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(For the Provincial Wesleyan.)  
**THEY WENT AND TOLD JESUS.**

The King's birthday was kept—  
In Herod's palace all was mirth and joy,  
Around his festive board had gathered all  
The noble, rich, and great, from Jordan to the  
sea.

Warriors, with clanking swords and burnished  
shields,  
Stood at the gate, while pleasure reigned within.  
The evening shades drew down, and with them  
came

A troop of little, and graceful, fawn-like girls,  
To dance before the King. Fairest among the  
fair

Was false Herodias' daughter. Her twink-  
ling eye

Made sweeter music with the tuncful notes;  
Her lithe movements pleased the King.  
The music ceased, the twinkling eyes were still.  
Then cheer on cheer arose from bearded men,  
And Herod promised, with an invocation of  
The Great Supreme, to give her what she asked,  
To half his realm, its revenues and wealth.

With smiling face, but dark, demonic heart,  
The maiden then 'tis strange request pre-  
ferred—

"Give to me here," she said, "the Baptist's  
head,  
And it shall be my wage, my fair reward."

The King was grieved at heart, for he had  
learned

To fear, nay, almost love, the stern and faith-  
ful John

Who, as a witness true, had borne his testi-  
mony 'gainst

The sins that festered in the monarch's heart  
And blackened all his life. But for his hon-  
our's sake,

That honour which by him had been forgot  
When with incestuous lust he had unbrother-  
like

Spoiled all the peace and scattered all the joy  
Of Philip's home, he called the executioner,  
And bade him bring the gory head and lay  
It in the damsel's lap.

Deep in the dungeon, damp and dark and foul,  
The last of Israel's noble prophets sat;  
His thoughts had backward turned, and now he  
stood

By Jordan's holy stream, on every side  
The gathering thousands meet to bear and gaze.  
Among the sea of upturned faces there  
He sees the form of One, who, fairest of  
The sons of men, must bear the guilt of all.

He feels his mission done, his work is wrought,  
And now 'tis his to wane, for he must give  
His place and influence as Israel's guide  
And teacher to one weaker stranger, who shall  
Heal his people, and bring back lost blessings  
To a ruined race. His rapid thoughts

Ran forward to, and looning large and dark  
For him with fearful signs the future stood—  
The shadows deepened fast. Death near at  
hand

Stalked visibly, in soldier's shape, with sword  
Unsheathed. The grating hinges creak, the  
door

Swings open wide, and death is there in all  
His hideous, strange habiliments of grave  
And charnel-house. The prophet's eye beams  
bright,

Joy kills his soul; his quick release has come—  
Release from bondage dire and dungeon foul;  
Release from strong temptation, pain and woe;  
Release from earth, its passions and its crimes.  
The imprisoned spirit eager for its flight,  
Brooks no delay. The neck is bared; the  
head

Is bowed—a flash of light from glittering steel,  
A crashing fall, and all is done—yes, all.  
Stern witness bearer to the truth, thy work  
is wrought, and now thy memory stands upon  
The page of time, and bears its testimony clear  
To singleness of aim and purpose pure.  
Now let thy followers mourning come, and  
bear

To its lone last resting place thy bleeding ear,  
And then with aching hearts and clouded brows  
Go tell the Master that thy soul is free  
Of sorrow deep and wild, for thy sad death;  
Tell Him whose heart all sympathy and love  
For human woes will thrill in union of grief,  
For He has learned to feel another's pain,  
His eye has learned to weep responsive tears,  
His lips to utter trusted words of hope

And joy and peace to hearts of sorrow fall.  
Then let the hand that blesses now the eyes  
Just filmed in death, feel after His and clap  
Them firm, the heart, now bleeding, torn and  
sad

For loved but lost ones, send its tendrils out  
To twine around Him, that His love may fill  
And satisfy and save.

