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SCRIPTURE AND THE REIGN OF LAW.

To acknowledge the reign of the Supreme Being does not necessarily displace the reign of law. Law has its sphere. It is universal, but not absolute. This is not a new discovery; it is a truth shining with much clearness in every page of Scripture as in the "Principles" of Newton. Regarding the principle, both science and Scripture are at one; the differences in the variety and extent of its applications—a difference always dependent on the progress of scientific discovery. But while we acknowledge as fully as others the prevalence of natural laws, and that hidden laws may be applied by higher beings to produce what to us are supernatural results, we cannot, in homage to an imperfect philosophy, dissociate the Lawgiver from the works and the laws which he has framed. While the Divine Government proceeds ordinarily by the use of natural agencies, we are justified in firmly retaining the statement so boldly made, "that there is no reason for believing that God ever acts otherwise." The facts of science, as well as the intimations of Scripture, reveal actions without means. To institute means originally, is itself evidence of acting without means. To establish laws is proof of work without laws. The reign of law is not self-originated. God began it, and his will must be the rule of its continuance. Proof accumulates. Natural philosophy, in the hands of Sir William Thomson, has demonstrated that the present cosmical system has not been eternal—that it began to be, and that it is passing to change and overthrow unless some power not now acting interpose. Geology has proved a commencement to our rock structure, and biology has also attested for life a beginning that is supernatural. We are perfectly justified in assuming all these to be results without means; and it does no violence to our intuitions and our reason to connect them with the sovereign will of God, as it does to throw back the origin of all things into the mists of a measureless eternity, and to assert that explanation is "inconceivable."

We have here to face momentous issues. The discussion is conducted through phases that may well arrest and alarm the Bible student. Amid the demands of skepticism and the concessions of too generous Christian apologists, we are in danger of losing sight of what is fundamental and essential in Christianity. The contest is being narrowed to Hume's almost forgotten position. The reign of law is held to be more powerful than the highest human testimony; and the reasonings of Campbell, Paley, Chalmers, and others, are unfortunately forgotten or neglected by many who should add them to their armoury and wield them. While, with not a few, the phrase "reign of law" serves to cover their intricate opposition to the whole Christian system, it is influencing some prominent Christian writers so much that they appear to be hampered rather than aided by the miracles of the Old and New Testament; and their chief concern seems to be to insphere them in a kind of speculative philosophy as harmonize them, on the one hand, with a materialistic belief in the absolute reign of law, and, on the other, with an honest acceptance of the simple yet sublime records of Christianity.

We may with perfect consistency go even farther than the supposition that "it is quite conceivable that God may have brought on our world an isolated occurrence," and assume the rest; the creation of the "heavens and the earth" is an isolated occurrence; the instituting of laws is an isolated occurrence; the appearance of man as rational, moral, and responsible is an isolated occurrence—and we are warranted in denying the sufficiency of proof to the contrary. We do not claim belief that God *ordinarily* interferes with the processes of natural law. It has its reign. But he has interfered with law. He has interfered with the laws of the inorganic structure by the superintention of the laws of plant life, and so on upward through the spheres which we have already described, until there is no resting place for the observant inquirer lower than the infinite and sovereign Mind. If this is denied on the plea of the universality of law, how account for revelation, for the incarnation of Christ Jesus, and other facts of lesser import, yet transcendently overtopping the ordinary movements of material, intellectual, and moral being? Among the subordinate in the material we have, for instance, iron rising to the surface apparently by the will of the prophet, but really by a higher power operating through man's will as its medium, and reversing the law by which the water of the Jordan ceased their course, until the waters of the Jordan facilities passed over, there was more than hidden laws can conceivably explain. Among the subordinate in the intellectual we have prophecy. How possibly deduce that far insight into the future from law or evolution? How have facts, centuries distant, been brought within man's grasp? The announcement and the fulfillment, with an interval of many generations, have been perfectly harmonized. From the fact of this connection there is no escape to those who hold the Bible. Among the subordinate in the moral and spiritual we have the revolutionized life. There are other miracles which cannot conceivably be connected with law alone, and dissociated from special ends; but let us notice two facts which cannot be brought within any law conformably to which God *must necessarily* act. The first is revelation, the second is the incarnation of Christ. Both may be harmonized with what the expositions of nature unfold, but not with those sweeping conclusions as to the universal prevalence of law to which we have just adverted. Revelation is, in origin, absolutely supernatural. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God;" "Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." As truth, it is relatively supernatural to those higher and highest truths which man himself can reach in the domain of human thought, and some of which, as natural, have been brought forth by the subject of direct revelation. All that is unfolded in Scripture as to redemption is, in origin, supernatural, although reaching us now through the ordinary channels of a written word.

