

THE DIPLOMATS.

Copied for the Wesleyan. The diplomats came like a wolf on the fold. With their uniforms gleaming in green, blue and gold; And they all were picked men, there was never a fool. That recently met to confer in Stamboul. And this was their mission, and this was their work,— To bring to his wits "the unspeakable Turk;" And every one thought when their task they began They'd merely to settle how things should be done. Like the leaves of the forest, or sands of the shore, Were the words these diplomats then did out-pour; Like a pump did their talk its glib outflow renew. As week after week still more weakly it grew. For they met and they argued, and they argued and met, Though nothing they said pleased Elmer or Safvet; They to-day on a fixed ultimatum agreed, But only to others next day to proceed. And they nothing advanced which they did not retract. For the Ottoman had his own way, as a fact; Till the tongues of the speakers waxed weary at length, And even our Marquis had used up his strength. So, then, from sheer ennui they made up their mind, And a week and a valdeus document signed; This they gave to the Porte, who, with little delay, Sent it back with whatever the Turkish for "nay." For the obstinate Turk had held out to the last, And rejected the points that the Conference had passed; But even at this was no diplomat riled, But to look it all gently, and genially smiled. So there was the Conference cut down in its pride, For nothing had come of its fuss and its "side;" And the talk that had flowed in so endless a rill, Had worked a result that was actually nil. And the plenipotentiaries packed up their trunks, And booked first-class saloons, or stern-cabin bunks; And made for their homes, though, surprising to say, Not a Turk shed a tear when they went on their way. And the bankers of Russia are loud in their wail, And the friends of the Turk tell a different tale;— An I Bismarck says nothing, but thinks all the more, While some turn their coats as they've turned them before. And General Ignatiff pulls out his hair,— And the Galos inclined to irreverent despair,— And tontards de Gladstone and Fresman retreat, While tontards are flushed in boulevards-street. And of Derby the Earl is filled with great glee, And Hughenden's Lord is as glad as can be, Since the might of all Europe has proved but mere sport. To the suddenly restive and obstinate Porte.

HE THAT HATH AN EAR TO HEAR LET HIM HEAR.

HOW TO BECOME HOLY.

REV. A. LOWREY.

