

# The Provincial Wesleyan.

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## THE HYMNS OF THE WESLEYS

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SPIRIT AND MANNER OF THEIR PREACHING AND OF THEIR SYMPATHIZING WORK.

By THE REV. DAVID HAY.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The preaching of Charles Wesley was immediately directed, like that of his brother John, to the salvation of souls. He had, with him, a passion for saving souls, and under his preaching multitudes were added to the Lord, who became his glory and joy. In doctrine, feeling, and aim the brothers were one, having both been baptized into the same Spirit. They firmly believed in the universal gift and depravity of the human race, and also in Christ, as "God's great gift to all mankind." They strongly and decidedly bore testimony to the truth that the Son of God gave Himself a ransom for all. They knew nothing of those bonds which limited redemption and a restricted Gospel impose on the preacher's offer of salvation. They openly declared and maintained by arguments which have never been refuted, that the redeeming grace of God is free for all men. For this truth Charles Wesley contended as stoutly as his more polemical brother. He not only preached it wherever he went, but set it forth in his psalms and hymns with a fulness and power which were irresistible. On the subject of God's universal love to man, he put forth his sentiments with intense and passionate earnestness. To the thousands who gathered around him on Kennington-common and elsewhere Charles Wesley cried:

See all your sins on Jesus laid;  
The Lamb of God who takes away  
The sin of all, and every man's.  
For every soul of man.  
And what a glorious opportunity was thus given to the herald of salvation to declare to listening multitudes that Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man. But even those vast audiences were not sufficient to satisfy his heart, expanded as it was by the love of Christ. He desired to proclaim it to the world, to make it known to all mankind. Hence his fervent wish—

O for a trumpet voice  
On all the world to call!  
To bid the nations rejoice  
In Him who died for all.  
For all my sins was crucified,  
For all for all my Saviour died.  
And if Charles thus sang of the Gospel of the grace of God, not less fully did he in his ministrations testify of it. Preaching, he says, to a multitude of people, he strongly called upon them for an hour and a half to come to God, who would have all men to be saved. In one instance he tells us that he had given him strength to exhort about two thousand sinners to repent, and he concluded his sermon by singing an invitation to sinners to come to Christ. And what could be more suitable and effective for such a purpose than that hymn, which has since become so often sung:

Weary souls that wander wide  
From the central point of bliss,  
Turn to Jesus crucified,  
Fly to those dear wounds of His:  
Sink into the purple flood,  
Rise into the life of God.  
Thus did he make the hymn the closing part of his sermon, and it was probably the most powerful part too, for it was its appeal and application. Sometimes the servant of the Lord was met with opposition from the sons of Belial, but this only served to stimulate his courage and to quicken his zeal into still greater exertion. On one instance, when the Lord gave him strength to exhort about two thousand sinners to repent, and he concluded his sermon by singing an invitation to sinners to come to Christ. And what could be more suitable and effective for such a purpose than that hymn, which has since become so often sung:

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## AFRICA'S NATIVE BISHOP.

IN VIEW OF THE PRESENT VISIT TO ENGLAND OF BISHOP CROWTHER, THE NATIVE CHIEF PASTOR OF THE NIGER TERRITORY, THE FOLLOWING PARTICULARS OF HIS HISTORY MAY BE INTERESTING TO MANY.

One morning in the year 1821, the inhabitants of Oshogun, a town about 100 miles inland from the Bight of Benue, were attacked by a slave-trading tribe. The town was captured and burnt. Among the prisoners was a boy, Adjai by name, eleven years of age, with his mother, his two sisters, and one of his cousins. The relatives were, however, soon divided among the conquerors, Adjai, whose course we have to pursue, with one of his aunts, being allotted to the principal chief, who almost immediately bared him for a horse, but by a failure in the bargain he was returned for a short time to his relatives. He was, however, soon taken prisoner, and sold in the slave-market to a Mohammedan mistress, by whom he was again disposed of for some rum and tobacco. From his new owners he experienced barbarous treatment. With 186 fellow prisoners he was chained and lettered, and thrown into the hold of a ship, where their sufferings were most intense. 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Soon after this, with a little girl of the same tribe, named Asano, he was placed under the care of Mr. Weeks (afterwards Bishop of Sierra Leone), a pious missionary schoolmaster at Freetown, on the Western Coast of Africa. Adjai displayed, from the outset of his uneducated life, great industry and intelligence. Not content with two hours' teaching daily in the school, he begged a half-penny from some of his countrymen, purchased an alphabet card, and engaged one of the school children as his teacher. In three days he had learned the alphabet pretty well, in six months he was able to read the New Testament, and had shown such a desire for improvement that he attracted the special notice of the missionary and his wife. Three years of kind and faithful teaching were more than rewarded by bringing Adjai to renounce heathenism, and to embrace with all his heart the religion of Jesus Christ. He was consequently baptized on the 11th December, 1825, and received the name of Samuel Crowther, after a well-known and excellent clergyman. After visiting England in 1826, he returned to Sierra Leone, and became the first student in the Fourah Bay Institution which was founded in order to prepare pious Africans for the work of evangelizing their countrymen. In 1829 he married Asano, and for several years was the devoted schoolmaster of Freetown. His exertions were not without success. He was afterwards sent to the Cape of Good Hope, where he was employed as a schoolmaster, and in 1835 he returned to Sierra Leone, and was appointed to the post of a schoolmaster at Freetown. In 1841 Mr. Crowther was appointed to accompany the first Niger expedition. It will be remembered how disastrous that mission proved to the lives of the party engaged in it. Still it was not without its fruit. Mr. Crowther was spared, and resolved to devote himself to the Lord's work in that region. For this purpose he came over to England, became a student in the Church Missionary College in Divinity, and was ordained by the Bishop of London to be a missionary in Abbeokuta. Many providential circumstances led to the selection of that place as a missionary station, and on the 2nd of December, 1845, he reached the coast of Africa, "crowned a minister," as his countrymen expressed it, and preached, for the first time, the word of life to his black brethren. Delayed at Badagry for a year and a half by unforeseen events, he preached constantly under the shadow of a wide-spread tree, and laid there the foundation of a new mission. Arriving at length at Abbeokuta what was his joy to find himself restored to his mother and relatives, after five-and-twenty years' absence, and his still greater joy to be the means of subsequently admitting them into the Christian Church! We must pass over his trials and successes at Abbeokuta; over his labors as a translator of the Scriptures and Prayer-book into several languages of Africa; over his third visit to England; and his interesting interview with our gracious Queen. We must also omit to detail the four subsequent and successful expeditions up the river Niger in which he took part, and in each of which he laid the foundations for new missionary settlements. Successive bishops from England had been quickly cut down by disease upon the coast of Africa, and especially by the attempt to penetrate into the interior. A chief pastor was required to consolidate and superintend the work which had been so happily commenced. Every eye was directed to Samuel Crowther; and on the 29th of June, 1854, with the prayers and concurrence of all, and under the Queen's licence, he was consecrated in the Cathedral of Canterbury, as the first negro bishop of the Niger. The University of Oxford had already conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity; and it was a touching sight to see mingling amongst some of the greatest and noblest in the land, who had come to witness the solemn ceremony, several of his African countrymen, and that kind missionary's wife, who had given him his earliest lessons in religion, and whose sanctified husband had been some years before called away from his earthly scene to his heavenly crown. Bishop Crowther was soon at his post at Abbeokuta, and on the 24th of June, 1854, and reached Sierra Leone on the 10th of August. He received there that awaited him was overwhelming. Black men and white thronged the quay to meet and greet England's first black bishop. On the 23rd he reached Lagos, the scene of his former slavery, and immediately proceeded up the Niger by the *Imperator*. In six years he

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There are many of these books which only amuse a vacant hour. Some of them contain much novelty, but little merit; and possess only the lusciousness of a momentary pleasure. They suit the great majority of persons of desultory minds, who, deluged by the excessive variety of an inviting literature which neither stimulates nor taxes the mental powers, rove from book to book, skimming the surface of innumerable productions, but who never know the satisfying, healthful delight of conversing with an old book. There are works so solid and affixed in thought that like all other great master-pieces, they please better after an acquaintance of years. But people grow weary of master-pieces, and seek to luxuriate in a universal mediocrity. Even among professing Christians the natural distaste for the "things of the Spirit" is daily increasing. There is not a Christian pastor, or parent, or teacher, or author, or editor, or bookseller, who is not in duty bound to seek to correct the prevalent taste for this flimsy, unsubstantial style of reading, and to divert it into an earnest search for what is sound and profitable. We write with sad and earnest apprehension for the faith of the coming age, and counsel those who shall then stand in our very hot side chatter without the presence of Jesus, the power from on high. O that we might unite in breathing this one grandest, deepest, widest, richest prayer—inclusive of all prayers—this valedictory prayer of holy writ,—"Come, Lord Jesus!"—*Evangelist*.

