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THE  
**Wesleyan Repository,**

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LITERARY RECORD.

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MARCH, 1861.

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SCRAPS OF METHODIST HISTORY.

The Genesee Conference was composed of the Susquehanna District from the Philadelphia Conference, and the Cayuga and Upper Canada Districts of the New York Conference. It had 38 members, 21 of whom were elders, who with 19 probationers had about 10,000 church members under their pastoral care. Its first session was held July 20th, 1810, at Lyons, State of New York, in an old storehouse formerly used as a corn barn. At this Conference Bishops Asbury and McKendree presided; one of the noticable of its acts was an attempt to enforce an old rule of Discipline which prohibited preachers from publishing books, without first obtaining the consent of Conference. To carry out the rule they appointed a Committee of nine members, five from the United States and four from Canada, "to examine all compositions prepared by any of its members for publication, and that those compositions, shall or shall not be published according to the resolution of the committee," and to make the Rule more stringent, on a subsequent day it was resolved, that the committee shall not, without the concurrence of four-fifths of its members in the States, and three-fourths, in Canada, permit any publication to be made. The enforcement of this law in our day would affect us but little, as we question, if any equal number of Methodist Ministers in the world, write or publish so few books; but its provisions if carried out among our neighbors, modified by circumstances, would we are inclined to think, have

a salutary effect, in checking that widely spread *mania* for writing and publishing books, many of which are not very creditable to their authors, nor very beneficial to the church.

The Conference of 1812 was appointed to be held in Niagara, Canada, but in consequence of the war, was held in the old barn where it was held in 1810. Not a name which appears in these first Minutes of the Genesee Conference, as laboring in Canada, is now to be found in our annual Minutes; the last, and which appeared longest and as occupying positions of honor and responsibility, was that of the venerable William Case, whose departure from among us is noticed in the Minutes of 1856.

With a few exceptions, these pioneers were men of more than ordinary physical symmetry and strength, and imposing bodily presence. Many of them of course we never saw, but most of those that we have seen were of this class, and we may instance Sawyer, Bangs, Case, Ryan, Prindle, Whitehead, Madden, &c., &c. When not possessed of great power of endurance their race was short, as the toil, privation, and exposure could scarcely be endured but by men of robust health and sound constitution. When they commenced their self-denying labors in Upper Canada they found about 50,000 inhabitants, of all ages, and of different countries, scattered along the banks of the St. Lawrence,—Bay of Quinte,—Head of Lake Ontario, and Niagara River,—On the Thames and Detroit River, many of the latter were French Roman Catholics,—the majority of the whole were nominal Protestants. The church of England at this period had four or five Ministers. The Dutch Reformed Church had one, as had the Lutheran Church, and Presbyterian,—a considerable number of the population were Baptists who had four ministers, and on the St. Lawrence and the Bay of Quinte were a few Methodists, from Europe and the United States. These settlers lived in a state of unusual seclusion, having had but little intercourse with the world. Most of the men of the Colony had seen war and witnessed its horrors. Some fought under General Wolfe, at Quebec, but a larger number beheld it in its worst and direst form,—civil war. From love to the Laws and Institutions of England, they had taken up arms in their defence, and against their fellow colonists. But they fought on the unsuccessful side, and the victors hated them with that intense hatred, only generated in such conflicts, and they were induced or compelled to seek a home and shelter in these distant forests. If ever they had religious training and religious emotion, and performed religious duty, the emotions had become dormant, and the holy practices of religion were forgotten or discontinued; they were literally asleep in sin and debased by iniquity. Their feelings were also embittered by a sense of their sufferings, their toils, and their losses; and no man

cared for their souls or put forth strong and suitable endeavors to enlighten and reform them.

A few men, singular in almost every respect, from any clergy they had ever seen, or, we question, the church had seen for ages, visit them in their wild seclusion; they were easily distinguished from other men by the uniformity and plainness of their dress; there were the low crowned, broad brimmed white hat, covering their straight hair, combed smoothly over the forehead, and their long locks hanging gracefully on their shoulders,—a strait waistcoat, single-breasted coat with upright collar,—the whole home-spun and home-manufactured, and dyed with butternut or copperas. There was no more hauteur in their manner or assumptions than in their dress,—they are simply making inquiries as to who will allow them to preach in their shanties or their barns,—they talk to the people about their souls,—they have a word for each child,—they can sing,—and many a sullen host has had his heart touched by these holy songs,—songs such as they never had heard before,—and many a cold reception has been thus changed into a cordial welcome,—and of course they prayed,—and what was most wonderful then,—without a book. Their preaching was the utterance of the plainest, the most important and most thrilling truths of the Gospel. Man's depravity and guilt—Repentance,—Faith—Pardon,—Witness of the Spirit,—Holiness,—The Cross—Heaven and Hell. They had the vigor, the fire, the impetuosity of youth, they were strongly impressed themselves with Divine truth, they had shared largely in the Baptism of the Holy Spirit,—and they gave demonstrations thereof by their sacrifices and their success. None but earnest and devoted men would or could make these sacrifices; and when have earnest and devoted men been unsuccessful in the work of the ministry?

The Missionary pioneers who explored and commenced the cultivation of the moral wastes of Canada, were men of great natural genius and resources ever varying to meet exigencies. They found roads of primitive formation, or altogether unformed, and creeks and rivers without bridges, they had a kind of instinctive faculty for exploring forests, they had patience and fortitude for any road. They felt perfectly at home in the humblest shanty, and could gratefully and cheerfully accommodate themselves to every circumstance. Some of the most amusing anecdotes recorded on paper, or existing in tradition have reference to their petty crosses of a dietary nature, but their ingenuity seldom failed them. We know of one, who in certain places where cleanliness seldom accompanied godliness, would always request permission to choose his own dinner and act as his own cook; roasted potatoes and boiled eggs were luxuries to him. His

hostess after long demurring would at last yield, wondering how so great a man could stoop to such humble work,—and leaving deep impressions on her mind in regard to his deep humility. Not imagining for a moment that the coated viands were chosen by him, as well as his position, to prevent any contact with external pollution.

Of another we have read, who at one of his stopping places, in company with a fellow laborer, found filth and poverty so associated, as to propose himself as cook of the only article of food to be had in the shanty, viz., pumpkins,—selecting one of suitable size, he divided it into two equal parts, and after taking out the internal, loose, unpalatable portions, boiled what he designed for supper. After undergoing this necessary operation, he hands one moiety to his brother, retaining the other, then they pour milk into the cavity, and partake of as much as serves to quiet the cravings of hunger.

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### CANADIAN WINTER SCENERY.

As we are just now gliding into what is nominally a *Spring* month, although rude winter is still struggling for the ascendancy, it may not be amiss for us to give permanency to some of the pictures which the scenes that have passed before us during the last four moons have daguerreotyp-ed on our imagination and memory. We wonder at those who talk of the gloom of *Winter*: for, although spring, summer, and early autumn are pre-eminently beautiful; and each has a beauty of its own, which while it lasts may seem unequalled by any other season:—*Winter*, like the rest, charms the observant eye.

*Spring* is the beauty of tender, simple, loving childhood; *Summer* is the beauty of youth; and early *Autumn* is the beauty of ripe, symmetrical, manly prime. Who has not felt the grateful influence of the first warm zephyrs of early spring? His eyes gladdened by the deep green of the opening foliage of shrub and tree, the modest beauty of the violet, or the more gaudy color of the dandelion and cowslip? And scented with gratitude, the fragrance of the “Balm-of-Gilead,” and the “Smell of fields which the Lord had blessed?” How musical the hum of bees, and other busy insects! The twitter of numberless birds while constructing their nests in the

“Deep, tangled wild wood!”

Summer exhibits clear, azure skies, waving grass and grain, still green and in blossom, swaying in the wind, and scattering the clover's fragrance far and wide on the perfumed atmosphere. The activities of man, with hoe, or scythe in hand, add to the interest of these scenes. Autumn's is

a golden beauty; yellow harvests, and golden, or purple fruits, joined to the haziness of a September atmosphere, which gives the rays of the sun a mellow tinge, constitute its peculiar charm. But, after all, it may be fairly doubted whether any or all these, exceed the charms of Winter, even in the most hyperborean parts of it from which the writer hails. The beauty of the first three seasons has some analogy to each other—Winter has a glory all its own. They are lateral beauties, which will bear, and indeed require, to be studied, to enable us to appreciate their attractions; and the more they are meditated upon, the more charming Canadian winter scenery will appear. Whether you view it in town or country, in settlement or woodland, you still find something to admire. Suppose we begin with the first, and proceed till we reach the last? "Agreed." We arise on a clear, cold morning in January about sunrise, and find our windows covered with every pattern of frost work, embracing crystallization of every imaginable kind. Most generally it assumes the form of *vegetation*—from the flowering plant to the broad-leafed fern, of the coal-measure type, or the stately oak or palm-tree. The more they are studied, the more beautiful they seem. If we employ the eyes of youth, or the aid of a microscope, to examine the individual flakes of the newly fallen snow, which lie in feathery layers upon the window-sill, we shall find every variety of beauty which shape and form can assume. Here are prisms, coves, globes, cylinders, radiated circles, squares, triangles, and pentagons of every imaginable number of size. Our house is on a slight elevation, which overlooks the town. We open our window, and look down on the clustering habitations of the citizens. The newly kindled fires are rolling a mass of smoke and vapour from every chimney. The vapor, freezing as it rises, assumes the appearance of a graceful umbrageous tree, through the foliage of which the rays of the morning sun are trickling, and being reflected and refracted in every imaginable form. We seem to be in the midst of an oriental "city of palm-trees," another *Damascus*. The writer does not remember, among all the winter pieces over which he has pored in rapture, to have ever seen an attempt to transfer this unique appearance to canvass. It is much to be wondered at that some competent artist has not tried his pencil upon this particular subject. We are called down stairs to a smoking breakfast in a cozy little eating room, whose windows look to the south and east, admitting the slanting rays of the bright and glorious morning sun across the apartment. How cheery we all are; and how grateful we ought to be to that "Benign and Saving Power," who has tempered severity with so much mercy. We join in the family devotions with thankful hearts and ready tongues. Having fortified the "inner man" in two different senses, we

wrap ourselves in our warm, woollen coats, and donning our buffalo coats, fur caps, and gloves, we prepare for a drive into the country. The fat, sleek horse, just from his warm stable, harnessed to the tasteful cutter, well furnished with furry robes, is driven to the door, where he stands, arching his fair neck, tossing his head, jingling his bells, and pawing to be off. We step in, and off we are with a dash. We pass out into one of the main streets of the city, and all is activity around us. Numerous sleighs are gliding past us in all directions; while busy pedestrians are hurrying along, croneching the snow beneath their feet. "Which way do you drive?" Our route lies through a fine agricultural settlement; but our journey will be extended, ere it ends, quite into the "bush." See, by turning this corner we clear the city, and after passing through this scattered suburb, we gain the country. Fortunately for us, we are travelling south, for the first two or three hours, we have the sun to warm our noses. We may well dispense with the noxious cigar, as we shall with the strong potations for which it creates a thirst. How spotless the snow that covers both field and forest, and almost buries house and hovel, and makes the fences a sort of Chinese wall around each farm and field. Its whole surface sparkles like a pavement of diamonds, while the crystals that depend from every twig of these ornamental and shade trees far out-rival every exhibition of art. How ornamental the icicles which droop from the eaves of those cozy pent-houses to form the front of so many of the country homesteads. That ridge of highlands to the right of us, assuming almost mountainous proportions in some parts of the chain, forms a noble object for the eye to rest upon, while it breaks off the north-westerly wind, which we would otherwise find very cutting. The frozen surface of yonder placid river to our left, widening in some places to the dimensions of a lake, forms a pretty example of quiet beauty. These undulations of the road give that agreeable diversity of gliding movement, which constitute one of the peculiar charms of sleigh-riding beside diversifying the scene.