J. G. A.

**GOD AND SECOND CAUSES.**

There is a scientific way of separating God  
from the world that he has made. Second  
causes are interposed in such numbers that the  
first cause is hidden behind them. In the  
crowd of captains of companies, and chiefs  
of battalions, the commanding general is not  
seen, and his voice is drowned; so many masts  
of the fleet screen from our view the flag of  
the admiral. The multitude of reasons which  
we can allege for every fact, for every process  
in nature, and every circumstance in life; for  
the acts of men, and the measures of States,  
or for the movements of rocks; for physical ills,  
or for the caprices of folly; for crimes as much  
as for the returning seasons, or for signs in the  
sky, the second immediate causes which we can  
find for all these things that we see seem to  
thrust God so far back that his agency is no  
more felt than a shadow among the hills is felt  
in the city or the plain. Ten thousand things  
above our heads may hide the heaven with their  
canopy as effectually as any black curtain of the  
night. Ten thousand reasons for things, good  
as these reasons may be, and all the more that  
they are good, shall hide from our narrow view  
the work of omnipotence. Chemistry, me-  
chanics, optics, botany, anatomy, metaphysics  
and logic, the sciences of matter and of mind,  
of society and of spirit, excellent as they may  
be, can be so massed and marshalled, that  
standing together, they shall stand in the stead  
of God. "What need of God," asks the Ger-  
man cynic, "when we have the laws of  
gravity?" Are not all things ruled by law?

Can we not show cause and consequence in all  
the phenomena of physical nature and of human  
life? Why must we bring in Deity to press  
his way in this throng, disturbing its order,  
deranging the harmony, and jostling among  
the fixed laws? Why ask more than that plant  
and insect and beast and man and nations and  
ages shall keep their intrinsic and inevitable in-  
stincts and justice? Even if a supreme Ruler  
sit behind these laws, why should he come down  
than a lay figure?—why should he come down  
from that calm dignity, that grand repose, of  
one who has finished his work, and set it in  
order, to assist the lower sufficient causes, to  
plough fields, to wait in senates, or even to  
save souls? Let us be content with what we  
can see, and not assume a needless Providence.

So human science, in its confident way, rides  
the world of a personal God in the multiplica-  
tion of second causes. But second causes can  
never be the substitute for that first cause, to  
find which is the impulse and the struggle of  
all thought and all enquiry. The leaves of the  
forest, through endless in number only make  
shade; they do not annihilate the light which  
they lessen; the more subtle light enables us to  
count and number the leaves. No second cause  
is really adequate without the assumption of  
a ruling first cause; and God is the only  
bond of these innumerable laws. Laws become  
one and harmonious only as the God is within  
them. Gravity and the force of the axe do  
not fell the tree without the woodman's zeal  
and stroke. The engine in the basement, the  
cards, the spindle, the flying shuttles, with all  
their motion direct, reversed, eccentric, here and  
there, up and down, every part in its place, and  
nothing wanting—all these, working separately,  
and working together, are nothing without the  
will of the master; his hand at the fires, his  
step in the halls, his watch of the wheels, his  
omnipresent and pervading influence, make all  
this mechanism efficient. These second causes  
in the life of the world and men may never be  
adjusted never so wisely, but they fall short of  
their proper issue if the omnipresent thought  
and will of infinite cause and rule be not with  
them and in them.—*Old and New.*

**INSUFFICIENCY OF SINCERITY.**

Another subterfuge by which men seek to  
undermine doctrinal truth, is the substitution of  
sincerity of purpose and feeling for rectitude  
of faith. Its motto is: "No matter what a  
man believes, if his heart is only right." Or  
that oft-quoted stanza of Pope, born of the  
Pantheistic philosophy of the last century:  
"For modes of faith, big generous souls fight;  
'Tis not to be wrong whose side is in the right."  
As though truth were nothing; feeling every-  
thing! As though the faith did not affect both  
the feeling and the life!

Standing in close connection with this,  
marking only a single stage beyond it in the  
credulity of unbelief, we encounter another  
dogma of these repudiators of all dogma. It is  
that the fundamental doctrines of the Christian  
faith are only so many modes of human  
thought in relation to God and the future life.  
Only different modes of thinking about God;  
Hell and damnation only modes of thinking;  
We might as well say that the explosion of  
gunpowder is only a mode of thinking about  
saltpetre and charcoal. The laws of God only  
human modes of thinking about God! If any  
man thinks the law of gravitation is only one  
of the modes of our thinking about nature, let him  
jump down the precipice and try it; the raging  
fire only a mode of thinking; the bitter frost  
only a mode of thinking! But when the dwell-  
ing is consumed and we are left homeless; when  
our hands and feet are frozen solid as marble,  
and as cold and immovable, we may after all  
discover that these are rather hard modes of  
thinking, and that some other modes would be  
fully as pleasant.