## THE LAST PRAYER IN THE BIBLE.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

The word of God begins with a story, and ends with a prayer. It begins with the sublime story of the creation's six days' work, and concludes with an invitation to the Lord Jesus to come and possess the world which he had redeemed by his blood. "Even so, come Lord Jesus!" This is the shortest, and yet it is the sweetest and most comprehensive request that devout hearts are taught to utter. It would seem as if the beloved John, when he came to the close of the inspired book, might have cast about him to find the words which would express the fullness of his love to his dear Master and to his fellow men. So he utters these words of prayer. And in these words he epitomizes all the richest blessings which could come into his soul, and into the souls of all who should ever utter it.

We have a great deal of repetitions and rambling verbiage in our average social prayer-meetings. Everything is mentioned, and often very little is really sought. But suppose it were allowed to us to agree upon one short request to our Father should promise to grant to us. What would it be? One might urge the case of a sick child; another the case of an unconverted husband; another's heart is yearning for the Sabbath-school, and still another for the coming of a revival; a prayer for backsliders might be urged as most needed, and the pastor might claim that the blessing of God upon the preached word was the crying want. Suddenly some one leaps up and says, "Let us pray for Jesus!" And we all agree that this prayer covers the whole ground, and meets every case. For if we get Christ we shall get everything. Health, light, strength, pardon for the guilty, comfort for aching hearts, converting power, sanctifying power, all these, and more, will come if Jesus only comes himself. Suppose that any one of our Church praying circles should actually agree to merge their several petitions into this single one, "Come, Lord Jesus!" Here would be a "prayer-gauge" different from any that Professor Tyndal has ever suggested. It would be the simple adoption of a Bible petition, and in accordance with the spirit of that promise, "If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." We answered?

I sincerely believe it would. Such a request would be in the direct line of the Divine promise. It would be as nearly allied to all selfish and sinful desires as it is possible for anything human to be. It would involve no interference with physical laws. It would involve no miracle, and would include no impossibility. For Jesus has distinctly promised his presence to his people. When his bodily form floated up from the side of Olivet he did not say, "Come, Lord Jesus!" A cloud received him out of their sight. But the promise remained, "Lo! I am with you." Not somebody else, but "I, your Lord and Master. Jesus Christ was as truly in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost as he was on the day of his trial or his crucifixion. He was present when the fiery baptism descended. He spoke through Peter's lips when he preached that wonderful discourse, and he wrought through Peter's hands when he was at the entrance to Damascus when Saul of Tarsus cried out from the ground, "Who art thou, Lord?" and the reply was, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." We love to think of Jesus as hovering around the blazing stakes at which his martyr-servants were dying in his name. I love to think of him as actually with his imprisoned ones in their dungeons, or on their missions of Gospel love to the perishing. I believe that Jesus was as really with Luther in his convent, and with Bunyan in his cell, and with Brainerd in his forest solitudes, as he was with Peter and John by the strand of Galilee. He still does his mighty works through his living representatives. He still says, "My faith hath saved thee; go in peace." He still calls out evil spirits. He still comes in among the companies of his disciples. When our faithful Lord said, "I am with you always," he means that he will be with you in every hour of your life.

There is a strange mist of unbelief that seems to hang over good people's minds when they are urged to *realize* and *actualize* their Saviour as a living person. Because their eyes do not behold a living body, they regard him in a shadowy vague way, as if he were very far off on a throne of unapproachable glory. That he should really come into their souls as truly as he came into the house of Jarius, seems to them almost a shocking irreverence to speak of. But why limit the omnipresence and omnipotence of their Saviour and their elder brother? Ah! brethren, let us cure this unbelief—the best test in the world—by actually inviting our Master to come with his supernatural presence and power into our souls. The prayer of prayer is: "Come Lord Jesus!" This is the prayer for the overthrow of that adversary who torments us—for the relief of our burdens and tears, for the quickening of our faith, for the daily victory over sin, for the sweetening of our tempers, for the success of our spiritual goals, for the conversion of those we love. To be kind to the coming and the actual presence of Jesus is to have the eye of our faith put out! It means a veritable petitioning for a veritable Christ to enter into our souls and to guide and rule our lives. Let us believe this; let us practice upon this; or else let us stop praying.

## AN INVALID FOR LIFE.

Destined for life to pain,  
I suffering lie, and see the years go by;  
No voice of sympathy, no loved one nigh,  
To bring me hope again.

It was not always so;  
There was a time when friends were ever near;  
I felt through sorrow that with love so dear  
My lot was blessed below.

But on one dreary day  
There came a shadow of a grief, so near,  
So great, so terrible, in deadly fear,  
I trembling sank away.

For tortured nerves could bear  
No more the sound of one loved one's tender tone,  
Although through suffering's hour each friend  
Had gone.

To me more doubly dear,  
In anguish then I cried,  
"Not this, my Father! Take all else below;  
Spare but one friend to cheer me as I go!"

Alas! no voice replied.

But earth had darker grounds;  
And one by one I saw my friends depart,  
Each taking portions of my bleeding heart;  
Till I was left alone.

My prayer had been in vain;  
And nights I wept my pillow with my tears,  
And mourned for friends who, through the coming years,  
I never might see again;

Until one blessed night  
There came a form so fair, so sad to see;  
Reproachfully it raised its hand to me—  
"Hast thou forgotten thee?"

"When this I did for thee?  
Behold my hands, behold my bleeding feet;  
Thou hast a friend—was ever love repaid  
With such a sympathy?"

Blest thought! my prayer was heard;  
I gazed entranced, and saw the clouds depart,  
Till every nerve was thrilled, and in my heart  
The fountain depths were stirred.

No longer now alone,  
Bright visions came to cheer me on the way,  
And love's ecstatic bliss turned night to day—  
My friend, my only one.

—*Watchman and Reflector*.

## THE EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

(An elaborate article in labor of the repetition of sermons. It says:—

"Dr. Newton preached a sermon from *1 Cor. i. 18*, 'I have loved the habitation of my house, and the place where this honor dwelleth' (Ps. 26: 8), which sermon had been published only a few months before in the 'Pulpit.' Dr. Hastings, as he was about to commence his sermon on one occasion, saw a young man adjusting his note-paper and pencil to take it down, when he called to him to save himself unnecessary trouble, as the sermon had been published some time ago. A Presbyterian minister, and well received, after preaching for some length of time, had only what sermons would serve him three years, which were repeated as he went through them. New sermons must always be imperfect in their fulness of choice thoughts, aptness in delivery, and literary finish. In some words and devices we cannot too much abound. These details reach the human heart except at the price of a frequent repetition." The boy Mr. Smith was never more profitable than when his constant subject was holiness of heart and life. What would, who in this respect no, but authority, said he was never satisfied with a sermon until he had preached it seventeen times. The apostle Paul gave Timothy only two topics for his preaching, the incarnation of Christ and the resurrection of Christ."

doubtless the repetition of a good sermon (before different congregations) is as justifiable as the repetition of lectures by our popular platform speakers. It is probable that no clergyman ever repeated a sermon as often as Wendell Phillips has redelivered his lectures on the "Lost Aris." Our greatest lecturers usually prepare but two or three new discourses a year.

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The word of God begins with a story, and ends with a prayer. It begins with the sublime story of the creation's six days' work, and concludes with an invitation to the Lord Jesus to come and possess the world which he had redeemed by his blood. "Even so, come Lord Jesus!" This is the shortest, and yet it is the sweetest and most comprehensive request that devout hearts are taught to utter. It would seem as if the beloved John, when he came to the close of the inspired book, might have cast about him to find the words which would express the fullness of his love to his dear Master and to his fellow men. So he utters these words of prayer. And in these words he epitomizes all the richest blessings which could come into his soul, and into the souls of all who should ever utter it.