"That was a kind reception we received from that picus family with whom we stopped to dinner." Yes, their's is a hearty hospitality; and their tasteful and well-crowned table is an example of the abundance in which our well-to-do Canadian farmers luxuriate. "But since we came out, I perceive we have lost sight of the sun—the sky is quite overcast." Yes, we shall have a fall of snow before very long; yesterday and the day before so very fine, were what the people call "weather-breeders." Indeed, it begins to snow already. See, how noiselessly and uniformly it sifts down! It has been snowing faster the last half hour. The flakes are getting much larger. They are assuming the appearance of round,

white, rose-like blossoms. How completely the whole circumambient atmosphere, as far as the eye can reach, above and around, is filled with them! Did you ever remark what a queer medium they are to look through? Now we are getting into the woods—forests are on both sides. This is quite an escape, for the wind, which was getting stronger, and the driving snow began to incommode us. "How sheltered and very comfortable!" Yes; it is always much warmer in the woods than in the open country, in the winter. This part of the forest is "open and park-like." How majestic these oaks, and ashes, and elms; and how beautiful that clump of pines on the sandy ridge yonder! But we shall soon be in the swamps. There, we are descending! How pleasing the sensation of riding down hill! "What nice little notches and dingles there are in this ridge of table-land to the right of us there?" Aye, indeed, but you will soon see a pretty object. There! right opposite this rustic bridge on which we stop the horse, down that steep, brush-choked ravine, is a frozen cascade. "What graceful drapery—not white, but of that blue-greenish tint which ice often assumes!" But this is only a specimen of the fantastic forms which nature assumes in this season of frost and snow, among the rocky, broken, cedar-crowned hills and knolls through which we shall pass before we return home. We are travelling now through a woody bottom, overgrown with ash, and cedar, and spruce, with here and there a hemlock. The beautiful birch, too, is a frequent denizen of bank and brae. The wide-spread branches of all these moisture-loving trees, and the leaves of the evergreens impeding and receiving the oft-repeated showers of snow, and being undisturbed by the winds in such a sheltered position, form a ceiling over head, whiter than the most spotless plaster. How dark, and sombre, and dreamy it makes the place. These swamps form a shelter for the timid hares and deer, which feed on the alder, willow, and hazel, that form one continuous copice, intercepting these beautiful creatures from the peering gaze of the cruel huntsman, while their outstanding eyes, and ears, give them notice of the most distant foot-fall, crashing through brush and crust, and every approaching form. Their nimble legs soon bear them from the threatening danger. There! on yonder rise of ground you may get a glimpse of a herd of deer, cantering off, their bushy, white tails glancing through the woods the while. They have been startled by our horse's bells. See, they make a temporary halt, to scan us for a moment. There, they are off again, plunging into the recesses of the forest. We shall see these graceful strangers no more. It is well we have not much farther to travel to-night, else the additional darkness, arising from the storm, despite the lauded advantages of "snow-light," would make it hard to find our way. Now, though the darkness



is upon us, we are emerging into the new settlement where lives our friend. The cattle there, just in from browsing the brush-piles in the "choppings," are cowering beneath their temporary hovel sheds, instinctively *tailing* the storm. How cheery the log-fires glisten through the curtainless windows of the shanties. There is the house of our friend! "He is much in advance of most of his neighbors." Yes; he had some means, and he took the precaution to build a good, hewed-log house and sizeable barn and sheds before he moved in his family; besides, he has reaped a crop or two of wheat and has plenty of potatoes, and oats, and some hay. Now take that bow-wow welcome from old tawser, who already shows, by wagging his tail, that he remembers me and confides in all who accompany me. The family give us such a welcome as only people of intelligence and refinement can give in the "bush" where visits from the civilized world are *angelic*,—"few and far between." "But I hope you don't put these people out of the pale of civilization? I did not think that so many of the luxuries of the various parts of the world could have found their way in here so soon, besides the good Canadian bread and butter, and the unfailing pie and doughnut, tea from China, coffee from Turkey, and sugar from the West-Indies. The weekly mail gives them hebdomadally some information of the outside world. "What does the arrival of these neighbors mean?" "Oh! it is the night for our fortnightly week-night service. Brother Driver, the Circuit preacher, will be in presently from the class-leaders house where he is putting up. There, he is coming now." From his pushing, determined look, he seems the right man in the right place. But determined and fearless as the young man is, when occasion requires, he has no notion of preaching in the presence of two seniors who are city ministers. They take the service. One preaches, the other exhorts; and prayer-meeting follows, in which these dwellers in the wilderness are wondrously refreshed. Those who have the most difficult paths to thread, provide themselves with torches of pine knots and splinters, or of inflammable bark of trees. And having lighted them by thrusting them under the forestick, they lift them aloft swaying them to and fro to keep them burning, they dash through the woods leaving a stream of sparks behind them,—they are now lost to sight, and we are tired enough to turn in. There is something peculiarly comfortable in sleeping in a loft, the floor of which is warmed by the fire below, and, through the cracks of which (for it is made of loose boards) the blaze on the kitchen hearth blinks and glimmers all night—that is to say, when you are thoroughly tired. "What is that?" Its a call to breakfast. "Breakfast! Why it is not daylight yet." No matter for that: those who would make the most of the short days of winter must have breakfast over by the

time it is light. Breakfast over, we venture to look out. "Why, there is not a trace of road, or fence, or anything else!" just so; the wind has been up since it ceased to snow, and the feathery congelations have assumed all imaginable shapes. These snow wreaths are magnificent. But they have anchored us here for a day or two till the roads are broken by the ox-sleds. It will probably so consume our time that we shall not be able during this visit, to look in on some lumbering shanties as we had hoped to see. In the mean time, we are glad of so good a port in a storm. We can beguile the weary hours with books and conversation. Or, if we want exercise, we can go to the barn and renew our acquaintance with the flail of our boyhood; or seizing the woodman's axe, start the healthful perspiration by "knocking off a log" or falling a tree. When we come out to *Civilization* once more, the readers of the *Repository*, may possibly hear from us again.

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 COUNT CAVOUR.

Count Cavour is a scion of a noble house, and the second son of an ancient and immensely wealthy patrician family, long known for its aristocratic *hauteur*, and warm supporters of the re-actionary cause. He was born at Turin in 1810, during the French occupation of the country; and his father must have been favourable to the French cause, for we learn that a sister of the Great Napoleon, the Princess Maria Pauline Borghese, was one of the sponsors at his baptism, which was performed in great pomp and with much ceremony. His early advantages were of a most felicitous character, for his first tutor, up to the time of his fourteenth year, was the Abbé Fézet, who was known as the writer of the French History of the House of Savoy, from which Province the ancient patrician house of Cavours are believed to have originally descended. He was soon destined for the army by a proud father, according to Italian custom, being the second son of the family, and he was accordingly sent to the Royal Military Academy at Turin, where he early distinguished himself by his industry and diligence, his fine military aristocratic bearing, and the uncommon progress that he made in every branch of study to which he directed his noble mind. At this tender age he was warmly recommended by his superiors at the Royal Academy to the Court of Charles Felix, as a page to wait upon the King. His friends were elated at the bright future that appeared thus early to loom up before him, but he was

soon found to be far in advance of his years, and superior to his position, for his proud spirit would not permit him to submit to be a lackey, even to a king, and to the unspeakable regret of all his friends, and the infinite chagrin of his proud father, who thought his pathway to glory and honour was now for ever cut off; he was dismissed in disgrace.

He immediately returned to the Royal Academy and resumed his studies, a pursuit more congenial to his feelings than waiting upon a haughty Prince; and his own words, when he rejoined his young friends at the academy were, "Thank God! I have flung off that mule from my back." He now redoubled his diligence at his studies, but in vain he plied himself to regain the good opinion of his family and his friends. They felt themselves disgraced. He was now placed under the immediate care of the famous astronomer Plana, under whom he studied the mathematics with great success, and who said that he never had so gifted a pupil. But strange to say, his relatives despised him the more, as an incorrigible book-worm, insensible of his high position, and the high position of his family. They would have preferred the luxury and flattery of Court influence, and would sooner have seen him a liveried page to a priest-ridden prince than a scholar of the highest merit and of the highest renown. But they little thought that they were soon to be doomed to a still greater mortification, and their family and name to be tarnished in consequence of the liberal views of the young and very promising Cadet, and the party to which he showed signs of special preference. He had early risen to the rank of Lieutenant in the army; but his scholarly mind, and his free and liberal principles, entirely unfitted him for the trappings and gaities of the mess-room. Such was his extreme aversion to the army, that his father felt constrained to yield to his importunities, and consent to his leaving the service. As he was heir to an ample and princely fortune—over one million pounds sterling, he had the means at command to work his way into the highest circles of society, and to surround himself with every facility to forward the designs early formed in his young and fruitful mind, to raise his country from being a priest-ridden and dependent province, to become one of the great powers of Europe. He has lived to see the consummation of his matured plans and sincere desires. England and the English Constitution had been studied and long admired by him, and the writings and political addresses of her great statesmen had been the subject of his meditations and reflection, and had made a deep impression upon his

mind. He longed to witness the working of liberal and enlightened sentiments, and to make himself conversant with the practical application of the great principles embodied in the British Constitution. At length the eventful scenes and stirring times of 1831, and the *Razzia* that followed against everything like free opinions made him resolve on leaving his own country for a time, and visiting England, and making the acquaintance of those great men whom he admired, and whose political career he had long studied. He accordingly landed at Dover, and no sooner had he stepped on shore than he felt like a bird escaped from its cage, and was in no great hurry to return again to the land of priest-craft—the land that forbade freedom of thought and of expression, and wished to crush the liberty of the Press. He made his way to London, the vast theatre of trade and of commerce—the world in miniature; he saw the Thames, with its forest of masts and floating castles, and its magnificent bridges and wharves groaning with the products of all nations of the earth,—what a striking and mortifying contrast to his lonely and much loved Torino, a sort of Islington asleep, and the still more sleepy and sluggish Po. There were to be seen, too, the men of the age, and of every grade of society, and of every rank in life, and in all the varying circumstances of men who were free and free born; many of the self-made men of the age—men who were the architects of their own fortune, as well as those who were born stars of the first magnitude in all respects. At first his intention was that his stay should be but short, and that he would soon again take some prominent part in the struggles of his country to rise above a spiritual bondage. But he could not leave; he was on the *qui vive* to add to his stock of information and practical knowledge, and probably a closer observer of English manners and customs, from the time of Peter the Great of Russia, never visited the sea-girt Isle. His noble birth—his immense fortune—his refined manners—his brilliant wit and conversation rendered his presence and company acceptable wherever he went, and were an easy passport to the most refined circles of society. But scenes of amusement and folly and fashion were not courted, but studiously shunned by him, and he was more frequently found in the libraries of great men, and the museum of the British nation. He visited Manchester, Liverpool, Macclesfield, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Staffordshire coal fields, as well as the docks of Liverpool and Plymouth; and here he wondered and here he studied the stupendous works of human genius and human industry. He visited the shores of Eng-

land for information and he obtained it, and made a good use of it for the benefit of his countrymen, and for the improvement of his country. He could not have visited England at a better time, nor a more opportune period. It was just at the very time of the Corn Law struggle and the free trade contest, and he sat at the feet of Cobden and Bright, and was taught in that school the important lesson of free trade principles. He sat in the Speaker's gallery during the great tariff debate on the 11th March, 1842, when Sir Robert Peel combated the great question "to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market." But even Sir Robert Peel soon changed his views and came over to the side of the great principle of free trade.

