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### PASTORAL VISITATION.

From discussions that recently and now and then for a considerable time past, have appeared in the *London Methodist Recorder*, we infer that there is a growing conviction in the British Methodist mind, that neither in London nor in the rural parts of England is Methodist pastoral visitation anything like as effective as it ought to be. This conviction is well founded. The Circuit system as worked in England, is not favorable to the performance of systematic and thoroughly effective pastoral visitation. Circuits with three, four or more ministers stationed on them, each following the other for two or three years in ceaseless succession, in every pulpit comprised within those circuits, cannot reasonably expect that regular house-to-house visitation from their pastors with which it is desirable they should be blessed.

Then, there is another custom prevalent in British Methodism, which renders it simply impossible for Methodist Ministers endowed with striking popular talents to excel in their purely pastoral work. It is the custom of British Methodism to keep such men very largely occupied in special services demanding frequent absence from their appointed sphere of labour. Not worked as England is with fast travelled railroads, it cannot be that a minister who week after week is flying over the country from Land's End to the Tweed, can do his own Circuit justice in a pastoral point of view, even though he may manage to be generally in that Circuit on Sabbath day. This last described custom, we fancy, is not likely to be changed; but the time cannot be far distant when the English Circuit system will have to undergo important modification to make it practicable for English Wesleyan Ministers to overtake their proper pastoral work.

Noting the discussions referred to, we have been led to think that a frank and judicious interchange of sentiment in the columns of the *Provincial Wesleyan*, on the important subject of pastoral visitation, might be found profitable. Hoping that older and wiser ministers may be induced to offer such sage counsels on this matter as a long and varied experience enables them to present, we venture this week to break ground upon it.

Much meditation on ministerial work indulged in during our silent supernumeraryship has compelled us to attach very great importance to pastoral visitation. Were it in our power, with renovated vocal strength and restored hearing, to re-enter the active ranks of the ministry, we should strive to prepare more carefully and skillfully for the pulpit than ever before, with an eye to the achievement of direct results by the Divine blessing; but we should hope to give vastly increased attention to the non-pulpit department of pastoral labour. We would not wish to indulge in exaggerated statements on any subject. But we cannot help concluding that the thorough performance of pastoral duty is of supreme importance to the abiding prosperity of the Church. The sphere of pastoral duty comprises several departments of ministerial activity. We speak now, however, only of what may be included under the general term, pastoral visitation. The energetic and faithful performance of this duty involves, as we suppose, the adoption of some such course as the following:—

1. The prompt and frequent visitation of the sick belonging to one's own congregation, and belonging to no congregation, in one's neighbourhood according to the urgency of each case respectively.
2. The regular visitation of each Church member placed under one's care at his or her residence, if practicable.
3. The systematic visitation of each family or portion of a family forming part of one's regular congregation, whether members of the Church or not.
4. The visitation of persons not known to be connected with other Denominations established in one's vicinity, who attend one's ministrations with some degree of frequency.
5. The searching out of persons who formerly were Church members or who once worshipped with the congregation of which one has now charge, but who are not now known to belong to any Church or to worship with any congregation.
6. The extra visitation of persons who have disappeared for the time from the class room, or the pew, or who may be suffering from the occurrence of some painful calamity.
7. The extra visitation from time to time of non-profrs belonging to one's congregation, whom one has reason to believe to be cherishing serious thoughts respecting things divine.
8. The house-to-house visitation, as other duties permit, of families known to be neglectors of public worship, and of whose welfare no one else seems to care. All this we should consider to pertain of right to ordinary pastoral visitation. Of course, in times of revival and in some other emergencies the visitation in certain cases would have to be more frequent.

How frequently, a purely general visitation ought to be made, we cannot undertake to say. Much must depend on the extent of the field of labour and the number of persons to be visited. But in ordinary circumstances, we consider that congregation well cared for, so far as general pastoral visitation is concerned, whose members find their ministers crossing their thresholds once each quarter.

It seems superfluous to remark that the visitation spoken of is to be completely pastoral in its character. Its proper object can be described in very few words. The proper object of pastoral visitation in every case is either to strengthen those who are within the fold, or to bring those in who are without.

There are some ministers who from their sympathetic disposition, their tenderness of manner, their readiness of speech in the social circle, are peculiarly well fitted to excel in the pastoral work we have been describing. There are others who find that work exceedingly difficult of performance. Yet we believe there are none, possessed of the requisite degree of health and vigor, but may by conscientious practice become proficient in this most profitable department of ministerial exertion. Happy the young minister who commences his course in reference to this matter, as he would wish to close it. His will be no starless crown. But we have filled our paper with many things left unsaid, pertinent to the subject. Will they who can say those things more wisely and with more authority take up the question where we, for the present, lay it down?

J. R. N.

(For the Provincial Wesleyan.)

### DOCTRINAL SKETCHES, No. 7.

MAN—HIS PRESENT CONDITION.

From whatever point of observation we regard man, we are impressed with his many imperfections and his exposure to suffering. His infancy is characterized by pain and helplessness; his childhood and youth are spent in a protracted conflict with ignorance, and in acquiring the ability to provide the necessities of life; his mature years are absorbed in care and toil, and always checked more or less with disappointment, losses and bereavements; and his old age, even if it is attained, is a season of infirmity, not seldom of bitter regret, and of dismal forebodings. How short, too, is the period into which our aspirations and efforts are compressed! The sun, most gloriously down while it is yet day; and the fondly cherished purposes of their hearts are suddenly broken off. If the grace of God is not enjoyed, how paltry, and short lived are human joys, and how numerous and hard to bear are human sorrows! And if even the salvation of the gospel be realized, what self-denial, what sacrifices, what work must be done, what opposition encountered, what tribulation endured in order to overcome, and inherit eternal life! Where is this? Did God so make man when He created him in His own image? Must we account for the universal degradation and misery of our race on the ground of bad example and defective education? We might ask in reply, is all example bad? Is all training radically defective? If not, why does not the right as often develop a pure and perfect character, as the wrong produce a base and perverse one? But if every pattern is incomplete, if every system of instruction is faulty, how comes this universal corruption of men and manners? The facts are obvious, account for them as we may. Man is not only capable of sinning, but sinful. The evil does not insinuate itself into his heart from without, but lies latent in the human soul, and in a thousand forms reveals itself outwardly in the life. All men are depraved, and all men die. How, on the supposition of original innocence can the former of these facts be explained; or the latter of them reconciled with the just, not to say blessed, administration of the law of God? Fault is sometimes found with the rigour of the rule "the soul that sinneth it shall die," but on this theory far greater severity is gratuitously ascribed to the Father of Mercies. He is represented as appointing senseless agonies and often premature deaths to our race; while, on the other hand, those whose years are prolonged are, by His arrangement, placed in a world where, through the force of example and education, their purity is sure to be sullied and their virtue lost! Such are some of the absurdities—some of the merciless conclusions—to which that scheme would lead us, whose professed object is to rebuke evangelical cynicism, and to exalt man to his proper position of immaculate excellence.

The scriptural account of our condition is very different. We do not claim for it a perfect exposition of the subject. The clearest revelation of the word of God is made for the benefit of beings whose capacities are limited, and whose present condition is one of probation. They can know "but in part." The effulgence of saving truth is shaded off into the inscrutable mysteries of the Divine Government. Yet "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." What He has designed to show us is sufficient for all practical purposes; and for the rest, in due season, the heavens shall declare His righteousness; for God is "judging Himself."

The first fact bearing directly upon our subject is that when Adam fell, all his posterity were involved in his ruin. That stood towards his posterity in a covenant relation, that he was their representative, that his acts entailed fearful consequences upon them as well as upon himself, are truths explicitly taught us in the Holy Scriptures, and truths which harmonize perfectly with the history and circumstances of our race. Hear St. Paul. "In Adam all died." "By the offence of one," or rather as the margin reads, "By one offence," judgment came upon all men to condemnation." "By one man sin entered the world, and

death by sin; and so death passed upon all men for that, or, as the margin again reads, in whom "all have sinned."

