

# The Provincial Wesleyan

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America.

VOLUME XIII. No. 22.

HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1861.

WHOLE No. 620.

## Religious Miscellany.

### God in Love.

Thy written everywhere,  
In ocean, earth, and air,  
In radiant, crystal light,  
In stars that deck the night,  
In matter and in mind,  
In laws which either bind—  
Where'er I turn or move,  
Thy written, God is LOVE.

With microscopic eye  
I view the tiny fly,  
His wings of finest gauze,  
Legs with pneumatic laws,  
His eye with brilliant light,  
His body all befitting  
His Maker—God—is love.

With telescopic eye  
I view the spangled sky,  
Where, stretched from pole to pole,  
Celestial systems roll,  
By grand mechanics bound  
To their unerring round,  
They chime through unnumbered years,  
In music of the spheres,  
This sweet refrain above:  
Our Maker—God—is love.

I wonder and admire,  
And wistfully inquire:  
Is there a point in space,  
A narrow, vacant place,  
Where never yet was known  
This truth, which all things own?  
My Mentor says, "Thy so,  
Behold that thing and know,  
It contradicts the word,  
He showed an atheist's word."

### Poetry of the Wesleyans.

Abstracted from "The London Review."

External observers have sometimes speculated on what they have been pleased to call the "Presbyterian of Methodism," and the body which think itself happy in having in this book a bond of union as one so just and so strong, and a means of recognition so ready and so effective. Trained to draw their best thoughts from one source, and as it were, to run their holiest affections into one mould, they ought to be able to understand and appreciate one another everywhere.

To some extent, also, they supply a bond of union with others. All Christians approach one another as they approach Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. And there is so much in the Wesley poetry that appeals to the heart of every Christian, that few collections of Hymns have appeared since the brothers began to publish their own, which have not been indebted to them. A fuller illustration of this point may not be without its use.

Among the persons who had reprinted his hymns during his life, Wesley, in the preface quoted above, names two, Madan and Berridge. The former published a collection for the use of his fashionable congregation at 'the Lock,' containing in all 195 hymns, of which ninety-five, or almost half, were Wesley's. The work of the latter was designed chiefly for the use of the societies formed in Everton and the neighbourhood; and is a striking testimony to the real simplicity, and candour of the author in his earlier days. Out of 340 hymns, no less than 230 are taken from the Wesleyans, and these, he admits, are both the greatest and best part of the book. In the very curious and instructive preface, he avows himself an Arminian, resolved to hold his own opinions in matters of doctrine; and exhorts his people to do the same. When, in his own days, he fell into the very same error which he cautions his people, and made "an endless chatter about election and reprobation, speaking the same thing an hundred times over," this Hymn-Book became very obnoxious to him, and he is said to have burned every copy he could procure. Mr. Whittell was more sparing in the use of his old friend's poetry, fifty-four hymns out of 200, less than a fifth, being taken from this source. But Thomas Maxfield did not scruple to take about a third, 141 out of 432, from his former instructor and guide; and Dr. Bayley, of Manchester, went further still, reprinting 304 of Wesley's Hymns in a book containing 505 altogether. Mr. David Simpson, of Macleod, was more sparing. His book, which has some remarkable peculiarities among which are several so-called hymns in blank verse, extracted from Young, Milton, Addison, and even from Shakespeare; but little more than a fifth of the whole are from the Wesleyans, or 103 out of 491. The anonymous collection said to have been used by Mr. Fletcher at Madeley, is more than half Wesleyan. This, putting these seven collections together as being the work of contemporary clergymen, who were, or had been, friends of the two brothers, we find a total of 2,600 hymns, of which 1,156 are Wesleyan, an enormous proportion, certainly; in view of which it was at least very polite in Wesley to say that the gentlemen who had done them the honour to reprint their hymns were perfectly welcome to do so, provided they did not mutilate them also.

