

# The Wesleyan,

119

Rev. A. W. NICOLSON,  
Editor and Publisher.

Published under the direction of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada.

50 FEB ANNUM IN ADVANCE  
Postage Prepaid.

VOL. XXVIII

HALIFAX, N.S., APRIL 15, 1876.

NO. 16

WESLEYAN BOOK ROOM,  
125 GRANVILLE STREET,  
HALIFAX, N.S.

DEPOSITORY FOR  
ALL METHODIST PUBLICATIONS  
AND SALES-ROOM FOR  
General Literature, Stationery, Blank Books,  
AND SCHOOL BOOKS,  
Sabbath Schools, Clergymen and Students  
purchasing in quantities have

A SPECIAL DISCOUNT

REV. GEORGE MCDUGALL.

FROM THE GUARDIAN.

The announcement of the death of Rev. Geo. McDougall has called forth from the Canadian press very general expressions of admiration for his heroism, and sorrow for his sad fate. His letter on our first page, addressed to his friend Dr. Taylor, in England, will be read with special interest by many friends. It was a sad coincidence, that the same issue of the *Guardian* which contained his interesting letter to Bro. Potts, should also contain the news of his sad fate. The *Herald*, published at Helena, Montana, has been quoted in some of our Canadian exchanges as giving the facts of his death, as we have already given them. The chief interest of the account is in the fact that it brings the news through another channel, and mentions his burial. The *Herald* says:—"Some days later a son of the old missionary, accompanied by members of the police force, searching for the missing man, found the remains cold and stiff on the ground where he had fallen, some thirty miles distant from the mission. The body was conveyed to the scene of his latter labors, where it received all the rites of Christian burial."

The following extracts from the letter to the Hon. Mr. Ferrier, which accompanied the letter that brought the news of his death, are published in the *Witness*. The thoughts in the first paragraph are peculiarly suggestive, in view of this being probably the last letter he ever wrote:

"There is something that strikes on all hearts in the spectacle of a great man's funeral. The hearse, the solemn march of the procession, are both very impressive, and yet the subject of all this show may have been heedless of the great salvation, and, if so, is now suffering the doom of a lost spirit. No feelings of this kind trouble the heart of the believer, as he follows the young disciple of Jesus to the resting place of the body—of these it can be truly said: 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.'"

The letter then proceeds with a narrative of the conversion, life and death of an Indian boy, "Little Ka-be-o-sense." The relation is affecting, but must be passed over, only reserving an incident, showing that the intellectual capacity of the Indians is not as low as some suppose it to be.

"Before parting with Ka-che-da-da's family, I will briefly relate a circumstance showing the ardent desire of a native Christian to read the Word of God. I had noticed that the father of Ka-be-o-sense always brought the Bible to church, and followed the reading of the lessons with marked interest, and the circumstance excited my curiosity. I knew he was what we called an inland Indian, and that no school-teacher had ever penetrated the wilderness where he was born. Approaching him after service, I said, 'You can read, and his answer was 'Yes.' 'Who taught you the letters?' 'I do not know them,' was his reply. 'Then tell me how you can read?' Without any embarrassment he replied, 'This is the way. I observed that when you pronounced any of our words that they were broken up into small parts. (I would here state at this time we used Peter Jones' translation, in which, though he employs English orthography, all the words are divided into syllables. That Mundeedoo is written Mun-ee-doo.) When the white man says 'Indian' you write it Uh-de-she nah-ba.' When I went to my tent I would take a hymn book and ask my wife to repeat one of the hymns she had learned by heart, and I soon became acquainted with the form of all the syllables.' Now, the simple fact flashed upon my mind, that this poor Indian by intense and unremitting study had mastered every syllable in his language."

We expect shortly to furnish a notice of our departed brother. We should

have done so before this, had we not been disappointed in receiving some information which we expected.

LAST HOURS OF MRS. CARTWRIGHT.—We have already chronicled the decease, at Pleasant Plains, Ill., February 7, 1876, of the venerable Mrs. Cartwright, widow of the late Peter Cartwright, D. D. Her death was in Bethel Church. A Friend furnishes the following account:

A convention for the promotion of holiness was in progress. On Sunday afternoon, at two o'clock a "speaking meeting" was commenced, and Mother Cartwright, who had professed sanctification about three weeks before, closed her testimony by saying, "Jesus Christ forgives all my sins, and cleanses me from all unrighteousness. The past three weeks have been the happiest of all my life, and I am waiting for the chariot." Rev. Harding Wallace reached his hand to her, saying, "Mother, when the chariot comes, dying will be as easy to you as sitting in your seat." A few moments more and a rattle was heard: it was the opening of a window for fresh air, for it was thought she had fainted. The chariot had, indeed, come and gone with the triumphant spirit of Mother Cartwright, "washed in the blood of the Lamb." In the language of brother Wallace, she died easily, "as sitting on her seat." She was eighty seven years of age, and had been a member of the Methodist Church seventy-five years.