The incarnation of the blessed Redeemer is in its origin absolutely supernatural. It can be reduced to no law. It is absolute as the origin of creation. But while the first movement of the Son in his incarnation, and in that humiliation which was to be specially his own in the economy of redemption, was absolutely supernatural, it is relatively supernatural as to the *body* and *reasonable soul*, and also in his life as holy and "separate from sinners." While he revealed God as he is, and man as he ought to be, he was in his human history subject like other men to the ordinary influences of material, mental, and moral laws. He thus combined in his life the natural, and the relatively, as well as the absolutely supernatural; and so also do the Scriptures, as a revelation for the doctrinal and practical guidance of man.

If we do not refer specially to the resurrection and ascension as illustrative of the same connection, it is only to avoid the undue extension of this paper.

The view which we have submitted is, we believe, in perfect harmony with the facts of creation in origin and development. It is based upon what has been in the material, mental, and moral framework of the vast system of which we form a part, justifies our using it as an evidence, if not, indeed, an exposition of those processes which bear on our welfare here and our destiny hereafter.—*British and Foreign Evangelical Review.*

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF DR. CARPENTER.

The presidential address of Dr. Carpenter at the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held this year at Brighton, was not unworthy either of the man or of the occasion. It has been usually the custom of those who have preceded him in that distinguished position to take a comprehensive survey of the entire realm of science; to bring under review the leading facts and events of the year in every department of scientific inquiry; to note where the outposts of progress have been pushed farther back; to record the substantial additions that have been made to our knowledge; and then, perhaps, to give a minute and elaborate description of some special branch of the vast domain of physical science to which their investigations have more particularly been directed. Inestimable, indeed, is the value of such a resume when undertaken by one who is able to glance over the whole of the wide and varied field which Science prosecutes her researches and achieves her victories, to map out in clear outlines the provinces of this great kingdom, and to point to the observer what fresh territories have been annexed, where the boundary has been enlarged by new discoveries, and where there has been a rectification of frontiers.

Dr. Carpenter, however, has this year somewhat departed from this accustomed method of procedure, and, instead of dwelling on the general relations of nature to man, he has chiefly expatiated on the converse side of this multifarious subject, the relation of man to Nature as minister and interpreter. A marvellous adaptation has been established at the junction of the external world and the constitution of our complex nature. When we turn our attention to the subject we are astonished to find the extent to which we are indebted for the nurture and development of our minds to the kind and genial ministry of nature. From whence have sprung the various arts and sciences that have in all ages contributed so largely to the occupation and refinement, and style and grandeur of man, he has chiefly expatiated on the converse side of this multifarious subject, the relation of man to Nature as minister and interpreter. A marvellous adaptation has been established at the junction of the external world and the constitution of our complex nature. When we turn our attention to the subject we are astonished to find the extent to which we are indebted for the nurture and development of our minds to the kind and genial ministry of nature. From whence have sprung the various arts and sciences that have in all ages contributed so largely to the occupation and refinement, and style and grandeur of man, he has chiefly expatiated on the converse side of this multifarious subject, the relation of man to Nature as minister and interpreter. A marvellous adaptation has been established at the junction of the external world and the constitution of our complex nature. When we turn our attention to the subject we are astonished to find the extent to which we are indebted for the nurture and development of our minds to the kind and genial ministry of nature.

