ple most readily reached and most deeply moved by the *living voice* of men who have something to say and know how to say it. The man capable of stirring up the multitude at a mass meeting may reach any office in the gift of the "dear people." Examples were here given of persons whose success was mainly attributable to the debating societies they attended while pursuing some humble calling.

Oratorical talent is chiefly acquired, it is the product of art rather than of nature, as speech itself is an art more than a gift. The orator, unlike the poet, is *made*, not born. Some take to oratory more readily than others. The only single endowment, perhaps, essential to the orator, of which men in general are not possessed is the requisite degree of sensibility. This is the *sine qua non* of all true eloquence, and it is unquestionably the gift of nature,—and a troublesome gift it is, too, though the basis of all greatness in this line. It makes cowards of its possessors. It made both Demosthenes and Sheridan break down and become the objects of derision on their first attempt to speak in public. Take courage boys, you that dread Declamation Day, if there are any boys in the class that will make orators you are the ones. That quality which makes us afraid to speak, is the one of all others which makes us speak effectively when once we have learned to manage it. The man who does not tremble before he begins to speak ought to tremble afterwards. The man who can see the artillery of five hundred pair of eyes levelled at him and not tremble, doesn't appreciate the situation. No bold, coarse man can ever be an orator; but with the requisite degree of sensibility, any man without marked physical or mental defects may be an orator, who will pay the price for the distinction—the price being nothing short of this, that every bodily and intellectual gift of nature, however magnificent and however splendid, must be associated with every resource which heart can suggest and every attention which diligence can bestow. The world has yet to furnish the first instance of eminence in public speaking which was not the result of great preparatory labors. The eminence has been in proportion to the pains taken. He stripped off the veil which popularly surrounds the famous Patrick Henry, and showed that he too was a patient student, a profound and accurate observer of human nature from his very childhood,—a qualification in an orator second only to sensibility. Patrick Henry was no more an orator without discipline than was Demosthenes.

It would be indifference to the noblest aspects of the theme, an act false to the idea that rules the auspicious hour we have lived to see, not to notice the connection of oratory with the progress of Liberty. Eloquence and freedom have gone hand in hand to victory; and it is difficult to say whether Liberty has most adorned Eloquence, or Eloquence most adorned Liberty. The generality of men are slow to right themselves and cast of old impositions and abuses—some from chronic servility, some from excessive conservatism, fearing to make bad matters worse. They endure the evils they have, rather than fly to those they know not of. But for the voice of the reformer breaking in upon our apathy, the energies of the great mass of mankind would lie sleeping around the citadel of the heart like gods reposing on their arms on the eve of battle. The clarion blasts of the trump of oratory, blown by some master spirit, wake them to the conflict and the victory. When then the battery of the orator's brain sends along the golden wire of his speech the living force of his own free, heroic spirit into the hearts of the irresolute or fickle people, only then do they become *charged*, as so many Leyden jars whose combined power shakes the continents, and scatters into fragments thrones of tyranny. Of how many examples is history full! (Several examples given.)

Volumes might be writen on the patriotic value of eloquence—its power to extricate and deliver in moments of great exigency. Not only has it aroused the indifferent to a righteous assertion of their rights, but also inspired the oppressed to an effectual resistance. It has repelled the invader, exposed the conspirator, subdued the anarchist. The case of Demosthenes arousing his countrymen to meet Philip, and of Cicero stilling the disturbance in the theatre or crushing the infamous Cataline, are in point, and instantly suggest themselves to all. Lamartine stood in the streets of Paris in 1848, and by the magic of his eloquence held at bay for six hours the infuriated and blood-thirsty populace — furious as wild beasts broken loose from confinement—covering with the majesty of his presence, as with a shield, the terrified street at his back filled with defenceless women and children. He kept them before him and harangued them, and charmed them, till at length they lost the scent of blood, and the evil spirit went from them as from Saul when David played before him with his harp. France owes Lamertine a monumental shaft. After timely reference to the state of France, he proceeded thus:—

"No fitting mete-wand hath to day,
For measuring spirits of his stature,—
Only the Future can reach up to lay
The laurel on his lofty nature."

The day will come when Lamertine, standing by the gate-post of the Hotel de Ville, and subduing by his eloquence the furious passions of the thousands on thousands of delirious revolutionists, who sought they knew not what at the hands of the Provisional Government of 1848, will be commemorated in stone, on canvas and in immortal song, as the very impersonation of moral sublimity.

Finally, if eminence in public discourse were not in itself, the crown and glory of human ability, if our cultivated age and free government made no special demands, and held out no special inducements for its cultivation, still it would be well worth acquiring, if possible, for its own sake,—the refined and exquisite pleasure which it affords to its possessor. How sublime to rule by the potency of reason and the majesty of thought! Take the case of Daniel Webster in his celebrated reply to Hayne, the eloquent South Carolinian. The North and the American Constitution are attacked by no ordinary foe.