The case of Toplady differs from that of the above-named ministers. It was never a personal friend of the Wesleyans, or in communion with them; and his hatred, the Arminianism was intense and enduring, leading him into virulent personalities which were a disgrace to his profession. Yet he was a sincere Christian, and a poet of no mean order; and showed his good sense and discrimination by the insertion of so many of Wesley's hymns in his collection, as to make more than a third of the whole number, i. e., 164 out of 456. He studied Charles Wesley to good purpose that it is not always easy to distinguish their respective productions. Not only have the editors of collections of hymns been misled, but even the editor of Toplady's Works inserted among his thirty-two hymns no less than eight of Wesley's compositions. The substantial unity of true believers, notwithstanding their differences on many points, has seldom been more clearly illustrated than in this instance. Here we may see one of the most resolute and pugnacious Calvinists of his day reading his congregation to the theme of grace

with the language of an equally resolute Arminian on their lips; and, on the other hand, it is clear that the 218 hymns which "the Supplement" contains, not one of which was brought before Methodist congregations for the first time has been more carefully appropriated, or more generally used, than 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.' It became forthwith a first-rate favourite, and in the thirty years which have elapsed since its publication, has been, to untold variety of Methodists, what the author entitled it, "A prayer, living and dying."

The collections compiled by modern Episcopalians do not generally contain so many Wesleyan hymns as those already noticed. That of the late Dr. Malby has 17 out of 170; Mr. Simon's, 35 out of 451; Mr. Bickersteth's, 80 out of 775; Mr. W. J. Hall's, 32 out of 303; Mr. Jeremiah Smith's, 45 out of 413; Mr. C. Kemble's 46 out of 545; and Mr. E. H. Bickert's 66 out of 531. The difference may be accounted for, in part, by the compilers having so many more excellent hymns to select from than could be found a century since. Still it appears that of the whole number, one in ten are of Wesleyan origin.

The volume of Mr. Merzer has been reserved for a separate notice, as the most remarkable attempt of which we are cognisant to aid and elevate congregational psalmody in the Church of England. In addition to an ample supply of chants, both for the daily service and for the daily psalms, it contains 506 hymns for which tunes are provided. Every tune stands at the head of a page, the hymn for which it is adapted being printed below. Being published in various sizes, and at a low price, it is generally accessible, and has been adopted in many churches; while the organist of St. Paul's Cathedral has assisted in preparing the volume, it has been introduced at those special services on Sunday evenings which are among the most remarkable signs of the times. Considerably more than a third of the hymns are taken from the publications of the Wesleyans, with much less of abridgement, and fewer alterations, than almost any preceding compiler has attempted. Many others are valuable additions to our stock of hymns, in the shape of new or revived translations from the German.

The nearest approach to an authorized hymnal for the English Church which we are likely to see, is the Psalms and Hymns published by the Christian Knowledge Society—a cheap and sensible collection of 213 hymns and dogmatics, of which 19 are traceable to the Wesleyans. The Church Psalter and Hymnal of Messrs. Routledge is a very similar book, but marked by a somewhat warmer feeling. It also contains 19 hymns from Wesleyan sources out of a total of 217.

The Tractarian party used to complain heavily of unauthorized selections of hymns from dissenting sources. But they have changed their tactics, and for the little popular singing which their system allows, have provided materials to their own taste. Some of these are excellent after their kind; others are strongly tinged with the superstitions of Rome. One collection which they have examined consists of two of Wesley's hymns, a second none, a third three, and in addition to them, one by Logan, "Where high the heavenly temple stands," and 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.'

The mention of Logan reminds us to look for a moment across the border, where it is well known that every thing Wesleyan travels at a slow pace. Appended to an ordinary Psalm-book, printed at Edinburgh in 1841, we find a 'Collection of Hymns adapted to Public Worship,' intended as a Supplement to the Psalms of the Church, an interesting and useful, though unauthorized, publication, containing 222 hymns, of which 22 are Wesley's. Dr. Wardlaw's selection exhibits a much smaller proportion, only 26 being found in 493. That the Synod of Relief should admit any into their collection surprises us more, than that those admitted should form but a third of the whole, or that they should be subjected to considerable alterations. Charles Wesley, however, would scarcely recognize his spiritual exhortation, "See all your sins on Jesus laid," &c., in what follows:—

"On his guilt's sin was laid,  
The Lamb of God was slain,  
His soul was once an offering made  
For every sinner's sake."

For this alteration of the last line there is the excuse that it is thereby made 'conform to the standards'; but these would not require that the poetic exclamation, "The name that charms our fears" should be watered down to, "Thy name removes our fears," nor that the last verse should be deprived of the forcible personal allusion it contains, and converted into a bare doctrinal assertion, thus:—

"All who believe in Him may know  
And feel their sins forgiven,  
And taste the joys of heaven,  
By every sinner's name."

