

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X



DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY.

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1877.

THE CHURCH FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE REV. E. HARTLEY DEWART.

I.

It is evidently God's purpose to carry on His work of spiritual life-giving and restoration in the world through the instrumentality of those who have been quickened by His Spirit, and brought under the controlling power of His love. This important truth is illustrated in the religious history of our race, and distinctly unfolded in the revelations of the Divine Word. Each renewed soul is to be a living spring in the moral desert of humanity—a beacon light pointing the perplexed mariners on life's dark and stormy sea to the haven of safety—a centre of holy influences working effectually for the emancipation of sinful men—a fire from which other hearts shall catch the light and warmth of heaven. But each Christian is not to be an independent, isolated worker, moved by his own impulses, without co-operation with his fellow-workers. This would cause universal confusion and waste of power. Organization and order characterize all successful applications of human force to the accomplishment of important ends. In this respect men feebly copy the Divine methods. God has appointed the ordinances which govern the

forces of the material world. All move in harmony to fulfil the purpose for which they were called into existence. This principle of order is not less clearly seen in the arrangements of His spiritual kingdom. The Church is not a mere aggregation of discordant forces, moving with lawless energy, without unity of method or purpose. It is the whole body of believers, acting as one army of the living God, under the Captain of their salvation. One family, the members of which are to help one another in love, being bound together by the double ties of mutual love and loyalty to their common Father and King.

God has never left Himself without a witnessing Church in the world. The patriarchs proclaimed Jehovah "fearful in praises, glorious in holiness, doing wonders." The Jewish Church, by its worship, by its being the depository of the Divine law, and by the testimony of its inspired prophets, bore testimony, amid prevailing idolatry, to the power and holiness of the God of Abraham. Before our Divine Redeemer ascended upon high, He called and appointed men to testify of His sovereign grace, and made provision for forming those who believed upon Him into a community of faithful souls, that should make known the riches of His redeeming love to every nation and kindred and tongue. In the words of an eminent living writer: "It was His design to form a holy community, from which, as from a new humanity, reconstituted, filled by His Spirit and living by His life, the Gospel should go forth into all the world. The holy community thus founded is the Christian Church. It differs from all the institutions that preceded it. It is not limited, like the Jewish theocracy, to one special nation; it is not bounded by the frontiers of any land. It forms the kingdom which is not of this world, and which is destined to triumph over all the powers of earth leagued against it. Placed beyond the external conditions of Judaism, the Christian Church is primarily a moral and spiritual fact, the character of which is essentially supernatural. Born of a miracle, it lives by a miracle. Founded upon the great miracle of redemption, it grows and is perpetuated by the ever-repeated miracle of conversion. It is entered, not by the natural way of birth, but by the supernatural way of the new birth."

II.

The greatness of the objects which the Church is organized to accomplish—the profound significance of its mission—invests the study of the characteristics and work of a true Church with deep importance. It is full of interest to study the means by which God carries out His purposes in the material world—the laws that regulate the varied forces of nature. It is instructive to study even the inventions and contrivances of human skill, in the different departments of activity, for developing the resources of nature and promoting the physical well-being of men. But how much more worthy of our thoughtful study are the agencies and laws of the spiritual kingdom—the divinely instituted society through which God works in bringing back a fallen and alienated world to loyalty and purity! The highest results of human invention relate to the earthly and temporary interests of men. But the work of the Church lies in the sphere of moral and spiritual entities; and deals with those faculties and capacities of our nature on which the original image of the Creator was enstamped. It is the mission of the Church, by the dissemination of revealed truth, to scatter the obscuring shadows of ignorance of God which enshroud the world. To unveil to sinful men their guilt and danger, and the ample provisions of the Divine Father's mercy for their salvation through Christ. So to present the compassion, purity, and unselfishness of Christ in the lives of her members, that the children of disobedience and rebellion may be won by the beauty of practical holiness. So to proclaim the warnings and promises of Divine love, that the erring prodigals of earth may be brought back to their offended Father. To contend earnestly against all forms of antagonism to truth and holiness, till the kingdoms of this world "become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ." And by the glorious victories won over the powers of darkness and sin, to make known, not only to men below, but also "to the principalities and powers in heavenly places," the wondrous grace and " manifold wisdom of God." The study of the instrumental agency, by which such glorious results are to be achieved, is not merely a matter of speculative interest, but a duty of practical necessity. For, unless we learn from the Word of God what is the Divine ideal, we

shall be unable to judge of the adaptation of the Church of to-day to fulfil the purpose of its existence.

III.

The fierce and protracted disputes that have been waged in all ages, over the constitution and methods of the Church, however unfruitful they may have been in useful, practical results, attest the high estimate that has been cherished, by eminent theologians of all denominations, of the importance of right and Scriptural views respecting the organization and discipline of the Church. Doubtless, these discussions between the representatives of different Church polities have shown an exaggerated estimate of the value of external arrangements and ordinances; but the underlying assumption, that Scriptural views of the Church were a matter of primary importance was, in the main, correct. It is one of the questions that is old, but ever new. What are the characteristic marks of a true Scriptural Church? is a question of as much practical interest to the Christians of to-day as to those of any former period. Because each Church is bound to prove its conformity to the Scriptural ideal, in order to vindicate its claims to be a branch of the Divine society of which Christ is the Head. Churches, as well as individuals, are bound to neglect not self-examination. It is of vital importance to a military commander to know the condition, resources, and discipline of his own army, as well as the strength of the enemy. The same is true of Churches. They should compare themselves with the Church of the apostolic age. Not for the purpose of being satisfied that they are fashioned and organized after any unalterable pattern or form of government, but to see whether they possess those signs of spiritual power, life, and fruitfulness that are an essential qualification for doing successfully the work of Christ in the world. No form of organization can secure a Church against feebleness and death. Yet, upon the qualifications of the Church for the work of testifying for Christ in the world, it depends whether the result shall be success or failure.

This consideration makes the condition of the human instrumentality, in some respects, a more important consideration to us than the Divine agency. Not that it is really more essential

than the Divine ; but it more nearly concerns us as a condition of success, because the cause of failure is always in the human conditions. Defects or faults on the human side may be discovered and amended. There are no failures nor defects on God's side. Fruitful soil, sunshine and rain in season, may seem to be more essential to secure a good crop than anything man can do ; but, as these are uniformly supplied by Providence, and do not alone produce an harvest, the preparation of the soil and sowing of the seed, by human agency, are the most important conditions of success. So, in the spiritual kingdom, the Divine conditions of success are unfailing. If there is failure or defeat, the cause will be always found in conformity to the world, or some other form of sin that has shorn the Church of her strength to vanquish the enemies of the Cross. We often hear good people speak as if everything on the part of the Church was done, and nothing was wanting but the putting forth of Divine power. Such a conception is dishonouring to God, and overlooks the real cause of failure. The Holy Spirit is not given to supersede the need of human effort, but to quicken human faculties into more effective action. A Church organized according to the Divine ideal, animated by the spirit of Christ, and working in harmony with the laws of God's spiritual kingdom, will never fail to see the pleasure of the Lord prosper in its hand. When the Divinely-ordained human conditions of success are fulfilled, God's power will be manifested.

IV.

The essential elements of success must be substantially identical in all ages. Human nature and sin are always the same. There may be outward changes of form and mode, but the inner selfishness, passion, and unbelief, which have to be vanquished by the Word and Spirit of God, are virtually the same in ancient and modern times—in the cultivated child of opulence, and in the untutored barbarian. But changes of circumstances and modes of life require a change of methods, and the development of different features of character. We must, therefore, learn the characteristics of the Church for the times, to a great extent, from the work which it has to do, and the circumstances under

which it has to be done. If we look abroad through the material universe, we see, in all physical nature, harmony and beauty. We behold, everywhere, tokens of the wisdom, power, and goodness of God. But, when we examine the moral condition of the beings around us, we are saddened and perplexed by the black shadows of sin and suffering that oppress them. Ignorance of God darkens the souls of millions who feed upon the husks of superstitious fancies and misleading falsehoods. Selfish cruelty tramples upon the palpitating hearts of multitudes, whose only hope of justice and relief is directed towards that goal, where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Myriads, capable of the highest dignity, usefulness, and felicity, are wasting all the powers of immortal natures in the low delights of sordid gain and selfish gratification. Myriads more, created to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever, and redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, live without faith or prayer, and die without hope. On every hand, the richest gifts of the Creator are prostituted to prevent the accomplishment of His gracious purposes. The rarest genius, the keenest intelligence, the most untiring industry, and the largest treasures of wealth, are enlisted, in one way or another, to elevate the creature above the Creator, to glorify the inanimate forces of nature as all-sufficient causes, to extinguish the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, and to destroy faith in the one living and true God.

How is the Church to grapple with and vanquish these powers of evil? What are the conditions of Church life that furnish just ground for a hope of success in this conflict? The work to be done generally indicates tolerably clearly the kind of instrument required to do it. If the sea be rough, and the voyage long, the ship should be staunch and strong. If the enemy be numerous and powerful, we must meet the hostile force with superior force. If the pupils be dull, the teacher must be patient. So, if the Church is to teach an ignorant world the way of life, she must herself possess the knowledge of the truth—even "the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." If the Church would be successful in leading the world to look from the things that are seen and temporal, to those that are unseen and eternal, she must trample under foot the serpents of

covetousness and worldliness, and rise above the slavery of the earthly and perishable. If the Church is to mirror Christ, she should be pure and true, that she may present no distorted image of her King and Saviour. If the children of God would counteract the power and craftiness of the agencies of evil, they must show that the love of Christ is a more inspiring motive than passion and selfishness. If the Church would melt the icy coldness, and quicken the deadness of a world congealed by unbelief, her own heart must throb with the warm life and love of her risen Saviour.

V.

The present age is characterized by intense activity in all spheres of thought and deed. Such times demand an EARNEST Church, in which love and zeal shall prompt to energetic, powerful action. There are ancient and powerful systems of error to be overthrown. There are fascinating forms of worldliness to be resisted and repelled. There are mountains of icy prejudice to be dissolved. The armies of opposition to truth and holiness are not only numerous and mighty, they are also distinguished by an intense zeal, which greatly increases their power for evil. The Church that can look out upon the great bulk of the race lying in wickedness, that can contemplate the immortal issues involved in the spiritual struggles taking place in the hearts of men, and study the wondrous love of Christ her Saviour, without being moved to fervent zeal and earnest effort, can have no just conception of the grandeur and importance of her appointed work in the world. No mere ingeniously-planned organization of half-dead members, living on the memory of past achievements, and glorying in their ecclesiastical respectability, can accomplish these results. There must be the energy begotten by the pulsations of a potent spiritual life. A Church, "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof," will have no strength to resist the currents of conformity to the world. This necessary earnestness is only obtained when the sanctifying love of Christ is shed abroad in the hearts of the body of witnessing believers, by the Holy Ghost given unto them.

While holding fast the form of sound words, and vindicating the truth of the doctrines of the Gospel, "the Church for the

times" must be *liberal and elastic in her methods*, rather than narrow and rigid. The New Testament enjoins no precise form of Church government. It presents no formal and complete creed. It recognizes the prerogative of a living Church to be moulded by its inner life. A close, modal imitation of what the Apostles and early Christians did, under widely different circumstances from ours, is not necessarily apostolic. We may copy the letter carefully, and yet utterly fail to reproduce the spirit of their acts. It is not so much what they did then that we should do, as what they would do if they were in our circumstances. They adapted their methods to the circumstances in which they were placed. St. Peter quotes the Jewish Scriptures to the Jews on the day of Pentecost; but adopts a different course when preaching to *Cornelius, the Gentile*. The practical wisdom with which the Apostles adapted their modes of action to the demands of external conditions must convince us that, if St. Peter and St. Paul were now living in the full exercise of their apostolic wisdom, they would not rigidly pursue the same methods which they deemed expedient under widely different circumstances. A dead Church may slavishly conform to stereotyped modes. In a living Church, there must be room for growth and variety. It must be free to adjust itself to the changing conditions of its life and work. The test of a true Church is not its precise imitation of some cast-iron interpretation of apostolic practice. Not a physical apostolic succession, not a formal following of the primitive ritual, not a pretentious assumption of apostolic authority without apostolic grace, but the efficient achievement of the work for which the Church has been instituted—the practical illustration of the spirit and principles by which the Apostles and evangelists were governed; and so preaching the Gospel, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, that it may be life and salvation to those who hear it.