A great advance I made when the question is settled in our convictions, that God alone sanctifies, and that He does this by the direct action of the Holy Spirit upon the soul, in consideration of, and in conjunction with the sacrificial work, and living offices of the blessed Saviour. This point being gained, the idea of any material application, or human aid, or self-effort, as possessing meritorious virtue and sanctifying efficacy, is dissipated and banished from the mind. Nor is it easy to attain this ground, for human nature even in its regenerate state, being yet clouded with remaining sin, clings with tenacity to the conceit that something may be done, if not to merit, yet to prepare the way and facilitated the work of God. Though at first blush it would seem absurd to suppose a man capable of entertaining any proposition, other than that God alone sanctifies, yet we find poor human nature continually trying to substitute its own patch-work for God's purifying power and process. Not only men of ignorance and superstition are thus guilty, but men of intelligence and culture. At every turn we meet busy multitudes hard at work hewing out "cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water." It is the sacrament, or penance, or priestly absolution, or ritual and liturgy, or excessive fasting and violent fasting, or attractive architecture and artistic music, or sensational preaching, or oft-repeated creeds and solemn ceremony. But when the conviction takes fast hold upon the mind that God alone sanctifies through Christ, by simple unmeritorious faith, then all this proud flesh of human device and self-sufficiency sloughs off, and the confession is made. The blood of goats and bullocks slain. Could never for one sin atone; To judge the guilty flesh's stain. This was the work, and this alone. Nor is there any clash or conflict between the position here taken and those passages of scripture that seem to imply that a man may, in some sense, sanctify himself; such as, "Sanctify yourselves against to-morrow."—Num. 11: 18. "Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts."—1 Pet 3: 15. "Cleanse your hearts ye sinners, and purify your hearts ye double-minded."—James 4: 8. All single texts must be interpreted in harmony with the general teaching of the Bible. The scriptures were never intended to be written with systematic and propositional exactness, but in a style of accommodation and popular ease. Duties are sometimes required directly at our hands, which can only be performed through the merits and grace of another, in order, it would seem, to bring out the serious fact of man's freedom and responsibility in matters of personal religion. All such passages therefore must be interpreted as imposing an obligation to become holy in harmony with the plan and provisions of the Gospel, and in connexion with the accountable agency of man, who may change his moral state, and determine his destiny by the power of his own choice. And this power of choice has much to do with personal sanctification. By it a man may range himself on the side of holiness, or assume an antagonistic attitude towards it. By the force of the will, which under the Gospel is always assisted in right directions by grace, he may so put himself in connection with divine appointments and agencies, as to command feeling and beget thirst for purity. The converse is equally true. A man may so effectually close his eyes to the light, and alienate his heart from the subject, as to prove impervious to all ordinary means. This alone makes men and churches differ. One man puts himself into a state and relation of inquiry and receptivity, while another stands off, shuts out light, cherishes unbelief, and fosters prejudice. So also with churches. In one the subject is ruled out, in another it is welcomed. The result is patent. Of the same fellowship and in the same city we find some men and women and some churches, beautifully, spiritual and consecrated, others frigid and formal. They differ as widely as temples and sepulchres. What is it that makes them to differ? It is not God, it is not natural constitution, it is not circumstances. It is the use, or misuse, of man's tremendous will power. It is in the light of this faculty, in connection with free grace, that expound not only the passages already quoted, but all that class of texts to which the following precepts belong. "Be ye holy."—1 Pet. 1: 16. "Having therefore these promises dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord."—2 Cor. 7: 1. "Therefore leaving the principle of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection, not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God."—Heb. 6: 1. All these commands are based upon the assumption that man is gifted with the right of election, and graciously empowered to execute all right purposes. This is the foundation of his responsibility. We reach then the conclusion that while God alone sanctifies, yet man may and must do something in order that God may sanctify him. God says: "The Spirit and the bride say come. And let him that heareth say come. And let him that athirst come. And whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17. But man must come to the light—ask, seek, and knock. It is God's part to call and give; it is man's part to come and take. God opens a fountain for sin and uncleanness. Christ sweeps out a channel for the flow of these life waters to the soul, but man must stoop down and drink. They may puri and wash at his feet for a life time, and yet never slake his thirst, if the fail to bow himself before the Lord and drink. God has rent the veil that intercepted approach to the holiest place, and Christ has consecrated a new and living way into the sacred enclosure, but man must enter, he must leave his outer court worship, and pass into the immediate presence of God. "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say his flesh, and having a High Priest over the house of God. Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water."—Heb. 10: 19-22.

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D. L. MOODY.

But no man ever listened with such patience to another setting at defiance the simplest rules of grammar, as the most scholarly and fastidious hearers in the Tabernacle listen to Dwight L. Moody. Why? Because there is something present infinitely more important than correct speech. Why? Because the speaker has such a firm grip upon his audience—the blood earnestness of the man holds the vast assembly, and every man and woman in it, with such a tenacious grasp, that no slip in the grammatical structure of a sentence has the least influence. But such blunders are not frequent. He will go through with an entire service with only this single mistake "There is many people." Mr. Moody is a brusque man. He steps to the platform in a quick, business-like way, as if he were going to do, not say something. He takes command of his vast audience the moment he comes before them, before he opens his mouth—as I have seen a powerful and popular military general ride upon the field in front of his army, and every regiment, and every man in every regiment of the army, recognized the appearance of that general. Mr. Moody is not attractive in his personal appearance. He is squarely, solidly built, chunky. Head set firmly and flatly down on his broad shoulders, showing no neck, and never turning without carrying the whole body round with it. He rises with a jerk out of his chair, comes quickly to the rail of the platform, plants himself solidly on both feet, and says by his very manner and attitude—Come, now, let us to the work of the hour. Not a second of time is lost. With his five cent edition of the "Gospel Hymns" in his hand, he begins by saying, "Let us all rise and sing," he reading a single stanza, while Mr. Sankey is placing himself at the organ. Mr. Moody sings standing at the rail, now and then beating time, and with quick glances over the Tabernacle takes, as it seems, the measure of the vast audience. The hymn sung, he stretches his right arm toward heaven, saying, "Let us all pray." Some clergyman is called upon to lead in this exercise. How quiet, calm, serious is that great throng! The prayer ended, Mr. Moody springs to his feet and gives his notices. Then all are delighted to hear him say, "Mr. Sankey will now sing." It is not brother Sankey, but Mr. Sankey. And with this brusque, business-like man it is always Mr. Mrs. Miss—men, women. We shall speak of the singing, when we come to portray the singer. Mr. Moody has the bible in hand, and comes to his sermon—if sermon it may be called—with the attitude of a man "who means business," as the phrase goes, and not that of an orator, who is going to deliver an oration. A friend of mine, a clergyman and an editor of great ability, describes Mr. Moody in a few words, and those words I will quote He says: "Mr. Moody begins his sermon. He has not spoken three sentences before the observer notes the business style of the preacher. He talks, and that, too, in a way which a salesman would talk to a buyer, or a politician to a voter. There is no waste of words; each one is a point-blank shot, fired at short range. The speaker projects two hundred words a minute. But a child may understand each one, for they are the dialect of the home and the street. Observe the audience! Each man and woman of the six thousand listens! Even the habitual seriousness of a New England congregation is intensified. No one who respects the meaning of words would apply excitement or curiosity to that sedate, sober-minded throng. Mr. Moody is not an orator. He stands before them as a man possessed by an idea, rather than as a man possessing ideas. He is a prophet, inspired with a great thought, therefore he speaks. There is a word burning in his heart which he must utter. So thoroughly has the theme absorbed Mr. Moody that while he is speaking he is unconscious of any fact save his message. He is anxious that its meaning should be understood and its commands obeyed. He has no anxiety about the messenger. Criticisms do not move him, because the theme has elevated him above himself.

