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THE
Wesleyan Repository,
AND
LITERARY RECORD.

MAY, 1861.

Our Canadian Work and Ministry.

SCRAPS OF METHODIST HISTORY.

The following was prepared some months ago in continuation of a series of articles which appeared in the *Christian Guardian*; but for the sake of the permanency of the form of the *Repository*, the writer thought best to have it appear in its pages.

• PETER BOWSLAUGH.—ANCASTER CIRCUIT.

Much service was rendered the Church during the period of which we write by Local Preachers; the visits of itinerants being only fortnightly or monthly, some of them had been for a short time in the itinerant ranks; others of them had not occupied that position. On the old Ancaster Circuit were Peter Bowslaugh and John Cline, who were brothers-in-law. They came from the United States to Canada in 1800, and settled in the Township of Grimsby; they were of Dutch descent, spoke and preached in Dutch, and though they also preached in English, yet were never proficient in our language. Peter was a large, strong, lively man, jocular and humorous; John was smaller in stature, staid and solemn. The former died about twenty years ago at an advanced age, the latter lingered on earth until 1854, and died in the Township of Nelson, lacking only a few months of 100 years of age. They were in latter life in good worldly circumstances, and having large, and industrious families, had much leisure,

which they devoted to the service of the Church, and their own religious advancement. Wherever the work of God was prospering, they were sure to be found there, as at every Quarterly, and Camp Meeting. They frequently travelled as far as Yonge St., and were among the first who introduced Methodism in that part of the Province.

When Peter was convinced of sin the arrows of the Almighty sorely wounded him, frequently would he retire in private, and with strong cries and tears poured out his soul before God. One day, in his barn, when his anguish was more than usually heavy, and his cries for mercy were loud and long continued; his wife having heard the noise, and unaware of the secret, ran out exclaiming,—Pete—Pete—have the horses kicked you and broke your leg: no, was the response, but the Lord has broke my heart. After he had found peace through faith in Christ Jesus, he complained of being sore all over, and assigned as the cause, that the devil had such a strong hold of him, and was so loath to let him go, that he had to be dispossessed by force, and that in the conflict, he had to receive some severe bruises. One day shortly after, whilst plowing, his horses behaved, as though—to use his own expression—they were possessed; he said he went to a fence corner to pray, and to his surprise on his return to the plow, he found that it was Peter who was under the influences ascribed to the horses, as every thing moved quietly and properly. Many years ago at a Quarterly Meeting conducted by the Rev. John Ryerson, at Palermo, he related his first acquaintance with the Methodists, as well as his former prejudices towards them, as follows. “Ven I came to dis country I did not know any ting apout te Metodish; but I hear dat dey pe very pad people. I vas a Luteran, I tought I was very pious and goot, I had in my house one pig old Tutch pible, and some more goot pooks. Vell I tought I would not go hear tese pad Metodishes. But my neighbours go, and dey talk to me, den I tink I vill go and hear dem and prove dat dey are pad people out of my pig Tutch pible, which my father gif me: so I go, but I soon found dat my pig Tutch pible was all for the Methodishes, and all against Peter, not one vord for poor Peter, I look again and again, but it vas wos and wos. Oh; dat hurt me very much—my old Tutch pible to be all wed dey Metodishes, and all against Peter. But I pegin to tink my pig old Tutch pible can’t be wrong—Peter must be wrong, so I pegin to pray to Got, to show me the right way. Ten he pless me, ten I vas a Metodish, I have been a Metodish since dat time, I pe one to day, I vill die a Metodish.”

At a Quarterly Meeting at Bowman’s Church, where the Rev. William Ryerson presided and preached; after sermon he called on Father Bow-slaugh to speak. With apparent reluctance and considerable hesitation

he arose, saying,—“Vell, vell I knew many of you ven you vas not as high as my knee, some of you I held on my lap, now you grow pig and tall. Clory to Got for the living religion—it is here, (striking on his breast,) the living principle—it is here, (repeating the action). De people of Got shust like de sheep, ven de cold sthorm come from the east, dey don't run away, dey run altogeder and turn dere pack and pull down dere ears, den ven de sthorm pe over, dey shake demselves, prick up dere ears and look apout and say paa.”

The mountain that skirts the beautiful valley between Hamilton and Dundas, on the north side, was at the commencement of the present century, called the Methodist mountain. The first class was formed at its base, in the Township of West Flamborough, in the year 1801, by the Rev. James Coleman; it met at the house of Daniel Cummings, who was the first leader, and had the following members:—Christina Cummings, David Cummings, John Morden, Hannah Morden, Ann Morden, James Morden, Elizabeth Morden, Mrs. Sutton, James Hare, Mrs. Hare. These were the original members, others soon after joined as, Abner Everett, Isaac Smith, John Mills, Joseph Hopkins, Stephen Russell, Ralph Morden, John Sutton, and their wives. Not far distant was another smaller class, formed shortly after under the leadership of Samuel Cornwall, the members of which were, Mrs. Cornwall, Mrs. Keagy, Andrew Vanevery and wife, and Reyneir Vansickle.

About 20 years subsequent, or in 1822, was erected the chapel in which they worshipped—called the Rock Chapel, not in allusion to its material, for it is a frame building, but in reference to its foundation and position, being built on the strata of rock forming the mountain's summit, or rather the base of the elevated table land. It still stands, and is the oldest church of the old Ancaster Circuit. The neighborhood, however, has not now the distinguished Methodist position it had forty years ago, surrounding towns and villages having sprung up and rivalled it; but it essentially aided in the diffusion of blessings so early participated in itself, and was instrumental in sowing the seed of Divine truth around it, which has been so productive in abundant harvests.

West of the above settlement, about 12 or 15 miles, is a beautiful neighborhood famed in our early story, and called the Jersey Settlement, or as it is now called Jerseyville; in allusion to the pioneers early home, the State of New Jersey. Garret Howell was the first Methodist, and was converted in New Jersey. It is said that Nathan Bangs preached the first sermon; that coming before Howell's shanty was chinked and the wind blowing the smoke about the house, so as to render it unendurable, he went out and gathered some pumpkin leaves and filled the interstices of the logs with

them. Garret Howell was the first leader having gathered a few kindred spirits around him such as Reuben Drake and wife, Jacob Foryer and wife, Jane Wilson, who is still living, and some of the name of Miller and Wilson. The First division in this society originated in rather a singular cause. After the lapse of many years, and when the settlement became flourishing, Daniel Howell erected a new frame house, not remarkable for any great architectural beauty or expenditure, but was so for its disproportionate length; from the centre of the roof peered a chimney, solitary and alone, without any attraction of taste or beauty, and adding very little to the beauty or adornment of the house; to supply the latter deficiency he added to each end of the building the similitude of a chimney. Some of his brethern attributed the erection of the false chimneys to pride—one of the seven deadly sins of the Church of Rome—and on a charge of pride he was arraigned before a tribunal of his church. The court, however, after hearing the complainants dismissed the charge. But several members, whose consciences, or something else, could not allow sin in their brother, withdrew, and joined the secession of that day, which party still retains a feeble existence.

The first chapel was erected in 1825, and was after the union a subject of litigation and much contention. The old Chapel certainly, was without any internal or external property to wound the humility of the most humble, but it served its day and was the scene of many a glorious display of Divine power. A substantial edifice of brick and of large dimension has been erected, which was dedicated to the service of God during the past winter. The present church membership is about eighty.

THE OTTAWA VALLEY.

As the part of the country indicated by the caption at the head of this article, has of late, for sundry well known reasons, begun to attract considerable attention, we have for a little time past revolved in mind the propriety of giving the readers of the *Repository* some information on the subject, which those of them in other parts of the United Provinces may not possess. We had intended that this should have been mostly the fruits of our own personal observation and research, expressed in our own language. But in the course of some recent inquiries, we have found so much ready written to our hands, and so well expressed, that, as it is a time of unusual bustle with us, we have resolved on the easier method—compiling.

The following sketch is not quite adequate to the idea of this section of country at the present time, having been written full ten years ago; but shall give it as having received the imprimatur of public approval, re-

erving the privilege of appending any remark we may deem required : It is to this effect :—

“ The great basin or region drained by the Ottawa and its tributaries lies in the heart of the United Provinces of Canada, and occupies nearly one quarter of its whole extent, having an area of 80,000 superficial miles, exclusive of the Island of Montreal, which is situated between the mouths of the Ottawa. It is called the Ottawa Country from the head of that Island upwards.

“ Although the country is the chief seat of the Lumber Trade, and contributes very largely to the supply of the principal staple of Canadian exports, and notwithstanding its commercial importance, it is but little known in Canada, and is almost wholly unnoticed even in the recent geographical and statistical works published in Great Britain.

“ That it should be so is not very surprising, when we consider that the current of immigration does not pass this way, and that of this vast region one-eighth part only has been surveyed and organized into Townships and Seignories, which are yet very thinly settled; and that another eighth added to that would include all the extent over which lumbering operations are carried on, leaving three-fourths wholly unoccupied, except by a few hundred families of the aboriginal inhabitants; and of this there is an extent equal to all England, which is quite unknown, except to the solitary agents of the Hudson's Bay Company.

“ The chief object of interest in the country we have to describe is the great river from which it derives its name and importance.

“ The circuit of the water-shed of the Ottawa is a little over a thousand miles, and its extreme length of course, probably about seven-hundred-and-eighty, about fifty miles shorter than the Rhine. From its source, which is supposed to be a little above lat. 49° N., and nearly 76° W. long., it winds in a generally south-west course through a country almost unknown; and after receiving several tributaries from the heights of land which separates its waters from those of the Hudson's Bay, and passing through several lakes, one of which is said to be eighty miles in length, at upwards of three hundred miles from its source, and four-hundred-and-thirty from its mouth, to *Boute de l'Isle*, below Montreal, it enters the long narrow lake Temiscaming, which turning at a right angle, extends sixty-seven miles south by east.

“ From its entrance into lake Temiscaming downwards, the course of the Ottawa has been surveyed, and is well known. At the head of the lake the Blanche falls in, coming about ninety miles from the north. Thirty-four miles farther down it receives the Montreal River, coming one-hundred-and-thirty miles from the north-west. The latter is the

canoe route from the Ottawa to Hudson's Bay. Six miles lower, on the east side, it receives the Keepawa, a river of great size, passing through an unknown country, and coming from a lake said to be fifty miles long. The Keepawa exceeds in volume the largest rivers in Great Britain, and its descent to lake Temiscaming, presents a magnificent cascade, a hundred and twenty feet in height. Though the middle course of the river is unknown, its commencement, if such it can be called, has been surveyed, and it is extraordinary in its nature. Ninety miles above its mouth, it was found flowing slowly, but very deep, and nearly three hundred feet wide, and issuing from the west side of Lake Keepawa. Out of the southern extremity of that large lake, the river Dumoine, which enters the Ottawa a hundred miles below the Keepawa, was also found flowing swiftly and very deep, and a hundred-and-fifty feet in width: thus presenting a phenomena similar to the connexion of the Rio Negro and the Orinoco.

