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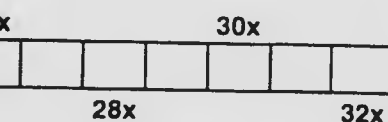
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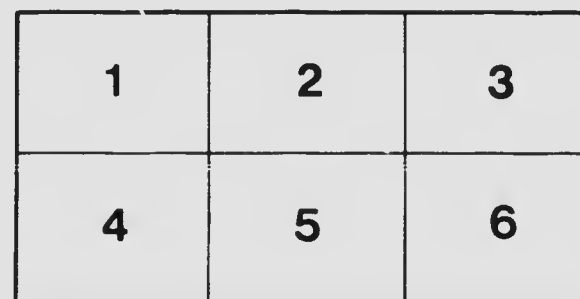
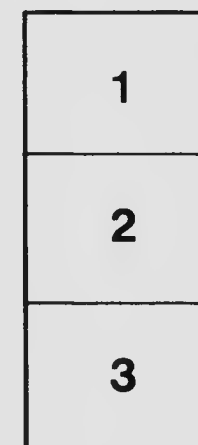
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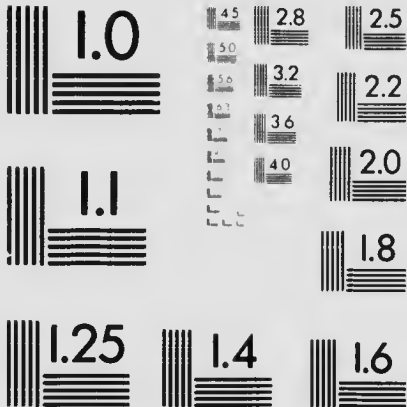
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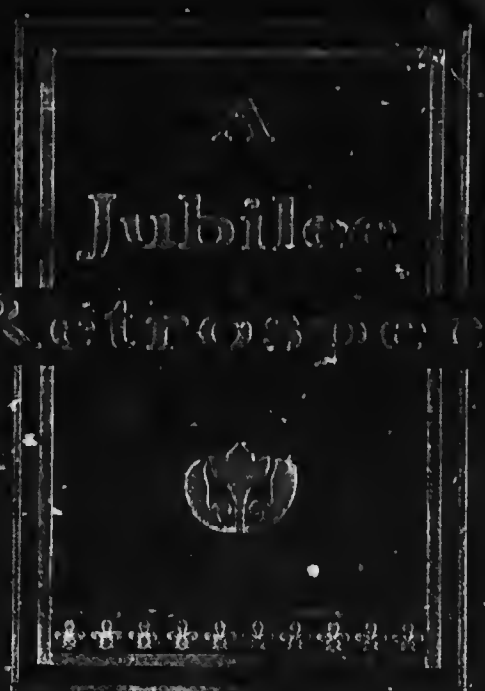
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A JUBILEE RE-INSPECT.

“ But thou wouldst not alone
Be saved, my father, alone
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand,
If, in the paths of the world,
Stones may have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing : to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm.
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself.
O faithful Shepherd, to come
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand !





REV. JOHN WAKEFIELD, D.D.

A Jubilee Retrospect

ADDRESSES DELIVERED *on* THE COMPLETION of
Fifty Years OF THE MINISTRY of
REV. JOHN WAKEFIELD, D.D. (1852-1902)

With Introductory Sketch by *Rev. E. B. Ryckman, M.A., D.D.*



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A Jubilee Retrospect

Introduction.

THE first time the writer ever saw Rev. John Wakefield was in the autumn of 1853, in Cobourg, when both were students at Victoria College. Little thought either then of the relations to be established between them as time rolled on. One was a "new student," the other was an "old student." One had been converted, the other not. One had already had for a year a place in the ranks of Methodist preachers; the other was marching in the opposite direction. Wakefield was the one; I was the other. His year of preaching had begotten in him a vehement thirst for educational betterment. Hence his resort to the fountains of learning.

Entering college, he addressed himself energetically to his studies, leading "a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty." Being a stranger, young and unobtrusive, he made himself but little known to the general

body of the students until, in January of the current college year, a circumstance occurred which at once gave him prominence. A great revival broke out first in the college and then in the town. At that time the tide of piety was at its ebb in old Victoria. Only a small minority of the students were professors of religion, and but few of that minority were brave enough to show their colors. The atmosphere of the college was electrical with mischief and decidedly unfavorable to frank and open piety. However, the faithful few received a powerful reinforcement in a number of zealous young preachers who sought the college that year. Mr. Wakefield was one of the number. The Christian students soon saw the necessity and the opportunity of doing something for the spiritual improvement of their fellows. The stalwarts among them organized for work. Mr. Wakefield was one of these. They met occasionally in some lecture room for a prayer-meeting. Their fellow-students took their own way to enliven these occasions—sometimes by the scraping of a violin and some heel-and-toe exercise at the door, and sometimes by the apparently altogether accidental overturning of a chair or a form by one who entered the room prompted by some other spirit than that of

prayer. But these earnest, godly young men persevered, fasted regularly, prayed without ceasing, and seconded their prayers by many a warm and brotherly word of counsel and invitation. The direct result was a great revival. After six weeks of special services about 130 persons, probably the majority of them students, connected themselves with the Church. The religious atmosphere of the college was entirely changed. Several of the converted students entered the Methodist ministry and some the ministry of other churches.

The late Rev. Dr. G. R. Sanderson was at that time pastor in Cobourg, and skilfully marshalled the students who were probationers and local preachers to his assistance. No man could desire better helpers in special services than Dr. Sanderson had at that time—W. R. Parker, Henry Tew, Thomas Stobbs, N. R. Willoughby, W. C. Henderson and several others, besides Mr. Wakefield himself. After all the years that have passed since that time it seems to me still that I have never known young men so effective in prayer and exhortation as they. Many of the scenes in that revival are fresh and vivid in my memory unto this day. Among such workers and in all that work Mr. Wakefield was in his proper element. He exulted in it. His spirit

and aptitudes brought him to the front. He was always willing and always ready. He had an excellent voice and knew how to use it. He had courage to stand in the breach or lead a forlorn hope at any time. His youthful fervor never failed to warm a prayer-meeting or fellowship meeting. He had the respect in a high degree of his fellow-students and exercised a useful influence upon all who knew him. Through the whole revival he rendered assistance, the value of which Dr. Sanderson in later years often heartily acknowledged.

From the time of that great religious awakening in Victoria College in January, 1854, the writer dates the beginning of his own new life, and it was at that time and amid those scenes that he conceived a friendship for John Wakefield which has deepened in respect and esteem down the years to the present hour.

The Rev. John Wakefield was born in Warwickshire, England, October 7, 1830. His father was a farmer in comfortable circumstances and was able to rear and maintain his family well, and to provide for them the limited amount of education available in that day to persons of limited means. His parents were conscientious and exemplary members of the Church of England. Their children were trained to regular attendance

on the services of the church and at Sunday School. Family prayers were faithfully observed, and were conducted by the mother when the father was absent. Such a family was not likely to be cramped by bigotry, nor was it a strange thing that they should go to Methodist meetings when the opportunity occurred. A well-remembered and much-prized privilege to the lad of seven to ten years of age was to go with his mother to the cottage prayer meetings and to attend the preaching service on the village green. He was sorry for the preachers, who were sometimes subjected to rough treatment for the supposed blasphemy of professing to know that their sins were forgiven and that, in the event of death, they should go to heaven. But he felt more sorry for the poor souls who wept so bitterly on account of their sins. He was already in training for that fifty years of preaching which has done its full share in bringing about the change which has come over the thought of the whole Christian world regarding a conscious salvation.

An elder brother had crossed the Atlantic, and after a sojourn of seven years on this side went home for a visit, but with the enthusiastic purpose of returning and making Canada his home. By dint of much persuasion the younger brother

obtained permission to come with him. They landed at Boston, and in April, 1845, they reached the city of Hamilton. The young stranger made inquiry for a church. The first church he entered was the old King Street Methodist, and the first sermon he heard was by the Rev. Wm. Ryerson. The impression of the whole service upon his mind resulted in a fixed determination that his church in Canada should be the Methodist Church. In May his home was established with his brother, in the northern part of the township of Blenheim, in the county of Oxford. There in sight was a Methodist church, and there he regularly attended service. Camp-meetings were then very common. To the English youth they were a new thing in all their features and methods, strange and peculiarly attractive; but the preaching was searching, awakening, and in demonstration of the Spirit. He was often deeply convinced of his sinful condition and need of salvation: but because of a conviction that if he were to give himself to God he should have to give himself to the ministry also, and because he felt that that was a responsibility he could never bear, he resisted the Spirit and went on in his careless ways. But in course of time, when he was in his nineteenth year, a protracted meeting was

conducted by some godly local preachers in the little church near his home, which was one of the appointments on the old Dumfries circuit. Matthew Whiting and C. W. M. Gilbert were the circuit preachers, but they could not attend this meeting. Their presence was required elsewhere. The whole of that large circuit was in a flame of revival. It was a very prosperous year. An increase in membership of more than one hundred was reported at the ensuing Conference. The meeting, conducted by only the local preachers, was a great success. Many souls were converted, and John Wakefield was one of them. On Wednesday evening, February 14th, 1849, he found the Saviour and light and peace and joy. So far as ministerial instrumentality is concerned, Mr. Wakefield was one of those whose conversion was the fruit of the labors of local preachers. The writer stands in the same class. There are many others. It is said that the times are changing and constantly improving. I shall not reason so unwisely as to dispute the saying, but I hope that Methodism may go on improving until she completes the cycle. As among the heavenly bodies there are certain movements which effect a complete revolution in certain periods of time, and then repeat themselves—the precession of the equi-

noxes, for instance, which completes its cycle in about 26,000 years—so we may ardently hope that after a glorious period of improvement, somewhat less, however, than 26,000 years, Methodism may complete her cycle and sweep round with undiminished vigor to where she was half a century ago: when again Methodist circuits shall be so planned as to necessitate the work of local preachers; when local preachers, having work to do, shall keep themselves in good working condition: when the Methodist people shall hear the Gospel with as much pleasure and profit from a local preacher as from an ordained minister, provided he be as good a man and can declare the truths of sin and salvation with clearness, fulness and power; and when local preachers shall again conduct evangelistic services successfully as in the former days, without the minister, if need be, bringing in as the result of their harvesting scores and scores of well-filled sheaves for the Master's garner.

The young convert was plunged at once into the midst of the work which such revival seasons and their aftermath always provide for those who have just begun a Christian life, such as attending and holding prayer-meetings, attending and holding class and fellowship meetings, accompanying the local preachers to their

distant Sabbath services, assisting them in the opening and closing exercises "to get their hand in," and now and then "to try their wings" in a brief exhortation at the close of the sermon. All this was very acceptable to Mr. Wakefield. He had been so converted as to regard himself no longer as his own master, but enlisted for any service his new Master might have for him to perform. Besides, such work was congenial, well suited to his mental constitution and to the frame of mind he was then in. He was active in a round of cottage prayer-meetings, after the pattern of those he had seen in England, in which a goodly number were converted, among them the late Rev. A. R. Campbell. But when, soon after, it was proposed by the preacher in charge to give him official position as an exhorter, he was actually frightened, and for a time could not be found. He was absent from home! But in his absence, away from the accustomed round of daily occupation, with plenty of time to think, he was brought face to face, more directly than in other circumstances he could have been, with a question which kept coming to him, which demanded an answer, and would accept none but the right one. That was the question of entering the ministry. He was not rebellious against the will of God in this

matter. He did not refuse to obey. It can scarcely be said that he was reluctant. But he dreaded responsibilities that seemed to him so grave and exhaustless. The struggle ended, of course, in a hearty acceptance of the Divine call. He returned to his home, and at the February Quarterly Meeting, 1852, received license as an exhorter, and a few months later was made a local preacher. In these official positions, with a mind to work, he had work enough to do, holding from one to three services each Lord's day, prayer-meetings most of the evenings of the week, besides attending camp-meetings as opportunities occurred.

During this year the Rev. Wm. Ryerson, Chairman of the Brantford District, pressed him into the itinerancy, and that, too, on his own home circuit. At the end of his year under the chairman, being anxious to go to college, and knowing that if he gave himself into the hands of the Conference as a probationer there would be no chance for him by reason of the pressing demand for young men in all parts of the Church, he determined to keep his destiny in his own hands for the time, refused to be received on probation, and went to Cobourg on his own account. As we have already stated, his year at college was not only a year of study but, to

a large extent, one of evangelism and soul-saving as well. At the ensuing Conference he was formally accepted as a probationer, and went to his appointment, Ingersoll, with a heart on fire with zeal for souls.

He completed his probation and was received into full connexion and ordained at the famous Brockville Conference in 1856—a Conference memorable, first, for the great debate on the class-meeting question, in which Dr. Ryerson, Dr. Jeffers, and other giants of the Conference took part; next, on account of the official visit of two mighty men of the British Conference, Dr. John Hannah and the Rev. F. J. Jobson; and again, because of the largest class of entrants into the ministry of the Methodist Church ever recorded in any one year of its history in this country. The ministerial life of forty-seven Methodist preachers is dated from the year 1856. Of all those who entered in the same year as Mr. Wakefield, 1852, or were ordained in the same class, he is the only one still in full work. Three or four superannuates still linger on these hither shores, but all the rest have passed over to the better land.

From that Brockville Conference Mr. Wakefield went forth to a life of service in the Methodist ministry altogether unusual—unusual,

certainly, as to the term of it, and seldom paralleled in labors or in fruits. He combined in himself many important elements of success. To begin with, a full half century in the Methodist itinerancy would seem to imply a very sturdy physique. I am inclined to think that he is much indebted to his parents for "sound health and a good constitution." That is one way, unquestionably, in which the virtues of parents are visited upon their children. He could endure hard work long continued: but he always wrought with a wise moderation. He might say, as did John Wesley, that he was never in a hurry. He was active, to be sure: it would be difficult to find the "lazy bones" in his frame; but he was never nervously, excessively active. I think, also, that he owes much to nature, that is, to his parents and to God, for an equable disposition. Amidst the labors and attritions incident always to the itinerancy he was never one to worry; and according to well-settled principles of physiology and common sense, the habit of worrying is more exhaustive of nervous vitality and tends more to shorten our days than almost any other violation of physiological law. If one has good health, as Mr. Wakefield has had during most of his life, and the favor of God, as every minister of the

Gospel ought to have, it is no particular credit to him to be cheerful; but, at the same time, good cheer is a wonderful conservator of the vital forces.

Perhaps the most prominent characteristic of Mr. Wakefield's ministerial life is his adaptation to revival work. His first station after ordination was Aylmer, in the west, but after a few weeks in that field he was taken away to supply Walsingham circuit, where the Superintendent, the Rev. Simon Huntingdon, had suddenly died. It was a large circuit. He travelled and preached almost every night and day, and the work of God greatly prospered. In protracted meetings that he held, features that he had witnessed in similar meetings when he first began to preach were repeated. It was a common thing for persons to fall to the floor, to remain unconscious for hours, and to be carried in that condition to their conveyances at the end of the evening. But however stormy the meeting, the leader had coolness and self-possession to command, control and guide to successful issues. Large numbers were converted. For such work Mr. Wakefield was admirably adapted. He had an orotund voice and perfect distinctness of utterance. In these he possessed elements of great power. A good voice always commands respect.

He had an unfailling facility of expression in both preaching and prayer. This, too, is a great advantage. If a young preacher labors for language, or has a visibly "hard time," the fears of the congregation that he should break down are aroused, and attention to the message is displaced by sympathy, or some other feeling less flattering, for the messenger. If Mr. Wakefield ever had a hard time no one knew it but himself. He had also a fervent spirit. This, with his ready utterance, gave him immense power in exhortation. If at any time a meeting was cold it was not his fault. He had, moreover, the good will of one and all, and could commend himself to them as their friend. But above all, he had a thorough sense of the reality of the transactions which take place in conviction and conversion between the Saviour and the soul that is being saved. He could therefore make those who heard the Gospel from his lips feel that they were face to face with facts and realities. For such reasons he was successful in finding the hearts of the people and persuading them to be reconciled to God. With such qualifications it might be expected that he would reap success anywhere.

His next station was the old Niagara circuit. By unwearied labor in protracted meetings the

membership of the church was doubled in two years.

The thread of the narrative of public ministerial life must here be cut so as to admit of the insertion of a brief passage from the long story of domestic life. On the 3rd of August, 1859, Mr. Wakefield was married to Miss Louisa Baker, daughter of the Rev. John Baker, of the English Conference, and sister of the wife of the late Rev. G. N. A. F. T. Dixon, still his faithful companion after more than forty years of the ever-varying experiences of the Methodist itinerancy.

After a hard year on the Welland circuit, which then included all that is now the Welland district, during which special services were held with the usual result, he was sent, on invitation, to Drummondville. The reasons were special. For several years there had been disagreements between some of the leading families, a number of church trials had been held with the usual fruit of discord and spiritual dearth, and party lines had been drawn deep through the midst of the society. The same means that God had honored elsewhere were resorted to for the purpose of reviving the languishing Church. A protracted meeting was undertaken in faith in God, but without the least visible prospect of

success. For nearly six weeks he preached five nights in the week to small congregations with little apparent effect. But earnest work prevailed, and showers of blessings came down. For six weeks more the meetings were carried on in the same way, but the church was so crowded and penitents were so numerous that there was no room for them at the altar. Over one hundred united with the Church, seventy-six of them being heads of families. In three years the membership was increased fifty per cent., wounds were healed, enemies were reconciled, party lines were obliterated, and the whole character of the circuit changed. As confirmatory of what I said above, note that for any young preacher, except one of great physical endurance and facility of utterance, to preach effectively five nights in the week, for twelve weeks in succession, would be an impossibility.