We have a great deal of repetitions and rambling verbiage in our average social prayer-meetings. Everything is mentioned, and often very little is really sought. But suppose it were allowed to us to agree upon one short request to our Father should promise to grant to us. What would it be? One might urge the case of a sick child; another the case of an unconverted husband; another's heart is yearning for the Sabbath-school, and still another for the coming of a revival; a prayer for backsliders might be urged as most needed, and the pastor might claim that the blessing of God upon the preached word was the crying want. Suddenly some one leaps up and says, "Let us pray for Jesus!" And we all agree that this prayer covers the whole ground, and meets every case. For if we get Christ we shall get everything. Health, light, strength, pardon for the guilty, comfort for aching hearts, converting power, sanctifying power, all these, and more, will come if Jesus only comes himself. Suppose that any one of our Church praying circles should actually agree to merge their several petitions into this single one, "Come, Lord Jesus!" Here would be a "prayer-gauge" different from any that Professor Tyndal has ever suggested. It would be the simple adoption of a Bible petition, and in accordance with the spirit of that promise, "If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." We answered?

I sincerely believe it would. Such a request would be in the direct line of the Divine promise. It would be as nearly allied to all selfish and sinful desires as it is possible for anything human to be. It would involve no interference with physical laws. It would involve no miracle, and would include no impossibility. For Jesus has distinctly promised his presence to his people. When his bodily form floated up from the side of Olivet he did not say, "Come, Lord Jesus!" A cloud received him out of their sight. But the promise remained, "Lo! I am with you." Not somebody else, but "I, your Lord and Master. Jesus Christ was as truly in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost as he was on the day of his trial or his crucifixion. He was present when the fiery baptism descended. He spoke through Peter's lips when he preached that wonderful discourse, and he wrought through Peter's hands when he was at the entrance to Damascus when Saul of Tarsus cried out from the ground, "Who art thou, Lord?" and the reply was, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." We love to think of Jesus as hovering around the blazing stakes at which his martyr-servants were dying in his name. I love to think of him as actually with his imprisoned ones in their dungeons, or on their missions of Gospel love to the perishing. I believe that Jesus was as really with Luther in his convent, and with Bunyan in his cell, and with Brainerd in his forest solitudes, as he was with Peter and John by the strand of Galilee. He still does his mighty works through his living representatives. He still says, "My faith hath saved thee; go in peace." He still calls out evil spirits. He still comes in among the companies of his disciples. When our faithful Lord said, "I am with you always," he means that he will be with you in every hour of your life.

There is a strange mist of unbelief that seems to hang over good people's minds when they are urged to *realize* and *actualize* their Saviour as a living person. Because their eyes do not behold a living body, they regard him in a shadowy vague way, as if he were very far off on a throne of unapproachable glory. That he should really come into their souls as truly as he came into the house of Jarius, seems to them almost a shocking irreverence to speak of. But why limit the omnipresence and omnipotence of their Saviour and their elder brother? Ah! brethren, let us cure this unbelief—the best test in the world—by actually inviting our Master to come with his supernatural presence and power into our souls. The prayer of prayer is: "Come Lord Jesus!" This is the prayer for the overthrow of that adversary who torments us—for the relief of our burdens and tears, for the quickening of our faith, for the daily victory over sin, for the sweetening of our tempers, for the success of our spiritual goals, for the conversion of those we love. To be kind to the coming and the actual presence of Jesus is to have the eye of our faith put out! It means a veritable petitioning for a veritable Christ to enter into our souls and to guide and rule our lives. Let us believe this; let us practice upon this; or else let us stop praying.

## AN INVALID FOR LIFE.

Destined for life to pain,  
I suffering lie, and see the years go by;  
No voice of sympathy, no loved one nigh,  
To bring me hope again.

It was not always so;  
There was a time when friends were ever near;  
I felt through sorrow that with love so dear  
My lot was blessed below.

But on one dreary day  
There came a shadow of a grief, so near,  
So great, so terrible, in deadly fear,  
I trembling sank away.

For tortured nerves could bear  
No more the sound of one loved one's tender tone,  
Although through suffering's hour each friend  
Had gone.

To me more doubly dear,  
In anguish then I cried,  
"Not this, my Father! Take all else below;  
Spare but one friend to cheer me as I go!"

Alas! no voice replied.

But earth had darker grounds;  
And one by one I saw my friends depart,  
Each taking portions of my bleeding heart;  
Till I was left alone.

My prayer had been in vain;  
And nights I wept my pillow with my tears,  
And mourned for friends who, through the coming years,  
I never might see again;

Until one blessed night  
There came a form so fair, so sad to see;  
Reproachfully it raised its hand to me—  
"Hast thou forgotten thee?"

"When this I did for thee?  
Behold my hands, behold my bleeding feet;  
Thou hast a friend—was ever love repaid  
With such a sympathy?"

Blest thought! my prayer was heard;  
I gazed entranced, and saw the clouds depart,  
Till every nerve was thrilled, and in my heart  
The fountain depths were stirred.

No longer now alone,  
Bright visions came to cheer me on the way,  
And love's ecstatic bliss turned night to day—  
My friend, my only one.

—*Watchman and Reflector*.

## AFRICA'S NATIVE BISHOP.

IN VIEW OF THE PRESENT VISIT TO ENGLAND OF BISHOP CROWTHER, THE NATIVE CHIEF PASTOR OF THE NIGER TERRITORY, THE FOLLOWING PARTICULARS OF HIS HISTORY MAY BE INTERESTING TO MANY.

One morning in the year 1821, the inhabitants of Oshogun, a town about 100 miles inland from the Bight of Benue, were attacked by a slave-trading tribe. The town was captured and burnt. Among the prisoners was a boy, Adjai by name, eleven years of age, with his mother, his two sisters, and one of his cousins. The relatives were, however, soon divided among the conquerors, Adjai, whose course we have to pursue, with one of his aunts, being allotted to the principal chief, who almost immediately bared him for a horse, but by a failure in the bargain he was returned for a short time to his relatives. He was, however, soon taken prisoner, and sold in the slave-market to a Mohammedan mistress, by whom he was again disposed of for some rum and tobacco. From his new owners he experienced barbarous treatment. With 186 fellow prisoners he was chained and lettered, and thrown into the hold of a ship, where their sufferings were most intense. The vessel was, however, captured by British cruisers. Adjai, and five of his younger companions, kept close together, in the hope of sharing together the same fate, but despairing from the accounts which had been falsely given them by the Portuguese, that their new masters would kill and devour them. When they were brought on board the British man-of-war they were terrified by seeing a beam of cannon shot, which they imagined to be a pile of negroes' heads, as well as by some pieces of pork, which they thought to be the remnants of a cannibal feast. Their fears, however, were greatly mollified by the translation of the Bible, which was given them by the Portuguese, and the kindness of the sailors, who supplied them with food and clothing, soon banished all suspicions, and made them feel that they had fallen into friendly hands. Soon after this, with a little girl of the same tribe, named Asano, he was placed under the care of Mr. Weeks (afterwards Bishop of Sierra Leone), a pious missionary schoolmaster at Freetown, on the Western Coast of Africa. Adjai displayed, from the outset of his uneducated life, great industry and intelligence. Not content with two hours' teaching daily in the school, he begged a half-penny from some of his countrymen, purchased an alphabet card, and engaged one of the school children as his teacher. In three days he had learned the alphabet pretty well, in six months he was able to read the New Testament, and had shown such a desire for improvement that he attracted the special notice of the missionary and his wife. Three years of kind and faithful teaching were more than rewarded by bringing Adjai to renounce heathenism, and to embrace with all his heart the religion of Jesus Christ. He was consequently baptized on the 11th December, 1825, and received the name of Samuel Crowther, after a well-known and excellent clergyman. After visiting England in 1826, he returned to Sierra Leone, and became the first student in the Fourah Bay Institution which was founded in order to prepare pious Africans for the work of evangelizing their countrymen. In 1829 he married Asano, and for several years was the devoted schoolmaster of Freetown. His exertions were not without success. He was afterwards sent to the Cape of Good Hope, where he was employed as a schoolmaster, and in 1835 he returned to Sierra Leone, and was appointed to the post of a schoolmaster at Freetown. In 1841 Mr. Crowther was appointed to accompany the first Niger expedition. It will be remembered how disastrous that mission proved to the lives of the party engaged in it. Still it was not without its fruit. Mr. Crowther was spared, and resolved to devote himself to the Lord's work in that region. For this purpose he came over to England, became a student in the Church Missionary College in Divinity, and was ordained by the Bishop of London to be a missionary in Abbeokuta. Many providential circumstances led to the selection of that place as a missionary station, and on the 2nd of December, 1845, he reached the coast of Africa, "crowned a minister," as his countrymen expressed it, and preached, for the first time, the word of life to his black brethren. Delayed at Badagry for a year and a half by unforeseen events, he preached constantly under the shadow of a wide-spread tree, and laid there the foundation of a new mission. Arriving at length at Abbeokuta what was his joy to find himself restored to his mother and relatives, after five-and-twenty years' absence, and his still greater joy to be the means of subsequently admitting them into the Christian Church! We must pass over his trials and successes at Abbeokuta; over his labors as a translator of the Scriptures and Prayer-book into several languages of Africa; over his third visit to England; and his interesting interview with our gracious Queen. We must also omit to detail the four subsequent and successful expeditions up the river Niger in which he took part, and in each of which he laid the foundations for new missionary settlements. Successive bishops from England had been quickly cut down by disease upon the coast of Africa, and especially by the attempt to penetrate into the interior. A chief pastor was required to consolidate and superintend the work which had been so happily commenced. Every eye was directed to Samuel Crowther; and on the 29th of June, 1854, with the prayers and concurrence of all, and under the Queen's licence, he was consecrated in the Cathedral of Canterbury, as the first negro bishop of the Niger. The University of Oxford had already conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity; and it was a touching sight to see mingling amongst some of the greatest and noblest in the land, who had come to witness the solemn ceremony, several of his African countrymen, and that kind missionary's wife, who had given him his earliest lessons in religion, and whose sanctified husband had been some years before called away from his earthly scene to his heavenly crown. Bishop Crowther was soon at his post at Abbeokuta, and on the 24th of June, 1854, and reached Sierra Leone on the 10th of August. He received there that awaited him was overwhelming. Black men and white thronged the quay to meet and greet England's first black bishop. On the 23rd he reached Lagos, the scene of his former slavery, and immediately proceeded up the Niger by the *Imperator*. In six years he