“From the Long Sault, at the foot of Lake Temiscaming, two-hundred-and-thirty-three miles above Bytown, [now Ottawa City], which is 130 from the mouth of the Ottawa, below Montreal, down from Jeux Joachim Rapids, at the head of Deep River—that is, for eighty-nine miles—the Ottawa, with the exception of seventeen miles below the Long Sault, and some other intervals, is rapid, and unnavigable, except for canoes. Besides other tributaries, in the intervals, at 197 miles from Bytown, [Ottawa], it receives, on the west side, the Matawa, which is the highway for canoes going to Lake Huron by Lake Nipising. From the Matawa, the Ottawa flows east by south to the head of Deep River reach, nine miles above where it receives the River Dumoine from the north:

“From the head of Deep River, as this part of the Ottawa is called, to the foot of Upper Allumette Lake—two miles below the village (now town) of Pembroke—is an uninterrupted reach of navigable water forty three miles in length. The general direction of the river in this distance is south-east. The mountains along the north side of Deep River, upwards of a thousand feet in height, and the many wooded islands of Allumette's Lake, render the scenery of this part of the Ottawa magnificent and exceedingly picturesque—far surpassing the celebrated Lake of the Thousand Islands, on the St. Lawrence.

“Passing the short Rapid of Allumette, and turning northward round Allumette Island, which is fourteen miles long, and eight at its greatest width, and turning down south-east through Cologne Lake, and passing by nearly similar Islands of Calumet, to the head of Calumet Falls, it presents, with the exception of one slight rapid, a reach of fifteen miles of navigable water. The mountains on the north side of Cologne Lake, which rise apparently to the elevation of fifteen hundred feet, add

a degree of grandeur to the scenery, which is otherwise beautiful and varied.

“ In the Upper Allumette Lake, at 115 miles from Bytown, (Ottawa), the Ottawa receives from the west, the Petewawa, one of its largest tributaries, about 140 miles in length, draining an area of 2,200 square miles; and at Pembroke, nine miles lower on the same side, the river Cologne, which is probably 100 miles in length, with a valley of 100 square miles.

“ From the head of the Calumet Falls, to Portage du Fort, the head of steam-boat navigation, [there is *now* a steam-boat on Deep River, which ascends as far as Jeux Joachim], eight miles, there are impassable rapids. At fifty miles above Bytown, (Ottawa City), the Ottawa receives on the west, the Bonchere, 110 miles in length, draining an area of 980 miles. At eleven miles lower, it receives the Madawaska, one of its greatest feeders, 210 miles in length, and draining 4,100 square miles. At twenty-six miles from Bytown, (Ottawa City), it receives the Mississippi, 101 miles long, draining a valley of 1,120 square miles.

“ At thirty-seven miles from Bytown, (O. C.), there is an interruption in the navigation of three miles of rapids and falls, to pass which a rail-road has been made. At the foot of the rapids, the Ottawa divides among islands into numerous channels, presenting a most imposing array of separate falls

“ At six miles above Bytown, (O. C.), begins the rapids, terminating in the Chaudiere Falls, which, though inferior in impressive magnitude to the Falls of Niagara, are perhaps more permanently interesting, as presenting greater variety.

“ The greatest height of the Chaudiere Falls, is about forty feet, arranged in every imaginable variety of forms—in vast dark masses—in graceful cascades, or in tumbling spray—they have been well described as a hundred rivers struggling for a passage. Not the least interesting feature they present, is the lost Chaudiere, where a large body of water is quietly sucked down and disappears under ground. At Bytown, (O. C.), the Ottawa receives the Rideau from the west, with a course of 116 miles, and draining an area of 1,350 square miles.” [The Rideau pours its waters by its two mouths, over a perpendicular fall of forty feet or more, into its great receptacle.]

“ A mile lower it receives from the north, its greatest tributary, the Gattineau, which, with a course, probably, of 420 miles, drains an area of 1,200 square miles. For about 200 miles the upper course of this is the unknown northern country. At the farthest point surveyed, 217 miles from its mouth, it is a noble stream, a thousand feet wide, diminished in depth but not in width.

“ At eighteen miles lower, the Riviere du Lievre enters the Ottawa from the north, about 260 miles in length, draining an area of 4,100 square miles. Fifteen miles below it, the Ottawa receives the North and South Nation Rivers on either side—the former ninety-five, and the latter one hundred miles in length. Twenty-two miles further down, the River Rouge, ninety miles long, enters from the north.

“ At twenty-one miles lower, the River du Nord, or North River, 160 miles in length come in on the same side; and lastly, just above its mouth, it receives the River Assumption, which has a course of 130 miles.

“ From Bytown [or Ottawa City] the river is navigable [downwards] to Grenville, fifty-eight miles, where the rapids that occur, in a distance of twelve miles, are avoided by a succession of canals. At twenty-three miles lower, at one of the mouths of the Ottawa, a single lock, to avoid a slight rapid, gives a passage to Lake St. Louis, on the St. Lawrence, above Montreal.

“ The remaining half of the Ottawa's waters find their way to the St. Lawrence by passing in two channels, behind the Island of Montreal and the Isle Jesus by a course of thirty-one miles. They are interrupted by rapids, still it is by one of these that all the Ottawa lumber passes to market. At Route de l'Isle, therefore, the Ottawa finally merged into the St. Lawrence at one hundred-and-thirty miles below Bytown,” now Ottawa City.

“ The most prominent characteristic of the Ottawa is its great volume. Even above Bytown (O. C.), where it has yet to receive tributaries equal to the Hudson, the Shannon, the Thames, the Tweed, the Spey and Clyde—it displays, when unconfined, a width of half a mile of strong boiling rapid; and when at the highest, while the north waters are passing, the volume, by calculated approximation, is fully equal to that passing Niagara,—that is double the common volume of the Ganges.

“ Taking a bird's eye view of the valley of the Ottawa, we see spread out before us a country equal to eight times the extent of the State of Vermont, or ten times that of Massachusetts; with its great artery, the Ottawa, curving through it, resembling the Rhine in the length of its course, and the Danube in its magnitude.

“ This immense region overlies a variety of geological formations, and presents all their characteristic features, from the level uniform surface of the Silurian system, which prevails along the South Shore of the Ottawa, to the rugged and romantic ridges of the Metamorphic and primitive formations, which stretch far away to the North and North West.

“ As far as our knowledge of the country extends, we find the greater part of it covered with a luxuriant growth of red and white pine timber,

making the most valuable timber-forests in the world, abundantly intersected with large rivers, fitted to convey the timber to market when manufactured.

“The remaining portion of it, it not so valuably wooded, presents a very extensive and advantageous field for settlement. Apart from the numerous townships already surveyed and partly settled, and the large tracts of good land interspersed throughout the timber country, the great region on the upper course of the western tributaries of the Ottawa, behind the red pine country, exceeds the State of New-Hampshire in extent, with an equal climate and superior soil. It is generally a beautifully undulating country, wooded with a rich growth of maple, beech, birch, elm, &c., and watered with lake and stream affording numerous mill-sites and abounding in fish. Flanking the lumbering country on the one side, which presents an excellent market for produce, and adjoining Lake Huron on the other, the situation, though comparatively inland, is highly advantageous.

“In the diversity of resources, the Ottawa country presents unusual inducements, alike to agricultural industry and commercial enterprise. The operations of the lumberers give an unusual value to the produce of the most distant settlements by the great demand they create on the spot, while the profits of lumbering yield those engaged in it a command of wealth which otherwise could not be had in the country.

“The value of the resources of their forests to the inhabitants of the Ottawa country will be evident on comparing the value of their exports with that of other countries. Take, for instance, the State of Maine, as American enterprise is so much talked of, with all its commercial advantages, and the enterprising character of its people, when their population was upwards of five hundred thousand, the exports amounted in value to \$1,078,633; while the value of the exports of the Ottawa country amounts to double that sum, with less than one third the population.” The population and exports of the Ottawa country of course are now greater than they were ten years ago.

“If such be the case now, how much more will it be so when, in addition to the more extensive prosecution of agriculture, the unlimited water-power which the Ottawa and its tributaries afford, if even partially applied to general manufactures, as well as to that of deals?” [These manufactories are now springing up in many places.] “It would be impossible to conceive an unlimited power presented in a more available form than that which the Ottawa offers in its many divided falls; while she lavishes invitingly unparalleled power to manufacture them, she offers her broad bosom to bring the cotton of the South and the timber of the North together.

“Nor are the mineral-resources of the Ottawa country to be overlooked; and here the Gatineau offers its services, with an unlimited supply of excellent iron, and within a mile of its navigable waters, close to its lowest falls, affording unlimited water-power, abundance of timber for fuel; and there are equal advantages for its works on other parts of the Ottawa. The plumbago, lead, and copper, the marble and the ochres of the Ottawa country will yet become of commercial importance.

“To judge of the importance of the Ottawa country, we should consider the population which her varied agricultural and commercial resources may ultimately support. Taking the condition of New-Hampshire as data, without noticing its great importance in commercial advantages, the Ottawa country, when equally advanced, which is not much to say, would maintain three millions of inhabitants. But taking Scotland as our data, which the Ottawa country equals in soil, and might with its peculiar advantages, resemble in commerce and manufactures, the valley of the Ottawa should ultimately maintain a population of 8,000,000 of souls.”

What an enhanced estimate the contemplation of this one section gives of the extent and resources of our vast country! To the above extracts we had intended to append some recent phases of this rising part of United Canada, but we fear the article is already too long for insertion. We would, however, before closing, hint at the vast field the Ottawa Valley presents for religious enterprise and evangelical labor. What appearances it may yet present may be imagined from the simple statement,—not ignoring the existence of our Protestant brethren of other denominations—that in this region, there is of our own denomination alone already, no less than two whole Chairmen’s Districts and parts of three or four others, embracing some 46 efficient ministers, and a membership of at least *four thousand nine-hundred-and-sixty-eight*.
O.

NOTHING WITHOUT ITS RESULT.

Each sinner has been said, carries its knife; and it may be said with equal justice that each sin has its pencil, in which it is engaged in painting its own picture on the tablet of the human memory. The work is one which we may not see; for the artist is one who labors under cover, and leaves the result to be discovered by the future. It is not until the acid of the daguerotypist is applied to the clouded plate that the picture which lies underneath is uncovered.

IS THIS ENLIGHTENED PIETY ?

