

The Wesleyan.

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FROM THE PAPERS.

Frangalisation in France is to be aided to the amount of nearly \$16,000 by an American gift—from Mrs. V. G. Stone.

We wonder how many pastors fully realize that the denominational paper is, next to the Spirit, the most efficient ally they have!—*Central Baptist*.

A special fund is being raised in England to forward a project for establishing school banks throughout the country in connection with the elementary schools. The National Thrift Society is moving in the matter.

Only four hundred and twenty-one female voters have this year registered their names in Boston, which is about half as many as were registered last year. It would seem that the women of Boston are not very anxious to vote.

The *Evangelist* is carefully noting the additions made by the late elections to the strength of the Protestant party in the French Chamber of Deputies. The number, as at present known, is twenty-three.

Ex-Governor Moses, who was lately arrested in New York on the charge of a petty crime, has passed through all the stages of descent from that of being governor of South Carolina to that of being a penniless beggar.

The *London Lancet* notices the increase of medical missionaries—from thirty-five to one hundred within a short period; the female physicians among the number are especially valuable, since they have the privilege of entering Oriental homes.

The Pope is reported to have authorized the members of the dispersed religious orders to assume the dress of the secular priests, or even that of laymen, and has empowered the French bishops to give them appointments as parish priests.

The University of Vienna has 3,457 students, exclusive of 594 unattached students. The law department has the largest number—1,789—while there are 300 in the faculty of Philosophy (science and letters). There are thirty-five American students in the university.

Hubert H. Bancroft has completed a brick building, forty by sixty feet, to accommodate his Pacific-Coast books numbering 35,000 volumes. The publication of the history of the Pacific States, on which Mr. Bancroft has been engaged twelve years, will begin next year.

The *London Inquirer* commiserates the children of Methodists because it was urged in the Ecumenical Conference that they be taught the catechism. We do not sympathize with this feeling. Catechism does children good and they get too little of it. It is better than Sunday-school story-books.—N. Y. Independent.

A new Education Act has been issued from the Vatican. No one who draws pension or salary from its coffers may send any child to other than authorized schools. The effort is vain. If there is any knowledge and force of conscience the exertion of force will only make the yoke more galling to the wearer. The result must be freedom.—*Methodist Recorder*.

At the third annual meeting of the Church of England Funeral and Mourning Reform Association, held recently at Newcastle-on-Tyne, under the presidency of the mayor, several resolutions were passed in furtherance of the object, the first condemning the use of crapes, handkerchiefs, scarves, plumes, and mourning coaches, and advocating uniformity of mourning attire.

Mr. Moody with his family arrived at Easton Station, London, on Tuesday, from Liverpool. He had landed from America the previous day. The time of his arrival was known to very few, but Mr. R. Paton, Mr. Matheson, Mr. Hodder, Rev. C. Worsley (Methodist Free Church), and other friends were present on the platform. Both Mr. Moody and Mr. Stanley look exceedingly well. It is uncertain where they will commence their labours, but probably it will be in London or Plymouth. After some time spent in the provinces they will open a campaign in London.—*Methodist Recorder*.

"Whatever be the method adopted, let it be taught in the pulpit and remembered in the pew that religion and benevolence cost money; that a religion that is worth living for and dying for is worth paying for; that 'the Lord loveth a cheerful giver; and that it is the duty of every one to lay by him in store as God hath prospered him.—*Christian Register*.

We hear of a rich young man, a millionaire, residing in an Eastern city, who spends his Sunday afternoons, in hunting up and ministering to the sick and needy. How much easier it would be for him to send other people to do this! How much more physical comfort he might enjoy by sleeping, or by driving his team on the boulevards and in the parks.—*Western Advocate*.

President Mills, of the South Carolina college of agriculture, recommends the employment of what may be called "missionary teachers" in such parts of the State as from the scattered condition of the population cannot support regular and permanent schools. He suggests that such a teacher, having on his list about thirty children, distributed among from seven to ten households, could visit each family at least three times a week.

The census of India taken this season shows that its population is in round numbers about two hundred and fifty-two millions. These are tremendous figures. They indicate how vast is the responsibility of the Crown that holds supreme sway over this immense multitude of human beings, kept by its power in a state of security and peace. How different would be their condition were they left wholly to themselves.—*St. John News*.

The *Texas Christian Advocate* says:—"In some of the city churches certain members are very much 'put out' if the regular preacher has anyone else to occupy his pulpit, especially if the substitute be a plain Gospel minister. Such people might console themselves with the idea that they can devote these occasions to the worship of God, and still have a great deal of time left in which to worship their favourite preacher."