Mr. Moody is a sympathetic man. His life has brought him into contact with the people. He knows them and feels with them, therefore they hear him gladly. His heart is larger than his head, a fact which explains why the emotional element so largely prevades his sermons. The man's nature touches hundreds of persons with whom the ordinary clergyman has no point of contact. He speaks to them the word which they need. But small as is his head compared with his heart, it covers a shrewd, sagacious brain. There is method, and a wonderfully skilful method, in his sermons. He knows nothing of rhetoric as an art, but he could instruct a professed rhetorician in the method of making a practical climax. Mr. Moody speaks his meaning in words as short and strong as those of the porter or truckman. He is understood by all and has power over all, because he has something to say, and says it in "language level with the ear of all his audience."—Dr. McKenzie in Ch. Visitor. In one of Bishop Haven's official visits in the far West, preaching in a frontier church; he noticed an Indian chief standing with his arms folded during the whole service. He kept his eye intently upon the Bishop throughout his sermon upon Christian forgiveness, although his face was characteristically impassible. At its close, he came up and shook hands with the Bishop, remarking that he liked his words, and was about ready to accept Christianity. There were only two things in the way, he said, and when these were removed, he was ready to be a Christian. The white people had killed two of his family, and the Sioux had made a raid upon him. If the white people would fix up the matter of their shooting his relatives, he would take care of the Sioux, and then he should be ready to be a Christian! There is not a little of this form of forgiveness of injuries among civilized sinners. REACHING THE NORTH POLE.—Mr. J. H. Stevens, of Dayton, Ohio, writes to us to suggest the use of balloons, to be carried as far north as possible in sledges containing compressed gas, the gas being then utilized to inflate the balloons, which are then to be started with wire ropes attached. He thinks that a series of balloons could be started from the highest latitude, say 81° N., so as to pass over any intervening ice, and that communication could be kept up between the sledges or the ships and the balloons till the object was achieved. The details of the plan, which he gives with great minuteness, are too long for insertion in our columns.—See American. OBITUARY. CAROLINE M. BUCHANAN. She was born in Amherst in 1821, but owing to the decease of her parents when she was young, we have not been able to obtain any reliable information with regard to her early life. About the year 1854 she was converted to God in Falmouth, under the ministry of the Rev. H. Pope, Senr., by whom she was received into the church. For seventeen years of the last 23 of her life she has lived with Dr. Beckwith a relative, and though absent for two years, until within the last few months, she spent her last days with them. Her life from the time of her conversion was that of quiet consistency and unobtrusiveness rather than anything else, apparently content, having chosen the better part, to sit at the feet of Jesus. From what little it was our privilege to know of her we should think that no one who ever knew Caroline Buchanan would fail to observe the half hidden and yet all absorbing love she had for Christ; not that she was ashamed to speak for her Master, but that her natural timidity prevented one would feel "natural with her that desire was rather to be "Little and unknown, Loved and prized by God alone." Towards the close, that is for a month or two God permitted her to pass under a cloud, she said she was sure of heaven but did not enjoy as much happiness as she had in by-gone days, but a few days before she died the clouds dispersed and she became happy in the Lord, being much encouraged and comforted by a visit from Revs. James Taylor and F. H. W. Pickles. On Saturday evening the 17th, some young friends went to sing for her. She got them to sing "The home over