BY AN INQUIRER.

There is no subject more essential than the nature, duties, acts, and benefits of true piety. There is none more lucidly and authoritatively stated in the Scriptures. There is not one more allied to man's happiness, and the amplest extension of religion in the world. It follows, therefore, that in no field of observation is regret more unexpected and pungent than when a spiritual observer is met by spiritual delinquency. Knowing man's infirmities of mind and body, I readily make every allowance for human inaptitude, newness of christian duties to a recent convert, lawful domestic and other anxieties, and, sometimes, scantiness of means and leisure; yet the essential matter being so plain that a "fool" need not err, and Divine light and grace ever being accessible to the assiduous believer in Christ, I have several serious questions to ask.

The illumination and conversion of a man are, by the Spirit, the effect of Scripture reading, or of instruction from the Scriptures, and the gradual enlargement of his mind, and the invigoration of it, can be justly attributed only to the same cause. Scripture truth has removed barbarian superstition, and given to classic minds light and beauty; while its tendency is not only to make the soul the seat of light, but the tongue the publisher of God's will and mercy. When, after all, a professor of religion week after week, and year after year, makes the same worn-out remarks on the Scriptures, as if he had read nothing, learned nothing, since he last spoke, is his an ardent, devotional, improving Bible piety ?

Genuine religion is love, and I have been accustomed to think of love as being warm, willing, and communicative; rich in its thoughts, hopes, trials, wishes, and joys, notwithstanding the difference in natural temperament; confident of the benefits it confers, and even voluble on certain occasions in praising Him from whom it came. The formal and freezing communications of some professors have surprised me; and they were precisely the same as they uttered ten years ago, in words and tone, as if the love of God in them were not a plastic grace, but adamant, and could not be expanded; or as if the Christian's words were stereotype, without change, diversity, or fire: so that twelve months before you go to a meeting again with them you know what they will say. Is this an edifying, affectionate piety? Such a spirit of mannerism and monotony would not be reckoned very affectionate even by a shanty fire-side.

I know not that there is a more unshackled principle than the spirit of prayer, taught by the Bible, by providence, by experience, and given and

helped by the Holy Spirit. Then it has liberty, thoughts are varied, wishes are abundant, yearnings are irresistible, and words are the waiting servants of the lips. How, then, is it that some professors pray as if they had not read the Bible for six months, or had any desires at all? for they do not supplicate, but have certain statements to make concerning God, and others, and perhaps themselves, statements, as if to inform God, now made for the thousandth time. If they want a loan of a neighbour, they can ask for it without circumlocution; but God is talked too and taught before his people; and they are wearied. Is this the spirit of a pleading, prevailing piety?

I have always been instructed to believe that all endowments come from the infinite Giver, that talents were unequal, and that all are conferred for our improvement, whether one, two, or five, whether life, health, education, domestic felicity, trade, tact, influence, reputation, opportunity, or wealth. What, then, is to be said of a professor, who years ago did not possess an axe but what he had bought on trust, and was a subscriber of a small amount to a benevolent society? Every thing he possesses now is his own, and he has acres by the hundred, and buildings, and rents, and interests coming in, amounting to affluence; but his subscription to that society is the same in its paltriness; or if some increase has happened, it has, perhaps, been half a dollar or a dollar doubled, while his property has increased from nothing of his own to thousands of pounds, if not thousands a year! God has made him a channel to convey blessings to his fellows, and he has obstructed the channel, disappointed his Maker, frustrated the purposes of the Master he says he serves, and makes that his own property which God granted him as a loan for doing good. Is this a just and generous piety? Is it heathen honesty?

Other professors of the love of the Redeemer buy books, take periodicals, read, study, run to lectures, are expert at calculations and business, and eloquent on education, science, politics, legislation, and the world's general affairs, but are unheard at the family altar, unheard in the prayer meeting, and are well-nigh dumb in christian society. When God converted one of these men he gave him a motive of action and sympathy which could not live if effectually pent up; and he has pent it up, and so closely, that the motive left is a puny, emaciated thing. He had gifts bestowed adapted to the prayer meeting, the fellowship of saints, the Sabbath school, a benevolent agency, for exhortation, it may be, for the ordained pulpit, and he has squandered them on secular engagements, and life's perishing blandishments; and forgotten his obligations and accountability to God, and the fervency of his acute mind saddens the Church of Christ with languid hums and ahs! No professor can be an exemplary

Christian who locks up his gifts ; and it is this locking up that gives littleness to many souls in all Churches, and makes whole multitudes of professors so many multitudes of nineteenth century drones. Is this any better than a puerile piety ?

Thank God there is a piety in our world very different from this!—a piety which is a thoughtful, Scriptural, Heaven-derived, ingenuous principle and passion, ever burning, and panting for development ; distinct in its inner evidence, beaming in the countenance, and making the utterance impassioned ; bringing out all the talents bestowed by God, and his acceptance of them humbly implored ; and acts of devotion, of self-abnegation, and of benevolence are performed, somewhat worthy of the Christian profession, and of the dispensation of the Spirit, and of the exigencies and claims of mankind, and of the hallowed and transcendent Gospel glory of the nineteenth century ;—evangelical Churches feeling that Christ has growing claims upon them. Thousands of intercessors are ever at the throne. The coffers of affluence are made available. The press is munificent in its sacred outpourings. Men of rare intellect turn their backs upon their country, to make the distant countries of savagism fit presentations for Him who redeemed the world !

There is something in such facts to give sensibility to apathy, and a blush to the stolid face of the half dead Christian. Why, even the poetry of frigid Russia has something glowing in it, and I have pleasure in quoting from ZHUKOVSKY what is a beckoning to evangelical conservation :—

“ Everlasting fount of love !
 Now will I confide in Thee :
 Kneeling midst the joys above,
 Thy resplendent face I see ;
 Who can paint Thee, fair and bright,
 Thy soul-gladdening beauty tell ?
 Midst heaven's music and heaven's light,
 Purity ineffable !
 O ! unutterable joy !
 In thy light to breathe, to be ;
 Strength and heart and soul employ,
 O my God, in loving Thee.”

Can an ignorant, reserved, prayerless, dishonest, puerile piety benefit Canada, any colony, or any continent ? Is it not out of place in this age ? Is it not an obstacle ? Is it to secular, sordid, and inert Christians that the Divine Head of the Church says, “ Ye are my witnesses ?”

OUR FIRST CANADIAN CHURCHES.

What memory is to me, history is to many. It holds back important events from rushing immediately, after their transaction and impressions, into oblivion, and seeks to give instruction to many ages, and knowledge to numerous people. "Not to know history," said Bacon, "is always to be a child." If history be valuable to the statesman for principles of good government, if it be valuable to the ingenious for its records of useful inventions, if it be valuable to the magistrate to retain statutes and adjudications of equity, how much more precious to the Christian is a faithful history of the Church of Christ, whether in its external institutions, or in its doctrinal symbols, or in its modes of worship, or in its forms of government, or even in the material, size, or style of its temples. These temples are celebrated in the ecstasy of song. Like the Sabbath, "they remind us of religion, and are an invitation to it;" they inspire the purest thoughts; they hush to stillness the cry of grief; they are walls of salvation; from danger they are bays of refuge, and from care a couch. What Methodist does not feel deeply as he thinks or reads of the "first Methodist chapel built in the world, or the first chapel erected in America."

The second or third chapel built by the Methodists in Canada was in Hallowell, about two miles from the present Picton. It stands between lots eight and nine of the first concession. The site was given by Stephen Conger, Esq., and all the lumber.

The first trustees (now all dead) were S. Conger, H. Valteau, H. Johnson, A. Vanblancan, J. Dougal, J. German, J. Benson, J. Wilson, and C. Vandusen. Several of these men have children in the vicinity, members of the Methodist Church, exemplary in their morals, and more respected when it is known, for their traditional connexion with the chapel. The building is "four-square," pavillion roof, heavy frame timber, yet sound, well located, having a school-house on one side, a mill on the other. Here also in the burying-ground attached are many of those who contributed to its erection. The donor of the site, Mr. S. Conger, kept a simple, but faithful account of the receipts and expenditure, and it is from his memoranda we now write this account.

The first work for the "meeting-house" was done June 14th, 1809. The first entry is "Hildebrand Valteau, 4½ days teaming." The pleasantest job of his life, we suppose. One entry rather curious runs thus:—"Received, *by way of a turn*, from P. D. Conger, £1 0s. 6d. The first cash received is from "Br. Johnson, twelve shillings." Br. Cenger's fidelity recorded for J. G., "Man and Team ½ day." The painting of the out

side and eavings cost \$20, but not a vestige of this coating now remains. S. W. gave five pounds and a copper. S. G. gave ten dollars in wheat. A mechanic was paid in rye—then not frequently we trust—and now, we hope, not at all. “Two quarts of whiskey, 2s. 6d.” Thirty-one days work were done by men and teams. The amount of cash collected appears to be near \$200. Blacksmith work, £2 12s. 3d., C. B.

The great revival of the year '1805, which commenced at the camp-meeting on the Bay of Quinte Circuit, was held within five lots of this old church, and there can be no doubt but this revival contributed some elements towards the erection of the “Meeting-House.” There are four persons yet living in the neighborhood, who were converted at the camp-meeting. An old bottomless tub sunk in the ground where there was a spring of water to supply the people of the tents, may be seen to this day in the open “field,” and we feel some little excusable Methodistic pleasure that we are writing this account on the lot where this memorable camp-meeting was held.

We cannot learn that there was ever any formal dedication of the chapel. Here the mellifluous voice of Case was often heard to the joy of many. Here Ryan has “whispered a bit,” as he called it,—and here Prindle has waked up the conscience of the sinner.

Our Brother S. Conger, was a Magistrate, and as there were no Ministers with authority to marry, residing within eighteen miles of this locality when the above church was built, he had the privilege of making two people happy, at least for a moon. In the same book whence we have derived the information respecting the “Meeting-House,” we have his marriage registry. Between 26th August, 1803 and 7th March, 1823, he solemnized 76 marriages. (Only a few certificates were given.) Messrs. Chamberlain, Ryan, Prindle and Waldron sometimes published banns. For the sake, we presume, of distinction, one couple is denominated “color'd people.” One couple had their banns forbidden, but it is stated “the reasons were not considered sufficient,” and the marriage was consummated. The record of another pair calls up sad and painful recollections: it is the marriage of N. Peterson, the father of Mr. Peterson, who, with his wife, was murdered last fall. There is one case, and one only, of an obituary associated with the marriage registry,—it was that of the female, but a few years after she was married. So sure, and so near may death be to that event so hopeful.