He listened with profound attention to all the arguments in the great controversy, and he studied them and understood them, and finally introduced them into the liberal commercial code of his own country. He was an apt and a "Bright" scholar, and he was taught in a fine school, learning more the few years that he was in England than he could possibly have learned in half a century in the priest-ridden Court of Carlo Alberto. An opportunity soon offered itself of showing that he was not an idle spectator of what he witnessed, for no sooner did he return to his native country than he entered at once upon a career of agricultural improvement, even amidst the heaviest cares of state, which he never relinquished. He was educated an aristocrat, and he felt as an aristocrat, but he was never above work,—diligent in business—sometimes in the fields—sometimes in the workshop—sometimes with the common merchant, and sometimes with the more humble artizan, as well as in the Cabinet of his country. He returned to his own country with his mind enriched with valuable information upon all subjects, and especially upon subjects most useful to a statesman. But his great subject of study was the English Constitution, which he hoped one day to see introduced into his own much loved country. While he was in England some very important changes had taken place in Piedmont, and Carlo Alberto was strongly suspected of favouring the views of those of more liberal sentiments than the Ministers of Rome. Rome was scarcely as much under the influence and dominion of these living corpses as was the Subalpine Kingdom. But they had their day, and the power of Rome must soon come to an end; and England and her great statesmen had schooled a man who was made for the times, and who was made for the Court.

Soon after his return from England he founded, with the assist-

ance of some noble friends, of the same stamp, and of the same enlightened and liberal principles, the Royal Agricultural Society of Sardinia, which became very popular, and soon numbered more than 2000 members. The reforms of the Pope, and the troubles in Tuscany aided the liberal party in their career of improvement, and Carlo Alberto, relaxing the restrictions on the Press, gave it out that he was not opposed to still more important concessions. But the clergy were in the way of all improvement, and stood as a formidable phalanx, allied as they were with the feudal aristocracy, many of whose members formed a part of the leading Jesuits. It was necessary to rout and annihilate them if possible. Cavour was just the man for the times, for he was strongly opposed to the clerico aristocratic *regime* on the one hand, and to all revolutionary violence and indiscretion on the other, and he felt the importance of averting too stormy a collision, by securing a hearing for the opinions of temperate, though earnest reformers. This state of things suggested the necessity and importance of starting a liberal journal that would find way to the heart and ear of the nation, and become the acknowledged organ of the liberal party. A daily paper was immediately started called "Il Risorgimento," and although it was conducted by a most aristocratic staff of officials, yet it soon became the organ of the middle classes. It was the "Times" of Turin. In its columns the English Constitution was fully and freely discussed, and by this means the nation at large became acquainted with it, and through the powerful pen of Cavour, the people were soon prepared to adopt it. Carlo Alberto favoured the design. The great reform urged and recommended by Cavour was a Constitution, and although the ministers of the Crown and the aristocracy of the land were strongly opposed to it, yet he had the satisfaction of having it announced by the King in a manifesto to his much delighted subjects,—Sardinia's accession to the ranks of the Constitutional States of Europe. This was a noble triumph. The new Election Law was the product of his mighty mind, undertaken at the request of the ministry, and in the following May the Turin Parliament met for the first time, and he was one of its members, and one of its leading spirits. Cavour was well qualified for the position he now occupied. He had listened to the debates in the House of Commons, and had conceived an idea rather novel, but characteristic. He does not see why a man is bound to keep the same side of the House at all times, provided he is loyal and patriotic. He saw no objection to a man being a Radical at one time and a Tory at

another time, so long as he had the good of his country in view and was consistently and persistently patriotic and loyal to the Crown. He did not see why a man should not change sides if necessary, when changing sides would accomplish the greater amount of good for the people. His theory seems to have been that, if the political boat in which he sailed was likely to capsize to the starboard, he would then take the larboard side of the craft, and if she were likely to capsize to the larboard, he would then take the starboard side: in this easy way of changing sides he manifested his profound wisdom and his extensive knowledge of human nature, and his eminent qualification for the times in which he lived.

A coalition of the leading men of both parties seems to have been his motto, for he sees no reason why the political bark should change its captain, because one day it would require more sail and another more ballast. He would mould Lord John Russel, Lord Palmerston, and Earl Derby into one, and would appoint men differing on theoretical questions to guide the ship of state. But some men would let the ship of state go to the bottom sooner than steady it by taking an opposite direction. This was not the policy of Cavour, for had it been his universal policy, the ship of state would have been a wreck long ago, whereas she now carries sail, hoists her flag of liberty, and proudly cuts the wave. He was no party to the "Peace of Villafranca," for the ratification of that peace he at once resigned office, and his retirement caused an immediate fall in the English and continental funds. He never lost sight of the improvement and welfare of his much loved country. On the resignation of Carlo Alberto, the Parliament was dissolved, and when Victor Emanuel summoned another, he was returned by a large majority, and soon became the soul and leading spirit of a Cabinet whose power would be felt by Austria, and which was destined to humble and elevate Rome. He has held office about fifteen years, sometimes only a member of the Cabinet, and sometimes the leader of it. But whether in office or out of it, whether in power or in retirement, whether attending to his model farm, or directing the affairs of State, he is always aiming at the stability of the throne and the welfare of the people. He is an original man and a safe leader.

YOD.

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## Divinity.

### EXPOSITION OF 1 CORINTHIANS XIII, 9-13.

BY THE REV. WM. SCOTT.

*“For we know in part and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.”*

Although there exists very general uniformity of interpretation on the contents of the impressive and important chapter from which the above words are selected, yet it may not be deemed presumptuous to offer a few remarks, with a view to present a different, and, we trust a more consistent exegesis. The faith of the Christian need not be shaken by the prevailing difference of opinion among commentators. “The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.” “The pillar and ground of the truth” is a rock that never can be moved.

The general views of commentators on the above passage may be given in brief extracts from a few, with whose works most of our readers are familiar.

Mr. Wesley, whose comment is extended by Mr. Benson, has these remarks on verses 9, 10, 11:—

“The wisest of men have here but short, narrow, imperfect conceptions, even of the things round about them, and much more of the deep things of God. And even the prophecies which men deliver from God, are far from taking in the whole of future events, or of that wisdom and knowledge of God which is treasured up in the Scripture revelation. 10. *But when that which is perfect is come*,—at death and in the last day,—*That which is in part shall vanish away*. Both that poor, low, imperfect glimmering light, which is all the knowledge we can now attain to; and these slow and unsatisfactory methods of attaining, as well as imparting it to others. 11. In our present state we are mere infants in point of knowledge, compared to what we shall be hereafter.”

Mr. Wesley’s sermon, entitled “The Imperfection of Human knowledge,” has for its text, “We know in part.”

For Dr. Clark’s views we refer the reader to his commentary *in loco*; selecting only the following on verse 10:—

“*But when that which is perfect*,—the state of eternal blessedness; *then that which is in part*,—that which is imperfect, shall be done away; the imperfect as well as the probationary state shall cease forever.”

Mr. Watson has these observations in his sermon on “The Importance of Charity:”—

“Partial knowledge shall be hereafter done away, like twilight before day; like the elements of knowledge received in childhood; and obscure views, like objects seen through Roman glass, which was dim and cloudy, will be superseded by distinct perception and perfect certainty.—*Eng. ed.*, vol. iv, p. 392.



Scott's practical observations on verses 8-13 are to the same purport.

On verse 9 he says:

"He hints that these gifts are adapted only to a state of imperfection. Our best knowledge and our greatest abilities are at present, like our condition, narrow and temporary."

On verse 10 he adds:—

"He takes occasion hence to show how much better it will be with the Church hereafter than it can be here."

Macknight, Henry, and others have given a similar interpretation. Mr. Barnes, of Philadelphia, departs very little from the beaten path, and, on verse 10 observes:—

"The sense here is that in heaven,—a state of absolute perfection,—that which is 'in part,' or which is imperfect, shall be lost in superior brightness. All imperfection will vanish. And all that we here possess that is obscure, shall be lost in the superior and perfect glory of that eternal world. All our present unsatisfactory modes of obtaining knowledge shall be unknown. All shall be clear, bright, and eternal."—See *Barnes in loco*.

From the above quotations, which might have been much extended, it will be seen, even without the trouble of further reference to the respective authors, that their opinions nearly correspond; the difference being more in expression than in thought. The following may be considered a fair summary of what has been advanced:—That the apostle, from the 9th verse to the end of the chapter, treats of the imperfection of human knowledge in our probationary state, as compared with our attainments in a future and heavenly state of existence. Our knowledge here is represented as that of infancy; but hereafter it shall be that of mature understanding. Now, (that is in this life,) we are said to see through a glass darkly,—dimly, imperfectly; but then, (that is, in heaven,) face to face,—openly, clearly, fully.

Against this interpretation there lie several objections.

1. It seems to destroy the unity of the apostle's argument, and implies a sudden transition from one theme to another, without necessity or advantage.

2. It makes the apostle introduce what we cannot but regard as an inappropriate illustration of his evident design and general argument.

3. It is not consistent with itself; and, if pursued, proves more than the Scriptures warrant respecting the heavenly state.

On the first objection, we ask the reader to compare the subjects treated of in the 12th and 14th chapters respectively, and it will be perceived that they are a continued argument taken together; and from the general bearing of the 13th chapter, it would seem requisite to carry out the suggestion or purpose expressed in the last verse of the 12th chapter. Our reason for the second objection may be discerned in the following remarks: The main design of St. Paul in the Epistle is to correct the evils existing

among the Corinthians. More especially in chapters 12, 13, and 14, he would not have them ignorant of the nature, object, employment, and subordination of various gifts and offices. He is throughout addressing the Church on its present state, and is not contemplating the condition of saints in the heavenly world. Respecting the third objection we shall only now observe, that if knowledge is to be perfected in the heavenly state, why not the gift of prophecy and the gift of tongues? These are all spoken of together, and in the same relation to a special topic.

The erroneous modern interpretations of the passage before us may have arisen from dependence upon the authorized English version, which we shall endeavor to show is not accordant with the sense of the original. The words τέλειον, perfect, and μέρος, part, are not properly opposite terms in the sense of perfection and imperfection; and the words οὐκ and τότε, in the tenth verse, and also αἰτι and τότε, in the twelfth, do not relate to each other in the sense of this world and the world to come. They severally refer to the circumstances of the Church, and to the condition in which its members would be found, by pursuing the course recommended by the writer of the Epistle.