An old-fashioned Presbyterian in Pennsylvania says this word: "Forty years ago the Sabbath-school was the nursery of the Church. It is not so now. I would suggest that the libraries of the Sabbath-school be abolished altogether, and go back to first principles, and have our children read and study the Bible and Westminster Shorter Catechism. They will become more intelligent in spiritual and temporal matters than by reading all the library books in Pennsylvania.—*Presbyterian*.

M. Jules Ferry has directed the prefects throughout France to press for the creation of girls' schools in parishes, which, to save expense, have hitherto arranged for the free admission of girls of the lower classes into men's private schools. He represents these girls as receiving under the present rule an almost mechanical teaching, in order to show the paying scholars that they receive the extra value for their money. The clerical organs warily resent this reflection on the nuns.

The Bishop of Durham, in his opening address on Tuesday at Newcastle as President of the Church Congress remarked that the late Ecumenical Congress of Methodists was described as the representation of a body, or rather aggregation of bodies of Christians, whose influence pierced various strata of society, and ranged over two great continents, and with a spiritual power which even the most intolerant must view with admiration and respect, though the reflection that it was the offspring of the Church of England suggested regrets for the past and warnings for the future.

Truth, writing on the refusal of the Duke of Hamilton to grant a site for a United Presbyterian Church in Arran, says: "Both kirks and kirkyards throughout the island are in a disgraceful state of dilapidation. It is a glaring anachronism that any landlord, even if he were everything that he should be in that capacity, which means the exact reverse of the Duke of Hamilton, should exercise uncontrolled feudal rights over an island twenty miles in length, and twelve in breadth. I am glad to hear that this abuse of power is to be brought before the House of Commons."

St. Ann's Church, New York, for deaf-mutes has five hundred and sixty-one communicants. Of the three hundred families connected with the parish, thirty, including three hundred individuals are deaf-mutes. The parish which has been founded twenty-nine years, grew out of a Bible class. At a recent conference held in the church, three clergymen, all deaf-mutes, made addresses in the sign-language, which was interpreted by Dr. Gallaudet. No better illustration could be given of the excellence of that noble work which was inaugurated by his honored father.—*Christian Union*.

GEORGE MACDOUGALL.

Rev. G. M. Grant, D.D., in a most interesting article on "Methodist Missions in the North-West," in the Canadian Methodist Magazine for October, says of this and some other deceased missionaries of our Church:—

"The late Rev. George Macdougall, one of our simple great ones, is my authority for almost everything I have to tell about the work of the Methodist Church in the North-West. It is now nine years since we met in Manitoba, and made a summer or autumn journey together, across the Plains and up the Saskatchewan, to Fort Edmonton. That spring he had taken one of his frequent journeys from under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains to Winnipeg, to consult about the Church, and if possible to secure more missionaries and teachers for the vast field that he knew and loved so well. One journey across the great lone land, made me somewhat of a hero in the eyes of friends and fellow-citizens. Though I went with an expedition that was backed by the Government and befriended by the Hudson's Bay Company, and, therefore, lacked nothing that money or influence could supply, people spoke of it with bated breath and congratulated me on my return with a fervency usually reserved for those who have escaped imminent perils. But George Macdougall had made the same journey, and more difficult ones, on his own resources, in all seasons of the year, during the part of his lifetime, and no one seemed to think anything of it, and he himself quite agreed with them in their estimate. He hitched his horse to his old wagon, threw in supplies—principally pemican and shaganappi—and then he and his Cree servant—Souzie—mounted to the hard seat, and driving one or two horses before them to serve as relays, commenced their journey of nine, ten or twelve hundred miles over lonely plains, by lonely river-banks, and lonely lake sides, across creeks and sloughs and marshes full of water covering bottomless mud in the rainy month of June, and breeding mosquitoes numerous as locusts and tenacious as bull-dogs. Sometimes the travellers fell in with a 'brigade' of half-breeds, sometimes camped near Indians out on a hunting expedition, but usually they pitched tent on the lonely prairie beside friendly wood and water, and were on the trail again next morning before sunrise. Such a life tended to make a naturally social and communicative man grave, meditative, dignified, just as Indians are dignified."

On the return journey, Mr. Macdougall and Souzie joined our party, and proved to be our best ears and eyes. Many a long talk I had with the veteran missionary, about the country, and the Indians, and his own experiences. He had an abiding faith in the capacity of the Indians to be Christianized, though no one understood their weaknesses better. He loved to talk of James Evans—the father of the North West Methodist Missions—and of Rundle, and of the striking testimonies borne to the faith by many of their converts. Those pioneer missionaries must have been men of singularly apostolic character. None of their successors have succeeded in going beyond the bounds to which they penetrated. Every missionary who has labored since in the North-West finds traces of James Evans, and such traces as a Christian ought always to leave behind him. The Indians generally reverence his memory. Not a few acknowledge him to be their father in Christ, and these, I have been told by more than one witness, are, as a rule, far above the ordinary type of Indian converts.