The Apostles themselves, instead of proclaiming an authoritative revelation of rules for the direction of the Church, on several occasions followed the Divine leadings, as indicated by God's dealings with His children. It was when an emergency arose, requiring the services of stewards to take charge of the temporal affairs of the infant Church, that they recommended the

appointment of deacons. When St. Peter witnessed the outpouring of the Spirit upon Cornelius and his family, he meekly accepted the lesson taught by the Divine act, and renounced his previous Jewish exclusiveness, learning God's will from the displays of His saving power towards these Gentile believers. In the same manner, in the conference at Jerusalem, to settle the question of the circumcision of Gentile converts, the Apostles laid down no authoritative, inflexible rule; but, St. Peter reasoned that, as God had made no difference between Jews and uncircumcised Gentiles, purifying the hearts of both by faith, it was not right for them to declare a rite to be necessary, which God had shown to be non-essential. As the Rev. B. Gregory puts it, it was as much as to say:—"God's Church is bound, in spite of all personal predilections and pre-conceptions, to accept God's own action as authoritative and conclusive. If the work of the Spirit in the world proves to be contrary to our Church theories, then our Church theories are wrong, and must be corrected into accordance with the action of God." And, throughout the New Testament, in all questions of Church order, the appeal is always to what is reasonable and necessary for the interests of the work of God, and not to any fixed, divinely-given rules of Church polity. In the Apostolic age, "the Church was under the reign of law, but it was the law of liberty and love," which can never become obsolete or inappropriate. The salvation of sinners is of more importance than Church dignity and order. The Church that makes it a duty to run in the fixed grooves of invariable modes, and that cannot recognize the changing currents of human thought and life, and adapt her methods to them, must be content to stand aside from the great moral conflict of the times, and be laid on the shelf with other interesting fossils, which are only memorials of life that has long been extinct.

VI.

The Church for the times must have some definite message of truth for the hungry souls of a famine-stricken world. No hazy sentimentalism can satisfy seekers of rest, who have been long tossed on the billows of distrust and uncertainty. The faith-faculty in humanity requires attested truths, on which it can

confidently lean. The belief of truth has been the inspiring power that has moved the great souls who moved the world. Those who believe nothing will accomplish nothing. The human heart cries out for a living God, whom it can worship and love, whose will shall be the law of life; an immortal destiny beyond the earth, to satisfy the longings of the imperishable spirit; an all-sufficient Saviour, who can give rest and pardon to the guilty conscience; and reasons for the duty enjoined, strong enough to vanquish the temptations of earth's ephemeral pleasures. The Church that gives an uncertain sound, in answer to these demands of humanity, cannot supply the world's great need, and is only a blind leader of the blind. The wide prevalence of doubt and disbelief calls for strong faith as an essential element of moral power. We cannot strengthen the faith of the doubting and perplexed, if we ourselves are faltering and faithless. Preachers must fully believe the Gospel they preach to others. Without being offensively dogmatic, they must, like their great Master, teach with authority, and not as the scribes of speculative philosophy. Faith is power. Amid doubt and danger, there is inspiration in the ringing words of cheer which voice the hopeful confidence of a brave soul. The words of the Christian should, in all circumstances, be words of trust and hope.

But, though faith in the truth is a vital thing, it cannot be God's design that elaborate and minute human interpretations of the Bible, whether by assemblies or individuals, should be binding upon the conscience of the membership of the Church. There should be reasonable room for liberty of thought on points which do not affect Christian character. If this be not conceded, there can be no independent exercise of the intellectual faculties, and no valuable additions to theological literature. Students of theology, who know that they can only move in a certain prescribed groove, and are not at liberty to accept the conclusions to which their candid investigations lead them, without the danger of being branded as heretics, will, unless they possess more than ordinary courage, turn their thoughts to themes which may be studied with less risk. There is a difference between a doctrine or truth and the human exposition of it. We may accept the

truth, and yet reject the exposition. We may believe in the incarnation of Christ, and yet reject the opinions of theologians respecting this mysterious truth. We may fully believe that Christ made an atonement for the sins of the world, and yet not believe the views of many good men respecting its relation to human salvation. We may believe in the doctrine of the Trinity, and yet neither fully understand nor endorse everything in the Athanasian Creed. The wisest and safest course is for the Church to hold firmly the essential doctrines of Christianity; but to allow large liberty of opinion in non-essential matters. Creeds and Confessions have served important ends, by interpreting the meaning of Scripture, and protesting against the heresies of the times in which they were formulated. But I cannot concede that the Christian teachers of some past century had a special right to examine and interpret the meaning of God's Word, which cannot be justly claimed for the Christian teachers of this century. We can honour and esteem the great theologians of past times, without believing that they were divinely appointed to crystalize the doctrines of revelation into unalterable forms of expression for all future ages. On the contrary, we maintain that the profound and extensive study of God's works, the more thorough knowledge of the language and literature of the Holy Scriptures, and the more ample acquaintance with all branches of learning that are related to theology, give the theologians of to-day greater advantages, for understanding the true meaning of the Scriptures, than were possessed by those of any former period. Without this freedom to examine and test what we have received from the past, and encouragement to study all branches of useful knowledge, the representatives of Christianity will not keep pace with the growth of scientific knowledge, and the Church will lose her controlling-influence over the most gifted and intelligent minds in the community.

It would be easy to expand this article to an undue length, by an enumeration of qualities which would increase the efficiency of the Church. But, of all these, nothing is more important than the illustration of the power of Christ's religion in the consistent, godly lives of those who are called by His name. The world wants to see faith and patience, integrity and self-denying

benevolence wrought out in living examples. The life and works of the Master were mightier in their influence than even His words of divine wisdom. So also should it be with His disciples. "For so is the will of God," saith St. Peter, "that with well-doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." The sad fact that many nominal Christians present in their lives no higher standard of integrity, than those who make no profession of faith at all, greatly enfeebles the moral power of the Church, and brings a reproach upon Christianity. Men of the world will judge religion by its practical result, as seen in the character of Christians. A consistent, holy life is an argument for Christianity that no infidel sophistry can refute. As long as the preaching of the gospel attests its divinity by the transforming power it exerts on the hearts of sinful men, though the heathen may rage, and unbelievers imagine vain things, the gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church of the living God.

VII.

There are two extreme views respecting the Church which prevail among those who accept the Bible as a Divine revelation. One unduly exalts its organization, ordinances, and machinery. Its constitution is regarded as a Divinely-ordered plan, to which nothing can be added, and from which nothing can be taken away. According to this view, its ministers are clothed with mysterious authority, as special dispensers of spiritual privileges and blessings. Its ordinances are the appointed channels of Divine grace. Its historic methods and beliefs are stereotyped for all ages. Those who share the high privilege of its communion are separated, by a vast chasm, from those who in any irregular and uncanonical way worship the God of their fathers. This class regards the Church very much like a ship, in which all who take a passage and obey the officers in charge will safely reach the desired haven. The Church is largely put in the place of Christ. Its creeds, ritual observances, and modes of operation are as piously revered as if they were ends, instead of means. Where so much regard is paid to outward forms and ecclesiastical pretensions, the real power of spiritual godliness is generally neglected, if not despised. Those Churches that put

forth the most exclusive claims to historic creeds and forms, and sacerdotal authority, are often the most sadly deficient in the signs of the true apostolic spirit and power.

Another class rush to the opposite extreme. They disparage all Church organizations, as human inventions which exalt man and rob God of His glory. They repudiate an ordained ministry, and say that if a religious body is designated by any human name, its members meet in that name, and not in the name of Christ. If a minister conducts the exercises of public worship they say the congregation cannot be under the leadership of the Holy Ghost. But there can be no united action, in any enterprise, without organization and some accepted terms of union. Two cannot walk together, unless they be agreed. Those who have denounced all creeds and politics, and withdrawn from organized Churches, have found it necessary to adopt similar arrangements under some other name. The union of Christians in Church fellowship is antagonistic to selfishness; it is a recognition of the claims of the world on Christian sympathy. It assumes that a common relationship to Christ as our Saviour, and to men as brothers, creates common obligations; as loyalty to the same king and laws makes men of different classes compatriots. This spiritual unity should have some suitable expression. If men unite to achieve earthly objects, how much more should those who are, with one spirit, working for immortal results, unite in one body. Without this there cannot be organized unity of action. Christ organized his disciples into such a society, to which he gave principles of truth to be believed, symbolical ordinances to be observed, and in which were appointed different officers "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ."

The duty of administering discipline, enjoined upon the Christian pastors, Timothy and Titus, by St. Paul, implies and requires authority for its execution. The term kingdom, by which the Church is commonly designated, implies law and organization. The Church is not a human invention; it is a Divinely-instituted brotherhood. Those who disparage the Church, and refuse to co-operate in its sacred work, dishonor the wisdom that instituted it, and hinder the growth of Christ's

kingdom in the world. God has not left His people without evidences of His power. Glorious victories have been won for Christ over heathen ignorance and idolatry by the agencies of the Church. She has faithfully rebuked the most popular forms of selfishness, and lifted up the standards of Heaven amid the degeneracy of earth. She has vindicated the power and excellence of the religion of Christ, by the heroic fortitude of her confessors and martyrs, and the unselfish devotion of her missionaries and evangelists. She has organized Christian sympathy into agencies for the relief of every form of want and suffering. The work achieved in the world evinces the presence of God in her history, vindicates her claims to loyal co-operation, and attests the divinity of her mission.

Many justify their isolation from the Church by plausible sophistries, which conceal from themselves the real guilt and mischief of their course. They claim that they can get as much profit at home as at public worship. They can work more usefully, unrestricted by Church order. They are so disgusted by the faults of professing Christians that they are forced to deprive the Church of the benefit of their high example. Such persons may think themselves sincere; but they overlook some grave considerations. It is absurd for those who have been educated by Church agencies, and who use means which the Church has provided, when they reap rich sheaves from the fields which the Churches have cultivated, to point to these results, which could not have been gained without the labours they disparage, as proofs that Church organization is quite unnecessary. Because these ecclesiastical Ishmaelites may be too few to arrest the growth of Christ's kingdom, we must not make light of their recreancy. We must judge by the results that would follow if such a course became general. The desertion of one soldier to the enemy may have no perceptible influence upon the issue of the battle; but he has done the utmost in his power to promote the defeat of the cause he was bound to defend. If all had done as he did, his country would have had no defenders. So one man standing aloof from the Church may cause no visible harm; but if all should pursue the same disloyal course, there would be no Chris-

tian temples in which to worship, no preachers and pastors sent forth to teach the people the way of life, no sacraments symbolizing great gospel truths, no missions to the benighted heathen, no Sunday-schools for the instruction of the children, and no Christian community to witness for Christ in the world.

THE LORD NEEDETH THEE.

BY H. BONAR, D.D.

JESUS, Thou needest me,
Even me, Thou Light divine ;
O Son of God, Thou needest me,
Thou needest sins like mine.

Thy fulness needs my want,
Thy wealth my poverty ;
Thy healing skill my sickness needs,
Thy joy my misery.

Thy strength my weakness needs,
Thy grace my worthlessness ;
Thy greatness needs a worm like me
To cherish and to bless.

Thy life needs death like mine
To show its quick'ning power ;
Infinity the finite needs,
Th' eternal needs the hour.

This evil, froward soul,
Needeth a love like Thine ;
A love like thine, O loving Christ,
Needeth a soul like mine.

It was Thy need of me
That brought Thee from above ;
It is my need of Thee, O Lord,
That draws me to Thy love.

SCIENTIFIC TRUTHS EMBODIED IN THE STRUCTURE OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM COOKE, D.D.

II.

FURTHERMORE, it can be shown that *the linear measures of the great pyramid are the best standard linear measurements that can be adopted.* The French measures were once supposed to be the best, but the proportions of the great pyramid, as now discovered, are pronounced by the highest authorities to be superior to the French. The French take as their basis a supposed quadrant of the earth's circumference; and this they divide into ten million parts; each part they call a metre, and a metre is 39·370 English inches. But the *diameter* of the earth's polar axis is a better standard than the earth's *circumference*; and the sacred or pyramid *cubit* is a better unit of measurement than the *metre*, for it leaves no fractional parts of pyramid inches, being exactly twenty-five such inches. Now, the diameter of the earth's polar axis, as published in the Ordnance Survey of 1866, is twenty million pyramid cubits, or ten million cubits for the radius or semi-diameter of the earth's axis.

