

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Withrow, mother of the Rev. W. H. Withrow, Editor of the Methodist Magazine, on the 5th inst., aged 75. Mrs. Withrow was a consistent Christian for many years, but of late she was prevented by infirmity from attending the public ordinances of religion. She died in great peace. She had a stroke of paralysis three days before, and gradually sank to rest. The funeral took place from Mr. Withrow's residence, 240 Jarvis Street, Toronto. The bereaved friends have our hearty sympathy in their affliction. Mrs. Withrow had many friends in Nova Scotia, where she lived many years, and where her husband, the late James Withrow was born.

It was a peculiar coincidence that two Railway Superintendents recently dismissed—Messrs. Lutterell and McKechine—should have been recipients of marked tokens of respect on account of their religious worth and service. They are both Methodists, were both active Sunday school workers, held in very high regard by their coreligionists as well as by the general public. Mr. McKechine last week was surprised and gladdened by addresses and other expressions of esteem in Charlottetown. He and his family have left for the West, where possibly, Mr. Lutterell and he may meet in official and religious relations.

The Eastern Section of the Hymn Book Committee met in Truro on Tuesday of last week. Two or three meetings are still necessary previous to the final meeting of both sections in September. A work of this kind is necessarily slow of growth. Where the Church's life and comfort are in question, and the true spirit of song, with certain canons, literary, poetic, &c., are to be observed, only slow, measured progress can be made. But we are on the way to a good Hymn Book. Several things assure us of that. There are men on the Committee excellently qualified for their work, and provisionally situated so that they can attend to it with diligence and ardent devotion.

Transfers, as we predicted some time ago, have not received any impulse from the new constitution of the Committee. There are but two transfers for the Maritime Provinces—Revs. J. Lathern and J. Read—and these make, in fact, but an interchange of men. It seems after all that one man could be given in lieu of another—if this is to be the extent of our transfers—without the expense and trouble of bringing representatives together from all parts of the Dominion. Simplify the committee as we may, it does not furnish money; and money is just the difficulty when any scheme of transfers is attempted.

George Paw, accused of stealing letters in the Halifax Post Office, was arraigned in due form, sent up to the Supreme Court, tried by a jury of his countrymen, found guilty by evidence which satisfied the Judge and the community, and acquitted! In three quarters of an hour these twelve men came back into court and announced "not guilty." Next day the Judge dismissed six of these jurymen, as careless of their oath or incompetent, declaring he would never sit on the Bench while they served. If Paw was not guilty, there is a monster thief in the Halifax Post Office still. If he was guilty—of abstracting some hundreds of letters, for that is the extent of the loss during the past six months—what a farce is trial by jury! That Paw did steal the contents of one letter was proved certainly.

Two important marital laws were under consideration last week in the British Houses of Lords and Commons. It will be remembered that, for several years, an attempt has been made in the Commons to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Last week the Prince of Wales introduced a petition in its favor, among the Peers, and obtained a vote of 81 out of 182 members. This is better than the first vote in the House of Commons on the same subject. Farrar Herschel introduced a resolution in the Commons in favour of abolishing action for breach of promise of marriage, except in cases where actual pecuniary loss had been incurred. It was defeated, but will be probably followed up as the other. It is a question whether protective laws surrounding contracts by courtships do not injure rather than benefit society. As in cases of merchants and traders, a bargain ought to be made with sufficient caution, and the risk to be assumed by the contracting parties, without recourse to any law, excepting where there has been direct dishonesty to an individual's financial injury. By the way, our own House of Commons almost swept all Insolvent laws from the Statute Book.

BISHOP DISNEY.

In an obscure little church, in a remote locality of Halifax, this remarkable man preached last Sabbath evening. Besides the writer, there were perhaps six white persons in a congregation of about three hundred. The singing was more notable for volume than culture, yet who that goes for worship can condemn an exercise in which earnest hearts and voices engage to serve a common Master? In the pulpit were two men, perfect types of the African race, in no respect redeemed as regards colour or other peculiarity, save in that mellowness of features which religion is sure to produce, no matter what the origin of its subjects. To form a correct estimate of Mr. Disney's associate, we have to remember that he had reached man's estate before he could repeat the alphabet; that to this day he has never mastered the common elements of our language; and that the propriety of his speech, which might naturally betray a hearer into the opinion that he was listening to a scholar, is simply the result of a gift to which greater men, white and black, owe not a little, namely, a grammatical ear. With these facts present to his mind, the spectator will soon be convinced that he has met with a phenomenon worthy of study. We are not disposed to abandon all hope of the negro's elevation, with such samples before us.

