

out the Russians from India. Wolff smiled, but said, at the same time, such alliances may be of beneficial result, but they are not the direct way of coming nigh unto God. Then Raudjud Singh said, "We must come nigh unto God by giving money to the poor." Wolff replied, "The giving money to the poor is certainly an act of benevolence; and acts of benevolence are commanded by Jesus himself. but, after all, our hearts may be distant from God. Here Raudjud Singh gave a most beautiful answer—'Oh! for the heart a medicine is required.' . . . Wolff said, 'You have well spoken, Misha Bajah, but would your Majesty further tell us what that medicine is?' He replied, 'This wisdom is hidden from me.' Wolff then read to the King the words of St. Paul (1 Cor. i. 20-24.) 'Where is the wise,' &c.

He describes himself as much patted and caressed by the English in India, beginning with the Governor General. He preached about the Millennium and the Restoration of the Jews, he talked, he disputed, he made jokes and endured them, he paid compliments and said pretty things, and enjoyed himself to his heart's content. He speculated in his peculiar fashion on etymology and othology, and answered the puzzling questions of ladies and Major Generals.

He called also on Major General Adams, who asked him "what he thought about Jacob wrestling with the angel—whether it were a real wrestling or not, for it is said that Jacob's thigh was put out of joint." Wolff replied, like a flash of lightning, "I am sure you must have seen dervishes wrestling in prayer, and how their thighs are sometimes put out of joint by the exertion." Adams and all the party present said that this was a most ingenious and bold explanation, and they had not the slightest doubt that Wolff was right.

When facetious aide-de-camps put mischievous paragraphs in the paper about him, "he joined in the laughter, and only said in the best natured manner, 'Nasty fellow.' He received the greatest kindness from all whom he fell in with, and he records, as a singular exception to the readiness of every one to do him service, that a certain fellow-traveller "did every thing for Wolff except one thing, he would not scratch his back. Wolff was suffering dreadfully from prickly heat, and when he requested his friend to scratch him, he good-naturedly declined, saying, 'My dear Wolff, I am not accustomed to it,' and for several days he was incumbered. Does this mean that his objection at last was overcome?

In this way he wandered about, conversing with everybody, making friends with everybody, and for the most part believing everybody, from India he went to the Red Sea, where he has some wonderful things to relate of Arabs and Abyssinians. He tells with great gravity of a certain monastery "in which there is a silver cup, which walks about by itself and moves about in the air," and an other remarkable thing which were told him about hyrcanians in Abyssinia, and the Queen of Saba, he "heard from a great many Abyssinians and Armenians (and Wolff is convinced of the truth of it) that there are, near Navea, in Abyssinia, people—men and women—with large tails, with which they are able to knock down horses," a belief which he repeats again, with the addition that examples of the same things are not unheard of in London society. He distributed Arabic Bibles, and other books: and he remarks that the Mussulmen in one place "admired Robinson Crusoe as a great prophet." He excited the interest, and at last the enthusiasm of the Abyssinians, who thought him their Abouna or Primate in disguise. The peculiar form of blessing in use in Abyssinia is thus described:—

During Wolff's conversation one day with Hylou

and the priests about religion, Hylou, and the priests and the people about him, suddenly shouted, "He is our Abouna in disguise." At once they fell at Wolff's feet, kissed them, implored his blessing, and desired him to spit at and upon them. All his protestations were in vain, and as it is a great crime in the Abouna to smoke, Wolff brought forth his pipe and began to smoke. but they declared that this was a mere stratagem to deceive them. Hundreds of cows were brought to him as a present, and corn and milk, &c., and Wolff had to spit at them till his mouth was dry.

