

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Mr. Garrison began, inspired, and largely controlled the movement which put an end to negro slavery in the United States. This fixes his place in history.

There had been, before the Revolution, tracts printed and individual protests made against the system. The Quakers and Covenanters never ceased their testimonies; and the Methodists spoke brave words—not much heeded, as they were only words, and often spoken by men who continued slaveholders.

But no man or church proposed, much less set on foot, any plan or movement for its abolition. Each and all seemed confounded and disheartened at the complexity of the problem and the vast work. There was the most entire ignorance and apathy on the slave question. If men knew of the existence of slavery, it was only as a part of picturesque Virginia life. No one preached, no one talked, no one wrote about it. No whisper of it stirred the surface of the political sea.

Mr. Garrison first organized a movement specially and solely devoted to the abolition of slavery. He first announced a plan—immediate and unconditional emancipation on the soil—the only proposition which would ever have attracted public attention and supported an agitation capable of effecting a settlement of the question.

His life was given to this work. Declaring that his reliance was wholly on moral means—the agitation and discussion of the right of slavery—he tested everything by reference to this self-evident principle: a man's right to himself.

Men who were and are unwilling to give up all for principle, and who seek to buy the name of reformer at half-price, still harp on Garrison's mood and language. But history shows no such work ever done unless by an earnestness which seemed to half-hearted men bitter and intolerant. Fox, Luther, Isaiah, and even the Divine Master, could not escape such criticism. "There is a prudent wisdom," says Goethe, "and there is a wisdom which never reminds you of prudence." A truth Swift saw earlier when he said:

"The stupid cant, 'He went too far,' despise, And learn that to be bold is to be wise."

History will show that neither the fierce Saxon of Fox, nor Isaiah's hallowed lips, nor Luther's lurid denunciation, ever outran the truth, or did anything but good. Show us one efficient reformer who has escaped this charge, before you blame Garrison for what seems an inherent element of human nature and a necessity in human affairs. Our history shows that he was none too bitter, not a whit too earnest, and that in judging his fellow-citizens he only half appreciated their moral dullness.

His tone was that of a grave and serious indictment; his whole soul freighted with his words. Entirely forgetting himself, an intense earnestness melted every one into the hot current of his argument or appeal, and the influence, strong at the moment, haunted the hearer afterward, and was doubled the next day. He was master of a style of singular elevation and dignity. Windham said the younger Pitt "could speak a king's speech off-hand." So far as dignity of tone was concerned, Garrison could have done it. No American of our day could state a case, or indite a public document, with more wary circumspection, impressive seriousness, or grave dignity than he could. The "Declaration of Sentiments" by the Convention which formed the American Antislavery Society, and that Society's statement of its reasons for repudiating the United States Constitution, have a breadth, dignity, and impressive tone such as are found in few, if any, of our state papers since the Revolution, when Dickinson, Jay, Hamilton, and Adams won such emphatic praise from Lord Chatham.

In regard to classes of men his judgment was unerring, "as if a man had inquired at the oracle of God." Individuals, in general, he read with the sure instinct of a woman. When mistaken, it was often in thinking too well of them. But, like the sturdy old English moralist, indeed, like all men of a hearty and generous nature, there were some friends in whom he would acknowledge no fault, and some opponents in whom he could see no virtues.

He was no ascetic, but enjoyed life in all its forms and relations. He possessed his own soul. It was not possessed by antislavery, or any other reform idea. You could not be in his company an hour without feeling his ability, his original and decided character. But you might see him many times without having slavery, or any wrong, thrust on your attention.

Like almost all men of large powers and conversant with great interests, his mood was genial and tender. A fearfully hard life had not embittered him in the least. Laughed at and lied about, hated, dragged through the streets with a halter, mobbed and imprisoned, he was neither soured nor

vindictive. Serenely he put these things under his feet with quiet indifference, neither "bewailing his hardships nor exulting in his triumphs."

Though it was as true of him as it ever was of any one that he feared not the face of man, still he was born a gentleman; his tastes, manners, bearing, and mood, were of the highest breeding and courtesy. He was at home in every circle, with a dignity that prevented undue familiarity, and made most men recognize his right to lead.