What is this but to annihilate the settled  
faith of humanity in relation to God and im-  
mortality? What is it but to sweep away, with  
one fell stroke, all the teachings and doctrines  
of Revelation? and to leave the soul not only  
barren of truth, but absolutely no foundation  
upon which to rear the superstructure of reli-  
gious faith? Indeed, according to this new  
theory—this bastard spiritualism of the age—  
faith can neither make the Christian, nor has  
it any effect at all. A man may cease to be-  
lieve all that is specially characteristic of the  
New Testament, its history, its miracles, its  
doctrines; nay, he may reject the whole Bible  
as a myth and a fable; and yet, if he is only  
sincere in his mode of thinking about Christ—  
whatever that may be—he is a genuine Chris-  
tian.

It absolutely confounds all distinction be-  
tween the worship of the true God and of  
idols. You have only to follow this theory  
to its legitimate results to reach the conclu-  
sion boldly proclaimed by Theodore Parker:  
"He that worships truly," i. e., sincerely,  
"worships the only God that exists or accepts  
of worship." Sincerity hollows every form of  
worship, however laudable, revolving, or  
false; or whatever may be the object worshiped  
of, be it the stock or stone, devil or God!

Let us should find it difficult to believe that  
any man of intelligence could promulgate doc-  
trines so absurd, and accept consequences so  
revolting. I quote further from Mr. Parker.  
He says: "God hears the prayers of him  
that worships truly, whether called Brahma,  
Pan, or Lord, or called by no name at all.  
Each people has its prophets and its saints, and  
many a swarthy Indian, who bowed down to  
wood and stone; many a grim-faced Calmuck,  
who worshipped the great God of storms; many  
a Grecian peasant who did homage to Phebus  
Apollo, when the rose or west wind; over  
many a savage, his hands smeared all over with  
human sacrifice, shall come from the East and  
from the West, and sit down in the Kingdom  
of God with Moses and Zoroaster, with So-  
crates and Jesus."

We might object to the utter inconsistency  
of infidelity in that, while it is denouncing  
creeds and doctrines, it enunciates in most dog-  
matic form, doctrines of its own. But all this  
sinks into insignificance when we look at the  
monstrosity of the doctrine that places the most  
degrading form of idolatrous worship side by  
side with the worship of the living God. It

makes no difference, if our prayers are only  
sincerely offered, whether they are addressed to  
God, or Brahma, or Pan, or Jove; to the  
Storm-God of the Calmuck; the Human Form  
Divine of the cultivated Greek; the wood and  
stone of the swarthy Indian, or some one of  
the multimora divinities that swarm in the  
Nile! They are all equally acceptable, and  
are all alike answered! All that is required is  
to worship, to worship sincerely, no matter  
whom or what or how or for what purpose!  
If this monstrous doctrine is true, the Medi-  
terranean pirate, before he sails upon his  
voyage of rapine and blood, has only to offer  
his prayers to God or to the Virgin, sincerely,  
and he is accepted. The marauding chief of  
some petty barbarous tribe, before he goes  
forth to slaughter, plunder and enslave a nei-  
ghbouring and friendly race, has only, sincerely,  
to pour out his libations of human blood to  
some stock or stone, and he "truly worships  
the only God!" Is it possible for human in-  
telligence to be struck with more fearful mad-  
ness than this?

Again, if this doctrine be true, sincerity is  
the only virtue, and hypocrisy the only crime.  
Truth has no advantage over error; crime no  
punishment; virtue no reward. The very  
foundations of truth are unsettled; its binding  
force abrogated; human reason itself, instead  
of being exalted and enabled, is dethroned of  
half its power; it retains no function essential  
to virtue or religion.