## POPULAR RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

WE ARE OF OPINION THAT A REFORM IS NECESSARY IN THE LITERATURE OF THE R

# Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1873.

## THE CANADIAN METHODIST MISSION TO JAPAN.

The mission of the Wesleyan Methodist Church to Japan is now fairly launched. It had long been the subject of thought and conversation among some of the more liberal and enterprising members of that Church. Thirteen years ago, it seems, a large-hearted lay member of the body earnestly advocated the establishment of a mission in Japan, and offered to make sacrifices in aid of its maintenance. But apparently the time had not then arrived for the Canadian Wesleyans to commence such a serious undertaking. Within a few years past, however, the Missionary spirit and resources of our sister Canadian Church have been greatly developed; and Japan has lately been rendered freely accessible to Christian evangelism. Under these circumstances, Dr. Punson has had but little difficulty in persuading our Canadian brethren, lay and clerical, that the set time to prepare for missionary work in Japan had come. Last fall the Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society felt able to arrive at a decision on the question. After full consideration, it was resolved by that body to break ground in Japan at an early day. The Church approved the decision, and promised to supply the means necessary to carry it out. The Supreme Head of the Church regarded the project with favour, and found men willing to devote themselves to its realization. Two excellent ministers, George Cochran, and Davidson Macdonald, whose hearts the Lord opened so that they attended to the call for help that came sighing across the Pacific from the Japanese Islands for help, offered to become the pioneers of the glorious enterprise. On Wednesday morning, May 7, a goodly assemblage came together in the Metropolitan Church in Toronto, to say farewell and to bid God speed to these noble men on the eve of their departure to the distant isles of the sea. The service was a solemn and inspiring one, worthy of the occasion.

The mission thus undertaken commences operations under auspicious circumstances. The field of labor seems well chosen. The heart of the Church has long been directed toward it. By a series of the most wonderful events that field has been prepared for. For a year or two past, one beneficent change after another has rapidly taken place therein, and these have culminated in the establishment of complete religious toleration. The agents about to enter it on behalf of the Church appear to be providentially designated for the work to be done, and the sympathies of the Church are, we should suppose, thoroughly enlisted on their side.

There is a great work to be accomplished. We pray that the new Mission thereto undertaken by the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Canada, may be permitted to render good service in the performance of that work.

A monument to the Wesleyans, said to be a very fine work of art from the chisel of Adams a distinguished English sculptor, is to be placed presently in Westminster Abbey, the great British Pantheon. In connection with this fact, it is noted that Dr. Stanley, the Dean of Westminster, the most genial and accomplished of broad Churchmen, is making an exhaustive study of the life and character of John Wesley. He is mastering the literature of the subject with painstaking research. From these circumstances it is to be inferred that the liberal minded Dean intends to celebrate the setting up of the Wesley monument in the magnificent edifice under his control, by the publication of a fitting literary tribute of honour to the memory of the great Apostle of Methodism. It would seem that year by year John Wesley's character, work and fame grew upon the admiration of learned and candid men, throughout the world. The time is near, it is not already come, when the very church that thrust him forth from its pulpits, and cast out his name as evil, will boast of him as one of its chief glories.

The great men of the world are falling fast. Within a short period, Napoleon, Seward, Liebig, MacCreedy, Bulwer, Chase, Mill, and many others, who in different spheres were deemed foremost among their fellows, have passed away. The grass withereth, the flower fadeeth, the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof knoweth it no more. But the word of the Lord endureth for ever and ever.

Dr. Punson is about leaving Canada for his native land. The years spent by him on this side the Atlantic have been years of splendid toil, and have been productive of noble results. He returns to England we believe with a mind much enlarged by his American experiences of men and things. Should his life be long spared his influence on the developments of British Methodism is likely to be very marked. We shall not be surprised to learn that he is booked for a place in the secretariat of the Missionary Society of the Parent Church. Of course he will soon be placed in the chair of the British Conference. His re-entrance of the Methodist household will be warmly greeted by hundreds of thousands in the British Isles.

The dreadful calamity that occurred last week at the Drummond Colliery in the County of Picquet, hurried a large number of men in the fullness of their strength into eternity, plunged a very wide circle of bereaved ones in the deepest distress, and awakened feelings of horror and pity wherever tidings of the disaster spread. The details of the terrible occurrence are harrowing in the extreme. Coming so soon after the Atlantic tribulation, it seems

doubly distressing. God help the sorrow-stricken parents, wives, children and other kindred crushed by this dreadful blow, and enable all who hear of it to lay to heart the solemn lesson taught by it.

The Annual Meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society was held in Exeter Hall, London, on Monday, May 5th, Lord Napier and Ettrick in the chair. One of the preparatory sermons was preached on Friday morning May 2nd, in Great Queen Street Chapel by Mr. Spurgeon. At the date of writing, no report of the proceedings has reached us.

## PLAN FOR THE UNION OF THE METHODIST CHURCHES OF THE DOMINION.

It is known to the readers of the PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN generally, that the subject of union between the Methodist Churches included in the Conference of Canada and that of Eastern British America, has been repeatedly considered by both these Conferences, and that the desirability of such a union has been as often affirmed by each.

Committees appointed in June last by these Conferences met at Montreal in October, as a united committee "to devise a plan for Federal union, and to draft a constitution for one Wesleyan Methodist Church for the whole of British North America." This united committee after a few weeks of prayerful deliberation and free discussion, agreed with great unanimity upon a report which is to be submitted to the two Conferences for approval or otherwise at their approaching annual sessions next month. A few weeks after the committee had completed its task, a copy of the plan which had been prepared for submission to the Conferences was sent by express to every member of these Conferences, that it might receive due examination; but as it had been judged by the committee that it would be desirable to publish it until it had been reported to the Conferences,—the copy which we received was accompanied by the following note, signed it will be seen by one of the Secretaries of the committee:

Saint John, N. B., Dec. 5th 1872.  
DEAR BROTHER,—I send you herewith a copy of the Report of the Joint Committee on the subject of Union, as agreed upon at Montreal, in October last.

As this Report has been prepared by the Committee, under the direction of the Canada Conference, and of the Conference of Eastern British America, it will be obvious to you that the said Report, either as a whole or as regards its details, should not be a topic of newspaper discussion, until it has been presented to those Conferences. It is desirable, nevertheless, on account of the important interests at stake, that this document, though it must be regarded, until after presentation to the Conferences, as private and confidential, should be made known to all those who are interested in it. Therefore, at this early date forwarded to you.

Yours truly,  
D. D. CURRIE.

## ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

International Exhibitions—South Kensington and Vienna—The Tichborne Trial—May Meetings.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The International Exhibition has again been opened at South Kensington, and will for many months form a most attractive part of the many sights of London. It is held in the same buildings as last year, and the general arrangements are similar, but entirely different classes of articles are on exhibition, excepting sculpture and paintings, yet even now we see the places of those which were seen by so many during the past summer. It is intended to continue this series of exhibitions for many years to come, and the various classes of goods, and the different branches of manufacture which are to be illustrated, are already indicated by the authorities in charge of this undertaking. The specialties of this year appear to be a splendid display of carriages of every description. Machinery in motion for the preparation of the material and the weaving of costly velvets; and a department for the preparation of food upon the most economical and scientific principles. Lectures explanatory of the various processes of cooking are being given, and food is prepared during the course of the lecture of which the class of learners may take and judge for themselves. In the midst of this practical display there are interspersed articles of value and beauty. The buildings are spacious and convenient for the intended purposes. Flowers, fountains and music add to the general attractions of the place, and the vast galleries of paintings are alone sufficient to recompense the visitor for his trouble in reaching this Exhibition.

The attention of the public is at present drawn from this London International Exhibition, to that which is just opening in Vienna, the Austrian capital. It is intended to make it the grandest affair of the kind which the world has yet seen. The buildings are designed on a scale of great magnificence and extent, and will be surrounded by edifices peculiar to the different countries, contributing to the immense show. The display of costly and beautiful goods will be a part of the attractions of the place and time, for it appears that all the resources of the beautiful city are to be brought into requisition. One of the great features of the opening weeks will be the gathering together of Emperors, Kings, and Princes, from all parts of Europe, accompanied by Rulers and Dignitaries from distant parts of the earth. It will form the great attraction of the coming season, and will draw to it those who have the leisure and means for a trip to the Continent. It will stimulate artists of every country, promote friendly interchanges of commerce and production, but we can scarcely hope for higher results than these. The experience of the past, in London and Paris, is not calculated to enkindle very high hopes for future peace among the nations as a result of this great commingling of Rulers and people. The Austrians are too bigoted and too much under the influence of the

Papacy, to permit any diffusion of Holy Scriptures, or any evangelistic operations during the months in which the Exhibition will be open.

The celebrated Tichborne case is again before the public; dragging its slow length along. The Claimant to those fair estates, now to all intents a prisoner, on trial for perjury, and an immense array of legal skill, and all the resources of the Government are against him. The intention is to prove that he is not, the missing Baronet, but the variable Orton, the son of an East End London tradesman. Three distinguished Judges are presiding at this trial and without any break it is to proceed to its end. The interest of the public is largely centered on this remarkable trial, and the tremendous conflict this inscrutable man is waging against the parties in possession of the estate, and now struggling to avoid the condemnation of the law, and prolonged penal servitude. The first trial extended over two days, and if all the witnesses are to be heard on both sides, and the issue fully fought out, the present trial will last several weeks to come, a topic of unending interest, and material for speculation.

The "May Meetings"—the great Anniversaries of the religious and philanthropic agencies of the day, which begin in April and stretch away into June, are just now weeks to come, a topic of unending interest, and material for speculation.

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May 4, 1873.

## CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

No. 2.

For congregational singing—such as I have described it, and such as I consider it should be in our congregations, the substitutes appear to be chiefly of two classes, one in which the singing is delegated to some half dozen persons, more or less, called a choir, the other where there is no organization whatever connected with the singing.

Without referring in detail to minor causes, it may be said in general terms, that the absence of good singing in our churches is the result of the fact that the singing is delegated to some half dozen persons, more or less, called a choir, the other where there is no organization whatever connected with the singing.

Without referring in detail to minor causes, it may be said in general terms, that the absence of good singing in our churches is the result of the fact that the singing is delegated to some half dozen persons, more or less, called a choir, the other where there is no organization whatever connected with the singing.

## Miscellaneous.

FROM NORTHERN NOTES, by "Sentinel," in the Baltimore Episcopal Methodistist.—Immigration of ministers to this country has been great of late. When both Presbyterians and Methodists have been looking West longingly. The country is large. There is room for good men and true, and to all such a cordial greeting will be extended. The North Mississippi Conference received six or eight local brethren from England at its last session. They were all married men with families, except two. As far as I can learn local preachers in England have never been ordained, and have, therefore, no ministerial status. They are laymen without an authority from the church to administer the sacraments. The majority of them are men of little culture, efficient as *scholars*, but not qualified to "feed the flock of Christ." Now, the question arises here, is it wise for our Church to encourage such men to come to this country to replete our ministerial ranks? Was it prudent for Mr. Shepherd, gratuitously and without any authority to write them over through our columns of an English paper? Time will tell. I do not desire to embarrass in the least degree those men whom the Mississippi Conference accepts. They are no doubt worthy men, and have come duly credentialed and endorsed.—They may prove themselves able and successful preachers. My desire is not to criticize them, but simply to call attention to the imprudence and unwisdom of Mr. Shepherd, or any other minister, sending abroad the impression that our demand for laborers is so urgent, and our supply so in need, that we will gratefully receive any number of men who may choose to come, although they were deemed ineligible for the regular ministry at home. We want men of culture, men of thorough devotedness and consecration, men unencumbered with family ties, who will be able to devote themselves to energy, zeal, love, ambitious to be useful as ministers of Christ, and adopting Paul's motto, as their own in reference to their work—"This one thing I do." We want no star preachers; we want no brilliant plagiarists; we want no men who have lived only in the reputation of usefulness at home, and have come to this country to escape the responsibilities of their own ministrations. It is true men we want; it is honest men we need; it is pure men we desire to welcome to our ranks, it is men with *gifts*, and the power to add to the church, to replete advantageously the places that have become vacant amongst us.

The Philadelphia Methodists are determined to have the Centenary of American Methodism observed in becoming style. The event which is proposed to celebrate the place in St. George's M. E. Church, Philadelphia, on the fourteenth and fifteenth days of July, 1773. The brief record of this conference of itinerants occupies less than one page in the printed minutes and contains but few names, yet some of these are significant. There were ten preachers present—the same number that composed Mr. Wesley's first conference in England nearly thirty years before. All of these ministers were Englishmen, and a number of them returned to England; but Mr. Aubury, under whom American Methodism was to take permanent form, was evidently the leading member of the conference.

## Circuit Intelligence.

BERWICK, MAY 9TH, 1873.—I think it my duty to give some account of the religious state of this circuit, as it is most manifestly for our people in the public and social means of grace is highly encouraging. We have several devoted leaders who regularly attend to the important duties of their offices, and whose classes are growing in piety and holiness; yet in many parts of the Circuit we have no suitable persons to take that charge, and the members can only be met by the minister in his monthly visits. Several have joined the church during the year, yet on account of removals and deaths, I doubt whether we shall be able to report an increase. During the winter we had some special services. To the church they were seasons of grace and spiritual delight. The members generally were quickened and revived; but to us it was matter of regret that we had not more additions to our church; several however, prepared to receive the blessing of pardon, and

have since commenced meeting in class. We look forward to the approaching Camp Meeting with a hope that the serious impressions made on many minds will be so deepened and intensified that they will yield their hearts to Christ.

A few days since we had a meeting of the camp-meeting committee, consisting of the proprietors of the ground and other official members of the Church. The time fixed upon for holding our next camp-meeting, D. V., was July 9th next, which will be a few days later than our usual time. We hope then to be favoured with a large number of ministerial brethren. Last year the President and Secretary of Conference were present and about twenty other ministers, whose labors were highly appreciated by the hundreds who were present. We cannot too much admire the liberal spirit of a number of friends in this and the neighboring circuits, and one from Halifax, whose praise is in all our churches for his large-hearted liberality. These anxious to secure this lovely place for camping-site purposes, nobly came forward and took shares in the ground without much prospect of interest for their money. They entertain, however, the pleasing hope that it may be the spiritual birthplace of hundreds of souls and a special means of grace to our churches in general. Camp-meetings tended greatly to extend Methodism in the United States, and may we not hope that as they are becoming a regular institution in these Provinces, we may enjoy similar spiritual advantages. I may also say that the committee having heard and read of the blessed work of the Holy Spirit, and the labors of Mrs. Palmer, have resolved to request these honored servants of Christ to be present with us at our approaching camp-meeting.

Last evening we held our Foreign Missionary meeting. N. A. Bent, Esq., presiding at that occasion; the Report was read by the pastor, and the question of the bill was discussed. Where the bill addresses work delivered by the chairman, and the Rev. brethren Weddall and Tweedy, and E. G. Foster, Esq., the results rather below last year.