It would require too much time and space, for the purposes of this sketch, to follow the whole course of Mr. Wakefield's various pastorates and to mention particularly the results of his labors in the several fields he occupied: but on each of a long list of important stations he was at once recognized as a leader in evangelistic work. Let one more instance suffice. In the town of Chatham, nearly twenty years subsequent to his

Drummondville experiences, he and his fellow pastors of other churches, deeply impressed by the state of religion in all their congregations, resolved on a campaign of union revival meetings. The other ministers unanimously laid upon him, though one of the youngest among them, the responsibilities of generalship, binding themselves to take obediently any part of the work he should assign them. The meetings began auspiciously; sinners were being converted: there was a promise of great success; but as the favorably known evangelist, the Rev. E. P. Hammond, was in the country, he was invited to Chatham to assist in the revival. The outcome was a work of salvation seldom, if ever, equalled in this or any country for glorious and abiding fruits. Besides the accessions to other churches, over four hundred new members were received into our own, and a second church had to be opened to give accommodation to the increasing hundreds who wished to be called Methodists.

One phase of his Drummondville experience, namely, that of reconciling enemies and making peace in the Church, was destined to be repeated. At one of the Conferences of the old Wesleyan Methodist Church, when the Stationing Committee had almost finished its labors and Mr.

Wakefield did not expect a removal, during the last hour a change was made to meet, as it was said, an emergency. He was sent to a new charge with a special order: "Settle those difficulties." For several years the circuit had been divided by what might be called "family feuds," so that it had become a by-word for trouble throughout the whole connexion, and at the time he went to it, was rent in pieces. Besides that, the district, within the bounds of which he was stationed, was, through the misconduct of an incompetent chairman, in a state but little different from chaos. He had then two sets of difficulties on his hands. The Stationing Committee had given him one by giving him that appointment: the Conference itself gave him the other by displacing the former chairman and electing Mr. Wakefield in his stead. He fulfilled his commission in both cases. He put strong and influential men out of the Church, but retained, all the while, their respect and friendship by the kind and Christianly spirit in which he did it, and the strictly disciplinary methods he pursued. It is no slight achievement to deal with an offender in the way of inexorable discipline and yet retain his affection. By the restoration of peace the circuit was put upon the high road to prosperity, and

since that time a long succession of happy pastors have ministered there to a united and happy people.

The affairs of the district also were administered so judiciously as to efface in a short time all traces of former blundering. Indeed, "judicious" and "energetic" are the two key-words which open to our view Mr. Wakefield's style of management of both circuit and district. As a consequence, he has been placed, a great portion of his life, in positions of responsibility. Twenty-three years, if I count aright, he has been chairman of the district in which he was stationed, made so by the free ballots of his brethren—a testimony not only to his ability in administration, but also to a certain quality called urbanity, suavity, courtesy and other names, all of which, however, mean simply brotherly kindness. For the same reasons, when elections were to be made for positions of honor in his Conference, he was sure to receive his full share of the favors bestowed. In 1878 he was secretary of the first London Conference, and in 1880 its president. He was again president in 1891, this time of the Niagara Conference. He has been a member, elected on the first ballot in each instance, of every General Conference the Church has had, except that of 1886, and then he was in Austra-

lia. He has enjoyed the rare honor and privilege of attending, as a member, the three Ecumenical Conferences, first in London, England, in 1881; then in Washington, U.S.A., in 1891; and again in London in 1901. It must be remembered that these privileges were earnestly coveted by many able and worthy brethren, and that the decision between them was reached by warmly contested elections.

There are methods of winning elections and honors which are generally judged to be inadmissible in the courts of the Church—personal solicitation for votes, moving influential friends to engage in the activities of a regular canvass, etc. That such methods have not been resorted to, even in ecclesiastical politics, it would be scarcely safe to say, but no one could ever accuse John Wakefield of employing any such means. The honors have always sought the man, not the man the honors. Yet no one appreciates such favors more than he; and now, in these latest years of his ministry, it is one of his most grateful reflections that he has enjoyed, as the spontaneous gift of his brethren, almost every office it was in their power to bestow. In a brotherhood like that of the Methodist Church and ministry, ability, faithfulness to God and duty, unselfish devotion to the welfare of fellow-

men, humility, and brotherly kindness in its various manifestations, are sure to carry one forward and upward to all the objects of a healthy ambition, far more readily and certainly than the shrewdest practices of a hateful, self-seeking policy.

Forty years ago the climate of certain sections of Ontario was not so salubrious as it now is. In some of his stations Mr. Wakefield had his share of the agues and fevers that prevailed, and at length it became necessary to seek a change for the preservation of his health. In 1870 he was stationed at Sherbrooke, Que., and placed in the chair of the district. There he resorted to the old and tried methods for the spiritual improvement of his widely-extended diocese. He had always had confidence in camp-meetings as a revival agency. In 1859 he had assisted in organizing Grimsby Camp, was a member of the first committee, preached the first sermon on that famous ground, and participated in the glorious successes of the early years of that institution. After the Drummondville revival, in order to shepherd well the converts he had taken into the Church and give them work to do, he held such a meeting there, and notwithstanding the opposition of "the baser sort" in that vicinity, achieved another

great success. So on the Quebec district he held a camp meeting each year and arranged for a permanent camp ground on the Danville circuit.

Moreover, he saw the necessity in those Eastern townships of a school for higher education under the auspices of the Methodist Church, instituted a series of public meetings on this behalf, in which the writer took some part, enlisted the sympathy of leading men with the enterprise and obtained from them promises of liberal financial assistance. This effort resulted in the erection of our noble and flourishing Stanstead College. During two years he made a personal canvass of nearly the whole of our Quebec work for funds for that institution, and collected the substantial sum of \$22,000. He was removed to the east, be it remembered, for his health's sake. All these activities may have been very beneficial so far as the elimination of malaria was concerned, but possibly may have been unfavorable in other respects.

After a term at Aylmer in the east he came west again, and had happy and successful pastorates at St. Mary's, Chatham, Hamilton First, Goderich and Paris. In the two stations last mentioned his health seriously declined, and at the Conference of 1884, just at the time of the union, after he had taken his part in

stationing the ministers in the United Church, he was compelled to ask a superannuated relation for himself. It was believed by many of his friends, and feared by himself, that the work of his life was finished. But it was not in accord with Mr. Wakefield's constitution of either mind or body to sit down in superannuation and be sick. Again he sought recuperation in entire change of scene and climate, and sailed for Australia. In those eastern and southern lands he was received and treated with the kindness and respect due to the position he had held in his own country. A seat was allotted him on the Conference platform in the city of Melbourne for three successive years. A long sea voyage had produced its effects in a great improvement of his strength, and having preached several times in the Melbourne pulpits, he was offered regular Sabbath work as second minister in one of the city circuits. He accepted an engagement which terminated only the Sabbath before he left for home. He was absent three full years, and when he reached Canada again he had circumambulated the globe and completely recovered his health.

Since his return he has done some of the best work of his life, as would be attested by the good people of Burlington, Thorold, Dundas and

Paris, where successively he has been pastor: and by the brethren who have been constantly meeting him during the past fourteen years on the executive boards and committees of the Church, where so often he has been a member, and where his mature judgment and wise counsel have been of so great service. He has had much official work to do because his brethren have always regarded the interests of the Church as safe in his keeping. He is thoroughly loyal to Methodism and to Methodist rules and usages: is strongly conservative as it relates to the doctrines and practices of the Church; and a: a sound theologian, and able preacher of sound doctrine, has received another unsought honor, very properly bestowed by Victoria University—the Doctor's degree in Divinity.

Dr. Wakefield's jubilee year came round while he was ministering a second term in Paris. It was a time of pleasing coincidences. It was the Quarterly Official Board of the Paris circuit that recommended him for the ministry half a century before. Two of the members of that Board—the two, I believe, who moved and seconded the resolution recommending him to the Brantford district meeting—are still, in extreme age, members of that same Board. The

Paris church thought that the unusual event should be celebrated with more than usual congratulations. They resolved to tender their pastor a jubilee banquet. Invitations were issued to all the previous pastors of Paris circuit, to each of the circuits Dr. Wakefield had travelled requesting a representation, and to many of his personal friends among the senior ministers. The banquet took place on Tuesday evening, Feb. 18, 1902. The particulars of that occasion—who were there, what was said, etc.—may be learned from the following pages. The writer was not present, nor has he any information as to what the report herein contained will say.

Dr. Wakefield is now in his fourth year on Paris circuit, the fifty-first of his ministry. All who know him might wish that his health of body were equal to his vigor of mind and buoyancy of spirit, that he might continue his grand work even a while longer. All do wish that his years of retirement may be years of happy rest and joyful anticipations of the sweeter rest beyond.

E. B. RYCKMAN.

Jubilee Address.

Delivered at the Hamilton Conference, Woodstock, Ont., 1902.

MR. PRESIDENT AND BRETHREN:—It is not from any choice of mine that I appear before you at this hour. But for many long years it has been the rule of my life to obey the law of the Church and to submit to those in authority. When the president asked me to preach a jubilee sermon on the Conference Sunday I ventured to decline, but when the Conference Special Committee, at their session last fall in Guelph, earnestly and magnanimously requested, by resolution, that this Conference should be opened by such an address as I might give in recounting the goodness of God to me, and to the Zion of my heart's affection and love during fifty years of ministerial labor, I received it as a mandate, and I am here.

It seems strange to think that I have been in the active work of the Methodist Church for fifty years—that during that period men and things—a great procession—have moved out and away from me, while by the goodness of God to me, a sinner saved by grace, I am still active

and strong and joyful in the work. And I want to say that I would rather have preached the Gospel for fifty years than to have filled the most exalted position that it is within the power of this world to offer to any man.

Permit me to trespass upon your time by referring to two things which occurred prior to 1852. Great events do not mark the lives of many. Life, for the most of us, is made up of little things and small beginnings. Some of these, however, are deeply and ineradicably impressive.

First.—When a very small boy in England there settled down upon my child-heart a deep soulful conviction—not at all understood—that sometime, somehow, I must preach for Jesus in a far-off land. In a general way the physical features of that land, as in a vision, were outlined and mapped in the mind, until at fourteen years of age that earlier vision near Warwick Castle found its reproduction and reality when I stood, an English lad, here in this county of Oxford.

Secondly.—I refer to my conversion to God in 1849. It was in an old-fashioned Methodist meeting where there was some smoke, it is true, but where, I tell you, there was also a good deal of fire. After the services had continued for several weeks there came an hour when a visible

glory filled the place of meeting. I can't explain it. I wonder if God thus manifested His presence in the days of old? He cannot or will not do so now. Nevertheless a visible glory, seen by all and before which saints and sinners fell prostrate, filled that place of meeting, and scores cried to God and were saved, and I was one.

In my remarks, as I proceed, it will help both you and me if I note a few of the different events of the five decades which have led me to this jubilee year, dwelling, of course, more largely upon matters in the earlier decades, as my talk is supposed to be reminiscent in its character.

First.—A few things connected with the country and the Church from 1852 to 1862.

The country had been governed from Downing St., but she had cut the leading strings, and had obtained the right to manage her own affairs. This right had not been gained without a long struggle, in which Methodism was always in the van, being at that time, and still maintaining the proportion, the largest Protestant Church in Upper Canada. Among the causes of dissatisfaction was the fact that one-seventh of all the Crown Lands of the Province were set apart for religious purposes, and called "The Clergy Reserves." These were claimed by those representing the Established churches of the old land,

but after twenty-five years of bitter controversy, in which Dr. Egerton Ryerson and George Brown bore the brunt, these reserves were handed over to the various municipalities for secular, or perhaps more properly, educational uses. During that period Methodist ministers labored under many disabilities; they could not, for example, perform the marriage ceremony, and it is conceded on every hand that the successful issue of that eventful time is due largely to the prowess and energy and matchless ability of our own Dr. Ryerson.

These were the days of bad roads and ox-carts and stage-coaches, when under the most trying circumstances the hardy pioneers of the Province sought their settlements in the forest wilderness. But, in the year 1825, Lady Elgin, with great ceremony, turned the first sod of the Northern Railroad: the first in the country, except a small section in Lower Canada. Then began the railroad era in this land, when, in quick succession, the Grand Trunk, and Great Western, and others were planned, and speedily carried to a successful termination.

At this time, 1852, the population of Upper Canada was 952,061, while ten years later the population of the whole of Canada was only 2,506,755.

In 1853 the first ocean steamer reached Quebec. This seems incredible, when we are so accustomed now to see all our rivers, canals and coasts lined with large steamers, from the head of Lake Superior to the Atlantic, a distance of 2,600 miles.

In 1852 the English language was one of the less important languages of the world, judging by the numbers of those who used it; now it is spoken by 125,000,000, and this number is increasing with great rapidity every year. The thrill and glory of it is, that wherever the English tongue is found there also is to be found the highest civilization, material progress, a knowledge of the English Bible and of England's God.

Turning from the material to the spiritual, let us look for a moment at the position of the Methodist Church in 1852. As I was at that time a Wesleyan Methodist, I will be forgiven if the statistics I give only relate to that branch of the Methodist family to which I belonged. No one rejoices more than I do that now there are no divisions among us. "All one body, we."

There were at that time, ministers and probationers, 212; members, with those on trial, 27,585. Missionary income, £6,517 3s. 7½d. We used the pounds, shillings and pence mode of reckoning finance in those days.

Of the 212 ministers who were in the work, or began with me in 1852, I believe less than a dozen are alive. The Conference that year, it may be interesting to know, was held in Kingston. Enoch Wood was President of the Conference and Superintendent of Missions. Geo. R. Sanderson was Secretary: Anson Green, Book Steward; James Spencer, Editor; Lachlan Taylor, Agent for the Upper Canada Bible Society, and Egerton Ryerson, Chief Superintendent of Public Schools.

In the early summer of this year a camp-meeting was held on my father's farm, as several others were afterwards. At this meeting William Ryerson, then chairman of the Brantford district, came to me and said, "You must go on circuit work." Those were the days when the fathers spoke with authority. Both his tone and message unnerved me, for I felt that I could only fail, but on further pressing me I dare not refuse lest I sin against God. He said, "They want you on your own circuit, and if you would rather remain here than go anywhere else you can do so." The Rev. Joseph Shepley was the superintendent of the Blenheim and Stratford circuit, and there I was sent, and my home was to be in Stratford. This circuit covered the territory embraced in, at least, seven or eight of our pres-

ent circuits, and more than many of our modern districts. My time was spent mostly on horse-back, and my two valises, fastened to my saddle, one before and one behind, readily carried my belongings, library and all. A comfortable home had been provided for me at Robert Monteith's by my ever kind and never-to-be-forgotten friend and superintendent, the beloved Shepley.

The church in Stratford, where I preached my first sermon, was a small, unfinished frame building, without plaster or any permanent seats; but I feared and dreaded it as though it had been a large cathedral. On Sunday morning the little church was crowded to the doors, as it had been announced that a ruddy-faced lad with a voice like a trumpet was to preach. I had a wretchedly hard time of it, and on starting to my afternoon and evening appointments (which were in the direction of home) I packed up every item of my belongings, strapped my valises to the saddle, and resolved that Stratford should see my face no more. In the afternoon I preached from the same text—I had no other—in a room of a hotel in Bell's Corners, or what is now Shakespeare, and got along no better. From there I proceeded east to Kite's church, a log building, in which for many years the Gospel was preached, and large numbers were blessedly saved. On

nearing the building I heard the voice of earnest prayer, and the burden of the petition, borne up to God by many amens, was for a blessing upon the labors of the boy preacher who was coming to them, and the mereury began to rise in my whole spiritual system. I preached again from the same text—I had no other—but, oh, the change. The mereury rose higher and higher. I had only spoken a short time when the power of God came down upon the assembly and precious souls cried for mercy, in the old-fashioned way, in every part of the house. I never knew how I got out of that pulpit. They told me afterwards that I laid one hand on the front of it, and that I leaped over it and went down the church, Bible in hand, exhorting as I went. That meeting lasted until a late hour at night,—a large number professed conversion, and that meeting saved me to this ministry. In the morning I started back to Stratford, feeling, if not really singing,

“ My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
 Into Thy blessed hands receive ;
 And let me live to preach Thy Word,
 And let me to Thy glory live ;
 My every sacred moment spend
 In publishing the sinner's friend.”

I remained on the circuit for a year, going from

appointment to appointment, exhorting, visiting, preaching to sinners.

It was in my home at Stratford that I saw a large, unabridged dictionary for the first time in my life. I had never looked upon one before, and when I found that its purpose was the study of words and grasped the idea of its great value to me, I thought it better than a gold mine.

A man lived in Stratford by the name of James Rus'. He had five young men who were all apprentices. They built a beautiful cutter and said it was for the young preacher. They made me a present of it, and I had it for the winter. The boys became converted, I believe every one of them, and very likely the fact that they made and gave me the cutter had a good deal to do with it.

I speak of these few and simple things for the benefit of the young men in our ministry, whose success in the work I have always cherished. The year was one of hard work and some privation, as it was not a very unusual thing to brush the drifted snow from the floor with a pillow to make a comfortable place upon which to land my feet in the morning. But from that first Sunday night preaching was a luxury, so that you will not wonder when I say that the year was one of much spiritual blessing. My salary for the year was one hundred dollars.

It was during my year at Stratford that I met for the first time the Rev. Egerton Ryerson. It was in this way. I always remember it, and now speak of it as an evidence of the greatness of the man. He was making his first tour of the country as Superintendent of Education. The dignitaries of the place gave him a public reception and presented him with an address, to which, before a great throng gathered in the open air, he made a lengthened reply. The leading citizens were introduced to him, and among the rest the ministers of the different churches. With my usual modesty I kept at the back of the crowd. He inquired about me, however, and said he had heard of me, and asked, "Where is the young Methodist minister?" I was taken and introduced to him, when he addressed me with many kind and encouraging words. Well do I remember his fine, manly figure, his full head of bushy hair, his flashing eyes. He impressed me as being a moral and intellectual giant, an impression that I have never lost. But the thoughtful kindness of the man that day has always been to me one significant proof that he was great.

I was asked to return to the Stratford circuit for another year, but my ever faithful superintendent dissuaded me. He told me I did not know

much, which was true. He told me further that as men were scarce, if I was received on trial I would have to go to a circuit, and that I would probably never get to college: so, having a great thirst for knowledge, I started for Victoria on my own responsibility. On my way, I saw in the city of Hamilton a Methodist Conference for the first time. At that Conference Dr. Griffin and three others were ordained. Dr. Griffin may sing, "My company before is gone," for the other members of his class have preceded him to the better land.