by every other, the common sense of mankind has arrived at a decision that is practically worth all the arguments of all the philosophers who have fought again and again on this battle-ground. It has been the fashion of late to disparage the old argument drawn from design—that if there be contrivance there must be a contriver; if there be motion there must be a mover; if there be law there must be a lawgiver—as a discarded and exploded fallacy; an obsolete, antiquated, worn-out notion that could no longer be relied on as trustworthy and sufficient. It has been the fashion to speak of the laws of nature as if that phrase explained everything and accounted for everything, and was the ultimatum beyond which thought could not or need not pass—as if the laws of nature could mean anything more than the modes by which God is pleased to act, the manner and method in which He works and executes his will. How refreshing is the following utterance on this subject from one of the most eminent scientific authorities of the day: "To set up these laws as self-existing, and as not including or rendering unnecessary the power which alone can give them effect, appears to me as arrogant as it is unphilosophical. To speak of any law as 'regulating' or 'governing' phenomena, is only permissible on the assumption that the law is the expression of the *modus operandi* of a governing power."—*Methodist Recorder.*

THE REV. THOMAS JACKSON'S ADDRESS IN THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.

Mr. President, I should like, if it were in my power, to say something that would conduce to the advancement of the great work which we all have at heart. I have not long been in the Conference. I can't sit long in the atmosphere of the Conference; but since I have been here, though I have heard brethren speaking, I have not heard a single sentence they have uttered, and to repeat merely what others have said is not edifying. May I just for a moment or two tell you some thoughts that passed through my mind yesterday when I was sitting alone in my study and you were engaged in the solemn ordination service. I thought of times gone by. I thought of the ministry instituted by our blessed Saviour which you were committing to those whom you had reason to believe to be faithful men. I thought of the very remarkable variation of phrase used by our Saviour in giving the commission to his apostolic servants. Addressing the eleven after his resurrection, He said: "Peace be unto you; as my Father has sent me, so I send you; and whosoever binds on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whosoever looses on earth shall be loosed in heaven." When He gave St. Paul his commission and sent him to the Gentiles, he used a different form of expression. He showed what was the great design of the ministry which He then instituted. "I send thee" "What a word of power is that! I send thee to open thine eyes, to turn them from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive the forgiveness of their sins, and ultimately obtain 'an inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith that is in Christ.' "St. Paul" "I send thee to open thine eyes, to turn them from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive the forgiveness of their sins, and ultimately obtain 'an inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith that is in Christ.' "St. Paul" "I send thee to open thine eyes, to turn them from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive the forgiveness of their sins, and ultimately obtain 'an inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith that is in Christ.' "

far better spend our time in praying over the Word of God. But if I go on in this way there is no telling where I shall end. (Cries of "Go on!") My heart cleaves to the body of Methodist preachers; but I am anxious that the spirit of old Methodism should be preserved. Why there was a time when Charles Wesley was the means of the conversion of one or half-a-dozen or half a score of souls every day of his life, such was the rich union of the Holy One that rested upon him. Why should not the same union rest upon you? O for more of the spirit of prayer and the spirit of agonizing impurity, and the spirit of faith! So would the Lord make bare his arm, and cause his goodness to pass before us, and fill all our sanctuaries with his glory! I have known additions of 20,000 or 25,000 members of Society in twelve months, and we never had such an agency as we have at present. What we want is more of the spirit of our work. May the Lord give us every one of you! Amen and amen. (Applause.)

"IN DUE SEASON YE SHALL REAP, IF YE FAINT NOT."

BY JOHN TODD.

The rector of a country parish was taking his usual afternoon walk, going in and out among the members of his flock, attending to such remedying, as best he could, those varied evils which so constantly and tacitly cling to our frail and fallen nature. In the course of his parochial walk he came to a neat and white walled cottage, the very appearance of which aroused abundant proof of the order which reigned within. The cottage was of an intelligent observer. Everything betokened the care and oversight of a master hand. No weeds were ever found in the beautiful garden, always most tastefully laid out. The air seemed ever to be full of the most delicious perfume. The time to which we are now referring was in the week in which nature is arrayed in her gayest and most beautiful garb. The rich, ripe fruit hung most invitingly from the heavily-laden boughs. The birds sang their sweetest notes of love. The hum of the busy bee was heard on every hand, as rich honey was gathered from the opening flowers.