But to discuss alterations is not our present purpose. It would require a volume; for few editors have abstained from them, and fewer still have really improved what they have altered. We have heard that William Dawson, when speaking of the trumpet voice which cried four times, 'Come and see,' and invited his hearers, also, to 'come and see,' a greater sight,—the greatest of all sights. 'See,' he exclaimed with thrilling energy, 'all your sins on Jesus laid.' We cannot recall his exact words; but John Angell James, who was present, and was no mean authority, spoke of that exhortation as one of the finest pieces of oratory he ever heard.

Glancing across the Atlantic, we find the General Convention of the Episcopal Church authorizing a book of Psalms and Hymns as far back as 1789; and, twenty years after, adding other hymns so as to make the total number 57. Watts and Doddridge contribute more largely to this collection than the Wesleyans, who furnish but three. A second revision in 1826 raised the total number to 212, and the number of Wesleyan Hymns to 14. The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1843, directed the publication of a new edition of the Methodist Hymn-Book, which, when published, was correctly described in the title, as taken principally from Wesley's; and in the preface the bishops stated that 'the principal improvements consisted in restoring those which had been altered, as we believed, for the worse; to

their original state as they came from the poetical pen of the Wesleyans.' The General Conference (North) of 1848, judged that the book might be much improved by judiciously multiplying the number of hymns, and by careful revision; and appointed a committee to prepare a standard edition. The preface to this book, signed by the bishops, is dated May, 1849; and expresses an opinion that 'from the number, variety, and adaptation of its hymns, it will not require another revision for generations to come. The total number is large, indeed,—1148, and considerably more than one half of these are taken from the Wesleyans, though often much diminished by alteration. The practice of recasting the hymns, so as to make a common metre into short, and an eight lines stanza into six into a common metre, appears to us highly objectionable, and inconsistent with what is due to the author, especially when that author was such a master of versification as was either of the Wesleyans. One of their sweetest and sweetest hymns, 'Come ye weary sinners, unto Jesus, who is our English book,' consisting of four verses short metre. How far it is improved by the changes it has undergone a single verse may show:—

EVANGELICAL COLLECTION, HYMN 29, v. 3.  
"Jesus, full of truth and love,  
Thy kindness we obey;  
Faithful let Thy mercy be,  
O take our souls away;  
Take our load of guilt away;  
Pain we would not on Thee lay,  
Now to Thine arms of mercy fly,  
And find salvation there."

AMERICAN COLLECTION, HYMN 308, v. 4.  
"Redeemer, full of truth and love,  
We would Thy word obey,  
And all Thy faithful mercies prove;  
O take our souls away,  
We would on Thee rely;  
On Thee would cast our care,  
Now to Thine arms of mercy fly,  
And find salvation there."

We have noted other instances of the same kind, as well as new readings of several passages, but spare ourselves the pain of transcribing, and our readers the pain of consulting them. How far it is fair to C. Wesley to mark the altered hymn as his, is the first question to be determined; which form is best adapted to general edification, is a second, and not less important. We will only say, if this is the effect of 'careful revision,' we trust to be preserved from such a process. Of the book used in the Methodist Episcopal Church South, we have no information; but we note that the African Methodist Episcopal Church published, in 1845, a 'Collection of Hymns,' designed to supersede all others hitherto made use of in that Church, of which more than two-thirds are Wesley's, (354 out of 507), and they are generally given with but little alteration. Those against which a decided objection would lie, are very few in number, and several even of them have been printed and sung in this country.

With camp-meetings we have little practical acquaintance; but it has always appeared to us, that hymns intended to be used at 'camp-meetings and revivals,' should be so greatly inferior to those which the same people use at other times. It was needless to prove that there is no necessary connection between Revivals and bad grammar or bad taste; but many good men seem disposed to act as if there was, and thus bring discredit to a good work. The kind of excitement which African congregations are said to cherish, or at least sometimes to exhibit, may doubtless be promoted by singing hymns adapted to street songs and Nigger metres; by frequent repetitions of the same words and strains; by boisterous exclamations and extravagant gestures; but whether that excitement is truly promoting, does not so clearly appear. John Wesley, in an admirable preface to the Hymns for Children, published a little before his death, commended his brother Charles for writing for children in such a way as not to let himself down to them, but to lift them up to him; and it would be well if the principles were more frequently acted upon in regard to adults.