That one transgression, therefore, sufficed to place man under condemnation, and that condemnation is transmitted to every child of Adam's race. The guilt which he contracted is in a certain sense, inherent in every descendant; who consequently becomes a child of wrath "even as others." This truth is very humiliating, we admit, but it is also very salutary. It hides pride from man, and its cordial acceptance is the first step towards salvation by grace.

If the terms transmitted condemnation, and inherent guilt are objected to, we should willingly exchange them for others if the thing which they signify were as clearly set forth. But this thing is essential to the Christian scheme, and we do not know of words better suited to convey the proper idea. The condemnation of which we speak is not absolute—it never by itself occasioned eternal death. The interposition of the sacrificial death of Christ holds it in abeyance, and in the case of those who die in infancy reverses its spiritual and eternal consequences; and for all such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Nevertheless that condemnation is real. No one, not even the virtuous and God fearing, can claim exemption from the penalty of the broken law, or participation in the privileges of the children of God, until pardon has been obtained for Christ's sake. Inherent guilt, from the very nature of the case, cannot be a liability to punishment for actual transgression. It is not a sense of such liability. But it is the subjection of a person to disabilities and infirmities incurred by an ancestor. The reprobation of a criminal's estate does in fact impoverish his children; the reproach which he entails upon himself, and the neglect of their morals, certainly place them at a serious disadvantage in society. This may illustrate our meaning. We are under obligation to suffer punishment, and justly, for the sin of our first parent. We all do thus suffer. This explains, in good part, the mystery of human life. God did not make man as at present we find him. He did not design the wreck and ruin which lies around, or exists within us. Neither hath he left us hopelessly in this condition. He hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation. Dying in the first Adam, we may yet have life in the second; and have it more abundantly. "He that sinned upon His own soul, but delivered him up for us, all how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"

But it is proper also to remark that because of the original transgression, and through the transmission of the condemnation so procured, man's moral nature is thoroughly depraved. That depravity should be the accompaniment of guilt, in the case of the actual sinner, is according to the dictates of reason, and fits a necessary result. The essence and indwelling of the Holy Spirit is essential to the holiness of our nature. But the Holy Spirit is the seal of the divine favour. If that favour be forfeited, the Spirit withdraws Himself. Then, the source of holiness being gone, holiness itself is utterly destroyed. Suppose the sun, the source of light and heat, to be plucked from its orbit, would not darkness and cold sterility envelop the face of this fair earth and bring about a state of chaos and desolation? Or, suppose again, what is often witnessed, that the soul of man is sundered from the body, does not the senses fall? Is not the power of motion lost? does not life at once become extinct? So it is with the soul. If the principle of its life, the powers may be there, but its vitality is gone.

But when the agent of the divine life forsakes the soul of man, another agent will be found to have usurped His place. The temple of the human heart becomes the abode of the unclean Spirit. To borrow again our illustration from nature, the death of the body is not annihilated, but from the moment at which it is forsaken of the soul, it tends to corruption. It cannot be more dead at one time than another, but it can be further removed from the semblance of life, from the capability of re-organization and re-energization. So with the soul. Forsaken of God, it is dead in sin. Nevertheless, under the corrupting influence of Satan, it may become more and more unholy—more and more alienated from the life of God. This is the unhappy condition of Adam, and this is also the unhappy condition of all his offspring. He "begat a son in his own likeness." Spiritual death has gone down from generation to generation. "There is none righteous, not one." There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God." And every actual offence not only increases our liability to punishment, but more fully corrupts and destroys our soul. Thankfully do we accept the assurance, that for the sake of the atonement of Christ all may be saved—that the life-giving Spirit "drives" with every human being in order to his recovery to God; yet must we no less accept of His Saviour's own statement, "Verily, verily, except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God."

C. S.

### THE LATE REV. A. W. TURNER.

In the Wesleyan Church on Sabbath evening last, the recent decease of the Rev. ALFRED W. TURNER was improved to a crowded congregation, by the Rev. J. DOVE, who preached a sermon from II. Cor. v, verse 1.

The following touching allusion to the late Rev. Mr. Turner's decease, which (having applied to the Rev. J. Dove for a copy of the manuscript) was kindly furnished to-day:—

"The late Rev. A. W. TURNER, over whose mortal body the grave has just closed, was no stranger to you. His character was such as to secure the general esteem of all who were acquainted with him. Being the son of a somewhat eminent and living minister in connection with the Wesleyan Conference, England, his advantages in early life were favorable both religious and mental culture. He had the privilege of attending the Woodhouse Grove School, one of the two institutions in the parent land for the education of the sons of Methodist Preachers. We believe that it may be said

of him, as of Obadiah, he "feared the Lord from his youth." This fear was filial in its character, for his heart was touched by the renewing power of the Holy Ghost, and as a subject of "the Kingdom of God," he could rejoice in Christ Jesus, having no confidence in the flesh."

"In his native land he had the esteem and confidence of the Church, and was regarded as one by whom the cause of common humanity would be advanced.

"We very well remembered the circumstances under which we first formed his acquaintance. It was in the fall of 1869, soon after his arrival in this country. Thrown into almost daily contact with him for more than a week we had an opportunity of observing his excellencies, and of glorifying God for the gifts and graces bestowed on him.

"In the Spring of 1869 he, with two other young men of about the same age, presented himself before the District Committee of Wesleyan Ministers as a candidate for the Holy Ministry. (Of the three only one now survives.) Our late brother, (with the others,) received by the Church, and sent forth to bear the message of salvation to the sons of men.

"As a Methodist preacher he was faithful in his declaration of the truth, clearly setting forth the doctrines and duties which Methodism believes to be the very soul of Christianity. When his tongue was employed in the high services of the sanctuary, he sought not to dazzle men's minds, but to save their souls. He preached the truth with all affectionate plainness and Godly sincerity, "not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit and of power." "He watched our souls as one that must give an account."

He longed to be the means of rescuing poor sinners from hell, and raising them to heaven. He aimed to reach the conscience with the power of truth. He belonged to Methodism, and was blessed by it; and Methodism belonged to him, and was served by him in return. He took a lively interest in its welfare and his fair to render it important services. But at the same time he knew nothing of that little work of soul which refuses to recognize the work of God outside his own peculiar denomination. His motto was "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." In the fulfilment of the duties of the sacred office he sought not a name for himself, he asked not for important position, but wished to be in that place which the Master appointed. He sought not for the honour of men, but for the honour which cometh from above. His study was to show himself approved unto God rightly "dividing the word of truth, giving unto each a portion of meat in due season." He shrank not from toil or from difficulty, not seeking his own ease, but working for the Church's welfare in all her departments, for the spiritual welfare of her individual members, and for the salvation of the souls of sinners.

"The poor generally, but especially the Lord's poor, were the object of his commiseration and sympathy. In the Sabbath School institution he took great delight, and studied to make more effective this most important part of the Church's activities.

With his general character you are familiar, for, for three years he went in and out among you as one that ardently longed to do you good. You remember the amiability of his disposition, the benignity of his smile, how some of your hearts were comforted by his counsels and advice.

Whenever he was stationed he was beloved. On his last Circuit, Halifax, N. S., he was held in great esteem for his work's sake.