there," three lines, and said she would "soon be at home over there," and spoke warmly and affectionately to them, telling them to seek the Lord, and how religion was designed to make people happy. She conversed freely until within half an hour of her death, and passed peacefully away, quite unexpectedly about half six on Sabbath morning, the 18th of February, just as the day dawned and the sun rose, to that land where there is no night "But sacred, high, eternal noon." Wm. A. Lockport, 3rd March, 1877. P. S. Her remains were placed in the cemetery here. MRS. ELIZA ANN BECK. Died at Newtown, Sound Island, Newfoundland, on Wednesday morning, Jaay. 3rd, sister Eliza Ann Beck, aged 34 years. We have lately laid many of the members of our church in this place in their graves there to await the call of the Son of Man on the resurrection morn. We record for the comfort of friends who knew our departed sister, that her end was peace, and she is gone to be with Christ which is far better. One Sabbath, nearly two years ago, service was held in the school house instead of the church, on account of the inclemency of the weather. In the evening the text was from Luke xix. 42. "Saying, if thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes." The Holy Spirit was present convincing many of their sinfulness and their need of salvation. At the close of the preaching a prayer meeting was held in which those who desired to find peace with God were exhorted to stand up and confess their desire for pardon, and their determination to be on the Lord's side. Sister Beck arose, and others soon followed, and that night God spoke peace to the troubled souls. That service was the beginning of better days to this mission. The class-meeting, though neglected by some, was greatly prized by her, as a means of renewing strength. Her experience there was rich, and edifying to many who were fellow travellers to Zion. We shall greatly miss her voice in our prayer meetings. Often whilst she supplicated the throne of the heavenly grace, have we felt the presence of the Highest overshadowing us. Her sickness was short but very painful. The promise, "When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee," was graciously fulfilled. As we read to her from the Word of God, and quoted parts of Wesley's beautiful hymns, she would strive feebly to repeat the same, or waive her hand in appreciation. Communion with the dying saint was sweet. We seemed to be near the gate of the city as she spoke of the home over there, and assured us Christ was waiting—with outstretched arms waiting to receive her spirit. She exultingly exclaimed "We shall range the the sweet plains on the banks of the river, And sing of salvation for ever and ever." and pointed in joy to something which mortal eye could not perceive. Again with ecstasy she replied, "My Jesus is mine and I am his." The parting with her husband and little ones was truly affecting. When a little-boy of three years was brought to her bedside the mother's love burst forth in the plaintive cry, "mother's boy," "mother's boy." She invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon her infant of a few days, and shortly after bid farewell to her mother and her pastor. A few hours after without a struggle or groan she peacefully passed over Jordan. A smile of holy triumph lit up her countenance leading us to exclaim, and our tears as we we knelt by her side, "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? The strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "The other side! its shore so bright, Is radiant with the golden light Of Zion's city fair; And many dear ones gone before— Already tread the happy shore— We seem to see them there." H. C. H. Sound Island, Jan. 12, 1877. JOHN MORRIS, OF GRANVILLE, NEW YORK. Brother Morris, father of the late Rev. Augustus Baxter Morris, A. B., has been a member of the Methodist Church for over 50 years. He was the principle support of Methodism in Granville for many years, until infirmity and affliction prevented him from attending the house of God. He was a great sufferer for a long time before his death, but he endured as seeing him who is invisible. He said to the writer a few days before he died, "I shall soon be home," and "Christ is all in all." He has left several sons and daughters, who are loyal to the church of their father, and liberal supporters of the same. H. I. C.