The phrase ἐκ μερῶν, here rendered "in part," is certainly important, and requires minute consideration. It occurs four times in the thirteenth chapter, and once in the twelfth, verse 27. Thus reads verse 9: 'Ἐκ μερῶν ἕκαστος γινώσκουμεν, καὶ ἐκ μερῶν προφητεύουμεν. So verse 10: τότε το ἐκ μερῶν καταρχηθήσεται. And again, verse 12: αἰτι γινώσκω ἐκ μερῶν. The import of the phrase, both here and in the twelfth chapter, must be sought by a careful examination of St. Paul's argument and design. In the twelfth chapter ἐκ μερῶν is rendered "in particular,"—a somewhat indefinite phrase, as there employed, but to be understood adverbially: "Now ye are the body of Christ and members in particular." that is, members *individually* considered. The hands, the feet, the eyes, are part of the body,—separately they are members; collectively they constitute the body of Christ. God hath so organized the different parts into one body, that there is and must be a mutual dependence and sympathy,—that there should be *no schism* in the body, but that the members should have the same care one for another." This analogy is introduced to show the use of different gifts and offices in the Church, and the necessity of their subserving the profit or edification of all. The sympathetic unity of the body should be such, that whether one member suffer, all the members should suffer with it; or if one member be honored all the members rejoice with it. Though the various offices were "members in particular," separately and severally appointed and endowed, they were not to be considered members independently of, and acting inimi-

cally to each other. "For the body is not one member, but many." The "diversities of gifts," differences of administrations," and the "diversities of operations," were given to every man to "profit withal," or with reference to the whole body. The sense of *ἐκ μερῶν*, in 1 Cor. xii, 27, is therefore plain. The preposition *ἐκ* may here have an adverbial force, and joined with *μερῶν*, from *μείλω*, to divide, signifies, individually or partitively

In the last four verses of the twelfth chapter, the Apostle recapitulates the diversities of gifts and offices, respecting which he had spoken in the former part of the chapter, concluding thus:—"But covet earnestly the best gifts, and yet I show unto you a more excellent way." There is a vast difference between the possession of gifts or offices, and their proper or beneficial employment. They can be profitably used only when the possessor is entirely under the controlling, hallowing influence of love divine. Thus the Apostle argues, (chap. xiii, 1-3,) Though I have all the gifts combined, with which you are severally endowed,—without love I am nothing, it profiteth me nothing; that is, to himself, or the Church, they would be useless. The inspired Apostle then describes the nature, influence, and permanency of love, (verses 6, 7,) and then declares, (verse 8,) "love never faileth,"—is always efficient, and will never cease to be otherwise; it will be of perpetual use to its possessor and to the Church. But whether there be prophecies, tongues, or knowledge, they will be rendered useless without love; their utility had, in fact, been destroyed, as the whole Epistle shows, *by the existence of a party spirit*. The generous flame of Christian charity had been quenched, and the precious gifts and qualifications for usefulness misemployed. This humiliating fact, then, the Apostle again states, and in this thirteenth chapter connects it with other painful facts, as cause and effect. Prophecies, tongues, knowledge, would be rendered unprofitable as they had been. Wherefore? *ἐκ μερῶν γὰρ γινώσκομεν, καὶ ἐκ μερῶν προφητεύομεν*. This verse assigns the reason for the existing defects of the Corinthian Church. Our version reads,—"For we know in part, and we prophecy in part." This cannot mean that the gifts were rendered useless because they had been bestowed only in a partial or limited degree, or imperfectly. Such was not the fact; for the Apostle says, in the first chapter of this Epistle, "I thank my God always on your behalf, for the grace of God which is given you by Jesus Christ; that in all things ye are enriched by him, in all utterance, and in all knowledge; even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you: so that ye *come behind* in no gift; waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." The Corinthians had the gifts spoken of in a high-degree of perfection, and are

recommended to covet them earnestly. The great error of the Church was this,—they had employed their gifts and offices for personal or party purposes; by so doing the unity of the body had been destroyed, and divisions created. See the charge of defection and schism, in the tenth and eleventh verses of the first chapter. It is repeated in the third chapter and third verse, and again alluded to in the eleventh chapter and eighteenth verse. In the passage more particularly under consideration, (chap. xiii 9,) we regard this charge of schism as again repeated, and assigned as the cause of that spiritual imbecility which existed to a lamentable extent, and as the cause of the inefficiency of extraordinary gifts. Our words “in part,” therefore, do not convey the Apostle’s true sense. We have seen that in chap. xii, 27, the words *ἐκ μερῶν* are translated, “in particular,” and signify individually or partitively, and this in connexion with an argument against the abuse of gifts for schismatic purposes, or so that division would be the inevitable result. Here, then, (ch. xiii, 9,) *ἐκ μερῶν* conveys the same idea, and the verse is a declaration, that, having employed their extraordinary gifts for personal or party purposes, they had failed to promote “the perfecting of the saints, the edifying of the body of Christ.”

The radical meaning of the word *μερῶν*, from *μερίζω*, to divide, and its use in other places, strongly corroborate this view. There may be places where *μερῶν* seems to signify “partially,” or “in some degree,” as in 2 Cor. i, 14, and v, 2; but we think in every place the primary meaning will be found to be, division or portion, as distinct from the whole or aggregate of anything. The following passages may be consulted:—Luke xv, 12; John xix, 23; Rev. xvi, 19; Hebrews ix, 5; John xiii, 8; Matt. xxiv, 51; 1 Peter iv, 16. The word occurs in Acts xxiii, 6–9, and is translated “part,” but not in the sense of imperfection. Every reader will observe it is used in the sense of our word party: “But when Paul perceived that the one part *ἐν μερῶν*, (one party,) were Sadducees, and the other Pharisees, &c., he cried out, &c. And the Scribes that were of the Pharisee’s part (*τοῦ μερῶν τῶν Φαρισαίων*, of the party of the Pharisees) arose.” Professor Robinson, under *μερῶν*, observes, in reference to Acts xxiii, 6–9, “Here it may be rendered party.” It is therefore, consistent with the general signification of the word, and in keeping with its general use, that in the passage under discussion it may be rendered “party,” as opposed to unity and charity.

It will be admitted that the meaning of the proposition *ἐκ* is not expressed by our word “in.” “Its primary signification is, out of—from—of, spoken of such objects as before were *in* another, but are now separated from it, either in respect of place, time, source, or origin,” &c.

It is the direct antithesis of *εἰς*, which has "the primary idea of motion into any place or thing." The true sense of *εκ* in any place must be determined by the context and scope of the writer. It is often intended to express "the motive, ground, occasion, whence anything proceeds," as in Philippians i, 16, 17: "The one preach Christ of contention" (*εξ ἐπιθειας*) "but the other of love," (*εξ αγαπης.*) So in 2 Cor. ii, 4: "For out of much affliction," (*εκ γαρ πολλης θλιψεως;*) and verse 17 of the same chapter: "But as of sincerity, as of God," *αλλ ως εξ ειλικρινειας αλλ ως Θεου;*) that is, the motives that actuate us in speaking are sincere and godly. This certainly appears to be the sense here: "For we know in part," (*εκ μερους,* out of party,) and prophesy in part," (*εκ μερους,* out of party,) that is from personal or party motives or designs. Therefore their knowledge and other gifts had been rendered useless and vain. The verb *καταργεω* signifies to render useless,—to make void. The effect and the cause are joined together by the causative particle *γαρ*, "which expresses the reason of what has been before affirmed or implied; and means *for*, in the sense of because." Thus it appears that verse the ninth is a continuation of the eighth verse, and can only be so by admitting that the Apostle is assigning the reason of the failure of the Corinthian gifts,— "because we know of party, and prophesy of party;" that is, such have been the motives of action. The tenth verse then follows in striking beauty and appositeness: "*Οταν δε λθη το τελειον, τοτε το εκ μερους καταργηθησεται,*" "but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away;" or, more literally, and in accordance with the scope of the Apostle, "When on the contrary is established the perfect state, then that of party shall be avoided."

There can be no difficulty in ascertaining what it is St. Paul here means by a perfect state. It is that state of maturity in Christian principle and conduct, set forth from verse fourth to the eighth, in which also are most touchingly described the spiritual achievements of love to man, proceeding from love to God. In the eleventh verse, the Apostle may be considered as introducing his former conduct and experience as illustrative of his theme. There was a time when he had been carried away by personal feeling and party zeal. But then he was a child,—of limited capacity and attainment in the things of God. But when he became a man,—when the love of Christ and the love of souls filled his heart,—then he put away childish things—the things of party—the spirit of sect—those sure evidences of infantine knowledge and attainments. For "now," that is, under these circumstances, "we see through a glass darkly,"—neither know ourselves perfectly, nor discern the excellencies of others; but "then," that is when the perfect state is come, "we see face to face,"—perceive and acknow-

edge the same general features in every fellow-christian. "Now we know," *ex megoris*, of party, and hence, seeing imperfectly, we use our gifts to promote personal or partial objects; but "then," when under the influence of love, we know as we are known, and kindly think and speak the same. "These things," St. Paul has, "in a figure, transferred to" himself "and to Apollos," for the sake of the Corinthians; as he says, "That ye might learn in us not to think of men above that which is written, that no one of you be puffed up one against another." (chap. iv, 6.) And "now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity:" because that faith and hope of which he speaks, may coexist with party zeal and strife; but charity annihilates all selfish and party considerations, and, glowing with Divine intensity in the heart and life, tends to promote the unity and edification of the body of Christ. This, then, is the "*more excellent way*."

The foregoing version and paraphrase seem to accord best with the general tenor of the Epistle. This may be ascertained by a brief review of its contents, and a recapitulation of what has been advanced,

In the Corinthian Church divisions had gone to a fearful extent, and contentions had destroyed unity of mind and judgment, (chap. i, 10, 11.) By glorying in men, and using base materials in building on the true foundation laid by apostolic teaching, they had prevented growth in grace, and endangered their salvation, (chap. iii, *passim*.) By tolerating sinful abuses and corrupt doctrines for party purposes, further inroads had been made on the peace and purity of the Church. Some of the Corinthians wished for directions on these matters, and the Apostle gives explicit information in chapters v, vi, vii, viii, and ix, that they might be brought to one mind and judgment. In chapter xi, verses 17 and 18, he again specially mentions the existence of divisions; and in chapter xii, he designs to remove the ignorance respecting the origin and use of diversities of gifts and offices. These were not to be employed to create divisions and endanger strifes, but to promote unity; which they would do, if the Corinthians pursued the "*more excellent way*" of following after that charity,—the necessity and influence of which are described in chapter xiii, from the first verse to the seventeenth inclusive. In verses 8 and 9 he again adverts to the evils of schism, and concludes the chapter by clearly showing that the spirit of piety would destroy the spirit of party. Thus the Epistle, not only to this place, but to the end, may be considered as a treatise on the causes, consequences, and cure of the schismatic spirit which prevailed in the Corinthian Church. In the last chapter St. Paul gives this solemn injunction: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong. Let all your things be done with *charity*." Yea,

and as though he could not employ that divine word, "*charity*," too frequently, or urge its principle too strongly, he thus concludes,—*Ἡ ἀγάπη μου μετὰ πάντων υμῶν ἐν Χριστῷ Ἰησοῦ Ἀμην*: "My love be with you all in Christ Jesus," or, as some would read the passage, (the pronoun being omitted in some manuscripts,) "May love prevail among you; or, supplying the word God, "The love of God be with you." \*

These considerations have led us to the adoption of our interpretation of chapter thirtecn. We would only add here the old translation of verses 9, 10, and 12, as given in Dr. Clarke's Commentary, *in loco*, being, as he says, "the first translation of it into the English language which is known to exist," which seems to exhibit both a text and language, if not prior to the time of Wiclif, yet certainly not posterior to his day." (The whole chapter, in the black letter, is given in the place referred to.) Verses 9, 10: "Forsothe of party we hav knowen: and of partye prophecien. Forsothe whenne that schal cum to that is perfit: that thing that is of party schal be avoydid." Ver. 12: "Forsothe we seen now bi a mirror in dereness: thanne forsothe face to face. Nowe I know of partye: thanne forsothe I schal know as I am knowen."

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## ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

(Continued.)