'What the News' and a hundred other ditties palmed off upon the world for revival hymns, on both sides of the Atlantic, would then be left to the Africans, and soon die out, even among them. Some improvement in this respect the spread of education has undoubtedly effected, but there is yet more room for more.

Returning to our own land, and resuming the former subject, we observe among the English Dissenters, very great variety as to the use of Wesleyan hymns. The late Dr. Collyer incorporated 260 of them into his collection of 979, while Mr. Jay inserted but 44 in 431; Lady Huntington's Collection has 68 out of 311; the Congregational Hymn-Book, edited by Mr. Josiah Conder, 62 out of 620; while the New Book, prepared by a committee of the Congregational Union, has but 82 out of 1000. In the Collection of Dr. Rippon, the Wesleyans supply 27 out of 588; and in the New Selection, the same number out of 684. These figures, at least, serve to show that no Hymn-Book is complete without some of the Wesley poetry both in verse and in prose. Indeed, as to the use of certain printing offices in London, to be scattered over the mind and heart and conscience of the kingdom, and you will see one cause of the disregard of Missionary Notices and Reports. I cannot think that the reason why these Reports do not receive more attention is to be found in themselves. There seems to be in these Reports everything that even the most phlegmatic could desire, as well as the most romantic and enthusiastic—the young man with warm affections and burning hopes—the old man with heavy hair and long experience. Do our friends ask for something starting for that seems to be the reverse in our days. I maintain that the copy of the 'Missionary Notices' which told you that within a few months 26,000 Fijians abandoned their heathenism and embraced the Christian religion, was one of the most startling records since the day of Pentecost. In addition to the periodical literature of the Mission press some of the grandest volumes in the English language have been contributed to this divine topic. The early battle of Missionary enterprise was fought by a host of illustrious men, and there are many pearls now yielding their influence in its support. Perhaps it might be regarded as surprising for a little of the reverse to say that some of the writers on Missions have done scant justice to our Society. One can hardly conceive that when two or three volumes are published on Missionary work, the Wesleyan Missionary Society should only just be recognized among these large Societies. It is not known the reason. It may be that the