The chariot was there, and, sinking she slept  
In the arms of Christ's beautiful love,  
And on, through the gates, to the city they swept,  
To the mansions of glory above.  
N. Y. A.D.

## Temperance Papers.—No. 2.

WHAT SAITH THE BOOK?

BY REV. W. HARRISON.

It is not our intention in this single article to review the whole ground that may be suggested by the question constituting the title of the present paper. The limits of your valuable space, and a consideration of the patience of your esteemed readers entirely forbid a complete and exhaustive treatment of the subject indicated above. If we can only succeed in sketching in brief outline the wealth of testimony furnished by the language and spirit of the Bible against the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, our purpose in the present communication will be fully realized. Without occupying the attention of your readers with unimportant and unnecessary observations in introducing the subject, we at once advance to the primal question which has been asked a thousand times and answered as frequently both in the negative and affirmative.

"Does the Bible, it is asked, by its precepts, example or spirit sanction or commend the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage?" It does appear to us that the entire attitude of the total abstinence movement will be vindicated or condemned by the reply which the volume of inspiration may give to this question.

There can be no doubt but that large numbers of honest, intelligent men answer this enquiry in the affirmative, and thus for sanction for their use of intoxicating drink take refuge under the wing of the highest authority to which we can appeal on all matters of faith and practice. If this ultimate and highest authority sanctions the practice of the moderate drinker, then we accept the decision as final, and declare much of the ground held by total abstinence as quite untenable and the sooner it is given up the better. To endeavor to advance the interests of any great movement by sanctions and authorities which have no real existence will only tend to falsify its position before the world and in the end bring disappointment and defeat to the promoters of the cause, whatever the character of that cause may be. If, however, the principles constituting the foundation and life of the Temperance Reform are sanctioned and commended by the unbroken testimony of Divine Revelation, then the position of total abstinence stands vindicated before the world and the moderate drinker is left without any countenance or sanction in the pages of Divine Truth.

Just here the very pertinent question presents itself to our attention and demands some reply. "Does not the Bible, it is asked, frequently speak of wine in terms of approval and commendation, and may not the moderate use of this wine find its sanction in such terms as are there employed?" To this we unhesitatingly reply that the Bible does speak of a wine with

unqualified approbation; it is frequently employed as a symbol of mercy; it is used in the most sacred ordinances of religion, and in the Old Testament alone it is spoken of with favor no less than 105 times. Thus far all is clear, and without much further attention the moderate drinker reposes quietly on what he assumes an authority supreme and indisputable. Another question, however, presses for utterance, and is equally worthy our thought and attention. *Is there not, it may be asked on the other hand, a wine spoken of in terms of unqualified disfavor and reprobation?* This enquiry is at once met with the strongest and with most confident affirmation, and just here the entire question assumes another face and color. There is wine frequently employed as a symbol of wrath; its use is repeatedly and expressly forbidden, and in over 100 places in the Old Testament it is spoken of in terms of unmeasured disapprobation.

Here, then, we have statements which would at first appear inconsistent and contradictory. Is then the Bible constructed upon the principle of a puzzle or a conundrum? Does it blow cold and hot on the same subject? Is it possible for a Book possessing such lofty claims to maintain for one moment an anomalous position like this? Surely these seeming contradictions, this favour and disfavor, must admit of some clear, definite, and satisfactory explanation? A glaring inconsistency like the above mentioned is out of all keeping with a system of truth claiming the most perfect harmony and the universal faith and obedience of the human race. With unshaken confidence we announce the possibility of a complete reconciliation of the opposite phraseology referred to and of the facts and principles necessarily involved. In the original of the Old Testament Scriptures nine different words are employed when referring to the beverages used by the ancients. In our English translation of the Bible these different words representing beverages of varied qualities are all comprehended in the one word "wine." This monopoly to ordinary readers at once becomes perplexing and uncertain. That these different words represent more kinds of drink than one, is quite clear from the circumstances in which they were used, the terms by which they are described, and the opposite effects they are declared to produce. If the word wine, as employed in our English translation, means intoxicating wine and that only, then of course there is an end to all pleas and efforts against its use, as the Bible sustains it. All unspirited arguments against a custom are flimsy as tow if the Scriptures support it. There is, however, sufficient evidence that the wine so frequently spoken of in terms of approval and commendation has reference to the pure and unfermented juice of the grape, and that the wine employed as a symbol of wrath and spoken of in language of condemnation is the beverage in a condition capable of producing the catalogue of terrible consequences following the use of intoxicating drinks.