"That one so good, so well calculated to do good, so well furnished by the gifts of the Master, and by acts of self-consecration for usefulness in the Church militant, should be first laid aside and then called away, is matter of mystery to us, who yet remain in the wilderness. Truly God's thoughts are not as man's. He permitted health, never very robust, to decline, he appointed for his servant to suffer the life Divine, and though delighting and most wishful to work for Christ, yet he acquiesced with meek submission in the wise arrangement of Him who bid him pass from the ranks of active labourers to those of patient sufferers; that even by this he might serve Christ and "his generation by the will of God."

In this holy place he closed "the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus Christ." Perhaps some of you remember how one Sabbath evening in the fall of 1869, he spoke to you about "the wedding garment," and how the following Sabbath morning, with the parable of the unjust judge as his text, he proclaimed for the last time, the Gospel of Jesus. Perhaps he did not then think that it would be his last public message, for he hoped, if it was the Lord's will, to regain his strength, but so it proved. The trumpet then gave no uncertain sound. Fifteen months of depressing weakness were appointed unto him; restored health, though he sought it in other lands, was denied; his public work was done; the ripening for the heavenly garner was to be accomplished in the chamber of affliction.

His Christian experience was marked by unshaken confidence in the Saviour of sinful man. He had humbling views of himself, but exalted views of the mercy of God in Christ. Resting on the "Rock of Ages," his soul was kept in peace, looking steadily at the prospect of succumbing to the last enemy, he could with holy triumph exclaim, "O death where is thy sting?" He had this confidence, that for him "to die would be gain." For some weeks before his death his weakness of body prevented him from engaging much in conversation, but the few utterances that escaped from his lips gave evidence of the peace within—the glorious prospect before him. Having set his face towards the heavenly Jerusalem he calmly awaited the summons to pass through the gates of death, that he might enter the "city which hath foundations." And the summons did at last arrive; on the morning of Monday, 27th February, as the day was peacefully breaking, the weary wheels of life stood still, the prisoner was released from the burden of the flesh, and the spirit "by angel guards attended" went home to God.

"When from flesh the spirit freed,  
Hastens homeward to return!  
Mortals cry, 'A man is dead!'—  
Angels sing 'A child is born!'"

"Borne unto the world alone,  
They our happy brothers greet;  
Bear him to the throne of Love,  
Place him at the Saviour's feet.  
Jesus smiles, and says 'well done'  
Good and faithful servant thou;  
Enter and receive the crown,  
Reign with me in triumph now."

"Angels catch the approving sound,  
Bow and bless the just award;  
Hail the heir with glory crown'd,  
Now rejoicing with his Lord."

Oh, what a mighty change! Oh, what a glorious vision! Face to face he beholds the majesty and glory of the Saviour, whom he delighted to proclaim to sinful men as the only hope, and rejoices in the sight.

By the death of our brother beloved the Church has sustained a loss—but heaven is enriched—another gem is placed in the mediatorial servant. But he being dead yet speaking, the Master, by the example of his departed, bore witness to the young. He took a lively interest in young men, and having fallen on the battle-field, comparatively young, who will rush to the foremost rank—to fill his place, to oppose as he did, vice in every form—to avow himself on the side of Christ, and fearlessly to lift up the standard of the Lord. Though we mourn his departure we wish him not back, but would rather seek, in the faithful discharge of life's varied duties, so to live that it may be our happiness, in God's own time to meet him again, and to be associated with the completed company of the ransomed host, who sing "the new song" before the throne.—Public Ledger.

### WHERE SHALL I FIND HIM?

He was a noble specimen of a man. His figure was commanding. His expressive, intelligent eye and broad forehead marked him as one gifted with intellect, and a smile rarely beauty lighted up all his face, and attracted kindly glances wherever he went.

His parents had died when he was quite young, leaving him considerable property, which had not, however, paralyzed his energies; for his record as a scholar was a brilliant one; and now he has entered upon a successful career as a lawyer.

With all his other attainments he was a fine musician, and in the choir, where various instruments were then used as an accompaniment to the voice, he played the flute with great skill. He was always punctual at Church, drawn there as it seemed by his love for music, as the preaching evidently failed to interest him. He spent his time during this part of the service in turning over the leaves of anthem and chant, and when the last sentence was uttered he always seemed to be relieved.

But now there came a Sabbath when the tall, handsome figure entered not the village choir, and the dulcet notes of the flute were silent. To the inquiry as to the cause of the absence, one of our ways so punctual at Church, the answer was given that he had been stricken with a fever.

Before another Sabbath dawned it was whispered that the young lawyer was dangerously ill; then, that there was no hope, and that he had asked anxiously for the clergyman whose ministrations had been wont to weary him. Quickly the man of God obeyed the summons and hastened to his side, but alas! only to find him fast nearing that mystic river, over which, sooner or later, we all must pass. Agonizingly he pressed the minister's hand, and said, with anguish in his tones, "I fear you are too late. I am going—where? O where?"

"Lead to Jesus," said the clergyman.

"But where shall I find him? O where shall I find him?" asked the dying man, and instantly his spirit was gone into eternity.

The next was a solemn Sabbath, indeed, when, with that vacant stare before us, those flute notes hushed for ever, the choir sang, with trembling voices, those solemn words—

There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!

N. Y. Observer.

### HOW TO GET RICH.

A very peculiar man was old Mr. Cloesen. All his life he had been to the house of God on the Sabbath. Very few men ever got so much preaching for so little money. He had been a home man, always at work, always saving, and always laying up money. He had a sort of intuitive knowledge that the man whom he saw in the pulpit with his minister one Sabbath morning must be after money for some good object, and so he buttoned up his coat at once, and so eloquently could he unbutton it. Some neighbor reported that he was once known to give away a shilling; but that was long ago, and so lacking in confirmation that no one believed it.

Just as the old year was going out and the new one coming in, I met Mr. Cloesen in the road, looking over the wall at a fine-looking field of wheat belonging to himself. There was a glow on his face, which seemed to say, "Ah, sir! that crop will bring me many dollars next year."

"Well, Mr. Cloesen, you have got a fine field of wheat, to be sure."

"Yes, sir; and it's not the first I have raised. I assure you. My land gives me grand crops of wheat. My barns are more than full of the crops of last summer."

"What are you going to do with it all?"

"Do? Why sell it, to be sure."

"And what will you do with the money?"

"Why, there's a new trouble. It is difficult to know how to invest it so as to have it safe, and yet yield a good dividend. I must have both."

"I can tell you, sir, where you can do it."

"I doubt it; but let us hear. Will the money be safe?"

"Perfectly so."

"And the interest good and sure?"

"Yes, without fail."

"Well, tell us at once all about it."

"I advise you to invest a part in China."

"In China?"

"Yes. We are having the whole of that empire opening its gates to receive our religion, our civilization, and our institutions. The Board of Missions are about to send out a score of young, self-denying preachers of the Gospel, and we want the means. Here you can invest, and the principal will be safe, and the income large."

"Do you suppose I am simple enough to believe that money given away is ever to return, or pay a dividend? Sir, I am not quite a fool."

"I hope you can say that a thousand years hence. But may I tell you a short story?"

"Certainly, if it be a true one. None of your make-up stories for me. Every word shall be true."

"Well, sir, a few days since I met a gentleman, the owner of large paper mills. He took me through the mills, and showed me the great mass of pulp, and the great piles of paper ready for the market, and a world of things which I did not comprehend. After seeing all the machinery and hearing his praises of his men, and how they sent for United States stocks—fifty and a hundred dollars at a time—every time he went to the city, I said:

"Will you please, sir, tell me the secret of your great success, for you told me you began life with nothing."

"I don't know that there is any secret about it. When sixteen years old I went to St. work. I was to receive forty dollars a week and my food, no more, no less. My clothing and all my expenses were to come out of the forty dollars. I then solemnly promised the Lord that I would give Him one tenth of my wages, and also that I would save another tenth for future capital. This resolution I carried out, and after laying aside one tenth for the Lord I had, at the end of the year, much more than a tenth for myself. I then promised the Lord, whether he gave more or less, I would never give less than one tenth to him. To this vow I have conscientiously adhered until now, and if there be any secret to my success I attribute it to this. I feel sure I am far richer on my nine-tenths—though I hope I don't now limit my charities to that—than if I had kept the whole."