writers are ignorant of our existence; or it may be that they think we are loud enough in our own praise. But there is the fact. It has indeed been a kind of popular diversion for a certain class of writers, and a certain class of orators who speak of the country, to point out and speak of us as a sort of rude and half-civilized people, just emerging from the dark chaos of ignorance into the light of day; and as compared with the intellectual churches around us, occupying some such position as that which we should assign to New Zealand or Kaffirland in the world of civilization. And as with regard to those countries, we are charitably disposed to make allowance for their blunders, because of their recent barbarism and imperfect education, so those friends of ours, with a semi-sympathetic and sarcastic tone, tell the world, in apology for our ignorance, that we are recent people, gathered up from the lowest stratum of society, having had few advantages; that our work is rather in the lane and in the cottage than amongst folks and types. Now, I accept some of this in the way of explanation, but not one word do I accept by way of apology. I do not desire, neither do we need, apology. We do not like either individuals or churches to be living on sufferance. The society or collection of churches, which within little more than half a century, could give to the world five complete commentaries on the Holy Scriptures—one as critical, a second as evangelical, a third as practical, a fourth as devotional, as any in the English language; and, in addition to this, has bequeathed a precious and priceless fragment of exposition as a rich legacy to posterity—this Society need not bow down in the face of anybody. Looking towards heaven, I know where our place is. Looking upwards, our place is in the dust; but looking around us, I think there is no cause to be ashamed. It is not a fact, that some of our most valuable volumes on theology and on other topics are recognized as text-books in our Universities;—that others are to be found in the standard libraries of the country;—that our great founders' literary and evangelical labours, are a perfect marvel! As long as the English language lives, the sermons of Benson, Clarke and Watson will live also. Those who did more to strike off and break off for ever the manifold fetters of error of a higher order? Some of our fathers are living in the mellowness of an advanced age, but on departing they will leave behind them the fruits of ripe scholarship and godly piety; others, in the robustness of their vigour, are recognized by the outer world as the champions of authority; whilst others, younger still, by their early buildings, are giving promise of rich beauty and fragrance in the future. But forgive, if you please, this little digression. Forgetting for a moment any claims that the Methodist Missionary Society may have on the courtesy and attention of Christian writers, I do but call their contributions as an unimpaired appendage to the Acts of the Apostles. The thought has recently been suggested to my mind, and it is well worth our attention, that our Missionary literature should be regarded as the supplement of that inspired history. Mark the distinction between that book and all the other books of the Bible. There is no book in the Bible that has not upon it the stamp of completeness. The Law is a finished book. The Gospel of Christ is a complete record. Prophecy is sealed. But mark the closing sentence of St. Paul's narrative: "And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him. Whenever he had a volume such a think before: There is no consummation. There is not even an 'amen' to it. It is evidently an unfinished book—the most unfinished document to be found in the Bible. There is evidently the breaking off of a divine tale, which some other parties are to carry on and complete.—a thread woven in the sacred records, which others are to take up and weave into the fabric. Of course we must acknowledge that the 'Acts of the Apostles' is inspired, and that modern missionary literature is not; but there are points of comparison between the two which are highly profitable. I rejoice to think that our people—Ministers, members, and congregations—are thoroughly sound in doctrine. There is no Methodist minister who has the heart, if he had the opportunity to publish such a work as 'Essays and Reviews.' Sir, it is come to this, that men holding office in the Christian Church—ordained, solemnly ordained to the work and office of a Christian Minister—men who are eating the bread of the Christian Church, are to publish declarations, calling in question the inspiration of Scripture, putting Plato on a level with Moses and St. Paul—calling in question the miracles of the New Testament, and describing the resurrection of our Lord as a mere myth? If a Wesleyan Minister were to get up on a Sunday morning, and preach a sermon like that, he would not be there on the following Sunday. Well Sir, keeping in view the grand distinction on the question of inspiration between the Acts of the Apostles and modern literature, there are points of comparison of great interest, and I hope the mention of them will be regarded by our young friends of comparison. I can only indicate the points of comparison. I will take, first of all, the grounds of their respective call to Missionary work. When our blessed Saviour left this world He commanded his disciples to go forth and preach the Gospel to every creature. They were all to wait for a time in Jerusalem; for a little time, but for a particular purpose—until they were endued with power from on high. Those ten days were spent in prayer, and when the day of Pentecost was come, and they were fitted for their work, the Holy Spirit came down upon them. This is the first ground of our call to Missionary enterprise. We must have the Holy Spirit. We do not need the miracles of the Pentecost. They are past and gone. But we must always have the Pentecost itself. The absence of the Spirit is death. The presence of the Holy Ghost in our churches is life. "It is a happy truth," says an eloquent writer, "that God has never withdrawn the banner of the spirit from the Christian camp. Some churches have indeed, deserted it; others have straggled from the line of march, and, seeking easier quarters, have shrunk from the heat of the onslaught for the deliverance of the world. With others, it is preserved fixed