COMBERNAE, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Brother Comber writes, April 29, 1873: "A good work is being done on many parts of the Island. Here we have shared largely in the blessing, and has Harbour Grace Circuit, indeed I think there is a general awakening throughout the Island. May the good work extend till all are brought under its influence."

For sealing vessels on the whole have done badly. This will make against us financially. Nevertheless we have reason to be thankful.

## General Intelligence.

AWFUL CALAMITY AT WESTVILLE, IN THE COUNTY OF PICQUET, N. S.

Just after our last paper had gone to press, on Tuesday last week, we received a startling telegram from Bro. Morton of Stellarton, of which the following is a copy:—

"Drummond Colliery, Westville, took fire about noon to-day; many, perhaps fifty lives are lost. Mr. Dunn, Manager, was below at time of explosion."

Subsequent reports have shown that Bro. Morton underestimated rather than exaggerated the extent of the calamity. All our city papers have been largely occupied with these reports during the week. We copy the following account from the *Presbyterian Witness* of the 17th inst.:

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## EDITORIAL NOTES, &c.

1. By a note which we have received from Bro. C. Jost, we learn that Bro. John Johnson, of the Burlington and Kempt Circuit, is so suffering, both in family and person, as to demand the prayers of his brethren and prayerful sympathy of all his brethren and friends. Two of his children had been removed from the reach of the sorrowing parents, and the other two were dangerously ill. Bro. Jost says:—

"Bro. Johnson has been quite poorly himself, and he and Mrs. Johnson, as might be expected, are in a very despondent state, and are sustained and comforted by the Gospel which they have endeavored to adorn. The children were often the subjects of remark by those who knew them well, for their manifest attachment to each other, and the ability and evident pleasure with which they together sang such pieces as 'Rock of Ages,' 'Come to Jesus,' &c. We have consolation in the mourning parents, in the Savior's words: 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

## MT. ALLISON ASSOCIATED ALUMNI.

To the Editor of the Wesleyan.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to avail myself of your columns to say to the Mount Allison Associated Alumni throughout the Provinces, that the anniversary ORATION, will be delivered at Mount Allison, on Monday evening, 26th inst., by the Rev. A. Stewart Duff, of Windsor, N. S. His subject will be, "The Mount Allison as the fair poster of the Occasion, on behalf of the Alumnae Society." Arrangements have been made for the issue of *return tickets at one fare*, from all stations on Government Railways to and from Sackville, from Saturday, the 24th inst., until Wednesday, 28th inst., both days inclusive.

By a resolution passed at the last annual meeting, the yearly membership fee was made \$2.00; the life membership fee is \$20.00, the same as heretofore. Amounts collected from former years are expended in Scholarships for the benefit of the Institution.

All Alumni will confer a great favor by remitting to their yearly subscriptions, and former students who have not joined the association are cordially requested to do so. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your valuable space.

I am, yours truly,  
Secy. Treasurer Mt. Allison Alumni,  
St. John, N. B., May 19, 1873.

Miss DeWolf's RETURN.—A letter from Rev. J. D. Colburn, of Rangoon, dated March 22d, says:—"A day or two since I received a line from Miss DeWolf, saying that Dr. Marr, in whose medical skill this community has the fullest confidence, says he will do all he can to restore her health; but that as the hot weather comes on the fall, in despite of all his efforts. He says she can never recover in this climate."

Five hundred dollars had been remitted to the Treasurer of the Union in Boston some time ago, to defray the expenses of Miss DeWolf's return, in case it was not; but as the money has not reached her, and as it was important she should leave it once, Mr. Colburn kindly provided the needed funds for her, until she can be reimbursed by the remittance from our Board. He states: "I shall engage her passage by the 'Tenasserim,' to leave this place in about two weeks—directed to England. She will have the company of Mrs. Wells and a daughter of Rev. C. Bennett."

Mr. Colburn adds, "Miss DeWolf is too valuable a worker to waste her strength in prolonging her stay here with no hope of recovery. I trust the Lord has a work for her to do at home that He will bless her with health, and return her to her many friends refreshed in mind and greatly invigorated in body."

Many thanks to Mr. Colburn for his truly Christian attention to our esteemed missionary in this time of need. Many a merciful Providence preserve her from all harm, and bring her home in safety. We feel assured that the thousands of our Israel will join in this prayer.—*Christian Visitor*.

LOCAL OPTION.—The friends of temperance have achieved a notable triumph in the N. Y. State Legislature, which has finally passed the Local Option Bill by considerable majorities in both branches. The bill now wants the Governor's consent to become law. The bill as passed requires a vote to be taken in all the towns and cities of the State at the next general election on the question whether license to sell liquor shall be granted or refused—a majority of voters to decide the question. Where the limits of an incorporated city are not the same as the town limits, the city is to vote separately; but in the case of villages the vote of the town and village together decide the question of license for both. This is something similar in principle to our Dunbarton Act. It is expected the question of prohibition will come up at the next session. The Germans tried to have larger beer exempted, but failed, whereupon they threatened if the bill passed to withdraw their support from the Republican majority; but the latter felt that the temperance vote was more valuable and remained firm.—*Montreal Witness*.

Our neighbors of the *Congregationalist* chose an unfortunate issue of their paper for their rap upon the knuckles of the Presbyterians and Methodists. Two Methodist churches out of fourteen thousand, one in Brooklyn, New York, and one in Georgetown, D. C., were disconnected lately with their ministers as appointed at the Conference; difficulties, however, that were easily adjusted; and one Presbyterian Church in Washington, just at this time, is out of harmony with the Presbytery. For these serious occasions, our sympathizing friends on Somerset Street, advise giving up of Episcopacy and Presbyterianism at once, and the making of every Church independent. But lo! in this same paper there are five articles and one editorial treating of different phases of the very difficult problem of arranging the distribution of ministers so as to supply the needs of these local independent churches. One writer declares the painful fact that eight hundred Congregational churches are now without settled pastors, and all intimate that the present process by which each Church and each minister rushes indiscriminately, one for a pulpit and one for a flock, is a very wasteful and wasteful process. They propose a "Ministerial Bureau" to solve the problem. The Methodist Cabinet, composed of Bishop and Presiding Elders, is this identical Bureau! It works well. We have no patent for it, but recommend it freely to our suffering friends.—*Zion's Herald*.

## DEPARTURE OF THE REV. DR. PUNSON.

We see by the Upper Province papers that Dr. Punson continues to employ to the utmost his talent on behalf of the interests of the Conference with which he has been identified for the last five years. He has been lecturing and preaching in Ontario almost every day this month; and he is published to lecture in Montreal on the 22nd, and then he is to embark, (at Quebec we suppose) on the 24th. And we see that his English friends do not intend to allow him to be idle on his arrival on the other side of the Atlantic. He is already published to preach a sermon on the 10th of June on behalf of the Westminster Chapel. The testimonial which a few of his friends in the upper Provinces have been preparing was to be presented to him in the Lecture Room of the Toronto Metropolitan Church, on Monday evening last. From a private note which we received last week we learn that this testimonial would amount to a purse of about \$4,000. Our correspondent says, "I feel very much interested, selfishly perhaps, believing that this pressed appreciation for him and his noble devotion to Methodist purposes, will help Canada in Methodist emigration, as it will help to bring Canada before the Methodist public, and cause him to feel more strongly the appreciation of Canadians for him—which he has a nature to reciprocate." He has given to Connexional objects more than all the salary received by him since he came here.

We in these lower Provinces greatly rejoiced in the two visits which we received from him, and for the valuable service he then rendered to one or two of our Connexional interests by the delivery of several of his splendid lectures. We were however tempted to repine because those visits were so brief, and very much wish that he could have been induced to reside a proportionate length of time, say a year, within the bounds of our Conference before finally setting his face for good old England. We believe he might have accomplished at least one-fifth as much good as he has done by his five years residence in Toronto. However we will earnestly pray that he may have a pleasant voyage home, and that he may long live in health and strength to promote the interests of Methodism both at home and abroad.

5. We have received from O. Dison & Co. the following pieces Music, viz:—

1. "Lord, when my inmost soul adores thee," by Dr. P. Hiller.

2. "The Pilgrim of Love," recitative and romance, by Sir Henry R. Bishop.

3. "Evening," (Pianoforte solo,) by Brinley Richards.

4. "Longing for Home," (Pianoforte solo,) by A. Jungmann.

5. "Stars trembling o'er us." Words by Miss Muloch, music by G. D. Wilson.

Four new songs by Franz Abt, entitled—

(1) "A Rose in Heaven."