"How do you account for it?"

"In two ways. First, I believe God has blessed me, and made my business to prosper; and, secondly, I have so learned to be careful and economical that my nine-tenths go far beyond what the whole would. And I believe that any man who will make the trial will find it so."—Rev. JOHN TODD, D.D.

### A "DYING HYMN."

When Alice Cary drew near to the gates of death she was fond of hearing Christian songs sung in her chamber. *Harper's Bazar* says: "She frequently asked her friends to sing such hymns as 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' 'Show pity Lord, O Lord forgive,' and 'A charge to keep I have,' and she loved to have them sung to old tunes." Her frequent quotation from Holy Scripture, when in intense pain, was: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him." How the memories of childhood come back when the world recedes. "Tell me the old, old story." Sing the old songs to the old tunes when death comes. Her poems, conversations, and letters for many months breathed the very spirit of Christ, and here is her "Dying Hymn," as she called it:—

Earth, with its dark and dreadful ills,  
Receives and fades away;  
Lift up your heads ye heavenly hills;  
Ye gates of death, give way!

My soul is full of whisped song;  
My blindness is my sight;  
The shadows that I dwell so long  
Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,  
Low as the grass to go,  
I feel grow firm beneath my feet  
The green, immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives,  
Low as the grass to go,  
I know that my Redeemer lives—  
That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see  
Where dwells my Lord and King,  
O grave! where is thy victory?  
O death! where is thy sting?

Central Christian Advocate.

That which is most valuable and lovely of life and earth—sanctified friendship—cannot be said to die with those we love; but through their death it is raised rather to a higher and more influential life. By the transfer of our loved ones to heaven, our friendship becomes spiritualized and perpetuated.—*Light at Evening-Time*.

### MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

By the Royal Mail Steamer which has just arrived from the Cape of Good Hope we are in receipt of papers and private letters which bring missionary intelligence of great interest, but of a varied character, some of the items of information being very pleasing, and others painful and afflictive. The Wesleyan missionary field of the Cape District have generally been in the habit of assembling for the transaction of their annual business towards the close of January; but this year they met a week earlier to enable the respected chairman and general superintendent, the Rev. Samuel Hardey, to proceed to the frontier and Kaffirland—a visit concerning which we hope to hear again in due time, as it is likely to be attended by circumstances of deep interest. The Cape District embraces all the Wesleyan mission stations, both colonial and native, in the Western Province of the colony, and in Namaqualand, and the work is carried on in two or three different languages for the benefit of the English settlers and the native population.

At the district meeting recently held at Green Point, near Capetown, all the ministers were present and apparently in the enjoyment of tolerable health. The proceedings were as usual conducted in a spirit of harmony and brotherly love, and the reports presented from the respective stations, of the progress of the good work, were generally of a very pleasing character. The congregations, societies and schools

which said to be advancing both in numbers and efficiency, and the financial income of most of the funds was reported as satisfactory. This was especially the case with the "Auxiliary Branch Missionary Society." A scheme for the liquidation of debts on chapels and other mission property, which has been in operation four years, aided by the Jubilee Fund, continues to work well, the sum of £735 having been raised for this object in the district during the past twelve months. One native candidate for the ministry passed his examination, and was recommended to be received into full Connection. At the close of the meeting the brethren returned to their respective spheres of labour with feelings of gratitude for the past, and with cheerful hopes of still greater success in time to come.

In the meantime, however, an event occurred which cast a gloom over the mission families, and made every one feel how uncertain is human life, and all things here below. This was the sudden death of the Rev. Charles Pickering, a young missionary of amiable disposition and promising talents, but of feeble health and constitution, who had arrived at the Cape from England just three months before to proceed to his appointed station in the Eastern Province. Mr. Pickering had only preached once in Southern Africa when, on the following day, he was taken ill, being seized with a fit of coughing which broke a blood vessel, and he was entirely incapacitated for further service. He continued unwell for several weeks, during which the best attention was paid to him, both medical and domestic, and at times he rallied a little so as to inspire his friends and brethren with the hope of his recovery. On the Monday before he died he removed from Mowbray to the camp-ground with the hope of deriving benefit from the change. On the Thursday morning following, he took his breakfast as usual, and said that he felt better, and would take a little walk in the avenue before the house. He did so, but had not been out more than five minutes when he was seen to stagger and fall. Help was immediately given, and when raised from the ground he was bleeding profusely from the mouth. When spoken to, he opened his eyes, but never spoke again, and immediately expired. The remains of the dear servant of God were interred on the following day, all the ministers of the district and a large concourse of mourning friends attending his funeral in token of respect for his memory. On the following Sabbath the sudden death of Mr. Pickering was improved in all the chapels in Capetown and neighborhood, large and attentive congregations assembling to hear the impressive discourses delivered on the solemn occasion.

In these "Gleanings" we have only space remaining to advert very briefly to another portion of the mission field from which intelligence has come to hand of a most encouraging character. We advert to an interesting letter from the Rev. George Sargeant, the devoted chairman and general superintendent of the Jamaica District, which appears in the "Wesleyan Missionary Notices" for the current month. For several years past the West Indian mission has been laboring under numerous difficulties of a most depressing and discouraging character. But now, thank God, as we observed some time ago, the tide seems to have turned, and a flow of prosperity appears to have set in, which we hope will be extensive and enduring. This is delightfully evident from the communication before us, as well as from many other reports which might be cited.

The General Secretaries in England having submitted to Mr. Sargeant several questions on the state of the work and the condition of the people, his replies are of the most satisfactory and hopeful character. On the subject of education Mr. Sargeant writes: "Having personally inspected a number of the schools during the year, I am prepared with some degree of confidence to answer the question. With but one exception they are taught by native teachers. About half the number have been taught in the 'Mico Training Institution.' They are paid in proportion to their ability and the importance of the school. With regard to the progress of the children in our schools, I may remark that we stand on a level with the best Jamaica day-schools. The result of inspection each year shows a steady progress." It is also pleasant to note that the children and young people are fond of reading; and, in the absence of an adequate supply of interesting books, which the missionaries regret, they make good use of the Bible, hymn-books, tracts, and such other little books as they can procure. In illustration of the fact that the labouring population of Jamaica are endeavoring to improve their social condition, Mr. Sargeant says: "In my travels I met an African, brought to this country as a rescued slave. He is the proprietor of a pretty extensive farm, a comfortable and well-furnished house, and a number of horses and other live stock. Many years ago he bought a starving child by the wayside, took her and clothed her as his own, and gave her a good education. He also took pity upon two fatherless sons of a poor African, became a father to them, supplied all their wants, gave them trades, and the best education our schools could afford; and these young men are now respected and respectable members of society. This man is a leader and a local preacher among us, and ever ready for every good work. No man of any rank or colour in the neighbourhood is more trusted than he."

To these interesting facts many more might be added, all tending to show that the aboriginal and native population of the island are not the stupid creatures that some have represented them to be, but are capable of improvement and elevation in the scale of being. Nor are they less susceptible of genuine religious impressions. When savingly converted to God they make earnest, lively, happy Christians, among whom the missionaries feel they could gladly live and die. It is matter of gratitude to God that the number of such on our respective stations in the West Indies is constantly increasing, and we have every reason to anticipate the ultimate success of this important department of our foreign work if we only stand by our sable brethren with warm hearts and liberal hands in the time of their weakness, till the good work shall become self-supported by the social, civil, and religious elevation of the people.—*London Watchman*.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. A. W. TURNER.

