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CENTENARY OF THE METHODIST

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CENTENARY OF METHODISM

IN

EASTERN BRITISH AMERICA,

1782---1882.



The best of all is God is with us.— Wesley.



HALIFAX, N.S.
S. F. HUESTIS.

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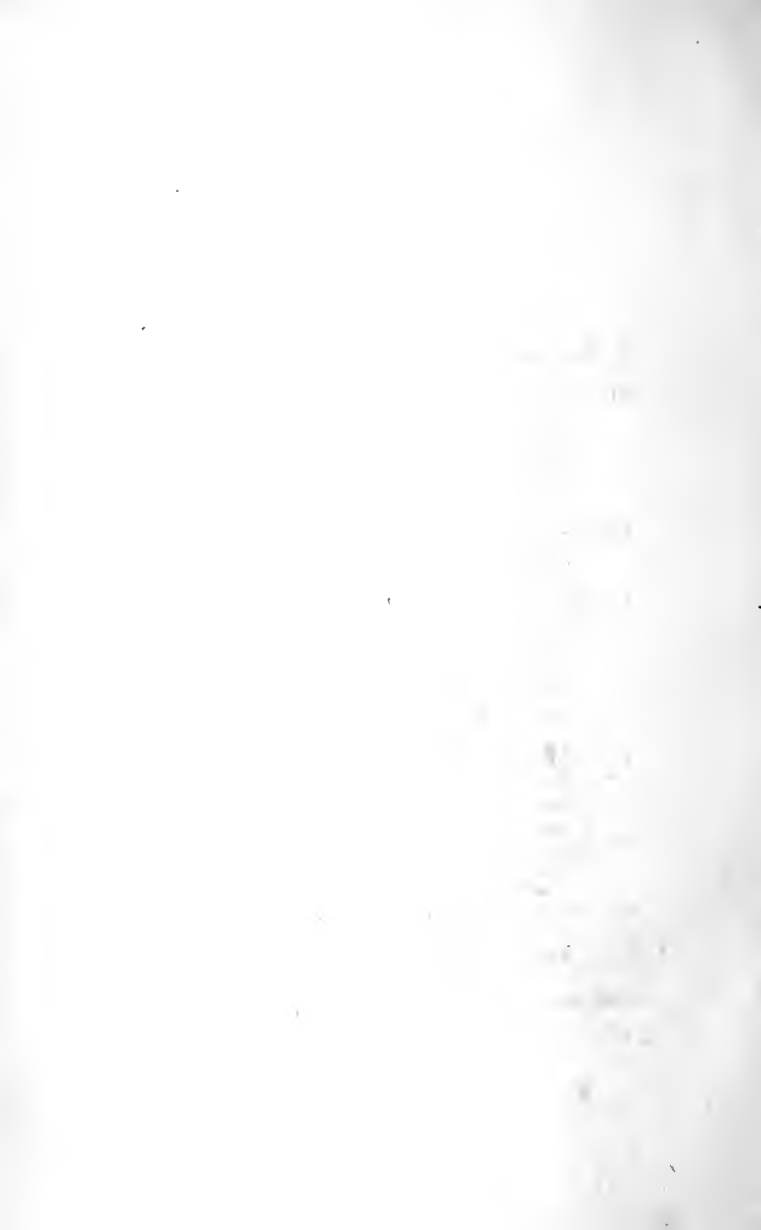
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CONTENTS.



CENTENARY MEMORIAL.



- I—Introduction by Rev. Dr. McMurray.
- II—**GOD WITH US** ; the great work wrought through the instrumentality of Rev. William Black, his co-adjutors and successors, during the first hundred years of Methodism in Eastern British America, by Rev. John Lathern.
- III—Conference Centenary Meetings, by Rev. T. Watson Smith.
- IV—Some instructive aspects of the Historical and Doctrinal Development of Methodism ; Centennial Address by Rev. George Douglas, LL.D., President of General Conference, Principal of the Montreal Methodist Theological College.
- V—Jubilee Reminiscences, the latter half of the Century ; Centennial Speech by Rev. Ingham Sutcliffe.
- VI—Our Responsibilities in reference to the Centennial movement, by Rev. S. F. Huestis.
- VII—Presidential Appeal ; and Centennial Resolutions of the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and P. E. Island Conferences.
- VIII—Conclusion.

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INTRODUCTION.

BY REV. J. McMURRAY, D.D.

ONE HUNDRED years ago the REV. WILLIAM BLACK, of venerated memory, then in the vigor of early manhood, with the fire of Divine love newly and strongly burning in his heart, with quenchless zeal for the glory of God, and with compassionate yearning over the spiritual condition of the people of this Province—for what was subsequently constituted the Province of New Brunswick was then part of Nova Scotia—went forth, at the call of God, a youthful evangelist, to publish in the towns, villages and settlements scattered over the land, the glad tidings of salvation. His errand was not a needless one, for great spiritual destitution prevailed. The inhabitants, for the most part, were without religious ordinances; while those who knew anything of the Scripture way of peace with God, or of the Gospel demands for holy living, were very few,—the great proportion being enveloped in the darkness of spiritual death, and in urgent need of evangelistic teaching. But the toils and hardships of Mr. Black were attended by signally

blessed consequences in the conversion of sinners, so that in the different sections of the Province, where his way was directed, there was made widely known the savour of the knowledge of Christ.

The mighty work the Lord hath wrought throughout our land during the century past, in the salvation of multitudes taken home to heaven, and in the fruits of moral and spiritual culture now everywhere to be witnessed, may well call forth grateful acknowledgment from every devout heart. As prime factors employed by the Head of the Church in accomplishing these results must certainly be included the itinerant Ministers and other workers of the Methodist body.

It is especially fitting that there should be some appropriate commemoration of the Centenary of Methodistic history in these Provinces, in recognition of the guidance and prosperity which the Divine Hand has afforded this branch of the Church, that by the retrospect we may be prompted to new consecration in the Lord's service, and to enlarged and zealous efforts in our denominational work—calls to which are now so pressing,—and that by a Thanksgiving Memorial there may be given some tangible and permanent testimony that “Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.” The idea of the Centennial celebration originated at a meeting of Min-

isters composing the Nova Scotia Conference Special Committee, held in Grafton Street Church, Halifax, on the tenth of November last, it being then ascertained that it was One Hundred years on that day since the honored WILLIAM BLACK left his father's house in Cumberland to enter upon his evangelistic ministry; and it is an interesting coincidence worthy of note that this Centennial project should have had its beginning in close proximity to the spot,—but a few feet distant—where lies sleeping the dust of the sainted Apostle of our Provincial Methodism, and of the beloved companion of his earlier years. The purpose was then entertained to set apart the year, reckoning from that day to the 10th of November, 1882, as the Centenary of our history, and to make arrangements for the formal inauguration of the celebration at the next session of Conference, to be held in Windsor, by a Centennial discourse as the Conference Sermon, and by other appropriate services at that time. A sub-committee was appointed to prepare resolutions and suggestions, and the report of the Conference Special Committee embodying the proposal was cordially entertained by the Conference. The Centennial Discourse by the ex-President, the Rev. John Lathern, delivered before the Conference, and to a large and deeply-

interested audience, on Sunday morning, June 25th, 1882, was highly appropriate to the occasion. On the Tuesday following services were held, in which were given by several senior ministers, reminiscences of other years, and an address of masterly eloquence and power by the Rev. George Douglas, LL.D., President of the General Conference. The Conference passed a resolution of thanks to the ex-President for his Conference Sermon, and also to Dr. Douglas for his Memorial Address, and requested that these be furnished for publication in a Centennial volume. A copy of the resolutions of the Nova Scotia Conference relating to the Centenary was transmitted to the New Brunswick and P. E. Island Conference, and the proposal was heartily entertained by that body ; so that we have the gratification of a union of the two sister Conferences in the celebration of this CENTENNIAL THANKSGIVING. In order that all our people might have the opportunity of participating in the privileges and gladness of this memorable occasion, it was resolved by the Nova Scotia Conference, that at each of the Financial District Meeting in the month of August ensuing, a Central Centennial celebration of a religious and social character be held, and that arrangements then be made for the remaining centennial services to be

held in October next. Similar arrangements were made for the celebration in the Conference of New Brunswick and P. E. Island.

This volume will be found to contain the Centennial discourse by the Rev. John Lathern, the Memorial Address by the Rev. Dr. Douglas, a synopsis of addresses by Rev. I. Sutcliffe and S. F. Huestis, a letter read at the Conference Centennial Meeting, received from the venerable Dr. Richey, together with other appropriate documents, and also an Appeal in relation to the practical issues which, it is strongly hoped, the movement will indicate and promote, that thereby the Methodists of these Provinces may gratefully acknowledge the goodness of the Lord toward our Church in the century past, cherishing the hope of vastly more abundant blessing upon those who may succeed us in the century to come.

We commend this Centennial Memorial volume to careful perusal by all our people, praying that the effectual blessing of the Lord may so crown the Centennial services, and all the work of our church during this year, that thousands may have occasion to regard it as the most memorable period of their life, because of the rich measures of converting and sanctifying power shed down upon Methodism in these Provinces during this Centenary of our history.

CENTENARY OF METHODISM,
1782—1882.

GOD WITH US; THE CENTURY CROWNED
WITH BLESSING :

A Discourse in commemoration of the Centenary of Methodism in the Eastern Provinces, by the Rev. John Lathern, Ex-President ; preached at Windsor during the meeting of the Nova Scotia Conference, Sabbath, June 25th, 1882.

“ Which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us. We will not hide them from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath wrought—Psalm lxxviii: 3, 4,

The dominant note of this noble Psalm is the mercy of God to his people, from the infancy of the nation and Church on to a period of consolidation and strength. Marvellous things which God did in the sight of their fathers, their captivity broken, the cleft sea, the night march through the midst of the deep, the pillar of cloud and of flame for guidance by day and by night, the crystal fountain opened in

a burning desert, the manna rained down from heaven, and the triumphant entrance into the promised land, are told in stirring and storied strain and speech. "Prophets, priests, levites, the tabernacle;" says Bonar, in his exposition of this passage, all are implied, and all are meant to make permanent among them the knowledge and love of the glorious Jehovah." It was also the purpose of the Psalmist, in accordance with established method for the transmission of truth and testimony, that the knowledge of God's dealings with his church and people, should be communicated to distant and succeeding ages: "Which we have heard and known and our fathers have told us. We will not hide them from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength and his wonderful works that he hath done. For he established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers, that they should make them known to their children: That the generation to come might know them, even the children that should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children: That they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works, but keep his commandments."

From the standpoint of this Psalm, the

spirit and purpose of which are in perfect accord with the memorial character and design of this Centennial service, we gladly commemorate the goodness of God to our fathers in the days of their pioneer toil, and the mercy which has crowned a century of denominational life and growth.

For the sake of an adequate perspective, taking as our starting point the year 1782, it may be expedient to glance at the Wesleyan movement in England, the extension of evangelical enterprise to the American Continent, and the distinctive and denominational landmarks of the period.

In 1782, a century ago, the venerable Founder of Methodism had already achieved a great work in the British Isles. An Oxford scholar of the first rank, he was regarded by Southey as the most influential mind of the last century; and, according to Lord Macaulay, his genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu. From the press his productions, scattered through the land, fell

“Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa.”

But the special mission of John Wesley was that of an Evangelist. He preached forty thousand sermons, and his itinerancy only-

ceased with his life. "If," said a writer in the *Athenæum*, "under the horse-hoof of Attila the grass never grew; so the grass never grew under the tread of Wesley." The world was his parish. It has been said that he never left the National Church, and in some technical sense this may be true; but, as represented by surpliced and mitred dignitaries, the Church left him. At the Conference of 1782, the main question under consideration was that of denominational organization; and two years later, in 1784, a "Deed of Declaration," for securing legal status, was enrolled in "the High Court of Chancery." Thus a path for the perpetuation of Methodism as an independent Church was at once "paved and perfected;" and, to use Wesley's own phrase, it was placed upon a foundation where it is "likely to last as long as the sun and moon endure." Soon after the completion of that decade, the dying words of this venerable servant of God—"the best of all is God is with us"—were caught up as the inspiring watch-word of a grand sacramental host. A tablet of sculptured marble, in Westminster Abbey, on which I have recently looked, bears the name, and has been inscribed to the memory, of England's great Apostle. But the thought of another memorial and of the trophied temple at once returns

to us: "Do you ask for his monument? *Look around you!*"

In 1782, Methodism on this side of the Atlantic was still at its formative stage. The first Methodist sermon, to a congregation of five persons in New York, was preached by Philip Embury in 1766. Boardman and Pilmoor, the first Wesleyan missionaries, were sent out in 1769; and, in allusion to this mission, a metropolitan journal sneeringly announced that John Wesley was about to be declared the Bishop of Pennsylvania, and Charles Wesley promoted to the diocese of Nova Scotia. The Continent of America, as one circuit, was put upon the English Minutes in 1760, and the following year a membership of 316 was reported. In 1782 the number of communicants was only a little over eleven thousand.

In that same year, 1782, one hundred years ago, while this country was still sparsely settled, and the entire population was not supposed to exceed twelve thousand, the now venerated William Black commenced his mission in Nova Scotia.

Amongst English emigrants, who a little prior to that date, purchased farms in Cumberland County of this Province, was the Black family from Huddersfield, Yorkshire.

They came out in 1775. The English settlers, mostly a superior class of people, comprised a Methodist element. They had been in contact with the Wesleyan movement at home. Embers of revival fires were brought out with them. Prayer-meetings were established by Mr. Newton in 1779. The spark was quickened to a flame. Many people were led to a genuine concern for the salvation of their souls; and, after the manner of genuine Yorkshire Methodism, classes were organized and Love feasts were held. Wm. Black, then nineteen years of age, of sunny face and genial temper, at home with his parents near Amherst, came under that influence. He was thoroughly converted to God; and, through that great spiritual change, he was unconsciously led along into a new history. As in the case of St. Paul, Martin Luther, John Wesley, and other leaders of the Church, that great experimental fact of conversion to God, contained the germ of all that followed; and, over a career which might have been otherwise inexplicable, it throws the luminous light of heavenly law.