After Mr. Lewis Tappan and himself had been engaged an hour in earnest debate with a slaveholder who did not know them, the Southerner said to Garrison: "If all Northerners were as fair, courteous, and reasonable as yourself, we should not complain. It is madmen like Garrison that offend us."

Another fierce opponent, accidentally in Garrison's company an hour, after his departure asked a bystander the name of the man he had been disputing with, and, on learning it, sat down in tearful shame that he had so long and bitterly abused such a man.

I once saw him in a mixed company, when a clergyman had made a labored excuse for non-interest in the slave question and dissent from his views, lay his hand respectfully on the critic's arm, and his rebuke, "Sir, it is not light you need, but a heart," though apostolic in frankness, was so courteously spoken that the listeners of both sides assented, and the critic himself took no offense.

The time will come when men will name strength, courage, discretion, marvelous sagacity, inexhaustible patience, and a whole-souled devotion to justice and humanity, which never counted the cost, as his foremost qualities.

If a grand purpose—one of incalculable worth and so difficult as to be almost impossible; unselfish and tireless devotion to it; rare sagacity in discovering means to effect it; commanding influence in compelling aid from reluctant sources; and complete success, wrung from universal and bitter opposition, without compromising principle, or stooping to accept dishonorable aid—if all this be any evidence of greatness, then surely Mr. Garrison was one of our greatest men. "He will ever be recognized," says one well versed in our times, "as the central and supreme figure in that group of giants which the civil war produced."

Of course he had faults. But I was honored to stand so near him for forty years that some I could not see, and others I have forgotten. As Bolingbroke said of one of Marlborough's defects, "He was so great a man that I forgot he had that weakness."—Wendell Phillips, in North American Review.

THE SAN FRANCISCO "ARGONAUT" ON TEMPERANCE.

(Continued.)

"Of course these (temperance) people mean well and accomplish some good, but the good is infinitesimal compared with the evil they assault."

These movements are vain and ineffectual, because they do not grasp the magnitude of the evil or do not go the right way to correct it. This evil can only be cured by a great political movement. Its results affect social life; it pervades and destroys society. Public opinion may be wrought upon by the orator or the editor, but there will be, can be, no other mode of correcting the abuse than through the ballot-box. When the evils of intemperance challenge by their magnitude the attention of the tax-payers, when the amount of taxation depreciates the value of lands and houses, when the burden is sufficiently felt, and property owners realize that they are supporting the sick, the criminals, the paupers, the insane that the liquor maker and seller are making, and that the liquor dealer is getting rich just in proportion as he makes other business men poor, then they will begin to wake up to the necessity of some legislation on the question.

We see no practical results coming from this

MODERN STYLE

of temperance agitation. When enthusiastic females form a praying circle around the "Happy Jacks" of our water front, we have no doubt it does them much good and does the sailors no harm. Enthusiastic orators, by force of their eloquence... may draw tears from eyes that are weak from weeping gin, may arouse women and children, and get a long list of enrolled enthusiasts, but it does not last. It is a reformation that only lasts between drinks, and scarcely diminishes that ever-flowing, ever-swelling torrent of dissipation that is destroying society, and bearing in its turbid, swollen flood, millions of human beings to the great ocean of despair. It is, of course, creditable to rescue here and there a drowning soul, and prevent some one from throwing himself into the seething flood. It is probable that these sporadic agitations may help to mould public opinion, and in time—oh, how

long a time—succeed in diminishing the traffic in, and drinking of, ardent spirits by moral suasion.

If the American people ever succeed in driving this fiend from their midst, it will be by the exercise of their higher power. It will not be by prayers, or orations, or pledges, or appeals, but by the exercise of political power through the ballot-box, in securing such law as will make drunkenness and dissipation impossible; local option and prohibitory law; laws punishing the man who makes and sells alcoholic drink, as we now punish the man who sells poison without a label, or who imposes deleterious drugs upon the consumer; laws that will make the gin dealer bear the burdens that he imposes upon society; laws that will tax the manufacturers of alcohol for the cost of supporting their victims, or what is better, and what we hope in time will be accomplished, a law that will punish by fine and imprisonment, by confiscation of goods, and loss of personal liberty, every man who makes or retails alcoholic drinks. If alcoholic stimulants are necessary, let the government make it, and license in every community one druggist of unquestionable character to dispense it under the severest rules, and at a cost that would enable only rich men to indulge in the peculiar diseases, that demand a prescription of gin cocktails, rum punch, whisky or brandy straight.