It was with sincere regret that I learned of the last mail of the death of my friend and brother, the Rev. A. W. Turner. By his death, the church of Christ has lost one of its most devoted ministers, and his wife and family a most devoted husband and father. In all of the three circuits on which he labored in this island his name is as eminent as his life. He was distinguished for his retiring disposition, his keen insight into men and things, his zeal for the cause of God and his unceasing efforts and activity in the service of Christ. I once heard him preach from the words, "For ye serve the Lord Christ," Col. 3, 24, and I thought and still think that while in the flesh he was a living exposition of that sacred text. He was constantly aiming to be useful both as a public exponent of the truth and in every way he could think of in advancing the Redeemer's Kingdom. His opinion of himself was of the most depreciating character. In many of his letters I have in my possession he speaks of himself in the most disparaging terms. He never seemed satisfied with the almost superhuman exertions he put forth for his fellow man and was always looking forward to the time when he trusted to realize his fondest hopes. The fact was his soul was too big for the frail tabernacle in which it resided. But now all is over, and he is gone. Gone to be with Christ which is far better. Gone to join in the service of the upper and better sanctuary. He and the sainted Rev. W. L. Thornton who ordained him to the holy office of the ministry have now met in that land where the inhabitants never say they are sick. And now another standard bearer of the cross has fallen in Newfoundland. Nearly in every part of this island can we now point to where lies deposited the dust of valuable servants of God waiting to hear the sound of the trumpet on the resurrection. Yonder in the far north at Twillingate lies the sainted Marshall. At Greens Pond that youthful soldier Bro. Dutton, at Carleton Place that zealous minister of Christ Wm. Ellis, at Old Perlican the zealous Gaetz and at St. John's Chassey and Turner men of blessed memory. Most of these were young men, several had only just buckled on the armor and prepared for the fight when called to their reward. How loud the call to those still in the field to "Labour on at God's command and offer all their works to Him." May God help us so to do, and may He comfort and support the bereaved in the sincere prayer of

JOHN GOODRICH. Grand Bank, March 18, 1871.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1871.

Since the PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN last greeted its readers, millions of people to whom the memory of the Lord Jesus is more or less precious, have commemorated in the solemnities of Good Friday and Easter Sunday, His death and resurrection. It is most fitting that these great facts should be kept fresh in the recollection of mankind. They are of an importance that cannot be exaggerated. They concern the human family closely here and hereafter. They lie at the foundation of all well-founded human hopes of eternal blessedness. As we mentioned some time ago, the teaching and healing Christ that appeared in the Holy Land during the fulness of time was an altogether wonderful personage—a phenomenon not to be accounted for save on the supposition that He was God manifest in the flesh. Beautiful beyond all that could be invented by human genius was the life He lived in His lowliness. Pure, spiritual, lofty, all-embracing was the wisdom that flowed from His lips. Such a life clothed with meekness and mercy, and such wisdom, were in themselves a demonstration of the truth of the religion Jesus taught. We see not how any one can study that life and ponder that heart a supreme desire to love and be loved by Jesus Christ.

Yet all the beauty of that life, and all the radiance of that wisdom, would, in turn, have utterly failed to make both plain and possible to man the pathways of everlasting safety and joy, had that life and that wisdom been supplemented by no sufficient sacrificial death. It was the cross that spanned the yawning chasm that separated man from his Maker. It was the immolation of the Divine victim that enabled Divine justice in its majesty, and with no abatement of its righteous claims, to give place to the Divine mercy. But the philosophy of the fact, like the mystery of the ministry, and the mystery of the Incarnation, is enwrapped in impenetrable darkness. We can still, through the pages of the sacred narrative, and by the aid of our imagination, accompany the Man of Sorrows through the Passion week. We can reverently lean upon His bosom at the Supper table, as His pathetic speech flows on through the sad midnight hours. We can go with Him to the Garden, and watch while His companions sleep, worn out by grief, and note the agony He endures. We may proceed side by side with Him to the hall of the High Priest, the palace of the King, and the tribunal of the Judge; and observe all the torture and the contumely inflicted on Him. From the Judgment Seat, we may pass with Him over the way of sorrow, to the Hill Golgotha. Here we may mark with what ignominy and agony the hard old Romans do their criminals to death. But oh! within the mystery that encircles the central cross, we cannot pass. The character of the conflict there going on in the thick darkness, we cannot comprehend. All that we know is that He is dying, the just for the unjust; that He is giving Himself a ransom for all; that He is tasting death for every man; that He is taking away the sin of the world; and that He is providing for us redemption through His blood, making propitiation for our innumerable transgressions. Beyond this all is mystery. Happily this is enough. But, truly, if Jesus thus died, the fact cannot too vividly be borne in mind, or too loudly or too widely be proclaimed among the children of men.

Nor can too much stress be laid upon the thrilling, glorious, suggestive

fact that though He died, He yet saw no corruption, that He was Lord over the shadowy realm of the dead, that having freely laid down His life, He as freely took it up again, and that He was declared to be the Son of God with power by His resurrection from the dead. How cheering is this truth, and how well attested! As we follow our departing loved ones with straining, tear-dimmed vision amid the thickening gloom of the dark and silent valley, or as our own weary, faltering feet move onward to the brink of the cold, deep river, how inspiring to know that He traversed the road both ways as a glorious conqueror, that there are no perils in it to those who love Him; and that all those who in His name enter its shadows shall at the fitting time emerge from it in glory and joy! And then what an inexpressible happiness it is to those sorely needing sympathy and grace to help them in the time of need, to be assured that their great and well tried friend lies powerless and pulseless in no gloomy sepulchre but lives in all the energy and splendour of His being in the very centre of light, love and life! What a bliss to know that Jesus is not a mere memory, but He never so sweet—not a dear blessedness of the past however precious—but a living loving Redeemer at the right hand of God!

J. R. N.

THE PRESENT LITERARY EPOCH.

Human tastes are astonishingly capricious. Any one who has lived in the same apartments for successive years, must have been amused and perplexed with the frequent changes to which the furniture is subjected from time to time. Your old easy-chair, which was the more luxurious because of its convenient situation, is tumbled off by nervous hands to another corner, and some forbidding Lounges or sofas are put in its place. That room is spoiled of her sex's mental tastes and habits—doffs and dons one extravagant fashion after another. In short there are fashions in everything—dress, upholstery, cookery, social habits, domestic manners, &c. &c. Styles in writing—modes of Literature—have been changing incessantly, since mankind became able servants and masters of the Press. Any one visiting a general in sentence or capable of weaving words together in any trenchant or pretty way, was sure to have numbers of admirers and imitators. Thus we have had Byronese in poetry and Carlylese in prose, to nauseousness. How came we ever to deviate from the modes of expression peculiar to our forefathers?

For long generations the sons of the Angle and the Saxon, knew no language in mutual interchange of thought than that contained in those old tomes, now so rare—the Anglo-Saxon classics. Shakespeare and Bunyan have left us a style of pure, terse, vigorous language, which was as surely a characteristic of the Englishman's mind, as his robust face was an index of his habits of body. Then came the school of Addison, Steele, Johnson and others, who, by Rascals, the Tatler, the Rambler and the Guardian, laboured assiduously to elevate the literature of their country. The result was a corruption of our language; for, with all its perfection of smoothness and grace, the best English of to-day is much like the coin we nail to the counter—spurious, though pleasant to the eye. We know of no better figure to represent the result, than an old gnarled trunk, of toughest fibre and northern growth, covered with grafts of every tint from the warm tropics.