Now, as to the comparative merits of the two standards—the circumference, or the diameter—let Sir John Herschel speak. He says, expressly:—“So long as the human mind continues to be human, and retains the power of geometry, so long will the *diameter* be thought of more primary importance than the *circumference* of a circle.” Important statement this, and true as it is important; indeed, its importance is in its truth. But it is equally true that the pyramid *cubit* is a far better *unit* of linear measurement than the French *metre*; and, on this, let another high authority be heard, namely, President Barnard, of Columbia College, New York. That able analytical mathematician, and forcible writer, says, when referring to the comparative merits of the two standards:—“If the work was to be done over again, the French metric system ought to adopt, and doubtless would adopt, not the superficial earth measure—the *metre*, but the *pyramid*

axial reference of the cubit, on account of its immense superiority in science." *

Is it not again remarkable that Mr. John Taylor, in his study, should, from the proportions of the great pyramid, and its ever-recurring property of squaring the circle, be able to determine, *a priori*, and that with singular exactness, the relative proportions between the pyramid and the diameter of the earth? This, however, he did with an approximate exactness which drew from Sir John Herschel the honourable remark that the relations which that gifted man had shown between the size of the earth and the size of the pyramid, "were the only good relations which, so far as he knew, had been successfully made out;" † though, at the same time, he expressed his belief that "the relations were only approximate." ‡ "Good relations," and "successfully made out," though having only the imperfect measurements of scientific men as his basis. This *approximation* to a great geographic truth is indeed an interesting result.

The proportions of the great pyramid are said to represent the earth's mean distance from the sun. Thus, the vertical height of the pyramid multiplied by its own factor, the ninth power of ten, gives the result of 91,840,000—a near approximation to the distance of the sun, in miles. In no scientific truth has human calculation been more diversified than in the various estimates formed as to the sun's distance from the earth. In the early ages of the Greeks, the sun was supposed to be about ten miles distant from the earth; the estimate increased slowly to ten thousand; Pythagoras supposed the distance to be forty-four thousand miles; afterwards, the estimate slowly rose to 2,500,000; after a long delay, it rose, under Kepler, to 36,000,000; in the time of Louis XIV., under the astronomer La Caille, it leaped to 78,000,000; and, at length, about the beginning of the present century, it sprang up to 95,200,000; and at this computation it stood for nearly half a century.

This distance, however, did not agree with the indications of the great pyramid. Mr. Petrie made his calculation from the

* Metric System, by President Barnard, 1872, pp. 93, 94.

† Athenæum, April, 1860; and Mr. Taylor's "Battle of the Standards," 1864.

‡ Piazzi Smyth's "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," pp. 40.

data before stated, but the result came out only 91,840,000, being above 3,000,000 too little. He threw his papers aside as erroneous. But, ere long, it was announced that modern discoveries proved that astronomers had been greatly mistaken in their calculations; for more accurate observations on astronomical phenomena had proved that the actual distance of the sun was only 91,430,000—figures which so nearly approximate to Mr. Petrie's calculations as to show that his *data*, derived from the great pyramid, were far more exact than the observations of all astronomers had hitherto been—so exact, indeed, that a mere fractional error in the measurement on either side would account for the difference. It makes no difference whether, on this question, we adopt the mile, the league, the French kilometre, or the earth's diameter, as the standard of linear measurement, for the proportions are the same.

Is it not something wonderful that this ancient massive structure—the great pyramid—should have embodied in its solid masonry the proportions which agree with, and seem to indicate, that grand astronomical truth—the earth's distance from the sun, about which scientific men have blundered for so many centuries, and have only lately discovered? Was this astronomical truth embodied in this stone monument, four thousand years ago, by a mere accident, or as the effect of intelligence and design?

The axis of the two main passages is supposed to indicate the date of the pyramid's erection. On the northern side of the pyramid, about forty-nine feet above its foundation, there is an entrance passage, and it is the only one provided by the architect. It is not, as might have been supposed, horizontal, but descends at an angle of $26^{\circ} 18'$. At a distance down this passage—about a hundred feet—we come to another passage, which *ascends* in an opposite direction, but with the same angle, of inclination. Both the ascending and the descending passages are the same in breadth and height, and both are smoothed and artistically finished, and both are in the plane of the meridian. Here a question arises—Is there any significance in these passages? Why were they both made with the same angle of inclination? and why both in the same plane of the meridian? That on the north side points towards the pole, and that on the

south to the meridian of the equinox which cuts the pole. Why this construction, and no other? The two passages might have had a hundred planes diverse from this, and diverse from one another; but here they are, both with the same angle of inclination and the same plane. It seems as if there had been some astronomical design in this construction. What could it be? Do these passages or shafts point to any particular stars, respectively? and, if so, have those stars at any time had any particular conjunction? If so, are they stars of any note or importance? and is their conjunction of any astronomical and chronological significance? These are important questions, and they have been answered in the affirmative. The pole star is highly important in all astronomical, geographical, and nautical questions; and the Pleiades are important as a constellation, the appearance of which, at a given period, fixed the beginning of the year with all ancient nations. Has there, then, ever been a period when these heavenly bodies coincided, at the same time, exactly with the line of direction aimed at by the two pyramidal shafts? and, if so, when was that period? These questions have been answered by that gifted astronomer, Sir John Herschel, who, calculating backwards the precession of the equinoxes, finds that such conjunction there was in the year 2160, B.C., or, as corrected by Professor Smyth, 2170, B.C. So that any observer, situated at that point in the pyramid where the two shafts meet, and looking through the northern one, would see the then pole star, *Alpha Draconis*, at its lower meridian, $3^{\circ} 42'$ vertically below the pole of the sky; and then turning round, and looking along the line of the ascending shaft, his eye would be coincident with *Heta*, or *Alcyone*, the central star of the Pleiades!* Here is a coincidence which occurs only once in the period of the great celestial cycle—a period of 25,800 years. This coincidence cannot occur again until 21,754 years hence; and had those two shafts been in any sense different from what they are—higher or lower in their inclination, with a different azimuth or altitude or angle—any one out of a thousand that might have

* Of course he could not see the star from the *inside* of the pyramid, because the shaft does not pierce through the building, but the line of direction, if continued to the heavens, would pierce the central star in the Pleiades.

happened, from ignorance or chance, their coincidence with those two remarkable stars could not have occurred. This fact, therefore, has induced Professor Smyth, and a number of scientific men along with him, to conclude that the construction of the shafts was not by chance or accident, but by design—the architect having chosen that, and no other, in order to indicate the period when the pyramid was built, namely, 2170, B.C.

A similar result is derived from definite measurements starting from the north end of the grand gallery, and proceeding along the floor of the ascending and descending passages to a vertical line which is drawn on the stone, making the length to be the number of 2,170 inches. But this is too recondite and complicated to be here represented. Yet it must be admitted to be a peculiar coincidence, that this vertical line marked on the stone should indicate the same number of inches as the astronomical facts indicate the number of years.

The stone chest or coffer is pro facto a standard measure of capacity and weight. I have already shown that the entrance passage descends about a hundred feet, and then meets another passage which, at the same angle and in the same plane, and with the same width and height, ascends for about one hundred and twenty-nine feet; and here comes what is called the grand gallery, which rises seven times higher, but retaining the same angle of inclination, and which, at the end of about one hundred and fifty-seven feet more, leads to a small room called the antechamber; and this room into another, called the king's chamber, which is a large and well-finished room, thirty-four feet long, seventeen feet wide, and nineteen feet high. We are now near the centre of the pyramid, in the very heart of this mountain of stone; and here is the red granite coffer or chest, without a lid, and without an inscription or hieroglyph of any sort! What is its use? What was its original design? We have already shown the improbability of its having been used as a coffin or sarcophagus, for, besides other reasons, King Cheops was not interred there, and his sarcophagus has been discovered elsewhere, bearing his own cartouch, and is in the museum at Boolak. What, then, was the design of this plain, unadorned, lidless stone chest? Was it designed as a standard measure of capacity and weight? If so,

it may be expected to have, internally, mathematical shape and proportions, for without these, it could not be a standard at all. Let us see.

The upper part of this old stone chest has been much abused by thoughtless visitors, who have broken or chipped away a considerable portion of its upper edges; but, before it became so much dilapidated, its proportions were carefully taken, and they come out in such a way as to present a marvellous display of its designer's skill. For we find that the mass of its sides and bottom is cubically identical with its internal space capacity, namely, 71,250 cubic pyramid inches; also, that the length of two of its adjacent sides is to its height as the circumference of a circle to its diameter—thus squaring the circle, like the external proportions of the pyramid itself. Again, the exterior volume is double the interior capacity; and that of the sides and ends is twice that of the bottom. Moreover, its contents' capacity is found to be precisely equal to the Hebrew laver, four chomers, and to that of the old Saxon chaldron. "When the British farmer measures the wheat which the bounty of Providence has afforded him, in what terms does he measure it? In quarters. *Quarters?* But quarters of what? The farmer does not know, for there is no capacity measure larger than the quarter now on the statute book; but, from old custom, he calls his largest corn measure a quarter." Why? John Taylor answers—"Because the quarter corn measure is a fourth part of the contents of the coffer in the king's chamber of the great pyramid!"

Piazzì Smyth and Mr. Taylor, and others, regard the stone coffer as a standard of weight, as well as of capacity measure. In fact, they would take the capacity of the coffer (71,250 cubic pyramid inches) as the unit, and divide and sub-divide it, by a uniformly graduated scale, down to the drop for capacity measure; and, for weight, from a ton to a grain. And, as uniformity of temperature is essential for any standard of weight, it is shown that the centre of the great pyramid, the very heart of this mountain of stone, by shutting out external influences of heat and cold, and the varieties of moisture and dryness, is the best conceivable place for securing a uniformity of temperature, and, thereby, a perfect standard for both measure and weight.

Was this the reason for placing the standard of measurement in the very place where this uniform temperature could be had all the year round?

Moreover, in those three internal chambers—the ante-chamber, the king's chamber, which adjoin each other, and the so-called queen's chamber, mid-way below, between them and the foundation, there are certain specific proportions, as 5 x 5, and 10 x 10, and repeating the squaring of the circle; and they are in such commensurable accord in their dimensions with each other, with the granite coffer, and with the external outlines of the pyramid, as indicate a uniform design to set forth standards of measurement for scientific purposes, and also for important regulations in the commercial transactions of life. But these are too numerous, and too abstract, to be set forth within the limits and opportunity of this paper.

Suffice it to say, that the great pyramid and coffer, and certain proportions in the king's and the queen's chamber, are regarded as affording and registering the best standards of weight and measure that ever were or can be devised by man—better by far than the French metrical system, because more perfect—more in accordance with the standard of nature. And this principle—the pyramid cubit as a standard—is as applicable to capacity and weight, equally as it is to linear measure; to the concerns of common life, as to geodesical, astronomical, and chronological purposes.

The antiquity of this pyramid—its mathematical symmetry, its geodesic situation, its astronomical orientation, and its other scientific indications contradict the theory of man's development from a brute, but agree with the Holy Scripture as to the chronology and origin of the human race. Here is a monument, admitted to be the oldest, the greatest, and the most perfect stone building known on earth. But some of our scientists assert that man has been a builder for an incalculable number of thousands of years, beginning with the rudest structures, and gradually advancing higher through immense ages, before he arrived at the intelligence and skill requisite for such artistic buildings as now lie in majestic ruins in Egypt. But, in contradiction to this theory, we have in the great pyramid a structure more ancient than all

others, and yet more perfect, and more scientific in its proportions, than all others. This proves that its builders were more intelligent and more scientific; and thus, the farther you go back into the antiquity of man, the less like the brute or the savage, and the more like original man, as described in the Bible—a being made not in the image of the brute, but made in the image of God—and that image consisted of knowledge, as well as true holiness.