(2) "He greets his beloved sleep."

(3) "Not a Sparrow falleth."

(4) "Dream of Angels, little one."

(5) "Dying into Heaven." Words by Rev. J. W. Carhart, music J. P. Webster.

"My soul waiteth for God." Recitative and Aria, by Isaac Goodell.

"He marks the Sparrow's fall." Music by Chas. E. Pratt, words by Geo. Cooper.

Pianoforte solo by Schonberg Heineich, (Longing for Home).

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR JUNE has also been received. It gives promise that the 47th volume of this most interesting magazine, of which it is the commencement, will accomplish the well-nigh impossible thing of being an improvement upon every one of the preceding volumes.

ing, more than anything else, the mouth of a crater.

The earth for miles around was shaken with the violence of the explosion. The people living at Westville and Stellarton were very much frightened, as they knew not how far the disaster would extend, or how soon another such explosion would occur. Since two o'clock this a. m. the fire has continued to burn; flames issuing from all the air shafts, although not so vigorously as at first. Last evening, labourers are now energetically working, filling up the shafts with clay; by this means they have so far succeeded in subduing the flames, that hopes are entertained the worst danger is over unless another explosion takes place. One of the air shafts is now drawing the air, and this fact renders the situation very precarious.

The acres in and around the villages are saddened. Westville, and the village at Drummond Colliery are in mourning. The shops are closed. No work is being done. Men and women wander about in groups, their saddened countenances betokening the great grief that has fallen upon them. No pen can correctly picture the harrowing scenes of Tuesday, when the terrible truth was conveyed to the mourning wives, sisters and friends of those who were so suddenly hurried into eternity. People rushed frantically towards the scene of the disaster. The utmost excitement prevailed, and for hours it was impossible to ascertain who were or who were not in the mine. The women, many of whom had husbands, brothers and sons working in the Colliery, made the air dismal with their crying.

About forty-five of the men lost were married men, all of whom leave families to mourn their sad fate. It was the first day in the mine for some of the unfortunate men. Several of the unmarried who had lately commenced work belonged to Cumberland County.

Everybody here speaks in the highest terms of the bravery displayed by the Manager, the Rev. Mr. Dunn, in descending into the mine after the first explosion, and thus sacrificing his life to save the lives of others. Much sympathy is expressed for his bereaved wife. The land, it should be said, is now in mourning, and mourning. Nearly every family here lost some relation or friend by this terrible calamity.

The following is a list of the lost:—

James Dunn, Manager; Philip Dunn, John Dunn, Thos. Glenwright, Joseph Richardson, (Dunn's ground manager); John Bowen, Gaffer E. Burns, Geo. Burns, John Ewery, Kenneth Cameron, Archie Cameron, John T. Elliott, Robert Duncan, Oliver McDonald, John S. James, James Cumming, Tim Howett, J. McKitchin, Alex. Purvis, Jr., James Ramsay, D. McLean, J. Shaw, John Fraser, D. Halliday, D. McNeill, Hugh Gillis, J. Campbell, Samuel Hall, Donald McDonald, John McDonald, Duncan McDonald, John McDonald, W. O'Brien, H. Freeman, James McNeil, C. Nicholson, H. McEgiver, H. McDonald, James Angus Smith, J. Ellis, Matt Laylo, Matthew Manning, Frederick Jones, J. Webb (colored), J. DeLoach, Alexander McNeil, T. George Stewart, Emily Stewart, W. Rogers, James Fraser, Alex. Murray, Harvey Campbell, Colin McDonald—in all 57. The following names were given, were damaged, but not killed:—

John Bennett, Richard McCharles, My soul waiteth for God." Recitative and Aria, by Isaac Goodell.

"He marks the Sparrow's fall." Music by Chas. E. Pratt, words by Geo. Cooper.

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## General Intelligence.

AWFUL CALAMITY AT WESTVILLE, IN THE COUNTY OF PICQUET, N. S.

Just after our last paper had gone to press, on Tuesday last week, we received a startling telegram from Bro. Morton of Stellarton, of which the following is a copy:—

"Drummond Colliery, Westville, took fire about noon to-day; many, perhaps fifty lives are lost. Mr. Dunn, Manager, was below at time of explosion."

Subsequent reports have shown that Bro. Morton underestimated rather than exaggerated the extent of the calamity. All our city papers have been largely occupied with these reports during the week. We copy the following account from the *Presbyterian Witness* of the 17th inst.:

The Drummond Colliery, Westville, Pictou County, was the scene of a frightful calamity, on Tuesday last. The men had been on a strike for some days, and went to work again this week. It is supposed that an unusual amount of foul air had accumulated in the mine. On Tuesday fire broke out in the mine in consequence of a blast. All efforts to extinguish the fire proved vain. The alarm was given, (says one account), and Mr. Dunn, (manager), with others, went down the shaft and endeavored to extinguish the fire. About 12.15 the pit exploded, and nearly all the men and boys under ground perished. After about an hour spent in endeavoring to rescue some who were near the mouth of the shaft, heard and suffocated, the cries of some were heard at an air pit, some two or three hundred yards from the main shaft. Four men volunteered to go down and endeavor to save life; they brought to the surface three, two of whom have since died, and the other is expected to recover. When the brave men who were thus endeavoring to save their comrades were in the pit, there was a tremendous explosion, which seemed to be all through the Works. Three of the four will never be seen; the other man, Burns, was blown out of the pit high into the air, and came down a charred and blackened mass. The explosion blew out of the slopes, air-pit and the old Campbell pit an immense amount of timber, stones, coal, &c. The scene was terrific. The debris was thrown to a height of five or six hundred feet, while thick volumes of sulphurous smoke filled the sky. The timbers and stones falling on the buildings were crashing through the roofs as if they were mere paper.

Another account says: "All through the night there were explosions. At intervals these were proceeded by rumbling noises resembling thunder. The weary watchers, who remained around the pit's mouth and the air shafts and labored incessantly to subdue the flames, were obliged to seek shelter in the adjoining stations on Government Railways, and from Sackville, from Saturday, the 24th inst., until Wednesday, 28th inst., both days inclusive."

It was then moved by George P. Mitchell, and seconded by John Dool, that the following gentlemen be a committee to carry out the above resolutions: Hon. N. L. Shannon, Hon. Robt. Hoak, Hon. James McDonald, John Dool, and the Secretary; and that J. S. Maclean, be appointed Treasurer of the fund. It was suggested and agreed, by the meeting, that the above Committee should appoint collectors to solicit subscriptions in the various wards, and to prepare subscription lists to be left in prominent places in the streets. A considerable sum was then subscribed for the present and the meeting adjourned.

This is an occasion deserving the sympathy of our charitable citizens, and we are confident that it will be expressed in a tangible manner. It is said that over two hundred women and children are not only left widowed and fatherless, but nearly destitute. These unfortunate will not only have to be sustained for some time, but in many instances sent to a distance where their friends may reside—let us hope with a small amount in their pockets to enable them to start again on their life of labor, which, for them, under all circumstances, must be hard indeed.—*Chronicle*.



The Family

SUMMER IS COMING.

Stern winter fast retreating. Far in the North we see; To Spring a happy greeting.

We give 'midst nature's glee. No more the snowy mantle. O'er spreads the mountain's brow.

The herald of the flowers. Already on our smiles, Beguiling April's hours.

Her coming shadows meet us. Even now in early May, But not till June shall greet us.

The Orient sun smiles early. Upon a sleepy ray, The glinting dew drops deeply.

Adore creation's face. The welcome light encroaches. Each day upon the night;

Yes, summer now approaches. To give the world delight. We soon shall greet the flowers.

And waving fields of grain. And sing in summer bowers. Our gratitude's refrain.

Thanks to the great Creator. For numerous blessings given; Surely his works in nature.

Are beautiful types of heaven. We think of times celestial. Than summer brighter far.

Beyond this dense terrestrial. Beyond the distant star. No changing season sadden.

In yonder bright abode; All things conspire to gladden. The home of saints and God.

Our dear ones lost in winter. Have reached the heavenly clime; We wait the gates would enter.

But wait the Master's time; Not when our summer pleasures. Can with their treasures.

Unfading are their treasures. Eternal the reward. G. O. H. Canning, May, 1878.

MILLIE'S BIRTHDAY COUSIN. BY SARAH CONANT. 'Mamma, dear mamma' and Millie pulled her mother's arm.

She had just run in from her play, and her cheeks were rosy and cool. 'Mamma, do stop and speak to me!'