up (as a creed) as a sacred relic, the bragged and boasted memorial of what Christianity was, not the triumphant standard of what it now is; nor is it yet in its right place, an elevated flag, streaming gallantly at the head of an advancing host, who will know no fatigue, or give any paucity to the triumph of the cross, and the Greeks wave over a converted world." I do not know whether a man from the country is permitted to see our friends in London are so tickle and exact that I am really doubtful. But a little while ago, Sir, at a town near your residence in Lancashire, there were four parties who got into the same compartment of a railway carriage. The first was a Roman Catholic. The second was a Protestant Minister. The third was a plainly-garbed farmer. The fourth was an avowed Atheist. The train was scarcely in motion when the Atheist turned to a gentleman in the corner and asked to know what was a sufficient proof of the truth of religion. The priest began to cross his forehead and count his beads, and went through the Councils and decisions of the Pope. The Atheist, who had gone over these arguments before, answered each, as he considered, perfectly. Then the Atheist put the question to the Protestant; and he, with a kind of formality that belongs to so many matters of that sort, began talking of external evidence, and internal evidence, and collateral evidence, and went through these arguments too, and answered them in his way. He did not appear to intend to have a word with the Farmer, but the Protestant Minister knew him, and requested the Atheist to put the question to him. The Atheist did so, and said, "Well, my good friend, do you know anything of this? What is sufficient proof of the truth of Christianity?" The Farmer, in a voice which startled the man, said—"I feel it." The Atheist had the good manners and honesty to say, "I cannot answer that." I trust, Sir, that notwithstanding the smile raised by the anecdote, there is a point in it. I trust, also, that our friends on the Holy Spirit's agency for present salvation and Missionary enterprise. There is another point of comparison between the Acts of the Apostles and modern Missionary literature, and that is as to the agents who are respectively employed. I do rejoice to believe that these modern Missionaries—many of them, thank God, are with us to-day—are in the Apostolic succession. No matter what may be the peculiarities of the organization which sends them, or the peculiarity of the creed, if they are called by the Lord Jesus Christ, and have in them the Master's Spirit, I hail them as successors of those men unto whom there appeared "a chosen vessel" as of old, and it set upon each of them, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." The history of all Missionary Churches presents to us the life and labours of apostolic men. The union of prayer and liberality has always commanded labourers for the Missionary field. Was there none of St. Paul's spirit in the Northampton mechanic, who never rested himself, nor permitted the Baptist Churches of this country to rest, till he became the Carey of Serampore? Was not Judson in Apostolic succession when his soul burned to find a church in Burma, and yielded up his life for the salvation of the people? What say we of the claims of that Scotch shepherd boy, who, in the wilds of his own country, while tending his flock, was converted to God, and, in future history, will be known as Dr. Mills, Morrison's glorious coadjutor in Chinese translations and Chinese evangelization. I rejoice to think that, in connection with our Society, there is no death of apostolic men. Was Dr. Coke an apostolic man, or was he not, who crossed the Atlantic nearly twenty times, and whose body was committed to mid-ocean, as he sought to unfold the banner of the Gospel on the plains of India? Had Samuel Leigh the claim to be considered apostolic, who devoted his life to the salvation of the people of New South Wales, finding there the most debased specimens of humanity, often in danger and long without success, gathering the children to the sea-shore, and tracing upon the sand the rude letters of their new-formed alphabet, cutting his way through six miles of forest; that he might preach the Gospel to a tribe beyond; and who, after a very long time, saw the first springing and the harvest bending, and came home at last to tell his friends in England of his toils and triumphs? Was not John Hunt in the apostolic succession, who, before his conversion to God, was a thoughtless, slovenly, Lincolnshire farm servant, but who when his soul became emancipated from sin, gave himself up to the Missionary work in Fiji, and who, so powerful were his trials, fell in the summer of his years into a martyr's grave; but who, true to the last in his Missionary calling, breathed his soul away in a prayer for Fiji salvation? I rejoice to think there are many, such as Clough, and Roberts, and Arnold, who are now glorified in heaven, and that there are many now living who are doing the apostolic work. I believe there are no two persons in the world who have larger claims on Christian sympathy than the Missionary and his wife:—

"We plead for these lands, where a beautiful light  
Is slow stealing o'er hill top and vale;  
Where broad is the field and harvest is white,  
But the reapers are haggard and pale.

All wasted and worn with their wearisome toil,  
But they pause not, that brave little band,  
Though soon their low pillars will be the strange  
Soil  
Of that distant and grave-dotted strand.

There the rose never blooms in fair woman's wan  
cheek,  
But there's a beautiful light in her eye,  
And the smile that she wears is so lovely and  
weak.

None can doubt it came down from the sky.  
There the young man is bowed in his youth's  
golden prime,  
But he yearly sings at his toil,  
For he thinks of his sheaves and the garnering  
time,  
Of the glorious Lord of the soil.

Do they come? Do they come? O wretches  
and worn,  
And are passing like shadows away;  
But the harvest is white; and lo! yonder's the  
down,  
For labourers, for labourers we pray,  
—I will pass over the next point, because you