The period assigned to the erection of the great pyramid, namely, 2170, B.C., carries us back to the age of Shem, who is supposed by Piazzi Smyth to have been the Philitis of Herodotus, and the builder of the pyramid. This, of course, is a conjecture; but is it reasonable to suppose that either he or one of his contemporaries would possess the scientific knowledge requisite for that work? Undoubtedly, the builder, whoever he was, must have possessed that knowledge, and, it is admitted by all, that the builder must have lived at that early period. Now, look at the advantages of Shem, as a man who lived in two worlds—ninety-eight years before the Deluge, and five hundred and two after that event. It required only one life to connect him with Adam—namely, Methusaleh; and Shem lived with Methusaleh ninety-eight years. So that all the knowledge of nature and science which men had received or acquired in the old world, would be imported by Shem into the new world. Now, we must remember, too, that when men lived near a thousand years, their opportunities for study, and their acquirements, must have been vastly more abundant than ours. Only think of those vigorous men, with so much leisure, when the world was new and the population small. Think of the knowledge of Adam, when he could give appropriate names to the various species of animals. Would not his knowledge of nature, in general, be in proportion to this? Think of his acquirements for nine hundred years afterwards; and also of the acquirements of his contemporaries, who lived as long, and some of them even longer, than himself. Think of the knowledge which qualified Noah to plan and construct the ark, whose dimensions, if the cubit he used were the sacred cubit, would be above six hundred and twenty-six feet long, one hundred and six feet in breadth, and sixty-three feet

in height! A work, this, next to the pyramid itself? Yet Noah lived thirty-five years after this great work, acquiring knowledge and experience all that time. I think we have been accustomed to overlook, and to under-estimate, the knowledge of the ante diluvian patriarchs. If their acquirements bore any proportion to their age and experience, it seems difficult to say what those acquirements became. Sir Isaac Newton had made his splendid discoveries in science, and published them, when he was only forty-four years of age. What would have been his attainments if he had lived until now? And what would they become if his mental powers were preserved in vigour for seven hundred years beyond the present period?

At all events, here is the pyramid, and here are the scientific truths embodied in it; and, if those truths were not put together by accident, they were built up by design; and, if built up by design, then those truths must have been in the mind of the architect; and, if they were in his mind, he must have been both a highly-gifted and scientific man; and, as the pyramid is the oldest, as well as the most perfect, building known to man, the theory that makes our remote ancestors either savages or apes is a monstrous deception; and future ages will prove it so, more than the present age. Even that accomplished architect, James Fergusson, D.C.L., F.R.S., in view of the facts presented in the great pyramid, is compelled to say that "they are so curious, as almost to justify Piazzi Smyth's wonderful theories on the subject."* A remarkable admission this for an advocate of man's high antiquity. If the facts almost justify the wonderful theory of Piazzi Smyth, they must, in the same proportion, condemn the theory and abase the ambition of those who aspire to make the ape their great-grandfather, and the beasts of the earth their brethren.

I conclude by asking my readers to survey the ground over which we have travelled—connect each fact with its predecessor and successor, and observe how each one depends upon the other; mark the truths involved in each, and in all, and then weigh the question—*Can all these truths have been built up in this huge stone*

* "Rude Stone Monuments in all Countries," pp. 31.

edifice by mere accident, or by design? And can a building which answers no other purposes whatever, but which embodies all these, and many others, have had no object at all? Would it not be almost as rational to suppose that the building itself had no architect at all, but built itself, or grew up spontaneously from the living rock by a sort of natural development.

NOT KNOWING.

I KNOW not what shall befall me ; God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
 And o'er each step of my onward path He makes new scenes to rise ;
 And every joy He sends me comes as a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me as I tread the days of a year ;
 But the best is still in God's keeping, the future His mercy shall clear ;
 And what looks dark in the distance may brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future has less bitter than I think,
 The Lord may sweeten the water before I stoop to drink ;
 Or if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside its brink.

It may be that He has, waiting for the coming of my feet,
 Some gift of such rare blessings, some joy so strangely sweet,
 That my life can only tremble with the thanks I cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance ! 'Tis blessed not to know ;
 It keeps me quiet in the Arms which will not let me go,
 And hushes my soul to rest on the Bosom which loves me so.

So I still go on, not knowing—I would not if I might ;
 I would rather walk in the dark with God than go alone in the light—
 I would rather walk with Him by faith than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from the trials which the future may disclose,
 Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear Lord chose ;
 So I send the coming tears back with the whispered words, "*He knows.*"

WHAT A WOMAN DID.

THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF CAROLINE HERSCHEL.

BY MISS M. J. J.

NEARLY a hundred years had shed their snows upon the head of Caroline Herschel, when, in 1848, her remains were carried into the little garrison church at Hanover. Could we look into that coffin, crowned with laurel and cypress and palm, we should see, beside a face marked with heavy lines of thought and furrows of care, bearing evidence of a strong will that would conquer all difficulties, two simple relics which, at her own request, she carries with her to the grave. A lock of her brother's hair tells of the love strong as death, which was the mainspring of her life; and an old almanac, sacred because it had belonged to her father, whose love for her was almost the only bright spot in her dreary childhood, was still, though at least eighty years had elapsed since those loved hands had held it, too precious to pass into other keeping.

Twice before had that little church been the scene of a service in which Caroline Herschel had played an important part: first, at her christening, almost a century back, when we could almost fancy that the waters of Marah had been sprinkled upon her infant brow, so early did she begin her career of labour and sorrow; again, at the age of fourteen, when in her "black silk dress and bouquet of artificial flowers," with a heart unutterably wretched on account of family troubles, she partook of her first communion.

When we read of Caroline Herschel as an astronomer; when we consider her valuable contributions to the scientific world; her discovery of *eight comets*; when we think of her as the associate and co-labourer of one of the greatest astronomers the world has ever seen, we are apt to imagine a woman of rare intellectual powers, a devotee of science, completely raised above the petty trials and anxieties which generally fall to the lot of a woman.

Such, however, we are told in her "Memoir and Correspondence," was not the case. She had no love for the science, except as it advanced the happiness and fame of her brother, Sir William Herschel; and had it not been for her absorbing, devoted, self-abnegating love for him, in all probability Caroline Herschel's discoveries would never have been made, at least by her. Her name might have gone out in obscurity, or she might have been known only as a public singer, a profession which would much better have suited her taste. On the other hand, had it not been for his sister's devotion to him we know not what the world might have lost of Sir William Herschel's marvellous discoveries. Yet love alone could not have accomplished what Caroline Herschel did. In spite of her own account of the matter—her protesting that she was but a tool "fashioned and polished" by her brother—the material of which she was composed must have been valuable and rare. However skilful the mechanic may be, he cannot fashion a good tool out of inferior steel or unsuitable wood; and we must conclude that Miss Herschel's powers were above mediocrity, and capable of the finest cultivation. The range of her capacity is exemplified in the immense variety of occupations which she could successfully carry on at one time, and the physical strength and power of endurance which could carry her through a life of such unremitting toil, and sustain her through nearly ninety-eight years, seem almost miraculous.

It is interesting to trace the childhood of a woman like this. Miss Herschel's preparation for life was a severe discipline:—the child of parents who looked upon the dark side of life, it is no wonder she should have taken it in desperate earnest, and felt its cares and responsibilities when only *three* years of age. Isaac Herschel, her father, was a bandmaster in the regiment of the Guards at Hanover. Caroline was the eighth child. Born in 1750, during the Seven Years' War, her early associations are intimately connected with war and its attendant evils. When only five years old she witnessed the departure of her father, two brothers, and a brother-in-law for England, the regiment of the Guards having been ordered thither. She felt then such anguish not only at seeing her friends depart, but at the sight of her

mother's misery, as only a child of the keenest sensibilities can know.

Isaac Herschel's children all inherited their father's musical taste; but, unfortunately for Caroline, her mother rigidly opposed her father's efforts to give his daughter a good education and instruction in the fine arts. Her lessons on the violin were given, she remarks, "when her mother was in a good humour," which does not seem to have been a very frequent occurrence, or, "when she was out of the way."

When six or seven years of age, Caroline had become so important a member of the household that she provided stockings for all the family, besides writing letters for them, and for "many a poor soldier's wife." The child's nature, peculiarly sympathetic and loving, must have suffered many a bitter pang during those early days when, longing for the smile of approval and the word of encouragement which would have sweetened and lightened her toil, she met but the frown of her hard, practical mother. With æsthetic tastes and high aspirations, to be rigidly kept back from the indulgence of every desire for improving herself, to spend her childhood and the rare, rich days of youth, generally as full of hope as they are fleeting, in drudgery which met with no reward of affection, must have cast a sombre veil over her sky and dimmed the bright promises of hope.

For her father and her brother William she had an intense affection, as they were the only members of the family who cared for the little neglected child; but her household duties prevented her enjoying much of their society. William was sent to England when she was still very young, and we do not hear of his returning home until the time of her confirmation, and that for but a brief visit. Her father died in 1767, "leaving his children little more than the heritage of his good example, unblemished character, and those musical talents which he had so carefully cultivated, and by which he probably hoped the more gifted of his sons would attain to eminence."

For five years after the death of her father, Caroline remained under the parental roof. Then, in accordance with a plan which her brother had proposed, she left home with William Herschel, henceforth to be his untiring assistant and associate in labour to the day of his death.

This must undoubtedly have been a delightful change. Yet her former life must have proved an immense advantage to her in the new sphere on which she entered. It was not a rest from toil, only a change of place and occupation. Though Caroline seems to have had but little thought of her Heavenly Father, and not to have known the joy and sweetness of laying her burden at His feet, yet His eye was upon her, and not for one moment did He forget the strong, brave little spirit to whom He had given so large a mission of helpfulness.

At the time that Miss Herschel joined her brother in England, he was an indefatigable music-teacher, organist, and leader of a choir at Bath, devoting every spare moment, night and day, to the study of his favourite science—astronomy. Miss Herschel was to be her brother's housekeeper and assistant in his choir and concerts; and, as she did not know a word of English, she was obliged to apply herself with great diligence to the study of that language. Whether she ever made much proficiency in it or not we can scarcely judge, as the authoress of her Memoir has modernized her orthography, much to the regret of those who would like to see this remarkable woman in her true, unvarnished character. A rather curious specimen, however, is given of her English when, some fifty years later, on hearing of the intended departure of Sir John Herschel for the Cape, she exclaimed, "Ya! if I was thirty or forty years *junger* and could go, too? *In Gott's nahmen!*" But we quite agree with her biographer, that an old lady who had discovered eight comets should be allowed a little latitude in spelling a foreign language. We can readily imagine that Miss Herschel's time was pretty well occupied in studying English, arithmetic, taking two or three lessons a day in music, "managing the family," doing the marketing, keeping an account of the household expenses, and assisting in the making of telescopes.

William Herschel was at this time much hampered in his astronomical researches for want of means and of a proper telescope. It was for the former reason that he taught music; the latter obliged him to contrive a telescope for himself. Miss Herschel thus describes their situation at this time:—

“My brother wrote to inquire the price of a reflecting mirror for, I believe, a five or six-foot telescope. The answer was, there were none of so large a size; but a person offered to make one at a price much above what my brother thought proper to give. . . . About this time he bought of a Quaker at Bath, who had made attempts at polishing mirrors, all his rubbish of patterns, tools, hones, polishers, unfinished mirrors, etc.; but all for small Gregorians, not above two or three inches in diameter.

“Nothing serious could be attempted, for want of time, till the beginning of June, when some of my brother’s scholars were leaving Bath; and then, to my sorrow, I saw almost every room turned into a workshop—a cabinet-maker making a tube and stands of every description in a handsomely furnished drawing-room; Alexander putting up a huge turning-machine in a bedroom, for turning patterns, grinding glasses, turning eye-pieces, etc. At the same time music must not be neglected, and my brother had frequent rehearsals at home. . . . He composed glees, catches, etc., for such voices as he could secure. As soon as I could pronounce English well enough I was obliged to attend the rehearsals, and on Sundays at morning and evening service. . . .

“My time was much taken up with copying music and practising, besides attendance on my brother when polishing; since, by way of keeping him alive, I was constantly obliged to feed him by putting victuals in his mouth. This was once the case when, in order to finish a seven-inch mirror, he had not taken his hands off from it for sixteen hours together. Generally, I was obliged to read to him while he was at the turning-lathe, or polishing mirrors, ‘Don Quixote,’ ‘Arabian Nights’ Entertainment,’ the novels of Sterne, Fielding, etc., serving tea and supper without interrupting the work, and sometimes lending a hand. I became in time as useful a member of the workshop as a boy might be to his master in the first year of his apprenticeship.” While at Bath, Herschel constructed over four hundred telescopes.