Saul, the persecutor, shutting up the saints  
of God in prison, compelling them to blas-  
pheme, persecuting them unto strange cities,  
and giving his voice against them when in the  
agony of death, is equally acceptable in the  
sight of God as Paul, the Apostle; for "in all  
good consciences, he lived, and very thought he  
ought to do all these things contrary to the  
name of Jesus of Nazareth. Had the great  
Apostle been favored with the light of this new  
theology, he would not afterwards have humbly  
confessed that he obtained mercy for this great  
crime because he "did it ignorantly in unbelief."  
And when the same great Apostle stood  
among the Athenians, whose altar was in-  
scribed to "the unknown God," he does not  
tell them, "it is enough if you only worship  
sincerely, whether your God is known or not;  
for he that worships sincerely, worships the  
only God that exists." No; he unfolds to them  
the true God, and declares to them that the  
times of ignorance which God winked at have  
passed by, and that now "they should seek the  
Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and  
find Him. And should the Apostle meet this  
modern sinner, face to face, he would say as  
he said to Elymas of old; "O, full of all sub-  
dilty and all mischief! thou child of the devil,  
thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou necesse-  
arily pervert the right ways of the Lord?"—  
*Bishop Clark's Sermon on Man's Responsibility  
for his belief.*

(From the Methodist Family.)  
**GREAT REVIVALS.**

A REVIVAL—the simultaneous conversion of  
many sinners, and the great quickening of a  
Church—why should this be thought incredi-  
ble? Is the instantaneous conversion of a  
single man too hard for Him who has said, "All  
power is given unto Me in heaven and in  
earth"? How long did He take to make the  
world? How long was Jesus in effecting His  
physical miracles, giving eyesight to the blind,  
and health to the sick, and life to the dead?  
Is it not like God that He should speak, and  
it be done? The human physician labors long  
to restore his sick patient. Months of atten-  
dance, weeks of careful diet, hundreds of dis-  
agreeable medicines, and yet often he is  
"nothing bettered," but rather grown worse.  
"But let there be Christ's one touch, and there  
is healing."

That at Pentecost is alone a sufficient justifica-  
tion of all such movements to the end of time.  
"But," says Albert Barnes, "let any one look  
at the record made respecting Samaria, Anti-  
och, Ephesus, Corinth, and Philippi, and he  
will see that the gospel was propagated there  
amid scenes that resemble, in all their essen-  
tial features, modern revivals of religion.  
The apostles never contemplated the conver-  
sion of solitary, isolated individuals. They  
were expected to move masses of mind, interlocked  
and consolidated communities of sin; and it  
was done."

Similar to the action of the  
Apostolic Church was that of Methodism in its  
earlier days. The spirit and social life of  
Methodism are essentially revivalistic. To  
scorn revivalism is to scorn our heritage and  
our history; it is to despise our grandest  
triumphs; it is to proclaim ourselves ashamed  
of our glories and our God. To endeavour to  
cultivate Methodism without revivalism, is to  
endeavour to cultivate the tree of the tropics  
amidst the icebergs of Greenland. It does  
not die outright, it will present but a poor,  
shrivelled, frost-bitten life. "Drop down,"  
then, we say, "ye heavens from above, and  
let the skies pour down righteousness; let the  
earth open, and let them bring forth salvation,  
and let righteousness spring up together!"

**THE COMING OF THE SHOWERS.**

The Methodists at Hull had opened their  
George Yard Chapel. The "threes" they had  
brought "into the storehouse," and they now  
awaited the promised spiritual blessing. "A  
great out-pouring of the grace of God" in the  
West Riding stirred the Hull Methodists to de-  
sire such a work in their own town. Where else  
public and private, asked it. But prayer  
it had occurred, it had been associated with  
loud cries, even in the public congregation, and  
such excitement amongst themselves. How-  
ever, "At the Christmas love-feast, in some  
degree," says Alexander Mather, "we were  
willing to let God work upon the minds of the  
people which He pleased, although we should  
incur the disagreeable reproach of being  
enthusiasts." The blessed outpouring. One  
person, in great distress of mind, cried mightily  
for mercy, and obtained Heaven's answer  
of peace. The love-feast, where each saint,  
with kindling heart and flowing tears of joy,  
re-  
called—