The rector, before entering the interior of this abode of beauty, paused for a while to survey the varied scene before him. He looked upon his ear across the murmured cadences of the distant river, which wound majestically through the rich woodland. Away in the background were those mighty hills, whose snow-capped towers kept ever pointing to the sky. The rector was a man whose love for the beautiful was intense, and now, as he looked from point to point, his whole soul seemed to be thrilled with emotion. For while the "mighty" cares that oppressed him—the ingratitude, dullness, stupidity, want of attention and sympathy on the part of those among whom he laboured—were all forgotten and banished from his mind. This was one of the necessities of his life, one of those moments that nicely repay those hours of weary, weary toil.

The rector was one of those faithful servants of Christ who cannot remain satisfied without leaving fruit to their laborers. He had toiled in his parish for many, many years. By him the bread of life had been carefully, faithfully, and discriminatingly distributed, but as yet, apparently, with no result. This state of things annoyed him, and he would often exclaim, "Let me die rather than be useless in the vineyard of the Lord!" Oftentimes, in the silence of his study, he would sit and brood over the thought, "What a waste of time and energy, what a waste of life, would he fall down, and in the bitterness of his soul, cry aloud, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" The rector was one of those faithful servants of Christ who cannot remain satisfied without leaving fruit to their laborers. He had toiled in his parish for many, many years. By him the bread of life had been carefully, faithfully, and discriminatingly distributed, but as yet, apparently, with no result. This state of things annoyed him, and he would often exclaim, "Let me die rather than be useless in the vineyard of the Lord!" Oftentimes, in the silence of his study, he would sit and brood over the thought, "What a waste of time and energy, what a waste of life, would he fall down, and in the bitterness of his soul, cry aloud, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

here; I could not die without seeing you. You have been the means of leading me to the Saviour. I shall be a star in your crown. You remember that sermon about the 'Starless Crown'? How it seemed to thrill me through and through! How I longed to tell you the feelings of my heart! I was just then beginning to see the light; now I have found it. All is calm and joy and peace. Your sermon yesterday is just what I wanted." "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." I felt every word you spoke. "The blood of Jesus—precious blood—cleanseth me from all, from every stain. I am going to die, but all is well. Father to the fatherless, husband to the widow, all is well."

Here the speaker sank back exhausted; the light closed to open no more, the eyes lost their brightness, the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken. Mrs. S. was a widow. The rector stood like one entranced. Mr. S. had always been one of the most reserved members of his congregation. Constant and regular in his attendance, apparently unapproachable to introduce conversation on religious subjects, he was invariably silent; but now the truth had come freely and unhesitatingly from his lips. The words rang in the rector's ears, and feel like healing balm upon his soul. "I have been the means of leading him to Christ. Shall I ever doubt or mistrust again? Forgive O Father, the erring waywardness of my heart. I afresh devote myself, with all my powers, to thee." Such were some of the pastor's words as he turned to administer comfort to her whose earthly prop was gone; but what was his astonishment when he found that she too had become a partaker of the same life-precious faith. "O sir, my heart is full; but you must know it, my husband and I together commenced this new life yesterday. We were happy before, but O the love that filled our hearts as for the first time together at the family altar we worshipped the Father in spirit and in truth! Little did I know the trial that was awaiting me. But even now in the midst of my great sorrow, I can truly say, 'Not my will, but thine be done.' My husband, I am persuaded, has gone to the better land—the heavenly Jerusalem. I shall meet him there. O, sir, you cannot tell what I feel—the precious blood of Christ how it comforts my troubled heart!" Sinking on her knees, she burst forth in fervent prayer—prayer for the dear minister of God, that he may long be spared to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ, and that abundant success may ever crown his labors. The rector, who came to water others, went forth watered. He rose a new man. All the weary doubts of years seemed to be cast from him as in a moment. His ministry became increasingly successful, but never, to his latest hour, did he forget the death-bed of Mr. S.