Beside this work, of which she speaks so modestly, her time was employed in copying for her brother “catalogues, tables, etc., and sometimes whole papers which were lent him for perusal”

At the same time, she copied "the scores of the 'Messiah' and 'Judas Maccabeus' into parts for an orchestra of nearly one hundred performers and the vocal parts of 'Samson,' besides instructing the treble singers, of whom she was now herself the first."

When in 1781 Sir William Herschel discovered Uranus, he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society and appointed Astronomer Royal, at a salary of £200 a year. Miss Herschel and her brother were now associates in labour more than ever. Music was no longer to be the means of their subsistence. Sir William's letters to his sister during his visit to London, where he had been summoned by the King, evince his enthusiasm for his favourite science, his love for his sister, and his modesty. In a letter to her, dated June 3rd, he says,—“Among opticians and astronomers, nothing is talked of but *what they call* my great discoveries. Alas! this shows how far they are behind when such trifles as I have seen and done are called *great*. Let me but get at it again! I will make such telescopes, and see such things—that is, I will endeavour to do so.”

In August, 1782, Sir William and his sister removed to Datchet, where Caroline was to be housekeeper, “with no female servant;” and while prices of meat, fuel, etc., were agitating her “economical soul” her brother was delighting himself with the accommodations which the old house afforded for his scientific pursuits. Shortly after their arrival here Caroline was provided with “a telescope adapted for sweeping,” and directed to sweep the sky for comets, her first experience in which she gives in the following words:—

“I was to ‘sweep for comets;’ and I see by my journal that I began August 22, 1782, to write down and describe all remarkable appearances I saw in my ‘sweeps’ which were horizontal. But it was not till the last two months of the same year that I felt the least encouragement to spend the starlight nights on a grass-plot covered with dew or hoar-frost, without a human being near enough to be within call; for I knew too little of the real heavens to be able to point out every object so as to be able to find them again without losing too much time by consulting the atlas. But all these troubles were removed

when I knew my brother to be at no great distance, making observations with his various instruments on double stars, planets, etc., and I could have his assistance immediately when I found a nebula, or cluster of stars, of which I intended to give a catalogue; but at the end of 1783 I had only marked fourteen, when my sweeping was interrupted by being employed to write down my brother's observations with the large twenty-foot reflector. I had, however, the comfort to see that my brother was satisfied with my endeavours to assist him when he wanted another person, either to run to the clocks, write down a memorandum, fetch and carry instruments, or measure the ground with poles, etc., of which something of the kind every moment would occur."

As in studying the life of Caroline Herschel, we see in her more of the woman than of the astronomer, we give another extract from her journal, which tells its own story of heroism:—

"In the beginning of December I became entirely attached to the writing-desk, and had seldom an opportunity after that time of using my newly-acquired instrument—The Newtonian small-sweeper. My brother began his series of sweeps when the instrument was yet in a very unfinished state, and my feelings were not very comfortable when every moment I was alarmed by a crack or fall, knowing him to be elevated fifteen feet or more on a temporary cross-beam instead of a safe gallery. The ladders had not even their braces at the bottom; and one night, in a very high wind, he had hardly touched the ground before the whole apparatus came down. Some labouring-men were called up to help in extricating the mirror, which was fortunately uninjured; but much work was cut out for the carpenter next day. That my fears of dangers and accidents were not wholly imaginary, I had an unlucky proof on the night of the 31st of December, [she literally watched the old year out.] The evening had been cloudy, but about ten o'clock a few stars became visible, and in the greatest hurry all was got ready for observing. My brother, at the front of the telescope, directed me to make some alteration in the lateral motion, which was done by machinery, on which the point of support of the tube and mirror rested. At each end of the machine or trough was an

iron hook, such as butchers use for hanging their joints of meat upon, and, having to run in the dark on ground covered a foot deep with melting snow, I fell on one of these hooks, which entered my right leg above the knee. My brother's call, 'Make haste!' I could only answer by a pitiful cry, 'I am hooked!' He and the workmen were instantly with me, but they could not lift me without leaving nearly two ounces of my flesh behind. The workman's wife was called, but was afraid to do anything, and I was obliged to be my own surgeon by applying aquabusade and tying a kerchief about it for some days, till Dr. Lind, hearing of my accident, brought me ointment and lint, and told me how to use them. At the end of six weeks I began to have some fears about my poor limb, and asked again for Dr. Lind's opinion. He said if a soldier had met with such a hurt, he would have been entitled to six weeks' nursing in a hospital. I had, however, the comfort to know that my brother was no loser through this accident, for the remainder of the night was cloudy, and several nights afterwards afforded only a few short intervals favourable for sweeping; and, until the 16th of January, there was no necessity for my exposing myself for a whole night to the severity of the season. I could give a pretty long list of accidents which were near proving fatal to my brother as well as myself."

From Miss Herschel's allusions to royal patronage, we infer that it entailed more labour than emolument. Sir William was still obliged to spend much of his time in making seven and ten-foot telescopes for sale, as he had not the means necessary to enable him to construct for himself a forty-foot telescope, which he was very desirous of doing. The king ordered many of these telescopes, and among those which he and his sister constructed, doing much of the mechanical work themselves, grinding all the mirrors, etc., was one for the King of Spain, for which that dignitary paid £3,150, and which caused Miss Herschel a great deal of inconvenience, its apparatus taking up so much room. Another was for the Prince of Canino, valued at £2,310. In time, however, a grant of £2,000 was allowed Sir William, and he was enabled to complete his magnificent telescope, which he put up at Slough, whither they removed in 1786, and where they remained during the rest of Sir William's life.

It was here, August 1st, 1786, that Miss Herschel discovered her first comet. Her diary contains very miscellaneous entries at this time, such as, "Spent the day in ruling paper for the register, except that at breakfast I cut out ruffles for shirts," "Put the philosophical letters in order, and the collection for each year in a separate corner." Of the comet she says,—

"Aug. 1. This evening I saw an object which I believe to-morrow night will prove to be a comet."

"2nd. *One o'clock.* The object of last night is a comet."

Upon communicating the news of her discovery to Dr. Blagden and Mr. Aubert, she received from these gentlemen expressions of the most flattering and encouraging nature. Mr. Aubert writes,— "You have immortalized your name and you deserve such a reward for your assiduity in the business of astronomy, and for your love for so celebrated and deserving a brother."

Her diary continues to be concise and pointed. One little extract will show how the contemplation of lofty subjects did not cause her to forget trifles:—

"10th. Calculated 100 nebulae. The smith borrowed a guinea."

Perhaps the greatest grief of Miss Herschel's life was the marriage of her brother in 1788. After having been, for sixteen years, almost his sole companion, devoted to him with all the intense affection of a strong, exquisitely sensitive nature; admiring him, counting her own labours as nothing except as they advanced him, it must indeed have been a cruel blow to find that he could admit anyone to share the love she would fain have kept exclusively for herself. But little is told of their domestic life after this, as Miss Herschel destroyed all her journals and letters from 1788 to 1798. It may have been that jealousy mingled with the sorrow which Miss Herschel felt at thus losing the first place in her brother's affections, and rendered the relations unpleasant between the sisters-in-law. At any rate, after resigning her post as housekeeper on the 8th of May, taking lodgings not far from her brother's dwelling, where she had lived twenty-five years, she never lived under Sir William's roof again, except during the temporary absences from home of Mrs. Herschel. Her life became more laborious than before. Within ten years she discovered seven more comets, and prepared among other

works, two which were published by the Royal Society, viz., "A Catalogue of 860 Stars, observed by Flamstead, but not included in the British Catalogue;" and "Reduction and Arrangement in the form of a Catalogue of all the Star-clusters and Nebulæ observed by Sir William Herschel in his Sweeps." For this latter work she was honoured with the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society and the dignity of honorary membership, a dignity never before or since conferred on a woman. A packet labeled "This is what I call the bills and receipts of my comets" gives also some account of her discoveries.

Another blow fell upon Miss Herschel, in 1822, in the death of her brother. After this she felt that she could no longer remain in England and she returned to her native place, taking up her abode with her brother Dietrich. Her experience here is a verification of the wisdom of the injunction, "Go not into thy brother's house in the day of thy calamity." Her ignorance of human nature, her confiding and generous disposition are manifested in her giving "herself, with all she was worth" (£500 of bank stock) to her brother Dietrich; though the stupefaction of grief will account partially for her imprudence in this respect. Of her relations she says, "They have never been of the least use to me, and for all the good I have done them, they have never come to look after me, but when they had some design upon me." Of the blank which she felt during her last twenty-six years, her biographer says,—"Who can think of her at the age of seventy-two, heart-broken and desolate, going back to the home of her youth to find consolation, without a pang of pity! She little guessed how much her habits had changed in the different world where she had lived for fifty years. She had the bitterness to find herself alone in her great sorrow." Ah! had Caroline Herschel but realized that "there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," whose love and care are not weakened by surrounding circumstances, who *never* leaves nor forsakes; had she but known the joy of walking hand in hand with Him who "took our infirmities," how peaceful and sunny might have been the last years of this loving, suffering, aged, weary labourer!

As long as the heavens remain a wonder and a mystery, to the mind of man beyond all created things glorious, a study for noble minds and devout hearts, so long will the name of Caroline Herschel be revered and honoured in the annals of astronomical science. The untiring labourer in a science which she undertook not from love of it, but from love to a brother in every way deserving of her affection, the discoverer of eight comets, it is fitting that she should be crowned with laurel at her grave; with cypress, in memory of the sorrow which, like a minor strain in a grand sonata, ran through her whole life; and with palm, in token of the victory and the joy, to which the grave is but the portal.

OTTAWA, Ont.

THE SILENT CITY.

BY J. D. SHERWOOD.

THERE'S a city vast yet voiceless, ever growing street on street,
Whither friends with friends e'er meeting, ever meeting never greet;
And where rivals, fierce and vengeful, calm and silent mutely meet:
Never greeting ever meet.

There are traders without traffic, merchants without books or gains;
Tender brides in new-made chambers, where the trickling water stains;
Where the guests forget to come, and strange, listening silence reigns:
Listening silence ever reigns.

Ships sail past this silent city, but their owners quiet lie,
And no signals fly from tree-top 'gainst the glowing crimson sky,
Telling the neglectful owner that his well-built Argosy
For the Fleece is sailing by.

Hushed are all those many mansions, barred and bolted door and gate;
Narrow all the walls and earthy, and the roof-trees steep and straight;
Room for all!—the high and lowly. Rich and poor here equal mate:
Equal dwell and equal mate.

THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

II.

TO-DAY I had a great pleasure. Last Sunday we went to a chapel in Bury Street, and heard a venerable old minister called Dr. Watts preach. It was a sermon on safety in death, to comfort parents who had lost little children. And I am sure it must have comforted any one; it went so far into the sorrow with the balm. He spoke of this world as like a garden in a cold place, from which God, like a careful gardener, took the tender plants into His own house before the winter came to spoil them. Yet sweet and touching as it all was for those whose hearts were already awake to listen, there was nothing of the rousing penetrating tones which awaken those whose hearts are slumbering.

The good old man spoke so tenderly I thought he must have felt it all himself. But Aunt Henderson says he is a student and an old bachelor.

And to-day she took me to see the place where he lives. It is a beautiful park belonging to Sir William and Lady Abney, at Stoke Newington. And there, five and thirty years ago, they brought Dr. Watts to be their guest for a week when he was lonely, and poor, and in delicate health. And they have kept him there ever since, caring for him like a son, and reverencing him like a father. He has nice rooms of his own; and they always are grateful when he joins their circle, so that he can have as much solitude and as much company as he likes, and have the good of riches without the responsibilities, and many of the pleasures of the family-circle without the cares.

It seems to me such a beautiful use to make of riches. The holy man's presence must make their house like a temple; and when the dear aged form has passed away, I think they will find that the garden-walks, where he used to converse with them, and the trees under which he used to sit, and the flowers he enjoyed, will have something of the fragrance of Eden left on them.

So they *have* their reward; yet not all of it. There will be more to come when they see our Lord, and He will thank them for taking care of His servants.