"The happy day that fixed his choice  
Upon his Saviour and his God,"  
and ponders the way in which God has led his  
tantalizing, wandering steps in the wilderness,  
would seem the most fitting of all seasons for  
the action of revivalism. Like the long dry  
grass of an Australian prairie to fire, so are  
softened hearts in a love-feast to the Spirit of  
God. There the fire runs along the ground as  
amidst prepared fuel. But in the Hull revival  
it was not until the end of January that fur-  
ther remarkable events occurred. "Then,"  
says Mather, "some of the brethren came  
and requested to have a prayer-meeting  
appointed on Sunday evening, after the ser-  
vices of the day, which was agreed upon.  
But I considered there was no necessity for  
deferring until Sunday, for we could make a  
beginning on Tuesday evening. The people  
being apprised of it, we had a full congrega-  
tion and a very solemn season. The meeting  
concluded about ten o'clock, but the people re-  
turned home with reluctance." Hence grad-  
ually the flame grew. One after another  
found peace with God. Large congregations  
were gathered—an essential to all great reviv-  
als, for what can fire do without fuel? Lips  
unwontedly were opened in prayer, and became  
a source of blessing to many.

The prayer-meeting after the service was con-  
cluded at the usual time. But there were pre-  
sent those who, with floods of tears and cries  
for mercy, still clung to the horns of the altar,  
to which there was to lead them from the  
tree of life. Good men remained with  
them, prayed for them, taught them the way of  
faith, and four or five obtained consolation.  
As the scene in the upper room, so this was  
now "noised abroad, and a multitude came  
together" on the following day. Many of  
them trembled beneath the burden of sin; and  
at the close of the sermon they crowded the  
vestry for instruction and prayer. The crowd  
was happily far too large for the vestry. The  
weeping ones were scattered all over the chapel,  
and could not even be got together. From  
group to group went the Great Master all the  
evening long, saying to one and another, in his  
sweet still small voice, "Thy sins are forgiven  
thee, go in peace." Then, as in Ezra's time,  
"they were so wept with a loud voice, many  
shouted aloud with joy," but the joy-shout  
prevailed above the weeping, and "the noise  
was heard afar off." Idle bystanders, of  
course, carried a report of the meeting "that  
it was all confusion." "But it was quite nat-  
ural," says Mather, "for sinners, who were  
overwhelmed with a sense of their sin, to cry  
aloud for help to Him who is 'mighty to save,'  
and, on some occasions, to be inattentive to  
every surrounding object. Forgetting their  
fellow-creatures, they cried aloud as if God  
only were present and the sole spectator of  
their sorrow. When the answer of peace came,  
it is no wonder that their joy was as excessive  
as their preceding sorrow had been."

**THE FLOOD.**

Similar scenes occurred night after night for  
a fortnight, each evening ten or twelve persons  
"being brought out of darkness into the light  
of God's reconciled countenance." Then the  
converts came co-workers with their pardon-  
ing Lord, and brought over heavily laden souls  
to the throne. The fire spread to Beverley,  
and round about through the country villages.  
In Hull itself, in the week ending April 6, up-  
wards of 150 were added to the Lord and His  
Church. On April 13, in the afternoon, there  
was held the Easter love-feast. It was difficult  
to sit it, even at five o'clock. At six the  
chapel was crowded. The prayer-meeting was  
continued till ten, when the congregation, for

the second time in the course of the evening,  
was dismissed. But the greater part persist-  
ed in remaining till one or two to the next  
morning, and some till the five o'clock preach-  
ing commenced. Hundreds were now con-  
verted. Such scenes became ordinary. Class-  
meetings, prayer-meetings, and sermons, were  
all filled with the power of God. Young  
converts became wrestling Jacob. Those who  
had at first denounced this extraordinary work  
fell under its influence, and, like others, cried  
for mercy. The Easter holidays came with  
their solemn associations and worldly festivi-  
ties, but the fire of God hallowed everything.  
Most