"It is no drizzling shower,
But rattling hail of arrows barbed with fire."

The burning eloquence of the Sunny South is in eruption, and carrying all before it. Who will turn back the scathing tide? Who? There is but one. Every eye turns involuntarily upon the Senator from Massachusetts. Mrs. Webster is in the gallery. Her woman's heart is busy. The guantlet is at her husband's feet. As she takes his arm in the vestibule she says, "Oh, Mr. Webster, you cannot answer that?" "I'll answer him tomorro*w*, wife." The morrow came and he *did* answer him. Never before did he go to that house with such spirits. It was a time for a *man* to act in, and he was the man for the time. Only this once perhaps was he fully roused. The details of ordinary business were not sufficiently difficult to keep him awake. This time he woke up. He wound about his antagonist the strong meshes of an invincible argument till he bound him hand and foot, and then catching him up in the tempest and whirl

"Transported demigods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound."

while he poured forth, as if by inspiration, period on period of the purest and loftiest rhetoric, profoundest legal lore and soundest logic,—defended like a warring angel his beloved Massachusetts and his dearer country, won the proud distinction of "Expounder of the Constitution," reached the perfection of human eloquence and amidst his peers,

"Above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower."

How felt he, think you, when he saw that cloud of doubt and fear for the issue which lowered on the countenances of his colleagues when he began, gradually clear up and pass away as he went on, till at last he saw their faces shining with the reflection of his own coming triumph? How, when he had done and they had gathered about him to admire and bless him for the talents they had once envied. They clasped his knees. They hung upon him like children to a returning father. There are those still living who remember how, when he came forth to leave the capitol, from the crowds that thronged the galleries, the lobbies and the entries, there arose an involuntary burst of admiration and transport. Hats, caps and handkerchiefs filled the air. He could not have been insensible to the best and highest of all earthly rewards—the love and admiration of his fellow-citizens. He was not. "Black Dan" grew radiant for once.

The foregoing is but a meagre outline of a brilliant effort. Of course much of the very best of it is omitted altogether; but where the whole presented on the printed page the reader would have but a faint conception of the beauty and power it possesses, as uttered by its author. As he himself says of an Irishman (an anecdote concerning whom does good service in illustrating the force of gesture in oratory) you must see the man, his very arms do speak.

There were bursts of applause repeatedly during the hour and twenty minutes of delivery. He held the audience spell bound at times. It was pronounced the best effort ever made in Lingley Hall. A vote of thanks was moved by Prof. Weldon and seconded in a speech by President Allison. There was a Piano Solo by Miss Chapman.

Mr. Stockton gave notice of a meeting tomorrow of young ladies to form an Alumni Society in connection with Ladies' Academy.

Miss L. White sang a solo sweetly to piano accompaniment.

After the benediction by Rev. Mr. Milligan, of Charlottetown, the company adjourned to the dining hall of Male Academy, where a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen partook of a collation given by the Alumni.

Instrumental music, and religious exercises by the Professor of Divinity, Rev. Dr. Stewart, closed the day's proceedings a little before 11 o'clock.

From the Borderer.

MOUNT ALLISON ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES.

The closing exercises of the Mount Allison Institutions came to a successful termination on Tuesday last. The College examinations which took place on Thursday and Friday of last week, both written and oral gave satisfaction to the Examiners and general public. The examination of Academy Classes in both branches took place on Monday. In these, as well as in the Collegiate department, evidence of care and painstaking on the part of both teacher and pupils was sufficiently abundant. We must congratulate President Allison and Principal Inch on the high state of efficiency exhibited by the various departments of the Institutions. The Oration before the Associated Alumni on Monday evening, in Lingley Hall, by Rev. A. McKeown, M.A., on "Oratory and Orators" was a brilliant display of oratory. The speaker kept his large and very appreciative audience in the best possible spirits throughout, and during much of the time, swayed the assembly with the magic wand of the true orator. We cannot find space to notice at any length the able manner in which the speaker discussed his subject; suffice it to say, that it was analytical, historical, illustrative,—clothed in fine flowing diction, and rendered attractive by the easy gesture and cultivated voice of the accomplished elocutionist. The social gathering of the Alumni and their friends, after the oration, was large and in a measure representative, and seemed to give unbounded satisfaction to all present.

The commencement exercises on Tuesday well sustained those which had preceded. The following is the programme of the occasion:—

I.

Devotional Exercises.—Rev. C. Stewart, D. D.

II.