'What is it, Millie? You are in a great hurry. I am sure that you interrupt mamma very much.'

'I don't need to think about it; I'll invite every one I know!'

'Don't be so wild, Millie,' replied her mother, restraining her; 'I want to know whether you will have a party.'

'Milly, will you run down to the grocer's and get some vanilla? Cook wants some, and you can be back before papa comes.'

'Yes, mamma,' and Millie was away as bright as sunshine. But she had hardly gone when her father came, being earlier than expected, so that when she returned, a trunk was standing in the hall; and she flew, rather than ran, up to her room to see him.

'Where's Grace?' 'She is down in the sitting-room with mamma; go softly, dear.'

Millie ran down on tip-toe, and crept in. Her mother was standing looking at a little figure which lay on a sofa, so quietly that Millie was startled. Mrs. Reade held out her hand, and said softly,

'Poor Grace is quite tired out by the journey and has gone to sleep. You stay quietly with her while I see to tea.'

Millie stood with folded hands for a long time, and looked at her new cousin. She was so different from her plump, rosy baby sister; 'Grace's face was white and thin, and her black hair quite short. The long, dark lashes lay motionless on her cheeks, and her small hands, with so many blue veins, were very quiet.'

Millie looked at her own, but the veins seemed hidden in the dimples. She was different from anything that Millie had thought of; and, after looking at her for some time, she drew a long breath and sat down.

It was not in her nature to be quiet long, and as Grace's face became more familiar, she seized Flossy, the cat, and having dressed her in a gown and cap she led her to the parlour, set her up in a chair. When she had got so far, her mother came in with a plate of bread and a toasting fork.

'We will have tea up here to-night,' she whispered; 'don't you want to make the toast?' Millie was eager for the task, and after Mrs. Reade had put a saucer of milk on the fire, she let her again. All went well at first, the toast browned beautifully, but soon the night of Flossy, sitting there so primly in her cap; and the milk just skimming over in the pan, filled Millie with a new idea. Balancing her fork on the fender, she got one of her tea-cups and a spoon, and dipped some milk into it.

'Now, Flossy,' she whispered, 'you're sick, and you must take this whelper.'

Holding the cat back in her arms, she fed her spoonful of milk. Flossy remonstrated feebly, and spit most of it on her whiskers; but when Millie, tired of the slow process, wished her to drink from the cup, she violently refused. Her hind and fore legs flew wildly, which resulted in the contents of the cup being spilled over her pink nose, followed by a prolonged 'meow!'

'It was too hot,' said a quiet little voice; 'and your toast is burning.'

Millie flew to the rescue of the latter, regarding that Flossy was frantically tearing her cap, and trapping her gown in her desperation. Then she turned to see the dark eyes wide open, and Grace setting up.

'Did Flossy wake you?' asked Millie. 'No, I saw you feed her. Are you Millie?' 'Why, yes! she was the surprised response. 'You look so glad,' said Grace earnestly. 'I am; and you are to have part of my mamma's and this is my birthday, and you are my birthday cousin, because you come to-day; and because—I'm real glad you woke up!'

As Grace made no reply, but only smiled faintly, Millie went back to her toast. 'Would you not like to hold Flossy?' she asked pretty soon.

But Mrs. Reade came in at that moment, and they had tea; and afterwards Millie and Grace became very well acquainted over some picture-books.

Millie never once regretted having given up her party for her cousin. Grace was wonderful to her. She could cut curious figures out of paper; make strange card-boxes; and was constantly inventing new games. She could not run and play, and was often in pain; but if she found something for herself, in cutting or making anything, if it went wrong, she did not get it and throw it away, but worked until it was right. She succeeded better than Millie on that account, and soon the latter saw it.

'Do you think, Grace, I could make pretty dolls, too, if I did not get cross about it?' 'Yes; now take this piece of paper and try.' Millie went to work, but the head was certainly one-sided. She pared it with no better success.

'Oh, dear! and she made a reckless slash. 'No, no; see here, just cut it so,' and Grace guided the impatient fingers. Millie was delighted with the result; and determined that she would not stand in her own way. Mrs. Reade soon had the pleasure of seeing a patient as well as a cheerful little girl.

'We was always like a sunbeam in the house, her little fits of temper being slight passing clouds, that always seemed to make her merry spirits brighter by contrast. Every one was glad to see her smiling face. To every one she was to be seen smiling face. To every one she was to be seen smiling face. To every one she was to be seen smiling face.'

At last the day before Millie's birthday came again. She and Grace had been trying to make some artificial flowers, and had really shaped something like natural blossoms. Now they sat looking out at the sunset, watching the clouds change, when Millie said, leaning her cheek against Grace's hand,

'It will be a whole year to-morrow since you came, and I've been glad of it every day. 'So have I,' replied Grace; 'and Millie, we'll always love each other, even when we die, won't we?' 'Oh yes!' cried Millie; 'even so long as that.'

The children did not sleep in the same room, and when Millie awoke she always ran to see Grace before she dressed. On her birthday morning she arose very early, but already her mother was standing by her bed.

'Many happy returns, darling,' she said, kissing her; but to Millie's surprise, tears fell on her face.

'Are you so sorry I'm so big, mamma? I'm going to see Grace.' 'She has had her hair done, and only left a beautiful garment behind. We will look at that together.'

Millie went with wide-open eyes into Grace's room. There lay a little figure like the one she had seen on the sofa a year ago, only there was a beautiful smile on the sweet face.

'She is in heaven,' said Mrs. Reade, softly. 'Is heaven her home, mamma?' asked Millie, feeling very quiet.

'She was glad to go there,' said Millie, 'for she looks so happy. Do they have birthdays in heaven, mamma?' 'Not what we call birthdays, dear.'

'Then she can't be my birthday-cousin. But don't you think they have something like them, only better?' 'I presume so,' said Millie, softly. 'So good-by, dear birthday cousin, I'm glad you are so happy.—Little Corporal.'

SIR SAMUEL AND LADY BAKER. It was reported a few days ago that Sir Samuel Baker, the great African Explorer, had been murdered by the savages; but later telegrams inform us that he and his lady are safe and well, at some point in the interior of the mysterious land. To those who have read anything of travel in the interior of Africa it is almost an incredible fact that a lady should accompany her husband through the fatigues, difficulties and dangers attending such a journey. It is necessary to note that Lady Baker has been, and according to the latest accounts, is the constant companion of her intrepid husband. They are indebted to an article in the last Scribner by Henry M. Stanley, for some instructive facts concerning this wonderful woman. She is a Hungarian lady whom Baker met, loved and married, at Cairo in Egypt. She is the feminine counterpart of himself, frank and hearty, with enough of pretentious in her features to make her interesting to the eye. Not only is she exceedingly pleasant to friends, and ought to be cultivated; but the man who lets the world be half-well with him anywhere and everywhere, will soon lose that agreeable quality in the sum of his life, his own self-respect, and when that is gone in a man's character, all that is worth having, and worth living for, has departed.

We cannot fail to respect anything. Where lofty politics and virtuous character go together, we are sure that the latter will be the respect which is given to honorable estate and honorable character combined. As the measure of responsibility is always to be gauged by the measure of opportunity—as to him to whom much is given much will be required—so those who occupy high places should remember the lotter the pedestal more prominent they are in the view of the multitude, and the greater, too, is the scope of their influence for evil or for good.

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RELIEVING CHOKED CATTLE. On an animal becoming choked with any hard substance that cannot pass the gullet, harsh medicine could never be used until all other means failed.

The practice of placing a block against one side of the throat and endeavoring to break the obstruction, is a very dangerous proceeding, and is simply brutal. One of the simplest and most efficacious remedies is to give a half a pint of lard oil or melted butter, by drawing out the animal's tongue, raising the head and administering from a thick bottle. This lubricates the gullet, softens the obstruction, relaxes the muscles of the throat, and in coughing the lodged substance will generally pass either up or down.

If the choking has existed so long that inflammation of the throat has ensued, respiration must be had to the probang, any flexible rod, either whalebone, vulcanized rubber, etc., with a sponge or soft substance affixed to the end. Introduce the probang into the throat, raising the animal's head up, and the obstruction being reached, press it firmly down at any risk, for it is now a case of life or death.

To relieve the inflammation, apply a slippery-cum-polivice, keeping it in close contact with the throat by securing the folds in which it is placed by accurate cords to the probang, keep the animal on light, soft food, assisted with linseed tea, until the inflammation is subdued.

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