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OUR EXCHANGES.

Pleasure and pain have come to Mr Spurgeon paired; his fifteen hundredth sermon has been translated into Japanese, and his old malady, rheumatism, has settled in his knee.

Mr Gladstone's nice scruples led him, London *Truth* declares, to positively refuse to go to sea in the Admiralty yacht Enchantress, as he does not approve of public goods being used for private service.

Bishop Ryle, lately elevated to the See of Liverpool in the English Church, says that it is useless to deny that "there is an organized conspiracy for Romanizing the Established Church of England."

Princeton College comes in for another gift of $100,000 from Mr. Robert L. Stuart, of New York, and the Theological Seminary for a similar amount. In consequence of this munificence Chicago loses the Rev, Francis L. Patton who becomes a professor in the Seminary.

The comparative table of life insurance business of British companies, reported in 1878 and 1879, shows a heavy decrease of the new business in the last year. Seventeen companies exhibit an aggregate increase of $2,800,000, and thirty-five companies an aggregate decrease of $12,250,000.—*N. Y. Underwriter.*

The *Times* announces that the Rev. Stopford A Brooke, better known probably for his writings in the press and independent works, of which his "Life of Frederick Robertson" was the most popular, than for his ecclesiastical labours, has announced his intention of leaving the Church of England and joining the Unitarian body.

John Bright is reported to be in better health than for several years past. It is observed that during his attendance at the House of Commons he frequently makes notes, with the evident intention of speaking; and then, when the occasion arrives, he shirks the opportunity and destroys the notes. The nervous attacks to which he has been for some time subject prevent his successfully facing an audience.

A brilliant young lawyer wrote that it would be almost a hopeless case to secure any subscribers for a religious paper in his town, but that he did not wish it understood his people were not a literary people, for they read a great many political and agricultural papers; but that so far as their moral and religious interests were concerned, they relegated that whole matter to the preachers, and expected them to attend to it, *at half price.—Methodist Advance.*

Of Mr. F. C. Burnand, the new editor of *Punch*, the London correspondent of *The American Bookseller* writes: "It may not be generally known that Mr. Burnand was first destined for the Church. He was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards went to Cuddesdon, the theological seminary near Oxford, established by the late Bishop Wilberforce. He had then great tendencies to High Church ideas, and eventually joined the Church of Rome. Finding he had no vocation for the priesthood, he adopted his present line of life.

A new Episcopal church on Puget Sound has the oldest tower on the continent. The building is of the rudest material. The tower is composed of a fir tree, seventy feet high, cut off forty feet from the ground, and surmounted with a bell-cote, bell and cross. The annual rings of the tree indicate an age of 275 years. Within fifteen days the corner log was laid, the last nail driven, and the first service held. Mount Baker rises 11,000 feet, with its snow-covered peaks, at its back. The place is Tacoma, the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The rectory is as romantic as the church.

The wife of Lord Lytton, the novelist, who separated from her husband when he was Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and wrote a bitter novel about him, has issued another book about her son, the present Lord Lytton.—"Owen Meredith." The book has for its title "A Blighted Life," and in it she is said to call her son "a miserable hound," and her husband "a loathsome brute." The *Springfield Republican* says: "The Chevalier Wikoff describes her in his 'Recollections' as a dashing, fair-haired, handsome Irish woman, but this was forty years ago. She has led a wretched, wasted life since then, obscure and unnoticed, while her husband and son have been among the great of the earth; and she had not even the satisfaction of provoking her husband, bad man as he was, to a counter attack on her."

Professor Hitchcock, State Geologist, has been prospecting on Mount Washington, and has found a boulder which proves that the summit of the mountain was submerged during the glacial period.

The curé of Montanes, in Italy, wanting to endow his church with an altar, could think of nothing better than to ask his female parishioners to give him their long hair. So successfully did he dwell upon the merit of this sacrifice that no fewer than two hundred heads were submitted to his reverence's shears.