Salutatory Address, (Latin), George J. Bond (Sophomore).
Oration.—Limits of Individual Self-Control, William H. Ibbittson (Junior).
Music.—Postillon de Lonjumeau (Piano Duett), Misses Cogswell and Stewart.

III.

Essays.—What shall we do?—Miss Mary L. Fowler. Out of the Depths—Miss Hester V. Daly. "Beyond the Alps Lies our Italy"—Miss Alice A. Chesley.
Music.—Piano Solo, by Miss Julia M. Clarke. Alice—Romance sung by Miss S. Cogswell.

IV.

Orations by Senior (Graduating) Class. Mary, Queen of Scots—Charles DeW. Heard. Les Idees Napoleoniennes—Ralph Brecken.
Music.—Sweet is the Dream, (Duet), sung by Misses L. White and S. Cogswell.

V.

Reports, Conferring Degrees, &c., Music.—Tender Blossoms, (Quartette,) sung by Misses F. Smith, N. Byers, S. Cogswell and E. George.

VI.

Masters' Orations.—Making a Mark—Wm. H. G. Temple. A. M. Independence—Benjamin Russell, A.M.

Doxology.

The degree of M. L. A. was conferred upon Misses Fowler, Daly and Chesley, and prizes for proficiency in arithmetic awarded to Misses L. Elderkin, Dawson and A. Elderkin, and in penmanship to Miss E. Beatty. It is well, we think, to hold out every encouragement to pupils to become well grounded in the elementary and useful branches. The orations by the young gentlemen were commendable. Of course we might take exception to the manner of style and substance and appropriateness in one or two instances, but among such diversity of mental endowments and inclination it would be "passing strange" if all would be in accord with recognized suitability of time and place.

The degree of B. A. was conferred upon Messrs. R. Brecken and Charles Heard; M. A. upon Messrs. Temple, Russell, Seller, A. D. Smith, and D. H. Burbidge.

Mr. William Pugsley, B. A., of the University of N. B., and the second in the contest for the Gilchrist scholarship, was admitted B. A., *ad eundem gradum*.

The Business Meeting of the Associated Alumni was held on Tuesday, P. M. The office-bearers for the ensuing year are as follows:—

President—John Starr, Esq., Halifax.
Vice do. —Edwin Frost, Esq., St. John.
" —Rev. H. Sprague, M.A. "
" —Rev. George Harrison, Upham.
Secretary and Treasurer—A. A. Stockton, Esq., LL. B., St. John.

On the same day the former students of the Ladies' Academy met in the drawing room of that Institution and organized an Association, having for its object the same aims as that of the College and Male Academy. The officers for the ensuing year are:—

President—Miss A. E. Pickard, M. L. A., Halifax.
Vice-Presidents—Miss Mellish, M. L. A., Sackville; Miss Hattie Smith, M.L.A., St. John; and Miss Maxwell, M.L.A., St. John.
Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Mary Trueman, M. L. A., Westmorland.

This is a new feature, but we think a good one, and we feel confident the Ladies will not be behind their brothers of the other departments in striving, by all laudable means, to increase the efficiency, and augment the prosperity, of their Alma Mater.

The Classical Scholarship given by the Alumni, was awarded to Mr. Geo. Smith of N. B.,—the Mathematical to Mr. Leonard Allison of N. S. The prize donated by W. P. Dole, Esq., B. A., of St. John, for the best poetical translation of one of Horace's Odes was won by Mr. G. J. Bond of Newfoundland. It must have been a source of much gratification to the Rev. Dr. Pickard, who was on the platform on Tuesday, to know that the educational enterprise in our midst, is in such a flourishing state. To him, more than to any other, (except perhaps the Founder, C. F. Allison, Esq.,) are we indebted for the very great efficiency and high standing of the Mount Allision Institutions His mantle has fallen upon worthy shoulders, and we feel confident President Allison and Principal Inch, by the experience, ripe scholastic attainments and judicious management will continue to make the Mount Allison Institutions an object of pride to our village and country, and the instrument of invaluable benefit to hundreds of the youths of these Maritime Provinces. We must not omit mentioning the fine musical treats we enjoyed from Prof. Martens and his pupils, nor the high state of artistic skill and taste displayed in the Fine Arts' department, which is under the management of Prof. Gray. We wish the Institutions every success, and trust the halls which are now deserted for the summer vacation, at the beginning of the next year, may be crowded beyond the expectations of those more immediately concerned.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1871.

OUR COMING MINISTRY; WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE?

NO. IV.