Dr. Watts writes such beautiful hymns. They have not the long winding music of John Milton's hymn on the "Nativity," or Bishop Taylor's in the "Golden Grove;" but they have a point and sweetness about them which I like as much, especially when one thinks that the very best thing in what they sing of is that it is *true*, for ever true.

They sang one at the chapel on Sunday, which I shall never forget:—

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

"Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God!
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

"See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

It made the chapel seem as beautiful to me as any cathedral while they sang it, because one seemed to look through it straight into heaven, where our Lord is. And anything which helps us to do that makes it matter so little whether what we look through is a white-washed ceiling or a dome like St. Paul's. And then the comfort is, the poor can understand it as well as the most learned.

While we were at Abney Park, a consumptive-looking minister from Northampton was there, a great friend of Dr. Watts. Lady Abney had just brought him from London in her coach, a gentle, thoughtful-looking man called Dr. Doddridge. He also writes beautiful hymns, they say.

To-morrow I am to leave Aunt Henderson to stay with Aunt Beauchamp at the West End of the town, in Great Ormond Street. Aunt Henderson has been talking to me very seriously

about the dangers to which I shall be exposed. She says poor Aunt Beauchamp's is a thoroughly careless family, and they live quite in "the world."

They were all so kind to me when I left Hackney, I felt very sorry to go, and should have grieved more, had not the leave-taking been like a half-way house on the journey to my dear home.

Aunt Henderson gave me a little book with a very long name, which she hoped would prove, at all events, more profitable reading than Bishop Taylor.

When I reached Great Ormond Street, the butler said my lady was still in her chamber, but had directed that I should be shown up to her at once. I thought this very affectionate of Aunt Beauchamp, and stepped very softly, as when mother has a headache, expecting to enter a sick-chamber.

But, to my surprise, Aunt Beauchamp was sitting at her toilette, in a wrapper more magnificent than Aunt Henderson's Sunday silk. And the chamber was much more magnificent than the best parlour at Hackney, with a carpet soft as velvet, and all kinds of china monsters, on gilded brackets, and rich damask chairs and cushions; not stiffly set up, like Aunt Henderson's, as if it was the business of life to keep them in order, but thrown lavishly about, as if by accident, like the mere overflow of some fairy horn of plenty. Two very elaborately dressed gentlemen were sitting opposite her; what seemed to me a beautifully dressed lady was arranging her hair in countless small curls; while a shapeless white poodle was curled up in her lap; and a black page was standing in the background, feeding a chattering parrot.

It startled me very much; but Aunt Beauchamp, after surveying me rather critically as I made a profound courtesy, held out two fingers for me to kiss, and patting me on the cheek, said, "As rosy as ever, Kitty; the roses in your cheeks must make up for the russet in your gown. A little country cousin of mine," she said, introducing me in a kind of parenthetical way to the gentlemen in laced coats.

One of the gentlemen looked at me through an eye-glass, as if I had been a long way off, which made me indignant, and took

away my shyness. The other, in a sky-blue coat, who seemed to me rather old, rose, and, with an elaborate bow, offered me a chair, and hoped it would be long before I withdrew the light of my presence again from the town. "The planets," he observed, looking at Aunt Beauchamp, "naturally gathered around the sun."

Aunt Beauchamp gave a little girlish laugh, tapping him lightly with her fan, calling him a "mad fellow," and bade me go and seek my Cousin Evelyn.

It seemed to me very strange to see these elderly people amusing themselves in this way, like old-fashioned children.

I found Cousin Evelyn in dishabille, not elaborate, but real, in her room, one hand holding a novel which she was reading, the other stroking the head of a great stag-hound which stood with his paws on her knee.

Her greeting was not very cordial; it was kind, but her large penetrating eyes kept investigating me as they had on our journey from Bath. Having finished her toilette and dismissed her maid, she said, "What made you stay so long at Hackney? Did you not find it very dull?"

It had never occurred to me whether it was dull or not, and I had to question myself before I could answer.

"You need not be afraid to tell me what you think," she said "Mamma thinks Aunt Henderson a self-satisfied Pharisee; and Aunt Henderson thinks us all publicans and sinners; so there is not much communication between the families. Besides, I suppose you know that the distance between America and England is nothing to that between the east and the west of London; so that, if we wished it ever so much, it would be impossible for us to meet often."

"I am not afraid to tell you anything, Cousin Evelyn," I said: "but I never thought very much if it was dull. It was of no use. I had to be there; and although, of course, it could not be like home, they were all very kind to me."

"And now you *have to be here*," she replied; "and I suppose you will not think whether it is dull or not, but still go on enduring your fate like a martyr."

"I am not a martyr," I said; "but you know it is impossible

to feel anywhere quite as one does at home." And I had some difficulty in keeping back the tears, her manner seemed to me so abrupt and unjust.

Then suddenly her tone changed. She rose, and seating herself on a footstool at my feet, took one of my hands in both of hers, and said, "You must not mind me. I think I shall like you. And I always say what I like. I am only a child, you see," she added, with a little curl of her lip. "Mamma will never be more than thirty; therefore, of course, I can never be more than ten."

I could not help colouring, to hear her speak so of her mother; and yet I could not tell how to contradict her.

She always saw in a moment what one does not like, and she turned the subject, saying very gently, "Tell me about your home. I should like to hear about it. You seem so fond of it."

At first it seemed as if there were nothing to tell. Every one and everything at home are naturally so bound up with my heart, that to talk of it seemed like taking up a bit of myself and looking at it.

But Evelyn drew me on, from one thing to another, until it seemed as if, having once begun, I could never finish. When I spoke of mother, a tender, wistful look came over her face, and for the first time I saw how beautiful and soft her eyes were.

Evelyn next gave herself, with real interest, to the inspection of my wardrobe.

It seemed almost like sacrilege to see the things which had cost mother so much thought and pains treated with the imperfectly concealed contempt which curled my cousin's lips as she unfolded one carefully packed article after another. My best Sunday bonnet brought a very comical twist into her face; but the worst of all was when I unpinned my very best new dress, which had been constructed with infinite contrivance out of mother's wedding-dress, Evelyn's polite self-restraint gave way, and she laughed. It was very seldom she gave any token of being amused, beyond a dry, comical smile; and now her rare, ringing laugh seemed to discompose Dragon, the stag-hound, as much as it did me.

She gave him a parenthetical pat, and then, looking up in my

face, I suppose saw the foolish tears that would gather in my eyes.

"You and Dragon seem aggrieved," she said. "I am afraid I have touched on sacred ground, Cousin Kitty. You seem very fond of your things."

"It is not the things," I said; "but mother and all of us thought they were so nice."

I could not tell her it was mother's wedding-dress. Rich people, who can buy everything they want immediately they want it, at any shop, and throw it aside when they get tired, can have no idea of the little loving sacrifices, the tender plannings, the self-denials, the willing toils, the tearful pleasures, that are interwoven into the household possessions of the poor. To Evelyn my wardrobe was a bad copy of the fashions;—to me every bit of it was a bit of *home*, sacred with mother's thoughts, contriving for me night and day, with the touch of her busy fingers working for me, with the quiet delight in her eyes as she surveyed me at last arrayed in them, and smoothed down the folds with her delicate neat hands, and then contemplated me from a distance with a combination of the satisfaction of a mother in her child and an artist in his finished work. I could not say all this with a steady voice, but she only laughed, and said,—

"We must send for my milliner."

"But mother thought it so nice, Cousin Evelyn," I said at length; "I could not bear to have what she took such pains with pulled to pieces."

She looked up at me again with the soft, wistful look in her eyes, folded the precious dress together as reverently as I could have done, and, laying it in the trunk, said very gently,—

"Do not think any more about it, Cousin Kitty. I will manage it all."

At church Aunt Beauchamp encountered many of her little court, and distributed her nods and smiles and her deprecatory glances, as at a play.

During the Psalms people made profound courtesies to their neighbours in the next pews; and during the Litany there was a

ny
l I
ry
us
ch
ey
an
rs.
re
Co
re
s,
y
te
te
te
a
d
d
t
s
r
l

general fluttering of fans and application of smelling-bottles, as if the confessing ourselves miserable sinners were too much for the nerves of the congregation. But then it occurred to me that I was as careless as any one, or I should have known nothing of what the rest of the congregation were about; and it was a comfort to confess it in the words of the Litany. Afterwards I stood up, and was beginning to join with all my heart in the Psalm, when Evelyn tapped me lightly, and said, "No one sings but the professional choir." Then I saw that several people were looking at me with considerable amusement, and I felt ashamed of my own voice, and then felt ashamed of being ashamed.

The sermon was on the impropriety of being righteous over-much; and every one said, as they met and exchanged greetings in the porch, that it was a most elegant and able discourse. It was a pity some of the Methodist fanatics could not hear it. Afterwards many important arrangements were made as to card-parties and balls for the ensuing week, or for Sunday evening itself.

On our way home Aunt Beauchamp said to me, "My dear child, you really must not say the responses so emphatically, especially those about our being miserable sinners. People will think you have done something really very wrong, instead of being a sinner in a general way, as, of course, we all must expect to be."

There seems such a heavy weight of emptiness about the life here. The rigidity of Aunt Henderson's laws seems to me liberty compared with the endless drifting of this life without laws. In the morning the toilette, with the levee of visitors, the eager discussions about the colour of head-dresses and the shape of hoops. In the evening a number of beautifully dressed people, paying elaborate compliments to their present acquaintances, or elaborately dissecting the characters of their absent acquaintances—the only groups really in earnest being apparently those around the card-tables, who not unfrequently fall into something very like quarrelling.

This kind of living by the day surely cannot be the right kind—this filling up of every day with trifles, from brim to brim, as

if every day were a separate life, and every trifle a momentous question.

When our Saviour told us to live by the day, He meant, I think, a day encompassed by Eternity—a day whose yesterday had gone up to God, to add its little record to the long forgotten history of the past, whose to-morrow may take us up to God ourselves. We are to live by the day, not as butterflies, which are creatures of a day, but as mortal, yet immortal, beings belonging to Eternity, whose mortal life may end to-night, whose longest life is but an ephemeral fragment of our immortality.

Evelyn seems very much aloof from the world about her. In society sometimes she becomes animated, and flashes brilliant sayings on all sides. But her wit is mostly satirical; the point is too often in the sting.

At present, I believe, she has passed sentence on me as Pharisaical, because of something I said of the new oratorio of the Messiah. At first it seemed to me more heavenly than anything I had ever heard; but when they came to those words about our Lord's sorrows, "He was despised and rejected, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and around us there was, not a hush of shame and penitence, but a little buzz of applause, suppressed whispers, such as "Charming!"—"What tone!"—"No, one else can sustain that note in such a way!"—and at the close the audience loudly clapped the singer, and she responded with a deep, theatrical courtesy—I thought of "*When I survey the wondrous cross,*" wished myself in Dr. Watts' chapel, and felt I would rather have listened to any poor nasal droning, which was worship, than to such mockery. I could not help crying.

When we were in the house again, Evelyn said,—

"You enjoyed that music, Kitty."

"No, Cousin Evelyn," I said; "I would rather have been in Aunt Henderson's chapel at Hackney."

"Your taste is original, at all events," she replied drily.

"To think," I said, "of their setting the great shame and agony of our Saviour to music for an evening's entertainment, and applauding it like a play! One might as well make a play about the death-bed of a mother. For it is true, it is true! He did suffer all that for us."

She looked at me earnestly for a few moments, and then she said coldly,—

“How do you know, Cousin Kitty, that other people were not feeling it as much as you? What right have we to set down every one as profane and heartless just because the tears do not come at every moment to the surface. The Bible says, ‘Judge not, and ye shall not be judged;’ and tells us not to be in such a hurry to take the motes out of other people’s eyes.”

I was quite silenced. It is so difficult to think of the right thing to say at the moment. Afterwards I thought of a hundred answers, for I did not mean to judge any one unkindly. I only spoke of my own feelings. But Evelyn has retired into her shell, and evades all attempts to resume the subject.

This morning at breakfast Cousin Harry (of whom we see very little) spoke, quite as an ordinary occurrence, of a duel, in which some one had been killed, in consequence of a quarrel about a lady; and of another little affair of the same kind ending in the flight of a lady of rank to the Continent.

I asked Evelyn afterwards what it meant.