RESULTS OF SUCH A LAW.

Such a law, properly enforced in America, would, in ten years, make it the wealthiest nation in the world. It would add twelve hundred million dollars annually to the wealth of the community. It would save other and uncounted millions in dispensing with prisons, asylums, hospitals, and poorhouses. It would cheapen bread and meat, multiply the luxuries of life, bring the necessities of food and clothing within the reach of four hours daily labour, and would dispense with half the courts and send to the exile of honest labour half the judges and lawyers. It would multiply the pleasures of domestic life and divide the cares that now oppress every man's existence.

It would be death to the whole tribe of small politicians that now infest our cities, and would, if such a millennium of intelligence could be brought about, give the "Argonaut" (and all good newspapers) a large circulation and a first-class advertising patronage. But it won't come: that is it won't come this year, and while the male readers of the "Argonaut" who peruse this long article, will admit that it is true, two-thirds of them will wash it down at a gin-mill, nodding to each other, "here's luck."

Thus ends Mr. Pixley; like all others who find fault with the temperance methods, he fails to inform us by what other means than those we are pursuing, we can ever hope to bring about the public opinion necessary to create the "political power" which shall enact and enforce those salutary laws, which he so wisely counsels, and whose beneficent results he so truthfully foretells. Mr. Pixley was once a prominent politician in California, but being too independent to stand by his party, "right or wrong," he was dropped by the wayside and became a talented journalist. The evidence of men like him, who may be considered opponents of the modern methods of temperance reform, is valuable.

A. D. W.

A hopeful sign of the times is afforded by the growing popularity of colonization. At Lowell, a colony for Tennessee has been organized, with one hundred emigrants, a part of whom have already started for their new homes. Several hundred operatives at Fall River have sent a delegate to examine the lands of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad Company in Kansas, and to select a suitable spot for the location of a proposed colony. An agent of the Canadian Government is about to leave Manchester with a party of Lancashire farmers, who intend to settle in Manitoba, where rents are less and the tenant has better opportunity to become a landed proprietor. We have already noticed the plans inaugurated by some of the leading Roman Catholic dignitaries for the establishment of Roman Catholic Irish colonies in the West, with schools and churches, and the almost contemporaneous plan adopted by the Council of Hebrew Congregations, by a similar process of colonization, to secure the return of Jews to agricultural pursuits. Sir Moses Montifore's plan to send the poor Jews of the world back to Palestine had certain imaginative attractions, but the American Palestine has more real promise for the Jew than Syrian Palestine, and a new life on a new soil will breed a finer race than a return to old traditions and a worn-out country.—New York Ch: Union, July 23.

OBITUARY.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF TWO NEAR RELATIVES.

I stood beside the dismal sea Of Death, and on its wave I saw the friends that used to be, Glide onward to the grave.

I thought how short life's voyage seems: A bubble in the sun! A morning serves to shed our beams; At noon our day is done.

I sigh'd and thought of scenes long fled, Of household voices gone; I wept mid mem'ries of the dead And still the sea roll'd on.

Roll'd on, and on its bosom heav'd The dearest and most fair: By sorrow crush'd, alone bereav'd, I long'd that I were there.

I knew not what the future had, Its secret with it staid; Unbound sorrow made me sad, I knelt, I wept, I pray'd:

O God now heal the wounded heart, Rent by thee in thy love! Thy consolation Lord impart; Thy Spirit from above.

And still beside the silent sea, I stand and wait alone, Till God his boatmen sends for me, To row me to my home.

In Heav'n where endless, pure delight, Pervades the endless way; Where souls enrapt in endless light, Exult in endless day.

J. W. Lawrencetown Circuit, Halifax Co.

MISS P. H. MILLS, MOUNT MACCAN, N.S.

"Friend after friend departs, Who has not lost a friend."