Our future ministry ought to be a thoroughly well-trained one. The duties which will devolve upon it will be of such a character as to render ample preparation for their discharge a pressing necessity. It does not seem requisite to argue this point at large at this late date. The number of persons in our congregations entertaining doubts on this head must be exceedingly small. The demand among us for well-cultured ministers efficient in every department of the pastoral work is now very great. That demand is destined to grow stronger and stronger, year after year, and it must be met in the proper way. Too much stress cannot indeed be laid upon piety and zeal as being essential to success in the Christian pastorate; and the larger the amount of sanctified talent and genius with which God may endow our coming ministry, the deeper ought to be the gratitude felt toward Him by the Church of the future. But, however deep the piety, however fervent the zeal, however brilliant the native mental endowments of that coming ministry, its thorough education will be indispensable. There is not an inch of solid ground upon which an opposite conclusion can be based. We will not therefore go into the discussion of this aspect of the subject. We will assume that the readers of the *Provincial Wesleyan* are in full accord with us in this matter.

But there are some aspects of the question of an educated ministry on which discussion is highly desirable. For if we are generally of one mind in regard to the necessity of having a well-instructed well-trained ministry in the future, we are far from being of one sentiment respecting what ought to be the character and extent of that instruction and training. Indeed, for many years an earnest controversy has been going on in intelligent circles both in Europe and America regarding the best methods of training men for the practice of the learned professions.

The chief disputes have taken place on these questions, How far ought education to be directed towards the harmonious development of the mental powers, and by what studies can general culture be best attained? On the first question, some have contended that education ought to be rendered as special and as directly practical as possible. By others it has been argued that it matters not for what pursuit demanding high intelligence a youth may be intended, the first thing to be done is to render him master of his own faculties strengthened and sharpened for work, and that for the accomplishment of this task technical training is ill adapted.

On the second question, some have taken up strong ground against the prominence commonly assigned to the study of the Greek and Latin classics in institutions devoted to the interests of the higher culture, and in favor of attaching greatly increased importance to the study of Modern Languages and Natural Science. By others, of course, the objects assailed have been valiantly defended, and the war in turn carried into Africa, if we may so speak. It seems to us, watching the course of the conflict, that neither side has won or is likely to win an undisputed victory. As when two forces simultaneously strike the same moveable object but at different angles that object is driven in a direction common to neither force, so in this case, the general result has been as is likely to be a sort of compromise between the respective parties in regard to both questions in dispute. Which side however, in our judgment gains and will probably gain the most in the controversy we shall indicate farther on.

Within Methodist circles there are, if our impression is well founded, many who are of the opinion that for the education of our future ministry, the one thing needful is a well-worked Theological school in which ministerial candidates shall be well grounded in Christian doctrine, and trained carefully to the performance of the different branches of pastoral duty. These are undoubtedly right in regarding it of high importance that ministerial candidates should be thus grounded and trained. Thoughtful men were never better prepared than at this moment to regard with favour special training for the performance of special work. The astonishing achievements of the German army during the recent Franco-German war taught the world a lesson on that subject not soon to be forgotten. Various causes contributed to the triumph of the German arms in that contest, but one of the most influential of these was the wonderfully skillful manner in which the Prussian staff officers had been trained for the real business of war. The French Government had been forewarned on this subject. Napoleon III kept an acute and keenly observant military officer at Berlin to watch the progress or note the condition of military affairs in North Germany. This officer discharged the duty devolved upon him in the most intelligent and faithful manner. He furnished his master with elaborate and strictly accurate reports of what passed under his notice. These reports were found at Versailles last autumn. One of them contained a detailed account of the mode in which the Prussian staff was trained for duty, and has been published. So strong was the impression made upon its author's mind concerning the unrivalled efficiency of that staff that he gave utterance to his feelings in these remarkable words, "Beware of the Prussian staff." Well would it have been for Napoleon and for France had the warning been heeded.

What the Prussian staff was and is to the German army that ought our coming ministry to be to our church in the future—most completely prepared for the efficient performance of every part of ministerial work. And we do not doubt but that by the blessing of the Great Head of the church our Theological Professor will materially contribute toward securing that result so ardently and devoutly to be desired.

J. R. N.

MOUNT ALLISON INSTITUTIONS.

CLOSE OF ACADEMIC YEAR, 1870–1.

The village of Sackville is, at the close of the Collegiate year, the confluence of annually increasing streams of visitors from all parts of the Lower Provinces. These crowd the hotels or meet the genial welcome accorded in the pleasant private homes, whose doors are thrown open to all comers. The centre of attraction is that noble pile of buildings erected and dedicated to the service of God and his country through the munificent liberality and stimulating example of the late revered Charles F. Allison. At this present juncture however we have rather to do with passing than with past events. The latter in connection with the Mount Allison Institutions live within the memory of the many Methodists within our Conference bounds; the former are included in the area of observation of the few. Year after year therefore, we are called upon to record the measure of success which has attended the educational labors of the Sackville professors and teachers.