It was at that time in Hamilton that I saw and heard for the first time that wonderful evangelist, the Rev. James Caughey, who was tall of stature, spare in build, with striking features, an eye like an eagle's. His voice was as clear as a bugle call, and with it he certainly did not fail to declare the whole counsel of God. Joel Carpenter had welcomed me to his home, and I was thus privileged to hear this man of God. In the afternoon his theme and manner were gentle, persuasive, instructive, but his night sermon! How the bolts flew! He took for his text, "The wicked shall be turned into hell." When the wrath of God against unrighteousness was portrayed with terrifying power, scores were converted.

As it is a matter of historic interest, there is one other matter connected with this Conference I may be permitted to mention. I heard the Revs. John Borland, John Jenkins and James Broek, a delegation from the Province of Quebec, which up to that time had been a district of the British Conference, proposing a union with our Wesleyan Church in the West, a union which was shortly afterwards successfully consummated.

The term I spent at college in the years 1853-1854 (the college year extended from June until June, with two weeks' holidays at Christmas), passed swiftly away. But it was an eventful time, so deeply impressive that it can never be obliterated from my memory. I was led into holding protracted services at Baltimore during Christmas holidays, where many were converted. A work of grace of wonderful proportions broke out in the town of Cobourg, where the Rev. George R. Sanderson was pastor. Large numbers of the students were converted, and the influence of that blessed revival, as Chancellor Burwash told me lately, still lives. Where ought there to be revivals of religion if not in our seats of learning? Thank God, the influence of that revival was not felt in college life only, but it proved, as all such times of refreshing and surrender to God in college halls must

prove, to be a benediction to the whole Church and country. This you will readily believe when I tell you that it was there that a Carman, a Ryckman, a Mr. Justice Britton, and scores of others, were savingly converted to God. The whole professional life of this country, in law, in medicine, and in government, has felt the impulse and reaped the benefit of that awakening.

I greatly desired to remain at college, but leading men in the Church told me that souls were perishing and being lost, and that I would be responsible for their loss if I did not go and preach to them. I have since been sorry that I took their advice, though I must confess that much of my ministry has been filled with sunshine. In 1855 I was at Ingersoll, in 1856 at Woodstock, in both of which there was a large measure of material and spiritual progress, which have left only pleasant memories upon the mind of the speaker. I remember with satisfaction such standbys as John Parker, James and William Scarff, James Rawlings, George Parr and others.

In 1855 I heard William Case at the Conference in London preach his jubilee sermon, a copy of which I hold in my hand. He took for his text Psalm 25. 10, "All the paths of the Lord

are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies." As I remember him he was a man of medium height, with a kindly countenance and every evidence of a fully consecrated life. He was born in the United States in 1780, and came into Canada *via* Fort Erie to preach the Gospel, crossing the Niagara River in a row boat, while his horse, led by the bridle, swam behind him. For eighteen years he had charge of important districts. He took a great interest in the Indians, indeed was called "The apostle to the Indians." Not long after he preached the sermon to which I have referred, he died at the Alnwick Mission, north of Cobourg, as the result of a fall from his horse. He was seventy-five years of age, and it will be seen that the ministry of Elder Case and that of my own span the 19th century.

During the year 1857 a marvellous revival set the Walsingham Circuit aflame. I attended eight or ten different camp-meetings, in different places, within a few years, and witnessed hundreds of conversions to God. These meetings were marked by many physical manifestations that I need not stop to explain.

The close of this decade finds me entering upon my third year on the Drummondville circuit. What a change these ten years have

brought! The saddle and valises have largely given place to the comfortable buggy, the stage-coach to the railroad, the spinning-wheel to the weaver's loom, the organ and the piano, while the boarding-house has been grandly supplanted by a comfortable home of my own

In 1861 God favored us with a remarkable revival of religion on the Drummondville circuit. It had been the unhappy scene of discords and Church trials for several years, which bore their usual fruit of evil, spiritual dearth and death, and I began the services, therefore, in sheer desperation, without the slightest sign of revival. I preached for the first five weeks to about thirty people, but persevered. Gradually the number grew until, during the last six or seven weeks of a twelve weeks' meeting, the house was crowded at every service. God gave us as the fruit of that labor seventy-six heads of families, one hundred and one joined the Church, of whom only one, so far as I know, proved unfaithful. This was but one of a series of revivals in the old Niagara district. There had been prior to this a camp-meeting at Smithville and at Grimsby. This meeting was followed the next year by a large and powerful camp-meeting at Drummondville, and by the long and successful series of such meetings at Grimsby. The latter

was established in 1859, and for years it was a centre of great spiritual influence and power. I may be privileged to say that I am the only one now living of the members of the district committee appointed to select the ground, and I preached the first sermon ever delivered upon it, taking for my text, "There is a sound of abundance of rain." In this work, in that old part of the country, I was associated with such men as Samuel Rose, Samuel D. Rice, Isaac B. Howard, Edward White, John Shaw, Michael Fawcett, Jonathan E. Betts, Alexander Sutherland, John Potts, and scores of others, most of whom have passed into the beyond.

It was in 1861, while I was stationed at the Falls, that the American War broke out, and I well remember the deep impression made when the first gun was fired at Fort Sumpter. I cannot recall the circumstances of those days without thinking of the really terrible nature of that war. It cost the United States about 500,000 men and five billions of money. Think of a war in which, at its close, the General (Gen. Grant) had 1,000,000 of men under arms, and during which 2,000 pitched battles had been fought. But the war not only developed Gen. Grant, but it also gave to the world's roll of honor Abraham Lincoln. More than that, the fetters, the gyves

of every slave were broken, and the curse of slavery lifted from this continent.

During the course of the war many of our border territories were rendered unsafe for travelling by the bounty-jumpers and skedad-dlers of that awful period. Many times I have had them on my track, but I always kept a good horse and no real trouble happened me.

As this decade closes we have, ministers and probationers, 487, an increase of 275; members, including those on trial, 54,385, an increase of 26,800; while the missionary income reached a total of \$63,277.

It will be evident to you that as I pass from this memorable period I have reached a point where sentences must include decades.

I well remember being in the Stationing Committee of the Conference at Montreal when the long-threatened Fenian invasion took place at Fort Erie in 1866. On the 1st of June General O'Neal had landed 1,400 troops (so called), and attempted to reach the Welland Canal. Word came to Montreal that seven Toronto volunteers were killed at Ridgeway. The Rev. E. R. Young sent me a letter which he wrote on the dead body of a Fenian, and it was published in the *Montreal Witness*. Friday, Saturday and Sunday were days of

great excitement. On June 8th General Spear and 2,000 men crossed the frontier at St. Alban's. The whole border, from Detroit to the State of Maine, was menaced by this ragged, worthless horde of cut-throats and ruffians, and no one knew what would become of it. It is apparent that the United States Government did nothing until well-nigh forced to do it through the protests of the energetic British Minister at Washington. Then General Meade seized the munitions of war from our would-be invaders and put an end to the farce.

In 1867 the provinces of Canada were confederated, and the Act came into force on the 1st of July amid general rejoicings all over the land. In 1868 the Hudson's Bay Company surrendered its rights to the Crown, and soon confederated Canada reached from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The Rev. Wm. Morley Punshon, D.D., that peerless orator, came to this country in 1868, and remained until 1873. I heard him give his famous lecture on "Daniel in Babylon" for the first time in Canada, in the Centenary Church, Hamilton. He was present at the farewell meeting to our three missionaries, who were sent in that year to Manitoba, namely: George Young, E. R. Young and Peter Campbell. I had already heard of the glorious promise of a great

land in the valley of the Saskatchewan, from George McDougall, of heroic memory. But it was now my pleasure to entertain the missionaries at Grimsby, and to look upon the caravan with which they set forth on their long and arduous journey. Our missions date from 1823. At a missionary meeting held at the Fifty, in 1867, through the kindness of Mrs. Peter Jones, I came into the possession of the first annual return for missions, so far as I can make out. It was as follows:—

Stratford	\$23 00
Ancaster and Saltfleet.....	44 00
Trafalgar	10 00
Bertie	7 50
Smithville.....	9 25
Lyons' Creek	12 62
Thorold	5 00
Beverly	5 00
Long Point.....	5 00
John Keagey.....	8 25
The Ministers at Conference.....	15 38
Total	<u>\$144 00</u>

This bears the endorsement of Dr. Green. The first report told of the conversion of Thomas Davis, who was the first Indian convert. He was a noble specimen of physical manhood and a chief of the Mohawks upon the Grand River. His conversion took place in 1823. The conversion also of Peter Jones and his sister Mary at a camp-meeting held at Ancaster by Elder

Case opened the door for the conversion of the Indians. It was not long after this when Peter Jacobs and John Sunday were won as trophies for God near Kingston. And I heard Peter Jones say he had kept a record of more than 1,500 Indians who had died happy in the Lord.

I was present at the meeting of the General Board of Missions, held at Brockville, when it was decided in the interests of the work, as a response to duty and an inspiration to the people, to establish a foreign mission. Accordingly in 1872 our first missionaries were sent to Japan, in the persons of George Cochrane and Davidson McDonald. In that year, which closes another decade in my experience, I was at Aylmer, in the Ottawa district, under very trying circumstances—circumstances of Church difficulty both on the circuit and the Ottawa district, of which I now had charge. These things, however, soon happily passed away and prosperity shortly afterwards reigned.

The returns of our Methodist membership at that time in the country were as follows: Ministers and probationers, 657, an increase of 170; members, including those on trial, 69,597, an increase of 15,212. And the missionary income had climbed to \$94,016.

The year 1874 is important and eventful in

the history of Canadian Methodism by reason of the union that was noiselessly and harmoniously effected between three of its branches, namely, the Wesleyan Church of the West, the Wesleyans of Eastern British America and the New Connexion Church in Canada. There seemed to be something very natural in this union. Of course it introduced, of necessity, a new order of Church government as, for example, the formation of several annual conferences, a General Conference and the introduction of laymen into the legislative body. The first General Conference met in the Metropolitan Church (then the largest Methodist edifice in the world) in September, 1874, under the presidency of the late Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D.D. Many of the men at that Conference who have now gone to their reward, stand out very clearly before my mind, as well as many who are yet spared to the Church. The United Church started out with the following members: Ministers and probationers, 1,031; members, including those on trial, 101,946.

Let me now speak only of one or two things concerning my work in St. Mary's, Chatham and Hamilton up to 1882. During this period I was six years chairman of districts, one year assistant secretary of Conference and one year

secretary of Conference. I was a delegate to the General Conference in 1878 at Montreal, was president of the London Conference in 1880, a member of the Ecumenical Conference in 1881, so that whatever sweets and trials there were in official positions I had them to the full, and as nobody else will probably say it of me or for me, I will say it myself ;—every burden and every responsibility has driven me nearer to God, and to every duty the Church has laid upon me I have given of the best that was in me to fulfil it.

There was also given to me to witness during this period filled with many official anxieties, the greatest revival that I have ever seen on a circuit. It was estimated that over 1,000 souls were converted to God in the town of Chatham. This was a union meeting under the leadership of Rev. E. P. Hammond.

In 1881 a most important enterprise was launched in our Church by the organization of the Woman's Missionary Society. This took place in the Ladies' College at Hamilton. The necessity of such a missionary agency was urged by the late John McDonald at a regular anniversary of the Missionary Society in the Centenary Church, held some time previously, and he generously urged the people of Hamilton to

seize the honor of leading in the matter. He offered at that time the first subscription in the name of Mrs. McDonald, giving \$100. The Society then organized has already done a noble work. It has been well managed from the beginning. Its annual income is now about \$50,000, and I don't know what we would do without it.

After the Ecumenical Conference in 1881 the Canadian delegates were called to meet in the Carlton Street Methodist Church in Toronto, where it was arranged that each delegate was to give an account of some distinct phase of the Conference. It fell to me to speak of "The Results of the Conference." I ventured to suggest some method by which the Methodist churches still holding a separate existence could be brought nearer together. I did not go so far as to speak of an organized union, and at that time there certainly appeared to be no outward sign of such a union. Yet it came. From that hour union seemed to be in the air. No one could tell from whence it came, but in September of 1882 and again in November, union committees were held in Toronto to formulate a "basis of union" whose findings were submitted to the Quarterly Boards of the different churches for their approval. A large majority voted in favor

of the terms, so that one year later, in September, 1883, a General Conference was held in Belleville to complete the scheme. I opposed the basis as unjust and did it for all I was worth, although I had always been in favor of union. But I felt that in the union of 1874 the Wesleyan branch, to which I belonged, had made concessions enough—and I think so still—while at this time still more and greater were being demanded. It appeared to me that those who had yielded the most before were being called upon to do it again—and I opposed it. I thought that the door was already wide enough for any who wanted to enter in. I have to say, however, and I do so gratefully and gladly, that it looks as though God approved it and that He has graciously crowned it with His signal blessing. The bodies which united at this time were:

The Methodist Church of Canada, which brought into it—

Ministers	1,216
Members	128,644
Sabbath Schools.....	1,968
Scholars	132,320

The Methodist Episcopal Church, which brought into it—

Ministers.....	228
Members.....	25,671
Sunday School Scholars.....	23,968

The Primitive Methodist Church of Canada,
which brought into it—

Ministers	98
Members.....	8,090
Scholars	9,065

The Bible Christian Church of Canada, whose
numbers were—

Ministers.....	79
Members	7,398
Scholars	9,699

This made the United Methodist Church the
largest Protestant body in the Dominion, with—

Ministers and Probationers.....	1,643
Members, with those on trial...	169,803
Church property, valuation.....	\$9,130,807

The year 1883 was filled with shadows for me on account of the breaking down of my health. From the beginning of my ministry I had been in labors more abundant without much recreation or rest, and my constitution, which had been so strong and healthful, failed me. I had thus to learn that the powers of physical endurance have their limits. Many of my brethren thought that my work was nearly done, but God, in His own way, turned my trouble into a blessing. It had been a desire of mine, cherished for a long time, to see more of the world, and especially of the world in the southern seas. I had read a great deal about the work in Fiji, in the New Heb-

rides, in Samoa, and upon the island continent of Australia. A change of climate was esteemed positively necessary for me if my life was to be prolonged ; accordingly, I started on a journey around the world on July 22nd, 1884, and for nearly three years I lingered in the sunny southern lands. Some of the brightest days recorded upon the tablets of my memory are connected with the acquaintances I formed there of many noble men and women in Christ, who both treated me with great kindness, and bestowed upon me every possible honor. I believe much of this was not for my own sake, but from the fact that I was a Methodist minister from Canada. I came into contact with and learned to love many of those who, in order that they might win the cannibal heathen for Jesus Christ, counted not their lives dear unto themselves. It was a matter of rejoicing too that, while necessarily absent from my beloved Canada, I was enabled to do some work for God. Among other things, I took regular Sabbath work on one of the Melbourne circuits for more than two years, and I am not without hope that from my service there some fruit shall be found at the great coming day.

In May, 1886, I was present at the Jubilee of Methodism in Victoria, which was held in the Exhibition building, Melbourne. Without any

pressure being brought to bear, but in a simple response to the opportunity afforded, \$105,000 was contributed to the Jubilee Fund. The day was memorable in every way. Three thousand people were present at breakfast. Tea was served to more than four thousand. In the evening a mammoth meeting was held, when John Watsford preached the jubilee sermon.

Since I returned home, restored in health, I have been able to do fourteen years of, perhaps, as good work as I have ever done for the Master. These years, however, are so near to us that I need not repeat their history. One thing which has impressed me most I will mention. I refer to the Ecumenical Conference in Washington in 1891. Some things connected with it cannot be forgotten, *e.g.*, the sermon of the Rev. Wm. Arthur, read by the Rev. Bowman Stephenson; the visit of the Conference to the President at the White House; the visit of President Harrison, with the late Lord Pauncefote the British Ambassador, and many other notable men, to the Conference. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of that memorable gathering was the deep spirit not only of Christian brotherhood, but also, very markedly, of Methodist union, which like leaven put into the meal is still operating. Since that time Australian Methodism

has become united, of which the first conference has just been held, while the great Episcopal Churches in the United States, north and south, are surely coming much nearer together.

The close of this decade gave us, as nearly as the correct figures are obtainable :

Ministers and Probationers.....	1,748
Members, including those on trial.....	233,868
Church property, worth.....	\$11,597,491
Missionary income.....	\$249,385
Contributions for all purposes....	\$8,063,967

During the last decade there are three things in our own Church which will ever stand out in monumental significance.

First.—The great awakening among our young people, and their organization for the bringing of the world to Christ. This is best seen in the large number of educated and devoted young men and women who have freely offered, not only their money, but also themselves, to lift the race up to God, and it is also to be observed in the general helpfulness of our Epworth Leaguers in all good work. I should get along but poorly on my circuit without the help of the young. They have wonderfully improved in the past few years, and limitless possibilities for good yet lie before them.

Second.—The steadily increasing number of those who are making money fast, and to whose trust God is committing great wealth, who are

consecrating at least one-tenth of their income to the advancement of the higher education of the young and to the spread of the Gospel in all lands.

Third.—The apparent ease and manifest enthusiasm with which the Church raised in so short a time, and without the aid of special agencies, a million and a quarter of dollars for the Twentieth Century Thanksgiving Fund; the name of Dr. John Potts will ever stand linked to this historic movement in Canadian Methodism.

World-wide Methodism held its third Ecumenical Conference in the City of London, England, in 1901, of which I had the honor of being a member—one of the very few who have been privileged to attend all three of the Ecumenical Conferences of Methodism. In the providence of God its fruit for good is sure to appear.

I must make passing reference to the rapid increase of wealth in our country during the past few years. This is especially noticeable by an examination of the Public Revenue returns for the past ten months. Canada's aggregate trade for the past ten months, ending April 30th, amounted to \$333,522,149, an increase of \$27,446,220 over the same period of last year. The ever increasing knowledge and the ever unfolding revelation of the natural resources and possibilities of Canada convince me

that there is before her a future of such magnitude and glory, that it is impossible to exaggerate in the expression of it. I believe it will surpass anything that the most far-seeing and sanguine man in the Dominion has dared to put forward as his dream.