“My distress,” he says in reference to that momentous and memorable event, “was great. I thought that if I were in hell, I could not be more miserable. All the time, I felt an awful

sense of God and of my lost condition, without help from heaven. At Mr. Oxley's we continued praying about two hours, when it pleased the Lord to reveal his suitableness, ability and willingness to save me. I could cast my soul on him, and say, *I am thine and thou art mine*. While our friends were singing,

"Thy pardon I claim,
For a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus' name,"

I could claim my interest in His blood, lay fast hold on the hope set before me. *The Lord was my righteousness*. Instantly my burden dropped off—guilt was washed away, condemnation was removed, sweet peace and gladness were diffused through my soul. Mourning was turned into joy. My countenance told of deliverance. All my song was,

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

The first impulse of a genuine convert, emphasized in our noble experimental hymns, is to make known to others the fact and the fulness of pardoning mercy:

"Where shall my wandering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire,
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise."

The fact of conversion must find immedi-

ate attestation, and unfolds itself in varied forms of Christian activity. It is not therefore any matter for surprise that the gifts of William Black were at once exercised in testimony, prayer, and exhortation. In the persuasive power and abundant grace which marked and accompanied these earliest efforts, it soon became manifest that he was destined for special work. The country was new, and spiritual destitution was great. From many a solitary settlement, and from many a woodman's dwelling, came the Macedonian cry. The appeal was irresistible. He conferred not with flesh and blood. Response was immediate and absolute.

On the 10th day of November, 1781, in the spirit of consecration, constrained by the love of Christ, with the whole land before him, he went forth as a messenger of salvation to his countrymen. There was no Conference to depute, no Quarterly Board to provide, and no companions to cheer him on his way; but there was the commission burning in his heart, and the inspiration of promise: "Lo, I am with you always."

The first excursion of Wm. Black across the broad marsh of Tantramar, was to settlements lying between Amherst and the Peti-codiac river—to Fort Lawrence, Sackville, and

the region of Dorchester. But, in Pauline spirit and purpose, he looked almost at once to centres from which light might radiate to extremities of the land. The rising town of Windsor, we are told, attracted his special attention. But, failing to obtain direct communication by way of the Avon, he landed at Cornwallis. The Baptists of that fine Township welcomed him to the pulpit of their Church. On Sabbath the 26th of May, the youthful Evangelist there opened his commission. Themes of profound and inexhaustible interest and importance were announced on that day. His first text—the first also of Francis Asbury on this continent—was the emphatic utterance of Paul the Apostle of Jesus Christ: “For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.” The ideal and aim of mission and ministry were also very fully indicated in the second theme of that day: “For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

Four days later, with freedom and power, Mr. Black preached at Horton. Many cried for mercy, and others shouted Hosanna to the Son of David. Windsor was reached on the 5th of June. On the evening of that day he

preached in the house of Mrs. Henry Scott. It stood "on the Franklin Farm," and was already hallowed by the gathering of a group for prayer. The theme of that first Methodist sermon in this town, *Fight the good fight of faith*, was a militant one. There was the clearing of Christian courage, and of lofty resolve. The consecrated standard was raised, and the work of enlisting soldiers for the cross at once began. As the unshrinking avowal of the preacher's own loyalty to Christ, the stirring stanza must have found a place in that opening service—

“What though a thousand hosts engage!
A thousand worlds my soul to shake!
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back;
Portrayed it bears a bleeding lamb:
I dare believe in Jesu's name.”

There was great liberty in that opening service. Emotion was contagious. Many were in tears. Thursday was spent at Newport, where the preaching was not without some profit to the people, and the day after Mr. Black was again at Windsor. The few Methodists, mostly from the North of England, where the Wesleyan revival had been richest in result, who had welcomed him to the village were formed into a Class; and John Smith of

blessed memory,* who before leaving his Yorkshire home had acted as precentor for Wesley, and had held prayer meetings previous to the arrival of a preacher, was appointed Leader. The following Sunday, June 9th, was a day of memorable interest to the little company of worshippers. The speaker continued in urgent appeal until almost exhausted. After a visit to Halifax, where he preached on three successive days, and where the people manifested a spirit of utter indifference to religion, on Sabbath of June the 16th, Mr. Black was again at Windsor. The house was not large enough to contain the people. An afternoon service was held in Mr. Chandler's orchard, not far away from where this Church now stands, and where we meet for worship to-day. That same evening the first love feast was held.

In tracing a river to the place of its origin, we not unfrequently find numerous springs and streams, and it is not always easy to determine what is the main source and which are the tributaries. And so in regard to the rise of Methodism in Nova Scotia—then inclusive of New Brunswick, forming

* Numerous families in and around Windsor, descendents of this honored man, perpetuate his name and worth.

at the time the county of Sunbury—we encounter a similar difficulty. Meetings for prayer and spiritual fellowship were first held in Cumberland. But at Windsor we stand at the fountain head of a definite and permanently organized movement. The work of God took shape as a society of “the people called Methodists,” so as to command the approval of John Wesley; and, in much the same form, it has been perpetuated to this day. It is therefore a providential coincidence that we are called to celebrate the Centenary in this Town.

Refreshed and invigorated by the services of a blessed Sabbath, a second attempt was made in Halifax. The prospect was not, by any means, an encouraging one. There were godly people in the town at that time. St. Paul's had an influential ministry. The Presbyterians had a church. Quakers, Sandemanians, and Swedenborgians had each a small congregation. But owing to the naval and military position of Halifax, during the Revolutionary War, there were great laxity of morals and prevalence of irreligious feeling. The teachings of Paine and Voltaire had just then passed the zenith of their vaunted and baleful power and influence. Excessive worldliness, extreme formalism, the opposition of

an uncompromising infidelity, and the rude interruption of the baser sort, had in turn to be encountered. But the pity, patience, and power of the preacher triumphed over apathy, unbelief and contumely. The services of that Sabbath and those of two following days, in a measure that could scarcely have been anticipated, were signalized by gracious influence and gave presage of better days.

After a ride on horse-back of some forty-five miles, through an almost unbroken forest, with scarcely a habitation to break the monotony of the way, Mr. Black again preached at Windsor. The voice of the Lord was heard. There were exhibitions of the saving, sanctifying grace of God. Many trembled, wept, and cried for mercy.

The reflection of that Windsor revival, like a beacon-light, or a pillar of fire suddenly kindled in a dark place, was caught by watchers in distant settlements. The sphere of operations, in response to urgent invitation, began to enlarge. We find the preacher at Cornwallis. There at a watch-night service was a shaking of dry bones, as in the valley of prophetic vision. To one of the largest congregations ever seen in that township, he expatiated on the glorious passage, apposite enough in its adaptation, "The Spirit of the

Lord is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach glad tidings to the meek, he hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, and proclaim liberty to the captive."

Apparently without much of previous plan, following the guidance of Providence, the labors of that summer were extended to Granville and Annapolis. During the second years' itinerancy, taking Halifax for a starting point, coasting a part of the Province,

"Around whose rocky shore
The forests murmur, and the surges roar,"

he visited La Have, Liverpool, and Shelburne. At Liverpool the seed sown fell into a good and prepared soil. Methodism took early and firm root in that attractive town and community, and was fruitful of good, blessed results. But at Shelburne the wrath of the adversary was aroused. The loyalists were then building up the town, and amongst them was an element of Tory and high ecclesiastic exclusiveness. A ponderous stone from the outskirts of the congregation, hurled with violent force, was narrowly avoided, and vengeance was threatened upon the preacher. In addition to the coast, repeated journeys through the Annapolis Valley, and to the Cumberland congregations, we find that in the autumn of that year, 1783, Mr. Black crossed the Gulf to

Prince Edward Island—then known as the Island of St. John—a visit that was repeated to more decided advantage a few years later.

Thus from the surf-beat of the Atlantic to the mouth of the majestic St. Lawrence, a vast space was comprised within the circuit of that second year. The exposure and fatigue of such a charge must have been very great. Reminiscences of old people afford an occasional glimpse of settlement in a new country. But in these days of easy and rapid travel, by rail and by boat, it is hard to understand the real difficulties of an early pioneer Missionary. Most of the roads through the interior, if they existed at all, were rough and almost impassable. The shore was frequently skirted by dense woods, down to the water's edge. The hospitality of a log-built cabin secluded in the shadowy depth of the forest, was eagerly and gratefully welcomed. It was not always that a single log could be found to bridge the rapid and swollen stream. The first English missionary, who was sent out to occupy a part of this territory, found himself a solitary wanderer in a strange country; pondering at the edge of a floating bridge, as to how he might pass over in safety; musing in the heart of the forest, wondering which of the obscure paths might lead him in safety to his desti-

nation; sitting in a frail canoe, while his horse with saddle bags and paraphernalia of study, swam alongside. The heroism and the hardship of an early itinerant find striking illustration in occasional entries of Mr. Black's journal. In order to fulfil his Sabbath appointments at Windsor, he left Halifax on the Saturday morning, blistered his feet, and in weariness and pain completed the journey. But the aspirations of this intrepid and tireless evangelist were scarcely bounded by the limits of a single Province. It was necessary for Wesley, with whom at this time he had frequent correspondence, and who much prized the exhibition of an indomitable energy, to remind him that Nova Scotia and Newfoundland were sufficient for one circuit, and that it was not expedient to include any part of the United States; for they had preachers enough already on that side of the line, and might rather spare one or two for the Provinces.*

In the early part of 1784, while on a visit

* Mr. Black had written urgently to Mr. Wesley for one or more preachers to take charge of the work in Nova Scotia, and he had also expressed a wish for classical and theological study in regular course. "The school at Kingswood is exceedingly full," wrote Wesley, "nevertheless there shall be room for you. And it is very probable, if you should live to return to Halifax, you may carry one or two preachers with you."

to settlements along the Atlantic coast, Mr. Black made his way to Birchtown, adjacent to Shelburne—a large community of colored people, mostly liberated slaves and refugees. He found that chiefly through the agency of an aged negro, a good and genuine revival of religion was being carried on, and several classes organized. That movement attracted the attention of Wesley; as, with the eye of a vigilant leader, he looked to every part of that wide field, which constituted his parish. He wished those poor souls in the wilderness to be cared for. Soon after, by the British Government, they were shipped away to Sierra Leone, and they carried their Christianity and religious fervor with them. Here we touch one of those extraordinary *lines of influence* which at that early period went out from this Province to the ends of the earth. From that now dreary and delapidated looking bush settlement of Birchtown, near Shelburne, having at that time a dense population of dusky dwellers, Methodism was introduced to the Western Coast of Africa; and, in a Colony of the dark Continent, the simple souls to whom Mr. Black preached, and whom he met in class during this visit, became the nucleus of the largest Missionary Church of modern times.*

* The first Wesleyan Missionary, Rev. George

It had been hinted by Mr. Wesley that the United States might "spare one or two preachers for the Provinces;" and acting upon the suggestion, having but little prospect of any immediate ministerial supply from England, Mr. Black made his way to Baltimore. The now historical "Christmas Conference" was about to be held in that city. Freeborn Garretson had been "sent off like an arrow" to summon the brethren from their distant fields. An Episcopal form of organization had been determined upon for the Societies in the United States. The venerable Wesley, whose authority was recognized throughout the world of Methodism, had ordained the Rev. Dr. Coke as an overseer of the Flock; and Francis Asbury, the tireless and intrepid itinerant, henceforth to be known as the pioneer Bishop and the representative character of American Methodism, was also designated and ordained to episcopal office and administration. At that Christmas Conference of 1784, the Centennial of which is near at hand, the Methodist Episcopal

Warren, accompanied by three teachers, sent out by the English Conference, in 1811, found that about one hundred of the negroes from Nova Scotia were still in the habit of meeting together for religious worship. They had built a chapel, called themselves Methodists, and had repeatedly requested that a Wesleyan Missionary might be sent out to them.

Church of the United States was formally and fully organized.

At the Baltimore Conference two brethren of mark, Freeborn Garrettson and James O. Cromwell, volunteered for the work in the British Provinces. This was not the only result of Mr. Blacks' visit at that time. Through his earnest and eloquent appeal in behalf of this mission field, the heart of Dr. Coke was profoundly moved; who, at the close of the Conference, spent three or four days in collecting funds for the sustentation of the enterprise. Here again we trace one of those *lines of influence* which at that early day went out from this Province, and which connect this work with the great evangelistic movements of the time. Dr. Coke was the founder of that grand Missionary enterprise, which has constituted the crowning glory of Methodism. As, under God, we are indebted to John Wesley, for life and organization, to Charles Wesley for an incomparable psalmody, to Fletcher, of Madely, for vindication of theological tenets, so we are indebted to Coke for the magnificent conception of a universal evangelization. "I want the wings of an angel," he said, on his first ocean voyage, "and the voice of a trumpet, that I may proclaim the Gospel east and west, north and south." The

fire soon after blazed out from his missionary soul, with a splendor that caught the eye of the Christian world: to the last it continued to burn with ceaseless, quenchless flame; but it was through the glowing enthusiasm of that Baltimore appeal—for the work of God in these Provinces—that the light of heavenly zeal first flashed into the brightness and activity of holy and unexampled enterprize. The private fortune of Dr. Coke was ungrudgingly consecrated to the cause of Missions; and for the purpose of obtaining funds, he “stooped to the very drudgery of charity.” But it was in solicitation for Nova Scotia, that he began that extraordinary career of personal appeal.*

Throughout the year that followed the Baltimore Conference, and after his return to England, though burdened with the cares of all the churches, the mission of Nova Scotia was not forgotten by Coke. It was in his burning and intrepid heart to visit the Pro-

*The affectionate solicitude of Mr. Wesley, also deserves special remembrance at this time. “I am greatly concerned for the prosperity of the work of God in Nova Scotia,” he wrote in 1878. “It seems some way to be nearer to my heart than even that in the United States; many of our brethren there, are, we may hope strong in the power of his might; but I look up on those in the northern provinces to be younger, and more tender children, and consequently to stand in need of our utmost care.

vinces. For this purpose, he embarked in the latter part of 1876. The Atlantic voyage proved to be a tempestuous one. Storm-strained and leaky, the vessel became almost a wreck. Under the impression that he had "a Jonah on board," the captain paced the deck in angry and disturbed mood. The doctor's books and manuscripts were tossed overboard into the sea; and he was at the same time threatened that, unless praying were abandoned, he should be thrown after them. But all would not avail. At the distance of three day's sail from these shores, the vessel drifted off to the West Indies. But that ship was freighted with human destiny. Here we have another of those *lines of influence*, which we have delighted to trace. The loss of Nova Scotia was the gain of the West Indies, and led to organized mission efforts in those beautiful, but slavery-blighted Isles, where

"Every prospect pleases,
Only man is vile."