To another entry there is a “Nota Bene,” no doubt made both in: “grief and anger.” The worthy Magistrate travelled, he said, ten:

miles through the mud to marry the parties, "and got nothing for it." Not the only case, we presume, of disappointed hopes in the annals of matrimony. But number 26 was the most eccentric. There is an opinion, how founded I cannot say—that a widow marrying again—to avoid the first husband's debts being chargeable to the second husband—the ceremony must be performed on cross-roads in open day, and the woman, "adorned the most"—having on only one under garment. Such a marriage Squire Conger solemnized on the 3rd Oct., 1813. The parties were W. Y. and L. T. This is attested by a living witness, who saw the announcement posted on the fence. The lady, we must say, (fruitful in expedients, as ladies generally are), to fulfil all conditions, threw something like a white sack over her entire dress, and then it must have been as amusing as when we saw once *sixteen* couples married at one time.

As those who build churches do not work for one generation, no more should their history be confined to one generation. In some countries the churches are their oldest buildings. They have seen changes in their dynasties of long lines—great princes and prosperous reigns. They have seen many generations pass away—and even changes in the very races who first crowded those churches. But their fabric survives,—and it may be true that some churches may endure until the coming of Our Lord himself.

M. B.

P—, 16th March, 1861.

GARIBALDI.

The men of every age can boast of their great men. And great men appear in extraordinary times for special purposes, and to accomplish important ends. The oppressed of every age and country have had their sympathizers and their liberator—men raised to bless their nation. Garibaldi is just such a man and such a character—a man for the people and a man for the times—a man for the oppressed—and the right man in the right place to meet the cruel oppressor. The usual means of conveying military dispatches are distanced by the marches and exploits and heroic deeds and herculean performances of the sincere and devoted liberator. He has defied and conquered haughty Austria on the plains of Lombardy. He has given Italy a King and made and set a kingdom free, and at the same time declines rank, and title, and estate, and retires into private. But he cannot be hid. He has been in almost every situation in life, and

knows well the condition of the poor and sympathies of the oppressed. Few men have seen so much of the varieties and changes of life—of the real “ups and downs” of life. He has been a sailor in the lowest degree, and then a patriot adventurer—he has been a tallow-chandler, and then a liberator—dictator, even King-Maker—but always great, generous and heroic—he is the lion and the lamb,—for he has the real courage of the conqueror and the sympathies of the oppressed and the sufferer. Perhaps we see in him the excess of both, and when the hero returns from the scene of conflict, we see in him a woman’s nature and a mother’s tenderness—we see in him a sister’s love and a lover’s romance. He is prompt to a virtue, and impulsive to a fault, because he is intensely humane and can weep with those that weep. He has a noble nature, and the tender sympathies of his soul are checked by a noble and generous jealousy of injustice which holds him as responsible to right as it holds the enemies of his country. The history of such a man is really intensely interesting, and must present continual contrarieties and interesting incidents of reparations and innocent retracings. Perhaps a more disinterested and unselfish man never lived in any country or in any age, and the whole record of his life is one continued scene of self-sacrifice and disinterestedness. No man felt a slight more keenly, and none could forgive more readily after the first burst of indignation was over, because he was truly a great man, and could overlook small things. Who has not read of his marriage, and thus observed the impetuosity of his soul, and the impulsiveness of his nature. He was stricken with admiration at the patriotic courage of the noble and lovely daughter of a country nobleman, who rode by night, through the mountain passes to bring dispatches to Como, no sooner was he free from his public engagements than he went directly to her father’s castle, and without consulting her preference in the matter asked her hand in marriage. This was an unexpected honor to the family, and the lovely girl who sincerely and ardently loved another and a more constant and reliable lover, was forced to the altar and given away to one whom she admired, but could not love. But the very next day, Garibaldi, informed of the truth, by an unknown friend, in an anonymous letter, abandoned forever his *untouched* and unwilling bride, with the same inconsiderateness that had stamped his previous course of singular conduct. He was a most rapid conqueror and seemed to follow the steps, in some respects, of the great Napoleon—but unlike Napoleon, he was a conqueror and a liberator—Napoleon was a conqueror and an oppressor. Garibaldi was exceeding precipitate and impulsive, but moderate, prudent, and considerate. He would have been more than human if he had paused in time; for suc-

cesses such as his might well make the conquest of Rome and Venice seem like a day-dream, and the powers of France and Austria to be hated and despised. There is not another liberator and conqueror in the world that could or would have borne with, so well, the *checks* which the sagacious CAVOUR, in the interests of Italy, drew upon him. He resisted, and who would not. They were engaged in the same cause, but they were different men, and they looked upon the same scene, but from different stand-points. He hurled back, from the lofty summit of his well-earned popularity, a hasty defiance, and demanded of Victor Emmanuel, his master, the immediate dismissal of his cautious minister. He was met by hearts just as honest and as generous as his own, and the storm passed off to the great joy of some, and to the deep regret of others. But Italy has friends in nearly all-lands; England is her true friend.

But we are astonished at the news brought us from Italy, and yet we need not be astonished at any thing. One steamer brings the picture, and we are glad to see it, of Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel riding together and receiving the praises of thousands of warm hearts; who sang like the maidens in sacred history, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands." The very next steamer and we find him at Caprera, his country seat, and so anxious is he to be at home and retired from the bustle of life, and the field of blood, that he loads and unloads his effects with his own hands. He fancied that he had finished his work, or that his services were no longer required, or perhaps that his master and minister were jealous of his popularity, for it is not probable that he intended to hasten from the scene of his heroic deeds so precipitately. Indeed, it is stated, but we can hardly believe it, that he demanded for a time, from his Royal Master the civil and military control of the Provinces; but a constitutional king, under the direction of his parliament, could not grant such an unreasonable request. Perhaps he had no confidence in the Ministers of the Crown. But he was subjected to various small annoyances and severe irritations—honor conferred on Pallavicino, which Garibaldi thought ought to have been conferred on, or shared with Modino—the rebuke he received from D'Equile, because he put on his hat in royal presence—of the king taking time to answer the autograph letter of the soldier, in which he asked the confirmation of his official appointments in the army. Then the generous hearted Garibaldi when better informed, writes an affectionate apology to Pallavicino, whom he had treated unkindly in regard to the ribbon, at a time when "the evil spirits was upon him." Then the king graciously confirms all the ranks of the officers of the southern army, and the hero forgetting all his grievances, in his delight asks for further honors for his

distinguished and conquering friends, which are also granted to the great delight and high satisfaction of the hero. But he was generous in all. And while he complained on behalf of his military friends and compeers, and was anxious to a fault in regard to his comrades in arms, he refused the command of the army for himself—he declined an endowment for his daughter; he refused an aid-de-camp's commission for his son; a pension and an estate in Savoy; a marshal's baton, a ribbon, a title of Prince of Calatafrini for himself; but he goes at once into retirement to Caprera, to find a rugged farm beautified in his absence, and a portrait on his walls inscribed, "Victor Emmanuel to his friend Garibaldi." Long live Garibaldi, one of the greatest men of the age.

Yod.

AN OLD BOOK.

The March number of the *Repository* (long may it flourish!) contains an interesting description of a copy of one of the earliest editions of King James' Bible. In Canada, old books must of course be rare. The writer has had the good fortune to see several; one of which now lies before him. A brief description of this volume may gratify the lovers of antiquity; and if any of the readers of the *Repository* have in their possession similar treasures, they are hereby invited to let the literary world know it.

The title-page of the old book reads as follows:

"The Avncient Ecclesiasticall Histories of the first six Hvndred yeares after Christ, wrytten in the Greecke tongue by three learned Histonographers, Eusebius, Socrates, and Euagrius. Evsebivs Pamphilvs Bishop of Caesarea in Palestina, vvrote 10 books.

"Socrates Scholasticvs of Constantinople vvrote 7 bookes. Evagnvs Scholasticvs of Antioch vvrote 6 bookes vvhere-unto is annexed Dorothevs Bishop of Tyrus of the lives of the Prophets, Apostles and 70 disciples. All which authors are faithfully translated out of the Greek tongue by Meredith Hanmer, Maister of Arte and student of divinitie.

"Last of all herein is containyd a profitable chronographia collected by the sayd translator, the tittle whereof is to be seen in the end of this volume with a copious index of the principal matters throughout all the Histories."

(Here comes in an oval frontispiece, made up of a combination of human faces, fruits, flowers, branches, &c., with the anchor of hope in the centre let down by a hand from the clouds.) The book was

"Imprinted at London by Thomas Vautroillier, dwelling in the Blackfriars by Ludgate.

1577."

The date of this volume carries us back almost to the era of the Reformation. The fires of Smithfield had not then been long extinguished, and there were thousands living in England who had witnessed the burning of Cranmer, the beheading of Lady Jane Grey, and the similar fate of the wives of Henry the Eighth. "That bright occidental star, Queen Elizabeth, of happy memory," had not yet accomplished half of her long reign, and was still fresh in those charms, which, in advancing age and wrinkledness she sought to perpetuate by artificial means. The Spanish Armada had not yet met its fate. Mary, Queen of Scots, still languished in prison. The Stuarts had not yet ascended the English throne, or "the most high and mighty Prince James" devised his royal scheme for the perfect translation of the Bible. Less than forty years before this date the chained Bible had been first publicly read in the crypt of St. Paul's to eager listeners, who afterwards lost their lives in defence of its truths.

William Shakspeare was then a boy of thirteen, attending the free school at Stratford on Avon, or assisting his father in the wool business.

Milton, Newton, Cromwell, Bunyan, Baxter, Horne, and a host of England's mighty ones, had not then entered on the stage of existence. Names which the race will never let die were then as little known to fame as are the names of the men who shall rule the world in the year of grace 1961. It appears from the preface that this was the first edition of the first translation of the works of Esuebius into English. The translator informs the "good christian reader" that "there haue bene diuers vvhich attempted to translate these auncient Ecclesiastical Histories yet haue geuen ouer their purpose." Although the writings of Eusebius are familiar to the students of Ecclesiastical history, it may be reasonably doubted if many copies of this Edition are now extant.

THE MOTHER.

It has been truly said, "The first being that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or sailor in his heart's difficulty is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her; his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instils the lesson of piety and filial obligation in the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labor is not in vain. She may drop into the grave; but she has left behind her influence that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped, and will do its office."

Trinity.

EXPOSITION OF 1 PETER, III. 18.—IV. 6.

BY JOHN S. EVANS.

These verses contain one of the parallel passages to which we referred (in the February number*) as teaching expressly the views, respecting the scriptural design of baptism, presented in our exposition of Rom. vi. 3, 4; and as explaining also what God by this rite pledges himself to do for his church.

