

favor of 1793, when the most awful sanctities of the dead were invaded by the worst passions of the living—these things all tell the same truth. It is not by the supernatural that the conscience is to be reached. Immediate interpositions of the God of nature, no matter how direct and impressive, seem not to arrest the intellect or to alarm the soul. If one should rise from the dead, we are told, he would not be heard. And so it is when Jehovah the Great, even through his greatest natural attributes, speaks to the living. There is something in this which teaches a great lesson. It shows us how wonderful is the moral probation of the human soul,—a probation to which the immense machinery of the visible world performs only an auxiliary and inferior part. It makes conscience seem better to us in the most majestic dignity, leaving almost unseen by its side the providences of the wind, the sea, and the earth. It unrolls the vast sheet of grave in which the territory of the physical occupies so small a part, but in which the moral and the spiritual absorb nearly the whole canvas. The sinking of the sinner before the dealings of God in the secrecy of his conscience, and the hardness of the same sinner when God sweeps the natural world with His might, form, indeed, two wonderful pictures. We may well pause and admire them, for they show the benignity of that God who deals with us, not as machines, but as spirits,—elevates us from the range of matter, to be acted on by matter, to that of the Spirit, to be dealt with by Himself, as of all spirits the Father. Well indeed is it for us to look on this great truth, and adore.

But there is something more than this. Precious indeed is this conscience whose value is thus exhibited to us, and whose moral grandeur is vindicated; and as a precious treasure should it be guarded!—"Do I," is the question for each of us. "Elevate thus my soul to its true dignity by communion with my God. And as He has come down to me, in condescension to my poor human nature, do I walk with Him in the sweet paths in which He leads? Am I often on the way to Emmaus—on the road to Calvary—in the Garden? Alas! if I am not, let me remember that I am not on the path to Heaven."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

Reminiscences of the late Captain Vicers, 97th Regt. Taind Edition. London. M. Brown. Glasgow. Macnair. Edinburgh. Graig and Son.
Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicers, 97th Regiment. Nisbet.

The most delightful of religious biographies is, of course, that of a person towards whom we feel not only admiration, but sympathy and agreement in all the minor shades of sentiment and principle. But there is occasionally a peculiar pleasure arising from disagreement—even of a serious kind. In reading, for instance, the lives of devoted Roman Catholics, we feel, or ought to feel, with thankfulness and comfort, that however alarming the errors (in our view) of their worship and teaching, He is still among them, from whom alone all piety and disinterestedness proceed, and that in Him, in spite of all our controversies, we are one with them. And if this evidences to the unity of the Universal Church is a support to the Catholic, the Englishman may feel a still keener satisfaction in perceiving unmistakable signs of a divine presence even among those sections of his own church whose opinions he is obliged to suspect, and often contended to oppose. The evil-consequences of division cannot, alas! be escaped; but its bitterness may be in a great degree modified. These thoughts arise at once on reading the book before us.

The early part of his life appears to have been what is called wild; but never so much as to withdraw him from the influence of a religious home. In Jamaica he appears to have broken off his irregular habits, but subsequently to have fallen back, and the permanent change in his character commenced at Halifax. It is observable that it was accompanied by immediate devotion to works of charity of different kinds and careful self-examination. We extract a few phrases from his journal:—

"6th July. I was with Jones. I told him I had been to see Cranny and Brunt. I was afraid I did so with the idea that I should be thought well of. I must strive much against self-righteousness.

"7th. Lost my temper once or twice with the men. I feel I am unable of myself to do anything right.

"9th. I have forgotten God to-day. Thoughts wandering in prayer.

"23th. Was preserved, in answer to my prayer, from evil temper at drill.

"Aug. 6th. Talked on religious subjects felt a good deal of pride in talking. Oh, my God, enable me to overcome this.

"10th. Showed how far I am from being sin, by

telling with pleasure of some of my mad acts at Halifax to two of my brother officers.

"24th. I must give up teasing; it is unchristian-like.

"26th. Spoke ill-naturedly of one or two. I would that I could do two things—never speak about myself, and never speak evil of any one."

And here is the plan of his day:—

"Rise every morning at seven o'clock. Meditate on a text while dressing. From eight to nine, read a chapter in the Old Testament, and prayer. From nine to ten, breakfast, and read newspaper, or any light book, carefully avoiding novels. From ten to one, orderly room work. From one to half-past two, a chapter in the Gospels and prayer. From half-past two to four, orderly room work. From four to six exercise, visiting sick people, &c. Offer up a short prayer before going to mess that God would keep me from temptation. After dinner, offer up a prayer to God first; then read books of general interest, and give an hour to my Bible and prayer, before going to bed; and Oh, I beseech Thee, My heavenly Father, to enable me thus to devote the remainder of my days to Thee! May thy motto be, "Not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

The tone of this self-criticism reminds us singularly, even in phraseology, of the Remains of Mr. Frodo; and Captain Vicers, like him, seems to have been wise enough in the commencement of his actively Christian life to doubt his own sufficiency for guiding himself.

"He told me of all his trials," writes the clergyman who was his adviser, "and we often knelt together in my study, laying them all before the Throne of Grace." Being of an eminently bold and active character, he set himself to work by kindness and professional diligence to change the character of his regiment, and was so successful that one of the men, perhaps with some degree of affectionate exaggeration, declared that he had "sobbered and steadied nigh four hundred of the drunkonest and wildest in the regiment." From Halifax he returned to England, and before long was ordered to Greece. Here the cholera gave him increased opportunity of showing what he was. He was constant in his attendance on the sick and dying, and in volunteering to take the command of funeral parties, in order to gain opportunities of addressing the men. One of these burials is touchingly described; it was that of the soldier who had given him so good a character:—

"Do you remember poor young Reynolds, the soldier whom you noticed particularly when you gave the hymn-books to the men at Kensington Barracks, and those kind words of parting counsel which they have never forgotten? I buried him and another comrade last night. I had intended speaking a few words to my men over the open graves of their dead messmates; but it was as much as I could do to get through the service; and soon as I began to speak to them afterwards, I could not fit the life of me help crying like a child. The men cried and sobbed around me. It was of no use to try to go on, so I ordered them to 'fall in,' and we went mournfully back to the barracks."