The Rev. Father Nugent of Liverpool, England, on his arrival at St. Paul, Minn., was welcomed by a public gathering. Father Nugent spoke of drunkenness in England as greater among women than men. Under his own charge had been 5,000 drunken women and 4,000 men. He goes to establish a colony for Irish families in Minnesota.

Children, it seems, are imported directly from Italy and sent into the streets of New York to make a profitable business of begging. The choicest importations of this class are blind, lame and deformed children. One enterprising manager has sent several beggars to Saratoga to test the market there. These incidents illustrate the folly of indiscriminate charity.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Waldensian Church has now one hundred agents in evangelizing Italy—not foreigners, but Italians by birth; by civil rights and privileges, they constitute a native agency. The gospel is preached by them in forty-seven towns and villages. The number who attend public worship under them is about 4,000, and of these 2,414 are communicants, the majority of whom have come out of the Church of Rome.

Mission-work in the South Seas has proved a pioneer and protector for commerce, and the missionary cruising vessels are a better safe-guard for human life than all the ships of war. A recent reporter to the English Parliament declared that in every place which he had visited that was under the influence of the missionaries the natives were quiet, peaceable, and inclined to friendly trade and intercourse.

A small church in Danbury, Connecticut, owned by the Sandemanian Society, is the only place in the United States where regular Sunday services are held by that denomination. The members gather weekly, greeting one another with a holy kiss, and sit down together to a dinner provided by a steward in their employ. They are a people of excellent repute in their community, but reticent in speaking of their religious tenets. Danbury is the burial place of their leader, who gave his name to the sect, Robert Sandeman.

The explosion of a box, marked benzine or benzoline, killed one man aboard the steamship *Coquimbo*, at Valparaiso, on a late voyage, and the vessel was perhaps only saved from destruction by the fortunate fact that the rent made in her side was above the water line. Whether the box really contained benzine or something more perilous, for which the word benzine was meant to invite cautious handling, may never be known. Nor will it ever be known how many ships that perish at sea, with all on board, are victims not of storms or icebergs or collisions, but of deadly explosives introduced under fictitious names into the cargo by people who risk the lives of a whole ship's company for the sake of a little extra saving or gain.

M. Hanot presented to a society in Paris four brains, derived from the *post-mortem* examinations of as many criminals. Prof. Benedikt, of Vienna, recently called attention to the structure of the brain in certain criminals; he has observed the presence of four frontal convolutions in twelve assassins condemned to death. M. Hanot has found the same anomaly four times in eleven autopsies. The subjects are not criminals of the worst type, but thieves of long standing and regular "jail-birds." In the brains presented the second frontal convolution seemed to be doubled, the supernumerary one being situated at this point. This is especially the more curious, as not a single case of the kind has been observed in patients dying at the hospitals not criminals.—*Michigan Medical News.*

The London *City Press*, remarking upon the amount of labor and ingenuity expended upon the production of Bank of England notes, states that they are still made, as for generations past, from pure white linen cuttings only—never from rags that have been worn—and, so carefully is the paper prepared, that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are carefully counted, and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. The printing is done by a most curious process—secret, of course—within the bank building; there is also an elaborate arrangement for providing that no note shall be exactly like any other in existence, consequently there never was a duplicate of any of the bank's notes, except by forgery, It has been stated that the stock of paid notes for seven years is about 94,000,000 in number, and that, placed in a pile, the mass would be eight miles high, or, if joined end to end, would form a ribbon 15,000 miles long.

OUR HYMNS.