The third epoch of English literature promises to bring a baser administration. Education is spreading rapidly, and with it a love of reading. The highest class of readers we may presume will always retain pure and proper modes of expression; but the mass of mankind, especially in this western world, are exposed to the curse of being educated by a class of men who lay every power under contribution to the one purpose of becoming popular. We have had the curiosity to examine this latest development of literary caprice, and these are the results of our observation. There is no little originality about these men and women—for both sexes are in the field. Shrewd practical observers and thinkers some of them are, who could make their mark anywhere, any day, by the strength of intellect they bring to bear on their subjects. They usually select as topics for discussion, men and things lying on the surface of social life, and thus gain readily the attention of the common classes. One of the most noted of these—Mark Twain—has even visited the Holy Land; and his books with their author, may be taken as an illustration of the whole prurient tribe. The author's name must necessarily be fetitious, with a smack of originality and humour; it is to be presumed no writer can succeed as plain John Smith or Rebecca Thomson. Then, no single page is allowed to go into the printer's hands without a pun or two, a spicy joke, behind which you can hear the author laughing in great enjoyment. Direct, honest truth will never, never do; there must be falsehoods, no matter how glaring, so that they are ingenious and well-dressed. And interlarding all, to make the repast palatable, neat and pungent profanity, nicely—rounded sentences, which fastidious people would call blasphemous, must be freely used. The Book thus written cannot be trusted to its own merits for attention and popularity; it must be whipped into notice by some quaint, imitative title. Thus, a visit from New York to Jerusalem by a Yankee, Galadai Company, becomes known as "The Innocent abroad," and the same journey reversed is entitled "The New Pilgrim's Progress." This latter is a capital hit! The immortal dreamer wrote a Book which is the second in point of circulation in the world. What better can any man do than adopt a title which every one knows by sound! How complimentary to the Bedford genius! The famous squaw who proposed English, sold her baskets by following a glib aboriginal vend in the basket-cry, is outdone by the modern Yankee pedlar, as he walks in the footsteps of John Bunyan with his nasal "Me too—me too."

But, seriously, what is all this leading to? This class of Books we find stuffed in all imaginable colours of flattery by the Press; sold in all the shops and show-rooms of the continent; read in street-cars, railway-cars, and behind the counters; displayed

every table, with well thumbed leaves and dog-eared at every corner, indicating how freely and eagerly travellers come to this fountain to drink. We are told such Books do well for relaxation, but if we may judge by appearance, most of the public are relaxing in literature and doing nothing else. On the principal demand and supply, we shall doubtless have floods of this latest and worst literary trash.

A. W. N.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

Disturbance in Paris—Peril of the City—Napoleon in England—The Royal Marriage—Doings in Parliament—Gracious Revivals in Methodism—The March Quarterly Meetings.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—It was out of my power to forward my accustomed letter a fortnight ago. That heavy pressure of the domestic bereavement which befell us, having now passed, it is with pleasure that I resume those hasty notes of passing events in dear old England, and the lands which lie on this side of the Atlantic. Peace has been finally concluded between the two great powers which for seven dreary months have been engaged in deadly strife. But the gift of peace has not brought quiet and tranquillity to poor unhappy France. At present the affairs of the Government and Paris are in a most disastrous condition. The Red Republicans, fierce and unruly men, have obtained supremacy within Paris, and established a form of government which is conspicuous chiefly for its defiance of Mr. Thiers and the Assembly by which peace was concluded with the invading Germans. The spirit of wild lawlessness is just now terribly rampant in Paris. The parties loyal to the Government are in extreme danger and already the lives of two brave Generals have been sacrificed and a third is being held as a hostage by the constituted rulers of the hapless city. The national troops are unreliable, and in many instances have gone over en masse to the side of misrule and anarchy. The elected Government is at Versailles, a few miles from Paris, and has for its protection about 60,000 troops. They trust to quiet and conciliate the stern faction in Paris, and save their loyal capital from an attack which might work greater ruin than even that disastrous work accomplished by the Germans.

It is rumored that some of the Imperial troops which were on the point of departure for their homes, have been ordered to remain, in consequence of the unsettled state of affairs, and if needed, save the Government of France from the attacks of its own people and nation. The deposed Emperor of France has been released from his captivity in Germany and is permitted to go in any direction he might choose. He has arrived in England and joined the Empress and their son in the quiet retreat of Chiselhurst. It is not known whether any definite plan of flight has been adopted, or the belief that she will form a compact with evil spirits, and that she executed preternatural influences against the excess of the tribe in their hunting expeditions. When will the church send the Gospel to all wretched Pagans who are perishing for want of it? Hasn't the happy day when they shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make them free.

Montreal contains multiplied demonstrations of the blessings imparted by the Gospel. There are seen in operation in its various religious societies. The Young Men's Christian Association has lately held another free and public meeting, in the Mechanic's Hall, which was crowded. The President, Mr. Claxton gave a view of the history and present state of the Association, that was most satisfactory. The Rev. Mr. Wells inculcated the duty of Christian young men working for the good of the toilers in the cities, the workhouses, the workshops, and on the wharves of the city. The Rev. Mr. Hunter declaimed on the relative duties of young men and their employers, urging also on his youthful hearers sustained personal effort in work for Christ. The speaking was excellent, and was received with frequent demonstrations of applause. The pleasure of the interested audience was further promoted by music and singing of the most cultivated style.

A noted event here in the month of March was the annual Exhibition of works by the Society of Canadian artists, consisting of paintings and statuary. Two former Exhibitions were liberally encouraged. The pictures on view were more than a hundred. But as other works were sold direct from the easel, the collection gave only an incomplete idea of the artists' professional diligence. Judges who have been able to compare the Exhibition of 1871 with those of former years, affirm, that the progress of the artists in general excellence is surprising. The hope is therefore, not without reason, entertained that the artists of Canada will take a worthy place among those of other countries, and make the world as familiar with the beauty and grandeur of Canadian landscapes, as the scenery of other, and hitherto more classic lands. That Montreal occupies the leading place in this matter is evident from the "Canadian Illustrated News," the last number of which would be a fair companion, of its popular predecessor of the same name, of London.

During the winter, the city has abounded in concerts, lectures, and soires. But all others were eclipsed by the brilliant "Conversation" of the Natural History Society, which was held a few days since. The culture of Montreal was there fairly represented. Principal Dawson delivered an address. The Microscope Club elucidated by means of their powerful instruments some of the wonders of the microscopic world. The Numismatic and Antiquarian Societies contributed a large collection of rare coins, and medals chiefly Canadian. There were also liberal contributions from other public and private sources.

Among the objects there seen were relics from the ancient Hochelaga of Cartier, the predecessor of the Montreal of to-day, including specimens of pottery on which Indian women of the old-time bestowed skill and taste. There were ornaments from Ontario which had been hammered out of native copper. Other ornaments had been laboriously ground of large shells from Newfoundland, and the coast of New Brunswick. There were also beads found near the Tobique River in the latter Province, taken from the grave of an Indian child, buried in those forest solitudes by some bereaved Indian mother, who expressed her grief and perhaps her hope and fears as to the welfare of her darling in the spirit land, by winding around its little corpse her precious string of wampum, which to her simple faith, had perhaps some value on that unknown shore.

During the evening, illustrations were given of coins and antiquities by the Lime Light, also of specimens of the insect and vegetable world. The latter called forth much admiration. The interest of the evening was well sustained. The large party found the occasion one of combined recreation and improvement. The day of Montreal took a novel form on the day of the marriage of the Princess Louise, and the Marquis of Lorne, M. P. The Union Jack, and British flags were hoisted over the

MONTREAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Shortly before the Rev. W. M. Punshon, M. A., departed to the Pacific coast, he lectured in Toronto on "John Wesley." His Excellency Governor Howland occupied the chair. The place was densely crowded, and the audience gave signs of satisfaction which could not be mistaken. The financial proceeds (\$600), were presented to the building fund of the large church commenced last autumn.