The preachers who accompanied Dr. Coke intended for Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, Warrenner, Hammett, and Clark, were stationed at Antigua, St. Christopher's and St. Vincent's; and, sooner than might have been looked for, the favorite text of Coke, "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God," and

that on which he delighted most to preach, was beginning to find its accomplishment.

On his return to Nova Scotia, with the fire of the Baltimore Conference burning in his heart, and lips touched with pure baptismal flame, Mr. Black halted at Boston. No American itinerant had yet ventured within the precincts of that puritan City. Charles Wesley on his way home from Georgia had held a short service; but, with that exception, no methodist sermon had ever been preached there. To a rigidly orthodox people, the advent of a bush preacher could be a matter for indifference only, or of scorn. The pulpits of the several charges were securely fenced. Earlier services had to be held in a private house. But the calm and persuasive statements and appeals of the preacher, and the proclamation of a *present, free and full salvation*, accompanied by the manifest power and influence of the Holy Ghost, wrought an immediate change. Congregations commenced to overflow. Thousands thronged to hear the word from lips of burning earnestness. The largest Churches in the City were offered and accepted for service. A great revival of religion swept through the community. It was estimated that not less than three thousand people were present at the closing

service. Thus once again we touch *a line of extraordinary influence* reaching out from these Provinces to the metropolis of New England. Through the agency of the Nova Scotia pioneer, Methodism was introduced to the cultured people of Boston.

On the return of Mr. Black to the Provinces, he was no longer an isolated laborer. He found himself in refreshing association with men of kindred and consecrated spirit and purpose:

“ Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

The first meeting of the Halifax District or Conference, which, it was hoped would have been signalized by the presence of Dr. Coke, was held at Halifax in the Autumn of 1786. In addition to the two brethren from Baltimore, three others had been added to the pioneer staff. Two of these, John Mann, converted to God under the ministry of Boardman in New York, a leader and local preacher in that city, and James Mann, whose name is still fragrant along the southern shore, and whose dust found sepulture beneath the pulpit of the Shelburne Methodist Church, had recently arrived with the loyalists. William Grandin, of New Jersey, traditions of whose ministry still linger around Wallace, Bedeque,

and along the banks of the Nashwaak, where through his ministry many worthy families were brought into association with Methodism, was also present, and was stationed in Cumberland County. The kind of work to be done and dared, by itinerants in that day, has been indicated in the graphic narrative of Freeborn Garrettson. Though still a young man, Garrettson was a seasoned veteran in the service, and he was as heavenly minded as heroic. His lot, he wrote to Wesley soon after his arrival in Nova Scotia, had been mostly cast in new fields. He had been persecuted, beaten, stoned, shot and surrounded by fierce mobs; and, in one case, by sudden lightning, he had been saved from the fury of armed assailants. On his arrival at Halifax, in February, 1875, a small preaching place was obtained in the Town. But he visited other towns—traversed mountains and valleys, frequently on foot, and the knapsack at his back—threaded Indian paths up and down through the wilderness, where it was not expedient to take a horse—waded through morasses of wood and water—satisfied hunger from the kuapsack, drank of the brook by the way, and at night rested his weary limbs on a bed of forest leaves. But there was a side of compensation. Souls were won for Christ. At the

end of two years, the aggregate of little societies scattered through the Province, a membership of three or four hundred was reported.*

The varied experiences of Mr. Black's spirited life, the secret and source of endurance and strength, and that which gave vitality and success to his ministry, are indicated by copious entries in his journal. "I rose earlier than common this morning," he wrote in 1788, "and spent *two hours* in devotional exercises. My heart was drawn out somewhat after God. But alas!

"How far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher."

Two hours of the early morning set apart

*At the end of two years, Garrettson and Cromwell returned to the United States. In addition to the names already mentioned, William Jessop came from the United States in 1788; Whitehead, Cooper, Regan, Early, Fisher, Boyd, Hockett, Fidler, Wilson, Lumsden, during the last decade of the century. "The year 1799," says Rev. T. Watson Smith in his History, "forms an era in the Methodism of the Lower Provinces. The last of the American preachers, who labored for a short time in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and then returned to the work in the United States, had taken his departure." In consequence, possibly, of the dominant loyalist feeling of the time, the stay of those preachers on this side of the line was transient and uncertain; hence it became expedient to look to the English Conference for requisite ministerial supply.

for devotion! Was he not sure to be brought out into a large and wealthy place? His soul began to exult in a sense of God's unutterable love and mercy. The thought of a great and infinite glory filled his vision of love and reverence. "O how wonderful," he exclaims, "how wonderful the process of redeeming love and mercy!" January 1st, 1879, was a memorable day. "Thy mercies O my soul," he says, "have been many, and thankfulness to God ought to be proportionately great. By the grace of God I devote my body and soul to Him." There was sacred resolve, the breathing of an ardent desire:

"If so poor a worm as I
 May to Thy great glory live,
 All my actions sanctify,
 All my words and thoughts receive;
 Claim me for Thy service, claim
 All I have, and all I am."

"I had uncommon liberty in preaching to-day," he was able to testify a few days later,—“my soul refreshed—faith invigorated,—confidence in the atonement strengthened—Jesus felt at times to be inexpressibly precious. I long for holiness, and for full conformity to the Divine will.”

In May, 1789, after seven years of faithful service, having made full proof his ministry,

Mr. Black was ordained at Philadelphia, *and his ordination parchment received the signatures of Coke and Asbury—men whom he venerated for their Apostolic spirit and labors. Through urgent solicitation, and because of special qualification, he was induced to undertake the oversight of the work in the Provinces. Having obtained ordination to the office of a presbyter, he was at once summoned to the discharge of episcopal functions. But there was nothing anomalous in this arrangement. It was in strict accordance with Apostolic action and injunction. St. Paul directed Titus to ordain elders in every city; and, at once, he speaks of them as bishops. The Apostle Peter enjoined the elders or *presbyters* of his time to exercise oversight, and not as *bishops* to lord it over God's heritage, but to be examples to the flock. The inspired distinction is not one of rank or of order, but of office and of service. The case under consideration conformed to New Testament precedent. The Nova Scotia evangelist was ordained a presbyter, but episcopal duties devolved upon him; and, for many years, as *primus inter pares*, he was bishop in more than name. The name of BISHOP BLACK, in this

* John and James Mann were ordained at the same time.

Province, quite beyond the limits of his own denomination, and during the later years of his ministry, was familiar and greatly revered.

By arrangement, doubtless, with Dr. Coke, Mr. B. paid a visit to Newfoundland. Methodism in that Colony was then in a deplorable condition. The results of Coughlin's labors, and those of others, had been mostly scattered.* John Geary held an isolated post, and he was about to abandon the Island. He was weeping before God over his lonely situation, and the darkness of the people. But the arrival of an earnest and experienced evangelist was felt to be "like life from the dead." An extraordinary revival was the immediate

*Laurence Coughlin landed on the shores of Conception Bay, Newfoundland, and began his ministry there, in 1795—one year before Philip Embury preached in New York. The labors of Coughlin and his immediate successors are graphically narrated in the "History of Methodism in Eastern British America." Following the visit of Mr. Black, the names of William Ellis, Samuel McDouell, George Cubitt, John Pickavant, John Haigh, Adam Nightingale, George Ellidge, William Faulkner, the brethren Thomas and James Hickson, John Smithies who went to Australia, John Tomkins and William Marshall, and several others, in addition to the esteemed ministers who have come from that Colony to the Provinces, have been intimately and blessedly identified with the establishment and extension of Methodism in Newfoundland.

result. At Carbonar there was a cry for mercy. Men and women were pierced to the heart, as at Pentecost. There were penitents in almost every pew. The preacher left the pulpit and went up and down the aisle to pray with the weeping ones. There were like exhibitions of saving power at Harbor Grace. The Holy Ghost fell on the congregation at Black Head ; first in poignant conviction, then as the spirit of liberty and love. Two hundred souls were thought to have been savingly converted to God, during that brief visit to the fishing settlements around Conception Bay. A bright day dawned upon the Island mission. Methodism received an impulse which has continued to this day. In turning away from such triumphant scenes of saving mercy, the feeling found expression :

“ 'Tis worth living for this,
To administer bliss,
And salvation in Jesus's name.”

Returning to Halifax, where he had permanent residence, Mr. Black was summoned to enterprise of another kind. The erection of a place of worship was felt to be an imperative necessity. The foundations of the old Argyle St. Chapel, were dug by Methodist Soldiers, and by strenuous exertions of preacher and people the building was rapidly completed. That sanctuary,—Zoar it was called, a

place of refuge—had for many years a grand history. It was what James Montgomery, as in the case of Carver St. in his own Sheffield, would have designated “a converting furnace;” and it became the spiritual home of as goodly a band of men and women as any community could ever boast. “The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there.”*

In that same year, 1791, under the thrill and incentive of Newfoundland success, and with a sacred ambition to win new spoils for Christ, and larger territory for the Church, Mr. Black crossed the Bay of Fundy to the loyalist city of St. John. An unexpected exhibition of ecclesiastical exclusiveness, and the intolerance of extreme toryism, blocked his way for a time. But every man in his own order! Eminently qualified men were just then raised up for pioneer work in that Province. Abraham John Bishop,—a native of the Island of Jersey—a man of most blessed memory, and a rare saintliness of charac-

*A cenotaph, placed in that Argyle St. Chapel, —since removed to Grafton St. Church—“Sacred to the memory of the Reverend WILLIAM BLACK,” testifies that “to his labors, prudence, and paternal care, is the Church in this place much indebted for its rise, increase and prosperity: with its history will his name be associated; and his memory revered during its continuance.”

ter—who, in seraphic devotion and holiness of life, seems to have as much resembled John Fletcher as any man who ever lived, had raised the standard of Methodism in St. John. The Episcopalians had just completed Trinity Church, and the building which they had vacated was purchased by Mr. B. for Wesleyan service. Under his ministry a congregation was gathered, souls were converted, and classes were immediately organized.* He made

* Amongst the loyalists who, on the 18th of May, 1783, landed on the rocky shore of what is now the Market Slip of St. John, was Stephen Humbert, a New Jersey Methodist. Through his solicitation the earliest Methodist preachers visited the new town. Mr. Bishop reached there on September 28th, 1791, preached the following Sunday; and a week later, the first Sabbath in October, on the corner of Charlotte and princess streets, in a house owned by a Mr. Kelly, the first class-meeting was organized. Mr. Black's visit was in November of the same year. He expected to preach at once; but, to his great perplexity, was threatened by the Chief Magistrate with imprisonment in the County Gaol, if he should dare to officiate without special permission of the Governor. The building purchased in the early part of 1792, which stood on the West side of Germain St., between Duke and Queen Sts., continued to be used until the erection of Germain St. Chapel in 1807-8. The erection of that second place of worship in the loyalist city,—laid in ashes at the last great fire,—was mainly due to the exertions of Rev. Joshua Marsden. His labors during the years 1805-8, with some considerable interruption, were eminently successful. The first appointment to St. John, as a circuit, reported in the English Minutes is that of Rev. Wm. Black in 1809.

excursions up the river, as far as Sheffield and Fredericton, and everywhere was welcomed as a herald of salvation. Abundantly productive labor was crowded into the brief space of a few months. To the regret of very many, he left for the West Indies, caught the fatal yellow fever, was laid in a missionary grave, and was mourned by his brethren as "one of the holiest men upon earth." At St. Stephen's, in the Western part of New Brunswick, Duncan McColl, a brave Scotchman, a soldier of the British army, and often under fire during the revolutionary war, converted in Bermuda, and now located along the line, had made himself thoroughly acquainted with Wesley's writings, had preached to the people, had organized classes and commenced the erection of a chapel.* For the conservation and expansion of the work which had been commenced by Bishop in St. John, and for the counsel which McColl felt that he surely needed as well as for the occupancy of new fields in that Province, Mr. Black possessed qualifications of no ordinary kind; and for many years, under his direction,

*Mr. McColl was subsequently honored by a visit from the renowned Jesse Lee, was ordained by Bishop Asbury, in 1795; but he continued to reside in the same place, and for nearly forty years fulfilled a faithful ministry in that western part of New Brunswick.

the work of God in New Brunswick was successfully administered.

It will be impossible for me, within the limits of this service, to attempt any description, of the years and the itineration which followed—an excursion to several West India Islands, in association with the Rev. Dr. Coke—repeated visits to the United States' Conference, chiefly for the purpose of procuring preachers for these Provinces; but on one occasion charged with matters of weighty responsibility, having reference to Canadian Methodism—a visit to the British Conference; where four brethren, including Bennett and Marsden, were deputed to accompany him on his return to Nova Scotia—an appointment to Bermuda as successor to the heroic John Stephenson; an appointment which he was compelled to relinquish; for, on arrival at New York, it was found that no Captain with Bermudians on board his vessel, could receive a Missionary;—reference to numerous correspondents, including John Wesley, Dr. Coke, Jabez Bunting, and others, whose manuscript communications it has been a great gratification to peruse.*

* *Vide* Rev. Dr. Rieley's memoir, and Rev. T. Watson Smith's "History of Methodism in Eastern British America"—the second volume of which we await with great interest.

In 1812, Mr. Black took a supernumerary relation; but, to the last, he continued to be active in the work he loved so well. In September 1834 came the final scene. Serene and pure was the azure of the evening sky. "All is well," he said, with a wonted smile, and a light that sweetly suffused his face. "All is peace, no fear, no doubt. "A dying blessing was bequeathed to the Church, and his last words were "*All is well.*"

"What words of holy comfort!
Their sweetness who can tell?
Within the vale and o'er the flood
'Tis with the righteous well. 'Tis well."

The dust of this honored and sainted servant of God, committed to the dust in sure and certain hope of glorious resurrection, lies sleeping in the burial ground of the Grafton Street Methodist Church, hard by the entrance to vestry and pulpit; where the tombstone inscription has met the eye and thrilled the soul of many a preacher, about to enter that edifice for the delivery of a sacred message: "Being dead, he yet speaketh." Lingered at that spot, during incumbency there, many of us have been reminded of the solemn trust which has been bequeathed to us. "Bring it back, or be brought back upon it," was the charge of a heroic Spartan moth-

er to her son, as she handed to him the shield of his father. An untarnished shield, borne bravely in many a conflict, has been committed to our trust. Oh that we may be able to say, at the last, *I too have kept the faith.*

II. WE HAVE TO RECORD OUR SENSE OF THE GREAT MERCY WHICH HAS CROWNED AND CLOSED A CENTURY OF DENOMINATIONAL HISTORY AND PROGRESS.

