

icos are as old as Celsus and Porphyry. The church has survived these early attacks these 1,600 years, and will to the end. For myself, I am convinced that the Bible is its own best defence; that the Holy Ghost, by whose inspiration it was written, speaks through it still to hearts prepared by His grace to hear; and while I trust, during any residue of my years which God may appoint me, to do what in me lies to develop, by His help, some of the meaning of His Word, removing as he shall enable me, man's self-made difficulties, or pointing out the completion of prophecy, my conviction is, that the difficulties lie, not in Holy Scripture itself, but in the dispositions with which men approach it.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF THE REV. JOSEPH WOLFF, D.D., L.L.D.

Vol. II. Saunders and Otley.

Dr. Wolff pursues the story of his singular life in much the same train in which he began to relate it. We learn from a preface by Dr. Gatty, that the recital was taken down by dictation from Dr. Wolff's lips. This accounts for the peculiar form in which it was presented to the world. It is not Dr. Wolff's writing, or some one else writing about him, but Dr. Wolff speaking. Though the result is a quaint one, we have no objection to it. No more set and formal biography could have brought the subject of it before us in such a lifelike way as this. So much of what is peculiar about Dr. Wolff depends on the idea which he has of himself in his own mind, and on the original way in which he brings out this idea in his talk, that a mere account of his adventures would have been a tame affair, unless he were by to illustrate them himself. But in this book we have the flow of his personal narrative, taken down and preserved as he poured it forth: an operation in which, Dr. Gatty says, his amanuenses were much more tired out with the labour of writing than he was of the labour remembering, composing, and speaking. Dr. Gatty illustrates Dr. Wolff's story of his preaching, praying, and disputing for twelve hours successively for six days in Calcutta by the fact that, in his old age, he can tire out three youthful writers at a sitting, and be ready for a fourth if he could find one. His inexhaustible talk is as wonderful as his endurance—the accounts of his sufferings from cold and want in his travels, marvellous as they are, cease to surprise us when his editor tells us that he still walks along stone passages in winter barefoot, and sleeps with door and window open in the foggy nights of Yorkshire.

Sir Charles Napier, we are told, said of him, that "he had worked harder for religion, and gone through greater danger for it, than any man living." This was one of the characteristic exaggerations in which Sir Charles Napier expressed his feelings towards his friends and his enemies. But Dr. Wolff's story is that of a man of rare and indomitable courage in behalf of the cause which he undertook—of a very brave man, and also of a very grotesque one. The effect of his book is like that of those toys in which different faces of the most ridiculously contrasted features alternately appear on the same neck and shoulders. On one page it is Francis Xavier; on another, Sinbad the Sailor, or Hadji Baba of Ispahan; on a third perhaps there will be a touch of Sancho Panza or Gil Blas. And all the while, the writer, or rather talker, is perfectly conscious of his different shapes, and not a little pleased with the quaint effect they produce. A man, who, with a natural timidity greater than that of most women—so great that he cannot go in a boat without being ready to scream out—

yet voluntarily faced death and suffering in a hundred shapes in order to carry about the name of Christ, and who left a quiet English home to cross half Asia and learn in the very den of the savage of Bokhara the fate of his victims, must have something of the hero and the martyr in him. But most men of this character are impressed with the weight and solemnity of their mission. The last thing they do is to laugh at themselves. The last thing they like is that a touch of the ludicrous should disturb the effect of what is to them so serious. They are apt to be strained and monotonous in their loftiness. Their snare is the temptation to be pompous. But Dr. Wolff delights to pass from a scene in which he acts the apostle, to one in which he is the merry-andrew. In the same breath in which he confides to us the loftiest aspirations which can fill the heart of man, he confides to us the most homely details of creature comfort and discomfort—how one lady mended his shirts, and another gave him "chocolate and the best curry he ever tasted in his life;" and how, when he visited a friend, "the good old man took him to the pantry and allowed Wolff to make free with some excellent cream, preserves and jelly," till Wolff was in danger of spoiling his dinner. He accounts for the great development in him of the feeling of "self-appropriation" by the kindness of the ladies of Cawnpore, who wept when he left them, and cut off pieces of his hair; "this made him so vain, that he never lost the feeling." But this "vanity" never stands in the way of a good story against himself. He relates with great zest a dialogue with a Jew, the upshot of which was that Wolff was "for a week afterwards the laughing-stock of the whole town of Bokhara. But Wolff" he adds, "has never minded being laughed at." With still more real philosophy, he is not afraid to record, in speaking of a two days' argument with a Moolah at which Sir Alexander Burnes was present, that though Wolff himself thought that he had gained the victory, Burnes thought and reported that he was beaten. Dr. Wolff, in his earliest studies of prophecy, had fixed the end of the world in the year 1847, a view with which Sir Charles Napier delights to twit him; but, writes Dr. Wolff himself, "if an opponent were to ask, 'Wolff, why did you fix that time?' he has but one answer to give, which he candidly gives to every one, 'Because I was a great ass.'"