Near the same time a meeting was held in Berkeley Street Wesleyan church, to raise funds for erecting a new and commodious church on the site of the old one. Mr. Punshon presided. The whole amount required is \$10,000, one half of which was subscribed on the spot. These facts show the elasticity, and the heart of Methodism in the capital of Ontario.

One is pleased to know that Mr. Punshon's note will be through the lands in which small pax has recently had so many victims. The accounts of the scourge by the Rev. G. McDougall, the Methodist missionary of Victoria, are mournful in the highest degree. The pestilence swept over the broad and fertile plains of the great Saskatchewan, not overlooking the settlement in which was the home of the missionary. The mortality was great among the Indians, and the French half-breeds. The disease entered Mr. McDougall's family, all of whom but Mrs. McDougall were prostrated by it. Two of their daughters, Flora, the youngest, aged eleven years, and Georgina, were carried off by it. Flora loved the Saviour, Georgina died at her post. She had laboured incessantly for the good of the suffering people, with whose language and mode of thought she had become familiar. A gracious work had been wrought in her. Her last intelligent words were those of prayer. Mr. McDougall and his son were obliged themselves to carry her mortal remains to the grave. "Piercing" it may have been to the stricken missionary's heart when his son said to him "Father, find it hard to breathe our own dead." Hard indeed, but the sire and his son were comforted by the apostle's words, "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?" But thanks be to God, which giveth us the triumph through our Lord Jesus Christ.

This is one scene of trial. Others are constantly occurring to missionaries and their families in every part of the world. Surely these men of God are entitled to the churches' tenderest sympathies, and they should have a constant place in the churches' fervent prayers. Great good in the way of true evangelizing has been accomplished among the Indians in the North-West. The demand for three additional labourers is urgent. The pagans still perpetrate deeds of direct cruelty. With the recent intelligence from Norway the Rev. G. R. Young gives a terrific account of the deliberate burning to death, in the lonely wilderness of an aged Indian woman, by her own hands, and the belief that she had formed a compact with evil spirits, and that she executed preternatural influences against the excess of the tribe in their hunting expeditions. When will the church send the Gospel to all wretched Pagans who are perishing for want of it? Hasn't the happy day when they shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make them free.

I would not willingly conclude this letter without assuring you of my sorrow because of the decease of brethren Dutton, Turner, Winterbottom. Of these three men of God, the eldest might be supposed scarcely to have reached the full maturity of a minister of the word. The youngest indeed had no sooner grasped the sword and balise to learn its use, than his arm was paralyzed in death. The resounding words which break perpetually in silver spray on the Newfoundland coast where he lies, will perform the solemn music of his requiem. Whilst the other having been esteemed in all places in which he was known, for his holy meekness and unflinching industry in his vocation, has departed to the rest for which protracted and sanctified affliction had prepared him, and had induced him to welcome it. May his mantle be wisely appropriated by his survivors in our Conference. May the Spirit that was upon him be given largely to many others, that as it was written by our fathers with exultation, we may behold with gratitude and joy that "God burieth his workmen but carries on his work."

Yours very truly, E. B. April 1871.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

GERMAIN ST. WESLEYAN CHURCH ABRAHAM SCHOOL MISSIONARY MEETING.

On Tuesday evening the 28th ult., the officers and scholars of the Germain St. Wesleyan Sabbath School met within the time honored walls of the mother church of Methodism in this Province, to celebrate their second missionary anniversary. The audience in respect of numbers and character, was highly gratifying, as evidencing the extensive hold which our Sabbath school has secured upon the sympathy of the Home and Foreign missions. A missionary meeting has been held on the first Sabbath of each month, with one or two exceptions, the exercises being recitations, dialogues and singing by the children, and addresses by the pastor and others. These meetings have been attended by several members of the congregation, whose presence in the school has always been encouraging and gratifying both to teachers and scholars. But I am sure the audience will be more interested in the performances of those by whom I am surrounded than in anything further from me—I will therefore call at once upon the singers for their first piece.

The musical department, under the able management of Mr. J. K. Schofield, assistant Superintendent of the school—supported by the efficient services of Miss Marshall, who presided at the organ with that admirable taste for music which is so remarkable—constituted an attractive feature in the arrangements of the evening. The programme consisted chiefly of choruses selected from "The Singing Annual for 1870," by Philip Phillips. These melodies were rendered by the children with fine effect. A solo, by Miss Esty, "The Little Church around the corner," was deservedly acknowledged by the audience with rousing ap-

plause. Then there were interesting recitations by the Misses Watts, Bates, Benson, McAndrews and Humbert. While all these were exceedingly judicious in selection and most commendably rendered, we may observe that Miss Watts excelled her piece "The Crucifixion" with real grace and exquisite expression. And little Miss M. Hummel—a young lady of but four summers, carried away the hearts of all present by the combined influence of her personal charms and her artless address, as she told us about one "Little Nellie," and described "The Luxury of Living."

Mr. Harry Jordan was called upon to move the first resolution, viz., "That the encouraging prosperity of the cause of Christian missions throughout the world during the past year, demands our devout gratitude to Almighty God—through whose favor the various departments of this great enterprise have been crowned with so much success." In responding to the call, Mr. Jordan said, "This Resolution seems to resolve itself into two words 'Success' and 'Gratitude.' Prosperity in the mission cause and sincere thankfulness for such advancement. That in the past the mission cause has advanced steadily—needs no argument to establish. Facts and figures are indisputable—and although in some instances the numerical gain has been small—yet the value of the few souls saved, has been priceless. In the greater number of cases the success attending the labors of the missionaries of Divine goodness we are by this resolution called upon to express our devout gratitude in such a manner as will best further this cause for which we meet to-night and towards the support of which our scholars during the past year have contributed so noble a sum.

Christianity is aggressive, and though it has to contend with the varied forms of Atheism and Infidelity—preferred by many of highly cultured minds to the religion of the Bible—by those who deem the Bible a very good book in its way, but not at all suited to the times—and this is the very centre of National Christianity—it faithfully remembers the command of its Divine Originator. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and now we can scarcely find a land, on which the foot of man hath ever trod, but there too is being unfurled the Banner of the Cross by the Agents of some Missionary Society—earnestly self denying men who recognize the principle that, there is no land so enlightened, as not to need the Gospel—and none so degraded as to be beyond its reach. Ours is a "Common Salvation" as far as the curse extends—so universal is the remedy, for it is written "He must reign until He hath put all enemies under His feet" and "the isles shall wait for His law." We find the missionary labouring in different parts of Europe—from the Baltic to the Mediterranean—and in countries until lately closed against Protestant influence, but now thrown open. The various Missionary Societies have availed themselves of the Providential opening in a measure, so that to-day, in the seven hills of the "eternal city" is preached a free and pure Gospel—while Spain has also been entered; but owing to the disordered state of the country, very little has been accomplished. Missionaries are scattered all over Asia—dotting the "isles of the sea"—labouring in Africa—on the Gold coast, among negro tribes and in the south among Hottentots and Kafirs—and in Australia where they have become so numerous as to need a conference of their own—On our own Continent, we find them in South America—in Demarara and the West Indies—amongst the Indians and Esquimaux—in Labrador and the Red River—and in the Wintry Greenland—among frozen seas and wilds of ice—in tangled jungles beneath the burning sun—beside Mahomedan Shrines and Chinese Pagodas—in the Groves of Ceylon or amid the sands of the Desert—among tribes of Cannibals or learned Hindoos—in every zone—wherever a man who knows not God nor feels his need of Him—are found men who, away from home and all its associations are breaking to a fallen world the "Bread of life" and carrying to those to whom no light has come, the "Light of Salvation"—wearied with toil still labouring on knowing that "in due time they shall reap, if they faint not."