“Only that some one ran away with some one else’s wife, and the person to whom the wife belonged did not like it, and so there was a duel, and the husband was killed.”

“But,” I said, “that is a dreadful sin. Those are things spoken of in the Ten Commandments.”

“Sin,” she replied, “my scriptural cousin, is a word not in use in polite circles, except on Sundays, as a quotation from the Prayer-Book. We never introduce that kind of phraseology on week days.”

“Do these terrible things happen often, then?” I asked.

“Not every day,” she replied drily. “The next thing you will be thinking is, that you have lighted on a den of thieves. A great many people only play with imitations of hearts in ice. For instance, mamma’s little amusements are as harmless to herself and all concerned as the innocent gambols of a kitten. The only danger in that kind of diversion,” she added bitterly, “is, that it sometimes ends in the real heart and the imitation being scarcely distinguishable from each other.”

The easy and polished world around me no longer seems to me empty and trifling, but terrible. These icicles of pleasure are, then, only the sparkling crust over an abyss of passion, and wrong, and sin.

There is excitement and interest enough, certainly, in watching this drama, if one knows anything of what is underneath,—the same kind of excitement as in watching that dreadful rope-dancing Cousin Harry took us to see at Vauxhall. The people are dancing at the risk of life, and more than life. The least loss of head or heart, the least glancing aside of one of these graceful steps, and the performers fall into depths one shudders to think of.

I tremble when I think of it. Dull and hard as the religion seemed to me at Aunt Henderson's, it is safety and purity compared with the wretched, cruel levity, this dancing on the ice, beneath which your neighbours are sinking and struggling in agony.

Religion is worth something as a safeguard, even when it has ceased to be life and joy.

The sweet hawthorn which makes the air fragrant in spring is still something in winter, although it be only as a prickly prohibitory hedge.

Evelyn looked at me one day with her wistful, soft look, and said very gravely,—

“Kitty, I believe you really do believe in God.”

“You do not think that any wonder?” I said.

“I *do*,” she said solemnly. “I have been watching you all this time, and I am sure you really do believe in God; and I think you love Him. I have never met any one who did since my old nurse died.”

“Never met with any religious person!” I said.

“I did not say that,” she replied. “I have met with plenty of religious persons. Uncle and Aunt Henderson, and several ladies who almost shed tears over their cards, while talking of Mr. Whitefield's ‘heavenly sermon,’ at Lady Huntingdon's—numbers of people who would no more give balls in Lent than Aunt Henderson would go to Church. I have met all kinds of people who have religious seasons, and religious places, and

religious dislikes, who would religiously pull their neighbours to pieces, and thank God they are not as other men. At the oratorio I thought you were going to turn out just a Pharisee like the rest; but I was wrong. Except you and my old nurse, I never met with any one who believed, not in religion, but in God; not now and then, but always. And I wish I were like either of you."

"Oh, Cousin Evelyn," I said, "you must not judge people so severely. How can we know what is really in other people's hearts? How can we know what humility and love there are in the hearts of those you call Pharisees; how they weep in secret over the infirmities you despise; how much they have to overcome; how, perhaps, the severity you dislike is only the irritation of a heart struggling with its own temptations and not quite succeeding? How do you know that they may not be praying for you even while you are laughing at them?"

"I do not want them to pray for me," she replied fiercely. "I know exactly how they would pray. They would tell God I was in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity; they would thank Him for having, by His distinguishing mercy, made them to differ; and then they would express a hope that I might be made to see the error of my ways. I know they would, for I heard two religious ladies once talking together about me. One asked if I was a believer; and the other, who had expressed great interest in me and sought my confidence, said she 'was not without hope of me, for I had expressed great disgust at the world.' She had even told Lady Huntingdon she thought I might be won to the truth. The woman had actually worked herself into my confidence by pretended sympathy, just to gossip about me at the religious tea-parties."

I endeavoured to say a word in defence, but she exclaimed,—
"Cousin Kitty, if I thought your religion would make you commit a treachery like that, I would not say a word to you. But you have never tried to penetrate into my confidence, nor have you betrayed any one else's. I feel I can trust you. I feel if you say you care for me you mean it; and you love me as *me myself*,—not like a doctor, as a kind of interesting religious case. Now," she continued in a gentler tone, "I am not at all happy

and I believe if I loved God as you do I should be. That may seem to you a very poor reason for wishing to be good, but it does seem as if God meant us to be happy; and I have been trying, but I don't get on. Indeed, I feel as if I got worse. I have tried to confess my faults to God. I used to think that it must be easy, but the more I try the harder it is. It seems as if one never could get to the bottom of what one has to confess. At the bottom of the *faults*, censoriousness, idleness, hastiness, I come to *sins*, pride, selfishness. It is not the things only that are wrong, it is *I* that am wrong,—I myself,—and what can alter me? I may change my words or my actions, but who is to change *me*? Sometimes I feel a longing to fall into a long sleep and wake up somebody else, quite new."

I said, "'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.' It is *we* that must be converted, changed, and not merely, as you say, our actions—turned quite round from sin and darkness to God and light."

She caught at the words "*as little children.*" She said, "Cousin Kitty, that is just the thing I should like—that would be like waking up quite new. But how can that be?"

"It seems to me," I said, "that it must be like the blind man, who, believing in our Lord's words, and looking up to Him sightless, saw. Looking to Him must be turning to Him, and turning to Him must be conversion."

Then we agreed that we both had much to learn, and that we would read the Bible together.

Since then we have read the Bible very often together, Evelyn and I. But her anxiety and uneasiness seem to increase. She says the Bible is so full of God, not only as a King, whose audience must be attended on Sundays, or a Judge at a distance recording our sins to weigh them at the last day, but as a Father near us always, having a right to our tenderest love as well as our deepest reverence.

"And I," she says, "am far from loving Him best—have scarcely all my life done anything, or given up anything, to please Him."

I comforted her as well as I could. I told her she must not think so much of her loving God as of His loving her;—loving

us on through all our ingratitude and foolishness. We read together of the Cross—of Him who bore our sins there in His own body, and bore them away.

I cannot but think this is the true balm for my cousin's distress; it always restores and cheers me—and yet she is not comforted.

It seems to me sometimes as if while I were trying to pour in consolation, a mightier hand than mine gently put aside the balm, and made the very gracious words I repeated a knife to probe deeper and deeper into the wound.

And then I can only wait, and wonder, and pray. It does seem as if God were working in her heart. She is so much gentler, and more subdued. And the Bible says not only joy and peace, but gentleness, is a fruit of the Holy Spirit.

I often wish Evelyn were only as free as the old woman who sells oranges at Aunt Beauchamp's door, or the little boy who sweeps the crossings; for they may go where they like and hear the Methodist preachers in Moorfields or in the Foundry Chapel. And I feel as if Mr. Wesley or Mr. Whitefield could help my cousin as I cannot. If she could only hear those mighty, melting words of conviction and consolation I saw bringing tears down the colliers' faces, or holding the crowd at Moorfields in awe-stricken, breathless attention!

SOUL - TRUST.

“ I WOULD not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know.
I would be treated as a child
And guided where to go.

“ There are briers besetting every path
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot
And a constant need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.”

OUR RECENT GAINS AN EARNEST OF FUTURE AND GREATER GAINS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A.*

I.

WHEN tidings came, last May, of an increase in our Home Societies of nearly fifteen thousand, surely it made many rejoice more than they who have taken great spoil. The sheaves were large enough to fill one's arms and one's bosom. It was glad work to wave them before the Lord. For the moment the exclamation was not—

“ Lord of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants cry ! ”

It was, rather, “ Lord of the harvest, ‘ Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.’ ”

The thousands reported as increase represented other threefold thousands who had been “ brought in,” but had counted only to make up the waste caused by death, change, and falling away. The larger number represented the produce which feeds the labourers, and provides seed for another year—the produce which only suffices to prevent the farm from beginning to relapse into the wilderness. The smaller number represented all the produce over and above, produce which the farmer can “ sell and get gain.” More than thirty thousand new members went to make up waste, and so to prevent decay ; but had ten thousand, or twenty thousand, more than the number actually gained, been added, every one of them would have counted as increase. All above the necessary supply of waste have not only the value of additions, but the further value of increase. All additions save us from discouragement ; but those additions which count as increase do more ; they give us positive encouragement, and, in-

* We have great pleasure in reprinting from the HUNDREDTH Volume of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* this admirable paper. We gladly suppress an article of our own, specially prepared for this number, to make room for the golden words, so full of wise suggestions to ourselves, of one of the most devoted minds, and most philosophical thinkers of British Methodism.—ED.

stead of raising thoughts of self-sustentation, raise thoughts of progressive conquest

It is only by her power of increase that the Church can convert the world. Provided that her method of increase is, as it ought to be, by conversions, we may measure her unseen power of conversion by her manifest power of increase. Mere self-sustentation would soon come to self-centring. In that case a growing world, daily waxing broader and stronger, would leave a stationary Church hopelessly behind.

Counting the thousands who appear as an augmentation of numbers with the others who in the counting are lost as making up for waste, the total additions of last year exceeded fifty thousand. As one bends over this heap of golden grain, one is inclined to trace back each corn to the ear, and the stalk, and the blade, and even to the soil, where its spike long lay buried, ere yet a spike of faintest green told the husbandman that fruit was forming. Of what toils does each separate grain seem to be the reward! Many a father has said over one or other of these newly-gathered souls, "I knew that my prayers would be heard, and yet it sometimes seemed long; but here is my boy at last, found of his Heavenly Father, and written in the Book of Life! Yes; God loves them all, boys and girls, and they shall all be brought in." Many a Sunday-school teacher has said, "I shall never despair again; for surely I often thought that he was the most hopeless one of the whole class. Has not Christ purchased them all, and shall they not all be brought in?" Many a Class Leader—who had long been without additions, who had sadly seen the gaps made by death, removal, and backsliding remain not filled up—unsightly to him as gaps in the borders of his flower-plots to a gardener—now rejoices over the appearance of new faces, over the relation of new tales of penitence or of deliverance. And the accession of new members stimulates him to look for more, even beyond what the loss of old ones did. Doubtless, also, some old Local Preacher, whose steady hand has long kept to the plough, but who for a good while had not heard of any fruit, and who had begun to wonder if his Master really had more work for him to do—now feels the miles shorter to the distant village; for there he expects to see the face of a happy

child of his own. Would it not be a joy if, this time also, the blessed Master would give him another soul—a Benjamin, a son of his old age—to carry on the work when he is gone? And why not many? Does not the love of God reach to them all? Ay; and, perhaps, some young Local Preacher, just beginning to put a trembling and awkward hand to the plough—it being uncertain to others, and very uncertain to himself, whether he will ever turn a straight furrow in fallow ground—counts among these converts the never-to-be-forgotten token of his first-fruits.

Ay; and, perhaps, one of these precious souls is the last who, at the voice of some zealous Minister, turned to the Saviour, and that when neither knew that this servant should never again go forth into his Master's field to sow. The first knowledge of the result will come to him in the better land. One may see the face of a faithful Superintendent brighten up as, bending over his schedule, he cries: "The Lord be praised: the largest increase I ever returned!" One can see the effect on the Quarterly Meetings, on the Prayer Meetings, and on the Love Feasts. How many hearts have been cheered—hearts to which God's holy cause is dear! how many discouragements have been scattered! how many humble toilers have felt a sense of reward! how many, who "have borne the burden and heat of the day," have felt revived for new efforts to seek and save that which is lost! And, perhaps, some who had nearly grown "weary in well-doing" have been stirred up to cry, "Never stand still till the Master appear."

The gladness and strength arising from the new converts of last year will not all end just yet. It may be that years hence, as some Minister reaches a strange town, a gentleman, of whom he knows nothing, will insist on carrying his bag, and will say, "Do you not remember preaching in such a village from such and such a text? It was that night the Lord converted me." Perhaps the Minister's recollection of that occasion may have been only a recollection of a dead place and a poor time; and, finding precious fruit after many days, he will once more say, "'Tis worth living for this."