Two things have transpired during the decade, affecting the *Empire* at large, which will stand out conspicuously upon the pages of history.

First.—The serious and epochal character of the war in South Africa. The might of the British Empire was at stake, and the loyalty of the Colonies was tested; but the strain put upon each but served to show their firm foundations. But something better will be the result, namely, the fact that God has made use of that racial conflict to lift a large number of the sons of men to a higher civilization, to open a path of more rapid progress, and to hasten the reign of purer and better spiritual realities. Incidentally it will also serve to fructify and render more fruitful a large part of the earth's surface, producing comfort and even wealth for millions of our fellowmen yet to be.

Secondly.—This decade holds in its embrace the memory of the death of Queen Victoria, the idol of her people, the queenly woman and the womanly Queen, respected by the good in every land, and who, for all time to come will be re-

garded as a model for the rulers of nations. In this connection a word may be fittingly spoken of William McKinley, the honest-hearted and able Methodist President of the United States, whose death during this period was assassinated.

The Ecumenical Conference of Missions, which was held in New York in the month of April, 1900, and which it was my privilege to attend, will long be remembered by the Christian world as the grandest spiritual gathering since the day of Pentecost. Many who attended it were never as near heaven before, and can scarcely expect to be again united when clothed in righteousness, they stand before God. And think for a moment what God has wrought when a gathering in the name of Christian missions brings to its assembly, with sympathetic and helpful co-operation in their representative capacity, such persons as William McKinley, Benjamin Harrison, Theodore Roosevelt and Seth Low.

The decade which closes with this, our jubilee year, affords the following figures which will set forth the strength of the Methodist Church in Canada:

Ministers and Probationers over	2,000
Members and Probationers	289,000
Church property value at	\$16,000,000
Adherents of the Church	1,000,000
Missionary income for this year	\$3,342,000
Contributions for all purposes	\$8,272,000

They do not include the \$1,250,000 of the
 Thanksgiving Fund.

There are at the present time in the *Methodist Churches of the world*

Members	48,000
Subscribers	7,659,285
Members and the	about.	35,000,000

Dr. Jackson's late utterance is
 egotism. The Methodist holds the fact,
 that yet she is not. I believe she is now
 in the process of a reformation at common
 sense. As for the glorious doctrines she
 teaches, such as Arminian theology, proclaim-
 ing the facts of universal atonement and uni-
 versal redemption, with her itinerant ministry in
 which Apostolic system I believe, is every
 Methodist preacher under the baptism of the
 Holy Ghost and of power is, and shall be
 a sort of incarnate revival, so
 that the spiritual life and energy that the spirit
 here will rise all around him, his very
 presence a rebuke to sin, and a call to repent-
 ance, the Church of our love ought soon to do
 its full share in the conversion of the world.

Brethren, we are the lineal descendants of
 heroes, of godly men and women whose lives
 and characters are a rich legacy, indeed, to the
 Church of the present. I would extol them for

their heroism and devotion, and for their lives of marvellous sacrifice and trial. Of the few who linger with us, like myself far advanced in years, I cannot now speak, but the most of them rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

I count it a great honor to have been permitted to spend so many years in such goodly company, to have been a sharer in their toil and harvest, and to have been a partaker of fellowships so hallowed. Many of us who are in the Church to-day ought to be better. Every voice that reaches us from out the past urges us to a fuller, richer, higher, deeper, mightier consecration and to the attainments of a larger and grander life. But I do not look into the future as a pessimist. I choose the eyes of the optimist. For myself the shadows are lengthening—they are creeping far to the east. Sunset is at hand. But for the Church of God I see no lengthening shadows which tell of the coming eventide. The sun is not sinking behind the distant hills to be followed by the darkness. Rather, I see him rising, full orbed and glorious, with the tread of a giant, to the arch of the heavens in his noonday splendor and looking down upon an illuminated and an emancipated world. The flower is not fading, but bursting every

hour into greater beauty and richer fragrance. We are not despondent, but full of faith and hope, for the Lord reigneth. My work is nearly done, but while I live I will sing :—

“I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heavens that smile above me,
And await my coming too ;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
And the wrongs that need resistance,
And the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.”

The Jubilee Banquet.

IN the old Methodist meeting house in the Upper Town, Paris, in 1852, John Wakefield, of Blenheim Township, was nominated for the ministry by Wm. Revell and James R. Hill. Seldom has a congregation in any branch of the Church militant an opportunity of joining in the jubilee celebration of a minister still active in the work of the Church. Impressed, no doubt, by that thought and with an earnest desire to show their love and gratitude to one whom all delight to honor, the Official Board and congregation of the Methodist Church in Paris decided to tender to their pastor, the Rev. John Wakefield, a banquet in honor of the fifty years of faithful, itinerant labor spent among the people called Methodists. Of course the thought was to associate with Dr. Wakefield his beloved wife, who for so long has shared with him the trials and triumphs of his unique experience.

The date fixed upon was February 18, 1902. The Quarterly Official Board, which took the

initiative in the matter, found the members of the congregation and the citizens of the town enthusiastic about it, and eager to unite in making the occasion a success in every particular. It was intended that, besides the members and friends of his own congregation, and the ministers and representatives of the local churches, Dr. Wakefield's close personal friends throughout the province, both ministerial and lay, and representatives from all the Quarterly Boards with which he had ever labored, should be present. The list of invited guests numbered about one hundred, and where invitations were not honored it was of necessity.

Paris gave their guests a most hearty reception, and when they reached the church they found the ample school room had been turned into a banqueting hall, decorated with taste and in rich profusion, and with tables spread in epicurean abundance. Under the most perfect arrangements and in rare good-fellowship about 500 partook of the feast, and then retired to the church auditorium for the great event of the evening.

The splendid choir of the church opened the exercises, and throughout the evening greatly delighted all. The Rev. R. B. Rowe led the congregation in prayer, and the Rev. W. S.

Griffin, D.D., was voted to the chair. He, in his own inimitable style, and greatly to the delight of all, conducted the exercises of the evening. In his opening remarks Dr. Griffin said that of all the men in the ministry of the Wesleyan Church when Dr. Wakefield entered it in 1852, he alone remained still in active service, and he had already been at work for three years. Of the men that constituted the Methodist Conference at that time there were but sixteen or eighteen living. Dr. Griffin closed his remarks with some amusing comparisons between the world as it is to-day and as it was in 1852. He then presented the following programme :

ADDRESS FROM THE PARIS CHURCH.

To the Rev. John Wakefield, D.D. :

DEAR PASTOR,—As members of the Paris Methodist Church we have learned with much pleasure you are now spending with us your fiftieth year in the ministry. Before it passes away we are desirous of expressing to you, in some way, our high estimation of the work you have done during this long period.

You have been blessed by Almighty God with unusual strength and vigor of body and mind,

and these blessings have been most earnestly and energetically consecrated to Him in your efforts to promote the interests of the Methodist Church, filling many of the highest offices in the same with great acceptance.

Your labors in the various charges under your care have been crowned with abundant success; your wise counsels have been much sought and highly valued, lives have been brightened and ennobled, and many souls led into the Kingdom through your instrumentality.

For these blessings we join with you in returning thanks to the God of all Grace who has enabled you to accomplish such noble results.

There are few who have been permitted to engage for fifty years in the active work of the ministry and are still able to carry it on so effectively.

We remember with pleasure your labors among us some eighteen years ago, although, owing to ill-health, your stay at that time was short, yet we saw with what Christian fortitude you bore your affliction, and your presence proved a great blessing.

Looking farther back we remember, also with a touch of pride, it was from this church, some fifty summers ago, you were recommended to Conference for active work.

The mover of that motion, Bro. Wm. Revell, is still with us, although laid aside by age and infirmity. The seconder, Bro. J. B. Hill, is an active member of our Official Board; as well as Bro. Egerton Thompson, who heard your first attempt at preaching.

We have invited to be present this evening a number of ministers and friends to join us in offering our very best wishes for yourself, Mrs. Wakefield, and family, with the prayer that you may be spared to carry sunshine to the hearts of the many with whom you may yet come in contact.

We feel that we cannot close this brief address without giving you the assurance that your earnest, tender, instructive addresses and sermons have been very highly appreciated, and very helpful to all, making for yourself many new and warm friends. We may not have upheld your hands as we ought, but we will endeavor in the future to co-operate more fully with you, and pray God to bless your labors among us still more abundantly.

Signed, in behalf of the Church, by

LEWIS MAUS, *Recording Steward.*

PARIS, February 18th, 1902.

ADDRESS FROM PARIS MINISTERIAL
ASSOCIATION.

To the i. e. John Wakefield, D.D. :

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER,—We, your fellow-members of the Paris Ministerial Association, gladly embrace this favorable opportunity in giving expression, on our own behalf, and also on behalf of the Churches which we represent, viz., the Baptist, Congregational and Presbyterian, to our heartfelt congratulations, and to our thanksgivings to the Great Head of the Church in permitting you to celebrate the jubilee of your service in the Christian ministry—a privilege given to but few in this high calling. We desire to express our appreciation of your fellowship in our meetings together for Christian converse, and to bear our testimony to the profit we have derived from your large experience and your wise counsels in our deliberations, and also your timely papers read in our Association on matters affecting the welfare of the community.

You may not be able to say with Caleb, as he reviewed his life's work, and looking back to his young manhood, "As my strength was then, even so is my strength now for war both to go out and to

come in," yet you do rejoice in the possession of a sound mind and a vigorous body.

It is a matter for congratulation that after all these years of service you are still in the active ministry of the Word. In this restless, busy, aggressive age your brethren are grateful to find you still in the front rank of Christian activity, and doing splendid service for Christ and the Church.

Knowing as we do how highly your services have been, and still are, appreciated—how you have stood among the leaders in the great and noble army of the Methodist Church, who glory in having John Wesley on their befe roll of honor—and the denomination to which you belong having again and again honored you in assigning you to positions of importance and trust on their various Official Boards, and are still so honoring you, we, your brethren in the ministry, "joy and rejoice with you," and thank God that He "counted you worthy putting you into this ministry," to which you have given fifty years of your life. Only in the light and blessedness of the eternal home can we measure or understand—perhaps not even there shall we fully comprehend—the glorious fruitage of such a ministry, but the Master, whom it has been your delight to serve and worship, will not be unmindful of "your work of faith and labor of

love," and will reward you "at that day" with a "crown of righteousness that fadeth not away." "And they that be wise shalt shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Our prayer for you is that your "bow may abide in strength" for all the days to come, and that you "may finish your course with joy, and the ministry which you have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God," and when the Master shall call you from the Church Militant to the Church Triumphant in Heaven, you may receive an abundant entrance into His Everlasting Kingdom, and hear the words of commendation :

Servant of God well done,
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought and victory won,
Enter into thy Master's joy.

That you and your dear partner in life may continue to enjoy the smile and benediction of Heaven, we subscribe ourselves with sincere fraternal congratulations,

Yours in the Master's service,
JOHN JAMES, D.D., *President.*
P. C. CAMERON, B.A.
ED. COCKBURN, M.A.
E. D. SILCOX, *Secretary.*

PARIS, February 18th, 1902.

DR. WAKEFIELD'S REPLY.

It will be but little wonder if I am unable to control myself enough to say a few words in reply to this hearty and beautiful address from what I fondly call "my own Church," presented as it is on this unique occasion and with all the surroundings of this hour. When I think of the thoughtful kindness which originated this meeting, the object it has in view, the many hours which have been spent in preparation by a very large part of the Church, the presence of eminent and busy men in large numbers, both ministerial and lay, from so many parts of the country, I am led to ask who and what am I, that all this should be done to please and honor me? I call to mind with great gratitude the fact that it is no new thing for this church to show an affectionate interest in its present pastor. When I came here uninvited, but at the command of the Church nearly three years ago, and likely when some thought that my days were too nearly numbered to make it possible for me to efficiently serve this congregation, there was, nevertheless, a large and representative gathering of the church, accompanied by most of the ministers of the town, to bid me a

hearty welcome. Again after a two months' visit to the old world during the past summer, on my return there was another large gathering, nearly filling the lower part of this building, to bid me welcome home, and to thank God for safety in journeyings by both land and sea. Happy is the man who ministers to such a flock. I feel to-night deeply humbled before God from a profound consciousness of great unfaithfulness to Him, and the painful realization that my life has been a sad failure compared with what by proffered grace it ought to have been. On the other hand, I give grateful praise to my Heavenly Father that after more than fifty years spent in His service, I stand to-night in the undimmed glory of His reconciled countenance, and surrounded by friends of my own and other churches who next to Him I love.

Fifty years is a large part of any life in this world, but as compared with the life of a human soul it is but as one step of the long journey, one drop of earth's mighty oceans, or the first letters in the alphabet in that education which is to be carried on under celestial teachers forever. Yet it is the larger part of the time which will make or mar our being forever.

This address very naturally speaks of my relation to the Paris church. It is a remarkable

thing that the Paris Quarterly Board, which recommended me to the Brantford district meeting as a candidate for the ministry so long ago, should now be tendering me this jubilee banquet, and presenting me with this address as its minister, and still more remarkable that the two men who moved and seconded that recommendation should be still with us, and one of them on this platform (Bro. Hill), an active and beloved member of the Board; the other (Bro. Wm. Revell), now nearly ninety years of age, is confidently waiting till his change shall come. I have been three or four times invited by this Board to become its pastor, and have been stationed here twice when uninvited. I have been a frequent visitor to anniversary services all through the years, and now, at nearly the close of my third year of service in this pastoral term, I have reason to believe that our respect and love for each other has increased up to the present hour, as witnessed by your kind and unanimous invitation to me to return for a fourth year.

The address speaks of my interest in the Methodist Church. Why should I not be interested in her and love her? When I was far away and lost, a special service held by some of her local preachers was instrumental in my

REV. JOHN WAKEFIELD, D.D.

salvation, and I love the Church as I love my life. When I was quite a young minister I had large inducements offered me to leave her communion, and still larger, not to leave the Methodist Church, but to leave this Canada of ours; but none of these things moved me for one moment, and I have been contented and happy in my Church relationships every day of my existence. She has done me good and not evil, all the days of my life.

I have had many failings, but I cannot say that I have been an idler, for usually up to the limit of my strength and ability I have gladly given myself to the interest of the Church of God. I have never been a place seeker, but have left the place to seek me, and have felt that I was honored in any sphere of labor assigned to me by the Church. As for any little success which has rewarded my labor, my life would have been an intolerable drudgery if I had not seen some fruit of my toil, and I hope it is not yet too late to gather many of the largest sheaves.

"Age is opportunity, no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is full of stars invisible by day."

Mine has not been a dark or dull life, but as

compared with the coming glory I can say, "The night is far spent, and the day is at hand."

"I ask no higher wages
When God shall call me home,
Than to have fought the battles
Which make His kingdom come."

THE REV. WILLIAM McDONAGH.

With unfeigned pleasure I stand before this audience on this splendid occasion. I congratulate myself upon the honor bestowed upon me in receiving an invitation, and I congratulate the congregation and the Church, and all others interested, upon the honor they have done themselves in seeking to bestow honor upon one so worthy. As a former pastor of the Paris Church, I can testify to their kindness of heart and their unfeigned love of all the brethren. I was called to the work of this ministry in the same year as Dr. Wakefield. I bless God for health and strength for so long a service, and I bless Him also that for forty years out of the fifty of my ministry I have known Dr. Wakefield. I could not but think to-night of how often in the old Wesleyan Conference John Wakefield was sent

to circuits as a peace-maker, to arrange quarrels and straighten out disturbances that threatened the life of the Church. I have followed his career, and to-night as I look back upon that history I rejoice that I have been associated with one so esteemed, loved and successful.

THE REV. J. S. WILLIAMSON, D.D.

It is a great pleasure for me to be here to-night and meet the friends with whom I spent three very pleasant years of my ministerial life.

The pleasure is enhanced by the fact that the occasion is an outburst of real honest sentiment in honoring a brother minister. Such and similar occasions are all too few. One can always know when the people are not pleased with him or his utterances, but it is more difficult to ascertain the pulse when they are satisfied.

An occasion of this kind is, therefore, the more highly appreciated. It is still more pleasing to be here to add in some small degree to the interest of a grand jubilee banquet so enthusiastically tendered to my honored brother, your beloved pastor, Rev. Dr. Wakefield, on the event of his fifty years of faithful and loving toil in the ministry of our Church.

My intimate acquaintance with the guest of the evening began eighteen years ago, when the different branches of our Methodism were united in the present Church. Previous to that time we had each labored in another and different branch of the Methodist Church. The rivalries, jealousies and prejudices of the years prior to that event did not tend to make men think more highly of each other than they ought to think.

Since the union we have been closely associated in the work of the Annual and General Conferences, in missionary and college boards, and in the general work of the Church.

The better acquaintance has dispelled any feeling of indifference, and a friendship, true and lasting, has been the result. I can heartily say that the longer I know Dr. Wakefield the more thoroughly I prize him. Among the many excellent qualifications possessed by him I would mention that of *integrity* and *loyalty*. Next to his God I believe the interest of our Methodism has the place in his heart. While he loved intensely the Church of his early days, with no less a love is his heart drawn to the Church of his more matured manhood and age. No sacrifice or toil is too great for him to lay on the altar of his devotion to her best interests. He

stands ever ready to defend her honor and promote her welfare.

Another of these qualifications I have found in him is *courage*. No man who knows him intimately will ever accuse him of cowardice or even hesitation to defend what he believes to be right and true. For this he will contend if he stands alone. Every opponent in moral conflict has found in Dr. Wakefield a foeman worthy of his steel, and if conquered by him in the conflict has been able to console himself that he was slain by a giant.

The last qualification that my limited time will admit of mentioning is that of *perseverance*. When once the path of duty was made plain and the object to be obtained was a worthy one, he knew no defeat. He pursued his course as the eager gold-hunter searches for the shining metal. Every cavern would be ransacked, every crevice rummaged, every corner searched, every stone upturned, every obstacle overturned, every wall scaled, that righteousness and truth might be brought to the light and have a glorious triumph.