THE COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS.

Although the brevity of the period allotted to each class prevented searching enquiry into scholarship, showed that the painstaking efforts of President Allison and his efficient staff of co-adjutors were in no small degree successful, while the Report of the Board of College Examiners, based upon a careful investigation of the merits of written papers, gave the public to understand that the thoroughness of the training of the past, is fully equalled by that of the present. We are more than ever convinced, after careful observation for many years, that the youth of our country, who are seeking a liberal education, will find in Wesley College unrivalled opportunities.

ACADEMIC EXAMINATIONS.

These took place simultaneously in both branches of the Academy. The evident care and application which had been brought to bear upon the various subjects under revision were alike creditable to teacher and pupil; and the display of intimate acquaintance with their text books on the part of the young ladies on the one side, and the young gentlemen on the other, called forth the highest encomiums from the visitors present. This was especially the case in the Ladies' Academy, where many of the classes are embraced in the College Curriculum.

(As the details of the public exercises on Tuesday are given in the article which we have copied from the Borderer we omit the most of that part of our correspondent's report which relates to these.) Ed. P. W.

The reports of the President and Principals showed increased prosperity in every branch of the Institution. The numbers in attendance being in each case in advance of last year. The following are the figures, College 33; Male Academy 64; Female Academy 63; or a grand total of 160. In his report Principal Inch alluded to efforts which were being made to secure repairs and refittings necessary to make the Ladies Academy a comfortable home for the pupils, and to continue its efficient working. We heartily concur in his ideas and would urge our readers, in every part of the land, to aid the enterprise either by contributing to the Bazaar to be held in St. John during the coming month, or by direct money gift. Time and natural wear and tear have done their united work upon the building and its appurtenances, an effort is required, let that effort be made at once.

J. G. A.

IMMERSIONIST DEVELOPMENTS.

Since poor Wentworth has subsided, the *Visitor* manifests extraordinary excitement. A small crowd of writers has rushed into print in the *Visitor*. They think it is too bad that Wentworth should lie under the charge of forgery, and that the Dr. Cramp affair should remain as it now is. They do not know how to help themselves. They are terribly angry and malicious. They betray the same bitter and intolerant spirit which characterized Wentworth's later productions. They find it impossible to conceal their chagrin and mortification. The spirit they evince shews how the truth hurts them, and how effective our exposure of their unfair stratagems has been.

The developments which have been brought to light in the *Visitor* are suggestive. It says some wonderful things about us. It complains (May 18, 1871) that we quoted from it these words; "The vulgarity and *renown* of Rev. Mr. Currie" when we should have said: "The vulgarity and *venom*." The error was the fault of the printer, and we cheerfully give the *Visitor* the benefit of the correction. The inference is clear that if the *Visitor* would endeavor to make capital against us, out of what was obviously a typographical error, and what in itself is altogether unimportant, it would have rejoiced at the opportunity to have made some damaging point against us, if that were possible.

The *Visitor* has developed its peculiar way of defending immersionist dogmas when the unsoundness of these dogmas is exposed. A recent editorial in the *Visitor*, begins with a somewhat grandiloquent reference to the "Reverend Duncan D. Currie of the Conference of Eastern British America," and ends with the announcement that, in the judgment of the *Visitor*, the said Mr. Currie is a "fool." How brilliantly the Editor defends Wentworth, and Dr. Cramp! The immersionist style of reasoning is certainly remarkable. Of course, if the *Visitor* had any better "arguments" to bring against us we should hear of them. It has no doubt, done the best it could. We have recently learned, through Baptist authorities, that "*Wentworth is the deepest thinker in St. John*" (rather hard on St. John); the venerable Editor may yet sink unto the same depths of that "deep thinker," in bewilderment and intolerance.

The *Visitor* has developed similar tactics in referring to the Rev. Dr. Dale, a Presbyterian clergyman, of Pennsylvania. Dr. Dale has published a work on Classic Baptism. He has critically examined every instance of the use of the word *baptizo*, and its derivatives in the whole range of the Classic Greek literature of a thousand years. He has established the fact, beyond successful contradiction, that the word *baptizo* was never used in classic Greek literature to express *mode*, but alway to express *effect*.—Our immersionist friends meet Dr. Dale in substantially the same way that they meet us. "Dr. Dale's exploits," says the *Visitor* (March 16, 1871), are surpassed only by Blondin's feats over Niagara Falls on a tight rope. . . . Dr. Dale is a mere sophist and trickster. No controversalist ever resorts to such a style of defence if he can find anything better to say. He that does so virtually acknowledges himself defeated. What the *Visitor* has said of Dr. Dale it has said of us. We can afford to bear patiently all its manifestations of anger and hatred. We can afford to smile at its wild and furious maledictions. Its bitterness and malice shew that our exposures were truthful as well as severe. He who wins in a contest may smile; while he who loses may gnash his teeth and mourn.