We have to be grateful for continued ministerial succession, for the conservation of fundamental and formative doctrine and principle, and for abundant spiritual results. Our monument of commemoration must therefore be raised and inscribed to the praise and glory of God. "Which we have heard and known," says the Psalmist, "and our fathers have told us: we will not hide from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord:"

"Tell it out beneath the heaven,
To each kindred, tribe, and tongue,
Tell it from morn till even
In your unexhausted song:
When we made our supplication,
When our voice in prayer was strong;
Then we found his glad salvation,
And his mercy fills our tongue.

1. *Continued ministerial succession.*

It was evidence of God's goodness to the Old Testament Church, that men were called

and qualified for every department of service. The people of a former dispensation had Moses for a lawgiver, Aaron for a priest, Joshua for leader of the embattled host, David raised from the sheep-fold to the throne, Asaph for choir-song, and the goodly fellowship of the prophets for religious instruction. Thus the continuity of testimony was unbroken.

The Christian Church in like manner has had her God-given men. It is the prerogative of the exalted Redeemer, through the agency and unction of the Holy Ghost, to call and qualify men for the sacred office and work of the ministry :

“ The Saviour when to heaven he rose,
 In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
 Scattered his gifts on men below,
 And wide his royal bounties flow :
 Hence sprung the Apostles' honored name,
 Sacred beyond heroic fame ;
 In lowlier forms before our eyes,
 Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.”

“ And he gave some, apostles ; and some, prophets ; and some, evangelists ; and some, pastors and teachers ; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.

The doctrine of apostolical succession, of rank and order, as sometimes propounded ; a

scheme requiring priestly intervention between the soul and the Saviour, contingent upon uncertain and arbitrary ecclesiastical arrangements, without the shadow or semblance of a foundation in the word of God; an unwarranted assumption, an offence to the common sense of ordinary life, an insult to the genius of our divine christianity; we at once, and by common consent, repudiate—"a fable which no man ever did or can prove."*

But have not ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ, designated to their office "by the laying on of the hands of the presbytery," supremely consecrated to their work, embued with the spirit of apostolic zeal, inspired by an intense passion for the glory of God, instrumental in the salvation of multitudes of souls, received the seal of their commission and of their apostleship in the Lord? Have we not abundant cause to magnify the goodness and the grace of God for men who, in succession, have thus made full proof of their ministry?

In English Methodism, to which so many of us have been deeply indebted, and the memories and traditions of which we sacredly cherish, the advent of eminent and illustrious men has ever indicated the interposition of a special and benign providence:

* Wesley.

Our venerable Founder, apostolic in labors and successes—*Charles Wesley*, “sweetest of all the sweet singers in our whole christian Israel”—*John Fletcher*, saint and polemic, set for the defence of the truth, and a check to Antinomianism,—*Joseph Benson*, skilled divine, standard commentator, and powerful preacher—*Adam Clarke*, linguist and accomplished Oriental scholar, to whom the foremost of Oxford and Cambridge men looked up with respect—*Richard Watson*, peerless theologian, whose philosophic and penetrating genius enabled him, with clear vision and steady wing to soar away to the loftiest regions of thought and intellect—*Jabez Bunting*, born ruler of assemblies, a matchless debater, the incarnation of practical wisdom and commanding common sense, of unrivalled administrative ability—*Robert Newton*, whose stately presence, “large front and eye sublime” transparent nobility of soul, and magnificence of pulpit and platform effort, charmed and swayed metropolitan and rural masses for nearly half a century—*Joseph Beaumont*, who at the outset, as a speaker, had to struggle with physical impediment; once referred to in Imperial parliament as the supreme orator of the nation; whose wondrous and impassioned eloquence, in higher and more impetuous mood,

swept like a whirlwind over his audiences. Such were the men who, in critical and trying times, were sent to meet and to mould the exigencies and potent forces of a great religious movement.

But we have, in these Provinces, to acknowledge also the goodness of God, and the favor vouchsafed to us as a people, for the men who have been providentially raised up to promote and to perpetuate the work of Methodism. Through the course of this rolling century, as in a line of light, many departed worthies pass before us. But, in addition to an attempted sketch of Wm. Black's pioneer labors, the brief visits of an early intrepid race of preachers from the United States, the accession of John and James Mann, the enterprise of Bishop at Saint John and of McColl at Saint Stephen—without venturing to include the names of venerated ministers who are still spared to us: several of whom entered the itinerancy during the life-time of Mr. Black, and link us in succession to the past*

* Revs. Dr. Matthew Richey, Dr. Enoch Wood, James Hennigar, Joseph F. Bent, Henry Daniel, Ingham Sutcliffe, Thomas Angwin, and Dr. J. McMurray had all entered the ministry, prior to the departure of Mr. Black. As Dr. Richey was received in 1821, his superb and almost incomparable pulpit eloquence must even then have been passing from its morning of bright promise to a richer and more splendid noon.

—not having reference to honored lay members of our Church, many of whom have bequeathed to us the legacy of a blessed memory; for, perhaps, no denomination has been more signally distinguished in this respect—it may be expedient to mention only the names of the fallen standard-bearers in our ministerial ranks, and to weave a passing and grateful tribute to the memories of

THE SAINTED DEAD:*

James Wray, the first minister ordained by Wesley for the Provinces, who soon after sought a more congenial sphere in the West Indies—*Wm. Bennett*, who came out with Mr. Black in 1800, the first English Missionary who permanently identified himself with the work in this country, a man of great unction and power in prayer, simple and evangelical in his ministry, a trusted overseer of the churches,—*Joshua Marsden*, also of 1800 the poet-preacher, the builder of the St. John Germain Street Chapel, of 1807, on the walls and roof

*The list of names that follow, are those which remained to the last upon the Conference roll. The names of Mr. Priestley—traditions of whose persuasive and melodious pulpit speech still linger in St. John: where at one time he was the cause of no small stir—of Dr. Robert Alder—remembered as a princely preacher, afterwards a magnate of the British Conference; who, in consequence of an unfortunate habit, resigned his position and became Dean of Gibraltar—and of a few others, have been omitted.

of which for some weeks he wrought with his own hands; from the foundation stone of which he preached: "upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;" the story of whose mission can be still read in his published letters—*Wm. Sutcliffe*, whose early labors at Liverpool, in Queen's County, were signalized by an abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and large increase to the Church—*Stephen Bamford*, a man of varied eccentricity of thought and action, but of unquestioned piety; whose discharge from military duty at the garrison in Halifax, where he proved himself a brave and faithful soldier for his country and for Christ, was purchased by the Methodist people of that place for the purpose of enabling him to enter the itinerant ranks—*James Knowlan*, of eminent ability as a preacher, well posted in constitutional questions, full of the courage of his convictions; whose vigorous strength succumbed to fever in the Jamaica Mission, and who was therefore transferred to the extreme cold of British North America—*Wm. Crocombe*, who combined rare sweetness of temper and affability of manner with dignity of deportment and a firm discharge of duty, an agent in numerous revivals, esteemed and honored by his

brethren, much beloved by the people of his charge—*John Bass Strong*, the first minister sent out by the British Conference, in 1814, to what was then known as Canada; a superb singer of Charles Wesley's hymns, enthusiastically attached to the doctrine and discipline of Methodism, and a good exponent of its spirit and teachings—*George Miller*, of Palatine descent, a workman that needed not to be ashamed, who supplied beaten oil for the sanctuary; and whose published sermon, on "Awake, O Lord," is worthy of a permanent place in our theological literature—*Richard Williams*, a man of sound judgement and inflexible will, of commanding pulpit ability, and a born disciplinarian—*Adam Clarke Avard*, who exchanged legal studies for the ministry, into whose brief life a good deal of productive work was crowded, and whose dust mingles with the dust in the old burial ground at Fredericton—*Albert Desbrisay*, the son of the first Charlotte Town Rector, remembered for the sweetness and spiritual unction of his speech and ministry, and for the rare saintliness of his life—*John Marshall*, a man of meek and quiet spirit, but softly tenacious in regard to all that pertained to duty and to conscience; the motto of whose life and work, *In Christ*, has been chiselled upon his

tombstone in the Lunenberg burial ground—*John Snowball*, an English local preacher who came out to this country with a view to a business career, but who entered the itinerancy in 1818; a sensible and forcible preacher, a prudent and efficient pastor, and a shrewd and economical manager of circuit and connexional finance—*Henry Pope, Sr.*, who with his brother Richard first landed in Quebec, an intrepid pioneer, of bright and buoyant spirit and temper, ingenious and facile in thought and speech—*John Pope*, who early returned to England, a rarely gifted exegete, the father of the accomplished Didsbury Professor of Theology (born at Horton)—*Wm. Burt*, a good specimen of the class of Cornish preachers, eloquent and full of force and fire, remembered for his able ministry in such places as Fredericton and Charlotte Town; whom I can best think of, after his return to England, from the associations of early years, as the honored Chairman of the Newcastle District—*Sampson Busby*, ordained by Dr. Coke, a man of goodly presence, affable manner, attractive speech, marked transparency of character, and of tried ministerial efficiency—*Wm. Temple*, moulded in metropolitan Methodism, thoroughly versed in every department of work; racy and vigorous in pul-

pit style, and of indomitable will and energy—*Richard Knight*, for many years the venerable Nestor of this Eastern Conference, with a good deal of the massiveness and strength of granite in his composition; but whose tenderness of feeling, welling up from the depths of his nature, was like a pure spring gushing from the heart of a mountain rock—*Wm. Wilson*, a student who intermeddled with all knowledge, successful in the acquisition of intellectual treasures, a fearless controversialist, and for fifty years an indefatigable toiler in this field; until, at the close of a Sunday afternoon service, while riding home in a carriage, his head suddenly drooped, and he proved

“How bright are the realms of light
Bursting at once upon the sight!”

—*George Jackson*, a skilled and tempered polemic, not easily to be worsted in the arena, whose discussion of baptismal questions was eminently satisfactory to many inquirers—*Matthew Cranswick*, whose fine presence was sufficient introduction to any community, gifted with the wisdom that winneth souls, affectionately remembered in the region of Guysboro and Cape Breton, where he had numerous seals to his ministry—*Robert Lusher*, of refined and classic taste and expression; whose sentences were exquisite in balance and finish,

and whose style of pulpit eloquence had special attraction for men of culture ; to whose memory a marble tablet, in the Montreal St. James' Street Methodist Church, has been affectionately inscribed—*Robert Young*, who occupied two circuits in Nova Scotia, in later days a memoriter preacher of great power, a revivalist with no tinge of sensationalism in his movements, honored subsequently by elevation to the Presidency of the British Conference, widely known through his "Southern World ;" whose son, Robert N. Young, was at one time a valued contributor to the *Wesleyan*—*James Dunbar*, who, in the spirit of patience and fidelity, prosecuted an earnest and unostentatious course, beloved for his works' sake—*John P. Hetherington*, rich and luminous in thought and exegesis, of uncompromising integrity, and ranking with the ablest preachers of his time—*Wm. Smith*, gifted in prayer, original in exposition, and a theologian of no mean attainment—*Wm. Webb*, whose ministry, bearing an intellectual impress, is remembered with interest at Charlottetown, where his last triumphant testimony flashed out from the lethargy of death, and where he early fell at his post—*Michael Pickles*, mild and unobtrusive in demeanour, yet keenly tenacious of principle ; entitled to the appella-

tion, which he sometimes received, of the beloved disciple—*Wm. Smithson*, in whom there was no guile, whose last theme in the Frederickton pulpit, the “great salvation,” was the substance of his ministry; whose lips were sealed by a fatal paralytic stroke, as he pronounced the benediction of the Monday evening prayer meeting—*Arthur McNutt*, of noble form, unswerving integrity, powerful appeal, fearless rebuke, tender solicitude for the spiritual welfare of his people; more than conqueror at last, for he exclaimed “Hallelujah, the star of Bethlehem shines brightly upon me!”

“May we triumph so
When all our warfare’s past—”

Thomas H. Davies, whose Conference Love Feast testimonies were wont to light up his face with rapture, to find expression in an exultant shout, and to kindle a holy fire in many hearts—*Richard Weddall*, impassioned in supplication, always in his element in revival scenes and services, a successful gatherer of golden sheaves—*Wm. McDonald*, whose ideal of heaven, “no night there,” and the golden blaze of everlasting light, has been realized in the full blessedness of the beatific vision—*John B. Brownell*, the son of an English Missionary, a man of scholarly attainments and

of consuming zeal, exceedingly methodical in all preparation for the pulpit, and a conscientious expositor of the Holy Scriptures—*Chas. Dewolfe*, a silver-tongued orator, whose polished wit, classic speech, and splendid corruscations of genius brightened many a Conference discussion; a lawyer, who for the sake of the Christian ministry, freely gave up prospects of professional emolument and distinction—*James England*, a genuine son of Wesley, loyal to principle, immovable in his sense of duty, a faithful friend, and an able minister of the New Testament—*Thomas Smith*, thoughtful, unassuming, painstaking in his search for truth, and an instructive preacher—*Robert H. Crane*, who died in the West Indies, just as he had received permission to return to the Provinces—*Robert E. Crane*, genial and pleasant in intercourse, with many qualifications for usefulness, but early laid aside from active work—*Wm. T. Cardy*, who after many years spent in the enervating climate of a tropical mission, came to us in all the fervor of an undiminished zeal—*Robert Cooney*, educated as a Roman Catholic, advanced to the order of an *Acolyth*, and converted to Protestantism in his thirtieth year; endowed with intellectual gifts that were nearly allied to genius, especially popular upon the platform—*Thomas M.*

Albrighton, whose exuberance of rhetoric was chastened by the great themes on which he delighted to expatiate; who, after leaving us, took an influential position in the British Conference, who has fallen in the midst of years and usefulness—*Joseph Hart*, sanguine, studious, persistent, with immense capacity for work, intimately identified with almost every form of church enterprise; whom we have recently missed and mourned—*Elias Brettle*, to whose conference obituary, accompanied by the loving testimonies of many brethren, we have just listened; a man of great sweetness of spirit and temper, rare symmetry of christian character, and of supreme devotion to duty; he has bequeathed to us the precious legacy of a model ministry, and the fragrant memories of a blameless and beautiful life.