Bishop Disney is still more an object of wonder, considered as a man, more a subject for adoring gratitude, considered as a Christian. Lest our readers might be tempted to attribute too much to our imagination, we here with furnish an epitome of his history, written by himself, at our request:—

HALIFAX, N. S., May 12, 1879

My Dear Bro. Nicolson,—I have but a short time in which to give you a sketch of my life. I find that I can but furnish you with the leading or most important features of my history. I was born in Maryland in 1830. My parents were slaves, but their emancipation having been obtained under peculiar circumstances (namely an impression produced upon the mind of their owner by a dream or vision which my mother related with great emphasis and effect), I was free-born. My father died while I was young. Both my parents were devoted Christians. By my mother I was trained in a strictly religious way. At 13 years of age I was converted under the ministry of Rev. Daniel Payne, now a Bishop of the A. M. E. Church. Called of God to the work of the ministry, I was ordained in 1854. Up to this time my religious life had been spent in the Bethel Church of Baltimore, where you and the delegates to the M. E. Conference of 1877 worshipped one Sabbath afternoon. (This unique service, in which hundreds of colored people partook of the Lord's Supper, Dr. John Williams, and John McDonald, Esq., with the writer, assisting, we described in an editorial letter at the time. EDITOR.) I left my native land on account of the treatment meted out to myself and my people by the institution of slavery, which John Wesley called "the sum of all villainies." I went to Springfield, Mass. in 1857 for the purpose of completing my studies for the ministry. Toward the close of that year I went to Canada, where I could labour with greater freedom and usefulness among my own people. I entered the itinerancy of the B. M. E. Church. I was elected Bishop of said church, and consecrated to said office by Bishop A. W. Wayward of the A. M. E. Church in the city of Hamilton.

I am, in the order of Divine providence, the first and only coloured Bishop ordained as yet in the Dominion. I have travelled extensively since my ordination, extending as far as possible the work entrusted to us. I have found that work prospering in South America, British Guiana, the West India Islands, (St. Thomas) in conjunction with Bermuda. I have recently been cordially received in England, where I had the happy privilege of spending six months, and am now taking the Annual Conferences on my way home, commencing in Liverpool, N. S., next week.

I am yours very truly,  
RICHARD RANDOLPH DISNEY.

So much for the preacher. What of the sermon? The text was in Rev. iv. 3: And there was a rainbow round about the throne. The origin of the Rainbow, its scientific and its covenant elements, its signification as a Scriptural symbol, and particularly its metaphoric intention in the text, were clearly outlined. Thence the preacher proceeded to construct a sermon. Considered as a pulpit discourse, we have heard better. There was but little symmetry in its parts; plan, if any was intended, seemed hopelessly lost at an early stage of the deliverance; rhetoric there was none; its pronunciation was not that of the schools;—in short there was not a single feature of the sermon that could endure criticism. And yet we doubt if the effort of any living Bishop, Romish, Lutheran, Mormon or Anglican, could more directly do that for which this sermon was intended, namely, touch the hearts of an unlettered, simple-minded coloured congregation.

The Bishop excels in that art which God has entrusted so largely to speakers of African descent—the art of embellishment. His subject afforded grand scope for the imagination. To say that he made good use of it, would be to convey only half the truth. Two-thirds of the discourse was simply a web of imagery, each figure woven, if possible, with more brilliant colours than those which had gone before. For a while he would move smoothly along the even plane of metaphor, till one began to wonder where it was to end, when some brilliant suggestion would startle us by its originality and beauty. For instance, when attempting to define, by the science of childhood, that a rainbow was the sun shining through raindrops, he showed that in heaven there was no tempest, no lowering sky, and that the rainbow of the text was but God's love shining through earthly sorrows. This idea, expressed as we cannot repeat it, with its application to the conditions of trouble among his hearers, produced a wonderful effect. When, again, he spoke of a visit to Niagara, and described the waves of the rapids as so many nimble, excited things in a mad race to reach the foaming cataract and leap over, there was something exceedingly vivid and real in the language. Toward the close, the Bishop, himself the son of a slave, dwelt with fine emphasis upon the prediction of his text in relation to this world's woes and wrongs and cruelty. He could see the wide deluge to-day, but above it a rainbow which portended a redeemed, purified earth in due time. We have not space to dwell upon his glowing anticipations of what the rainbow was to teach him in heaven—its colours each representing some distinctive attribute or achievement of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Altogether, we have heard few such sermons, judged by its impression upon the memory.

THE FALL OF DUTCHER.

This popular Temperance Lecturer has made grievous shipwreck. He continued remarkably useful up to a fortnight ago, when he was seemingly entrapped by designing persons, and led astray in a double sense. Friends in Philadelphia had presented him—his wife, rather, which is now fortunate—with a house and furniture, where he might find rest amid his great exertions. From this height he fell. A wicked woman, probably a companion in iniquity of previous days, met him and enticed him to ruin. He is reported not only to have fallen from his Temperance integrity, but from social and domestic purity.