The position of the new Testament on this subject is similar to the Old. Here wine is spoken of with approval and commendation. The facts just stated with reference to the position of the old Testament furnish the necessary explanation for the New. Pliny, who was contemporary with the Apostle Paul, affords some testimony on this long vexed question. He enumerated 95 different kinds of wine as being in use in his day, and states that the best kind of wine was that which would not intoxicate. There exists 19 centuries of unbroken testimony that the wine used at the Lord's Supper was nothing but the pure unfermented juice of the grape.

The Bible when rightly understood is in harmony with itself, history and science, when these departments find their true and perfect interpretation.—There is, in our opinion, a serious misapprehension of the language and spirit of the Scriptures when they are supposed to countenance the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage. If the ultimate issues of the Temperance Reform are to be decided by the teachings of the Bible, we do not fear the result which will be arrived at by a full, intelligent and unprejudiced interpretation. It is high time that the large numbers of professing Christians pandering to self imposed appetites should relinquish their false assumptions and understand

that as far as the Bible is concerned, they have no sanction for the use of intoxicating drinks. Nor the Bible to recognize, sanction, and commend a practice which constitutes one of the supreme obstacles in the path of its advancement, and which when dominant demolishes the entire foundation and framework of the social fabric; this would be a spectacle which for its inconsistency and absurdity would stand without a parallel. Both in the Old and New Testament there is scarcely any vice in all the catalogue of vices to which men were addicted that is so strongly denounced as drinking, and there is scarcely any virtue that is so strongly recommended as the virtue of total abstinence.  
*Deer Island, March, 1876.*

BISHOP HAVEN continues to "awaken the echoes." Thus pronounces the *Richmond Advocate* upon his recent expressions:—

Bishop Haven now and then sets a straw stack on fire with the vain hope of the same sort of indifferent fame as "the fool that fired the Ephesian fane." He is greedy of notoriety, and sent a blasty epistle to the *Tribune*.—

"In his letter he announces that he has excellent reasons for believing that the Catholics desire to make the Pope President." On which the *World* remarks:—"This is a terrible plot, truly, since it involves nothing less than getting the Pope, who is well on in years, born again on American soil."

The Bishop not long since set grammars at defiance, and now he trips on the Constitution. He can dig more pits and fall in them faster than any man on the Continent.

Some years ago he placarded his ignorance in *Zion's Herald* by mistaking "scrip," ("let him take his purse and scrip") for a sort of shinplaster currency. He deserved cashiering on the spot. He don't seem to have read either a Commentary or the Constitution, but trots on with the complacency of a blind elephant.

THE idea that Mr. Disraeli has lost most of his physical vigor is pleasantly dispelled by the following incident that occurred recently in the House of Commons: As the discussion on the army proceeded, the House gradually melted away, Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Hardy and a few other ministers and a gallant band of old soldiers nobly holding out. At length the Premier tired, rose to leave, and then a most amusing incident occurred. He turned to escape behind the Speaker's chair, but lo! the way was blocked up by the outstretched legs of several sweetly sleeping cabinet ministers. Turning, the Premier, ascended the gangway, until he reached the topmost bench, which was in the sole possession of an honorable gentleman who represents a northern Irish county. Mr. Disraeli advanced in the gloom until he reached the figure on the bench. But although the Premier advanced as one who should say, "By your leave, please," no movement whatever was made for the Premier to pass. The honorable gentleman was also fast asleep. Mr. Disraeli's dilemma was now observed on all sides; but what was the astonishment caused when the honorable members observed the Premier plant his hand on the back of the seat, and lightly spring over the bench, and escape from the House? It is needless, after this incident, for newsmongers to circulate reports of the Premier's failing health.

## THE DRUMMOND COLLIERY EXPLOSION.

TWO OF THE VICTIMS—ENGLISH CORNISH MEN.