Time fails to tell of others, as fain I would, John Hicks and Samuel Joll, Wm. Murray and Wm. Dowson, Whitefield and Jesse Wheelock and Peter Sleep, Samuel McMaster's and W. E. Shenstone, George M. Barratt and William McCarty, Robert A. Chesley and William McKinnon, Thomas Gaetz and Charles Gas-kin, Samuel Avery and Henry Holland, Alex. and Albert Desbrisay, Alfred W. Turner and Wm. Sargent, Samuel Martin, John Winterbotham, and John Ellis. These have all died.

in the faith. They live forevermore. "They shall shine as the brightness of heaven, and as the stars in the firmament for ever and ever."

But while God buries His workmen, He carries on His work. The bright succession still runs on. Who can be baptized for the dead? Who, in the strength of a holy resolve, shall aspire to tread in the steps of the sainted ones. It is a glorious thing for the Church of Christ when young men of christian families, educated at the best seats of learning, endowed with intellectual gifts and culture, that might enable them to win distinction and applause at the Bar or in the Legislature, impelled and constrained by sense of duty and supreme love to Christ, turn aside from the attractions and emoluments of professional and mercantile life; and, seeing "a hand that others do not see," hearing "a voice that others do not hear," pledge all the possibilities of a redeemed being upon the altar of a high and hallowed purpose.

O for the blessed response to sacred appeal, "*Here am I, send me!*"

"Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward, he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
Here am I, O Lord send me."

2 *Conservation and perpetuation of fundamental and formative doctrine and principle.*

There was gladness in the heart of the Psalmist because of strength and stability. Testimony and law were appointed and established in Israel, and the various interests of the Church were consolidated. Have we not warrant for the same note of gladness? It is recorded of the New Testament Church, in pure days, while the flame and fulness of Pentecostal baptism still rested upon the followers of Jesus, that "they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." Sound and scriptural doctrine, "the communion of saints," sacramental observance, and meetings for prayer, formed the main constituents of the Apostolic Church. To Jerusalem and to Antioch, we must look for the model of organized christianity, Upon that primitive basis, as upon an immovable rock, our fathers began their structure. Have the foundations been at all disturbed? Has there been any marked divergence from the old lines? Does development of doctrine, as we stand upon the threshold of another century of denominational existence, demand any new departure?

The first theme of the Apostle of Metho-

dism in this land, as we have seen, was "Christ crucified." In allusion to later doctrinal discourses, Mr. Black speaks of having taken a view of man in his primitive state, of the fall—consequences of the apostacy—the interposition of a Mediator—the offices, incarnation, life, death, resurrection, ascension—the session at the right hand of the Father. These were themes which in sequence he unfolded and applied. A stanza from the favorite hymn of early Methodist preachers, might well have furnished the motto for his ministry :

" His only righteousness I shew,
His saving truth proclaim :
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, Behold the Lamb."

Have we, in an age of unsettled beliefs, adhered to the doctrinal system bequeathed to us by our fathers? Can we claim that the current teachings of our pulpits, and that which saturates the mind and moulds the theological thought of our people, is in strict and substantial accord with accepted standards of the Church; that it rests squarely upon the expositions of Wesley, the polemics of Fletcher, the Institutes of Watson, treasured, doctrinal hymns, and other acknowledged formulas of New Testament doctrine? It is not without an emotion of unutterable joy,

that we think of fidelity to doctrinal trust. The theology of Methodism is still a unit. Throughout the world, with exceptions only that prove the rule, *we have one faith*.*

The communion of saints was an essential requisite of early christianity; and, following the example of the primitive church, our fathers adopted methods and appointed means for the promotion of spiritual life. Do we, as in the days of the Apostles, and of Wesley at the Foundry, attach importance to steadfastness in fellowship? What of the Class Meeting? In matters of conventional form and usage, demanded by the exigencies of changed conditions, there has doubtless been somewhat of modification, and of prudential adaptation. But, in all integrity of principle, rooted deeply as ever in christian conviction, this means of grace is retained and perpetuated as a distinctive feature of our church life. Open Communion at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the Love Feast,—the *Agapæ* of the Primitive Church—watchnight and cove-

* A Compendium of Christian doctrine by Prof. Pope of Didsbury Methodist College is unquestionably one of the most scholarly, and in many respects the most magnificent, of modern contributions to the Science of Theology. While stamped with the impress and freshness of individual mind and of independent investigation, it is in thorough accord with, and nobly vindicates, the accepted standards of Methodist doctrine.

nant services still hold their distinctive place, and conform to ancient landmarks. To God be all the praise!

The *raison d'être* of Methodism, in its origin, was found quite as much in facts of experience as in formulas of doctrine. What of great experimental verities, justification by faith, peace with God, the witness of the Spirit, full salvation, the cleansing power of the Redeemer's blood, and of "spreading scriptural holiness through the land,"—which Wesley deemed to be his distinctive mission? Never, as it has seemed to me, has testimony in regard to Christian experience, and the fullness of spiritual blessing, been more explicit than now. The utterances to which we have become accustomed at recent Conference Love Feasts, and at the Saturday night meetings for the promotion of holiness, have breathed the spirit of Primitive Methodism. There has been the earnest supplication,

"Send us the Spirit of thy Son,
 To make the depths of Godhead known,
 To make us share the life divine;
 Send him the sprinkled blood to apply,
 Send him our souls to sanctify,
 And shew and seal us ever thine."

and we have in our midst living witnesses to the fact of this full salvation. Together we have felt the thrill and power of treasured

experimental hymns and passages, which our fathers loved so well, which still constitute a noble testimony :

“ Spirit of faith, come down,
 Reveal the things of God ;
 And make to us the Godhead known,
 And witness with the blood :
 'Tis thine the blood to apply,
 And give us eyes to see.
 Who did for every sinner die,
 Hath surely died for me.

No man can truly say
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word ;
 Then, only then, we feel
 Our interest in his blood,
 And cry, with joy unspeakable,
 ‘ Thou art my Lord, my God.’ ”

“ That which was from the beginning,” says John the Divine, “ which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the word of life ; that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you that ye also may have fellowship with us ; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth : But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.”

3. *Abundant spiritual results.*

As in the days of the Psalmist, we have ample cause for making known "the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works which he hath done." A century of ceaseless toil has been crowned with gladness and triumph. While some have been planting, and others watering, it has pleased God to grant the increase.

One hundred years ago, in what now constitutes the Dominion of Canada, William Black represented the only active agency of an organized evangelical movement.* But since then Methodism has conquered its way from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It numbers about fifteen hundred ministers, some one hundred and seventy thousand communicants,

* In the year 1780, Mr. Tuffy, a local preacher connected with the commissariat of the 44th Regt., preached in Quebec. He held religious meetings for the soldiers, but probably did not attempt to reach the civilians. The first Methodist Society, and that a very feeble one, as late as 1806, was organized under the able ministry of Rev. Nathan Bangs. The eccentric Lorenzo Dow is thought to have been the first Methodist minister appointed to labor in Lower Canada. The first Methodist sermon in Ontario, in 1786, was preached by a Major Neal, of the British army, a local preacher. But the regular Methodist itinerancy in 1791, the year in which, by Imperial enactment, that noble Province received its constitution, began with Rev. Wm. Losee. The first Methodist place of worship in Upper Canada was erected in 1792.

over seven hundred and twenty thousand adherents; and, according to recent *Census* returns, during the last decade of the century has an increase of thirty per cent—certainly the largest in its history, so far as this part of the continent is concerned.

Have we not abundant cause to thank God and take courage? “For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing?” Data fail by which to attempt any computation of the infinite value of souls saved forever; now numbered with the white-robed and blood-washed multitude, before the throne of God and the Lamb. But the aggregate of ascertained result, as tabulated and authenticated in recently published departmental statistics, has surpassed our most eager and sanguine hope and anticipation. Incentive has been furnished to sustained enterprise, and a legitimate ground for large expectation. Toilers on many a hard field have been cheered by tidings of success, and self-sacrifice has been gloriously rewarded. We are treading where our fathers trod. Shall we not still strive *to move along the same lines?* How heart and feeling exult and expand beneath the thought and thrill of what another hundred years may accomplish! “Waft, waft ye winds the story; and you, ye waters roll!” From the rivers of Acadia, the

tidal deeps of the Bay of Fundy, and the rolling floods of the St. Lawrence, the jubilant strain shall rise. It shall blend with the raptures of Ontario, break the silence of Lake Huron and of Algoma, gather strength and volume from the peopled plains and prairies of Manitoba and the Northwest, swell and sweep to the sources and summits of the Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains, and receive tribute from the valleys of British Columbia. "As the voice of many waters," or the fulness of the sea, the gladness of salvation shall sound and spread from shore to shore.

In the United States, there has been a still more marvellous growth. Where, at the commencement of the century, thousands were reported, they now compute by millions. It was my privilege to attend one General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North. Two churches each day, upon an average, had been erected during the previous quadrennium, and forty thousand communicants were reported as the increase of membership. But in that land to-day, North and South, Methodism comprises an aggregate of nearly four millions of communicants, five millions of Sunday-school scholars, and probably not less than twelve millions of adherents.

At the General Conference to which I have referred, the magnetic oratory of Morley Punshon thrilled and roused the great audience to an uncontrollable excitement, until ministers and people wept and shouted for joy. He claimed to know something of their work, and of their march of conquest. He had gone through their borders from Maine to California, from where the Father of waters laves the fair City of St. Louis to where the dark forests of the far North wave on Puget's Sound—had seen them everywhere engaged in the same holy toil, planting the same blessed civilization, uplifting the same consecrated cross—had chronicled their marches and successes, the munificence of a zeal which had crossed the continent and made the world a neighborhood; and his heart had throbbed with thanksgiving that God had ever raised them up to be such a power in the land. In almost seraphic strain, which

“Thrilled, as if an angel spoke,
Or Ariel's finger touch'd the string,”

Dr. Punshon—who since then has had a like blessed *euthanasia*—alluded to the recent departure of the sainted Cookman: “who went home like the plumed warrior, for whom the everlasting doors were lifted, as he was stricken into victory in his prime, and who

had nothing to do at the last but to mount into the chariot of Israel and to go *sweeping through the gates* washed in the blood of the Lamb." It may not be too much to affirm that were the Spirit of God to be poured out upon all flesh,—during the next hundred years—the Gospel preached to all nations, and the world evangelized, the ratio of increase might not be greater than in the past, or the facts of enterprise of a more magnificent character than those which have been chronicled during the first century of Methodism on this continent: "According to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel,

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?"

In the month of September last—turning to the other side of the Atlantic—in the historic London City Road Chapel, the first Ecumenical Council of Methodism was held. From the civilized nations of Europe, from the Dominion of Canada and from the United States, from the sunny isles of the Western Main, from India's golden strand, from the populous empire of China, from the mission churches of Africa, from the Southern world, the sons of Methodism gathered at the o'd Homestead. The four hundred delegates who formed that Ecumenical Conference represented an influential constituency. They had behind

them a force of some twenty thousand ministers, five millions of communicants, and at least twenty millions of adherents; the largest and perhaps the most aggressive Protestant denomination on the face of the globe, "a living testimony to the worth of the work which our fathers wrought."

In such a gathering as that of the City Road Conference, there must have been invisible spectators. From the "great cloud of witnesses," by which they were encompassed, the glorified spirit of Wesley may have gazed upon the scene. A characteristic stanza might well have been repeated:

"Who I ask in amaze hath begotten me these?
And inquire from what quarter they came?
My full heart, it replies, They are born from the
 skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb."

The facts of past successes are fraught with encouragement and full of hope for the future. With abundant resources, educational and evangelical agencies, the advantage of strategic position, the *prestige* of past achievement, inspiration and stimulus from the memories and lives of consecrated men, the continuance of revival power and blessing; never were the possibilities or the prospects of expansion and of conquest more hopeful or assuring than now.

But commensurate with our hopes are our duties. We are summoned to renewed enterprise. Great things are expected from God. But we must attempt great things for God. A main object of the British Centenary of Methodism, it will be remembered, was that of "religious and devotional improvement." But that nobly consummated movement had also financial aim and purpose. It comprised several connexional interests, the first of which was the equipment of a Theological Institution. In view of past and assured success and position, it was felt that "*something should be done.*" That generous resolve was wrought out to a most magnificent result. And ought not the Centenary of Methodism in these Eastern British Provinces to contemplate permanent testimonial, and contributions as a thank offering to Almighty God? A margin for difference of judgment there may be, as to the direction and purpose of monumental effort. But, unquestionably, the occasion should be suitably signalized. With our fathers and brethren in the parent land, we feel that "something should be done; something worthy of the sacred cause; something that may serve effectually to promote and to perpetuate the blessings we enjoy; something that a future generation may con-

template when a second century of Methodism shall be accomplished."

One of the earliest and most laudable aspirations of Rev. Wm. Black was to secure a regular and thorough course of classical and theological training for the sacred work of the Christian ministry. In that direction the guiding pillar seems to lead the church. The erection of a Theological Hall, with increased facilities for the prosecution of special study, in connection with the College at Mount Allison, might form a most valuable and appropriate centennial memorial. For the revered Apostle of Methodism in these lands, and for his honored co-adjutors, such a structure would constitute a monument more beautiful and enduring than Parian marble or Corinthian brass.

In closing this commemorative service, the thought turns to a characteristic and immortal hymn:

" See how great a flame aspires !"

Commemoration would be incomplete without the fire and force of Charles Wesley's burning and exulting lyric. Already it has had a baptismal consecration. It was the keynote of the first Centenary meeting at Manchester, more potent than the singing of a cathedral

chorus. The great congregation was fired with an enthusiasm of holy feeling. That historic hymn, has the same adaptation to our own movement. It incarnates the genius and spirit and feeling of the occasion. Striking and spiritual facts and phenomena, by which the century has been signalised, here find an adequate explanation; for

“Jesus’ love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.”

O for more of the energy of that living baptismal flame! O for tongues of fire! Spirit of burning come! We have also monumental strain. “The praises of the Lord, and his wonderful works that he hath done,” challenge grateful acknowledgment:

“Sons of God your Saviour praise,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought”

THE BEST OF ALL IS GOD IS WITH US.