Dutcher is severely denounced by some writers. He is classed with impostors and humbugs. There may be some cause for this. It is certain that the Temperance Reform amongst our population has been subject to many extravagances. The methods adopted by some such clubs, if all accounts be true, are no great improvement upon drunkenness. One leader of a Reform Club is said to defend card-playing, dancing, &c., taking himself an active part in these exercises, as a necessary feature in the work of reclaiming people from ruin! It is not surprising that honest, Christian sympathizers are turning away disheartened, and disposed to call such reformers by very hard names. If Temperance Reform is ever to become an agency for permanent good, its management must be placed in the hands of Christian men.

But we have for poor Dutcher feelings of pain and sorrow, rather than of bitterness and contempt. He was doubtless sincere. He was certainly useful to a marked degree. Thousands heard him and repented. His fall does not prove that he was an impostor. This very catastrophe Paul seemed to apprehend as within the range of frightful possibility—"Lest, after having preached to others, I myself might become a castaway!" Dreadful fall, from the highest eminence of ambassadorship to ruin and woe. A vessel proud in the king's service to-day, bearing messages and gifts of good-will to outcasts; to-morrow stranded on the rocks—himself an outcast—a "castaway." "Let him

that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall!"

It is remarkable that God's most honored workmen are they who have passed through the fire—men of miserable experiences, of memories humiliating and full of anguish. Such men, once saved, are forever walking in slippery places. Old companions haunt them; old passions and inclinations, like old roots, however well trimmed by the axe, perpetually shooting out in new vigor. And once down, such men are generally the most helpless. Yet, they are worth saving.

LIBATIONS TO BACCHUS.

History repeats itself in more ways than one. We have read of princes, in freaks of folly, melting the most costly jewels and mixing them with their wine. Cleopatra, the queen of beauties, once dissolved in vinegar a pearl which she had worn as an ear-ring, and said to have been worth thirty thousand pounds sterling, and then drank it for the delectation of Antony whom she was seeking to win. The same monstrous folly is repeated to-day, only in a somewhat different form. In the libations that are poured out to the great god Bacchus, far costlier pearls than that of Cleopatra's are made to vanish. Men swallow with their wine, health and reputation and happiness, while the dregs that remain are poverty, remorse and death.

But besides these things, what is the Drink costing us in dollars and cents? It is said that the amount of money spent on intoxicating liquors in Great Britain last year was more than seven hundred million dollars, being an increase over the previous year of nearly a million dollars, and that, too, in the face of the fearful depression in trade. The annual cost of alcohol in the United States, as careful statistics prove, is six hundred millions of dollars. Nor can we, in this young Dominion of ours, boast of our sobriety, when the distilleries of Ontario alone, manufactured last year two and three quarter million dollars' worth of whiskey. And although Nova Scotia, by means of its stringent license laws, has been able, during the past year, to reduce its expenditure for liquors, some three hundred and eighty-seven thousand dollars, New Brunswick increased its drink bill by three hundred thousand dollars. What an enormous waste! Who can estimate the mischief that these figures represent? Temperance men are sometimes charged with an intemperate zeal against the drink, but does not the magnitude of the evil warrant them in their enthusiasm? And may they not recriminate upon their accusers for their wilful ignorance of the evils of intemperance, or for their wicked indifference to them?

It would seem, indeed, that this great feast of Bacchus is just now at its height, for never before was drunkenness so prevalent; still the midnight of its revelry, as with Belshazzar's feast, is the hour of its doom. The fingers of a mystic hand are forecasting its final overthrow. The signs of the times are hopeful to the cause of temperance. More than one little cloud is rising out of the sea of social life, indicating an abundance of rain that shall wash out the idolatry, not of Baal, but of Bacchus. The mercurial column of our hope is rising. A careful observer of public events can not fail to notice how numerous are the movements that are now on foot for the mitigation, control and suppression of intemperance; and these several movements tend to show how much more enlightened and general is the public sentiment on this question, than it used to be. In the United States a society was recently formed, one of the rules of which requires its members to pledge themselves against the baneful custom of "treating." In Paris a society has been chartered, called "The Angel Guardian," the object of which is to aid and protect drunken people, and take them home. A Bill has lately passed the British House of Commons, which contemplates the establishment of "Retreats," something like our "Homes for Inebriates," where habitual drunkards shall receive special treatment. A candidate for admission will be re-