What are the practical lessons to be learned from the above? Religion alone can make us truly happy. Mr. and Mrs. S. had plenty of this world's store. Their cottage home was neat and orderly. Nature, with all its charms, was theirs in rich abundance. Still there was an aching void, and never till death drank at that stream where living waters flow was the great want of their lives supplied. Reader, have you come to these living waters? Do you now feel the power of that precious blood? Answer faithfully these questions. If still unsaved, there is opened for you in the house of David a fountain for sin and uncleanness. We may now wash and be clean. "In the midst of life we are in death." The most robust frame is no guarantee for a long life. Ho's fearful to meet death unprepared! How important to have on the wedding garment! You may manage to evade the question of religion in health and strength; but how will you do when you come to die? Beware lest he take thee away with his stroke: then a great ransom comes deliver thee."

It may be this paper will fall into the hands of some who are ambassadors for Christ. How cheering are the words, "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." How liable are we to faint and grow weary! How great the temptation so to do! Let us, in the name and strength of our Divine Master, arise, and stretch our arms in strength. Our success ought never to be considered the standard of our efforts. Our commission is to go and disciple all nations. Let us be careful that the trumpet does not sound a false alarm. It is true that some will not hear, some will forget. Notwithstanding this, let us calmly and patiently do our duty, and if, not in this world, in the next we shall obtain the rich reward of all our toil. Many shall be our crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord; who shall prove by happy experience, the truth of the promise, "In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."—*Christian Advocate.*

VOLTAIRE DYING.

On the 25th of February, 1758, Voltaire penned the following blasphemous "Twenty Years ago man and God will be in pretty plight." Let us see what was taking place precisely at the time indicated. On the 25th of February, 1778, Voltaire was lying, as it was thought, on his bed of death. Racked and tortured by remorse of past misdeeds, he was most anxious to propitiate the God whom he had insulted, and the Church which he and his band had sworn to destroy; and hence he resolved on addressing a minister of religion, in order to receive the sacrament of reconciliation. On the 26th, then, he wrote the following letter to the Abbe Gaultier: "You promised me, sir, to come and hear me. I entreat you to take the trouble to call as soon as possible." The Abbe went at once. A few days later, in the presence of the same Abbe Gaultier, the Rev. the Rector of St. Sulpice, having been placed to add to his other good works, that of sending to the Abbe Gaultier, a priest, I confessed to him, and if it pleased God to dispose of me, I die in the Holy Catholic Church, in which I was born, believing that the divine mercy will pardon all my faults. If ever I have scandalized the Church, I ask pardon of God and of the Church. March 2, 1788.—Voltaire." This document was deposited with Mons. Monnet, Notary at Paris. It was also, with the permission of Voltaire, carried to the rector of Sulpice and to the archbishop of Paris, in order that they might say whether or not the declaration was sufficiently explicit and satisfactory.

Two days before, when dangerously ill, the wretched man had made abject retractions. But these he not only rejected when returned to health, but, passing from bad to worse, he poured out fuller views of his wrath against God and Christianity. It was then of necessity to receive the most solemn and full abjuration of past iniquities.

When Gaultier returned with the arch-episcopal answer, he was refused admission to the dying man. The arch conspirators trembled at the apostasy of their hero; and dread of the ridicule which would fall upon his head, he was determined not to allow any minister of religion to visit him. Finding himself thus cut off from the consolations of religion, Voltaire became infuriated, no reproach, no curse being deemed bad enough for the D'Alamberts and Diderots who guarded him. "Begone!" he said, "it is you who have brought me to my present state. Begone! I could have done without you all; but you could not have existed without me—and what a wretched glow have you procured for me!" And then praying, and next blaspheming, now saying "O Christ," and next "I am abandoned by God and man," he wasted away his life, cursing to curse and blaspheme and live on the 30th of May, 1778. These facts were made public by Mons. Tronchin, a Protestant physician from Geneva, who attended him almost to the last. Horrified at what he had witnessed, he declared that to see all the turries of Orestes, one only had to be present at the death of Voltaire. ("Pour voir toutes les turries d'Orestes, il n'y avait qu'a se trouver a la mort de Voltaire.") "Such a spectacle," he adds, "would benefit the young, who are in danger of losing the precious blood of religion." The Marquis de Richelieu, too, was so terrified at what he saw that he left the bedside of Voltaire, declaring "that the sight was too horrible for endurance."