The *Visitor* is exceedingly dissatisfied at the way in which we have handled his Pedobaptist testimony. Its bad humor is the fruit of its own misdoings. We have done with that testimony precisely what we intended to do. It is not strange that the *Visitor* does not relish the results of our cross-examination. We did not design it should. The *Visitor* must bear its unpleasant predicament as best it can.

A writer in a recent number of the *Visitor* (May 4, 1871) states that "an intelligent and wealthy gentleman" was, not long ago, converted from the error of his Pedobaptist ways by reading "Currie's wretched *Catechism of Baptism*." Another similar statement appears in a later number of the *Visitor*. If there be any truthfulness in the *Visitor's* information it proves that "Currie's wretched Baptism" is not quite so "wretched" after all. It seems to be a two-edged sword, cutting more ways than one. Of that well-defamed and fiercely-hated little book has done so much for some "intelligent and wealthy gentlemen" why may not our Baptist friends help circulate the work more largely? If it has converted some, why may it not be expected to convert others? We may take this opportunity to inform zealous immersionists, who wish to enlighten "intelligent and wealthy" Pedobaptists, that we expect to have a new edition of that "wretched" Catechism in the market in a few months, and that we will sell to the said immersionists at the same low rates we do to others.

We must now take our leave of the crowd of writers who figure in the *Visitor*. The engagements of this season of the year leave us no time to devote to them. We have accomplished what we undertook to do in the beginning of this controversy. It is not likely we will reply to what the *Visitor* may still have to say about us. Our work was to throw Wentworth from his track, and expose his fraud. We have done it. It is no wonder that his friends are dissatified at his sad fate. We can afford to enjoy their bewilderment and their discomforture. We can smile at the evidences they furnish that our strictures have stung them terribly. We are content, then, with the results that have been reached. The writers of the *Visitor* may still howl and bark around our heels; and we shall let them growl and grind their teeth until their fury exhausts itself.

D. D. Currie.

Fredericton.

THE WASHINGTON CONVENTION.

NO. 1.—EN ROUTE.

A word or two about the Delegation. After landing in Boston the Brethren from various quarters revealed themselves at different points of travel, and began to form acquaintances which have already produced a most gratifying effect is preparation for Conventional work. Our own men are fine specimens of Christian Ministers and Laymen. There are two or three very notable things in respect to the Nova Scotia representatives, which, resting on the indulgence of our readers to exculpate ourselves from any charge of egotism, we may mention. There is a preponderance of the Scottish element in the group. We shall not theorize on the fact; yet it is delightful to accept it as a token of the earnest co-operation in this great modern religious movement, of those to whom the world has usually attributed but little of the emotional and the sentimental. Our President—and we are all very proud of him—is a fine type of the christian gentleman. With his highly intelligent face, and firm yet prudent manner, there are so apparent the utmost benevolence and religious heartiness. We only hope this year's convention may find in a single individual so many essential qualifications for the Chair; and before the election is through with our own immediate friends may wonder less at the choice of J. S. McLean. And in all the discussions we have heard, on steamer, car or street, there has been no single attempt to force any personal hobby or denominational doctrine on the general attention. Yet there have been many scintillations of gains as minds came into warm and active contact; while the great themes of our common christianity have been very frequent in the conversation.

Save one or two amusing incidents there was nothing special in our adventures till we reached New York, the city in which we are now writing. At Eastport there was a general rush towards the inviting Restaurants, for the sea air had sharpened our appetites. We found one of the company already deep in the discussion of his subject. He had tried all his strength of masticating muscle on the fragments of some weary, miserable animal, which had been slaughtered for our express misfortune, and the look with which he warned us away from that article in the Bill of Fare, was such as to leave an impression on the mind for many a day. That sorry brute disappointed us of a solid meal; but we took our revenge in all kinds of significent nods and frowns at our landlord's expense.

In Boston we placed ourselves in the hands of a Cabman with a confidence which is now delightful to reflect upon. After driving nearly an hour, we found ourselves waiting patiently at the entrance of the St. James Hotel, of which this was the express driver, until the *elite* of our company was disposed of. Then wheeling in the opposite direction, one half the city was traversed ere we reached our destination. We have never before seen so much architectural and fashionable excellence for fifty cents.