It must indeed be admitted that individuals have appeared in every age who have endeavored to call in question, or to deny this fundamental truth, but this circumstance forms no valid objection to the force of the argument to which we have already adverted, for the number of such persons has been extremely small when compared with the mass of mankind, and their opinions on this subject have generally originated, either from wilful ignorance, from an affection of singularity, or of appearing superior to vulgar fears; or from indulging in a course of wickedness and impiety which has led them to wish, and, if possible, to believe, that there are neither

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\* On verse 22nd of this last chapter, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha," Mr. Barnes has the following appropriate and discriminating remarks:—"This is a most solemn and affecting close to the whole Epistle. It was designed to direct them to the great and essential matter of religion,—the love of the Lord Jesus, and was intended, doubtless, to turn away their minds from the subjects which had agitated them, the *disputes* and *dissensions* which had rent the Church into factions, to the great inquiry whether they loved the Saviour. It is implied that there was danger, in their *disputes* and *strifes* about minor matters, of neglecting the love of the Lord Jesus, or of substituting attachment to party in the place of that love to the Saviour, which alone could be connected with eternal life.

punishments nor rewards beyond the grave, if it appear strange and unnatural that any man should wish his soul to be mortal; an ancient philosopher assigns the true reason of it, "A wicked man," says he, "is afraid of his Judge, and therefore wishes his soul and body may perish together by death, rather than they should appear before the tribunal of God." If a number of fools should think fit to put out their own eyes, to prevent them from feeling the effects of light, as one of the ancient philosophers is said to have done, it would form no argument to prove that all the rest of the world was blind; and if a few sceptics endeavour to blind the eyes of their understanding by sophistry and licentiousness, it cannot prevent the light of *reason* which unveils the realities of a future world from shining on the rest of mankind, nor constitute the slightest argument to prove the fallacy of the doctrine they deny. We will now attempt to answer some objections which have been or may be urged against the doctrine of the immortality of the soul—first then it is stated, that the mental power which we call soul is feeble and imperfect in infancy; that it grows with the growth of the body, and when the body becomes mature, the mind possesses its greatest vigor; but that as old age impairs the corporal functions and renders them rigid, all the faculties of the mind generally at the same period of life become enfeebled and torpid; hence it is inferred, that it is reasonable to conclude that the mind will die with the body.

Ere attempting to reply to this objection, it may be proper to remark, that from the views we intend to present, the discussion of the question, whether the soul be material or immaterial, cannot essentially affect the conclusion to which we may arrive in relation to its immortality; for, from all we know from what has fallen under our observation, matter is incapable of annihilation. It may and does change its form, but it cannot be annihilated; what death is we do not know, except that it results in the dissolution of the matter which composes our bodies; and we also know that the dissolution of matter is not the destruction or annihilation of matter; it is therefore obvious that conceding the soul to be material, it does not follow that the dissolution of our bodies will prevent the future existence in some form of the intellectual faculty. A man may lose his limbs, and in fact the greater portion of his body, and still he himself will remain: I have seen a man in the city of *Quevec* who had lost both his legs, nothing remained of him but his head, neck, and the trunk of his body, and yet he possessed his intellectual powers in great perfection. We are quite as ignorant of the



principle of life in vegetables as we are of that faculty of ourselves which thinks. Why is it that the tiny acorn which falls from the lofty oak among dead matter, itself being apparently as dead as the sand on the most bleak and barren shore, should in due time gradually expand itself, push away other matter which obstructs its extension and elongation, and that it should ultimately become equal in size to its parent, we are wholly unable to account. The oak has its infancy, its growth, maturity, and apparent dissolution, and yet there is something—some quality belonging to it, which survives, comparing the intellectual with vegetable life, it does not follow from analogy that the growth, maturity and apparent death of the body is the destruction of life itself, or whatever the principle of life may be. That the body is the organ or instrument through which the soul acts, as the eye is the organ or glass through which the faculty of sight perceives, is undoubtedly true; that the faculty of seeing has its seat in the *sensorium* and not in the *eye*, which is merely a telescope, is not only probable but actually proved by experiment; if when the machinery which forms the eye is disordered, that organ can no longer be used by the faculty of sight, it is most obvious that it does not follow that the faculty has ceased to exist; if then, when by reason of age or any other cause, the corporal functions become rigid or weakened, or otherwise disordered, is it not reasonable to infer that those functions become less capable of being acted upon by the intellectual power than when in their full vigor and perfection; that this decay and derangement of the faculty strictly corporal, render them unfit or less fit instruments for the mind to act upon, and that in this way an *apparent*, though not *real*, decay of mental vigor is produced; it appears to us that it does, and that reasoning analogically from vegetable life (the only life, the whole of which we are certain falls under our observation) sustains the position.

C. FRESHMAN.

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### Portfolio of Select Literature.

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#### REV. PETER JONES' INTERVIEW WITH THE KING.

*Thursday, April 5th, 1832.*—I took an early breakfast and set off at 8 o'clock in the morning by a Windsor coach, and arrived there about noon. On getting out of the coach, I saw a gentleman with an Indian and a boy going straight to the Royal Palace. I at once thought that this party

were going to be introduced to the King and Queen at the same time I was. I went to the Inn and put on my Indian dress as soon as I could, but to my great disappointment I found I had forgotten my medal, so I had to go without it. On arriving at the Palace, I enquired for Mr. Hudson, the person whom I was recommended to enquire for. He came out and I showed him the note from Mrs. Vansittart; he replied and said it was all right, and then informed me that a Chief and his son were here, and asked me if I knew them? I said I did not. He then said that they were now going round to see the different apartments, and asked me if I would like to go with them? to which I was glad to consent. I met with the Indian Chief and his party in the room where the King's gold plate is deposited. I shook hands with him, and we tried to talk to each other in our own language, but we could not understand one another, so we were obliged to speak to each other in the English, which he spoke very well. This Chief and his son were from Nova Scotia, and were of the Micmack Tribe, and belonged to the Roman Catholic religion. Went through the castle and saw a'l the state rooms, which I had seen before, and we were highly pleased with what we saw. I was struck with the manner in which the kitchen was fitted up. A long table is heated with steam, which keeps all the provisions hot till they go on the King's table. We then went to the King's hot houses and gardens, and the fountain, which were all in the best style. Two or three of the Lords in waiting, or those who surround the throne, were with us all the time, and seemed desirous to shew us that which might be interesting to us. At 2 o'clock word came to us that their Majesties would soon be ready to receive us. We then went to the waiting room, and in a few minutes we were conducted to the drawing room, where the King and Queen received us very graciously. The gentleman who was with the Micmack Chief, was introduced first to the King, and then introduced his friend the Micmack. I was introduced by one of the Lords. Their Majesties bowed their heads when we bowed to them. They were standing when we entered the room, and stood the whole time while we remained with them. The King asked whether we were of one party, and one of the Lords answered that we were not. He then enquired if we could talk English, and when he was informed that we could, he asked us what nation we belonged to; I told him that I belonged to the Chippeway nation, residing in Upper Canada. He then asked how many of us there were in the nation. I told him about 40 or 50,000. He asked me how old I was. I replied thirty-one. When I was baptized? I told him about nine or ten years ago. What my name was? I replied, Kahkewaquonaby, in the Indian—Peter Jones in the English. Similar questions were put to the Nova Scotia Indian. On being introduced to the King, one of the Lords in waiting informed the King that I wished to present to him a copy of the Chippeway Translation of the Gospel of St. John, which he received out of my hand and opened it, and said "Very good." Some one asked who was the translator. The Queen then replied, "It is his own." The King asked the Micmack if he was a Catholic; to which he replied "Yes." The King then pointing to me, said to him, "He is not." I told the Queen that the Indian women in Canada had sent by me a few articles of Indian work, to be presented to Her Majesty, which I had sent to

Lord Goderich. She replied that she had received them, and was happy to accept them, and hoped the Indian women would do well in their undertaking. The King and those around him talked for some time about our dress. The King remarked that my dress was the real Chippeway costume. The Nova Scotia Indian's son, the King said, was a complete model of the American Indians; and that he should have known him to belong to that country, if he had seen him any where in the street. After being with them about half an hour, the King made a signal that the interview was over, so we bowed to them, and retired with the Lords into a lower room, where we sat down to take a lunch.

We had roasted chickens, beef, potatoes, tarts, wines, &c., and ate out of silver dishes. I ate very heartily of the roasted chickens and potatoes. The gentleman at the head of the table, filled his glass full of champagne, and proposed the King's health. All rose up and drank the King's health. After eating a little while, the same gentleman said, "The Queen," upon which all rose up and drank the Queen's health. I understood one of the gentlemen to say, "The King's squaw." Before we rose up from the table, a message was sent to us that Lady — and the family would like to see the Indian Chiefs after lunch. Another word came to inform us that the King had ordered two medals to be struck and presented to the two Chiefs as soon as possible. After dinner we went into a long beautiful hall, where we met the ladies and the children belonging to the Royal family, amongst whom was Prince George. Some of the children shook hands with us. After this we were shown the King's private apartments, which were the most beautiful I ever saw—all glittered with gold tapestry. We were also taken to see the horses belonging to the Royal family, and they were the most handsome creatures I ever saw.

I forgot to mention in its proper place, that while we were present with their Majesties, one of the Lords in waiting, asked me in their presence if I was a Wesleyan Methodist. I replied I was, and that they (the Methodists) were the first who came and preached to us. I moreover replied to the gentleman who asked me the question, that the doctrines taught by the Methodists were the same as those of the Church of England, only differing a little in the mode of government. He said there was no difference. Mr. Hudson told me that when the Queen received those articles sent by the Indian women, she had ordered him to send a reply to their address, but not knowing my address, he did not know where to send it, and consequently it had been omitted till the present time. He would now be most happy to forward the same to me. So I gave him my address in London, where he might send the Queen's talk and also the Medal. The Nova Scotia Chief, I was informed, came over to England to purchase farming implements, which business he and his people were going to follow. Left the Palace about 4, P. M.; called and took tea with Mr. Ford, who afterwards drove me in his gig to the Bath road, where I met with a coach and rode to London, highly gratified with my visit to our great father the King, and our great mother the Queen. The King and Queen were dressed very plain, and were very open, and seemed not at all to be proud. They both looked very healthy and in good spirits. Long may they live to be a blessing to their nation and people! May God direct them in the good and right path of righteousness! God bless the King and Queen!

## CEPHALONIA AND ITS PRODUCTIONS.

BY S. B. PARSONS, OF FLUSHING, N. Y.

We landed opposite the little town of Samos, on the island of Cephalonia. Our ride up the mountain, from this place, was full of interest, with delightful glimpses of the coast and sea, patches of vines, with the peculiar ant-hill culture noticed first in Zante, and wild flowers and trees, many of which were new to us. Cyclamens, anemones, and iris were abundant. The *Quercus ilex*, or holy oak, growing in the plains of large size, became dwarf as we ascended, until, at the greatest altitude, it creeps like a vine upon the ground, in large rich masses, with very small leaves. Although flourishing here in the snow region, it has not proved hardy about New York, but would doubtless be so wherever the *Quercus virens* or live oak, will grow. With its rich, glossy holly foliage, it would be a valuable addition to our ornamental trees. That which most excited our admiration, however, was the *Ceratonia siliqua*, or carob tree. It is round headed, evergreen, with leaves placed and formed like the locust, but thick and glossy as the *Pittosporum*. It bears a pod, which is eaten by cattle, and is used largely for government horses in Malta. In Sicily, a spirit is distilled from it. It grows wild everywhere, and is said to be the tree which furnished food to John the Baptist. A superior variety is cultivated by grafting upon the wild species. It would doubtless succeed in our extreme southern States, for we found it on high positions, and in the snow region. Some seeds for distribution will be forwarded to the Patent Office, and it will be found worthy of careful trial, combining, as it does, great beauty with the production of a useful article of food.