But beside the sentences which unfold these views, this portion of Scripture contains others, which are commonly regarded as "hard to be understood," is pre-eminently so. Indeed, some learned men, after much research, have found no meaning sufficiently plausible to be repeated or suggested. The difficulties, we think, have been created partly, if not wholly, by wresting the Apostle's words from the subject on which, as appears from the preceding verses, he was evidently treating. By keeping this subject before us, we humbly are of opinion that a natural, evangelical, and most extensively useful meaning, can be elicited from his words by a grammatical and logical interpretation. We therefore shall not confine our attention to that plainer part which has the parallel statements alluded to, but go through the whole continuously.

It will be advisable first to ascertain and trace the topic under consideration in the preceding context with which the first of the verses at the head of this article has some connection.

The Apostle was obviously speaking to Christians under persecution, and giving special directions and consolations adapted to the various forms under which persecution may come.

When they had to meet injurious words or deeds, he tells them they were not to "render evil for evil, or railing for railing," ver. 9, but on the contrary to bless; to return benevolent wishes and deeds. To induce them to act thus, he presents the highest motives. First, they were "thereunto called," by their Heavenly Father. And they were called that they "may inherit a blessing," in return for the blessing which they gave, from those who admired their conduct, or who had thereby been changed from enemies into friends. Again, such conduct would receive the approbation of Him whose "eyes are over the righteous." And it would secure the special protection and

ready assistance of Him whose "ears are open unto their cry." Besides, such christian meekness and kindness will prevent the offering of many a meditated affront, and the infliction of many an intended injury ; for "who is he that will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good." ver. 13. As Scott justly remarks, "Humility takes away all occasion of insolence from the proud and haughty. Meekness pacifies wrath ; and the returning of good for evil is apt to subdue the roughest disposition, and to conquer even malice itself." And who is so rudely violent as to injure such? Some such, however, may be met with. Some will inflict suffering for righteousness sake. "But and if ye suffer for righteousness sake happy are ye," ver. 14. The abundant consolation with which your gracious God comforts those who, for his sake, are brought into any trouble, makes you happy even then. He next supposes that the wicked may try the influence of more appalling threats, and of preparations for more terrible inflictions. But he advises Christians not to give way to undue fear towards man, but to guard against it by cherishing due reverence towards God. vs. 14, 15. Further, they may bring against you the disputers of this world, and demand a public statement and defence "of the hope that is in you." He tells you what to do : you must have "a reason," a convincing defence in readiness for such occasions. You must be able to say, with Paul : "Therefore we both labour and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, especially of those that believe." 1 Ti. iv. 10. And it must be presented "with meekness and fear," v. 15 ; with gentleness and respect towards man, and with humility and fear towards God, who is more deeply interested in the results of our defence than we can possibly be. And this defence of the faith should be made in good conscience towards God, and should be enforced by good works towards man ; for men will try faith by its fruits, and regard its reasons as unsound when its fruits are evil. But the manifestation of "a good conversation" out of a "good conscience" will probably cause those who bring false accusations to feel conscious shame in doing so. Another reason why they ought to submit to suffering of this kind is given in the 17th verse, "For it is better (if the will of God be so) that ye suffer for well-doing than for evil-doing." It is better that ye suffer persecution as christians than punishment as criminals. Or, if part of the comparison has been omitted here, as is frequently done in other cases, the meaning may be, It is better as well-doers to suffer persecution, than as evil-doers to escape persecution.

Another encouraging motive is furnished by the example of Christ, who, as the 18th verse tells us "once suffered for sins." i. e., for sins falsely laid to his charge by the false witnesses that were suborned against him. Though a well-doer, Christ suffered as an evil-doer; the just for the unjust: i. e. the just for [ὁπρῶς] i. e. in the name of the unjust, when "he was numbered with the transgressors." Influenced by the context, we understand this verse to refer to those sufferings which Christ endured as our example, and not, as is commonly supposed, to those atoning sufferings which he endured as our substitute. For in these he did not leave us an example but a peculiar work, which we dare not attempt to imitate. But these sufferings in which he left us "an example," were those in which he, "when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously:" ii. 23.

"Being put to death in the flesh," He submitted even to martyrdom. He was "with wicked hands crucified and slain." And one thing made these sufferings very trying, he was thus treated by those who were unspeakably indebted to him, for his redeeming love, his atoning sufferings, and his interceding mediation on their behalf, and if he endured such treatment from such persons, well may his followers endure bad treatment from those who, perhaps, are not at all, or but very slightly, indebted to them.

"But quickened by the spirit." That which was put to death, was made alive by his own life-giving or quickening spirit. For Jesus "the last Adam," is "a quickening Spirit." But how does the Scripture, which says that he was made a quickening Spirit, receive its fulfilment? Examine 1 Cor. xv: 44, 45, and you will find that it receives it, when that which "is sown a natural body, is raised a spiritual body." Jesus, when first raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, was in a form, which those who had known him in the flesh, could recognize, and bear witness to. But this body was afterwards quickened, or made a spiritual body, by his own quickening spirit. The very body which was put to death, was the body that received this resurrection and this final quickening.

"By which also he went." Εἰς. By which, i. e., by which spiritual quickening, and consequently, in that spiritual body, he personally went.

"And preached unto the spirits in prison, which sometime were disobedient," &c. The word translated "disobedient," literally means, unpersuadable. The word rendered "preached," is not the

one which signifies, to proclaim the gospel, but one which means to proclaim as a herald, to announce any thing openly and publicly. Accordingly by personally going, and perhaps by simply appearing, in that spiritual and glorified body, he made known openly a great truth, respecting which they would not suffer themselves to be persuaded in the days of Noah; namely, the truth concerning the resurrection of the dead. For this purpose, Jesus, who was the first fruits from the dead, appeared to them, as being in all probability the first who denied the resurrection—the fathers of this unbelief.

It was by a similar, and perhaps somewhat previous “appearing” that Jesus brought life and immortality to light on earth; 2 Ti. i. 10. By “appearing” in his glorified body, “he brought to light,” in the literal sense of the words; that is, he exhibited to the eyes of men, a specimen of a body possessed of “life and immortality.”

This appearing exhibited to the sight of men, what the ancient gospel had long presented to their faith, the “life and immortality by,” i. e. promised by “the gospel,” as far as it refers to “the redemption of the body.”

And this appearing in a risen and glorified body, “gave assurance unto all,” of the day of judgment, the day of final reward to the righteous, and of final punishment to the wicked. Acts, xvii. 31. When Jesus commenced his ministry, he found the place in Scripture where it was written, “The spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel,” &c.; Luke iv. 17—19. He then omitted to quote the clause in which Isaiah mentioned “the day of vengeance of our God.” Of this, however, he subsequently spoke, especially towards the close of his ministry. And by his last “appearing,” whether to a few chosen witnesses on earth, or a few spirits in prison, he gave assurance of its coming.

And so the gospel dispensation itself, will be closed by the angel flying through the midst of heaven, saying, “Fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come.” The closing scene being only part of the everlasting Gospel, which an angel was commissioned to proclaim.

Those spirits referred to were, when Noah was on earth, not only an unpersuadable, but a violent race. The earth was filled with “violence” at that time. And, from allusion to them in connection with the subject on which the Apostle was treating, it seems that this violence was, at least in part, directed against the righteous. This becomes evident from the fact, that it was from such violent

ones, that Noah and those that were with him, were saved by water. Noah was not saved from depravity, or from guilt, by the water of the deluge ; for he was a righteous man before that event. But he was saved from violent hands, from martyrdom, by the water that drowned the violent men of that age. Whether by inflicting martyrdom, or by inspiring the fear of it, they had dwindled the church down to a single family, and that a small one, containing only eight persons—and these, perhaps, not all truly pious. And the existence of that little church was now exceedingly endangered by farther violence from without, possibly, also, by farther apostacy from within, in every case except that of its veteran preacher of righteousness. God, however, could not, at this crisis, permit any farther threats or deeds of violence. He must preserve the Church : and to do so, he must destroy, by drowning, the world of the ungodly.

Thus the water of the deluge manifested, and executed, the Divine indignation against the persecuting world, and yet saved the church and perpetuated its existence on earth.

Then, he adds, “The like figure whereunto even baptism, doth now save us.” Having thought of the reins of the deluge descending on the ark of Noah, and of their design, he discovers a significant resemblance of them in the mode and design of Gospel baptism. His words are as follow, omitting for the present, the parenthesis after the first clause : “Baptism doth now save us by the resurrection of Jesus Christ, who is gone unto heaven, and is on the right hand of God ; angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto him.” That enthroned Being can prevent these subject angels, authorities, and powers, from carrying their violent opposition so far as to annihilate the church militant in these latter days. And not only can he do so, but by the appointment of baptism, as a like figure or emblematic representation of the water that saved the church in Noah’s time, he has pledged himself that he will use his supreme dominion in still preventing the church from being exterminated by persecution. And he will yet use this power as miraculously as he formerly did in Noah’s behalf. When the army of Gog and Magog, for the purpose of making a universal martyrdom, shall “compass the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city,” fire shall come down from God out of heaven, and devour them. And the devil that deceived them, shall be cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, &c.—Rev xx. 9, 10. And inasmuch as baptism pledges

such preservation, and such preservation has in fact been hitherto granted, baptism is thus a standing proof of the Divine origin and protection of the Christian religion. And this, in part, is the connection which this visible ordinance has with the evidences of Christianity.

(*To be continued.*)

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

(*Concluded.*)

If we cast a glance about and reflect we shall perceive that God has provided that all the natural and inherent desires of men may be prudent, and proper efforts on his part be gratified to a reasonable extent. His desire for food, his desire for the continuance of his species, for the accumulation of wealth, and his aspirations of ambition, can all in a reasonable degree be realized. Is it then to be presumed that a benevolent Creator has imbued the human heart with an anxious, *restless* "longing after immortality," with a design, a predetermination to prevent the realization of those ardent wishes, and to disappoint and blast those fond heart-cheering hopes? If such is the case we are indeed of all beings the most miserable. But, thanks be to God, it is not so, for not only does our experience, so far as it goes, contradict this; and the character of the Supreme Being as developed in the order of his government of the universe, which is a pledge that it cannot be so; but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who stamped his truth with the seal of his resurrection.

It can not be, says a modern writer, that earth is man's only abiding place. It can not be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves and then sink into nothing. Else why is it that the high and holy aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it we ask that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness. Why is it that the stars which hold their sentinels around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are everywhere presented to view, and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an alpine torrent upon our hearts?

There is a destiny higher than that of earth, a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands of the blessed which slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like shadows shall stay in our presence forever. And lastly, a future existence is necessary in order to equalize the distribution of justice by the moral governor of the universe among intelligent beings, and "justify the ways of God to man."