In New York we seemed doomed to trouble. This respectable delegation—those of us at least who continued together—found ourselves searching for an hotel which had no existence, and bereft of our baggage entrusted to an expressman for conveyance to the same mythical abode. The shadows of our first misfortune were still darkening our horizon when we started for Fulton Ferry on our way to Plymouth Church. After riding in a horsecar for some time one of the number discovered we were astray. Leaping to the sidewalk, a brief consultation showed us how utterly bewildering is this immense Babylon to men who are lost. We recovered ourselves, notwithstanding, and now for Beecher!

It was perhaps well that none of our company knew the excitement which moved our heart beside them as we turned the corner and looked upon that unpretentious brick building. We had cherished imaginary picture of the place and its associations for many years. Had read the Plymouth Sermons for eighteen months; and after having been prevented once from reaching the place by finding anniversary week presenting an unusual attraction in Boston, we were here now in obedience to the ambition of hearing a great man. We were prepared to weigh him with some measure of justice against orators who had thrilled us in other lands—Guthrie, McCosh, McLeod and others. There was, therefore, no lead in our boots as we obeyed the sexton's advice to hasten up stairs and find a good seat. While the people were thronging in we had time to look round us. Dickens, after thoroughly testing the acoustic properties of this building, dissuaded Beecher from yielding to his people's wish of erecting a larger church. And really the entire internal design is admirable. Packed to its utmost capacity as it was that day, it must seat 4000 people; yet every articulation is heard distinctly, for there are no crannies or recesses to form eddies from the general stream of sound. At last one third, perhaps one half the congregation were utter strangers. Probably 2000 persons were thorough Beecherites, yet good Christians. Another thousand were were likely Christians only so far as their connection with Beecher extended. "Break my people of the bad habit if you can," was his request of Chapin who was to exchange with him on one occasion. Chapin promised to try. As the dapper little Universalist stepped on the platform, hymn-book in hand, several rose to leave as usual on seeing a stranger before them. With startling emphasis Chapin called out—"All who came here to worship Beecher this morning are at liberty to retire; those who came to worship Almighty God will join with me in singing the 850th hymn." He cured the habit; but Beecher's worshippers are there still. Another thousand who heard him now would never hear him again. Waits from every State and Province, they obeyed the universal law of curiosity.

The singing was itself extraordinary. Led by an immense choir, at whose head were some rich and cultivated voices, and sustained by a rare organ, every stanza rolled and reverbrated through the building with grand effect. Beecher's appearance at first almost shocked us. We had seen his portrait in the freshness of youth and his thoughts ever since seemed to us youthful as that fine countenance. But here he was almost an old man! He moved heavily toward the platform and calmly took his seat in the massive arm-chair made from cedars of Lebanon. Great clusters of large flowers were deftly arranged on different tables so much in harmony with all we had ever heard and read of this admirer and expounder of Nature's gifts. His prayer was simple and wonderfully comprehensive. His subject was, The exaltation of the Name of Christ. The *Herald* called his discourse a *rhapsody*. There is a good meaning to the word, and the *Herald* after all may have been right. But it calls Beecher a Pope, and hence we know Bennet loves not the preacher of Plymouth church. The thought was very far above the average of ordinary sermons; but the manner, voice, gestures and facial expressions of Beecher are sermons in themselves. How he walked that platform and struck down and trampled upon the enemies of the cross of Christ! Never was audience more completely under a man's control. They breathed or not as he bade them.

After the service we went down to the body of the Church, and found Beecher sitting on the steps of the platform talking to one of his parishoners. The Prince, the lordly orator, was once more a democrat. We had been pained once by the reception accorded to us by a great orator, on whose smiles we had thoughtlessly presumed; but were not to be deterred from looking fully into Beecher's eyes. His greeting was that of a man with a great heart, and we carry with us an impression in addition to that of having heard a man with a great brain.

We explored New York further in search of sanctuary blessings; but the results of which we may write at a future date, were not quite so satisfactory.

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THE WASHINGTON CONVENTION.

NO 2.

Washington, May 25th 1871. When we left home, just a week ago, the very few gardners who had tilled the soil were thought premature in their action. The chesnut and apple trees were struggling hard to open their buds in the face of a tardy spring, and scarcely a bird was heard to warble the tidings that winter was over and gone. Now here we are with the Thermometer at 80 in the shade. We are too late by a month for strawberries. The best of the orange season—and this has been an unusually good one—is past. Washingtonians have eaten Nature's first fruits, and are far on in the disposal of the second offering.

It was surprising to witness the progress we made in overtaking the summer solstice yesterday. Whilst creeping along the New England coast by steamer at fifteen miles an hour, we could see the fruit-trees in bloom, and as far as New York this was all that nature could do to astonish us. Yesterday however, as we came south at the rate of forty miles an hour, the gain was almost startling. At Philadelphia, clover was in bloom; at Baltimore the monstrous mules were already fat with grazing. Near Washington we saw cabbages going to head, and winter wheat turning for the sickle. Under the umbrageous shadows before the door of our most hospitable temporary home, we found ladies and children enjoying the calm, cool sunset of what had been a very hot day. At the hazard of being thought pedantic, we shall say this delightful scene reminded us of Maderia. But our readers will look for the completion of our remarks upon New York.