Dr. Wakefield has been true in his friendships, manly in his battles, and fervent in his piety. We pray for him that he may have a bright and lovely sun-setting and a quiet, peace-

ful eventide. And when at last he lays off the armor on earth may he hear the Master say, "Well done: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

THE REV. D. L. BRETHER, Ph.D.

MEN are known and remembered in the various walks and professions of life for many things. Some for words, and some for deeds: some for words only, and others for both. Great physicians and surgeons are known for their marvellous skill in successfully treating obscure and complicated disease, and in the delicate handling of instruments in difficult surgical operations. Great statesmen and soldiers show their skill and genius in guiding states and empires in perilous times through imminent dangers: they are known in the councils of nations and on the fields of conflict.

Some by strong self-assertion thrust themselves before the world and keep themselves in the eye of men. Others by absolute self-denial and exaltation of truth and high principle forge ahead of all competitors. Our friend and brother, Dr. Wakefield, in whose honor this magnificent

demonstration of love and loyalty is given, pre-eminently belongs to the latter class.

In his early years of life he was found by his great Master and converted to God. Up sprang a new purpose within his heart, to the proclamation of which he consecrated his powers. All men must see the new light and know the new joy which possessed him. He "was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision," and with increasing gladness, and born of God-given success, he told "to others around what a dear Saviour he had found." It is a great gratification to Dr. Wakefield's friends that he has been spared for a half century of years to preach the Divine message of love. Very few are so honored. Some men, as years come upon them, grow narrower in intellect, and poorer in heart sympathies, with less power and willingness to help others. But he who sits amongst us to-night was never of brighter intellect, nor richer in true broadness of soul. He goes forth to-day with a zeal as quenchless as holy fire kindled on altars divine—"with cries, entreaties, tears to save." The world in which we live, whose forces enwrap us like a man in the clouds, has mighty and malign power in sapping the holy sources of thought, faith and conduct. To protect ourselves from waste and loss every

activity must be keyed to the pitch of most strenuous endeavor, while we "seek those things that are above" where God is. In this way will ripeness of years bring ripeness of experience and sympathy.

It is a great pleasure to say the devotion and consecration of Brother Wakefield have been recognized by the Church which he has served so long and so faithfully: and to him has been ungrudgingly given the highest honors she had to bestow, and he has filled those positions with credit to himself and satisfaction to the Church. Dr. Wakefield is one of those men who never grow old. Years may whiten his locks, and the step may be less elastic than it was, but his heart in its finest qualities is as green and fresh as the fields of the sun-line land. In all that constitutes a true and enduring manhood, the smell of age has hardly touched his garments, and never will. It is one of the pleasures of my ministry that I preach to people in old Lundy's Lane church nearly every Sunday who were brought to God by his ministry, and others who were helped in their heavenly journey, as he told the shining story of the simple, saving, keeping gospel of Jesus Christ. One of the most blessed things in Brother Wakefield's life is embodied in the simple statement, "His work endures."

In evidence of this he is welcomed to fields of labor where some of the best years of his life were spent in times gone by. He tells the same old story now that he told then, and with a richness of experience he never knew before. There are many on the circuits of his early ministry who rejoice to-day that a man called John Wakefield came to them with the burning zeal of a seraph to tell them the evangel of Christ which won them to His blessed service. I have the privilege and honor of laboring on a part of one of his old circuits, where forty years ago he literally turned the country upside down. His name is a household word in all that range of country.

In the earlier years of the Doctor's ministry the Church was her own evangelist. She believed God had raised her up to spread scriptural holiness throughout the land. She had faith in God, and faith in herself to this end. Her members came together for prayer, for fellowship, for renewal of consecration vows to reach this end, and the God of the harvest gave them a divine reaping. Few in the Church in those days ever thought they were exempt from attending the social services of the house of God, but felt it was as necessary to them as water to the thirsty. Hence Dr. Chalmers could say, "They were all at it, and always at it."

A change somehow and somewhere has gradually come over us in these modern, unheroic days, and we find ourselves comparatively helpless for successful spiritual work. We have, alas, too fully come under the power of an all-pervading and almost all-triumphant worldliness.

We need men like John Wakefield, who will go into this modern world of greed-possessed, pleasure-loving, infatuated men and women, calling them to repentance, for the kingdom of God has come nigh. I am glad I have been honored with the friendship and confidence for many years of Brother Wakefield. Though we did not always agree in all things, I found it safe to follow his counsel. In times of peculiar trial and temptation his strong courage and high moral principle, which were the guiding star of his life, was a tower of strength to me, "Like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

We cannot afford to lose from amongst us men like John Wakefield, men of such unswerving loyalty to the Bible—to the old and well-tried doctrines of Methodism which have proved victorious on ten thousand fields of conflict—men whose loyalty to Jesus Christ was only equalled by their splendid allegiance to the usages and discipline of the truly Apostolic Church of Methodism. May God spare him many years for service.

THE REV. G. W. CALVERT.

ALTHOUGH my surroundings are very home-like and the spot on which I stand a very familiar one, yet I do not remember that at any time I ever found it more difficult to attempt an address than I find it to be at this moment. The difficulty arises, not for want of something to say, but from the fact that so much can *be* said, while so little time is allowed one in which to say it.

However, I may say that I am here to join with this company in congratulations to our highly esteemed and beloved brother, Dr. Wakefield, on having completed fifty years in the Christian ministry, an achievement that but few men accomplish and one that but few of us here tonight—if, indeed, any of us—may look forward to. If, however, it should be my good fortune to acquire such distinction, I know of no place where I would sooner celebrate my jubilee than here in Paris, among my old friends, who have endeared themselves to me by many acts of kindness during our associations of former years.

They are indeed to be congratulated on the magnificent success of this jubilee banquet.

which they have tendered their honored and beloved pastor.

Again I say that I bring greetings and congratulations to Dr. Wakefield on this jubilee occasion, accompanied with a sincere wish that he may yet live to render service to the cause so dear to his heart in the years to come.

I think it is Dr. Talmage who has said that "it would be better for the world if, for life's toilers, we had a little more taffy and a little less epitaphy," meaning, I presume, that their hearts would be cheered and their lives sweetened and their burdens made to feel lighter if we had more kindly words to say to them and of them, while they lived, instead of reserving all the nice things and kindly words to be spoken after they are dead. Sir, I confess that I quite agree with him, and am here to say a few kindly words of and to an honored servant of God, whose life and work justly merit some words of commendation from those who have known him best. And when I say this, I do not mean that I shall descend to anything like fulsome flattery. In this case such a thing is not at all necessary, and if indulged in would not be acceptable to the friends present.

It is indeed a great gratification to me that men like Dr. Wakefield are permitted, through

the good providence of God, to tarry so long in the arena of earthly toil for the Master, to cheer by their presence, and to bless and inspire by their mature judgment and ripe experience and wise counsels, those of us who are younger and inexperienced, as well as the Church at large. Especially so since there is a tendency in these days on the part of some congregations to discount men of years, and a corresponding eagerness to obtain men for pastors who are youthful.

Now, sir, while I am glad for the splendid young Elishas to be found in our ranks, I am doubly glad for the grand old Elijahs that remain with us, who have done so much for the Church of God, and whose saintly presence is ever a benediction and whose mantles even we are anxious shall fall on other shoulders when they are taken away from us.

My acquaintance with our esteemed Brother Wakefield covers a period of about thirty-four years. In June of 1868 he became the pastor of the Methodist Church in the town of Simcoe. At that time I was teaching school at old Mount Zion, on the adjoining circuit of Port Dover, and I frequently had the privilege of hearing him preach. Just then the authorities were urging me to enter the Christian ministry, but I was undecided in the matter, greatly preferring



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either the medical or legal profession to that of the Christian ministry. And one thing that kept me in that state of indecision was a sense of my inability to preach and exhort like many of the men under whose ministry I had sat as a listener, and among those men, especially, was John Wakefield. His fearless preaching and rousing exhortations made me appear very little in my own eyes.

And yet his influence over me was beneficial, for in the course of time his earnest utterances became an inspiration to me in my early efforts at preaching; and in subsequent years, as I became more intimately acquainted with him, and more closely associated with him, I found myself catching from him an inspiration still as I listened to his deliverances on the floor of the Conference in debate, or to his messages from the pulpit.

One thing that particularly drew me to him was his manly courage in standing up for what he conceived to be right. He always appeared to me to be a man that had the courage of his convictions.

Then, again, I cherished a sincere regard for him because of his brotherliness. I have ever found him ready to help his brethren in their work when it was in his power to do so, and

that with a hearty cheerfulness that made you like to have him with you.

With all the honors his brethren have conferred upon him, he has always remained the same genial, friendly brother he was before those honors came to him, and I for one will ever be thankful to God that it has been my good fortune to know him and to be associated with him in the Master's work. And if he should precede me to the better land I shall gladly and lovingly pay this tribute to his memory—that his life and labors have been an inspiration to me.

I have long counted Brother Wakefield among my truest and best-loved friends, and I hope to do so to the end.

Mr. Chairman, as the time allotted to me in which to speak must have expired, I will close my remarks by wishing for Dr. Wakefield, and his dear wife and family every earthly happiness and blessing, and pray that to him and to them "in the eventide there may be light," and when life's labors are ended and they "have crossed the bar," may they be greeted with the Master's smile and His loving words of praise and welcome, "Well done; enter into my joy, sit down on my throne."

THE REV. W. F. WILSON, D.D.,

President of Hamilton Conference.

It affords me a great deal of personal pleasure to be present on this unique and joyful occasion, not only to congratulate Dr. Wakefield, the honored guest of the hour, on his jubilee, but also Mrs. Wakefield, the devoted lady who has so nobly assisted him in his ministry, together with their gifted, cultured children, whose labors have been a benediction wherever they have toiled. Now, sir, I am asked as President of the Hamilton Conference to say a few words in connection with this magnificent banquet that is given in honor of one of the most distinguished sons of our Church, and easily the most conspicuous member and leader of our Conference.

This splendid gathering of representative ministers and laymen might well gratify the ambition of any Christian pastor, and be a fitting close to a long and almost unparalleled ministerial career. But I beg leave to assure this distinguished company that Dr. Wakefield has no immediate idea of retiring from our active work; in fact he is in spirit, energy and efficiency, one of the most acceptable preachers and successful pastors of our Conference. He is at present hold-

ing more official positions of a conferential and connexional character than any minister among us ; and, be it said to the credit of Dr. Wakefield, that no position of trust assigned him by the Church, or his brethren, has ever suffered in his hands.

Now, after fifty years of arduous toil, we are gathered to pay our tribute of respect to the character and work of one of the most successful ministers Canadian Methodism has ever known. Sometimes the king follows the cabinet, but this evening the cabinet comes to the king ; for, as members of the Hamilton Conference, we very greatly appreciate the presence of our beloved General Superintendent, and the distinguished representatives of our missionary, educational, publishing, and other connexional interests of our Church, who are here to show their appreciation of one whom we in this Conference look upon as a wise, earnest, godly, beloved Christian minister and gentleman. One loyal to our Methodism, for no power, prize, or position has ever had any influence upon Dr. Wakefield's fidelity to the doctrines and discipline of our Church, having over fifty years ago dedicated his splendid gifts and graces of intellect and heart to preach the glorious Gospel of redeeming love, he has remained steadfast in his

purpose to this hour, and to-day the pulpit of this Paris church is his throne.

With strong convictions, he has not been unmindful of the intellectual progress of the years, while standing by the old truths he has applied the new methods, his preaching never prosy, but ever interesting and instructive, and always for the edification of the Church and the conversion of the souls of men. Hence we are not surprised that young and old in this congregation unanimously say, "You must remain another year." Dr. Wakefield has the strong, yet tender, spirit that made John Fletcher, Matthew Simpson and William Arthur pre-eminent leaders in the Church of God, and our Church needs such men to-day. Not star-preachers or silver-tongued orators, but men full of the Holy Ghost and power. This spirit made Egerton Ryerson our statesman, Samuel Nelles our splendid scholar, George Macdougall our heroic missionary, and George Douglass our matchless orator, together with Samuel D. Rice, Enoch Wood, George R. Sanderson, Samuel Rose, John Shaw, John A. Williams, Ephraim B. Harper, and others, successful and honored leaders in our beloved Methodism, while W. J. Maxwell, Samuel Hunter, Ezra Stafford, A. M. Phillips, John E. Lanceley, and many more, touched by this spirit, became

princely preachers and beloved pastors wherever they toiled.

I sometimes wonder as our ranks grow thin and our leaders fall, if we have men ready to step forward and fill the pulpits and positions of trust in our Zion ; I believe we have. We never had as many young men, converted, cultured, consecrated and Christ-inspired, ready for work at home or service in the foreign field, as we have to-day.

And now, Dr. Wakefield, I most sincerely congratulate you on this happy occasion, and trust you may long be spared to our Conference to cheer us by your words, and guide us by your counsels ; to you and the sainted fathers who laid the foundations of our glorious Church so wisely and so well (let me say), cherish no misgivings about the future, about the loyalty and fidelity of your successors.

With the old Gospel as our theme, the salvation of men our desire, and the advancement of Christ's kingdom as the object of our toil, we shall do our best to hasten the day when a ransomed world shall sing, "Bring forth the royal diadem and crown Him Lord of all."

THE REV. J. H. HAZLEWOOD.

To me it is a great pleasure to have a part in this banquet to an old friend, and I most heartily join with my old flock, among whom I spent three pleasant years, in doing honor to our Brother Wakefield as he sounds out this jubilee year in the ranks of the Methodist ministry. Five years before I began to breathe my native air, that voice, that has so often thrilled the multitudes, had begun to call the people to repentance; and after fifty years, with a vigor seemingly unabated, with unflinching loyalty to Methodist doctrine, and with a voice that has lost none of its richness and meekness, the people still hear of "the wonderful works of God."

It is an occasion of joy to me to have been his associates to thus recall the memory of service to the Church and its great Head, and to remember that "his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the Mighty God of Jacob."

When as a youth I first saw him, to me he was one of the giants of those days—and there were giants in those days. What shall I say of Ryerson and Douglass, of Rice and Williams, of Sanderson and Harper, and a host of others

now among the glorified, who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of aliens? Truly others labored, and we younger men enter into their labors.

Now that a quarter of a century has passed I can say I have never admired, respected and loved him as I do to-night. May we who are younger, inspired by the unswerving devotion, and heroic sacrifice of such men as the brother we honor to-night, prove ourselves worthy companions and followers in the great work.

That many years of usefulness may be granted our worthy guest, and a full realization of the promise that at "evening time there shall be light," till "the land that is fairer than day" breaks on his view, is my earnest wish.

THE REV. JOHN PICKERING.

I HAD better be frank and own that I feel a little embarrassment, first, arising perhaps from the fact that my work as a plodding Methodist preacher has not often brought me where I have been called upon for an "after-dinner speech"; second, embarrassment because I know I am in

the presence of those who are experts in this art, these elect members of our Methodist Sanhedrim, men in whose veins the blood of Apollonius flows—Now Apollonius was an eloquent man—I must therefore crave your indulgence while I try my apprenticed hand.

Sir, I have first a pleasing duty to discharge on behalf of the Church I have the honor to serve. At the last official meeting, by unanimous vote, my worthy recording steward, Brother Wilkinson, and myself were requested to convey to this meeting, and to our honored guest, their congratulations, that through the good providence of our God he has attained his jubilee year in this ministry, and, like Paul, when sending his letter of congratulation to the devoted Philippians, said, "The brethren which are with me greet you—all the saints salute you—especially those" of Wellington Street Church, Brantford.

Permit me now, sir, to express my thanks to the church at Paris for this mark of esteem to the chairman of this district, and also affording the opportunity of saying a few words of eulogy to the living. It is pleasant to feel that when we are gone somebody may arise and utter a few words to our memory; but why not say it when we are in the battle and the din? Well, sir, I want to say a few things of our guest.

HE HAS WON HIS HONORS FAIRLY.

It has fallen to the lot of Dr. Wakefield to fill well nigh every office in the gift of the Conference. His brethren have honored him year after year. He has been elected president twice, and chairman I know not how many times, not because he was an eternal schemer and everlasting wire-puller, but because of his sterling worth. Who ever heard John Wakefield called a clerical mill-grinder, and all the grist coming to his mill?

HE HAS BEEN STRONG IN HIS CONVICTIONS.

Possibly some coming to the yearly assembly, and hearing the Doctor for the first time, may suspect him of a little autoeracy, but those who have come closer, close enough to "see the rift that peeps within," close enough to forget the metallie ring in the voice and feel the beating of the heart, these have found him tender and full of sympathy; and, if his words have been decisive and emphatic, it has been because of decided conviction.

HE HAS BEEN FAIR IN DEBATE.

Oft some have not been able to see eye to eye with him, and the debate has been keen and earnest, but this can be said, those who did not

agree with him have declared he fights fair and never hits a man below the belt; win or lose his contentions, he wins or loses with honor.

HE HAS BEEN LOYAL TO HIS CHURCH.

Not a bigot—not a pharisee—but an M. C. C. Loyalist: now M. C. C. stands for Methodist Church of Canada.

HE HAS BEEN LOYAL TO ITS DISCIPLINE.

Just now I notice a little flurry in some quarters regarding a certain note in the Discipline. I'll predict if John Wakefield can help it not a line will be scored.

LOYAL TO ITS DOCTRINES.

There has been no uncertain sound on the cardinal doctrines of our faith, nobody left his Church wondering whether the Bible was true, or was there such a thing as original sin, or was the story of Adam and Eve a legend.

His congregations will tell you he believed in a gospel as old as the 53rd of Isaiah, as old as the 51st Psalm, as old as Calvary, as old as Pentecost, and yet as new and fresh as the dawn which came creeping o'er the eastern hills this very morning. To him the old gospel is the newest thing out. To him the pulpit has been his throne, and when the roll is called up yonder,

many, very many will be his crown of rejoicing. I trust that time will deal gently with him from this day till the hour of departure is at hand, and I then that he may meet "the pilot at the bar."

REV. ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, D.D.

