

the churches; he wrote also a narrative of his Secession from Popery, and various other works on different branches of Christian doctrine and duty. A collection of them was made after his death, and published in folio, at Amsterdam, in 1651. They are all written in the Dutch language.

Menno was a man of whom the world was not worthy. Exercising, as well as allowing, the utmost freedom in religious enquiry, he embraced, beside the doctrines which the reformers in general received, some opinions which were not only hostile to the Catholics (so called), but were in little favour with the larger Protestant sects under Luther and Calvin. The age in which he lived was not in a position to form a just estimate of his character, nor is it yet appreciated as it deserves: its more striking excellencies were, however, visible to all who could look at it without prejudice, and by many were honorably acknowledged. Among others, who did not allow a difference of opinion to render them insensible to high and conspicuous worth, Mosheim thus writes of Menno:—

“He had the inestimable advantage of a natural and persuasive eloquence, and his learning was sufficient to make him pass for an oracle in the eyes of the multitude. He appears, moreover, to have been a man of probity, of a meek and tractable spirit, gentle in his manners, pliable and obsequious in his commerce with persons of all ranks and characters, and extremely zealous in promoting practical religion and virtue, which he recommended by his example as well as by his precepts. A man of such talents and dispositions could not fail to attract the admiration of the people, and to gain a great number of adherents wherever he exercised his ministry.”

Happy would it be for Canada if a host (we do not say of Mennonites,

for in some things we should differ from them—but) of men endowed with the spirit and talents of Menno, were traversing her soil in the length and breadth of it, and scattering as they go the seeds of Gospel truth and immortal life.

May the Lord of the Harvest send forth many such, and may his people feel more sensibly than ever their obligations to strain every nerve, and put forth every power, to advance the cause of Christ in this land.

RETIREMENT, MEDITATION, AND PRAYER.

BY THE REV. DANIEL KATTERNS.

There is something in solitude peculiarly suited to the distressed circumstances of the human family—amid the various perplexities of the world it forms a sweet and unfailing source of consolation, and thus proves itself as much the friend of solid happiness as of genuine piety. The only moments of human existence to which in declining age or on the bed of death the memory reverts with unmingled satisfaction, are not those which are passed away in the hurry of business or the glare of dissipation, but those in which the soul held converse with herself. These are the “cool and sequestered scenes of life,” the bowers, so to speak, in which the traveller through the world’s wide wilderness sits down to repose from the labours of the past, and to recruit his failing energies for the efforts of the future.

To say nothing of religion, the hours which we spend in solitude are not only the happiest but the purest of our lives. The vicious man may be firm and resolute as long as he is supported by the applauses of the multitude, but let him come into his closet and suffer conscience to speak, and his firm built purposes are instantly unnerved, and all the machinery of iniquity stands still.