A service in Beecher's church with all the elegance of artistic worship passing before us for two hours might be thought quite enough for a single day. But the devotional, we are ashamed to say, was never so much as touched in our nature. The impressions of that forenoon will never be effaced from memory; but we came away unsatisfied, though not dissatisfied. In company with two Presbyterian Clergymen, we set out in search of the younger Tyng's place of worship. There was no afternoon service, so we found our way to a Presbyterian church on 34th street. The Sabbath School was filing in as we entered, to hear the Pastor's monthly sermon to the young. Little dames of 12 and 14 summers were inflated in body and manipulated in hair to the last degree of New York fashion. Perhaps it was requisite this to compare with a church which must have cost 100,000 Dollars, for no more exquisite carving have we met on this Continent. Would that the sermon had been in keeping with the place! A more heartless, christless discourse—that is the name for it I suppose—never before afflicted us. There was not even the merit of a sound, wholesome morality to recommend it. We went home with our aspirations still asleep.

At a quarter to eight we formed the same trio in the Trinity M. E. Church on 32nd street. Foss had been removed to another part of the city, and we found Cookman in charge. He has gained considerable reputation though yet a young man. The singing was general in the congregation and quite inspiring. The preacher's theme was John's invitation to the Water of Life. We were soon deeply in sympathy with this intensely earnest youth and felt thankful for so much christian enthusiasm in the very heart of New York. Toward the close Mr. Cookman attempted polemics in discussing the freeness of the gospel; but it soon became evident that his Master had better work for him to perform. The subtle points of Calvinistic and Armenian controversy rarely require any allusion in an age when 1200 delegates are rushing from the different Churches of the Continent to embrace each other. And if the lingering prejudices of a restrictive Creed can even be supposed to deter any from coming to Christ, the present stage of christian belief is so far advanced that only a consummate Master of the subject, and one fully recognizing the progress which has been made in religious opinion and sympathy, should ever introduce it into the Pulpit. Knowing the benevolence and discrimination of heart and judgment possessed by our companions, we generously offered to put *the whole* of that in the afternoon against *a part* of that in the evening, and square off with them! Yet we were all grateful to God and Mr. Cookman.

We have been trying faithfully to conceive some adequate notion of Greenwood Cemetery that it might be described in this letter. But what can one accomplish with 5000 acres of Poetry? Two hours we spent there, and we might have spent two weeks without exhausting its marvels. The elaborate archway at the entrance, with its appropriate illustrations in stone of Christ's Resurrection, the miracle of Lazarus and others of similar kind, would itself attract spectators. But you may go in and on for hours and hours, observing at every step objects new and surprising in sculpture and architectural design. Art and nature have stripped the sombre garments from death, and arrayed him in costly and graceful apparel. There is a group of statuary in the lot owned by James Gordon Bennet, which must have cost many thousands of dollars. High on a Marble pedestal is an angel holding up a little child, whose smile as it points upward and, looking into the face of its guardian, prepares for flight, is touching in the extreme. But you find an object still more affecting in the motherly image kneeling at the base of this group, with hands submissively crossed upon her breast, and saying, plainly as marble can express it, "I resign my darling to a better home and tender hands!" Then walking round the statue, one sees the lace shawl which hangs gracefully over the mother's shoulder falling into folds so exquisitively delicate that the first thought is to avoid intruding on the woman's privacy as she kneels there in hallowed converse with her God.

A young Italian lady, in returning from a ball in the city, was precipitated from her carriage by the horses taking fright. She died, and her executors expended her large fortune above and around her tomb. There are several statuettes and ornamental designs in Italian marble. On every figure, in every conceivable form, is worked in the Monogram C, her name having been Candace. But the whole thing is Marbleistic Shoddy. She died in the soft luxuries of fashionable pleasure; her fortune is frittered away in pretty chisellings of stone, which cannot outlast the friction of fifty years, and according to the Artist's poetic expression, she has gone directly and triumphantly to heaven. That monument simply says to every spectator—Take all this world can give; the next will supply whatever is wanting.

We are afraid that even Bennet's fine group is like his *Herald*—a grand New York sham. The paper parades a little Religion beside a great deal of Scepticism and Indifferentism. Every figure in the literary group is just intended as in the other instance to make a sensation.

Farther on is a Ship-captain holding his Quadrant toward the South, and so intent upon obtaining the Meredian, that every