occurred. A poor Magdalen thoughtlessly  
strolled into the prayer-meeting, and was  
struck with amazement. "Do you not want  
this converting grace?" said one of those hu-  
man angels, who are always waiting an oppor-  
tunity to do good. "Do you not want to be  
converted?" "A few minutes more, and the  
poor girl was on her knees, weeping, and en-  
treatng those around to pray for her. Soon  
she arose rejoicing, and sent a message to  
her companions. "God has opened my eyes,  
and mercifully forgiven my sins, and I would  
sooner die from want than follow my wicked  
courses any more." At River-bridge "were  
some persons, who were not only enlighten-  
ed, but had tasted that the Lord is gracious,  
and had walked for some years in the pro-  
fession and practice of religion, till the thorns  
of deceitful riches, and the desire of other  
things, had well nigh choked the good seed"  
—a picture, alas! how true of many in these  
days. From the meeting, where souls were  
crying for mercy, ran a brother to ask their  
help. "Mr. C.," said he, to the head of a  
respectable house, "yonder are three of your  
children in great distress for their souls: For  
Christ's sake, come and help us to pray for  
them, that He may be merciful to them, and  
forgive all their sins." C. followed, fell upon  
his knees, and for an hour continued in an  
agony of prayer for his own soul. Then, filled  
with peace, he arose to minister to others.  
That night upwards of twenty praised God for  
his pardoning love. Other similar instances  
are recorded by the man who became the se-  
cond President of the Conference after the  
death of Wesley. He concludes his narrative  
observing, "So wonderfully does the Lord  
visit His people." Haste again, ye days of  
grace! The members in Hull, in 1798, are re-  
turned at 640; in 1794, at 1,200.

**JOHN BOND.**

**TRAINING YOUNG CONVERTS.**

Thousands have, within a few months, the past  
been gathered into the fold of Christ, and they  
are now forming habits of Christian life that  
will be as enduring as that life itself. Not he  
who begets the child, but he who trains them  
best, renders most service to his race. The  
law of habit finds place as fully in the life  
spiritual as in the life natural, and whatever the  
soul is, amidst the gushing joys of its earliest  
love, it is likely to be in the soberer peaceful-  
ness of its coming state. These habits, need-  
ful to be attended and followed with con-  
sequences of great moment as to the final condi-  
tion itself of the soul. They may tend, some  
of them, to perpetually strengthen and enrich  
the very loftiest and purest graces, or they may  
tend to sickness, decay and passively to spiri-  
tual death. Outside of their subject they may  
lead to activities and generousities, full of loving  
zeal and self-sacrifice, or they may leave the  
soul in spiritual indolence, and full of unrest  
and dissatisfaction, making it pestilent to its  
associates, and no way helpful to the Church  
of God. What the manhood of the Christian  
life shall be depends upon what its infancy and  
childhood is, and a solemn responsibility de-  
volves on those to whom is committed of God  
the care of souls, especially of those newly  
born into the Kingdom. Would that we could  
assist a little in this important work.

We should beware of allowing any soul to  
rest in conversion as an end. It is not so; it  
is but the beginning, and a means to further  
teachings and attainments that are to find con-  
summation only before the throne. Nay, even  
this is perhaps only another point of beginning  
from which we advance by endless progressions  
of knowledge and holiness. The soul has so  
long sighed in its sin and darkness for the  
hour of deliverance, that when it has at last  
come into pardon and hope, there is a great  
necessity to satisfaction and rest in the joyful ex-  
periences of the hour. A sort of feasting springs  
up in the heart that the conflict is ended, the  
work complete, and that now the soul may rest.  
But birth is only the beginning of life, and there  
is behind it a measureless extent of growth and  
development. To this every new-born soul  
should be pointed. Emancipated it is, but, to  
the great question of living is now before it,  
that when the ebullition of joy subsides must  
met. Let the soul know this at the outset and  
it will be prepared for the tests of its faith so  
sure to come. There may be a snare even in  
the very delights of newly-found grace. We  
may revel in them with a sort of holy selfish-  
ness, and carry this even to the extent of a  
sort of pious dissipation. It is not a good thing  
to be always longing for some new sensation  
of joy, and ever looking inward to find its presence  
or lament its absence. It is nobler far to go  
out of ourselves; to be looking out to Jesus; to  
be pitying and toiling for others; to be living  
out of ourselves and above ourselves, a life that  
is "hid with Christ in God." Whatever of  
effervescence may be in our first experiences  
will soon be gone: even joy in its nature not  
abiding. Upon some more durable foundation  
must be placed our Christian life if it is to be a  
stable one. Therefore, let the soul be taught  
to depend but little upon frames and feelings;  
let its trust be in God.