George Macdougall heartily recognized the work that had been done on behalf of the Indians by other Churches. He neither ignored it, nor made it the subject of indiscriminate eulogy. He saw its weak points and understood the cause of its failures, in the same spirit in which he criticised the mistakes of his own Church. He believed that in the past the Methodist Church had made mistakes in the conduct of

Indian missions through a mistaken loyalty to its system of itinerancy; as if a system that was good at one time and adapted to one phase of society must be good at all times and for all social conditions. No system can be worse for a people like the Indians. They are influenced not by systems or doctrines, but by persons. Like children, they are naturally suspicious; but when they give their trust, they give it unreservedly. When a man has gained their confidence he should be continued in the same field as long as he lives. To remove him is to throw away every thing that has been gained, and to begin again at the beginning. This lesson, I hope has now been thoroughly learned by the Church, for it is not above admitting its mistakes and profiting by its experience.

In "Treaties of Canada with the Indians of the North-West," by the Hon. Alexander Morris, P. C., I found in Chap. IX, graceful allusion made to the last services rendered to the country and to the Indians by Mr. Macdougall, and these were so characteristic of the man that I cannot help calling attention to them. Official reports had been received in 1875 that uneasiness and discontent prevailed very generally among the Crees about Fort Carlton and the South Saskatchewan and Red Deer Rivers. No treaty had been made with them, yet they saw parties coming into their country, erecting telegraph poles, surveying for a railway, and acting as if the land belonged to them. The Indians were on the eve of an outbreak, yet Commissioners could not be sent to them to make a treaty. A shot fired in the air, would have led to the most deplorable circumstances. In this emergency, Governor Morris heard that Mr. Macdougall was in Winnipeg, just about to start with his family for his distant field among the Assiniboines. He asked him to be an envoy to the discontented Indians, and assure them that next year Commissioners would be sent to make a treaty. The meaning of the request was that he would leave his family to make their long and perilous journey without him, while he went in another direction to visit successive bands of angry men, and pledge his word for the good faith of the Government. He obeyed not the call of nature, but, as his wont was, the call of duty, visited some four thousand Indians, and succeeded perfectly in his mission. His report to the Governor, which is to be found on pp. 172-5, of "Treaties of Canada with the Indians of the North-West," is exceedingly interesting, and to it I refer my readers."

DR. PUNSHON'S LECTURE ON BUNYAN.

Mr. Punshon's sermon at Spitalfields Chapel on Elijah brought him an urgent request from the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association to turn the sermon into a lecture and deliver it for the institution which he represented. This was the origin of "The Prophet of Horeb," the first lecture which he delivered at Exeter Hall. By the time he had to deliver the second—"John Bunyan"—I was resident in London, and he and Mrs. Punshon stayed at my house. The day he gave the lecture he spent in going about from one end of the metropolis to the other in seeing friends, and arrived at my residence rather late for tea. While dressing he glanced occasionally at two small cards, on which catch-words were written. "What cards are these?" I asked. "My lecture," he replied. Glancing at them while at the dressing-table for ten or twelve minutes was all he did that day in the way of preparation for delivering the lecture that evening for the first time since its composition, and before an audience of three thousand. The lecture, or rather, oration, occupied more than an hour and a half in the delivery. I do not remember that he once looked at the cards in his hand, or that he ever hesitated for a word or had to recall one. He spoke with his usual captivating elocution, and with immense energy and force. Feeling amongst the audience grew; enthusiasm was awakened, and gathered

force as he went on. At last, at one of his magnificent climaxes, the vast concourse of people sprang simultaneously to their feet, and oh! what a scene of excitement! Hats and handkerchiefs were waved; sticks and umbrellas were used in frantic pommelling of the floor; hands, feet and voices were united in swelling the acclamations; some shouted "Bravo!" some "Hurrah!" some "Hallelujah!" and others "Glory be to God!" Such a tornado of applause as swept through Exeter Hall, and swelled from floor to ceiling, I have never witnessed before or since.

At the close of the lecture several gentlemen urged me to dissuade him from going to Cambridge next day to preach, as they thought rest was essential after such a tremendous effort. After supper he and I chatted into the small hours. He told me that he composed the lecture while walking in his study at Leeds and tossing a penny from his thumb which he caught as it fell. He wrote the whole of it on his memory first, and then sat down and put it on paper, word for word. At last he asked: "What o'clock is it, Mac?" Quoting from the peroration of the lecture, I answered, "It's morning!" "It's morning!" He laughed, and said, "I did not expect so speedy an application of my own words to my own case." Next day he went to Cambridge, and fulfilled his, I believe, first engagement in that University town.—*Rev. T. McCullagh's "Personal Recollections."*

THE CENTRAL CROSS.