The immigration out to the happy islands of Heaven goes on. The sea of life is all dotted with barques, each bearing a soul to its source—here one incarnation bloom, there one of average years, pale like the lily, and there a venerable form, age-silvered, silently sailing under the branches of life that bend over the river of God. What need we more to make heaven our greatest aim than that our friends, the truest and best, sanctified by suffering and holiness of life, are gathered there, where our severed friendships may be again united to bloom on forever? Over to that band of loved ones went our dear friend Miss P. H. Mills, June 5th, 1879, aged 34 years. And from the other shore there came a voice, saying, "It is well—she hath entered in through the gates into the city."

My pleasant and profitable acquaintance with the deceased began in the first decade of her life, and I may say, justice cannot be done, her Christian worth and elevating example in the limits of a newspaper obituary. Thoughtful and studious from a child, a naturally good mind under constant training, became superior. At that early age, won by the "engaging charms of Israel's gentle Shepherd," she went to him—sought and found pardon—and he "folded her in his arms," and she was a humble, dutiful child of His, in connection with the Methodist Church all through life. This secular and divine discipline gave her a nicety of discrimination between right and wrong and a decision of character, such as I have noticed in few. A fine poetic temperament subjected her to many trials from the harshness and misunderstandings of the world, but (to use her own words) "she always told her Father about them, and he bore them for her." She had fame as a poetess and authoress, and has left a book of poems and prose, "Vesper Chimes," in which are many gems of rare excellence—a soothing, elevating influence pervading it throughout—besides, she wrote many poems for the papers, all of which breathed of purity and a higher life. She gave fifteen years of her life to teaching, in which profession she excelled—her gentle, patient nature being peculiarly adapted to it—and which probably sowed the germs of her early demise.

Her friendship was one earthly boon that knew no change. Extremely cautious in the choice of friends, when that choice was made it was constant as the sun, sacred as life. She held nothing too much to do for a friend, temporally and spiritually, and praised heaven every day for friendship, which to her mind was an exalted fellowship of soul, a seal of sacred union between kindred spirits here. She spiritualized all things. She excelled as a letter-writer; and many are the encouraging words the writer of this tribute has received through long years of sickness and suffering from her gifted pen—words, all the benefit of which only eternity can tell. Her correspondence was ennobling—her "conversation was in heaven." In the parlor, carriage, or by the cascade, she talked of heaven, wondered what it would be like, how we would be employed, and had the most sanctified ideas of future happiness I have ever known to flow from an uninspired source—and all without cynicism. Her faculties for enjoying life were highly developed. With cheerfulness, wit and fondness for friends was blended a shade of something which might have been sorrowful in some one else—not in her. A subdued, social, saintly influence surrounded her, and those who knew her best esteemed her most. I wish to say in her departure, I have lost a friend—a friend I shall be thankful for to my latest day—a friend whose influence for good was such that "many will arise and call her blessed."

A beautiful trait in her Christian life was her clinging trust in God. Never clinging to any one more firmly than she to her Heavenly Father. She only sought to know his bidding, and then was ready to do or undo, retain or restore, accordingly. Though she had abilities above the average order, a pure ambition and high purposes, and spoke oft of what she had hoped to be and do, yet when Providence

seemed to close the gates against paths she would have trod, she cheerfully said, "He knows best." In all the seeming ills and reverses of life, and when her dearest earthly hopes were required to be laid on the altar, she yielded, trusted and believed that God was in it all and it was for her greatest good. The secret of her deeply pious and useful life, was her genuine trust in the wisdom and righteousness of Providence.

But sickness came while teaching in Halifax county, in that insidious form, consumption—and her "school was dismissed," finally. She wrote to me, "I think the end is not very far; perhaps a year or less. But his will be done. If he spare me I hope I shall be more than ever His; if He take me away I shall be more than ever His, I shall go to rest securely with Him—the cares, heart-aches, unsatisfied longings, pain, sorrow, and sin ended. In either case I bow my head and say, 'Father I thank thee.'"