I ESTEEM it a privilege to have some part in a gathering to do honor to my young friend Dr. Wakefield. I say "young friend" advisedly, and I say it emphatically. Young and old are comparative terms that sometimes have little to do with years. Some men are old at twenty, and some are young at four times twenty, and Dr. Wakefield belongs to the honored few who carry over the freshness of youth into a green old age. He reminded us that he is a Methodist, and it is likely most of you have suspected as much before now; but it reminds one of an incident. A few years ago I was in Nashville, Tennessee, and the Rev. Dr. Hoss, editor of the *Nashville Christian Advocate*, kindly procured a conveyance and took a party of us some fourteen miles into the country to visit the historic home of General Jackson. Here we found an aged negro, familiarly known as Uncle Alf, who had been the General's body servant, and whose duty

now was to show visitors about the place. He performed his duties with old-time courtesy, and after viewing the various objects of interest we prepared to depart. Just before leaving, Dr. Hoss enquired, with a twinkle in his eye, "By the way, Uncle Alf, you're a Methodist, aren't you?" and the old man, with an assumed deprecatory air, replied, "Oh, yes, Mistah Hoss, Ise a Meffodist; but t'ank de Lawd Ise a Chris'yun all de same." I emphasize the fact that while Dr. Wakefield is a Methodist, he's a Christian all the same.

I congratulate the good people of Paris on having carried out so successfully what is in itself a beautiful and praiseworthy idea—the recognition of long and faithful service while yet a man is living, instead of reserving all kind and appreciative words till after he is dead. *Post mortem* praise is no inspiration to the living and it brings no joy to the dead; but words of generous appreciation, spoken while yet a man lingers amid the scenes of his toil, will be cherished as a precious memory, and will tinge with a brighter glow the sunset of his declining years.

Fifty years of blameless and almost unbroken service in the Christian ministry is a distinction which falls to the lot of very few; and when it

does occur, a fitting recognition may be justly claimed. Fifty years seems a long time when looking forward, but not nearly so long when looking backward. When I used to hear Dr. Ryerson, of honored memory, speak of having been in public life "for nearly half a century," I thought what a long time that is, and how very old the Doctor must be; but when I find the friends of my youth beginning to celebrate their jubilee years, the time seems very short since we were young together. And yet what changes those fifty years have witnessed. When Dr. Wakefield began his ministry we had but one Conference, not very much bigger than some modern district meetings. The membership was small, connexional funds very limited, and we had not begun to dream of the possibilities of expansion that the coming years would bring to pass. But the Doctor has lived to see a development that is almost without parallel. He has seen the inception and the consummation of two union movements that have given us a united Methodism from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He has seen the one Annual Conference expand into ten; the growth of membership to some 300,000, and membership and adherents together numbering nearly a million, or approximately one-fifth of the population of the Dominion. He

has seen our Missionary Fund grow from a few thousand dollars to over a quarter of a million, and our mission work extend all over the Dominion and into the regions beyond. He has seen our Book Room grow from a small retail store into the largest and most prosperous publishing house in the Dominion, while our educational work is represented by colleges and academies in every province. During the same fifty years our laymen have taken their rightful position in every court of the Church, and our godly women have come to the front in the great missionary enterprise. When to these evidences of growth within the denomination we add the marvellous changes outside of it, may we not congratulate our honored brother on having had his lot cast in the brightest and most fruitful fifty years in this old world's history?

Although a modern man in many ways, Dr. Wakefield belongs to the old dispensation of Methodist preachers. He began his work at a time when the revival power of primitive Methodism was yet strong throughout the Church, and when the spirit of our ascending Elijahs rested on many a young Elisha. The old pioneers were men of one aim and purpose—to preach the Gospel so as to save men from sin and bring lost sinners to God. Their theo-

logy was not very broad, perhaps, but it was deep and high; deep as the sin into which men had fallen, high as the heaven to which they might ascend. And let cavillers say what they will, the preaching of those old heroes *did the work*, which is more than can be said of some modern substitutes. In his preaching Dr. Wakefield faithfully followed the men of the past, hence he did not think it necessary to tell his congregations that Genesis had been compiled from many documents of unknown antiquity, worked over by many editors; or that Leviticus was historically out of joint, belonging not to the time of Moses but to a period centuries later; or that when the old prophets "testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow" they did not mean exactly what they said; or that the book of Isaiah was not written by Isaiah but by two or three other men of the same name, or whose guesses took shelter under his name. These things Dr. Wakefield regarded as speculative questions, curious or useful, as the case may be, in the minister's study, but that when offered to men who were starving for the bread of life they were simply husks that no man could eat. He was content therefore, to preach the old gospel of ruin by sin and redemption by Christ, and this made his

every sermon a direct spiritual force for the conversion of man and their upbuilding in holiness of life.

There is another thing which ought to be said: Dr. Wakefield has always been a loyal man—loyal to his country as became a good citizen; loyal to his Church, its doctrines and its discipline; and, last but not least, loyal to his brethren. In all this he was honest and above-board, never descending to intrigue or to pull wires, but seeking in all things to pursue a manly, straightforward course. The result justified the wisdom of his choice, and in this gathering we have the proof that the man who can win and hold the love and confidence of Christian men and women is the man who with single aim and unselfish purpose strives to do his duty without fear or favor.

On such an occasion one cannot withhold a thought that projects itself into the future. At the northern extremity of Sweden, where the bold promontory of the North Cape fronts the Polar Sea, a sight is witnessed at a certain season of the year that is worth going around the world to see. As the traveller stands watching, he sees the sun sinking toward the horizon, but it never disappears. It may almost touch the horizon's rim, but in a little while begins to

climb upward again on a sleepless march that never ends. But there is another sight of still deeper interest. A little earlier in the season the sun, as seen from the North Cape, not only approaches the horizon but dips some distance below it. Then the traveller beholds a sunset whose glories are never seen in Southern climes; but almost before he has time to wonder at the marvellous display his attention is called in a new direction. He turns a little toward the east, and lo! the sky is already tinged with the rosy hues of the coming morning—the splendors of the setting mingling with the exquisite beauty of the rising sun is a picture never to be forgotten. Such a close of life's long day we all wish for the brother beloved in whose honor we have met together—a sunset that shall have in it the prophecy of a still more beautiful rising in some far-off eastern sky. There may be times amid the weariness and shadows of waning years when one will say :

“The graves grow thicker and life's ways more bare
As years and years go by :”

but faith puts on a more cheerful courage and answers :

“Nay, thou hast more green gardens in thy care,
And more stars in thy sky.

Behind—hopes turned to griefs and joys to memories
Are fading out of sight ;
Before—pains changed to peace and dreams to certainties
Are glowing in God's light."

THE REV. J. M. HAGAR, M.A.

THE class I represent to-night is a large one, viz., the boys in the families of which Dr. Wakefield has been pastor. For four years Dr. Wakefield was pastor of my father's family while I was a boy at home ; so what I may say will be reminiscent, and as it refers to happenings of about forty years ago, it will be somewhat of an excursion into ancient history.

Among the forces that moulded my character when a boy, a large one was the influence of the Methodist preachers, who were frequent visitors at my father's house ; and among them none obtained so strong an influence over me for good as did Dr. Wakefield. Some of the excellent ministers who preceded him had about them so intense an odor of sanctity that their presence inspired me with awe ; they stood at an awful distance above me ; so that while I greatly respected them, there was no comradeship and little friendship. But with the advent of Dr.

Wakefield there was a new order of things, and he had not been with us long before we were the best of friends. And as it was with me, so it was with my brothers and the other boys of the neighborhood.

If I were to subject Dr. Wakefield to an analysis I should say that the qualities that drew boys to him were three :

1. His unaffected good nature. Boy nature is human nature in its most exuberant, fun-loving stage, and Dr. Wakefield loved fun, could see the point of a boy's joke and could laugh at it with an infectious sort of laugh. Indeed, in those days his appearance was somewhat boyish, for like the youthful David he was "ruddy and of a fair countenance." If the boys did not come to him in the parlor he would go out to the woodshed, or barn or orchard—anywhere to find them and get on good terms with them.

2. The second quality that won the boys was his fondness of a good horse. Boy nature is fond of dogs and horses; and here was common ground, I might say a large territory of common ground, for Dr. Wakefield and the boys. For at that time Dr. Wakefield's love of a good horse was almost a passion, he had a large stock of horse lore, and in the estimation of us boys was a great authority on horseflesh. David Harum

says, "A hoss is the most deceevinest thing in the world, for when you think you know everything about a hoss, you don't know nothin'." That might hold true of other men, but in our boyish opinion it did not hold true of Dr. Wakefield, for what he didn't know about a horse wasn't worth knowing. And he not only knew a good horse, but he kept one, too; indeed, the mere fact that a horse belonged to Dr. Wakefield was proof positive to us that he was a most extraordinary animal. Like H. W. Beecher, he believed a horse was made to go, and he had a deep-rooted aversion to taking dust from anybody. Should anyone have asserted that some sporting character with a fast horse had compelled Dr. Wakefield to take his dust, we boys would have resented it as an impossibility and a slander.

3. A third quality of Dr. Wakefield's that excited boyish admiration was his powerful voice. In the matter of sounds a boy's preference is decidedly for the loud, and strong, and forcible, rather than for the quiet and feeble; and in Dr. Wakefield's voice we boys found everything we could desire. For powerful, and even explosive effects, it was unrivalled. When he spoke, no one ever complained of inability to hear him. Of late years I have heard him say that his voice was a mere wreck of what it once

was. Well, as a boy, I heard it as it "once was." At camp-meetings people hid behind trees to get out of the way of it. And, besides this, the Dr. had a splendid courage, attacking sins of every dye, and sinners of low and high degree, and when he launched forth his thunderbolts, as he often did, we boys thought him a veritable son of thunder.

These qualities gave him a great influence over me, and opened my boyish heart to receive the truth he faithfully preached. And I accept it as a providential favor that just when my character was at the formative period I had the privilege of a pastor who was able to win my admiration and my affection as well. He also had something to do with my entering the ministry. He and the late J. B. Howard were the examiners who recommended me to the Church as a candidate. And this is the only thing that I have against him. After forty years of uninterrupted friendship, the only fault I have to find with him is that he might have shut the door into the ministry against me, and didn't do it.

It has afforded me unbounded pleasure to be here, and to add my tribute of respect and gratitude to my almost life-long friend, and my father's friend as well; and I feel that so well deserved are the honors we give Dr. Wakefield

to-night, that in bestowing them we only do honor to ourselves.

THE REV. ALBERT CARMAN, D.D.,

General Superintendent.

THIS magnificent occasion is called a banquet. Banquets are often given to great men and to special friends; and the good and noble man and beloved friend is here. We honor Dr. Wakefield for his life and labors, his character and record of fidelity to God and the Methodist Church and people. Further, banquets are taken advantage of to explain foreign relations and declare domestic policy. Now, as to foreign relations, our Canadian Methodism has peace with all the world. Very possibly it has peace where more aggression in the kingdom of God would give it sharp conflict. For a Church to have peace with the world, and in the world, is not the highest commendation. It is entitled to the peace which its Builder and Head gives. Canadian Methodism has peace, possibly too indolent a peace, with the Church of Italy and Spain. We have peace with the Church of Germany, and with the Churches of Scotland and Switzerland. Our relations with the Church of England, and

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the Church of Russia are amicable, and we are friendly to the Churches of China and Japan. We would like the utmost fraternity with all of them, so far as they are in Christ and show it by their spirit and work. Our leader, John Wesley, said, "We have a league offensive and defensive with every soldier of Jesus Christ."

Now, as to our domestic policy, Canadian Methodism ought to say strong things for New Ontario, and do strong things for British Columbia, Manitoba, and the North-West. Perhaps we cannot boast of New Ontario as the politicians do. Perhaps in our polity and practice we are not keeping pace with its progress. Is this our domestic policy, to lag behind, to fail to meet the demands of the time and place? Is it our domestic policy to discount the claims of our superannuated ministers, and to be weakened by annual deficits in our missionary budget? Are we boasting of surplusages in our educational work, of vast expansion in our Church enterprises, and of mighty revival over all our domain? Are these the growing times? What say our laymen to such features of our domestic policy? Are our achievements splendid, and are we really beating the other side in the battle and race? Some things in our foreign relations, and some things in our domestic policy, might well be improved.

In this demonstration and jubilee banquet we honor a wise, true and worthy man. Dr. Wakefield's fifty years in the Methodist ministry have not been passed in vain, but have reared noble monuments, and borne abundant fruit. What I would here emphasize, above even his success as pastor and preacher, his special and most important work, is his value and efficiency as a connexional man. Some men are broad enough, far-seeing and strong enough to be connexional, to take an outlook upon Methodism as a whole, to nurture all her institutions, and foster everywhere and all the time her broadest and best interests. In the connexional boards and institutions, with which perhaps I am most familiar, the counsel, experience, energy, courage, and sacrifice of this man of God are invaluable. Then in the union of our Canadian Methodisms he displayed his Christian manhood with the happiest results. Not an advocate of union at its inception, when it had been achieved he gave it his loyal and hearty support. We were not bribed into union, nor forced, nor flattered, nor coaxed into union; but led of the Spirit of God we were melted and fused into one spirit and one body; and we give God the glory. The marvellous prayer of Dr. John A. Williams in the tabernacle at Belleville on the historic

occasion of the first united meeting of the Conferences, by the power of the Holy Spirit brought us all together at the Cross of Christ in the glorious advance of the kingdom of God.

Also, Dr. Wakefield has shown himself in theology, doctrine, and discipline a progressive conservative—progressive enough for the age—conservative enough for the welfare of the Church. Not all old things are to be discontinued and abandoned; not all new things are to be commended and embraced.

“ 'Tis vain to call old notions fudge,
And bend our conscience to our dealing;
The Ten Commandments will not budge,
And stealing will continue stealing.

“ 'Tis vain to call our rules too tight,
And loosen Scripture for desires;
'Tis sure to dim the Spirit's light,
And kindle deep, infernal fires.”

In the conflicts raised by aggressive, ambitious novelties, we always know where to find John Wakefield.

THE REV. JOHN FOTTS, D.D.

THIS is a unique occasion in the history of Canadian Methodism. It is not the first time that the jubilee of a minister has been celebrated by his Conference.

In a few instances there have been jubilee sermons preached, and I have no doubt the genial and thoughtful President of the Hamilton Conference will arrange to honor the jubilee of Dr. Wakefield by appropriate services at the forthcoming Conference in June. It is, however, the first time, at least so I think, in all the history of Methodism that a Methodist Church, in its congregational capacity, has done so. All honor to Paris for its official and generous action in this matter.

It would not be so strange in other churches, and yet it is not a frequent experience of any of the churches. I can easily understand, in churches of settled pastorates, when a man has crossed the line of a quarter of a century and is still fresh and powerful in the pulpit, and a chief and influential citizen in the community, that the desire may grow to the effect that he may spend his fiftieth year in their midst, and still lead them, as a true and much-loved shepherd, into green pasture and by still waters. How seldom this occurs, even in churches where it is allowable, in view of the theory of Church government. In our Church such a thing is impossible. One of the difficulties of this occasion is that our thoughts are revolving around one man. And yet we are here because of that one

man, and he must be the text of many brief sermons at this protracted meeting.

I have known the subject of my little sermon for over forty years, and I may say that we have been warm, increasingly warm, friends through all these years. To-night I am carried back to the old Niagara district, and especially to the Grimsby camp-meeting. The mention of that district calls up such men as Samuel Rose, of precious and fragrant memory. He was chairman and general of the ministerial host, who always were ready to do his bidding in doing battle for the Lord Most High. Mr. Rose was like a father to the members of his district, of which he was very proud, and to his dying day he referred with pride to the men of that district. Richard Fawcett, John Shaw, Thos. S. Keough, Alexander Sutherland, and the hero of this evening.

What a brotherhood that was! What meetings those were on the old Grimsby camp ground! We of the Methodist ministry are more to each other than any other ministry, because of the itinerancy. A settled pastor is less dependent upon his ministerial brethren. John Wakefield and men like him have lived in the hearts of his brethren.

The Doctor has been a strong personality. I

have never heard of him apologizing for his existence. The Doctor has been a manly man — indeed, I might say that he has been noted for his manliness. This is no small accomplishment. In his Church, in the community where he has resided, in the Conference to which he has belonged, and in the Boards of the Connexion no one has been at a loss to know where John Wakefield stood.

Dr. Wakefield has been, in the ministry of fifty years, noted for two very important qualities, which are sometimes sadly lacking and which are vital to true success in the ministry of the Methodist Church. I will do little more than name those characteristics of his ministerial life and career—*evangelism* and *connerionalism*. He, thank God, has not been a stranger to the cry of the perished and to the gladness of the saved. His sermons have been blessed of God the Holy Spirit in helping many into the kingdom of grace and glory. Then he, too, has been a foremost connexional man on every circuit, in every district and in all the work of the Church. Fifty years in the ministry represent a great variety of service. Such a term is an unusually long service. How few reach it in any of the walks of public life. How specially varied when the man has been a representative minister, such

as Dr. Wakefield. The time covered by Dr. Wakefield's ministry represents great changes and great growth in both Church and State. In the Church, what numerical, social and religious growth.

The one thing which more than any other stands out before our vision is the wonderful union of all the branches of Methodism from the Atlantic to the Pacific. God, the Lord and Head of the Church, has put the seal of his approval upon the union of Methodism throughout this land.

In June, 1855, in London, Canada West, good old Elder Case preached his jubilee sermon, and in June, 1902, John Wakefield will preach his jubilee sermon at the Hamilton Conference in the city of Woodstock. It is a remarkable thing that Elder Case and John Wakefield, in their united ministry, are a century of Canadian Methodism.

In the State, how wonderful the changes and how changed the position of Canada, in the Empire and in the world? If we had, in those fifty years, a great Methodist union in the Church, have we not had a great State confederation of the scattered Provinces from ocean to ocean? Canada, to-day, is a great part of Greater Britain, and in the old land to-day Canada is spelled

with capital letters. Methodism, in the fifty years gone by, has had an historic glory, but it has to-day a prophetic glory that excelleth.

THE REV. GEO. W. HENDERSON.

THIS is certainly a very unique occasion, and it is suggestive as well. Suggestive to those who tell us that the trend of the times is to push the minister of age and experience to the wall.

