met the minister, who, pointing to the heaven-ward spire, exclaimed, as a smile broke over his face: "You see, sir, God shows us all the way."—*Christian Treasury.*

## THE METHODISTS OF THE EMPIRE STATE.

As our last issue went to press, we made a slight allusion to the Methodist Convention of the State of New York, just then closing its session in the city of Syracuse, and felt, from what we had learned, quite justified in saying that it was proving a grand success. We now feel compelled to say, in view of the momentous and significant character of the proceedings of that body, that it was more than a success; it was a glorious triumph, a sublime uprising of a noble body of men, who know their duties, have learned their strength, and are resolved to meet their responsibilities.

The labours and resolves of this Convention extend far beyond the limit of State lines, and challenge the attention of the whole country as to the duties of all men in this momentous period, standing as an instructive example to all Christian men in general, and the ministers and laymen of our own Church in particular. The idea of bringing the pulpit and the pew together in one grand State Conference, with a view of organizing as a body that may make itself felt in the civil questions that concern the State, is one that has been gaining favour for some time, and though it originated in New England, it seemed to need the stamp of New York to give it prestige. This stamp has been affixed in a manner that induces us to look on and say, well done!

Delegates to the number of nearly nine hundred were appointed, a twenty from each presiding elder's district of all the Conferences within the bounds of the State; and the representation was equally divided between ministers and laymen. And notwithstanding a severe storm of mid-winter, and the fact that the session was one of great revival interest on many charges, a very large number of the delegates were present, with a great many sympathizing visitors from all parts of the State, showing that the call had struck the heart of Methodist men, and was being cheerfully and cordially responded to. During the session visitors crowded the hall by thousands, and the great city of New York Convention acknowledges that none has ever surpassed this in the ability of its proceedings, and the sympathy and enthusiasm aroused in the breasts of all who attended its sessions.

The key-note of the Convention was the great educational question of the day: Shall we have godless schools? The action of the New York Common Council, as well as the Legislature of the State, in virtually appropriating large sums of money to denominational schools, and letting those schools be almost exclusively Catholic, has roused up a feeling throughout the State that will not be quenched. It was resolved that this injustice must cease, and one result of this convention will be the flooding of the present Legislature with petitions from all parts of the State to repeal the offensive law of last session.

A most noble stand was taken by the Convention in regard to the true duties of the citizen, and of all citizens in this crisis, when the New York Common Council, as well as the Legislature of the State, in virtually appropriating large sums of money to denominational schools, and letting those schools be almost exclusively Catholic, has roused up a feeling throughout the State that will not be quenched. It was resolved that this injustice must cease, and one result of this convention will be the flooding of the present Legislature with petitions from all parts of the State to repeal the offensive law of last session.

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The ringing appeals of the champions of special rights for none, and equal privileges for all, were never sounded in more charion tones than on the platform of this Convention; ever and anon they rose to rare eloquence, such as only come from men's souls who inspired with a holy fire, and several times the immense audience rose en masse, cheering and responding to the glorious utterances of Methodist ministers and laymen in their character and claims as American citizens, flinching from no duty—shirking no responsibility, and yielding no God-given right.

In this whirl of enthusiasm we admire the cool judgment that formed a platform broad enough for all good citizens and true Methodists to stand upon, declining to join issue with any vexed question of Church policy, or in any way engage in questions of State politics or party politics. There was an ardent desire expressed to separate State questions from national policy, and a determination expressed to try every question on its own merits. The war is to be waged against war, ignorance and false religion, as far as possible without any special connection with parties, or at least in such a way as to use all power and organization without incurring their special hostility. The Methodist vote of the State of New York is strong enough to make it desirable in any party, and one aim of this Convention is to teach partisans that its desires may not be disregarded.

But this Convention did even nobler deeds than these. Recognizing the necessity that the Church care for its own higher education, it took up the question of the education of its sons and daughters, in a college of its own founding; and, in the conviction that the Methodist vote of the State of New York is strong enough to make it desirable in any party, and one aim of this Convention is to teach partisans that its desires may not be disregarded.

Methodism needs to secure those precious youth to itself, and cannot afford to let them wander away from their local and Church relations because it does not educate them. It is capable of founding and running as good collegiate and theological institutions as any other evangelical sect, and should resolve to throw off the apathy that has too long hung over it as a pall, and assume a work that now loudly calls for consummation. This resolve was scarcely reached when the work was immediately begun on the floors of the Convention amidst the greatest enthusiasm. In ten minutes \$100,000 was obtained from four noble men, and before the meeting was closed \$200,000 were being collected from the members of that body, and they fully closed the day's labours with the noble anthem:

"We are rising as a people,  
We are marching along."  
The Methodist Church has known no such scene in its history; we congratulate the noble men of the Empire State, and bid them God-speed as they thus march along to victory over sin and evil and ignorance.—*North Western Advocate.*

We regret to state that the Rev. MARTIN LUTHER KULE, who has been engaged for some time as a curate in Brighton, and had adopted Unitarian views, has joined the Roman Church. Mr. Kule is the son of a well-known minister of that communion, whose labours, literary and otherwise, in the cause of Protestantism are known in all the Churches. Such a perversion, though happily rare, is not unexampled. Few ministers among the Congregationalists were more deservedly esteemed or more soundly Protestant than the late Dr. Burder; and yet his son connected himself with one of the most superstitious orders of the Church of Rome. The *English Independent* might have adverted to this fact in connection with its moralizing on the proclivity of Wesleyan ministers toward Popery.—*Methodist Recorder.*

The Primitive Methodist gives the following programme of studies, &c., at the Primitive Theological Institute, Sunderland, under the principality of the Rev. Mr. Antiff: Monday, from 6 to 8, Biblical Literature and Hermeneutics; 9-11, Theology; 11-1, Grammar; 3-5, Geography; 6-8, Arithmetic and Penmanship. Tuesday, 6-8, Logic; 9-11, English History; 11-1, Examination and Instruction by Principal; 3-5, Elocution; 6-8, Primitive Methodist History. Wednesday, 6-8, Ecclesiastical History; 9-11, Sermonizing; 11-12, Lecture on Homiletics or some other subject by the Principal; 12-1, Sermonizing; 3-5, Geography; 6-7, Biblical Literature and Hermeneutics. Thursday, 6-8, Logic; 9-11, Theology; 11-12, Lecture on Theology, or Ecclesiastical History, by the Principal; 12-1, Theology; 3-5, Ecclesiastical History; 6-7, Primitive Methodist Rules and Usages; Friday, 6-8, Biblical Literature and Hermeneutics; 9-11, Theology; 11-1, Criticism of Thursday evening's Sermon; and examination by the Principal; 3-5, Grammar; 6-8, English History. Saturday, 6-8, R