She came to the parental home to reside in the arms of gentleness and love. Six months ravages of the disease wrought dissolution. Medicine, sympathy could stay it. I saw her then. She said to me, "I have told you about my three wishes in childhood, viz.—to teach school, write a book, and die of consumption. The first two have been fulfilled, and the last will come in a few days. How good of my Father to grant me those three wishes. I did not think to go before you, but I will now be your welcoming angel to the beautiful heaven we have talked so much about. I have not much spiritual rapture, but my feet are on the Rock."

A few days later, surrounded by her sorrowing friends and breathing words of heavenly trust, she sank into the arms of God—died as she had lived, trusting in him. Her words, her life and death pointed upward. Rev. Mr. Craig improved the funeral occasion by an impressive sermon from these words chosen by herself: "I am the resurrection and the life," after which Mr. M. Lodge gave a deeply affecting address in which he reviewed the Christian life and example of the deceased—then they laid her under the shadow of the "maple tree" that watches over the kindred sleepers on the green-bill side, to await the voice, "Lo the morning breaketh." Sweet spirit, "Thy troubles are o'er," the bright eternal gates have opened for thee, angels have led thee to thy Father and placed thy hand in his. We hope to meet thee in the mystery to come. May all thy relatives and friends be comforted concerning thee.

Cascade Valley, Parrsboro', July 8, 1879.

O. M. F.

IN MEMORIAM.

Deep calleth unto deep at the voice of water spouts, all thy billows are gone over me. Such was the language of the afflicted man of God ages ago, and since that time many a burdened heart has found expression to its grief in this mournful but confident strain of the psalmist.

Sister W. Brown, of Clam Harbour, during the past year, has been called to pass through experiences suggestive of the above. Her daughter Mrs. J. F. CRITTENDEN, was stricken down at the early age of 22, with that fatal disease of consumption. Some four months before her death she sought the True Physician, and through faith obtained the Balm in Gilead which is the only remedy for the sick soul. From that time until her departure she gave satisfactory evidence of her acceptance with Christ. She had to endure much physical suffering, and frequently the yearning of the soul was expressed in the desire to be absent from the body and present with the Lord.

MATTHEW F. BROWN.

Two days after her peaceful death, her brother Matthew, who was two years older, also passed the bourne whence no traveller returneth. Although for many months deprived of health, yet he never fully surrendered himself to God until a few weeks before his decease. He was deeply convicted and earnestly crying unto God was graciously pardoned. His dying hours were spent in praise to his Redeemer, and solemn exhortation to his unsaved friends to make religion the first duty of life instead of the last. Thus have the widowed mother's prayers been answered, so that she can rejoice in the midst of her tribulations, believing that those from whom she has parted, "Are gone hand in hand, to the realms of bliss."

Gone to a fairer world than this, Gone where death no more can come, Gone to their eternal home, Waiting only on the other shore, To meet her when she passeth o'er.

E. E. E.

MRS. JAMES IRONS.

Mrs. James Irons, of Young's Cove, Queen's County, N. B., was born in Ireland in the year 1815, and came to St. John in the year 1838. She experienced the converting grace of God in 1846, and immediately united with the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Mrs. Irons continued to be a consistent and earnest Christian to the end of life. During her protracted affliction, her faith was strong in the Lord, and in death she could whisper—"all is well." Thus she fell asleep in Jesus, May 30th, 1879. Aged 64 years.

S. J.

Sanctified afflictions are an evidence of our adoption. We do not prune dead trees to make them fruitful, nor those which are planted in the desert, but such as belong to the garden and possess life—Arrowsmith.

Those who seldom, and never but for the weightiest reasons, put off to-day's work for a future occasion, are bright, cheerful, and hopeful. As Christians, too, they keep their evidences bright, since nothing pertaining to them is allowed to gather on it the rust of inactivity—Allen.

PARENTS

A nobleman since, had a marked, "When he died, chest, supposed valuable doctor found in it. They found who had got him than the than his jewels that s his estate, no age, nothing world; but were the toy ren's Friend.

From Jan of Cochran's Chaut

My brother months suffer One side of his full in, his was to all app tion, when a Graham's Pa prior's dire was most sat He has more good health more than five months spent in other form have reason to

I had for severely with resulting from supposed to be time I had a wh right side, wh painfulness un were so great t could not live ham's Pain I internally and ate relief, an swelling or tu For pains in th for other form its equal.

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