quired to appear before a magistrate to certify his willingness to enter the "Retreat," and to specify the length of time during which he engages to remain under treatment, and after this he is bound to abide by his stipulations. And who has not heard of the temperance public-house movement in Britain? Already upwards of two thousand such houses have been opened, and the number is rapidly increasing. The truth is, temperance principles are more and more leavening the public mind. Even royalty is lending its influence. Within the last year, Queen Victoria, who is ever foremost in every good work, contributed, it is said, twenty-five thousand dollars towards various temperance enterprises, while as many as four members of the Royal household are total abstainers. The leading temperance men in England have persuaded the managers of the principal railways to reduce the price of tea, coffee, and other un-intoxicating drinks at the refreshment rooms on the lines, so as to lessen the temptation of travellers to procure alcoholic liquors. It was stated recently that Ireland is experiencing so much benefit from the closing of the dram-shops on Sunday that the good people in Wales are anxious for the same reform. It may be said that these are little things, and do not touch the root of the evil. This is true, but straws show which way the wind is blowing; and so these signs of the times are chiefly valuable as they indicate a ripening public opinion and an awakened interest in the good work of temperance.

"Men of Israel, help." Help is just what is needed; and never was it needed more than now. Nor can success be gained unless the men of Israel come to the rescue. If a gigantic evil like intemperance is to be brought under control, it will not be by an impulsive philanthropy that wakes up at some alarm, to lapse again into utter indifference, like Samson reposing in Delilah's lap; nor yet will it be by any tinkering legislation that is intended only as a sop to satisfy the clamoring of a certain section of the public mind, but which fails to strike at the root of the evil. Help and hope alike can come only from an enlightened, steady, and determined moral sentiment: a sentiment that can work for redress, as well as weep over the wrongs that it combats: a sentiment that owes its life to a deep conviction of the rightfulness of the temperance cause, disdaining that mercurial sensitiveness which rises and falls with the eloquence of a Gough, or the defection of a Dutcher; and a sentiment that can wait for the final triumph of the true.

TALMAGE ACQUITTED.

Ecclesiastical trials have taken a new form within the past few years. What would have begun three hundred years ago behind the iron doors of the Inquisition and ended either in complete intimidation or an *auto da fe*, what, one hundred years ago, would have been submitted to a stern church session, either for solemn admonition or deliberate chastisement, is to-day managed very differently. Charges are formulated; the popular defendant has an opportunity of increasing his popularity by the aid of sympathizing and criticizing newspaper reporters; if found contumacious or heterodox he has a tender sentence and an opportunity to amend; if the verdict should be in his favor, woe to his accusers! For nearly two months Brooklyn, New York, has been the scene of a ministerial trial almost equal in interest to that of Beecher. Dr. Talmage had gained great notoriety. In the estimation of some of his immediate denominational relatives he had used questionable means, to kindle the popular flame in his own favor. As an editor he was accused of playing false with the publishers of the *Christian at Work*—of having surreptitiously, used the mailing lists of that paper to secure a transfer of its subscribers in favor of the *Advance*, for which he had secretly promised to work. As a business man he was charged with dishonestly obtaining monies toward the erection of his church enterprises. As a preacher he was suspected of degrading the pulpit—of degrading sometimes the sacred name of his Master

(we are not quite) was expressed, tainly was an of doing this his own advantage open to the pit of the most character which produce. Mac amined: much and evil profit into play from finally the but against the as clear whether the accusers were Late last week ed, one by one found that this pronounced. To five declared filed. In a formally entered against his assistance themselves for persecution.

Talmage, in and jury, fired torical salute. our readers we give our own Brooklyn preacher.

Talmage is an ordinary rules, all his peculiar doubtless gives mind altogether. This we regard genuine wit is God; as much world of orator animals or aca. But Talmage is eccentric, work perfection of his determined to means of crowd say we suspect tion is not sufficient make the great all oratorical considered, a th only know that imitators—men ordinary talent, repeat his extracts the church be exhibitions of with broken wit pit eloquence straightforward evangel was flying abroad, destination.

It would be ignorance or part of any critic is endowed with world does not times in a cente discriminating all branches of phy. No man audience of five pulpit and a million who has not gender with God and of those very providence has of influence in a masters are per-

Here is Talmage before the B court:

"Now, brethren, want to know how Van Dyke and Cro Sherwood? I feel meet them all in B anxious to meet the days. It is only a have not lost my tri prise in the final gentlemen, before taken on this trial, who would finally made but one mist a clergyman who c surprise was that, a life for forty-seven to establish nothing good as that would could have given m fifty specifications which I would have go out of this trial everything like sec I had the sympathy Church—a handful ed—but I had the the Baptist, the Co ed, the Episcopal, never had any sec I have less now. Protestant, in one lic Church. They in our Protestant a hundred, and I thi Presbytery and cla believe in God the ed, the heaven and ear the Communion of had such opportun as during these six ago I lay down in t