It has been alleged that even in the present state of our existence, virtue brings with it its own reward, and vice its appropriate punishment; this may be, and probably is, generally true, and therefore may be regarded as a general truth. But are we not compelled to admit that individual cases exist, and have existed, where the most virtuous have suffered grievous persecution, merit has been neglected, the most just and benevolent acts have been treated as crimes, and honest and laborious industry have been doomed to pinching poverty and hopeless wretchedness, while idleness has been pampered with wealth, and vice and crime have been rewarded with pleasure and power. It is, I apprehend, from a conviction that, in the present life good and evil, happiness and misery, are not distributed in accordance with merit and demerit; that the mind, almost in spite of itself, is charged with the dreams of fiction, whether fabricated by the novelist, or sung by the poet. It is the office of history to relate events, in respect to men and things, as they actually occur; if the honest man wears out his life in poverty and wretchedness; if the patriot is villified and scorned, and finally terminates his career on the scaffold, or the christian expires at the stake, history must record the facts; while it is the business of the novelist and poet to reward virtue and punish vice in the present life, that is to do what is called *poetical justice*. The writer of history exhibits to us the world as it is; he who composes fiction shows us the world as it ought to be. The one lives in a *real*, the other in an *ideal* world. Whence then is it that we are delighted, that we can not avoid being delighted with *fiction*? Is it not because we are conscious that in this world good and evil are not equally distributed, and that fiction enables us (if I may so speak) to enjoy in anticipation the execution of that justice which will be measured out to all intelligent beings in another state? If this life were all of life, well might the sensitive man ask why these things were so?—and how can the enquiry be answered in a manner consistent with the character of the Supreme

Being for goodness, justice, wisdom, and power, without admitting that man is destined to another state of existence, in which the distribution of happiness and misery will be made according to the merit and demerit of every individual as a responsible being? How otherwise can the "ways of God to man be justified?"

Hence *reason* and *experience* teach that reward and punishment will be distributed hereafter, and hence the immortality of the soul. But are we not permitted after all to exclaim—Man, though thou cast a contemplating glance within thine own bosom, though within thyself, within thine own heart, thou possessest the *key* to this mystery, and though thine own reason and experience will help thee to remove thine unbelief, standest thou not still perplexed and dejected on the portals of wisdom, and darest not set thy foot on the threshold of its sanctuary, which still seems to be shrouded in an impenetrable veil?—because the word of life is not thy guide—because He who is the way, truth, and life, is not thy teacher—because He who brought life and immortality to light is not thy Redeemer. Away then, we say, with all human reasoning. "Be not deceived, evil communications corrupt good manners." Awake to the fountain of all wisdom, and there you will see words engraven by the finger of God. "Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" "But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification, and *redemption*." There you will read, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." And you will help to exclaim, "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?" and you will thank God, which giveth us the *victory*, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Come and read, "Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God," or, "But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave, for he shall receive me;" and, "Therefore my heart is glad and my glory rejoiceth, my flesh also shall rest in hope, for thou wilt not leave my soul in hell." Come and hear converted Saul of Tarsus, through the mouth of the holy spirit, proclaiming, "This mortal must put on immortality," and you will be glad to know that man is immortal. Come and read, "Say ye to the righteous that it *shall* be well with him, for they *shall* eat the fruit of their labours, (but) woe unto the wicked, it *shall* be ill with him, for the reward of his hands *shall* be given him;" and again, "I come

quickly and my reward is with me to give *every man* according as his work shall be ;” and you will see that reward and punishment will be distributed hereafter. Hence the wicked can not hope that they will be delivered at once from their bodies, their souls and their vices, for the soul is immortal, and this mortal must put on immortality.

C. FRESHMAN.

Portfolio of Select Literature.

“ THE BEARING OF CHRISTIAN MORALS ON THE EVIDENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.”

BY JOHN BROWN, D.D.

“ It has been remarked, that the moral precepts of Christianity are highly valuable, not only when viewed in reference to their primary and direct object, the direction and guidance of the movements of the inner and outer man, the regulation of the temper and conduct, the dispositions and actions, but also when considered in subsidiary and indirect references, particularly in their bearing on the evidence of the *Divine Origin* of that system of revelation of which they form so important a part. That bearing is manifold. Let us look at it in its various phases. Were a book, consisting partly of doctrinal statements and partly of moral precepts, claiming a Divine origin, put into our hands ; and were we finding on perusal the moral part of it fantastic and trifling, inconsistent with the principles of man’s constitution, unsuitable to the circumstances in which he is placed, and incompatible with the great laws of justice and benevolence, we should enter on the examination of the evidence appealed to, in support of its high pretensions, under the influence of a strong and justifiable suspicion. The study, for example, of the morality of the Talmud, or of the Koran, would go far before commencing an investigation of evidence, to satisfy an enlightened inquirer that its claims to a Divine authority could not be satisfactorily supported.

On the other hand, when, in the New Testament, we find a moral code requiring all that is, and nothing that is not, true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely ! We cannot but be impressed with the conviction, that the system of which this forms a constituent part is worthy of being carefully inquired into ; and we enter on the inquiry not merely with excited attention, but with a disposition to weigh candidly the evidence that can be brought forward of a supernatural origin. A man well acquainted with the preceptive parts of the New Testament, cannot help, unless he is completely devoid of candour, regarding the question of its origin as a grave and inter-

esting one. He must feel in reference to its claims, not as he would in reference to the claims of a mere stranger, far less of one whom he knows to be a fool, and suspects to be a knave, but as he would in reference to the claims, of a person of whose wisdom and worth he had reason to think highly. The claims are of such a kind, and the consequences of admitting them are so momentous, that even, with all these favourable presumptions, they are not to be admitted without satisfactory evidence ; but they obviously deserve to be examined, and respectfully and diligently examined.

But this is not all. A person in a great measure ignorant of what true christianity is, as a moral as well as a doctrinal system, may, without much difficulty, be persuaded by an ingenious sceptic or unbeliever, that that religion, like so many others, has originated in imposture or delusion, or in a mixture of both. It is to ignorance of Christianity, as its principle *intellectual* cause, that we are disposed to trace the fearfully extensive success of infidel philosophy among the nominal Christians of the continent of Europe in the period immediately preceding the French Revolution. But on a person well informed as to the moral part of Christianity, all such ingenious sophistry will be thrown away. He is in possession of information which satisfies him that all those hypotheses, on one or other of which the denial of the truth and divinity of Christianity must proceed, are altogether untenable. There is a character of uniform, sober, practical good sense, belonging to the morality of the New Testament, which makes it one of the most improbable of all things, that its writers should have been the dupes either of their own imagination or of a designing impostor : and there is a sustained and apparently altogether unassumed and natural air of simplicity and godly sincerity, which forbids us, except on the most satisfactory evidence, to admit they who wore it were other than what they seemed to be, honest men. To the question. Were the men who delivered these moral maxims, fools or knaves, or a mixture of both ? Were they stupid dupes or wicked impostors ? the only reasonable answer is, the thing is barely possible, it is in the very highest degree improbable. Evidence tenfold more strong than infidel philosophy has ever dreamed of would be necessary to give any thing like verisimilitude to any of these hypotheses, on one or other of which must be built the disproof of the claims of Christianity on the attention, and faith, and obedience of mankind.

There is still another aspect in which the morality of Christianity may be considered, in reference to the evidence of the Divine origin of that religion. Viewed in all its bearings, it seems to be of the nature of a moral miracle. Compare the morality of the New Testament with the morality of ancient philosophy ; compare Jesus with Socrates ; and Paul, and Peter, and James, and John, with Epictetus or Plato, or Seneca, or Marcus Antoninus. The difference is prodigious ; the superiority is immeasurable. Now, how are we to account for this difference, this superiority ? On the supposition that the writers of the New Testament were uninspired men, we apprehend it is utterly unaccountable. Nothing but the admission,

that they were men who spoke and wrote as they were moved by the Spirit of God, can enable us satisfactorily to explain the undoubted fact, that the purest and most perfect system of morality which the world has ever seen : the system that discovers the justest and widest views of the Divine character and government, and the deepest insight into the recesses of human nature, proceeded not from the philosophers of Egypt or of India, of Greece or of Rome, but from the carpenter of Nazareth and his uneducated disciples."

LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendour of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love.

P o e t r y .

THE ONLY WAY.

Behold to blissful immortality the path !
 Rough at its outset, full of thorns and briars,
 Requiring resolution strong and courage bold
 To travel it ; yet, as it winds along,
 Flowers grow thereon of loveliest hue
 And richest fragrance—Peace, Joy, Hope, Love ;
 All springing from the Saviour's smile, all nourished
 With his blood. Gird, then, thy loins to run
 This race. If guilt depress and burden down
 Thy soul, a fountain open stands in which
 That guilt can all be washed away by faith.
 Art thou of weakness conscious ? The Lord thy God
 Gives strength to feebleness, and girds with might
 The trembling knees. On Him rely ! His help
 Will never fail. His grace will always save !

SOUL'S TRIUMPH,

BY THE VILLAGE BARD.

Life's scenes, long buried far in years behind,
 Rush to their close to crowd the weakened mind;
 Acts long forgotten, quarrels, friendships, fears,
 Come up with freshness, mingling joy with tears.

Would that the memory told alone of joy:
 Recalling not those scenes which peace destroy;
 But acts of wrong are thought of, tears must flow,
 The veil of memory hides not scenes of woe.

If memory would but cover all the past,
 Its joys with trials in oblivion cast;
 The ease of Death would then be free from pain;
 Unchecked our faith that we may live again.

But let the spirit bathe its past in love,
 'T has nought to do with earth, *its home's above*;
 The blood that cleanseth gives to winds its fears;
 While sorrow's crystal fount restrains its tears.

The waves are calm'd, and tranquil fills the soul,
 No more will trouble o'er that spirit roll;
 Death's pains now fail to bring the pall of gloom,
 The Christian trembles not though near the tomb.

This is not strange; for death has lost its sting,
 The grave's proud victory hath taken wing;
 The warrior triumphs, all his foes defied
 Are conquered bravely through the Crucified.

Hark! Hark! a voice of foreign accent speaks,
 The Bridegroom now that waiting spirit seeks;
 A hand appears to move the cloud of night,
 The valley dark begins to flood with light.

"*I quickly come,*" resounds through yonder sky,
 Commissioned angels leave their seats on high;
 Amen! Amen! the rapturous soul replies,
 While 'mid earth's tears 'tis wafted to the skies.

Literary Review and Record.