If any one can mention an element of truest, finest, noblest sacred poetry not found in Charles Wesley's hymns he will do something not yet done by critics. The range of his genius was wonderful; it was at home, like the eagle, in every part of the "heaven of invention." The biographer of Watts remarks that "many of Wesley's flights are bold, daring, and magnificent." Yes, and when this bird of song swept back to earth, narrowing as he descended, there was none the less of grace or might in the motion of his pinions. Rarely happens it that he is not Charles Wesley. The equality of action is not the least surprising of his gifts. Whether in "Hymns for the Watch-nights," or "Hymns on the Lord's Supper," or "Hymns for the Lord's Resurrection," or the "Ascension," or "Hymns for Public Thanksgiving," or "Hymns for the Use of Families," or "Funeral Hymns," his energy is sustained, and never so well sustained as when the subject is most lofty. Never in sacred song was there such an interpreter of the moods, varieties, and idiosyncrasies, of religious experience. His pre-eminent excellence, as compared with his other endowments, was, that he understood men while he understood man, and he has given voice and expression to the individual, no less than the general in humanity. The highest service he rendered was in the fervor and intensity of *the human element* which he breathed into Methodism. For I cannot but think that this human element is the beauty and joy of Methodism, as it is the glory of Christianity.

What we ever need in religion is the "Son of man." That most "holy, harmless, undefiled," and precious human life, full of grace and truth," that life in Nazareth, Capernaum, and Jerusalem—that death which crowned and perfected the life—this it is we most need now and always—only much jealousy is required in these days, lest we lower the Divine Humanity, suffering and dying to be a sacrifice, a propitiation for the sins of the world, so as to make it acceptable to earthly tastes and sentiments. This danger is threatening all our pulpits. I implore Methodist preachers to be watchful, to be studiously prayerful and prayerfully studious, so as to escape this evil. Before we know it the "*Manliness of Christ.*" touching and sublime as it is, will be put in the place of the Manhood of Christ, the Divine Manhood. Now, one safeguard is Charles Wesley's hymns. They have the human element in full. Abounding in sweetness of sympathy, in genial outgoings of sentiment, in all the soft, and delicate, and pathetic emotions of the soul, they are yet free from puny sentimentality and treacherous accommodations to artistic religiousness. I have felt the zephyr play upon my brow on Alpine heights; I have caught the fragrance of gardens in the valleys and vineyards on the slopes when the clouds have floated between me and the earth; but there was no languor, nor was their enervation. "The strength of the hills," as the Psalmist has it, was in the fragrance and in the "soft south," and it was a tonic to my blood. And so it is with Charles Wesley's hymns. Use them on all occasions. Explain, illustrate, apply them. Take one of them at your next prayer-meeting and deliver a short address on it; make out of it an exhortation. Talk them, sing them, preach them, pray them, into the souls of your congregations. Hold fast to your Methodist hymns; nothing better shall you see in this world.—*Dovedale Papers in Nashville Advocate.*

CHRISTIAN HOLINESS.

How does this state differ from regeneration? As the babe differs from the man; as the foundation differs from the completed edifice; as the blade differs from the full corn in the ear; as the daylight from noon day splendor; as a work begun differs from the same work completed. Regeneration is sanctification begun, and sanctification is regeneration perfected. They are not different graces, but the same grace in different degrees. The house begun and the house finished are the same house, in different stages of its history. One stage is much more glorious. The perfected house is far superior to the house in the beginning. Christian perfection is the maturity of the same Christian graces—not different ones—that were implanted in the soul at regeneration. Mr. Wesley said, "Santification *begins* the moment a man is justified." But it is not completed then. Mr. Inskip once said in my pulpit, "Sanctification means a good deal more religion of the same kind that we received in regeneration." Think of a dark room. Open little crevices, and you have a little light. Open all the shutters fully, and the room is flooded with light. This is not different light, it is the same light, but vastly *more of the same.* Regeneration is the new-born soul partially lighted with grace; sanctification is the same soul *flooded* with the same grace. Beloved, open all the shutters, that your souls may be *filled* with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ! All we need is *more* religion! God give us the fulness!—*Rev. J. O. Peck.*

BISHOP SIMPSON.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* of the 13th ult., furnishes an account of the scene in Powell street Church on the previous day, when Bishop Simpson was suddenly prostrated while preaching:

The Bishop's face, always pallid, assumed a whiter hue, bleaching like his hair. The pause became so painful as to cause people to look up apprehensively to the orator's face. He faltered in a low voice, "I am not sure that I shall be able to finish this sermon," and a thrill of apprehension ran over the vast assemblage. The Bishop was seized with retching, and appeared to be suffocating. He grasped the pulpit with both hands. The audience felt a strange, chilling tremor. The venerable preacher gasped out the words of apology, "I was sick last night but thought once I got started I should warm up to the work and get on, but I am not well. If the congregation will kindly sing a verse or two I may feel better, and be able to go on," and then he tottered and sank back on his seat in the pulpit. It was a moment of thrilling apprehension. The tall slender figure of the venerable Bishop, confessedly the foremost orator of his Church, and among the foremost of the nation, his face pallid, his lips vivid and speechless, bent with the weight of more than the allotted age of man, his head silvered with the frosting of seventy-two years, tottering and sinking in the sacred desk, seemed to end his life and ministration at once in that tragic solemn manner. It was a moment of painful dread and suspense. The pastor of the Church sought to allay the excited apprehension of the vast congregation, and requested them to join the choir in singing, "Rock of Ages," which many did. During the singing Dr. N. J. Bird, who was present, glided to the Bishop's side, grasped his hand, and sought his pulse. He detected at once symptoms of a chill, threatening to become congestive, and had the sufferer removed to the lecture room adjoining, where he was laid on a bench, and restorative stimulants were administered. President Hayes and wife were present, and deeply sympathized with the afflicted Bishop.

Our readers will be glad to hear that the venerable Methodist bishop has recovered from this attack.

THE ALPHA AND OMEGA.

Christ crucified may be said to be the Alpha and Omega of all the Bible: not a promise is given, but it refers to him; not a threatening is pronounced, but he is represented as a covert from the storm, and a refuge for the guilty; not a prophecy is revealed, but the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy; not one mystic institution was ever ordained, not one bleeding bullock, nor slaughtered lamb, ever stained a Jewish altar, but was meant to represent a crucified Redeemer, as the Lamb of God, slain from the foundation of the world. All the lives of the patriarchs, filled with providences curious and instructive, manifest the fulness of his grace; and while we read with a pleasing surprise the tenderness of a forgiving Joseph to his returning brethren, the meekness of a Moses, the strength of a Samson, the patience of a Job, the wisdom of a Solomon, at once we see all their excellences are faint emblems of him in whom dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily—of him who stands as the creator of each inferior star; while shining forth with his own native glories as the Sun of Righteousness, he appears the only light of a benighted world; without this light how great would our darkness be!—*Rowland Hill.*

CHRISTIAN ACHIEVEMENT.

It seems to me that this is eminently an age of results. It is no longer a time when we are to stand and fight for mere dogma. The controversies that divided the Church in the days of my boyhood are scarcely ever themes of pulpit ministrations, save by men that preach to empty pews. What elements of power we wield! Truth, unmixed with error, flashing as God's own lightning in its brightness, resistless, if properly wielded, as that living flame. O for the Methodist pulpit, with its grand theology, to speak in God's name, till it proclaims a free gospel to all the world!

What do we want to give us all this? More faith in Christ. "Nearer, O Christ to thee."

Nearer to the open side; nearer to the bleeding heart; nearer to the scarred hand which wields the scepter of dominion; for faith in Jesus—our wisdom, our righteousness, our sanctification, and redemption—will give us this power. Look at souls that are dying! He loved them; how much I cannot tell. Love moves every throb of his breaking heart! That unutterable love was seen in the crimson sweat trickling to the ground as he trod the wine-press. And now they whom he so loved are turned over to us. If they are saved, it must be by us; they are lost if we do not go after them; lost if we do not find them.—*Life of the Rev. T. M. Eddy, D.D.*

A POINT.