The characteristic feature of Dr. Wolff's religious temper is the largeness of his sympathies. It comes out in undoubtedly very singular shapes: but is undeniable and genuine, and of a kind which is not commonly met with. It is by no means a mere good nature. He can criticise and condemn with plenty of asperity. He is abundantly impatient of what he thinks cant and liberalism. But he has a kind of instinct, doubtless a mistaken one sometimes, for religiousness of mind. He finds it and rails it in Protestant and Roman Catholics: he respects it in Turkomans and Abyssinians, in Moolahs and Dervishes, in Monks and Pandits. He admires the ritual of the Irvingites: he admires the earnestness of Mr. Waterton, and records without remark that "he told Wolff candidly that he believed the account that St. Alphonsus Liguori had been in two places in one and the same time." With the indiscriminating and uncritical simplicity of an Oriental, to whose mind all history and society appear in the same plane, he sees nothing odd in citing to an Egyptian, in proof that the French have had some religion among them, the names of Massillon, Bourdaloue, Fenelon and Bossuet, just as if his hearer was as familiar with them as an educated Englishman or Frenchman. The following passage shows at once the unconventionality which can appreciate and honour goodness in a despised race whose name only raises a smile in most of us, and the mixture of credulity, and unconsciousness of the extravagant and absurd, and, what to us borders on the profane, which is part of the Oriental cast of Dr. Wolff's mind:—

It is worth while that Wolff should notice the great Abyssinian saint, Teckla Haymanot, for every one who reads Wolff's autobiography will observe that he only wandered about to see men—sinners, to preach to them, and saints, to be edified and taught by them, and therefore his autobiography contains nothing else but his conduct and proceedings when among sinners, and also when among holy men—how he taught the one and was taught by the other. He delighted also in hearing the history of saints who had slept for centuries in their graves. Now, let Wolff present to the reader's view the great Teckla Haymanot, who has slept in the grave already 1,100 years. His name conveys the idea of Planter of the Faith: his original name being Pesahat Zioon—i. e., the Joy of Zion. He was born in Shoah, He replaced the royal family on the throne, and was zealous in converting the Galas, a tribe on the border of Abyssinia. These Galas say of themselves that they came from Europe. They are of a yellow complexion, and Wolff has not the slightest doubt that they are descendants of the Gauls. Teckla Haymanot is said to have been so successful in his preaching, as to have made such an impression on the devil, that he (the devil) determined to become a monk for forty years. The same Teckla Haymanot stood for forty years in one place praying, till he broke his leg. There are twenty four elders round the throne of God, with censers in their hands, serving God, and Teckla Haymanot in the twenty-fifth. He had six wings like an angel.

The volume concludes with an account of his second journey to Bokhara, to ascertain the fate of Stoddart and Conolly, and with a notice of Wolff's principal English friends, and of the state and waste of his parish at Tie Brewers. Such a volume is not to be judged by ordinary rules. Dr. Wolff has chosen, not to write a common orderly biography, but to leave behind a perfect representation of his life and manner of thought and speech. We presume his *reducteurs* have had no choice about what to omit or alter. If such was his object, no book ever attained its end more perfectly. It is one which certainly helps us to realise some perplexing characters in history.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

The Bishop of Toronto, in a letter dated Toronto, January 31st, 1861, strongly recommended the petition of the Rev. John Stannago, (formerly of the diocese of Nova Scotia, & Welland, late Merrittville, Canada West.

The application was for a new church of brick, fifty feet long, by twenty-four wide, to accommodate an increasing population, at Marsville, nine miles from Mr. Stannago's residence, and to cost about £400, of which £76 had been raised. The village was in the centre of a large marsh, through which the Welland Canal passes. The inhabitants were English and Irish settlers who wrought on the canal, and were very poor. Mr. Stannago asked for £50, and said:—"If permitted to finish this church, it will be the seventeenth church building of every kind which I shall have had the great honour of erecting, and nearly all with the assistance of the Society."

On the recommendation of the Standing Committee the Board granted £50 towards the object.

The Convocation of the Province of York was held in the Chapter House of York Cathedral. The Dean having been appointed chairman of the meeting, Archdeacon Long proposed that Archdeacon Thorp, of Durham, should be appointed *Prolocutor* of the Lower House, which, being seconded by the Hon. and Rev. F. R. Grey, was carried unanimously. The Dean was then appointed to present Archdeacon Thorp to the Archbishop, after which the meeting was adjourned until the afternoon, when the Archbishop attended as President of Convocation. The Dean having presented Archdeacon Thorp to the Archbishop, and his Grace having confirmed the election, Convocation was prorogued until the 20th of March.

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TO END OF VOL. 8—Rev. Dr. McN., Darlington; F. W. G., Hamilton, (to No. 6, Vol. 9.); T. McC., Niagara, W. E., Prescott; Rev. A. E., Tuscarora.

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