We mentioned some time ago that a very valuable and useful Biography of the late Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, had been published. We are happy to find this large and interesting volume in the stock of our Book-Room. We have before us also another volume, which, although not newly published, will be new to many in this country. It is a large octavo, consisting of Sermons by the late Bishop of Calcutta, which were published in 1833, by Stevens & Sons, Temple Bar, London. Now that the pious and devoted author is no more, his sermons will be read perhaps with more attention and profit. But we must say that the whole of these sermons are worthy their author. They are thoroughly energetical and fine models of pulpit style and arrangement. Those who are fond of magnificent sentences and gorgeous imagery need not buy this volume; but the lovers of clear exposition, perspicuous arrangement, evangelical illustration, and practical appeals to the conscience and heart, will find these sermons of the good Bishop Wilson very valuable and useful. It is not improper to state, that although this volume was published in 1833, it was the sixth edition; and we expect before long an uniform edition of those valuable Sermons and Lectures which were issued at various times by the Bishop of Calcutta, and in which he defended so bravely the experimental truths of Christianity against the encroachments and dogmas of Puseyism, Neology and Infidelity. Daniel Wil-

son was a noble man and nobly did his work.

The Rev. Richard Chenevix Trench has published many useful works, which we have no hesitation in heartily recommending to the student and general reader. As for instance, "On the Study of Words," "On the Lessons in Proverbs," "Synonyms of the New Testament," and "English Past and Present." Mr. Trench is not however much known in this country as a poet. We have before us a volume of "Poems" by Mr. Trench, which we have perused with uncommon pleasure. It does not contain all the poems he has published in England, but a judicious selection. They are models of pure English, and by eminent critics the author has been placed at the head of the religious poets of the present day. We can most cheerfully recommend these "Poems," and are persuaded that none who read them carefully will be disappointed. A pure religious tone runs through them all, and whatever the subject, they are made to subserve the great ends of religious culture. We also with great pleasure recommend to our ministerial brethren a small volume of Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, by Mr. Trench. They are on most important subjects, and ably treated. We may add that the works of Trench which we have named, may be had at the Book-Room, in uniform bindings, all neatly printed. Trench's works are a treasure.

Varities.

SCOTCH WIT AND HUMOR.—A young man sitting opposite to a minister in the front of the gallery had been up late on the previous night, and had stuffed the cards with which he had been occupied into his coat pocket. Forgetting the circumstance, he pulled out his handkerchief and the cards all flew about. The minister simply looked at him and remarked—"Eh man, your psalm buik has been ill bund."

The beadle of a country parish is usually called the minister's man, and to one of these who had gone through a long course of such parish official life, a gentleman one day remarked—"John, ye hae been sae lang about the minister's hand that I dare say ye could preach a sermon yerself now." To which John modestly replied—"O na, sir, I couldna preach a sermon, but maybe I could draw an inference." "Well, John," said the gentleman, humoring the quiet vanity of the beadle, "what inference could ye draw frae this text, 'a wild ass snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure?'" (Jer. 2: 24.) "Well, sir, I would draw this inference—he wud snuff a long time before he would fatten upon it."

THE OBITUARY OF 1860.—Three Bishops have died—those of Rochester and Worcester, and the Archbishop of York; and the popular divine Dr. Croly, and the eminent dissenting minister, Mr. Sortain. Of the Peers, the Dukes of Richmond and Norfolk have died, and Lords Londesborough, Stafford, and Hytesbury. Our statesmen have died fast and some untimely. Besides Mr. Wilson and Sir H. G. Ward, we have lost in our Indian connection, Lord Elphinstone, and the venerable William Butterworth Bailey, of the Indian service. The names of Lord Aberdeen and the Marquis Dalhousie are the most prominent in the mournful list; but Mr. Baines will be long regretted. We cannot place Henry Drummond among the statesmen; but he was missed from his seat in the House by his friends and opponents. A Judge died in Court, as hap-

pened before, not many years since. Baron Watson was presiding at the assizes in Welshpool, when he sank down and died, as Sir T. Talford did within recent memory. The generation of the great Napiers is gone—Sir William, the General, having died in February—and his cousin Charles, the Admiral, in November. Lord Dundonald has died full of years, and, at last, of honors. We may place among the regretted seamen Captain Harrison, the Commander of the Great Eastern, who won high respect, and created great expectation, miserably extinguished by his accidental death in January last. Captain Moorsom, the inventor of the shells called after him, died in February; and in October, Captain Maconochie, known by his efforts—zealous if not very successful—on behalf of the reformation of criminals. Colonel Leake and Colonel Mure are known by their science and literature—the one as a geographer, and the other as a Greek historian, rather than as soldiers. Science, in various applications, has suffered by the mortality of this year, for we have lost Locke and Hartly, the engineers, and Spence the etomologist, and Finlaison, the actuary, and Dr. Alexander, the sanitary reformer of the British army. In art our loss has been heavy—Sir Charles Barry being in himself a national loss; and there have died besides Alfred Chalon and Sir W. Ross, the painters; and Landells the engraver; and George Schary. Among the artists we must include the lamented Albert Smith; and also Jullien, the creator of so much popular pleasure. In literature we have to lament Bunsen whom we had learnt to regard as countryman of our own, from his long residence here, and his friendships with some of our most distinguished citizens. Professor Wilson of Oxford, the Sanscrit scholar, and Professor Baden Powell, the theologian, have died; and Sir Charles Fellows, who opened to us a fresh scene of antiquity in Asia Minor, by his researches and writings; Mr. James, the novelist; Mrs. Jameson, whose province was the

history of Art. There is one other name, which enters into no class, but which has its own honor, and will have its special remembrance. Lady Byron has gone from us—interesting to all from being the widow of the poet, and to not a few for her personal nobleness and her vast bounty, open and secret, to society.

THE "JERKS."—A singular phenomenon is related by Mr. Milburn in his work, "The Pioneers, Preachers and People of the Mississippi Valley," as following the earnest preaching of William Burke, who on one occasion "held forth" to an audience of ten thousand persons in the open air.

He took a stand on his own hook, on a fallen log, and here, having rigged up an umbrella as a temporary shelter, a brother standing by to see that it performed its functions properly, he gave out a hymn, and by the time that he had mentioned his text, there were some ten thousand persons about him. Although his voice when he began was like a crash of thunder, after three quarters of an hour or an hour, it was like an infant's. It is said that all these people, the whole ten thousand of men and women standing about the preacher, were from time to time shaken as a forest by a tornado, and five hundred were at once prostrated to the earth, like the trees in a "windfall," by some invisible agency. Some were agitated by violent whirling motions, some by fearful contortions; and then came "the jerks." Scoffers, doubters, deniers, men who came to ridicule and sneer at the supernatural agency, were taken up in the air, whirled over upon their heads, coiled up so as to spin about like cart-wheels, catching hold, meantime, of saplings, endeavouring to clasp the trunks of trees in their arms, but still going headlong and helplessly on. These motions were called the "jerks," a name which was current in the West for many a year after; and many an old preacher has described these things accurately to me. It was not the men who were already members of the church, but

the scoffing, the blasphemous, the profane, who were taken in this way. Here is one example: a man rode into what was called the "Ring Circle," where five hundred people were standing in a ring, and another set inside. Those inside were on their knees, crying, shouting, praying, all mixed up in heterogeneous style. This man comes riding up at the top of his speed, yelling like a demon, cursing and blaspheming. On reaching the edge of the ring, he falls from his horse, seemingly lifeless, and lies in an apparently unconscious condition for thirty hours; his pulse at about forty or less. When he opens his eyes and recovers his senses, he says he has retained his consciousness all the time—that he has been aware of what has been passing around—but was seized with some agency which he could not define. I fancy that neither physiology, nor psychology, nor biology, nor any of the ologies or isms, have, thus far given any satisfactory explanation of the singular manifestations that attended this great revival. These meetings taking place in the open woods, and attracting such immense multitudes, no provision could possibly be made for them by the surrounding neighborhood. People came in their carriages, in wagons, in ox-carts, on horses, and, themselves accustomed to pioneer habits and lives, they brought their own food, commonly jerked meat and corn dodgers, and pitched their tents upon the ground. Such was the origin of camp-meetings.

CURIOUS EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.—Some time ago, a woman having taken shelter from a storm under the door of a mill at Lapion, Atnue, was thrown down by a stroke of lightning, but received no further injury, except that a figure of a tree hard by was found perfectly impressed upon her back, so that the trunk, branches, and leaves were minutely distinguishable, the impression being of a reddish tint. Cases of a similar description have been several times recorded.

Christian Observer of Public Events.

THE TROUBLES IN THE UNITED STATES.

There is nothing stable or permanent in this vale of tears; everything here below is subject to change and uncertainty. The most stable governments have had their revolutions and the mightiest kings have had only their day, and some have not lived out half their days. The governments of some countries are so subject to change—and to change from one extreme to another—that stability is the exception, while change is the rule. What a striking illustration of this change and uncertainty have we in the history of France? And it would appear from the history of the past of the French nation, that a despotic form of government is the most suitable for the genius of that people. But revolution and change, anarchy and rebellion, are not peculiar to monarchical forms of government, are not any more perfect, nor more free from change and corruption, than those forms of government that republicans affect to despise. The recent strange occurrences in the Southern States afford us another striking proof that revolutions are not confined to any particular form of government. We are so accustomed to refer all revolutions and popular disturbances to the oppression of monarchical institutions, and the efforts of an oppressed people to be free, and to secure their natural rights, that we are somewhat astounded to hear anything like trouble amongst our neighbours. We are not at all astonished to hear of revolutions in the Italian States,—the wonder is that they did not occur earlier. The scenes recently transpiring on the plains of Lombardy are sufficient evidence of what an enslaved

and oppressed people will do when once roused to a sense of their wrongs. And we presume that equal rights and equal privileges—the good of the governed,—the welfare of all, is all that most men care for, no matter what form of government they may happen to live under. The recent course of events and the astounding occurrences at the neighbouring Republic, teach us that our neighbors have not yet secured that “Paradise gained” they so often boast of, and justify us in anticipating consequences and results the most fearfully awful, and that at no very distant period of time. The theory of United States government is very fine and very flattering; but very delusive indeed. It is true that each separate State is free and sovereign. They can make their own laws, they can punish their own criminals, and they can raise their own cotton, tobacco, and corn. But they are not free after all. They have delegated to a “joint authority” nearly all their individual rights as respective States of the Union, for their mutual protection and benefit. But the Governor is the Military Commander of each State, and placed at the head of the armed force of the country. He alone can relieve—life and death are placed in his hands. The whole government of the United States is an anomaly—an enigma—a puzzle. It cannot stand. The confederation is strangely limited to its constitutional powers. The government of each State is the rule, while the federal government is the exception to the rule. And here is the secret of their weakness, and the secret of their present trouble. The federal government is not the supreme govern-