No one of late years has travelled in the East who has brought back so thoroughly the Oriental spirit and temper, and who reflects in every word and every anecdote the Oriental mind. Any one who has ever had the good fortune to hear him lecture or converse, has had the opportunity of gaining a fresher and fuller idea of the people to whom Dr. Wolff went than he could get from many books. There he stands before us, recalling to the life, in tone, in the selection of topics, in gesture, in peculiarities of diction, in argument, in repartee or joke, the Moolah, or Rabbi, or Dervish of whom he speaks. And to a great extent this is reproduced in his book. Without the smallest labour to produce an effect, simply by speaking in his natural way, he brings before our eyes the scenes and characters of Asiatic deserts or cities: and without meaning to be so, it is one of the most vivid pictures of Eastern travel ever produced. He goes over again, at the beginning of the volume, passages of his first journey to Bokhara. We hear him disputing with malicious Jews, and confounding them before shouting crowds of Mongols and Osbecks. Then he will retire to a friendly Jew's house, and listen with the utmost gravity to Jewish legends about the patriarchs; how Judah had such strength in every bit of his hair that with it he

could slay the whole country of Egypt, and what mischief the loudness of his voice produced, and how Naphthali, the "hind let loose," could run 200 miles a minute; and about a great African Jew, who taught the Jews of Bokhara great wisdom, as, for instance, "that the drinking of chocolate was good, and useful for the increase of the children of Israel." This leads him to speculate on the providential admission of the Jews to Parliament; and he thus accounts for Mr. Newdegate's opposition to it:—

It is therefore to be regretted that Mr. Newdegate does not see the finger of God in all this; but Wolfe thinks that, in English, proper names are sometimes prophetic or historical; and *Newdegate* is synonymous with "proselyte of the gate;"—such proselytes being a sect of Gentiles who were only half Jews, and they were always at daggers drawn with the Jews. And so it seems that Mr. Newdegate has inherited that combativeness of his ancestor, who was "a proselyte of the gate." The reader must pardon the digression.

Dr. Wolff had to disarm or evade the suspicions of the savage Tartar and Osbeck chiefs on his road, and he was resolved, in doing so, not to deny his religion. Here is the way in which he mystified a certain truculent governor, who was the terror of the road:—

Wolff proceeded to Magaur, and as he crossed over a bridge he met a fine-looking, tall Osbeck, on horseback, who was a Hajee and a Moolah, and was well acquainted with Arabic. Wolff conversed with him in Arabic, and he invited Wolff to his house; and, in token of friendship, Wolff and the Osbeck placed the palms of both their hands together, and stroked their respective beards. "There," said Wolff, "are we brothers now?" The Osbeck replied, "Yes: praise be to God." Then Wolff said, "I will not deceive a brother. I will tell you, therefore, who I am. I am an Englishman. Will you protect me?" The Osbeck clasped his hands above his head in despair, and exclaimed, "As long as you are in my house none can touch you; but the moment you leave it, the Governor, who is my cousin, will send after you and put you to death. Therefore you must promise to do what I tell you. You speak Arabic; so I will introduce you as an inhabitant of Mecca, and tell my cousin, when he comes (for he comes every evening to drink tea with me,) that you were once my host at Mecca, and then he will ask your blessing, and depart." Wolff answered, "I will do no such thing. All I order you is not to say one single word about me when he comes. But refer him to me, and I shall answer all his questions to his entire satisfaction not hiding anything from him."

(To be continued.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED TO MARCH 31

To END OF VOL. 8.—Rev. J. G., Belleville; Rev. R. H. H., Brock; W. A. B., Toronto; Rev. T. B., Picton; Rev. S. C. H., Durham.

THE
Canadian Ecclesiastical Gazette
IS PUBLISHED TWICE A MONTH,
BY HENRY ROWSELL, TORONTO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

7s. 6d. per annum; from which a discount of 2s. 6d. is allowed if remitted (postage free) within one month from commencement of the volume.

ROWSSELL & ELLIS, PRINTERS, KING ST. TORONTO.