At one of the villages, we found the women crotcheting capes and sleeves with a thread made from the fibre of the aloes. The fabric was light, glossy, and beautiful; and the fiber could be readily cultivated in our southern States.

The culture of grape and currant, on Mr. Pana's estate, is very thorough. It was pleasant to notice his frank, kind manner with his laborers, and their respectful, ready answers. He is said to be unequalled on the island for the thought and intelligence which he gives to his estates. His gardens were full of oranges, pears, Japan, medlars, grapes, and quinces, while roses were blooming everywhere.

We wished to ascend the Black mountain, to see the noble specimens, of *Picea cephalonica* which are found here only, and took mules up the almost precipitous sides, among piles of rocks and stones, with a few flowers struggling from among them, and very little vegetation, except mosses and the dwarf *Quecus ilex*. After some hard work, we reached the forest of pines, and passing through a part of it, arrived at the government cottage, where rangers are kept to protect the wood. The sight of the trees only repaid us. Here were superb specimens of *Picea cephalonica*, fifty or sixty feet high, growing where they had abundant room to develop, straight as an arrow and symmetrical as a pyramid, with the rich, glossy foilage peculiar to the species. Some of the specimens had trunks three feet in diameter, and covered as much ground as a large

live oak in Florida. As the tree is perfectly hardy near New York, we were anxious to procure some seed, but looked in vain for cones. One was brought us by a ranger, but the seed was all worthless. We could now readily understand why it is that the French and English have been unable to procure this seed; and that the tree is still a rare one in England, notwithstanding the great rage there for all fine coniferæ. From the overhanging rocks, nearly three thousand feet high, we caught a superb view of the island and sea, as the clouds rolled away below us for a few minutes. The barren peaks loomed up, white with limestone; rich olive groves and small villages dotted the plain: and the sea winding in among the islands, gave the coast many little coves with picturesque effect.

In Caphalonia, the sides of the mountains below the snow line were planted with vines on the steepest declivities. The whole ground is white with small pieces of limestone, and these are often a foot deep. Among them the vine is planted, and one can scarcely conceive how great must be the change, on the appearance of vegetation, from their present white barrenness to the living green of the new leaves. No soil was to be seen on the surface, where the vines had not been touched with the hoe. On digging down they found a rich-looking, brightened soil, called *terra rosa*, which is sometimes used for mortar, and is evidently full of iron. In some places the vines were planted in water-courses, and much earth had been washed away from the roots. It is evident from their experience in Cephalonia that the vine thrives well with plenty of stone and surface water. We noticed many fossils, and passed a fathomless lake two thousand feet above the sea. The whole road down the mountain was full of glimpses of beauty. In the valley we again met the luxuriant vegetation which this climate and soil give.

Cephalonia is not so highly cultivated as Zante, but its specialities are the same—currants, grapes, and olives. We saw no cows on the island, and but few oxen of inferior breed, imported from Morea. There are few horses, and those of inferior character. Fish are plentiful and good. Lemons and oranges are abundant, but not exported. The blood-oranges are the best, and we could hear of no insect upon them. They have a singular mode of propagating the lemon, in order to insure the same variety. A branch, two or three feet long, is buried in the ground, in a sloping direction, the upper end being six inches below the surface, and several inches of the lower end left out of the ground. In other words, it is a cutting reversed. That part above the ground sends up a shoot which grows with great rapidity, while the part below remains dormant or decays. Japan medlars grow here of large size, and are said to produce fine fruit. Currants are produced in large quantities, but with the exception of those of Mr. Pana, the cultivation is not equal to that of Zante.

Olives are cultivated by cuttings, and also by grafting. Twenty-five thousand barrels of oil are made annually. The harvest is from October to December, inclusive. The ripest fruit is the richest, and the best is grown on the hills. Five to forty bushels are produced by a tree, and one bushel will make two gallons of oil.

## Poetry.

## SOMETHING OLD.

There is, in most minds, an insatiate itching after "something new." The Athenians of St. Paul's time, who "spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing," are represented by a numerous class of persons in the present day. New discoveries in science; new political platforms; new religious creeds; and new fashions in the *beau monde* are ever and anon "turning up," creating disturbance and excitement in the world of ideas. It is well, perhaps, that we have some love of novelty in our natures. Were it otherwise, our shipping might rot in our waters, and our streets and railways would soon be overgrown with grass. The "dark ages" of scowling religious intolerance would return upon us, and the old-fogyism of other days would destroy the elasticity of our excellent civil institutions. There are Rip Van Winkles in Canada yet, but happily their number is small. While we rejoice in this fact, however, let us guard against all excessive hankering after *something new*, MORAL TRUTH is co-existent with GOD; and physical truth is as old as creation. Some *antiquated* things are very *good*. An old poem or an old book possesses a charm that we fail to discover in the most skilfully-wrought performance of the poet of the present day, or the most elaborately finished specimen of the modern book-binder's art. Whose eyes would not glisten to get a sight of the TYPE on which Faust printed his first Bible? And who that has studied the TYPES OF THOUGHT of the old divines, has not felt his bosom swell with emotions of the most delightful kind?

I purpose to present the readers of the *Repository* with "something old." It is an old metrical version of the Lord's Prayer. This poem and several other pieces of a similar kind, together with the English Prayer-Book and metrical version of the Psalms, are bound together with an old copy of "King James's Bible," the title of which is as follows:—  
 "THE HOLY BIBLE, Containing the Old Testament and the New; ¶ Newly Translated out of the Originall Tongues; And with the Former Translations diligently compared and revised. *By his Majestics special commandment.* IMPRINTED AT LONDON by *Bonham Norton and John Bill*, Printers to the Kings most excellent Majestie. M. DC. XIX. *Cum Privilegio.*" The title is printed in the form of a heart, in the centre of the leaf, and the title-page is profusely illustrated with emblematical representations of the twelve tribes; portraits of the twelve apostles; the

holy dove; the paschal lamb, &c. Curious and elaborate genealogical tables are also bound up with the volume. The Bible itself is a *reference* Bible, royal 8vo size. Music is set to many of the Psalms and other poetic pieces. Any one of these pieces would be worthy of reproduction in the columns of the *Repository*. At present I give the following, as I find it, orthography, syntax and all.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father which in heaven art,  
 And mak'st vs all one brotherhood:  
 To call upon thee with one heart,  
 Ovr heavenly Father and ovr God,  
 Grant wee pray not with lips alone;  
 But with the hearts deepe sigh and groane.

Thy blessed name be sanctified,  
 Thy holy word might vs inflame,  
 In holy life for to abide,  
 To magnifie thy holy name:  
 From all errovr defend and keepe  
 The little focke of thy poore sheepe.

Thy kingdome come euen at this houre,  
 And henceforth cuerlastingly:  
 Thine Holy Ghost into vs povre,  
 With all his gifts most plenteously.  
 From Sathans rage and filthie band  
 Defend vs with thy mightie hand.

Thy will be done with diligence,  
 Like as in heaven on earth also:  
 In trouble grant vs patience,  
 Thee to obey in wealth and woe.  
 Let not flesh, blood, or any ill  
 Prevaile against thy holy will,

Give us this day our daily bread,  
 And all other good gifts of thine:  
 Keepe vs. from warre and from blood-shed,  
 Also from sickness, dearth and pine:  
 That we may live in quietnesse,  
 Without all greedy carefulnesse.

Forgive us our offences all,  
 Relieve our careful conscience:  
 As we forgive both great and small  
 Which unto us have done offence:  
 Prepare us Lord for to serve thee  
 In perfect love and vnitic.

O Lord into temptation  
 Lead vs not when the fiend doth rage :  
 To Withstand an invasion,  
 Give power and strength to cuerie age,  
 Arme and make strong thy feeble hoast  
 With faith and with the Holy Ghost.

O Lord from euill deliuer vs,  
 The dayes and times are dangerovs,  
 From euerlasting death saue vs :  
 And in ovr last need comfort vs :  
 A blessed end to us bequeath,  
 Into thy hands our soul receive.

For thou O Lord art King of Kings,  
 And thou hast power ouer all :  
 Thy glory shineth in all things,  
 In the wide world vniuersall.  
 Amen, let it be done O Lord,  
 That we haue pray'd with one accord.

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THE SOUL AND ITS DESTINY.

The soul of man was made to walk the skies,  
 And hold communion with his father God ;  
 To revel in delights, and drink from founts,  
 Which bubble forth a living stream of bliss.  
 Was made for noblest aims and noblest deeds,  
 To wring its course from world to glorious world ;  
 And gaze on Nature and on nature's God.  
 The flimsy things of earth are mean, too mean  
 To feed the cravings of immortal mind ;  
 It is of birth superior, birth divine,  
 A ray of glory from the sun of suns ;  
 A beam of light ethereal in its source,  
 A world capacious, Nature's best display ;  
 Immortal as the God from whom it came ;  
 By him enkindled, and for him must shine ;  
 From him descended, and to him next rise ;  
 A starry gem in Deity's bright crown,  
 Triumphant proof of attribute Divine,  
 Of love almighty, and of wisdom vast,  
 Of power, and wondrous skill, exquisite skill !  
 Perfections, touch the noblest and the best,  
 Where centre all the attributes of God,  
 Resembling him its cause, and him its end ;  
 Sole work immortal 'mid the wreck of worlds ;  
 Earth's funeral fires may burn, and molten sea,  
 Consume this wondrous ball, but souls shall live  
 In youth immortal, and in vigor blest.



## Narrative Pieces.

### THE BLIND CHILD.

"See, mamma, there is the widow and her little girl again: We meet them every evening," said Fanny Banks to her mother, as they sat on a stool on the sands to enjoy the last rays of the setting sun and breathe the cool sea breeze. "What a foolish child she must be to wear that thick veil this lovely evening, and never look up even once at the golden clouds, or that bright pathway which seems to stretch across the sea all the way from us to the sun."

"We must not call her foolish, Fanny dear," replied Mrs. Banks; "that little girl may never have been taught to admire the beauties of the sea, or sky, and still be a good obedient child."

"But I say she must be foolish," answered Fanny, rudely, adding with a toss of the head, "I am sure I never needed any one to teach me so simple a thing." "Ah, Fanny, you have great need to learn something about yourself," a gentle voice within whispered; but the little girl was far too busy finding out her neighbour's faults to listen to conscience when it pointed to her own.

We must tell our little readers who Fanny Banks was, and also about the child she thought so stupid.

Doctor Banks, who lived in that large house on the hill, where the lawn was so green and the garden flowers were so good-natured as to send part of their perfume over the wall to those who could not even see them—Dr. Banks was Fanny's papa. Perhaps, indeed, the roses and pinks reflected the good-nature of their master, for there was not a kinder man for twenty miles round. He and his flowers had the same quiet ways of making others happy without ever saying a word about it. His face was too cheerful to remind any one of pill-boxes and bitter medicine, and in every house he visited, the children ran to climb his knee, listened to the tick, tick, of his big watch, and admire the golden head of his walking stick. The good doctor had several

boys, but Fanny was his only daughter. For a long time she had been very delicate, and perhaps over indulged also, so that at twelve she was not so far advanced in book learning as might have been expected. There was one person, however, in that pretty watering place who thought she was both clever and beautiful, that her long curls and slight figure were very graceful, and that she was nearly finished in French, music and drawing; but this person, alas! was Fanny herself. Other people did not take so favorable a view. They thought, and sometimes said, that she was a proud, conceited girl.