In the Crimea he was, in like manner, at every- body's service—an officer (and a strict one), a friend, and a missionary. His letters—somewhat too unsparingly printed (at least in the *Memorials*—for the *Reminiscences*, written with care and judgment, are not open to this criticism) show with what joy and zeal he threw himself into his different duties. The account of his death is well known. On the night of the 22d of March a large body of Russians burst into the French lines, to the right of the English right attack, and turning sharp round, crossed the ravine that separated the allied armies, and advanced to take our men in flank and rear. They were at first supposed to be French. Captain Vicers, who was in command of about 200 men, was the first to discover they were Russians; and he immediately ordered his men to lie down till they came within twenty paces.

"When the enemy was close enough," writes a brother officer—

"Vicers shouted, 'Now, 97th, on your pins, and charge!' They poured in a volley, charged, and drove the Russians quite out of the trench. Vicers himself struck down two Russians, and was in the act of cutting down a third with his sword, when another man, who was quite close (for the coat was singed), fired. The ball entered his uplifted right arm, close to where it joins the shoulder, and he fell. The main artery was divided, and he must have bled to death in a few minutes."

And so ended a career which few of us will read without some chills at our own short comings.

News Department.

From Papers by Steamer Arabia, July 19.

THE CANTERBURY COLONY.

The Canterbury Association was formed about eight years ago for the purpose of founding a colony in New Zealand, and most of our readers remember how this scheme at first ran its course as a nine days' wonder,

after the usual British fashion; how it was grossly misrepresented and immoderately pushed; had its meetings, and breakfasts, and newspaper articles; involved its supporters in severe pecuniary losses; and was finally set down, with universal clamour, as a "failure."

We never participated in the general sentiment about this enterprise; we always thought the promoters of the scheme were far too sanguine as to the extent to which they would be able to carry out their views, and we could not but disapprove in many instances of the means by which they thought to do so. But, at the same time, we felt convinced that the men were in earnest, and that their principles were sound and true; we saw that, beneath all this noise and extravagance, a great and substantial work was going on; and we recorded from time to time our conviction that it would not be long before the public would have to reverse its verdict of failure.

And now that verdict is reversed, and the members of the Association meet with no contradiction when they point to their colony as presenting greater collective success, with less of individual failure, than any other colony in the empire did at the same period of its growth. Nor are there mere assertions, with respect to the truth of which there may be a difference of opinion; they are founded on known and incontrovertible facts. From the latest accounts we gather that the population of the Canterbury province is now 6000; that their public revenue is estimated this year at £23,000, or £5 a head; their exports at £60,000, or £12 a head; and that they subscribed upwards of £1,400, or nearly 6s. a head, to the Patriotic Fund. If the above statistics be compared with those of the United Kingdom, it would be found that, to correspond with them, we ought to show a revenue of £160,000,000; an export of £600,000,000; and a contribution to the Patriotic Fund of £8,000,000.

But this is not all; the Canterbury Association can not only boast of the material progress of their colony; they can point also to the triumph of the leading principles of colonisation on which it was founded. Those principles were—1. The establishment of free political institutions in the colony at its very birth; 2. The endowment of the Anglican Church, and encouragement to the immigration of members of that Church; 3. The institution of a uniform price of waste land sufficiently high to prevent gambling in land, and to check inordinate dispersion. They have been carried out as follows:—1. Within a year and a half after the arrival of the first ships, the most liberal constitution which has been given to any British colony since the foundation of Rhode Island was bestowed upon New Zealand, and it is not too much to say, mainly through the exertions of the Canterbury Association; 2. At the last census of the province, we find that upwards of four-fifths of the people were returned as Churchmen; while the ecclesiastical endowments of the province are now producing upwards of £1,500 a year, or 6s. per head of the population; and as that endowment is in land, its value will increase as the population increases. 3. The experiment of a high price for land has been considered by the colonists themselves, after a fair trial, so successful, that on the waste lands being handed over to their management last year, they established, with universal assent, a uniform price of £2 an acre, which is just double the highest upset price affixed to land in any other new country.

Tried, then, by all the ordinary tests of success, the Canterbury colony must be said to have succeeded, and it has just given a signal proof of the high moral sense of its people, as well as of their gratitude to their founders, by assuming the outstanding liabilities of the Association to the extent of £51,000.

But notwithstanding all this, the warmest friends of the Canterbury Association must admit that while it has accomplished a great work, and achieved an amount of success sufficient to satisfy all reasonable ambition, still it has fallen short of the anticipations of its most earnest and sanguine members; and a valuable lesson will be learned from its shortcomings as well as from its triumphs. The Canterbury Association professed to transplant to New Zealand a section, complete and perfect in itself, of English society. But it has not done so even approximately;—and why? Because the conditions of such an enterprise are impracticable. *Natura opposuit fines.* You cannot build up a complete civilisation in a year, or in a century. It is physically impossible to transport across 15,000 miles of ocean the accumulated materials of comfort and luxury, and refinement, which are of the essence of our daily existence in England. Again, you cannot, generally speaking, induce men and women of opulence, and cultivation, and leisure, to cross the world for the purpose of beginning life anew. And