know I am only a man from the country, and I cannot expect to claim the attention of a great meeting like this; but I will pass it over just to indicate another point of comparison between the Acts of the Apostles and modern Missionaries—I refer to the means which they respectively employ for carrying on their operations. There is a glorious uniformity in the Acts of the Apostles. It does not matter whether it be St. Peter or St. Paul who is going to speak, you know at once what the utterance will be. I do not understand music; but I should judge that a monotone is not always musical, and that in music variety is necessary to harmony. But it is not so here. For whether Peter is justifying the Jewish Pentecost in Jerusalem, or the Gentile Pentecost in Caesarea, he attributes them to the same cause, and on both occasions preaches the Lord Jesus Christ. I know that the mysteries of rational love and the subtleties of Greek philosophy were tempting to a mind like Paul's; but, no matter what you work to do: "The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom; but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block and unto the Greeks foolishness, but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." This is blessedly true of modern Evangelical Missions. They have but one theme. I know there are men in the world—and I should not be surprised if the men who wrote 'Essays and Reviews' were among them—who would pronounce this egregious folly. What! carry to that Brahmin, with his acute intellect and high cultivated mind, the same message that you would carry to the poor negro with his woolly pate, low forehead, and flattened nose? Aye, the very same! What I carry to the stalwart and finely-formed South Sea Islander the same message that you carry to the shrivelled Greenlander or the Lilliputian Aote? Yes, the very same! What! carry to those exultingly-civilized Europeans whom we see around us the same message that you carry to the foul-hearted and filthy cannibal of Fiji? Aye, the very same! for the Gospel message suits them all. No matter what is the state of a man—no matter what the shape of the head, the colour of the skin, or the contour of the face, or the variety of local circumstances, the message that we have sent them all—slaying in liberty, or groaning in slavery; wandering as the Arab, individualized as the Jew, effeminate as the Asiatic, prejudiced as the Chinaman, superstitious as the Foulah or the Mandingo, ignorant as the Hortatoot, flesh-loving as the Fijians, warlike as the Friendly Islanders, cruel as the Turk, revengeful as the Spaniard, drunken as the Italian, pleasure-seeking as the Frenchman, or gold-thirsty as the English—it suits them all. What was it that Brainerd preached to the poor Indian? The Gospel. What did Moffatt preach to the heathen? The Gospel. What did the martyrs of Emmaus preach to the South Sea Islanders? The Gospel. What did Dr. Coke preach to the Negro? The Gospel. What did the Moravian teach to the Greenlanders? The Gospel.—What is Dr. Duff now preaching to the literate of Calcutta? The Gospel. What is Jenkins teaching in Madras? The Gospel. Now what does Wilson preach in Fiji? Thomas in Tonga?—and Piercy in Canton? Still the Gospel. Oh! Sir, I rejoice to think that the prophecy is now approaching its fulfilment: "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the ends of the world." And well might gliding the globe with the music of their message, their thousand voices blend in harmony, and their one utterance is, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." But I must not detain the meeting much longer. (Cries of "Go on.") Well, after all, you know I am only a man from the country, and I may never be here again, and may never have the opportunity of speaking to you again. But I pass over the next point, and come to another. So just let me look for a moment at another. Refer to the comparison between the Acts of the Apostles and modern Missions, look at the obstacles which they respectively have to surmount. As one reads the Acts of the Apostles, one thinks of the "fearful gift of afflictions, through which they passed, in carrying out this message; but I can never forget that the modern Missionary has entered into the Apostle's times, and into his dangers. "None of these things move me, said St. Paul, "neither count I my life dear unto myself." Why, Sir, these modern Missionaries have to contend with difficulties in every shape, and in every place. There is the prejudice of the Jews on the European continent. There is superstitious clinging to every step in the Eastern hemisphere. There are difficulties of climate here and there, and difficulties of climate there; and there are difficulties also in some instances with regard to the olden industries, and with regard to the infidelity of modern science. But I rejoice to think that these noble men, many of them, have never quitted the battle ground until they have been borne home thence on their shields. These have claimed and won the glory. Others again, have come home with marks and scars of the Lord Jesus Christ upon them, which they will carry to their graves. But the deep scar in the forehead you know is the soldier's glory, and not his disgrace. A few years ago there were four slaves who made their escape from Florida, and sought to secure a passage to the British West Indies—the land, as they call it, of freedom and blessing. They met with a kind-hearted American captain, to whom they stated their case, and begged him to take them in hand. Well, the captain knew the risk he was incurring, but his soul loathed the barter in human flesh. So, despite the hazard, he resolved to make an effort to save them; but unhappily it did not succeed. His vessel was pursued by a slaver, midway he was overtaken and captured, and carried back to Florida, where he was condemned to be branded with the two letters S. S.—("slave stealer")—on his hand, so that whenever in after life he raised that brave arm to heaven, all men might see the sign of intended ignominy. I need not speak so solemnly as this whether that mark was his disgrace or his glory.

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Upon old armlets bachelors was a prouder brand  
And the unborn generations, as they tread that rocky  
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Shall still praise the story of their Father's brand  
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