Set the young convert at once to work. He  
will never be more willing than now in the  
freshness of his ardor, and never will it be  
easier for him to work. Let him speak and pray  
in meeting, but let him do some work more  
personal and direct, for another individual soul.  
Don't let him rest in meeting work, but call him  
down to out-of-meeting labors and crosses.  
If he do not embark in these holy enterprises,  
now he probably never will; his habits of inac-  
tivity will be set. Having once led the soul

out into activities, never let it rest, but keep  
it continually pressing on to new enterprises of  
love. He is the best minister of Jesus who  
gets the most done for his Master, though he  
do it not all himself. Many one has prostrat-  
ed his nerves and inflamed his throat by inces-  
sant talking and labors when his silence giving  
opportunity for the more imperfect speaking of  
others, would have eventuated in greater re-  
sults for God. Each minister is a bishop, an  
episcopos, an overseer—as well as a minister,  
a servant; let him magnify the episcopal part of  
his holy office.

Let every minister be sure that souls are  
saved to his Master, not to himself. Every man's  
work shall be tried by fire and whatever  
momentary personal satisfaction may accrue from  
the idolatry of spiritual children for their father,  
is after all only so much hay, wood and stubble,  
without one trace of the gold, silver and pre-  
cious stones that alone will exist when the test-  
ing time is past. God has put an instinct into  
some birds that drives out of the nest and away  
from their own care the young fully fledged,  
some animals, too, seem to repel their young  
with a severity in marked contrast with the  
fondlings and caresses of the period of unweaned  
helplessness of their young; no boy will ever  
become a man if tied to his mother's apron  
strings; and souls need to be self-reliant so far  
as dependence on their fellows is concerned.  
Train your spiritual children then to an inde-  
pendence of yourselves, to draw their supplies  
direct from the great fountain—to a hearty en-  
joyment of the sermons and labors of others  
than yourself, to a full enjoyment of the means  
of grace any where, and not alone in their own  
sanctuary. They will not so often flatter you  
with the expressions of grief at your absence  
from the pulpit, nor will they break their  
hearts when your flock must have another shep-  
herd; but they will be far more likely to brighten  
all your yearning by their presence at your side  
as your "joy and crown of rejoicing."

The true pastor should look after the more  
personal and private religious habits of those  
whom God has given him as the fruit of his la-  
bors. See to it that they do not neglect self-  
examination and meditation, and if at the head  
of a home, family prayer. Where the cross is  
very heavy the pastor might ease the load a lit-  
tle. Let him go to breakfast or tea and help  
the convert to set up his family altar. The first  
time let the household read and you pray, and  
go again if you will and then you may read and  
let him pray. We have ourselves thus years  
ago, set this Christian machinery in motion,  
and once begun, it continues, as we believe,  
to run on yet. These beginnings are as important  
as they are difficult. Give the child but a sight  
of your outreached finger and he will toddle on  
in his first steps; and so the least help at the  
earliest moment may settle the course of a soul  
for all its religious life.—*North West Ad.*