HYMN FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

The hymn, 739, on "*the spread of Christ's Kingdom,*" quoted at the close of the Ex-President's sermon, sung by choir and congregation with a fine glow of sympathetic and devotional feeling, was published by Charles Wesley in 1749. It was written during a season of extraordinary revival at Newcastle upon Tyne, and its neighborhood. The Wesleyan Bard was accustomed to weave into verse varied incidents of his ministry. The lurid glow of many a fiery furnace, as the writer has witnessed it in the night, and the light of burning pit-heaps, may be seen far and wide over the adjacent country. To the poet's mind, that scene vividly represented the spread of a great salvation. With felicitous application of imagery, and a rare splendor of coloring, that exulting strain was composed. In the closing stanza, by an easy transition of thought, there is allusion to the Carmel scene, and the sound of an abundance of rain.

See how great a flame aspires,
 Kindled by a spark of grace!
 Jesus' love the nations fires,
 Sets the kingdoms on a blaze;
 To bring fire on earth he came,
 Kindled in some hearts it is;
 O that all might catch the flame,
 All partake the glorious bliss!

When he first the work begun,
 Small and feeble was his day;
 Now the word, doth swiftly run
 Now it wins its widening way;
 More and more it spreads and grows,
 Ever mighty to prevail,
 Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
 Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified:
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the spirit of his love!

CENTENARY MEETING,

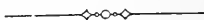
AND OTHER COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES OF THE
NOVA SCOTIA CONFERENCE, HELD AT
WINDSOR, JUNE 27TH, 1882.

BY REV. T. WATSON SMITH.

Several circumstances, quite unpremeditated, combined to render the services connected with the Centennial of Methodism very pleasant and profitable. With Windsor, one of the most clearly defined of William Black's early halting-places, as the seat of the Conference; with an ex-President, whom both taste and ability qualify for an official sermon of an historical character; with a President, a native of the Conference town; and also the presence of the gifted President of the General Conference, the services could not well be otherwise. A good key-note was struck by the ex-President in his fine historical sketch on Sunday morning. In the early morning prayer meeting of Tuesday thanksgiving was offered for a hundred years of Methodist history in Nova Scotia. What a relation should we have were heaven to lay

the pages before us and give us a seraph's vision to scan them! In the afternoon brethren told each other of the way in which the Lord their God had led them, and called up hallowed recollections of the fathers of our church. An effective appeal by Rev. W. H. Heartz brought out the definite and practical purpose of the centennial movement. In the evening lengthy personal reminiscences by Rev. Ingham Sutcliffe were followed by an address of rare power and beauty by Dr. Douglas. Rev. S. F. Huestis then referred to the regretted absence of the Rev. James G. Hennigar, and read a letter from the Rev. Dr. Richey, expressive of his continued interest in his brethren and of his earnest wish and prayer for the prosperity of this and all other efforts of the Church in which he had spent so many active years. His letter was listened to with much satisfaction. The financial part of the movement was then inaugurated by the gift of \$100 from a layman of Windsor, to which an equal sum was added by a minister of the Conference, other contributions raising the total amount to the sum exceeding three hundred and fifty dollars. The resolutions passed during the day will appear in our Conference report.—*Wesleyan*, June 30th, 1882.

HISTORICAL AND DOCTRINAL
DEVELOPMENT OF METHODISM:



CENTENNIAL ADDRESS

BY THE REV. GEO. DOUGLAS, LL.D.,

Rev. W. C. Brown, President of the
Conference, in the chair.

Mr. President and Christian Friends :

I sincerely congratulate you, in being permitted to celebrate the Centennial of Methodism in these Maritime Provinces of our Dominion.

I regard myself as happy in being with you to record our tribute of thanks for the status which God has given to our Church in this land.

If we accepted the dictum of some, Methodism has largely fulfilled her mission and should be relegated out of existence by absorption into the great historic churches which have been evoked through the ages,

but, we are not willing to accept this dictum, and to be thus relegated.

We plant ourselves upon the premises, that Methodism had a great mission in the past, and holds a still greater in the future; and it is for us, this hour, out of our history of the past, to find inspiration and instruction to win grander triumphs in the future.

And here observe what *inspiration* comes to every minister and member of Methodism, from a review of the life work of our illustrious founder.

If we walk the galleries of the past, and stand before those historic niches in which are enshrined the records of those mighty reformatory spirits which God hath given to the ages and the Church, in every instance they are marked by an individuality and those distinctive attributes, which adjusted them to their great work.

Thus in Judas Maccabeus, we have the military hero, who repelled to the death those Vandal hordes, who sought to pollute the temple and altar of God.

Thus when the Post-Apostolic and Patristic ages declined in their spiritual life, when aqueous baptism was declared to be the condition and instrument of pneumatic baptism. When the genuflects held that posture

was attendant to grace, Montanus, mystical, fanatical but true to the doctrine of Divine Indwelling, rang out over the orient this truth:—the life of God in the life of man.

When the church was advancing in power, Pope Innocent III, mistaken though sincere, aspired to subjugate all kingly power and win for her an empire temporal as well as spiritual over universal humanity.

When the decadence of the Papacy had begun, and its brilliant assumptions were defeated, Pope Boniface VIII, of whom it is said that he grasped power like the fox, wielded it like the lion, and resigned it like the defeated dog, held that his commission was to restore the Papacy to the splendor of the times of Hildebrand. All unconscious of the grandeur of their mission, Petrarch, Boccaccio and Dante climbed, with adventurous step, the mountain heights, that first catch and kiss the morning light and sighted from afar the coming day of intellectual and spiritual emancipation.

Erasmus, the recluse, organizing the first Greek Testament. Zwingli, the True, witnessing for the simplicities of Christian worship. Melancthon, formulating the consensus of evangelical truth. Luther, the

aggressive herald, who flashed upon the age the old truth of justification. Wycliff, loyal to the Scriptures. How the brilliant array pass before us in their lustrous individuality. And what was the commanding power, which lifted the founder of Methodism to an elevation which finds scarcely a parallel along the Christian ages? Wesley was the scholar, logical and classical, but he was more. Wesley, says Macanlay, had the genius of a Richilien for government; but he was more. Wesley, observed Southey, could gather and hold the elements of power; but he was more. Wesley, writes Sir Walter Scott, had but few equals in power of popular address; but he was more. Wesley, had the soul of an adventurer, that like Columbus would seek out new continents, but he was more. Wesley had a will power that would look defiant in the face of difficulty and never beat a retreat; but he was more. What constituted the triumphant power, which lifted Wesley to preeminence? *It was his profound, entire, and absolute consecration to God.* Wesley as the Oxford ascetic was impotent, as the adventurer of Georgia a visionary, who returned from his bootless journey with the impress of failure. But from the hour when he became a consecrated man, kindled into enthusiasm by the power

and love of an indwelling Christ, every element of his great character opened out and made him one of the most potential factors which the centuries have given to the world. And is there not an inspiration in this thought to every minister and member of Methodism.

What lesson do I read on this Centennial occasion from the history of Methodism? Give Wesley's consecration to every minister and member, and their manhood and womanhood will be lifted to their highest possibilities, by opening up the intellectual powers to nobler conceptions and giving to the emotional nature, the enthusiasm of a Diviner love, impelling to the better accomplishment of God's great work among men. By this we do not mean that any consecration will give to rustic ignorance the resources of scholarship, or to prosaic dullness the magnetic power of genius in its plenary endowments. But it gives the highest spiritual power "to every man according to his several ability."

Give Wesley's consecration to every minister and it will send us back to our circuits with a passion to save men, and baptize all our churches with a new life, that will carry us along the coming century, to a more pregnant spiritual destiny, that holds within it the assurance and acclaims of ultimate victory.

And then again, what *instruction* comes to us from our historical development, as a church ?

Of all epochs in the history of England, one of the most stagnant and utterly hopeless, was that which marked the opening of the 18th century.

Whether you read the charming page of Green the massive notations of Læcky, or the caustic and searching critiques of Leslie Stephens, all unite in depicting a state of moral degradation and blasphemous impiety well-nigh surpassing belief.

With the brilliant Marlborough, corrupting the higher life of the nations. With Horace Walpole, reducing all politics to a game of bribes. With Congreve and Wycherly the dramatists of the Restoration for a polite literature ; with a poetry without exaltation ; a philosophy without insight and tribunals without justice. With an insolent infidelity, which from the days of Stillingfleet to Bolingbroke, last of the deists, held captive, the leading intellects of the nation, while it smote with paralysis an effete clergy. With a universal wassail and riot and profanity, sinking the lower classes into nameless depths of infamy. What pen can adequately picture the repellent features of this repulsive

age? Like the voice of one crying in the wilderness, the ministry of Wesley began to be heard. It gathered to itself the elements of power, it multiplied its forces till with ten thousand tongues, it rang out the gospel in every nook and corner of the motherland.

What Johnson the moralist could not do; what Hogarth the caricaturist of vice could not do; what Dean Swift, the satirist could not do; what the philosophy of Berkeley, the ethics of Butler, the evidences of Paley could not do; what the men of lawn sleeves and stately ritualisms could not do, in reforming the age, that John Wesley with his grand evangelism; that Charles Wesley, with his hymns, sobbing in penitence, weeping in joy, ringing the battle-cry of advance, along the line, springing triumphant on ec-static wings to the Heavens at the thought that Jesus shall reign; that John and Charles Wesley accomplished, in the name and by the grace of God.

It has been well said by a recent writer that the unbelief of the 18th century was not arrested and overthrown by Butler's analogy of religion, the twelve witnesses of Paley or the didactics of the day, but by the power of God authenticating the divinity of that Christ-

ianity as expressed by the early preachers of Methodism, which broke with a mighty resurrection, the barbaric toilers in coal-pits of the north, ploughing their grimy faces with the tears of penitence; the wasted multitudes in the dens of London, cleansing their foulness; and the Cornish miners, in their deep galleries, where in the intervals of toil they could hear above them the sobbings of the sea. Now, if there is one lesson more impressive than another which the history of our church reads us, it is to lay hold of every means to ensure success. Wesley, in early life was a churchman, an intolerant and bigoted churchman, but when God led him out, he was willing to go into untried paths and to employ the agencies of which the history of the Church supplied no parallel.

He invoked the splendor of scholarship and seraphic culture, as in the case of Fletcher, but he did more. He took John Nelson, the mason; Alexander Mather the baker; Thomas Oliver, the shoemaker; John Haime, the private soldier, and Pawson the draper, all uncultured, and in the name of God commissioned them to go with homely speech, to the perishing masses, justifying the utterance of the historian that as by speech, the nation was governed, by speech freighted with gospel truth, the nation was morally regenerated.

The genius of Methodism not only commissioned man, but it vindicates the ministry of woman.

I have stood before the sepulchres of statesmen, orators, poets and divines, whose names and fame have filled the world, but I never felt a deeper emotion than when standing by the tomb of Susannah Wesley. In that presence, the orator is dumb, poetry has no lines and music no notes to tell the grandeur of her womanhood. Conservative, yet radical and aggressive. Deferential to authority, yet firm in her God-like purpose. No mystic was she though gifted with a depth of insight seldom surpassed. Graceful in person, her tender eyes looked love ; wise in her motherhood. It has been well said that if John Wesley ruled Methodism, his mother ruled John Wesley, and revealed to him the power of womanhood, as an agency gentle and persistent in building up the spiritual church of God.

And now, out of this history what lesson do I read? Conservative in essentials, yet radical and aggressive in action, I would have every minister remember that he is ordained for victory and should command success. "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ and

maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place."

I would commission every son and daughter to prophesy in the name of the Lord. Methodism has no greater danger, than a decorous respectibility that resists all innovation. If ordinary appliances fail to draw the people to Christ, I would invoke the very forces of the Salvation Army; I would put trumpets in men's hands to call the people to repentance, anything! anything! The spirit of Methodism, aggressive, it shall live—stagnant, it shall die, dishonored, an anachronism amongst men.

And then look at the sweep of this Methodism of ours. If we go back one hundred and twenty years we see a man in clerical attire, passing under the arch that led into the quadrangle of the old Glasgow university. Above the arch, in a little room sits a homely toiler, engaged in sketching a design. What prophet of destiny could have predicted that more than kings, statesmen and congresses, these two men, John Wesley and James Watt would shape the destinies of this American continent? It was the genius of James Watt, which harnessed the forces that slumbered in the water, and gave steamboats to every river and steam cars to every valley

and prairie on this continent, thus giving to it in a single century, a degree of civilization that otherwise would have demanded a thousand years and more. It was the genius of John Wesley, to project on this continent his original conception of an itinerant ministry, which would follow the tidal waves of humanity that have diffused themselves from Atlantic to Pacific, and but for this would have sunk into a degradation, vandal and destructive, as those that followed in the train of Alaric and Genseric, of old.

Before his eyes closed in death he had sent Laurence Coughlin to the misty isle of Newfoundland; Strawbridge to the sunny south; Asbury, beyond the Alleghanies; Webb, along the valley of the St. Lawrence and your own William Black to be the standard bearer of Methodism along the valleys and bays of fair Acadia. While the rolling tides of the ocean sing their thunders along your coast and toss their crested spray against the granite cliffs, corruscating into perpetual brilliance, the name of Black shall be held in honor throughout this land.

Men of Nova Scotia, you will stand true to the traditions and spirit of these men, and with your brethren in the West advance with glad endeavor till this Dominion of

Canada is possessed by Christian forces, and given as a gem to adorn the crown of the Redeemer.

And then once again what *inspiration* comes to us from the *full orb'd theology* which is our heritage and the foundation of our power.

In our time of pretentious, speculative and unsettling thought, a damaging impeachment is laid at the door of Dogmatic Theology.

It is held by some that he who enters here abandons hope of progressive research, since its dogmas are immutable, and its spirit in antagonism to the life and progress of the ages; but, never was impeachment more false.

What is the history of religious thought but one of sublimest evolution? Look at the record. The oriental or Greek Church formulated the doctrines of the Trinity and the Person of Christ and established them for all time. The early Latin Church revealed this humanity of ours and formulated at once the doctrine of sin and grace. It was the honor of the Mystics and Port Royalists to unfold the possibilities of Communion with the Divine, and was it not the glory of the Reformatory age, that it educated the conscience and brought out broad and clear the doctrines

of forgiveness and divine acceptance, while the Remonstrants affirmed the universality of atonement.