Hulda Hamilton was the name of the child whom Fanny had so frequently noticed. Anyone who looked at her placid expression might have guessed that her temper was gentle and her mind at rest; but how few would have imagined that those soft brown eye-lashes covered eyes that were blind. Yes, Hulda was blind now, though she had not always been so. She could remember that when she was a very little child she had often stood at a low window which looked into a crowded street, and watched until she saw her own dear papa coming, when she also ran to the hall door to meet him and be brought up stairs in his arms. She could recollect, also, how his smile was like the sun-shine, bright and warm, as he looked up from the large Bible before him on the study table to gaze fondly at his only child at her play. And as the rosbud opens to the summer sun, she grew wiser and happier in that smile.

Then a long, long illness came: it seemed to her a painful, troubled dream, from which she woke at length and heard kind voices round her bed; but no light ever found its way again into the dark chambers of those sightless eyes. For many months she was led by her mother's hand from room to room, until she grew quite familiar with every spot in the house, and now listened for her father's knock as eagerly as she used formerly to watch his approach, never failing to welcome

him with a kiss. But the walk she always enjoyed the most, was to the church where her father preached. She sat in that same front pew every Sunday, and listened to that familiar voice telling the ever new story of a Saviour, until the same Lord, who, when he was on earth, opened the blind eye, sent the light of his knowledge and love into the heart of a patient child. Day by day she learned more of Him who so loved the world that he sent his Son to die, the just for the unjust; and learned too, to hate sin because it is contrary to his law.

But, as years rolled on, she was spared the pain of seeing her beloved father grow paler and thinner, nor could she perceive how he returned faint and exhausted from his visits of mercy among the poor and the ignorant. She grieved, however, to hear his distressing cough, and feel his hot, worn hand. It was now her turn to be comforter: she often sat on a low stool at his feet, and, resting her head on his knee, read to him from her raised lettered Bible. How lightly those slender fingers ran along the lines; how frequently she paused to ask the meaning of some favorite text. With such a lesson-book and so kind a teacher she learned much, and the hours passed so pleasantly that Hulda almost forgot that she was blind.

One evening, when she had been reading the first few verses of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, she suddenly paused, and turning to her father said, "Papa, shall I tell you which I would choose if I got my choice of all those blessings? 'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.' Do, dear papa, explain that beautiful verse to me, and tell me about the pure in heart."

"The Bible says they are happy, my child. Can you tell me why?"

"I suppose because they are holy, papa."

"But were they always so, Hulda?"

"Oh no, papa: you taught me a text which says that 'the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.'"

"Who, then, can change that wicked heart for a pure one?"

"It must be the Holy Spirit, papa."

"Quite right, my Hulda. You know

the Lord Jesus promises to give the Holy Spirit to all who believe on him, and so the heart is said to be purified by faith. Now, if we really believe that our dear Saviour has died for us, we must love him very much, and if we love him, we shall often think of him, and those good thoughts will drive away the thoughts of foolishness and sin: we shall give our first, best love to God."

"But, papa, the seeing—I want to know about the seeing."

"Yes, Hulda, that too shall come. Even on earth you may see God with your heart. You often told me you remembered mamma's face so distinctly that you can see it with your memory; now, in the Bible we have a picture of our Father in heaven, and real religion consists in studying that picture, and trying to grow like it. If we love a person very much, we like to see him and enjoy his company; so the heart which has been made pure by God can only be satisfied by seeing him and being with him for ever. You have not forgotten the verse you learned for me last Sunday."

"Oh, no, papa, here it is: 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him: for we shall see him as he is.'"

"Never forget, then, my child, that holiness is heaven begun here, and that the better land is perfectly happy because no sin can enter there, but the pure in heart see God and are near him forever."

"Oh, dearest papa, I shall think every day about the seeing; for you know it shall be more wonderful and beautiful to me than to those who were not blind."

This was the last conversation Hulda ever had with her papa; the next morning some one stole into her room and told her gently that she had now two fathers in heaven. Poor child, that veil of blindness saved her from many a sight that made others weep. She missed, indeed, her father's kind voice and his loving instructions; but she knew he was gone to that happy home of which they had so often talked, and she delighted to think of what he was seeing there. Many an hour she pondered over the words,

"Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

Several months of lonely widowhood passed, and Mrs. Hamilton watched with great anxiety the bloom of health fading from her little daughter's cheek. She at length determined to take her to the sea-side, to try if change of air would restore it. But though they spent every fine hour sauntering by the shore, or resting under the shadow of some rock from the heat of mid-day, still Hulda did not improve so rapidly as her mother hoped, and Mrs. Hamilton became so uneasy, that she wrote a note to Dr. Banks, requesting him to pay an early visit.

Before long the doctor's cheerful knock was heard at the door, and his steady step on the stairs. Hulda and he were soon excellent friends. She told him all about the pain in her head, from which she suffered so much; and, telling her of some simple remedy, the doctor promised to call next day. And so he did; but this time he brought his daughter Fanny to see his interesting little patient. Now this doctor was a very positive man, and he insisted, as there were four seats in his carriage, which could not possibly be filled by Fanny and himself, that Hulda and her mamma should accompany them for a drive. The drive was a very pleasant one; but when the horses stopped it was at their master's pretty house on the hill, which even Hulda might have guessed by the perfume of the flowers. When Dr. Banks led the little invalid to a couch in the drawing-room, and introduced his wife to Mrs. Hamilton, he said that it was quite right that a physician should choose a residence for his patients, and he was sure there was no place in all that village would be so good for Hulda as that sunny room next to Fanny's, which he would feel greatly obliged if her mamma would occupy with her until he told them they were both well enough to go home. It was not easy to refuse so kind a request, especially when Mrs. Hamilton learned that Dr. Banks and her husband had been early college friends.

We cannot say exactly how long that visit lasted; but we know that many weeks elapsed before the doctor pronounced Hulda's cure complete;

and, strange to say, the little blind girl helped one still more blind to see many things she had never known of before.

Fanny and Hulda were constant companions. They played together in the garden, or sung simple airs as they knitted in the arbor; but Hulda's greatest delight was to bring out her raised lettered Bible and read aloud to her friend. And the holy book brought a blessing with it; for, though the kind doctor's skill could not open the eyes of his patient, He who made the world could speak to the minds of both children, and say once more, as he did of old, "Let there be light."

"The Lord is good who gave to me  
The sense of sight, for I can see;  
I see my father's cheerful look,  
He shows me pictures in the book:  
I love to climb upon his knee,  
And see him sweetly smile on me.  
And mother too, and sister dear—  
How many things are pleasant here?  
Our baby's face so soft and bright,  
Oh, is not that a pretty sight?  
When I go out to see the sky,  
And merry little birds that fly;  
The houses, and the busy street,  
The garden and the flowers sweet,  
The daisied grass, the lofty tree,  
The blossoms and the busy bee.  
I see bright colours all around,  
In the blue sky and on the ground:  
I see the sun, the cheerful light:  
I'll praise the Lord who gave me sight."

#### THE POWER OF A PSALM.

In Belcher's Historical "Sketches of Hymns," an account is given of the result of reading Dr. Watts's version of the fifty-first Psalm. A young man, one Sabbath morning, had heard a peculiarly effective sermon on the consequences of a life of sin. There was a singular unction and tenderness in the discourse, and its vivid pictures of hell's torments produced a most solemn effect.

After the service, as a family were sitting at the dinner-table, and remarks were passing freely in regard to that morning service, that young man was present; he was full of animation, and his vivacity created the impression that, whoever else might have been affected by the solemnities

of that morning he was not. He expressed in strong terms his disapprobation of the sermon, and added, "Such preaching only hardens me, and makes me worse." It was replied, "It is possible that you think it makes you worse, when it only makes you conscious of the sin that was before slumbering in your heart." "No," said he, "it hardens me. I am at this moment less susceptible to anything like conviction, for hearing that discourse: I feel more inclined to resist anything like good impressions than usual." "Yet," it was rejoined, "good impressions are those which are best adapted to secure the desired end; and I am greatly mistaken if an increase of the effect which you feel would not be greatly useful to you. If, for instance, you should read the version of the fifty-first Psalm, beginning,—'Show pity Lord; O Lord, forgive,' it would take a deep hold on your heart."

"Not the least," said he: "I could read it without moving a muscle. I wish I had the book: I would read it to you."

"We have one," said one of the family; and the book was handed to him, opened at the place. He commenced to read with compressed lips and a firm voice:

"Show pity Lord; O Lord forgive;  
Let a repenting sinner live:  
Are not Thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in Thee?"

Toward the last part of the stanza a little tremulousness of voice was plainly discernible. He rallied again, however, and commenced the second verse with more firmness:

"O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean:  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes."

At the last part of this stanza his voice faltered more manifestly. He commenced the third with great energy, and read in a loud, sonorous voice, the others looking on in silence,—

"My lips with shame my sin confess."

As he read the second line,—

"Against Thy law, against Thy grace,"

his lips quivered, and his utterance became difficult. He paused a little, and entered upon the third line with an apparently new determination:—

"Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe."

Yet before he came to the end, his voice was almost totally choked; and when he began upon the fourth line:

"I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear,"

an aspect of utter distress marked his countenance, and he could only bring out in broken sobs, "I am condemn'd," when his utterance changed to such a heart-broken cry of grief,—rising at the same time, and rushing from the room,—as I had never witnessed in a convicted sinner.

The dinner was interrupted, but that was the beginning of a change, leading on to a new life, in Mr. H.; and probably every person in that room retained the impression that a view of the awful justice of God, in connection with the grace that saves from it, is often effective in subduing those who say, "Prophecy unto us smooth things," and that sinners are not always good judges in respect to what produces the best effect upon themselves.

#### THE REWARD OF DOING ONE'S DUTY.

Whitfield and a pious companion were much annoyed one night, at a public house, by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamour and horrid blasphemy so excited Mr. Whitfield's abhorrence and pious sympathy that he could not rest. "I will go in to them, and reprove their wickedness," he said. His companion remonstrated in vain. He went. His words of reproof fell apparently powerless upon them. Returning, he laid down to sleep. His companion asked him, rather abruptly, "What did you gain by it?" "A soft pillow," he said patiently, and soon fell asleep.

## Literary Review and Record.

The publishers and booksellers are making considerable effort to bring into notice a new work entitled, "Auto-Biography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk; Containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his time: Boston, Ticknor & Fields." Considering the years "of his time," the volume will be read with avidity by great numbers, for mighty men lived and great events then occurred. It was in the year 1800 that Dr. Carlyle resolved to write these memorials, and he was then seventy-nine years of age. He died, in 1805, without completing his record, which however embraces a description of persons and occurrences from 1722 to 1770. The worthy Doctor was the son of a country clergyman in Scotland, himself from 1748 to the close of his life minister of Inveresk. Mr. Baxter, the Editor of the volume, says he was one of those men "to be estimated, not by the rank which external fortune has given them, or the happy chances they have seized, but by the influences they have imparted from mere personal character and ability." Dr. Carlyle was intimate with many men who for various reasons are famous in history, and many a glowing incident is related respecting most of them. John Home, Robertson the historian, John Wilkes, Smollett, John Blair, David Hume, the Duke of Argyle, Garrick, Shenston, and Benjamin Franklin, are among the number of his acquaintances. To some of them he might be useful in restraining their scepticism, but from most he would not be likely to derive much spiritual profit. But from our times we may look back upon the past with advantage, and with such a guide as

Dr. Carlyle through strange epochs, we may learn to be thankful for progressive civilization.