**WISE GENEROSITY.**

One of the most absurd utterances of the By-  
ronic cynicism was that "the good die first."  
The best recipe for a long life is to lead a  
harmless one. We have among us—and we  
hope we shall have for many years to come—a  
signal proof of the wholesome nature of active  
virtue and goodness. Peter Cooper—a name  
to be regarded with respect and affection by all  
who love their kind—has shown, on his eightieth  
birthday, the same judicious and thoughtful  
generosity which has actuated him throughout  
his irreproachable life. It is easy to  
squander wealth in the pursuit of pleasure or  
the gratifications of a morbid vanity; but the  
men are too few who have the means to bestow,  
the heart to give, and the sound, practical good  
sense to apply their benefactions to the most  
useful use. Mr. Cooper's munifi-  
cent gift of \$150,000 for a library of reference  
for working men is one of those happy inspira-  
tions of sympathetic common sense which rank  
their authors among the select company of just  
men who have been wisely generous. We  
trust he may long be spared to see the  
actual fruits of his Christian liberality; but many  
generations will come and go before the good  
results of this birthday offering are at an end.  
The nation is fortunate that recognizes the im-  
portance of intelligence among its  
people; and doubly happy if the patriotism and  
public spirit of its successful citizens are ready  
to supplement the public efforts at education by  
private generosity. The act of Mr. Cooper  
has a double value as a charity and an example.  
It should receive from other capitalists the  
genuine homage of imitation.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

**THE FOUNDER OF THE INQUISITION.**

Of Dominic of Guzman we are told, upon  
the unerring authority of infidelity, that at  
the sound of his inspired voice the dead arose  
and walked, the sick were healed, the heretics  
converted; that often in his moments of ecstasy  
he floated in the air before the eyes of the dis-  
ciples; that the fiercest flames refused to con-  
sume the parchment upon which were written  
his divine meditations; and that, in the midst  
of the carage his eloquence excited, the saint  
ever remained the gentlest and meekest of his  
race. Once, as Dominic stood in the midst of  
a pious throng in the convent of St. Sixtus,  
conversing with the Cardinal Stephen, a mes-  
senger, bathed in tears, came to announce that  
the Lord Napoleon, the nephew of Stephen,  
had been thrown from his horse, and lay dead  
at the convent gate. The cardinal, weighed  
down by grief, fell weeping upon the breast of  
the saint. Dominic, full of compassion ordered  
the body of the young man to be brought in,  
and prepared to exercise his miraculous powers.  
He directed the altar to be arranged for cele-  
brating mass; he fell into a sudden ecstasy,  
and as his hands touched the sacred elements,  
he rose in the air and hung, kneeling, in empty  
space above the astonished worshippers. Des-  
cending, he made the sign of the cross upon the  
head; he commanded the young man to arise  
and at once the Lord Napoleon sprang up alive  
and in perfect health, in the presence of a  
throng of witnesses.

Such are the wonders gravely related of  
Dominic, the founder of the Inquisition; yet,  
if we may trust the tradition, the real achieve-  
ments of his sacred and clouded intellect far ex-  
ceeded the legends of the saints. He invented or en-  
larged that grand machinery by which the con-

science of mankind was held in bondage for  
centuries; whose relentless grasp was firmly  
fastened upon the decaying raves of Southern  
Europe, the converts of Hindostan, and the  
conquerors of Mexico and Peru; whose gloomy  
palaces and dungeons sprang up in almost every  
Catholic city of the South, and formed for ages  
the chief bulwarks of the aggressive career of  
Rome. The Holy Office, from the time of  
Dominic, became the favorite instrument for  
the propagation of the faith; it followed swifly  
the path of the missionary, and was established  
wherever the worship of Mary extended,  
whether in Lima, Goa, or Japan; it devoured  
the Netherlands, silenced Italy or Spain, and  
its hallowed laws and its happy influences are  
still celebrated and lamented by all those  
pious but diseased intellects who advocate  
the use of force in creating unity of religious  
belief. Its memory is still dear to every  
adherent of infallibility; nor can any one of  
that grave assembly of bishops who so lately sat  
in St. Peter's venture to avow, without danger  
of heresy, that he doubts the divine origin of  
the institutions of Dominic.

Nothing, indeed, can be more impressive  
than that tender regret with which the Italian  
prelates lament over the fall of the venerable  
tribunal. Modern civilization has indicated no  
deeper wound; modern governments have  
never more grossly invaded the rights of the in-  
fallible Church. One of the means, the bishops  
explain, which the Church employs for the  
eternal safety of those who have the good for-  
tune to belong to her is the Holy Inquisition; it  
cuts off the heretic, it