Thus from age to age the evolution of Christian dogma has gone forward, and the eternities shall never see its consummation. Theology a stagnant science! I affirm it is the most progressive on the face of this earth, for is not the truth of God infinite, and will not the finite intellect be ascending forever more in the apprehending of its wondrous harmonies?

And, now, what constituted the central truth which John Wesley published in advance of all others and which has rallied the million? I answer the radical existence of a freespirt as the crown of our humanity.

When Wesley appeared, the intuitional philosophy of DesCartes, of Spinoza, and afterward of Kant and Coleridge had gone into an eclipse, while the Materialistic philosophy of Hobbes, and Locke, and Hume, and Berkeley, and Priestly, which asserted that the world without controlled the world within the man, was every where triumphant. The vindication of the universality of atonement, and the freedom of will, and spiritual witness, by God to man's inner consciousness smote to the death this philosophy of necessity, that still languishes in Buckle and Tyndal, while

it uplifted this intuitional philosophy which stands by the truth that man is a *prima potentia*, an originating will force, while God is no respecter of persons. And so it comes to pass that the theology of Methodism is on the ascendant all over this earth. I think the sublimest event in the late Ecumenical Conference was the attestation of this truth. There were gathered men, who had come from beneath almost every sky. They had come from the fields and steppes of Scandinavia; they had come from the Confederated Empire of Germany; they had come from the vine-clad hills and sunny vales of France and from the mountain passes of Switzerland; they had come from the wildering fragrance of Andalusian Spain and from beneath the shadow of the Quirinal, the Horse of Praxiteles and the Vatican of Rome; they had come from where Stamboul proudly overlooks the Hellespont, they had come from the death dealing malarial coasts of Western Africa and the arid plains of Kaffraria, they had come from the shadow of the Himalay as where the cactus and magnolia fling their fragrance at the feet of those colossal heights which bear upon their brow the crystal crown of an eternal winter, they had come from the ancient lands of Northern and Southern China, whose standing

wonder is the multiplied millions of men; they had come from the isles of Japan, where nestling flowers adorn the creviced heights of volcanic desolation, and from every Colony of great Australia: from Tasmania and the fern valleys of New Zealand; they had come from the isles of the south, that, like emeralds set in cameos of coral whiteness, gem the bosom of the great Pacific; they had come from the cooling shades of the palms that skirt the pampas of South America; they had come from the tropic isles of the West Indies, and from the silver canyons of Mexico; from almost every state in the great Republic, and from most of the Provinces of our Dominion, and what was their testimony?

That the Gospel, which your Black one hundred years ago, began to sound throughout this land is the Gospel which has brought salvation to uncounted thousands and to which 25,000,000 within the bounds of Ecumenical Methodism, pay homage, while thousands without, accept it as their faith.

“When the work it first begun,
Small and feeble was the day;
Now, the work doth swiftly run,
Now, it wins its widening way.”

Isles of the South! when my eye was undimmed and the dew of youth was on my

brow, and, standing on their hills, I watched the tropic sun as he grandly marched to his seeming rest. Dipping into darkness, refracting his light, like a magic builder, in a moment he threw up a triumphal arch wide as the canopy of heaven, garnished with gold, festooned with brilliant blue, while far along the vista, there seemed a glory yonder, too great for mortal eye to behold. Symbol of our future! As we bid farewell to the century that is gone, tender in its memories, rich in its inheritance of history, I believe we are marching as through a triumphal arch and into a century of more resplendent triumph upon earth. Be it ours to well perform our work, serve our generation and then rejoin that blissful company, whose eyes once met our glances, whose voices fell upon our ears, but who are now enthroned as victors forever.

JUBILEE REMINISCENCES :

AN ADDRESS GIVEN AT THE CENTENARY MEETING BY THE

REV. INGHAM SUTCLIFFE.

Mr. Sutcliffe, on being called upon, said :— It is perhaps befitting that I should bear some testimony on this interesting occasion, being one of the four living links that unite the first with the second half of the centenary which by the Providence of God we are now privileged to celebrate. It will not be out of place briefly, to refer to some circumstances connected with the Wesleyan Methodist Church, when my own ministry began in 1832, just shortly previous to the time when the Rev. William Black closed his earthly course, and entered upon his heavenly reward, saying “All is well! All is well!”

The men who guided the helm of Methodism at that time were perhaps the most eminent for talents, learning and far-seeing ability that our Church has ever had, either before or since that period. I may mention Dr. Adam Clarke, Dr. Bunting, Richard Watson,

Richard Reece, Richard Treffry, Dr. Newton, Dr. Townley, Theophilus Lessey, John James, and a number of other prominent men who guarded carefully the body, and who efficiently labored to promote its peace and prosperity. But the death roll of the year 1832 was, perhaps, the longest and the most painful that our Methodism has ever had, including some of its most honored and useful ministers. On that list we find Dr. Adam Clarke, one of the most learned men of that day; Richard Watson, who for brilliancy and strength of intellect, has never been surpassed, and whose place in the Church has, perhaps, never yet been supplied; John James, the faithful and eloquent advocate of Christian Missions, and a judicious member of the Missionary Board; Thomas Stanley, a devoted minister of Christ; Richard Pope, the faithful laborer in Canada East, and brother of our own venerated Henry Pope, who came to his end a short time ago as a shock of corn cometh in its season, fully ripe for the garner of God; and William Sutcliffe, one of the pioneers of Methodism in Nova Scotia, Canada and Bermuda. These and all the rest of the long death list of that year left a noble record in the Church.

In that year the total membership of the

Wesleyan Methodist Church in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Canada East, and Newfoundland was 7383, under the pastoral care of 59 ministers, employed by the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee. These ministers of Christ were faithful to labor and willing to suffer in the cause of Christ. They counted not their lives dear unto themselves, so that they might finish their course with joy, and the ministry they had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God. Forty-nine of these have passed to the Church above. They have found the rest we toil to find. May the mantle of these fathers rest upon their successors in these Conferences of Eastern British America.

Nine or ten of those who were cotemporary with the Rev. Wm. Black in his latest years are living to-day. They are standing on the border of the spirit world, waiting for the coming of the Master. Among these we find the Rev. Dr. Wood, now of Toronto, but formerly a highly successful and influential minister with us. His labors were productive of great good in Miramichi, Fredericton, Portland, and St. John, N. B. Among the many souls brought to God through his instrumentality I may mention two; the Rev. Robert Cooney, who was rescued from

Romanism, when on the eve of entering the priesthood of that Church. He was engaged with a priest in collecting Protestant Bibles that had found their way into Romanist families. They had obtained quite a number, and stowed them away in a large Canadian stove, for what purpose may be easily surmised. One of these Bibles, better bound than the others, arrested the attention of young Cooney. He took it home without the knowledge of the priest, and this volume, and the instruction afforded by Dr. Wood, led to his conversion to God, and to his subsequent consecration to the work of the ministry in the Methodist Church in which he continued to the end of life.

The next I would mention as one of the fruits of Dr. Wood's ministry, is the late Hon. Judge Wilmot, who was brought to God when a young man, during the ministry of Dr. Wood in Fredericton, and at once united with the Methodist Church, and who maintained his Christian consistency and steadfastness through his whole course, as a Barrister, as a member of the Assembly and Leader of the Government, as a Judge of the Supreme Court, and as Governor of his native Province. In all these positions he displayed talents of the highest order, and often invited the attention of vast masses by his thrilling and

overwhelming eloquence. In the midst of all his public duties he remained faithful as a Methodist class leader and Sabbath School superintendent; and doubtless many from the Sabbath School, as well as the members of his class, who passed on before him, would be ready to bid him welcome when at length he went through the gates into the city. These with many others will be brilliant stars that will one day shine in the crown of Enoch Wood. Since his removal to Ontario Dr. Wood has, by his faithful and eloquent ministry, his able advocacy of our mission work, his sound judgment and his wise counsel, aided greatly in promoting the consolidation and enlargement of the Methodist Church of Canada. On looking back over the fifty-six years of his public ministry, while so many have gone on before, he is able to say to-day, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

Another of Mr. Black's cotemporaries is the Rev. Matthew Richey, D.D., of Halifax, one of the oldest living ministers of our Church, having a record in our ministry of over sixty-years. He has been, perhaps, the most eloquent minister in Canada, and of him it is said that in preaching he never made a mistake. His brilliant abilities have been

employed in all the great centres of our church, and thousands have listened to his eloquent utterances and powerful appeals with breathless attention. I regret to say that for some years his silver trumpet has been laid down; and he is now waiting with the quietness and docility of a child to hear the Great Father call him to his home in heaven.

Another name to be mentioned is that of Dr. A. W. McLeod, now of Baltimore, U. S., but for several years a useful minister among us, who wrote in defence of our doctrines, and was the popular editor of our paper. He is nearing the end, and ripening for the climes of bliss.

Then there is George Johnson, who for more than half a century has preached the Gospel, and lived the Gospel; and Joseph Fletcher Bent, whose head is almost as white as the driven snow, to him a crown of glory, being found in the way of righteousness; James G. Hennigar, whose kindly spirit, genial, cheerful countenance, and faithful and effective labors have made him a special favorite on every circuit; and John McMurray, the recipient of ecclesiastical honours justly deserved by a long life of an unblemished character as a Christian minister. A successful co-laborer with many of the sainted dead, Dr.

McMurray will leave footprints for good upon the sands of time.—Henry Daniel, of St. John, N. B., the vigorous orthodox and earnest Methodist preacher, whose trumpet has never failed to give a clear and correct sound upon the walls of Zion for more than fifty years.—Thos. Angwin, whose life has been blameless, and his ministry successful, especially in his earlier labors, when he was strong to work for God. He had many seals to his ministry in Newfoundland.—Jno. S. Addy treads closely upon the track of his brethren in age, and for honor and usefulness in the cause of God. These brethren, some of them cotemporaries, and others successors of the founder of Methodism in this land, are endeavoring so to live as to be complete in Christ,—they are standing on the banks of the river, and looking over to the other side. I see the venerable Father Bent looking up with tearful eye, and I fancy I hear him,—and others are ready to join with him, as with Moses he says, “I pray, let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain and Lebanon.” For myself, as one of the number, I thank God I can say, I see the streaks of light on the top of the mountains, and that light reaches over to the other shore, and

“For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.”

Even now by faith we join our hands with those who have gone before, and ere long we shall, yes, by the grace of God, we will

“Greet the blood besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.”

In looking back over the past, and contemplating the future, we have abundant cause to thank God, and to take courage. In Nova Scotia alone we have in the field, to do work for the Master, over 100 ministers, having the oversight of 10,000 members, aided by 41 local preachers, 200 houses of worship, and 40,000 hearers. In New Brunswick and P. E. Island we have about the same number of ministers and local preachers, and nearly the same number of church members and adherents. In Newfoundland we have over 50 ministers with nearly 8000 members and about 40,000 hearers. Of course we have no arithmetic by which to reckon the countless multitude gathered to the heavenly country through Methodist instrumentality during the century. But what may we expect for the future, not only in these Provinces, but throughout this wide Dominion, and throughout the world by the blessing of God upon

Methodist labour? We anticipate the period not far distant, when

“As the depth of the ocean the blue waters cover,
So fully shall God among mortals be known,
When His word like the sunbeams shall range the
world over,
The earth his vast temple, and mercy his throne.”

The year 1832 was eventful to me, as the commencement of my ministerial life. This is my Jubilee year, as fifty years ago, on the 23rd of April last, I took passage in London, in company with the Rev. George Newlove, for Canada, invested with the authority of the British Conference to preach the Gospel. Bro. Newlove died of cholera in Montreal on the 26th of June following. My first appointment was St. Armand's, a large and extensive circuit, with a membership of 370, which soon increased to 400.

My next sphere was Montreal, under the direction of the Rev. Wm. Crosecombe, one of the most useful and valued missionaries ever employed by our Missionary Committee. In the changes then occurring I was transferred to Little York, now Toronto. There I became acquainted with some of the men of Western Methodism, including Elder Case and James Evans; the former of whom was the father of the Indian Missions, and was very successful in his labours among the red men of the far

West. James Evans spent some years in the Hudson's Bay Territory, and with very blessed results. The good he was instrumental in effecting will never die out. He was the inventor of the syllabic character, now in use so generally among the Indian tribes in the translation of the Scriptures, and which has proved so great a boon in enabling the natives with comparative ease to read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God. His missionary hardships hastened him home to God.

While I was stationed at Little York I came to know the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, then editor of the *Christian Guardian*, and a star of the first magnitude in the Methodist Church of Canada,—but lately passed away, to shine with greater glory in the firmament of heaven. My labors in Little York were owned of God in the salvation of many souls. In the following year great changes took place in Canadian Methodism. The District Meeting was held in Montreal, Mr. Alder presiding. John Barry was removed to Bermuda; J. P. Hetherington to Charlottetown, P. E. I. and I was sent to Grand Bank, Newfoundland. I spent eleven years on that Island, and had the pleasure of seeing hundreds of souls made savingly acquainted with Christ.

The meetings for the celebration of British Methodism in 1839, were, perhaps, as well attended in Newfoundland, and, according to the ability of the people, were supported as well there as in any other place. In Carbonear we have our largest church, which on that occasion was crowded, a number of Roman Catholics being present. The Rev. John Piekavant was in the chair, and Rev. Wm. Faulkner, and Rev. John McMurray and others were on the platform. The speeches were all good, and the meeting was highly interesting. An incident occurred during the meeting, which could not readily be forgotten, and which I will be pardoned for relating. I had been speaking of the progress made by Methodism in various parts of the world,—in Great Britain, Ireland, the United States, and in the foreign field,—and that vast numbers formerly in great spiritual darkness had been brought into the glorious gospel light, and that the light was spreading notwithstanding all the opposition which the Church had been called to meet. In illustration I mentioned having seen a picture referring to the time of the Reformation, in which a number of Cardinals were seen sitting around a large table. On this table were several candles burning, representing the light of the Reformation,

while the Cardinals were doing their best to put out the lights;—but their efforts were vain,—the candles still burned brightly. Imitating the action of the Cardinals, I lifted a candle from the table before which the Chairman was seated, and began to puff. In my eagerness to set forth the determination of the Cardinals to extinguish the light, I puffed a little too hard and my candle went out. My condition was perfectly awful. I felt as if the roof of the church was falling on my head, when I heard the cry from the gallery, “That’s out, anyhow.” But Providence favored me in that predicament. I gave one more gentle puff, and my candle broke out again into flame, and I cried at the top of my voice, “It’s not out. It’s not out.” The effect of the occurrence was electrifying, and I continued: “See, it burns all the brighter. Just so, persecution may be the lot of the Church, and there may come obscurity; but she will come forth into clearer light. So the light of the Methodist Church shall never be put out. It has been burning for a hundred years, and it burns as brightly now as ever, and will continue to give light to those in darkness. The gates of hell shall never, no never prevail against it.”