Vilette, the friend of Voltaire, and of course his copier, Monke, denied these statements, just as the friends of Caesar denied the resurrection of our Divine Lord; but the great philosopher, Mons. de Luc, whose learning, integrity and position were of the highest, honestly repeated and confirmed what had been publicly and truthfully stated about the terrors of death that had haunted Voltaire. I will transcribe a portion of his letter. Defaced was then in his fifty-first year. The letter is dated Windsor, October 23rd, 1797. "Being at Paris in 1781 I was often in company with Mons. Tronchin. He was an old acquaintance of Voltaire's at Geneva, whence he came to Paris in quality of physician to the father of the late Duke of Orleans. He was called in during Voltaire's last illness, and I have heard him repeat all those circumstances about which Paris and the whole world were at that time speaking, respecting the horrid state of this impious man's soul at the approach of death. Mons. Tronchin did everything in his power to calm him; for the agitation he was in was so violent that no remedies would take effect. But he could not succeed, and unable to endure the horror which he felt at the peculiar nature of his frantic rage, he abandoned him. Mons. Tronchin immediately published in all companies the real facts. This he did to furnish a dreadful lesson to those who calculated on being able when on their deathbed to investigate the dispositions most proper to appear in before the judgment-seat of God. At that period, not only the state of the body but also the condition of the soul may frustrate their hopes of making so awful an investigation, for justice and sanctity, as well as goodness are attributes of God; and it is sometimes a wholesome admonition to mankind, permit the punishments denounced against the impious man to begin even in this life, with the tortures of remorse."

Such are the facts relative to the wretched end of Voltaire—facts evidenced by Tronchin and Richelieu, and believed in as De Luc assures us, by the whole of Paris, and spoken of throughout the entire world.—*London Pop. Journal.*

"SIR, I SHALL PRAY FOR YOU TO-NIGHT AT TWELVE."

The ears were hurried towards the city as the concourse that business hours had begun. Our party was seated comfortably, full of plans for doing all that we wished to do while in town. Presently a friend seeing us came over and took a seat with us, and happily diverted our cumbered brains by incidentally mentioning that he had travelled to and fro over the State of Maine time and again. We were all interested at once; for was not that our Fatherland and did we not feel as if "our foot was on its native heath."

"After much chat and many tales of adventures—our visitor becoming more serene, I left one of those towns one fine September morning in a top buggy with a good horse. Two or three miles off I noticed that the road stretched up and over a long steep hill; as my horse crept up, I saw not far before me, a person walking, she looked very old, and scarred appeared to move, so slow was her gait—as I came up I said 'Why, Mother what are you doing here?' 'Why, Man,' said she, 'I am going to the next town to visit my son.' 'But Marn, it is seventeen miles; as 'Oh well I shall not at some farmer's for the night, and hope to-morrow evening to drink tea with my William.'"

"If," said I, "you think you can trust me I shall be glad to give you a seat in my carriage as my route lays through that town." "I never E'er I have scandalized the Church, I ask pardon of God and of the Church. March 2, 1788.—Voltaire." This document was deposited with Mons. Monnet, Notary at Paris. It was also, with the permission of Voltaire, carried to the rector of Sulpice and to the archbishop of Paris, in order that they might say whether or not the declaration was sufficiently explicit and satisfactory.

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CONSULT duty, not events. We have nothing to do but to mind our duty. O, how quiet as well as holy would our lives have been had we learned that single lesson! To be careful for nothing, but to do our duty, and leave all consequences to God.

SELF-SACRIFICE is but the saint's first step on the ladder to heaven. The higher he goes the less he knows of it; for his will conforms to his Lord's and it requires no sacrifice to do whatever his King requires.