It is well for the fame of some great men that in these times of critical investigation, the past may be reviewed with calmness and impartiality, and that we are not disposed to receive assertions without proof, and believe evil of men because they were objects of reproach and scorn. Cromwell has certainly been relieved from much obloquy by the efforts of Thos. Carlyle, so that a christian man like D'Aubigny may admire and laud him as a hero and an honest man. Mr. Dixon did good service for Penn without convincing Macaulay, but not without presenting some proof that Penn was not altogether a sycophantic courtier. The same Mr. Thepbrom Dixon has just issued a volume in defence of the character of Lord Bacon. It is entitled, "Personal History of Lord Bacon, from unpublished papers: Boston, Ticknor & Fields." We have seen only reviews and extracts, enough to satisfy us that much can be advanced in favor of the great Lord Chancellor, but not enough entirely to remove the objections which lie against his integrity. Mr. Dixon deserves credit for his zealous attempt to defend his client against mere clamour and misrepresentation.

The literature of modern Missions was greatly enriched after the return of the Wesleyan Deputation to Australia and the Polynesian Islands, by the publication of "The Southern World, or Journal of a Deputation from the Wesleyan Conference to Australia and Polynesia; including Notices of a

**Visit to the Gold Fields;** by the Rev. Robert Young." The work is valuable in many respects. The topography and geography of those portions of the globe are very accurately described, and considerable information given of places visited *en route*. This volume is recommended to such as desire to know the progress of Australia up to the time of the author's visit, and whether it is desirable to emigrate thither. The summary of Mr. Young's views is given in the preface. He says, "If people are doing well at home, they had better be content to remain there, lest like many he has met with, they should change for the worse. To those who think they *must* emigrate, he would respectfully intimate that if they are delicate, and have been tenderly brought up, they ought not to emigrate to the "diggings," unless they are prepared to dig their own graves. Mechanics, agriculturists, laborers, and miners are the classes best adapted to the present state of Australia; and if such parties be healthy, sober, industrious, of good principles, possessed of common sense, and willing to endure hardship and discomfort for a season, they may emigrate to any of the Australian Colonies with a reasonable hope of success.

Apart from what may be called secular information, "The Southern World" is specially interesting as conveying most gratifying intelligence of the commencement and growth of Christian Missions in Australia and Polynesia. The state of the aborigines so fully described, will awaken sympathy for their miseries, and desire for their elevation; and it is satisfactory to know that their improvement, though slow, is certain, affording strong proof of the saving power of the Gospel of Christ. When we say that the object of Mr. Young's visit

was to effect the connexional changes which resulted in the organization of the Australian Conference, we of course intimate that the work before us is not new. It was published in 1855, but we notice it now that as a great missionary work it may receive the attention of Canadian Wesleyans, who have long given practical proof of their zeal for the world's evangelization. We got our copy two or three years ago of the Wesleyan Book Steward, and we believe he has a few copies yet on hand.

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"Rome of To-day" is the title of a recent volume, by Edmond About; author of the "Roman Question," &c. This last named book caused no small stir, as the poor Pope by it was thrown into a fever of fear for his sovereignty. Of this new book, M. About says:—"This is neither a pamphlet, nor even a political work. If the reader expects to find in it general considerations upon the Papal Government, he will be disappointed." Granted then that the author did not design to offer considerations of the kind referred to, he yet well knew the tendency of intelligent men to draw inferences; and thus for ourselves, after reading "Rome of To-day," and through the lively pictures it contains, seeing what Rome is, we wonder how the abominable rule of Romanism could have been endured so long. The people seem to have been gradually brought down to a low level of dependence, and without self-respect or vigour, to have submitted patiently to wrong and oppression. M. About observes: "All has been said for or against the Temporal Power that can be said, and I have neither sufficient authority nor sufficient liberty to resume the controversy." And yet as we view them, these very sketches of Rome and its people are a strong pro-

test against that temporal power. We hope it will not last much longer, and that when Rome is free from its present masters, its inhabitants may know the meaning of those words of Christ, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." This useful pamphlet can be had for twenty-five cents, of Mr. George Faulkner, Agent for Periodicals, 19 King Street West, Toronto.

There are so many occasions in our day and under our free government, for public speaking on various questions, that it becomes those who are, or may be, in public life, to cultivate the art of speaking correctly and effectively. Our Book Steward has placed before us a valuable aid to this end, in the form of a book with this title, "The Art of Extempore Speaking; Hints for the Pulpit, the Senate, and the Bar: By M. Bautain, Vicar-General and Professor at the Sorbonne, &c. &c., with additions by a Member of the New York Bar; Fifth Edition; New York; Charles Scribner." Cicero has said, "nothing is more rare among men than a perfect orator." No one will doubt the dictum of the ancient sage, but there are many degrees of excellence below perfection, and all who have to speak in public should strive to speak well. We do not know of a better work on the subject of extempore speaking than this of M. Bautain. It is worthy of careful study. We recommend it to our young ministers; they will find in it useful hints and necessary directions toward the attainment of excellence in pulpit oratory. While we must rely upon divine assistance, we may avail ourselves of every law of nature and of science in order to declare with becoming perspicuity and earnestness "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

Well written, comprehensive religious biographies, are commendable publications. They are useful when read with discrimination and prayer. Methodism has furnished many such, and we have before us an addition to that class of literature not inferior to any of its predecessors. It differs from all as each human portrait differs, but it is the true picture of a living Christian. The general title, "The Christian Maiden," is followed by "Memoirs of Eliza Hessel": by Joshua Priestley. The poetic motto of the title page is as follows:—

"I saw her upon near view,  
A spirit yet a woman too;  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet,  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and  
smiles."

The author has described his own work so justly that we prefer quoting his own words to attempting any original delineation. Mr. Priestley says: "The design of this book is not to erect a monument to the departed, much less to magnify her virtues, but to furnish such a record of her character, aspirations, and attainments, as may animate our daughters to aspire to excellencies which will qualify them to adorn and bless the world. Miss Hessel's chief excellencies were such as lie within the reach of all. She owed much, doubtless, to original endowments, but more to self-culture. Few educated persons were less indebted to preceptors. In common with most young people she was the subject of faults to notions and injudicious habits. Happily, as she approached womanhood, she discovered and en-

deavoured to remove them. Soliciting divine assistance, she resolutely determined to attain the nobility of a true woman, and she succeeded. It would have required a sagacity more than ordinary to discern the woman of five and twenty in the girl of fifteen."

One thing we add, all young women have not the strength of mind and capacity of judgment which Miss Hessel possessed, and therefore we should hesitate before recommending any to read some of the sceptical and heterodox works which were read by Miss H. They were useful to her—she mastered them—she was evidently competent to grapple with the subtleties of metaphysics. Few, however, can do or think as Miss Hessel. The author did not expect "approval of all the book-companionships indulged," but it was right to mention certain facts in order to a proper developement of the character and work of his subject.

This edition of "The Christian Maiden" is an American reprint from the English, slightly abridged. Carlton & Porter have "got it up" in good style. It is embellished with a good portrait of Miss Hessel, and has a beautiful vignette of Boston Spa. Dr. Green has done well in providing this Christian Memoir for sale, and we trust he will soon be under the necessity of repeating his order.

Carlton & Porter, New York, have just issued a large octavo in the best style of the typographical art, consisting of selections from the poets of various ages and countries. It will be highly prized by meditative students, and will be useful even to writers and speakers who may have the faculty of digesting and using the best thoughts of the best authors. The full title of this volume is "Moral and Religious Quotations from the Poets, Topically

Arranged; comprising choice selections from six hundred authors; compiled by Rev. William Rice, A. M.\* The appropriate motto from Herbert, is a commendation of the work, "A verse may find him, who a sermon flies." Good taste and a regard to utility are evinced by Mr. Rice in this difficult work of compilation. An alphabetical index to the subjects, adds greatly to the value of the work. There are other books before us of a like kind, but none superior to this either in quantity or quality. Four thousand quotations from six hundred authors! The Book Steward can supply the work; he has already received his order from Carlton & Porter.

Archbishop Whately has published many volumes during his long life, evincing great clearness of mind and a capacity to penetrate deeply into various branches of human investigation. His views on some points are, as we think, unsound, especially in regard to the Sabbath and the Future State; but as an original thinker, having ability to express himself with perspicuity, he has few equals. His essays on the difficulties in the writings of St. Paul, are truly excellent. His works on Logic and Rhetoric need no commendation of ours. We have before us three works of Whately's; not the less important because prepared for the youth of his country, or designed for use in Colleges and Academies. "Lessons on Mind," is a 12 mo. of 240 pages, and is not intended to be a complete system of the philosophy of mind, and is not arranged systematically. But it is impossible to read any one section of this volume without feeling that you are in company with a skilful metaphysician. We cheerfully commend the book to those of our readers who have studied, or are beginning to



study mental philosophy. It is from the press of James Monroe & Co., Boston.

A smaller volume from the press of Barlett, Boston, is also well worthy of perusal and study. Lesson on Morals, by Richard Whately, D.D., L.L.D. It bears the stamp of the author's genius, plain, concise and comprehensive. It may be regarded as a good introduction to any satisfactory system of mental philosophy. The third book of Whately's, we wish here to notice, will be found extremely useful to all writers and speakers, and students. It is not a new book, but it has not had a very extensive circulation in Canada. It is "A selection of English Synonyms," which, if not originally prepared by the Dublin Archbishop, "has been carefully revised" by him, and he says concerning it, "though I am far from presuming to call it perfect, it is, I am confident, very much the best that has appeared on the subject." We have used a smaller one, published many years ago, and have always derived great profit from the study of Crabbe's Synonyms. After comparing these, with this one of Whately's, we are satisfied that we cannot recommend a better book of Synonyms, all things considered, than this cheap 12 mo. of less than 200 pages. Much necessary knowledge is conveyed in a small space. The works mentioned in this paragraph may be had at the Wesleyan Book Room. "Lessons on Reasoning," by the same author, form another volume of the series, being an introduction to Logic.

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We have much literary information which we should have pleasure in laying before our readers, but must forbear. Canada has advanced greatly in

the literary tastes and pursuits of her people. We are anxious to aid in the growth of intelligence, and are persuaded that it is a duty to inform our readers of the progress of thought—the march of mind, and the developments of science. We add two items which will interest many: "Mr. Henry G. Bohn, the "admirable Crichton" of publishers, who has just edited, in the intervals of business, a *Pictorial Hand-book of Modern Geography*, announces an enterprise of great promise. It is the commencement of a new series of books to be published monthly, entitled "Bohn's English Gentleman's Library;" handsomely printed in octavo, and illustrated with portraits and plates. It is intended to meet a gradually increasing demand for books of established character, printed elegantly in the Old English Library-form of demy octavo. This new series will not interfere with the well-known "Standard" and "Classical Libraries;" but will rather be supplemental to them, aiming to gratify the taste for a class of books of superior outward attractions which the immense circulation of those popular series has gone far to create and promote. The first work issued in the "English Gentleman's Library," will be *The Entire Correspondence of Horace Walpole, Earl of Oxford*, chronologically arranged, with the prefaces and notes of the various Editors, and illustrated with numerous fine portraits engraved on steel. This will form nine volumes, and will be followed by *The Letters and Works of Lady Wortley Montagu*; by Lord Wharncliffe; new edition, with important additions and corrections derived from the original manuscripts, with illustrated notes by W. Moy Thomas; in two volumes. Other works of similar importance are in preparation.