“ Nor shall this spreading Gospel rest
Till through the world the truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.”

Methodism has been prospering in Newfoundland, and never more than at the present. The seed sown by the Rev. William Black, and by many others, has produced and is still producing, abundant fruit to the glory of God. May the Lord God of our fathers make his people there a thousand times as many more than they are, and bless them as He hath promised!—Amen.

OUR RESPONSIBILITIES

IN REFERENCE TO THE CENTENNIAL MOVEMENT,

BY THE

REV. S. F. HUESTIS.

Mr. President :—

It seems like presumption for me to speak at this late hour, and especially after the most eloquent addresses to which we have just listened. I shall however detain you but a few minutes.

The Nova Scotia Conference is favored in having among its members the oldest surviving ministers of the late Conference of Eastern British America. Some of these honored fathers are present at this session of our Conference, and have greatly edified us by their addresses and "experiences" in relation to former times. There are others who are unavoidably absent. One of these, the Rev. James G. Hennigar, I met in Halifax but a few days before the opening of Conference. At that time he was anticipating the pleasure of once more meeting his brethren in our annual gathering, and of taking some part in these Centennial services. In that expectation

he has been disappointed, and I am sure we all share in that disappointment. His presence and addresses would have added much to the interest of this occasion.

The other minister of whom I desire to speak is the venerable Rev. Dr. Richey, who for upwards of sixty years has been connected with the ministry of the Methodist Church. As the biographer of the Rev. Wm. Black, and as the eldest minister of our Conference now living, and in view of the honorable and responsible positions he has filled in the history of our Church, it is most fitting that special reference should be made to him at this Centennial meeting. At the late Annual Meeting of the Halifax District a resolution was unanimously adopted, a copy of which was forwarded to Dr. Richey, expressing the high esteem in which he was held by his brethren, and congratulating him that he had lived to see the Centenary year of Methodism in these Maritime Provinces.

In reply to our communication we have received the following letter, which with your permission I will read:—

HALIFAX, N. S., 17th June, 1882.

To the Wesleyan Methodist Ministers of the Halifax District:—

Reverend and Dear Brethren:—

In acknowledging the resolution adopted at your recent annual meeting, of which a copy has been

communicated to me, I cannot but express my grateful appreciation of the sentiments which it embodies toward myself personally; while I deeply sympathize with the announced purpose of marking the Centennial of Methodism in Nova Scotia with appropriate commemorative and devotional exercises, although my physical infirmities preclude the hope of being able to participate in the pleasure and privilege of their observance. I deem it among the highest honors of my life to have discharged, however imperfectly, the office of the biographer of the Reverend William Black: and the revival and perpetuation of the memory of so exemplary and eminent an evangelist cannot fail to diffuse salutary and quickening influence as widely as it is known.

It is my earnest prayer that the contemplated celebration may be productive of much spiritual benefit to all concerned, and that its fruit may remain. May the coming century of Methodism in these Provinces and throughout Canada be signalised by the increasing depth and progression of this Agency in the fulfilment of its high and holy mission.

Believe me, beloved Brethren, to remain,
Yours affectionately,

MATTHEW RICHEY.

It is pleasing to find this venerable servant of God so deeply interested in our present movement, and I trust the sentiments expressed in his letter will stimulate us in our efforts to celebrate this centenary in a proper and profitable manner.

I would like to add a few more words before I resume my seat. I may claim to represent on this occasion a class of men belonging to this Conference who should be especially interested in this centenary move-

ment. I refer to those who like myself were born in these Provinces. We have been brought to God, and into fellowship with His Church through the agency of Methodism, and it is impossible to estimate how much we owe, and how much this country owes, to the noble men who toiled so faithfully in laying the foundations of Methodism in this country. They were godly men, devoted to their work—they “endured hardness” as good soldiers of the cross. “Other men have labored and we have entered into their labors.” They originated the various connexional funds—or financial schemes of our Church—founded our Education Institutions, and legislated most wisely in the interests of our beloved Methodism. Upon us, their sons and successors, rests the responsibility of carrying forward in all its departments the great work which has been committed to us by our fathers.

It has therefore been suggested that we inaugurate with this centenary celebration a fund to be known as the “Centennial Thanksgiving Fund”—the object of which shall be the promotion of the work of God through evangelistic agency, and the more efficient maintenance or support of our College and Theological Institutions at Sackville. And is it not most fitting that we should do so?

Surely we cannot review our history without feelings of gratitude to God. What then shall we render to Him for all his benefits? Let us mark this epoch in our history by erecting some monument which will not only be a tangible expression of the gratitude we feel, but will help to maintain and advance in all their integrity and efficiency the doctrines, discipline and institutions of Methodism. To do this will require an effort, perhaps some considerable sacrifice; but were we to refuse to make such an effort, or to shrink from such sacrifice, we certainly would prove ourselves the unworthy sons of a noble ancestry. I cannot think it possible that we should let this interesting period in our history pass without giving some such tangible expression of our sense of obligation to God for all His past mercies.

We have resolved, therefore, to appeal to all our people to present their thank offerings to God during this Centenary year. We hope the response will be general, cheerful and characterized by that liberality which has always distinguished the Methodists of Nova Scotia. The objects specified are in every sense worthy the support of our friends. I need not dwell upon their importance. I propose that here and now we take up the first.

collection for this Centenary fund. At the meeting this afternoon, a brother, always ready for every good work, stated that some person belonging to Windsor had offered One Hundred Dollars, and he would be glad to contribute a like sum as a centennial offering. Mr. President, that is a good beginning, and while many of us are not able to give largely, yet we can all give something, and we can give willingly, remembering that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

May the Lord lift upon us the light of His countenance, and prosper us in this our undertaking, so that this Centenary year may be one of the most memorable in all our history.

PRESIDENTIAL APPEAL ;

AND CENTENNIAL RESOLUTIONS OF THE NOVA
SCOTIA, AND NEW BRUNSWICK AND P. E.
ISLAND CONFERENCES.

*To the Members of the Methodist Church in these
Provinces.*

*Dear Brethren :—*The Conferences which recently assembled at Windsor and Fredericton judged that our Church should, in a fitting manner, celebrate the hundredth anniversary of its introduction into these Provinces. After careful consideration it was determined that our gratitude to Almighty God for his preserving and fostering care during those years should take a tangible form, and become a lasting and useful memorial before him ; and the resolutions below were accordingly prepared, directing the ministers in charge of circuits to hold public meetings, and to receive subscriptions for the purpose mentioned therein.

We trust that you will enter upon this work with a zeal commensurate with its importance, and that the services to be held in connection with the approaching Financial District meetings will justify us in expecting that a thank offering would be presented to God worthy of the occasion and sufficient for the purposes contemplated.

We have reached a stage in our history, and a

position among the Churches, when, if we judge that there is any reason for our existence as a Church, there is also reason for deep gratitude. One hundred years of the divine blessing have lifted our Church to a position which we may survey with satisfaction, and we have been enabled to take no unimportant part in the work of maintaining evangelical religion in this land. The little band which Mr. Black at first gathered has grown into many thousands, and these thousands are now called upon to offer thanks to God for the divine help through which they have increased and triumphed. We are sure that you will not be backward in your offerings of praise, or that more practical and substantial expression of your feelings suggested by the resolutions of the Conferences. Our Ebenezer should be, not merely the passing voice of praise, but an *enduring monument* which shall speak to our children ; and we can think of nothing more intimately connected with our future usefulness and continued success than the objects pointed out in the accompanying resolutions.

We are, dear brethren,

Yours in Christ,

JOHN S. PHINNEY,

President of N. B. and P. E. I. Conf.

WILLIAM C. BROWN,

Pres. of N. S. Conf.

The following resolutions on this subject were passed at the recent session of the Nova Scotia Conference :—

1. That this Conference regards with no ordinary interest the present period in our history, it being now just one hundred years since the Rev. William Black entered upon his self-denying, evangelistic labors in preaching a present, free and full salvation, in the towns, villages, and sparsely settled districts of these Provinces, he and his co-adjutors being instrumental, by the doctrines, discipline and Christian fellowship of Methodism, in laying broad and deep the foundations of a Church which proved the spiritual home of multitudes who have passed into the skies—as it has been and still is to thousands who value its ordinances and privileges.

2. That in the judgment of this Conference it is eminently proper in our Centennial to review devoutly and gratefully our past history, that by the reminiscences that may be gathered, and by tracing the operations of the Divine hand in connection with the labors of God's servants, there may be awakened a deeper sense of obligation for the goodness and grace of Christ our Saviour, leading our ministers and people generally to new consecration in the service of the Lord.

3. That this Conference accordingly resolves upon the inauguration of measures for a suitable Centennial celebration, commencing with the services of this nature appointed to be held during the Conference, and to be followed by such other religious and social services on our circuits at large, as the Conference may deem advisable.

4. That in grateful acknowledgment of the Lord's signal blessing upon our Church during the hundred years past, the Conference would view with satisfaction any suitable measures to ensure some tangible memorial of our sense of obligation and responsibility, and would regard the following as quite appropriate, viz: the formation of a Centennial

Thanksgiving Fund, the objects of which shall be first, to secure in connection with our new College building at Sackville, a Theological Memorial Hall, as a tribute to the memory of the late venerable Wm. Black, and to bear his name; secondly, Church Extension, comprising evangelistic work and parsonage aid.

5. That the donors to the Thanksgiving Fund have the option of indicating to which of the above objects their benevolence may be applied.

6. That in order that all our people may participate in the joy of this glad occasion, and may share in furthering the objects contemplated, this Conference recommends that religious and social centennial services be held in all our circuits, in the month of October next, and that arrangements be made at the approaching Financial District meetings to render successful such Centennial celebration.

The N. B. and P. E. I. Conference also passed resolutions as follows :

The Committee appointed upon the Commemoration of the Centenary of Methodism beg leave to report :

1. That in view of the completion of the first hundred years of Methodism in these Maritime Provinces, they recommend to this Conference the adoption of similar measures for the commemoration of this event, to those adopted by the Nova Scotia Conference, for the purpose of acknowledging the good hand of our God in the history of our Church during the past century.

2. That the Conference be requested to set apart Thursday morning for an open session of Conference to which our friends in this city be invited for the purpose of reviewing the work of God among us, and initiating a movement which may at once express our gratitude for the past, and tend to the promotion of the interests of Methodism within the bounds of our Conference for the future.

3. That the Conference order that arrangements be made at the ensuing Financial District Meetings to give effect to these resolutions by the holding of Centennial Memorial services, and the taking up of subscriptions in all the circuits of the Conference as a Thanksgiving Fund.

4. That the objects contemplated by the movement be, 1st, the erection of a Centennial Memorial College Hall at Mt. Allison, and 2nd, the extension of our work, increasing the resources of the Parsonage Aid Fund, two-thirds of the contributions to be assigned to the former, and one-third to the latter, except where the donors otherwise desire.

Though the financial part of the movement was not formally inaugurated at the Fredericton Conference Centenary Meeting; yet amounts, which have been announced as voluntary contributions, on that occasion, may be regarded as the pledge of a generous purpose on the part of Methodist communities in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

CONCLUSION.

To the Methodists of these Lower Provinces, who enter heartily into this Centennial celebration, the occasion will be one of such hallowed gladness as will certainly ensure a heritage of rich spiritual blessing that will be of life-long continuance. The multitudinous reminiscences which crowd upon the thoughtful Christian heart under these circumstances are, in themselves, inexpressibly worthy of being cherished. They connect us with a long succession of the pious dead to whom we stand inseparably linked. The names of numerous ministerial worthies are mentioned in the foregoing pages. But as we pen these concluding lines a host of sainted ones, of very precious memory, who lived in various parts of these Provinces, come trooping to our recollection, and we can scarce refrain from making distinct reference to them and to their valuable services. But even a brief reference would occupy more space than is at all at our command; and we can

only recommend that in each locality, at the approaching Centennial meetings, there shall be a careful gathering of memories of the past, and such honorable mention made of those long since removed, and of their labors in the Church, as shall deepen in memory the impression of their holy example, and shall lead many to glorify God in them. Such a retrospect cannot fail to evoke increased gratitude to God for his great goodness to our branch of the Church of Christ during the century past, and to inspire confidence that this God will be the God of our successors during the centuries to come.

Now for the practical result of this Centennial movement. What will it be? We strongly hope that one grand fruit will be that of higher personal consecration to God on the part of a large portion of our beloved people in these Maritime Provinces, and, as a necessary consequence, a higher tone of religious experience, and a purer type of practical godliness in our Church at large. If this result be gained we shall have reason for exultant praise to our redeeming Lord, that we were privileged to celebrate this Centennial. But while spiritual results engage largely our earnest consideration, we cannot overlook the material and the tangible. In

the resolutions of the two Conferences on this matter, as previously given, it will be noticed that importance is attached to the practical evidences to be afforded of our hallowed gladness and devout gratitude; and that certain objects are specified as especially appropriate to be remembered at this time, viz: the interests of theological education, in making better preparation for the higher education of our young ministers; and also furnishing enlarged facilities for evangelistic effort within the bounds of these Conferences at the present juncture. We need not press the high importance of these objects upon the attention of our people: nor will we dwell upon their entire appropriateness in connection with this movement. We cannot doubt that were it possible for the venerated Wm. Black, and his coadjutors and successors who have entered upon their reward—as well as the vast number of the sainted brethren of our Church—to be consulted as to the most fitting objects of our grateful benevolence at this time, the purpose we now contemplate would by them be recommended to our loving and liberal support. If our gifts upon the Lord's altar on this grand occasion be at all commensurate with the gratitude we owe, then will our Christian gladness be

intensified and sweetenedv astly by this memorial occasion. "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the Majesty; for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine. And of thine own have we given Thee."



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