In 1883 the Quarterly Official Board of this circuit invited the honored guest of this occasion to become their pastor. For three years he served this Church with great acceptability. Time passed on. Three years ago this Board was looking around for a man to succeed.

As is the custom of these Quarterly Boards, I doubt not that these dear brethren canvassed every likely and available man. They looked their records—personal, private, official and family—and then by an unanimous and hearty vote, they placed their invitation in the hands of Dr. Wakefield.

He is now closing his second term of three years, having completed his half century in the ministry, and as an expression of the high

esteem in which he is held, they tender to him this magnificent jubilee banquet. More than this. I see by our *Christian Guardian* that you have done both him and yourselves the honor to request his appointment for the fourth year.

Here is a man over threescore years and ten. Long since he has reached and crossed over the so-called "dead line," and yet you are pleased to load him with honors—honors which were never more richly deserved. Dr. Wakefield has never allowed the sympathy of a great loving heart to wane. He has kept well abreast of the times. He has, in spite of advancing years, continued young.

In one of our religious periodicals I recently noticed an article under this caption, "What shall we do with the old minister?" "Kill him." No, no! but if he be of the type of our beloved Wakefield, we say, and I believe the best sentiment of this age says, let us do him honor—let us record our convictions that long years of experience, study and fellowship with God do not render the minister of Jesus Christ less competent as our spiritual teacher and guide.

I am here in a two-fold capacity. As their representative I am instructed to convey the

greetings of the Church at St. Mary's. Though many years have passed, those who remain have the most precious memories of our brother's pastorate. But I esteem it a still greater honor to have been invited as a personal friend. To be numbered among the friends of such a man I reckon as one of the privileges of my life.

Twenty-two years next June he laid loving hands upon my head and ordained me to the office and work of this Methodist ministry. That was the beginning of an acquaintance which has become increasingly intimate, and to me most helpful to this very hour.

During the year of his presidency I was permitted to serve as his assistant, and a thousand times I have thanked God for that year. His devotion to the interests of the Church, his godly life, full of sunshine, were then and have since been to me an inspiration. He counselled me. He trusted me, and with all my heart I loved him. Two years later it was, to us, a great joy to have him officiate at our wedding. Last summer it was my privilege to have him for my travelling companion, and I have great pleasure in bearing my humble testimony that to know Dr. Wakefield better is to love him more.

THE REV. S. S. SELLERY, M.A., B.D.

I FELT pleased and honored when my Official Board elected me to represent them on this interesting and, may I not say, historical occasion, for this jubilee banquet will certainly be a matter of Canadian Methodist history. It gives me very great pleasure indeed to convey to Dr. Wakefield, the honored guest of this evening, the very warm and hearty congratulations of my Official Board, and I may say of my whole Church, on his reaching the jubilee year of his ministry. I confess that in undertaking to represent my Board in this matter I have assumed no little responsibility, because I know something of the high esteem in which he is held and of the strong terms in which they would like their congratulations to be conveyed. Dr. Wakefield had a most successful pastorate in Dundas, and has a very warm place in the hearts of the Dundas congregation. I am quite safe in saying that no minister was ever stationed in Dundas whose pulpit ministrations were more highly appreciated than Dr. Wakefield's. He is spoken of by all classes as a prince in the pulpit and as a devoted, faithful pastor and friend out of the pulpit.

You all know that he spent in Dundas the full term allowed by the Church, and if the time limit had been removed I judge that he would have been there still, for the simple reason that I have been told on every hand that his popularity increased with each year, so that he was better liked at the close of his fifth year than at the close of any of the preceding years. Of course I am glad that the time limit was not removed just then. You can remove it now as soon as you like, for there is only one Dundas in Canadian Methodism. One of my officials told me some time ago that he requested Dr. Wakefield during the last year, I think, of his pastorate to repeat one of his sermons. It was one, I believe, of unusual excellence, and he wished to hear it again. I know some preachers are very glad to repeat a sermon before the three years are up, even without a request, but Dr. Wakefield, at the close of his fifth year, was still so full of sermons, or had still such a supply on hand or enjoyed so much the work of getting up new ones, that he respectfully declined to comply with the request.

It is said that the churches are after the young men—the coming man—and are weary of the man, whatever his qualifications, who has already come. The man fresh from the shell is

wanted, and so much the better if he is steam-hatched. It is said that Paul's exhortation to Timothy to let no man despise his youth, is quite superfluous in our day, that it is not the beardless but the greybeard who is in danger of being despised. There are two sides to this question. I don't know as there is as much in these reports as some would make out. There are old men and old men. There are men younger at seventy than others at forty. I don't believe that the demand is so much for men young in years as young in heart—men who are still fresh intellectually, who have kept up with the times. It is not simply veal, as some would make out, that the churches are after, but juicy meat, independent of its age. The fact is that the most popular preachers in Canadian Methodism, the preachers that everybody wants to hear, and that no one can hear often enough, are men nearly if not quite threescore years and ten.

Why do the people of Paris want Dr. Wakefield for a fourth year, although he has passed, I imagine, the threescore years and ten? Because he has kept abreast of the times and is still young in heart. One of our ministers boasted that he had put in three years on a circuit without preparing a single new sermon. Believe

me, these are the men who are not wanted when they have a few grey hairs. They use their manuscripts till they are blue: with age and their sermons become stale as mouldy doughnuts—to use a classic expression.

Just another word. Dr. Wakefield has been a Gospel preacher. There is nothing that wears like the Gospel. You cannot imagine Dr. Wakefield dealing in sensational twaddle. He has preached the old Gospel, preached it in such a way as to meet the needs of the growing age, preached it with freshness and vigor, so that after a ministry of fifty years he is still in demand. It gives me very great pleasure to convey to Dr. Wakefield, on this ever-to-be-remembered jubilee occasion, the hearty congratulations of the Dundas Church—the Church that he served so faithfully and so acceptably for a period of five years.

THE REV. W. C. HENDERSON, D.D.

To but few men is it given to continue their ministry during a period of fifty years, and to fewer still on attaining the half century limit to have tendered to them a jubilee banquet. Both of these distinguished privileges have fallen to the

lot of the honored guest of this evening, and both have come in the providence of God, on the one hand by the exercise of sanctified common sense in caring for the body, and on the other by the good-will and love of the Church over which he presides. The banquet of this evening is alike creditable to the congregation and pastor. I feel it a great pleasure to be present on this happy occasion and thus to show my appreciation of genuine worth and true Christian manhood. We are here to rejoice together, Dr. Wakefield having thus far ascended the Mount of Transfiguration can now raise his Ebenezer, and with gladness recount the various incidents by the way.

His life has been devoted to one object: he has lived not for self, but for others.

The purest joy we must partake
In giving joy to others,
Our burdens we the lighter make
By bearing one another's.

To scatter sunshine in His name
Amid earth's gloom and sadness,
Is sowing light to reap the same
In sheaves of heavenly gladness.

“Father,” said a small boy, “What is a pessimist?” “A pessimist is a man who deliberately turns out the light so that he may look at the dark side of things.” Dr. Wakefield has

never been a pessimist, he has always turned on all the light and seen things from the brightest standpoint. The Gospel he has preached has been the Gospel of glad tidings. It is said that at the head of its "Sunshine" column, the *New York Tribune* keeps these lines standing:

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone,

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in heaven the deed appears,

Pass it on.

Having realized in early life the great kindness of God, these fifty years have been spent in passing the inestimable gift on. Who can compute the good accomplished by all these blessed influences set in operation, and which travel down the years in ever-widening circles of sweetness and power?

From a long and somewhat intimate acquaintance with Dr. Wakefield, I have been struck with three leading characteristics, and which I believe have been the main elements of his strength and power.

1. His great faith in God. Faith in God is the backbone of moral character as well as the

inspiration to Christian achievement. He who has God on his side is always in the majority. We read in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews of those "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

Mighty faith in God makes mighty men for God.

2. His great faith in the efficacy of the Gospel. He has always believed the Gospel good enough and great enough to meet the needs of man—the panacea for human ill, the sweetening tree for all the bitter waters of this life. The old Gospel, the same Gospel from century to century, but having its adaptations to each age and generation. Applied Christianity will not only save the individual man, but will solve the social and other problems of society. Hence Dr. Wakefield's loyalty to the Gospel. His ministry has always been, in the highest and most eminent sense, a gospel ministry.

3. His great faith in himself, and this is the best and most Christian sense: this has been a powerful element of strength in his character, often leading him to attempt great things for God where many others would have faltered.

Without this, life could not have been so potent for good. When any promised land was in view he always had the spirit of Caleb and Joshua. "Let us go up at once and possess it, for we are well able to overcome it." Whenever any large project was before the Church, no matter how many might be timid and fearful, his voice was generally heard urging on the hosts of God, and pleading ability to succeed. In the work of the circuit, district, Stationing Committee, or Conference his convictions were always clear cut and without misgivings, and the sequel generally proved that he was in the main correct. My prayer is that his life may be long spared and his years of active ministry extended, and when at the close of another decade he celebrates his diamond jubilee, that many of us who are here to-night may be present to take part in the general rejoicing.

THE REV. GEORGE CLARKE, PH.D.

FEW men in the Methodist ministry celebrate their fiftieth anniversary while yet in the active work. Fewer still who spare themselves as little as Dr. Wakefield has done. To begin with, Brother Wakefield was, and happily is yet,

possessed of a marvellous voice and a vigorous constitution which, coupled with good judgment, have carried him triumphantly through where others must have failed. Dr. Wakefield's work in the Methodist Church has been much more than the ordinary work of a superintendent of a circuit, great as that often is. Few men have held as long, filled as continuously, with as great credit to themselves and satisfaction to their brethren, the position of district chairman, with all its additional toils and responsibilities, as he has done. In addition to this, he has been honored more than once with the highest honors his Conference could confer. At a time when, in the judgment of many loyal Methodists, discipline was not being satisfactorily guarded in our Church, there was great delight created in the Conference at the prospect of Brother Wakefield, after being compelled to recuperate on the other side of the world, returning to the active work of the ministry with an enriched experience. It has been my privilege to have Dr. Wakefield as my chairman on different districts, and I have always regarded my association with him with intense satisfaction and pleasure.

Let me briefly refer to Dr. Wakefield as a predecessor, as a pastor and circuit superintend-

ent. I had the honor of following him on the Thorold circuit, of following him on that charge only a few months after the greatest revival in the history of Thorold. For a Methodist minister to go to a new field and find everything left to his satisfaction means a great deal. Yet, I want to say, that such satisfaction was mine. The membership roll, notwithstanding the great ingathering, was all I could ask. Not a name was returned, but in all honesty should have been returned. Then there was a carefully prepared record of the afflicted, of the aged, and of a few new converts in need of special care, that was a great help to me in my new charge. I not only found the good people of Thorold all he represented them to be; but I never, and I say this without throwing a single reflection on any other predecessor, went to a charge where I found everything in as complete order—in the home and on the circuit. All I had to do was to simply pick up the lines and drive right on about my Master's business. As a preacher of the Gospel, as an administrator of discipline and as a pastor, especially among the aged and afflicted, I never expect to follow his equal. And I am thankful for the privilege of being here to-night and give this testimony.

THE REV. D. W. SNIDER.

UNDER circumstances so auspicious and unique as the present, I am happy to find myself in Paris, in beautiful and picturesque Paris. This place of glorious hills and restful valleys, and of winding creek and river, is precious to me because of the hallowed character of the recollections which leap from my memory and blaze without consuming in my soul, being set aflame by the divine fires of thankfulness and love.

It was in this place during the early sixties of the last century that the first impressions of my childhood were received, and the first never-to-be-forgotten events of my life fashioned their history. My first outlook upon this world—recorded in memory—was across these ravines. My first sleigh rides were down these hills. My first fishing was in these streams. Here I toiled at the A B C's after the manner of the old stupefying method of approach to the gates of learning, but gladly climbing yonder hill for the privilege. The first memories of a consecrated home and of godly parents, who now rest from their labors in the abode of the saints, are here. The roughest Methodist meeting house that used to stand on the river bank, leading to the

upper town, was my first place of worship, and there the preachers of those days gave me my earliest conceptions of the necessary qualifications of the man of God. The most essential was that he must have hair that put to shame the wing of the raven, and must ascend on high like his prayers. Who that remembers the bushy blackness of the heads of the late James Spencer, and especially of W. S. Griffin and Geo. H. Bridgman, in their palmiest or more hirsute days, will find fault with the childish fancy? Alas, that many of us have not been able to pass down the illusion to succeeding generations.

In September, 1883, the authorities of the old London Conference laid their hands on me and broke the cherished plans of many years. They interrupted my course at old Victoria and brought me, while an undergraduate in Arts, to the assistance of Brother Wakefield in this place of my early memories, because the health of the robust veteran and guest of honor to-night was at that time seriously threatened with break-down and collapse. From the instruction and culture of college halls, I passed under his superintendency whose strength of character and splendid ministry Victoria has since properly acknowledged by conferring upon him the honorable degree of Doctor of Divinity. I became his Timothy.

For nine months my home was with Dr. Wakefield in the adjoining parsonage. I have vivid and kindly remembrance of every member of the household: of the earnest, thoughtful, cultured motherhood of Mrs. Wakefield; of restless and musical Melville, of the ambitious and versatile Miss Lillian, of the anecdotal and epigrammatic Miss Rose with literary instincts of the highest quality, of Hubert eagerly placing his wondering feet upon the paths of inquiry.

God gave us a good year in the work of the Church. Many were converted and gloriously saved from among the brightest and best in the congregation. Not very long ago I received a letter from one of them, the Rev. Joseph L. Walker, B.A., now an honored minister in an Illinois Conference—a letter in which he tells again to the glory of God and my abounding gratitude the story of his conversion.

Now, from such close association with Dr. Wakefield as those months afforded and an interested observation of his career up to this hour, I am not going to say that his character or gifts are ideal or perfect. His love of fine horses has nothing to do with it nor the way in which he can be tempted to purchase what he can never use at an auction sale. But I wish to keep on the good side of him, and I know he would be

the first to repudiate the flattering statement of his perfectibility and the man that made it.

I want however, to say, with the greatest freedom and candor—and with thorough-going emphasis what many in our Methodist connexion through ignorance do not believe, viz.,—that the young men of our Church, probationers and young ordained ministers, have no truer friend, no more deeply interested friend from ocean to ocean, than John Wakefield. But that leads me to say another thing: Dr. Wakefield puts what he conceives to be the welfare of the Methodist Church before all other considerations. For the welfare of the Methodist Church as he estimates it, he lives and breathes, he labors and prays, he ardently loves or openly hates: the thought of the welfare of the Methodist Church is first with him and controls him; and men may come and men may go—they are subordinate and secondary. If any have ever thought themselves impaled by his action it was not because he loved them less but because he loved our Zion more. And in what he has believed to be for the highest good of the Church this man of predominating personality and of stern inflexible will has been willing if it were the world against Athanasius, to let it stand “Athanasius against the world.”

Now having thus expressed what I believe to be the prevailing motive which, through fifty years, has guided the actions of the man whom we honor to-night, I shall not trespass upon the time or opportunity of others by any further characterization.

I desire to extend to the people of the Paris Methodist Church my congratulations upon this unique gathering assembled under the warm and inviting wings of their Christian hospitality, and made memorably impressive by their affectionate appreciation of their whole-hearted and veteran pastor: and to Dr. Wakefield, one of the noble succession of men in the Christian Church of positive character and action, bearing the four-square name of John, from John the Baptist sent from God to John Wesley and John A. Williams, let me, as the colleague of 1883-4 and the friend of this hour, say devoutly: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

THE REV. WILLIAM BRIGGS, D.D.

AFTER felicitous congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Wakefield, and to the members and friends of the Paris Church, Dr. Briggs proceeded.

Thought, at such a time as this and in such a meeting as this, has a double edge. It tempers, if needed, the retrospective and the prospective look of the mind.

At whatever point of life we may have arrived, whether more or less of the mile-stones that mark the way are behind us, when we look back along that way, does not a vastly greater part of it lie in sunshine than in shadow? We will not forget that shadows have fallen, and that when they fell they were dark and depressing. Still, when each is summed up and set by itself, when the light and the darkness are gathered up, separated and set in opposition, which is really the greater? Is there not much more of sunshine than of shadow?

Some of us may be inclined to doubt this, but if so, do we do so reasonably? Do we take sufficiently into account the common blessings of life, the daily, hourly good that comes to us through our relations to outward nature, and through the relations, social, domestic and business, which we sustain to our fellow-men?

Again, do we count in our estimate our highest blessings, the religious blessings; namely, the privilege of being the children of God, subjects of His government, ministers of His pleasure, with faculties to understand His character, to

rejoice in His perfections, and to celebrate His praise? And, therefore, can we not answer this whole question in the well-known metred words:

“ It is true, though cynics doubt it,
There is more of light than gloom,
More of sunshine than of shadow,
On our pathway to the tomb.

Israel found, amid her wanderings,
Ere her weary march was done,
Elim's wells were sweet and many,
Mara's pool was only one.”

There is another thing in our personal experience, as we are pondering o'er the past to-night, worthy of special notice. Have we not been growing all these years, our powers expanding, our capacity to enjoy and understand increasing, our vision opening wider, our thoughts deepening and enlarging?

We have brighter lights, and more advanced lessons than our fathers had, and God intends that we shall open our eyes to see more, and our minds to comprehend more, and our hearts to enjoy more, than any mortals who have lived before us. But not only does God intend that we should be an improvement on the past of others, of our predecessors. He also intends that we should be an improvement on the past of ourselves, that we should mount above our old-

time ignorance, that we should disdain the level of our former bigotries, that we should climb to the crest of the occasion, that we should stand on the summit of opportunities, that thus "on our dead selves as stepping-stones," we should "rise to higher things." And so through all the chequered scenes of life let the full view, the fair view, be taken by us. Let us remember all the way the Lord has helped us, and the remembrance will strengthen hopefulness.

And now, sir, enlarging the teaching of this thought from an individual to a general application of it, let me say that I believe the experience of the world is calculated to strengthen our hope for the world, and hence to give us courage to labor for its redemption.