But before we can appreciate rightly the success which has crowned the efforts of Christian Missionaries—we must consider the difficulties to be encountered and surmounted—the trials and persecutions to be endured before they can gain a footing or a hearing. How often are they strangers in a strange land and some times in the midst of savage tribes—with a new language to acquire, speaking through an interpreter, which is, as an old Missionary termed it, "only getting the steam up to find it shut down again."

The giant forms of Idolatry they have to contend with—systems which have grown gray with age, and which time has served to tiwe closer and closer still around the people's affections—or on the other hand with a race of beings, so far sunk in the scale of civilization, as to appear but connecting links between man and beast—who have first to be raised to a knowledge of themselves—before they can understand anything about God. With Caste in India and Superstition in China—with Brahmanism and Buddhism in the East—and with Fire worship and the many forms which the untrained and perverted mind of man has exalted to a God. Notwithstanding all these obstacles much has been achieved when we think what the army of nearly 1000 Wesleyan Missionaries are accomplishing year by year and what the vast number connected with other Societies must be doing, we cannot too fully express our devout gratitude to Almighty God. Commencing with Europe we find in Infidel France, and Catholic Italy and Spain Missionaries and lay-agents distributing the Scripture and preaching to the people. Passing into Asia we find them in Syria and Palestine among the Armenians and yearly we find by returns made to the Parent Societies an increase in Church membership. In India we see Christian Churches taking the place of temples dedicated to Brahma—and that some of the Priests conceding the folly of their own belief—renouncing it, and joining the Christian Church, and some of them are now preaching the Gospel. In China there are laboring 143 missionaries, 23 lay-agents, and 365 native assistants, and churches established with a membership of nearly 6000. In Madagascar and in nearly all the Islands of the Pacific—the natives have renounced their idol-worship with all their debasing rites—and in the Friendly Islands the natives contributed £5,000.00 to send the Gospel to regions beyond, besides supporting the work in their own District. From Africa and the West Indies cheering news is from time to time received, while from various quarters is heard the Macedonian cry "come over and help us." Truly all this is highly encouraging. Besides all this, we must not forget the many who, having witnessed a good confession on earth, have crossed the flood—entered within the pearly gates—passed the Jasper walls—walked through the streets of gold, up to the Crystal Throne, where before the Lamb, having cast their crowns, have taken their harps and joined in the grateful anthem of the glorified.

The contemplation of such scenes as these, should inspire us with a gratitude which will seek expression by our lips and in our lives. We may, and should, express our thankfulness by prayer believing, and importantly offered to God on behalf of this great work, in all our interests. Then waited by the breath of prayer to their distant homes, and supported by the same power—the Missionaries shall not feel alone; but be greatly encouraged and strengthened in the midst of their self-imposed toil. By liberal contribution to the fund of the Missionary Society we may, and should, express our gratitude. Some one has said, that giving is not charity, until what we give is given as some personal sacrifice.

Last year we raised for the mission cause \$60; this year we have realized \$100. At our last Annual Meeting the collection amounted to \$16, and as it is a poor rule that won't work both ways, we have no doubt that as it is to 60, so will the collection shortly be made to 100.

This Resolution was seconded by Mr. Thos. S. Weeks—who said, "I can assure you it affords me much pleasure to second this Resolution, and as the mover of it has discussed its contents so much eloquently and force there scarcely remains anything for me to say in reference to it. I may say, however, that while rejoicing in the benefit conferred upon other nations by the operations of Christian Missions, it becomes us to be especially thankful that, as a nation, we have been so highly favoured with the light of the Gospel—and are assembled to-night not to bow down to carved wood and stone—the work of men's hands—or to offer sacrifices to an unknown God, but to speak and bear more fully of God's goodness to our fellow-men through the instrumentality of the Christian Missionary. It has frequently occurred to me that the heathen set us one example worthy of our imitation, and that is—their sincere devotedness to their idols. What prompts them to pass through the ordeal of hardship and suffering—which the superstitious notion—of self-sacrificing loyalty to their God. Now I believe that an idolater will ever be accused of taking the name of his God in vain, thus putting to shame thousands of professing Christians, whose profanity is one of the crying crimes of the age.

It is, therefore, well for us to remember that charity begins at home. There are many in our own Province who are sadly destitute of the religious privileges we enjoy. While conversing with a friend lately, who has been performing Mission work in some of our back settlements, he related several incidents that took place under his own observation; illustrative of the lamentable ignorance of many far from our own doors, respecting spiritual things. One of these was the following. He called at a house in one of his journeys and after endeavoring to instruct the family on the subject of religion which they were found to be totally ignorant—he requested them to kneel down, and then prayed with and for them. Leaving the house shortly after—he passed a group of men and overheard one of their remark, "that man (pointing to himself) has just been to our house, and he is the worst swearer I ever heard." I trust that all present will adopt this resolution by doing all in their power to promote the mission cause, and commence this evening by contributing largely when the collection shall be made."

Mr. J. K. Schofield was called upon to move the second resolution, viz., "That the continual wants of the world, the enlarging resources of the Church, the multiplying facilities for the work of evangelization, and the glowing future assured to the reign of Christ in our earth, by the word of God—constitute at once our obligation and encouragement to co-operate by the increased prayer, labor and liberality with the Wesleyan Missionary Society."

Mr. Schofield said, "While the triumph of Christianity in the past doubtless furnishes us with abundant cause for thankfulness and praise, the time has not yet come for us to unbuckle our armor and lay aside the weapons of our warfare. Rather while deriving encouragement in witnessing the abundant fruit of the labor of Christ's faithful servants in the past, should we strive to imitate their example of earnestness and zeal. In Italy, Austria, France and Spain which are now presenting open doors to Christianity we have vast fields for labor and wide scope for generous liberality. England itself, presents its claims to us for the support of those Societies which are purely evangelical. We cannot close our eyes to the fact that thousands of our fellow creatures have never heard the glad tidings of salvation and are passing into the presence of a righteous God with all their sins upon their heads. And by their united hands which men who with the Bible in their hands, and enjoying the privileges of an open sanctuary, regard religion. Christianity is however, wielding a more powerful arm to-day than she has ever done before. She has gained in her ministry—not merely in numerical strength—but also in education and intellect. We have outgrown the idea, that we do not require an educated ministry, and it is high time that we had. What we need in the ministry is men whose hearts are full of Christ, and whose heads are full of knowledge. In the Religious Press she has a valuable friend, in which almost every denomination has its representative. Although differing in minor points of doctrine they are all advocates of the grand fundamental truths of Christianity, their object and their aim are one—to extend the Redeemer's sway. Our Sabbath schools are also coming up to the help of the missionary cause, and by their united donations are rendering valuable pecuniary aid. Germain St. Sabbath school, as you have already been told has raised this year the sum of \$100.00—whom sum as noble as it is we hope to see largely supplemented by the collection about to be made, in which, we are satisfied you will, as you have always done, respond generously to our appeal. We feel confident that the efforts of these youthful laborers will prove but stepping-stones to wider and more munificent acts of Christian beneficence which will be developed with maturer years."

This Resolution was seconded by Mr. Josh. A. Clawson, who said "I congratulate this meeting that the cause which we advocate is a successful one, and one which conscience declares to be right.

It originated in the command of Christ, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature"—and its best exemplification is found in the personal ministry of Jesus and in the extensive Missionary labours of St. Paul and in other apostles. But while success has crowned the Banner of the Cross, and while the Christian Army has won many victories in heathen lands, there remains very much yet to be done.

When we look at the millions of China, India, and Africa—and think of the few missionaries scattered through those vast countries we must be powerfully impressed by the continued wants of the world. Once, there was scarcely a foreign land where the truth could freely enter; now, almost every door is open, and "the field white to the harvest." The great want of the Church is not, fields to conquer—but men and money with