In the Palace of Justice at Rome, they take you sometimes in a chamber with strangely-painted frescoes on the ceiling, around the walls and upon the floor, in all kinds of grotesque forms. You cannot reduce them to harmony, you cannot make out the perspective; it is all a bewildering maze of confusion. But there is one spot on the floor of that room, and one only, standing upon which, every line falling into harmony, the perspective is perfect, the picture flashes out upon you, instinct with meaning in every line and panel. You can see at that point, and that only, the design of the artist that painted it.

I believe that this world is just as bewildering a maze looked at from every point except one. I look back upon the records of history; I look upon the speculations of science; I endeavour to gaze into the future of this world's career; wherever I turn I am opposed by the mysteries that hem me in and crush me down, until I take my stand at the foot of the Cross. Then darkness and discord become light and harmony; the mystery is solved, the night that shuts me in become radiant with the Divine light and glory. At the foot of the Cross, art, science, literature, history, become at once to me a divine, a glorious and a blessed thing. And so I claim for my Lord His rightful dominion over all the works of His hands. We will gather all the beauties of art, all the treasures of music, all that is brightest and best in this world, and we will lay them down at His feet; for, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive might and majesty, and riches, and power, and honor and glory." His is the sceptre, His is the right, His is this universal world.—*Dr. Manning*.

CHRIST'S LIFE THE MODEL.

It has been often and fitly said that Jesus of Nazareth lived a model life, the only one since sin entered the world. And yet, in questions of duty, we point men rather to the precepts of Scripture than to the life of Jesus. If Christ's life be indeed the model—and we believe it is—then the best way of learning how the precepts of the Bible should be obeyed, is by studying the life of Christ and observing how He obeyed them. While the record given of that life is fragmentary, it is sufficient for the purpose. To talk to men of commands and laws, is to appeal to their conscience; but it is a cold and abstract proceeding. While to hold up before them Christ, is to kindle their love and make the strongest possible appeal to their hearts. It is our duty to hold up before men's eyes the

crucified Jesus, dying that they might live; but it is also our duty to hold up the living Christ, who fulfilled all righteousness and by example taught men how to live. The precepts of Scripture and the life of Jesus should be studied together; for they serve to explain each other. In preaching obedience, it is well to show how Christ obeyed. "Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience," etc. This will put new life and power into the commands of the Bible, and give men clearer and more practical ideas of how those commands should be obeyed. There is not a precept in Scripture that does not find its highest obedience in Christ's life, and it has been well said of the Bible that not a word of it can be rightly understood except through a deed.—*Religious Herald*.

HOLD FAST TO CERTAINTIES.

Amid all your doubts you must accept some things as certain; hold these, then, and set up to them, so you will prove that you are a doer of the word, and put yourself into a position where you will catch the first glimpse of returning light.

Very instructive in this regard is the experience recorded by Frederick W. Robertson, of his striving toward the light, in that terrible spiritual conflict which he fought out among the solitudes of the Tyrol. In one of his letters written there he says, "Some things I am certain of, and these are my *Uraschen*, which cannot be taken away from me. I have got so far as this: Moral goodness and moral beauties are realities, lying at the basis, and beneath all forms of the best religious expressions." And, generalizing from his case, he thus addressed the workmen of Brighton, in words which I delight to quote, because, though I did not meet them until after I had written the former part of this discourse, they corroborate in the strongest manner what I have already said:

"It is an awful hour—let him who passed through it say how awful—when this life has lost its meaning and seems shrivelled into a span; when the grave appears to be the end of all, human goodness nothing but a name, and the sky above this universe a dead expanse black with the void from which God himself has disappeared. In that fearful loneliness of spirit, when those who should have been his friends and counsellors only frown upon his misgivings, and profanely bid him stifle his doubts, I know but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scathless; it is by holding fast those things which are certain still—the grand, simple landmarks of morality. In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, that at least is certain. If there be no God and no future state, yet even then it is better to be generous than selfish; better to be chaste than licentious; better to be true than false; better to be brave than a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who in the tempestuous darkness of the soul has dared to hold fast these venerable landmarks! Thrice blessed is he who, when all is cheerless within and without, when the teachers terrify him and his friends shrink from him, has obstinately clung to moral good! Thrice blessed because his night shall pass into clear bright day."

If there be any young man before me passing through this terrible ordeal, let him take to himself the direction and the comfort of these eloquent sentences. Or, if he would have the same thing in homelier phrase, let him remember that only by acting up to the level of present convictions can we rise to higher things. Sometimes an evil life has led to a shipwreck of faith; but always a good character clarifies the spiritual perception; for has not Jesus said, "If any man be willing to do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God?" Keep your conduct abreast of your conscience, and very soon your conscience will be illumined by the radiance of God.—*W. M. Taylor*.

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