Whether we think of the political, educational or religious world, experience worketh hope in each realm. Think of politics? Now, by politics I do not for a moment mean partyism, but politicalism; and the politics of long ago meant, and went to establish a strong government regardless of the means. Justice, merey, truth, had nothing to do in the case. When a man was proclaimed king, his entire business was to make sure of his kingdom. He usually began by removing all his rivals: the relatives and friends of the former king, and all his own relatives who

looked askance. The next thing was to put his favorites into office. This last practice has not altogether died out yet. Next in order he went forth to conquer all the weak provinces round about, and carry home their gold, and make slaves of their people. That was ancient politics, —supreme selfishness and lust of power; but politics did not remain there. A new idea was growing. Some may say that moral questions have no place in politics, but politics will find a place among the great moral questions, and experience worketh hope in this respect, for Webster's definition of politics as "a branch of ethics" is being widely accepted and adopted. It is being increasingly seen that every problem that faces humanity must be faced at the polls; that every subject that touches the general welfare must be grappled in the Legislature; that there is no more stupendous folly on earth than to suppose that politics can give any moral question the slip.

Now think of the educational world, and can we not say that this is an age ahead of all previous eras of educational progress? Churches are taking hold of education; governments are taking hold of education; there is a demand for knowledge, and there is an effort made to supply the demand by the philanthropic powers of

Church and State. This is an age when knowledge has been brought down from the summits of society to be spread over the plains. This is an age of educational institutions, from common schools as the base up to High schools, and Collegiate Institutes and University Colleges, as the steps to an apex on which is the culmination of human thought, or on which is the focus light from the first flash of educated thought. And the knowledge which arises from this liberal education is not only diffused with a facility, and an extension which places it within the reach of all, but it is a knowledge which is increasing. Its organ of sight and the attributes of the mind are strengthening: and in all its ingenuity it is seeing farther. The arm of its industrial achievement is striking harder, and the thoughts and facts of its discovering power are travelling with a rapidity which puts human calculation at fault.

In higher education at the beginning of the century, and later years, even within the time of the ministry of our dear friend whose jubilee we celebrate to-night, woman received but scant recognition, and the majority of people thought that reading and writing were enough for any girl. In the business world she was seldom trusted to sell a yard of calico or count a dozen of

eggs; the mighty masculine mind alone was considered equal to these transactions. The century which has gone, and especially the half of which we think of to-night, has been a woman's century, a century of education, of general uplifting; a century in which woman has come to her educational and industrial opportunity.

And now think of the Christian religion—the cause of every advance in politics, in literature, in art, and in science. Here we mark, not a magnificent or monumental institution, but a growing force. The Rev. H. T. Brown, the greatly beloved and popular Baptist divine in Liverpool, shortly before his death said, "When I look back I really cannot find the time when any portion of the Church was as much enlightened as many portions of it are now." Consider our own country. We have the one Presbyterianism, the one Methodism, and a closer fraternal union of the churches, for never, it appears to me, have the heart and mind of Christendom been so generally and fondly turned as during the present year or the years our minds are dwelling upon, toward Christ—

"The sinless years
That breathed beneath cerulean blue."

What of our Methodism? In 1842 we were divided, and but one-fifth of the population of

the Province. We are a unit now, and are about one-third of Ontario's people. So much for the quantity of our Canadian Methodism—a growing quantity. What about the quality? Is it growing? I mean is it growing better? Still the quality is different. Then the Methodism was the camp-meeting, the educational, the shouting, the hallelujah Methodism—not a bad kind, remember. I am not stating it to scoff at it; far from it, for it was a soul-saving Methodism. The “old-time religion” is still good enough for me. Now the Methodism is more quiet, more thoughtful, more practical, but in giving to the Lord and in working for the Lord, I believe the Church has not backslidden.

The singing was more general then, and more lively; more openly articulated, if not as educationally artistic. The lung power of Methodism was grand. In those days, when Methodism sang “I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,” they meant it, and used nearly all their breath in singing it.

The praying was more fervent: long, dull prayers were not very often heard. Such praying ones were exhorted to “cut them off” at both ends and set them on fire in the middle.”

The preaching had more of the spiritual abandon, more of the awakening; the sin-con-

vincing and soul-converting resulting from the there and then preaching. Yet, Mr. Chairman, count me not a pessimist. I am an optimist in relation to our Church in giving, praying, singing and preaching, as well as working; for our young people are working nowadays as never before. And experience worketh hope that still more faith, more zeal, more energy, more missionary enthusiasm, more willingness to sacrifice self, more charity, and more holiness may be ours. The Lord hasten it to our churches, and all the churches of His care. Amen.

For a variety of reasons several of those invited to the jubilee banquet were unable to attend, and forwarded, with their letters of regret, their felicitations and good wishes. Many others, also, throughout the length and breadth of the land took occasion to "joy and rejoice" with the great gathering in Paris on the unique event. From a multitude of letters, addressed either to Dr. Wakefield or to Mr. Lewis Maus, the Recording Steward of the Church, we select a few as indicating the great and abiding love that Dr. Wakefield has awakened in the hearts of those who have been associated with him in his long years of service in the Church.

THE REV. E. B. RYCKMAN.

I HAVE considered well your invitation to the jubilee banquet to be given to your pastor, Dr. Wakefield, on February 18th, now approaching, and am sorry to have to say that I shall not be able to be there. I could give several good reasons.

Nevertheless I am thankful for the invitation. I should like very much to spend an evening with the good people of Paris, of whom myself and family have the pleasantest recollections on their own account: but doubly glad when they mean to do honor to such a man as Dr. Wakefield. I honor him myself. My acquaintance with him began forty-ine years ago, when we were students together at college. I began by thinking well of him, and from that time to the present each successive year has but deepened my respect and affection for him. I have been associated with him in almost every relation in which Methodist preachers come together, and I *know* him, and a more manly, honorable, generous, judicious, and, in every way, likeable friend I never found in the whole of our vast brotherhood.

I rejoice that he has attained to his jubilee,

and that his acceptability and usefulness are increasing instead of diminishing.

I shall be with you in spirit at the banquet, and feel assured that the occasion will be worthy of yourselves and of the beloved pastor and friend whom you seek to honor. Mrs. Ryckman joins me in what I have said in these lines.

Yours very truly,

E. B. RYCKMAN.

THE REV. J. S. ROSS, D.D.

I THANK you heartily for your very kind invitation to be present at the jubilee banquet to be held in honor of your pastor, Rev. Dr. Wakefield. As I find it impossible to attend on account of special services, I wish you would kindly convey my sincere regrets. If present and had an opportunity to speak, I would join enthusiastically in all the kind, good and true things said of my old friend, the Rev. Dr. Wakefield, whom I have known for over thirty years. He has ever been a stalwart with a kind heart below—just and jealous of the purity of the Church, but always fair. When thoroughly convinced that an unpopular measure is right, he may, in upholding it, have fear, but no one

ever saw signs of it. I have known many men, especially ministers, but for meeting emergencies with superb courage, when heroic treatment was needed, John Wakefield excels them all. He holds the respect and confidence of the Connexion for his loyalty to the doctrines and principles of the Church of his youth, and for his well-balanced judgment on the various perplexing questions which have come before him in the several Boards, Committees and Conferences of the Church. His honorary degree of D.D. was conferred upon him unanimously by the Senate of Victoria University, and in addition he has been elected to nearly all the leading offices the Church has had at its disposal, which he has filled with credit to himself and general satisfaction. Not every travelling preacher's life is filled with years and honors, and rarely do we find one who, amidst the many hardships of the early itinerancy, reaches his jubilee year. Therefore, when it arrives, let hearty congratulations, felicitations and good wishes for the future be the music of the hour.

With best regards, believe me,

Ever truly yours,

J. S. ROSS

THE REV. WM. KETTLEWELL.

It is with the keenest regret that I find myself unable to accept your kind invitation to be present with you on the occasion of the jubilee banquet to the Rev. Dr. Wakefield on the 18th of February.

I feel very proud of the Paris friends that they are not allowing the unusual opportunity of such a jubilee celebration to pass without recognition. I think that probably no minister of our Church more worthily represents the heroic generation of Methodist ministers that has all but slipped away from us. The pioneer experiences of Dr. Wakefield are of more exciting interest to the lover of his Church and country than the well-written novel. It is a matter of surprise and congratulation that one who courageously faced the hardships of our early history should still be so vigorous and successful in his ministry. Will you kindly present my apologies, and express my wish that Dr. Wakefield may be spared to many more years of usefulness in connection with our beloved Church.

Yours sincerely,

WM. KETTLEWELL.

MR. Z. B. LEWIS.

ALLOW me to congratulate you on the fiftieth anniversary of your ministry in connection with the Methodist Church. Our acquaintance was made in Cobourg while attending college. Well do I remember the many pleasant hours spent together at our boarding house on Division street. The interest you took in my spiritual welfare will never be forgotten. Through your reasonings and prayers I was led to change my mode of careless living, and felt the need of a Saviour. What a change took place! I first felt the weight of sin, and afterward the great satisfaction of knowing my sins were forgiven.

“Happy day that fixed my choice.”

I will never cease thanking you for your loving and comforting words of counsel and advice. It has been my good fortune to enjoy much of your society during the past fifty years, and during your ministry on this circuit a kind Providence honored your efforts with a great revival. Many have died in the faith, and a few of us are left on our way to the better land. I so often think of you when I review my past life. I trust the reunion banquet may be an occasion of

unmingled joy. I would much like to attend and meet you and your numerous friends, and wish you God speed. Trusting you may have many years added to your useful life is the prayer of your sincere friend,

Z. B. LEWIS.

THE REV. J. G. SCOTT.

PERMIT me, however, to congratulate you and to join you in gratitude to the Head of the Church for the honor which rarely comes to men, but has been given to you, of preaching the everlasting Gospel for nearly a half century. You helped lay the foundations of our Church, rear her walls, and develop and sustain in her that spiritual life which is her crowning glory.

I think of you, and of others, your fellow-laborers in the ministry, I am thinking also of the future of our Church. Your jubilee banquet reminds me that the long bond which has united you to the work you love must soon of necessity be loosened. From other lips men will soon listen to the words of eternal life. Your interest in many things, fresh, vivid, and hearty for fifty years, will become by a law which is common, fainter and fainter, until down the corridors of memory you will gaze to recall, with an effort, the names

and circumstances so familiar to you even now; but deeply on your heart, which will not soon forget, will be indelibly engraven the names of the churches where you have ministered, the congregations gathered within their sacred walls, and the triumphs of the truth in the salvation and purification of men there witnessed by you. And if you can never forget these crowning glories of your ministry, neither can those, many of whom are on earth and many in heaven, who have been enriched forever by them. I cherish the hope that as the work of the fathers draws to a close the children may be baptized for the dead. So may the bright succession of manly, common sense, intelligently pious, consecrated men, run, preventing our graveyards, where sleep the ashes of the fathers, from becoming richer than the Churches.

Yours in hearty congratulations,

JNO. G. SCOTT.

THE REV. STEPHEN BOND.

DEAR BROTHER,—The receipt to-day of the *Star-Transcript* with a report of your great jubilee celebration prompts me at once to carry out a purpose which I had formed of writing you

for the purpose of expressing my sense of loss at the death of your brother Daniel, and in the next place of congratulating you on the attainment of your ministerial jubilee. I had noted the latter fact before I received the paper, and felt that I would like to express my delight at the fact. I remember distinctly the time when you first preached as a local preacher in the old Thompson's church. I was at Ayr, in Mr. R. Senior's store trying how I would like clerking, and so was not present, but I heard of it, and I remember how proud the members of that church were of you at the time. During our lengthened period in the itinerancy, it is somewhat strange that we were never even in the same district at the same time, nor in the same Conference since the division. But I greatly appreciate the fact of your steady and honorable history in this great work. And I must congratulate you on the history of the past, and hope that in age you may still have strength to follow your loved employ.

It is fitting and the promptings of my heart lead me to express my sympathy with you in the loss of your only brother. I was at his house for two nights a year ago last August and enjoyed the opportunity of renewing acquaintance, and renewing old memories. He was a true man

and walked in the ways of righteousness. I can see how a man becomes lonely amidst many friends when all his earlier acquaintances and relatives pass away. Happy is the man who has a strong hold on the world beyond.

Your ministry, with the exception of the short term spent at Sherbrooke and Aylmer (East), has been within a comparatively limited area, while mine has been spread over a great portion of these two provinces. But we are nearing one goal.

Receive kindly expressions of regard from the one who, though never very intimate, has known you the longest, probably, of any one now in our ministry.

Yours truly,

S. BOND.

THE REV. CHANCELLOR BURWASH,
S.T.D., LL.D.

UNTIL the end of last week I had held fast to the hope of being with you to-morrow on the auspicious completion of your fiftieth year in the Methodist ministry. Our Board is engaged in important financial and other deliberations which we hope may place our *Alma Mater* in a position of permanent financial and educational

strength, free from the embarrassments of the past. An important meeting on Wednesday makes it imperative that I should avoid a late session Tuesday night, as now my strength is but small.

Let me, however, add my word of congratulation to that of your many friends. I remember well the beginning of your fifty years' work, when, after a year under the chairman, you entered college in the autumn of 1853, and with Stobbs, Tew and Laird now in heaven, and Parker, Henderson and Russ, and others still with us, took part in the glorious revival which gave our country such grand men as Carman, Ryckman, Senator Kerr, Judge Britton and scores of others, and which made Victoria from that day to this a centre of spiritual power for Canadian Methodism. You will pardon this little reminiscence, and believe me, with prayers that God may still add to your years and the fruits of your labors,

Yours in Christ,
N. BURWASH.

THE REV. CANON ALFRED BROWN.

I AM glad to know that your many friends, both in and out of town, are combining to tender

you a complimentary banquet, in recognition of your having completed fifty years of ministerial life. I regret that I cannot be present on so interesting an occasion, but I wish to express my sympathy with the object of it, and the high respect and esteem in which I hold you. Your acquaintance has not been so long or so intimate as other of our friends, but it has been sufficient so as to lead to form a very high opinion of your character, and to feel that your influence during the long period of fifty years has been uniformly exerted for those things which make for truth and righteousness.

With kind regards for yourself and family, and praying that you may be spared for many years of usefulness and happiness—

Believe me, faithfully,

A. FRED BERRY

MR. J. H. BROWN, D.D.

SORRY cannot be present on the occasion of your years of the silver jubilee, but I would express my opinions of your friends—

T. H. PERRY

WELLINGTON ST. CHURCH, BRANTFORD.

*John Wakefield, D.D.,
Chairman Brantford District,
Methodist Church, Paris.*

DEAR BROTHER—I am instructed to forward you the following resolution, passed at the Quarterly Meeting on the 14th inst. :-

The Quarterly Board of Wellington Street Church desires to congratulate Rev. Dr. Wakefield on the attainment of his jubilee as a preacher in the Methodist Church. We devoutly thank God for the good accomplished by him through these many years. We pray that his bow may still abide in strength, and that many more may be led into the Kingdom through his ministry."

W. M. WILKINSON,
Recording Steward.

JOHN PICKERING, *Pastor.*

THE INVITED GUESTS.

- Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Griffin, Toronto.
“ Dr. Jno. Potts, “
“ Dr. Sutherland, “
“ Dr. N. Burwash, “
“ Dr. Parker, “
“ Dr. Carman, “
“ Dr. Briggs, “
“ W. B. Creighton, “
“ R. W. Woodsworth, “
“ John and Mrs. Mills, Guelph.
“ John Philp, D.D., Kingston.
“ E. B. Ryckman, D.D., Cornwall.
“ Wm. McDonagh, Stratford.
“ A. E. and Mrs. Russ.
“ D. W. and Mrs. Snider, Simcoe.
“ J. S. and Mrs. Williamson, D.D., Berlin.
“ G. W. Calvert, Ingersoll.
“ John G. Scott, “
“ Wm. and Mrs. Kettlewell, Mount Forest.
“ J. H. and Mrs. Hazelwood, Hamilton.
“ Alex. Langford, D.D., Owen Sound.
“ Peter German, Cainsville.
“ D. L. Brethour, D.D., Niagara Falls South.
“ W. C. Henderson, D.D., Burlington.
“ Jno. Kay, Thorold.
“ W. F. Wilson, Hamilton.
“ J. S. Ross, D.D., Walkerton.
“ J. M. Hagar, Acton.
“ Jno. Pickering, Brantford.
“ G. K. B. Adams, “

- Rev. J. W. Smith, Brantford.
“ Wm. Savage, Guelph.
“ G. Clark, Ph.D., Warton.
“ Jas. Harris, Guelph.
“ S. W. Jackson, Elora.
“ R. B. Rowe, Cainsville.
“ Geo. W. Henderson, St. Mary's.
“ S. S. Sellery, Dundas.
“ Dr. Jno. and Mrs. James, Paris.
“ E. D. and Mrs. Silcox, “
“ T. M. and Mrs. Cameron, “
“ E. and Mrs. Coekburn, “
Mrs. John Wakefield, “
Miss Rose Wakefield, “
Miss Lillie Wakefield, “
Mr. Hubert Wakefield, Los Angeles.
Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Wakefield, Honolulu.
Dr. Frank and Mrs. Wakefield, Los Angeles.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Robson, Washington.

LAYMEN.

- T. H. Preston, M.P.P., Brantford.
R. S. Schell, Esq., “
Jno. Mann, Esq., “
Wm. Wilkinson, M.A., “
J. B. Grafton, Dundas.
W. H. Keagey, “
W. R. Hooming, “
S. F. Lazier, Hamilton.
Wm. Hunter, “
Joseph Gibson, Ingersoll.
R. Bass, Washington.
Jno. Read, Stratford.

Wm. Gardiner, Chatham.
R. L. White, Hamilton.
R. Butler, Ingersoll.
Z. B. Lewis, Niagara Falls South.
Geo. Allen, Burlington.
Wm. McClary, Thorold.
W. B. Calder, Grimsby.

PRESS REPRESENTATIVES.

C. W. Lawton, *Paris Review*.
G. W. Featherston, *Star Transcript*.
G. V. Brown, *Brant Expositor*.
Dr. Dunton, *Globe*.
W. B. Creighton, *Christian Guardian*.