ment, as it ought to be—the federal government did not give to the free and independent States their distinctive constitutions, their rights, their powers and their privileges; but the independent States gave a constitution and a power, but limited, to the federal government—hence the weakness of the Executive and the weakness of the supposed Supreme Head. But the federal government has been gradually encroaching on the rights of individual States, and even statesmen and politicians have been divided upon the correct interpretation of the constitution of the United States. The justly celebrated Calhoun distinguished himself as the champion of State rights; while the no less distinguished Webster, and such men as Clay and Adams, were the defenders and advocates of federal rights, and a national interpretation of the constitution. One of the most splendid orations ever delivered by the great statesman, Webster, was in defence of the federal government, and a national interpretation of the constitution of 1789. He said, “The government is the independent offspring of the popular will. It is the creature of State Legislature; nay, more of the whole truth must be told, the people brought it into existence, established it, and have hitherto supported it, for the very purpose amongst others, of imposing certain salutary restraints in State sovereignties.—The States cannot make war—they cannot control alliances—they cannot make, each or itself, separate regulations of commerce—they cannot levy imports—they cannot coin money;”—The Arsenal, the Mints, the Customs, the Post Office, belong to the federal government. The great statesman, Calhoun, contended for the right of the State to nullify acts of Congress, by adverse legislation. The present troubles in the South are the conse-

quence of opinions thus propounded by great men, men who took adverse views of the same constitution—adverse views of the rights of States when coming in collision with the rights of the nation. The difficulty will, in all probability, lead to a dissolution of the family compact. For difficulties must necessarily arise out of it. Take, for instance, the Fugitive Slave Law. The Northern States complain, and complain justly, that this law is an encroachment upon their rights as Sovereign States, and hence they have passed “personal liberty bills” in order to nullify this act of Congress. The federal government cannot be strong and permanent, while it is possible for adverse legislation to take place, and an individual State may come at any time in collision with the federal government. Thus Wisconsin, resisted, and resisted successfully, the federal powers, and the Supreme Court of the State justified the State authorities in resisting, opposing and setting at defiance the authority of the federal government. The checks and balances imposed by the respective States in order to ward off the encroachments of the central power, must eventually weaken and destroy the authority and influence of the central government, and ultimate ruin must be the consequence. The great question of Slavery, the crime and the national sin of the United States, is the great question of the present time. It has taken deep hold of the public mind, and the moral feeling of the North is awakened to the sin of holding mankind in bondage; and now, being roused to a sense of the wrong thus inflicted, they feel the necessity of tramping slaves and even slave-holders into the very dust, at the very earliest possible period. Of course they form a part of the great model Republic, and they must suc-

cumb notwithstanding the doctrine of State Sovereignty. They form a part of the nation that hold four million of human beings in bondage and suffering. This is their sin, and this is their reproach, and this is the cause of the present struggle for supremacy and power. The confederacy was formed of Slave States, with one exception,—that only one of thirteen States was a free State, and that slavery was guaranteed by the constitution—and that any interference with slavery as an institution by Congress or the Sovereign States, nullifies the contract and breaks up the bargain. But the South takes up very high grounds indeed; their churches declare Slavery a divine institution, and they are engaged in a good work—in the improvement of the negro race. But the war is not over, nor is the contest ended. The Northern States must be the masters and put down slavery, or they must give up their ideas of freedom, or there must be a dissolution of the Union. As to the right of secession under the constitution, there is not the least ground for argument. Revolution alone can break up the Union. This is their right. The Colonies asserted this right when they revolted from Great Britain. The present difficulty has taken place at a singular time—so soon after the visit of the Prince of Wales, and just at the very time when so much is being said in regard to a federation of the British North American Colonies. We may learn important lessons from the defects of the system of the American Union. But we trust that our leaders will be cautious and move very slowly in a matter that affects the destiny of millions, and is fraught with most most serious consequences.

Yod.

NAPOLEON AND HIS MOTIVES.

France is our ally, and Napoleon professes to be our friend; but France is very doubtful, and Napoleon is not to be trusted. Napoleon has done some good, and he appears to have some regard to the cause of liberty and freedom, and these he will readily concede when his own prejudices and interests, and the interests of his family, are not endangered. But he is a deep enigma and a perfect puzzle. That Europe will be thrown into another war through his schemes and almost impenetrable designs, is not only probable but almost certain. Austria will not tamely and quietly submit to the infringements upon her power and her territory. But let Papist contend with Papist, and let Catholic Kings and Emperors fight against Pio Nono, and England and Protestantism will appear more glorious than ever.

“ We have seen a communication, dated at the Eternal City itself, suggesting the possibility that one of the early projects of Napoleon III. was to destroy the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, and sever the connection of the French and Romish Church. The writer urges that, at first, Napoleon was too weak to cope with the Vatican, and that his far-reaching vision penetrated so far into the future, as to base his calculations, in the use of the most effectual means, to secure against Popery the very results which are now transpiring. How truthful, or erroneous, this view of Napoleon's original plan may be, it is quite evident that the recent changes in French diplomacy point emphatically to this ultimate result. When Napoleon ascended the throne, he was a mere adventurer, without money, without military glory, and having neither the honor of a civilian or statesman. His only prestige was in the echo of a name. Even that name was offensive to the old and

leading officials of the dominant Catholic Church, for his renowned uncle had been a terror to the Papal See. We are to add to all this, the fact that he was denied the moral sympathy of even a single foreign court. The French army was an army of Catholics—in short, the Church power was the only power in France. With the purpose and ken of the ablest and—as the world is now earnest to acknowledge—the most successful diplomacy of history, he could scarcely do other than make friendship with the Pope. On looking back now, it is not difficult to perceive, in every apparent movement of the Imperial Court toward Rome, a real movement in the opposite direction. His Church sympathies may have been merely a political show—a well understood and skillfully arranged means to the ultimate abrogation of the papal power in France. The tables are now turned. Napoleon is at this moment the greatest power in Europe. The Imperial army moves on at the beck of his finger. The popular voice of France portrays reverently and glowingly his praises; he has conquered the heart of France. The proud courts of Europe court his favour, and, with a single notable exception, approve his present political career. The powerful moral sympathy of the Protestant world is in his favour. Under these circumstances, what cares Napoleon for the hasty fulminations of Rome,—the threatened bulls of excommunication from St. Peters. Is it not possible that he courts them? His love of power, would lead him to strike down, at the earliest possible moment, every vestige of foreign domination in the empire. The contest with popery will neither be long nor doubtful. Judging from present indications, nothing but the death of Napoleon, can arrest the downfall of the papal power in Europe.

“ Since penning the above, the most stirring news reaches us, that the Papal troubles are greatly on the increase. The grave results which have been casting their shadows beforehand, are rapidly hastening to their consummation. May the Ruler of nations over-rule all to the speedy downfall of ecclesiastical tyranny and error, and the upbuilding of truth ! ”

PROSPECTS OF ANOTHER WAR.

The internal state of Austria becomes every day more precarious. The Hungarians are the most determined, though the most moderate of rebels. They do not, like the French in their various revolutions, seek to overthrow a dynasty, or, like the Italians in their late struggle, to drive out the foreigner. They are so far acquiescent in the present dynasty that they do not wish for any other, and, though the Germans are to the Magyars as foreigners, yet so many of the former race are settled in the country that no thought of a general explosion can be entertained. But the determination to insist on all the old historical rights of the country is as firm as ever, and, in case of their being refused, the people are quite ready to assert them by force of arms.

The estimate of the insurrectionary impulse of a country must vary according to the temperament of the observer. It may be said, however, that, according to the most trustworthy authority, there is no less discord between the races, and less difference of view between the aristocracy and peasantry, than was the case in 1849. Then there were two widely sundered parties in Hungary—the party which made the constitutional department, and the party which under Kossuth, converted it into a Democratic experiment. The decay of these rivalries makes Hungary more powerful than ever, and a more dangerous enemy to the Austrian system of Government. Unless sternly opposed, Hungary will be certain to give its assistance to Italy by a timely diversion.

We can, indeed, only imagine one cure for the evils of Austria, one escape from the many dangers which

threaten her. It is to abandon the province which is her vulnerable point. Should she give up Venetia as soon as her dignity will allow, and on terms consistent with her interest, both England and France would be glad to see her constitute herself a really strong power in Central Europe. This sacrifice would allow the Emperor to make concessions to Hungary which alone can insure the allegiance of that kingdom. On the other hand, if Austria persist in her present course, she must sink into bankruptcy under the burden of war expenses. With an impossible position to maintain in Venetia, and an impending insurrection at her back, her ruin is a mere question of time, and is as certain as that of the vassal sovereignty of Naples.—*London Times.*

Russia is doing a noble work at the present time. She is now accomplishing, without revolution or any symptom whatever of public excitement, the complete emancipation of millions of her hitherto enslaved subjects to the very dignified position of manhood. Her policy at the present time is most liberal and enlightened, and truly patriotic; and she is now industriously engaged in developing her resources, and thus will, before long, by the arts of peace and a liberal policy, render herself far more formidable than she has ever proved herself to be in the time of peace. Russia, however, may rise in her newly acquired strength from her present course of policy, and the rest she has enjoyed since the Crimean war, and she may be more successful in her intended effort for the dismemberment of Turkey, or for the extension of her borders in the East. Why not let Turkey sink as a nation? She is fanatical, treacherous, and cruel. She is sick, nigh unto death, and her demise will be a blessing to civilization. But while Russia is now giving liberty to millions of her enslaved sub-

jects, we see the American Government, the beau-ideal of liberty, growing weaker and weaker under the system of slavery that has so long been a stain upon the name of liberty, and a reproach to civilization. What we may now call the "Southern Black Republic" is initiating and promoting civil war, and seeking the overthrow of constitutional liberty, with a view to perpetuate their cruel and accursed dark system. What a spectacle to behold, and what a striking contrast is thus presented to the mind! In the one case we behold an enlightened and free government, whose motto is liberty, degrading itself before the nations of the earth in its efforts to bind more closely the already down-drodden sons of Ham, while one of the most despotic governments of old despotic Europe is giving freedom and liberty to millions of its serfs. Despotic governments must either relax a little of the hold they have endeavoured to maintain over millions of human beings, or they will soon be weighed in the balances, and if found wanting must bear the consequences of continued misrule. Look at Austria, humbled and reduced by France, and through the united energies of Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi and Cavour, nearly stripped of all dominion and power in Italy, revolution within, and war without, a bankrupt treasury, and borrowing money as the only resource for making gigantic preparations for renewing the war, and yet, in her singular folly, heaping fresh insults and injuries upon her faithful subjects. She must be dismembered. She is rotten at the very heart, and more illiberal and narrow-minded than the most despotic power in Europe. But England sits in calm and dignified quiet, feared and honoured abroad, and increasingly loved by a grateful people at home. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."