For more reasons than one our Presbyterian brethren may find a revised edition of the "Westminster Confession of Faith" desirable. According to the *Independent*, Principal Grant of Kingston had a lesson on the indistinctness of some of its teachings, at the late Council.

One of the most amusing episodes in the Presbyterian Council was the answer given by Dr. Sloan to Principal Grant. Prof. Roswell D. Hitchcock's paper, in which he defended ritual in worship, stirred up the Psalm-singers, and Dr. Sloan, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of this country, attacked it severely, claiming that we had no right to add anything to worship beyond what was directly commanded by God himself. Principal Grant in a speech following him, asked what was the authority for such a principle. It is not, said he, in the Confessions of the Reformed Churches. They know nothing of it. It is not theirs; but simply Dr. Sloan's dictum. Thereupon Dr. Sloan left the house for a few moments; but soon returned, and mounted the platform and held before the audience a very familiar looking book. "I propose to read," "from a book of some authority among Presbyterians, the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church in the United States," as follows:

"Q. What are the sins forbidden in the second commandment?

"A. The sins forbidden in the second commandment are all devising, counseling, commanding, *using*, and *approving* any religious worship not instituted by God himself."

The laughter and applause seemed to indicate that the point was well made. But it was not; and, whether it was or not, the members of the Council knew that Dr. Sloan's principle was false. The answer quoted had no reference to hymn singing or to ritual, but to Roman Catholic abuses like the worship of the host. It is a familiar fact that most of the Westminster divines were themselves perfectly willing to return to the English Church, if they could only come to an agreement as to the changes to be made in the liturgy.

AN INCIDENT.

The other day a touching incident was reported from the Seaham Colliery. After the explosion had occurred a father was requested, by a man who was afterwards rescued, to go with him to another part of the mine. He replied, "Nay, I'll stay with the lad." Sometime afterwards father and son were found clasped together, sleeping peacefully the sleep of death. Now another incident equally affecting is reported from the scene of the same calamity. Last Sunday night four additional bodies were recovered from the mine. They were found in such positions as to indicate that they had been suffocated by the deadly gas. Near them was found a piece of brattice board. On one side of this board were written in chalk the names of the four; on the other side the same hand had written, "Five o'clock; we have been praying to God.' Men instinctively yearn to leave some record behind them when they are called out of the world. How comforting the above record will be to the surviving friends of these poor men. In many other cases a similar record might, no doubt, have been made. All men pray in the moment of extremity. And who will say that such prayers are not answered? Happy, however, are those, who have cultivated the habit of prayer. Thanks to evangelical enterprise, the miners of England are not destitute of Christianity. To this class of men Wesley specially appealed, and ever since his time the mines of the country have often echoed with prayer and praise. The finest examples of Christian life and testimony are often found amongst those who follow this dangerous occupation.—*London Methodist.*

A BRAVE ACT.

An account has just been received of a tragic affair happening upon the east coast of Africa, in which remarkable heroism was displayed by a sailor on board one of her Majesty's ships. Whilst cruising off Mozambique, a few weeks ago, H. M. S. *Wild Swan* sighted and pursued a slave dhow. After a long chase the vessel was overhauled and captured, and the process of transferring the slaves she had on board to the man-of-war was going on when a slave boy slipped from the vessel's side and fell into the water. One of the sharks which usually accompany slave ships instantly darted upon the poor lad and bit off his right leg at the knee. The blood tinging the water soon attracted the attention of the other sharks, and almost in an instant the boy's other leg was severed from his body. At this moment a sailor on the *Wild Swan* jumped overboard, and, armed only with his sheath knife, succeeded in beating off the monsters and getting the boy into a boat moored alongside the ship, escaping himself unhurt. The injuries inflicted upon the boy were such, however, that he died the same evening. The sailor's shipmates were loud in their praises of his heroic conduct, and a movement has been set on foot to bring the matter before the proper authorities, with the view of having the Albert Medal for bravery conferred on him.