MR. EDITOR.—After the funeral of the late Mr. Abraham Guy, I was requested to prepare an article for your paper, giving an account of this, and similar scenes that have for the past few weeks been coming into view, as the workmen have continued removing the debris from the pits of the Drummond Colliery—the scene of the terrible explosion of 1873. But Mr. Wilson's account of Mr. Guy's funeral in the *Eastern Chronicle* is so full as to render it unnecessary for me to say more than to add my testimony to the solemnity and impressiveness of the scene. In all my experience I never witnessed anything like it. As the procession moved round the square the band playing the funeral requiem and march, I watched it from the house of the mourning widow. When it approached and halted at the dwelling from which, three years before, the deceased had gone forth—not even tarrying to take leave of his loved ones, for his business required haste—to perform an act of heroism almost unparalleled in the history of heroic deeds. Looking around I saw all eyes suffused, all hearts moved as if by some invisible power and presence. I found it

most difficult to suppress my own emotion, and to tone up my heart for the duties of the moment. How wonderfully contagious are tears! "Jesus wept," and his tears move the world forever. Taking my stand on the platform, with the handsomely mounted coffin and a large *Family Bible and Hymn Book* (Wesley's), the property of the deceased, before me, I gave out and the congregation joined in singing, that singularly appropriate hymn in which is the stanza,

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

and having read the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel, bringing *life and immortality so clearly to light*, the service proceeded as described in the *Chronicle*.

I have never seen so continuous a mournful or as Mrs. Guy; and those interesting children, some five or six in number, one of whom has reached to womanhood, could their tears but excite our sympathies, our prayers? It may be interesting to note, that for five nights in succession, after the catastrophe, Mrs. Guy dreamed her husband was still alive, and wandering—*eyes wandering in the pit*—seeking some way of escape; and always saying he was not killed by the blast: which there is now strong reason to believe was the case. She always indulged the hope that his body would be found, though there was reason to believe that many of the victims had been consumed by the intensity of the heat. He was a man of sober habits, but his noble heroism is his greatest praise. He was a member of the Wesleyan congregation at Westville.

THOMAS GLENWRIGHT.

Another of those noble heroes who sacrificed their lives to rescue their fellow men was Thomas Glenwright. His body had been found before that of Mr. Guy; and was kept for about ten days with the hope of hearing from his widow, who had returned to England. Hearing the first explosion, he hastened from the "Black Diamond" mines, where he was working, to the scene of disaster; and volunteered to go down into the burning abyss. He had just reached the bottom when the second explosion took place. Mr. Guy had just preceded him down the same perpendicular shaft—being let down by a horse and gin. The shaft is used solely for ventilation, the coal being drawn up in slopes. The lurid flames issuing from these in towering spires to the heavens, prevented all approach to the pits in this way. Strange to say, Mr. Glenwright's body was found perfect, and clearly recognizable; Mr. Guy's was somewhat mutilated. His funeral took place on Saturday the 25th March—two days after Mr. Guy's. Meeting at the shed where the body had been kept—at the mouth of the slopes—amid the roar of machinery and rattling of coal, as it was being emptied from the height above into the cars below, and the rolling of cars down the slopes, I gave out the hymn beginning,

The great Archangel's trump shall sound,  
While twice ten thousand thunders roar.

The excellent choir of our church joined in singing as the funeral cortege moved slowly away to the cemetery. Altogether the scene was unique and strangely impressive, presenting in immediate contrast the busy hum and bustle of life, with dull and solemn stillness of death—the thunder of engines, and the sound of Gabriel's trumpet. It struck us as a picture of the last day; only that the scene will then be reversed: for here the preacher's voice announcing the trump of doom was lost in the roar of men's works. But in that day the "thunder of captains," giving their orders, and the bustling sound of men's works, will be hushed by the mightier sound of the trumpet, the "passing away of the heavens and the earth with a great noise." In a very brief address, at the grave, the circumstances under which Mr. Guy came to his death, were related, and the grave veiled from mortal sight. His wife and five children had returned to England. It will be a mournful pleasure to them to know that his body has at length been found and honoured with all the rights of sepulture, in connection with the Methodist Church, of which he was an adherent and supporter in life.

G. W. TUTTLE.

P.S.—The *Cornish Telegraph* and *Methodist Recorder* are respectfully requested to copy the above notices.

G. W. T.  
Stellarton, Pictou Co., April 11, 1876.