But it is not only as rewarding past toil that we must regard this fruit. What are its capabilities for the future? It is seed-

corn. How many supporters of our Master's cause, how many benefactors to a village, a town, or even a city; how many messengers of the Churches, how many winners of souls are to come out of these recently gathered thousands? Among the boys who have taken their first tickets may be one who, fifty years hence, will be the stay of "the cause" in some village, loving the house of God even as his own house, welcoming the servants of God to his best, watching over every interest of the congregation, the Society, or the school, and feeling all the time, "I am but an unprofitable servant;" while others say, "Would that we could so fulfil our day!" Among those boys may be also some who will be more than a stay of the cause in one village; who will be a mainstay in a circle of them. And among them may be some town Class Leader, whose name hereafter will be precious to very many. There may be another Benjamin Pollard for Leeds, a new Father Reeves for London, and Cornwall may have received a second Carvosso. Among the maidens who have timidly received their first token of membership may be some who will leave behind a track of light, like Mary Cryer, or a record of noble labour like Miss Macarthy. O what jewels to gather! and how blessed the hands that win them!

Perhaps among these new converts is some young farmer who will sow the good seed with as workmanlike a hand, and shout "harvest-home" with as triumphant a voice, as did the farmer of Barubow. Perhaps there is some young artisan who will yet write as well preach as well, and support the home and foreign work as well as did the lay Doctor of Camborne. Perhaps some Lincolnshire village has registered in one of its Class-books the name of another Thresher, who will be had in remembrance among the Preachers whom God Himself did send.

May there not be among the new converts some who will be a strength to the whole Connexion by services to its general interests? And should we take of living benefactors those who have done such work that coming time, instead of obliterating their names, will re-write them, illuminating the scroll, it may be that their scale of things will be as much exceeded by some nameless lad on the list of new converts, as the scale of their predecessors has been exceeded by their own.

What men may there not be for the ministry at home and abroad among those who as yet are but beginning to lisp in the Redeemer's cause? Worcestershire may have a lad who in a succession of English Circuits will leave a name as dear to a large circle of spiritual children as was that of Thomas Collins; and "the Black Country" another Asbury, to rear a monument of labour which a whole Continent will preserve in memory. There may be in some remote class lads beginning to pray, who will do not less for the Christian ministry and its soul-winning work than did Joseph Benson or Adam Clarke. There may be a Charles Graham, or a Gideon Ouseley for Ireland; a M'Owan for Scotland; a Hunt for a second Fiji; a Hodgson Casson for the hard-handed among ourselves; a Watson for the thinkers; a Barnabas Shaw for the Hottentots; a John Hannah for some new theological chair; a William Shaw to guide some unborn nation in its infant totterings. O the "potentiality of wealth" in fifty thousand converts, if made the most of for God and for His Christ!

Looking back for the last twenty years, we find only 1859 and 1860 which can be compared, in point of increase, with last year. In 1859, we had an increase of fifteen thousand, and in 1860, one of seventeen thousand. Both these years were remarkable for a general revival in all the Churches. So was last year. In neither case could we claim that the revival had originated through special Methodist agency; or that, taking it on the broad scale, it had received any specially Methodist direction. Our part in it was that of partakers of a common benefit. Had other portions of the Church been watered, and we left unwatered and dry, we might have feared that we had forfeited our share of the general blessing. This, thank God, has not been the case. There does not, however, seem to be any reason to believe that the portion of the blessing received by us was proportionably greater than that received by our sister Churches. When the Head of the Church is pleased to use Methodist agency to advance His work among others, we are always ready to point it out; we ought, then, to cherish the habit of noting how He uses others to bring blessings to us. If in past times Methodists still

red up all other denominations, it is unquestionable that in recent times other denominations have stirred up Methodists.

The evangelistic spirit, which of late years has been so remarkably displayed in the Church of England, could not but have a reaction upon ourselves. Our people and ministers have, in many places, hailed manifestations of godly zeal within that Church; and, as far as they could, encouraged the efforts of earnest Ministers seeking the salvation of souls. Good has been done to us also by the Presbyterian Churches. Many of them have been visited by such outpourings of the Holy Spirit as to awaken among all true Methodists a longing for more of the primitive converting power. The bands of well-instructed workers which those Churches have sent out into different departments of evangelistic labour, have, in many cases, been an example of the kind of men we ought to train. Not less enthusiastic, when baptized with the Spirit, than untaught men, their adaptation to effect permanent results, and to influence all classes, shows how much more valuable than unschooled impetuosity are the disciplined glow and steady movement proper to the enthusiasm of the illuminated.

A recent writer of name has said that all revivalists—Roman Catholics, Wesleyans, or what class—address only the emotions, and disregard the reason. He forgot Jonathan Edwards and John Wesley. More probably he knew of the one only as a metaphysician, and of the other only as an organizer, and did not think of either in the character of a revivalist. But he will write long before he gains a name like Edwards as a metaphysician, or like Wesley as a logician! Yet never was an occasional revival more marked than the one which blessed the labours of Edwards, the metaphysician, or any revival more prolonged and self-repeating than the one which blessed the labours of Wesley, the logician.

Besides that inter-church agency, in using which the Lord has promoted a sense of oneness among His people, an international agency has also been employed, as if obviously for the same end. Ever since the beginning of the Gospel, it has been the way of the Spirit to use men of one nation for the salvation or edification of the people of other nations. No different plan would

harmonize with the design of drawing all hearts around the throne of mercy, as a centre of a brotherhood embracing all tribes—a brotherhood adoring the common Father in all tongues. In recent generations our own country has been more used as a missionary agency than any other. Consequently, one who knows much of foreign countries has often seen jealousy of Englishmen displayed. Why could not a Swiss or an Italian, a German, or a Frenchman, a born American, Canadian, or Australian accomplish among his fellow-countrymen as much as this or that Englishman, not so well adapted to the work? Why not, indeed! But the ill-adapted foreigner often is used to accomplish that which the well-adapted native seeks to effect in vain. There are many French Protestants who, to us, would seem ten times more likely to accomplish a great evangelistic work in Paris than Mr. M'Call. Yet he is doing what none of them have done. It is the Lord's plan. Let us be the last to fight against it. The foreigner, the irregular agent, the unexpected and unlikely agent, are, every one of them, part of the great design of giving to all Churches and all races the practical and habitual consciousness of their oneness in Adam, and their holier oneness in Christ; the design of blending them into harmony of interests and of purposes, and of keeping alive among them the remembrance that it is not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord, that the walls of His city are built up; and that His free Spirit can no more be bound by rules set up by any Church, than the wind can be taught to blow only when and where the weather-wise may list.

As Methodists, we are debtors to all, and should carefully nourish the sense of the obligation. There is more strength to be found in tracing the blessings which God has sent to us through others, than in tracing those which have been sent to others through us. In the beginning, Methodism owed much both to the Church of England and the Puritans, both to the Moravians and the Lutherans. In our own day we are debtors to many who have displayed a true evangelistic spirit, for the reflex influence of their labours on ourselves; debtors to Churchmen, like Mr. Aitken, to Baptists, like Mr. Spurgeon, to Americans, like Messrs. Moody and Sankey, to men who stir us up, of

whatever denomination, or whatever country. If we, again, are faithful, all will, in turn, receive quickening through us. And this is one of the matters in which it is easy to see the force of the saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." In days past our zeal did provoke very many; did literally "call them forth"—out into the field to do a labourer's work. So may it be in the time to come, ay, in the time now immediately coming! The zeal that does call out others is not a mere zeal for denominational extension, or for the combating of rivals, but it is that zeal which is felt to aim at the very end for which Christ died; at bringing lost men back to God, and reclaiming the rights of our Maker over a revolted world. Did a revival spread throughout the Methodist Churches of the United Kingdom, east, west, north, and south, till every Society was enlarged, many doubled, and till every class had received new members, would it not be well for the other Churches also? Would not they directly and indirectly reap benefits, just as we directly and indirectly have reaped benefits when our common Lord has quickened them? We are all members one of another.

The extent to which we have benefitted by the general spirit of revival has depended on the extent to which we have ourselves entered into that spirit, and acted under its influence within our own borders. In all great religious movements there are three classes: those who carry on the movement, those who are carried on by the movement, and those who criticise the men who carry it on, though wishing the movement itself success. When a Church comes to the position of neither carrying on revival work herself, nor of being carried on by it, but of criticising those who do carry it on, alas for her! Yet that is the tendency of all Churches. Perhaps, the fact that it is the tendency of all Churches is one reason why rigid uniformity is so dangerous to life. Where all are framed to one pattern, there is a tendency to the rule of the narrowest. Narrow men are often intense, and contriving to identify their own antipathies with the honour of the community, they push forward into the post of champions. Once recognised as champions, they try to become rulers. If accepted as such, all becomes contracted and jealous under their leadership. If there is but one community, this soon ends in

uniform littleness, followed by decline. But where several communities co-exist, if one allows itself to be bandaged up, life, scoting in among some of the others, soon tends to correct the evil.

Had all the other Churches been carrying out Missions while we carried out none, but cleverly criticised our neighbours, pointing out all their real mistakes, and now and then imagining an unreal one; had all the other Churches held meetings for holiness while we held none, but acutely selected for correction all the crude things and weak things said or done by our neighbours; had all other Churches had conventions of workers while we had none, but had ably argued to show how faulty their plans were, and how superior our own, what would all that have come to? It would have come to narrowness, weakness, and falling away. The Missions, the meetings for holiness, the conventions of workers, have all been means for applying the power of the Life to the machinery of Methodism, and for making the machinery of Methodism practically operative in diffusing the life.

In the Missions some Ministers have found a joy they had never found before; and not soon will they be again content without seeing souls saved year by year. In the meetings for holiness some have found themselves endued with power as they had never felt before, and have learned by experience that holiness is power. In the conventions of workers some renewed their strength for toil, so that ever since the effect has been felt in their labours. Have not such meetings hallowed the bonds of brotherhood, exalted the sense of Church fellowship, dignified the task of every worker in his own eyes, and in the eyes of fellow-servants employed in other compartments of the common Master's house? Have not those meetings invested even the machinery of the Church with new beauty? For instance, many a London labourer had, through the experience of years, come to regard City Road Chapel as a place he loved to look upon, but to which of them did not the dear old place grow dearer still, and fairer, during the three memorable days of November, 1875! And the same has been the case with many a house of prayer, which is the City Road of its own locality.

GOD'S WITNESSES.

A PEN-PICTURE FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

UPON the plain of Dura stood an image great and high,
 With golden forehead broad and bright, beneath the morning sky ;
 All regal in its majesty and kingly in its mien,
 The grandest and most glorious thing the world had ever seen !

Full sixty cubits high in air the lordly head was reared,
 And robed in gold from head to foot the stately form appeared ;
 Adown the breast six cubits broad, a flood of yellow gold,
 All deftly wrought with matchless skill, its shining tresses rolled.

And, fronting thus the rising sun, it sent back ray for ray—
 A golden flood of arrowy light—into the face of day ;
 While round its feet, in awe and dread, all Shinar stood amazed,
 And up into that radiant face with reverent wonder gazed.

Woke sackbut, psaltery, and harp ; woke dulcimer and flute ;—
 Then, prone in dust, fell prince and peer, in lowly worship mute !
 The wise, the gifted, and the great, the lordly and the base,
 Before the image bent the knee, and bowed in dust the face !

Not all!—for lo, three princely men, with calm, unaltered mien,
 With unbowed heads and folded arms, gaze on the unhallowed scene !
 The golden image awes them not, nor yet the king's decree,
 They bow not at the idol's shrine, nor bend the servile knee.

“Wake, sackbut, psaltery, and harp !—wake yet again !”—but nay,
 With calm, pale faces, sad and stern, they slowly turn away ;
 The monarch's wrath, the furnace flame, death, *death*—they know it all—
 Yet all these horrors powerless are those high hearts to appal !

Haste, haste, obsequious minions, bear the tidings to your lord !
 Go, tell him there are some who dare to disobey his word ;
 Men of the captive, Hebrew race, men high in place and power,
 Who scorn to bow their mighty necks at his command this hour !

“Go, bring them nigh !” the monarch cries, with fury in his face,
 “And set them here before my throne, these men of Hebrew race !
 Now, Shadrach, Meshach, answer me, and thou, Abednego,
 They tell me ye refuse to bow and worship !—is it so ?

"But hearken : if, what time ye hear once more the pealing swell
Of sackbut, psaltery, and harp, ye bend in homage—well ;
If not, the fiery furnace shall your quivering flesh devour !
Then where's the God can rescue you from my avenging power ?"

Then answered they, the captive three, in calm, respectful tone,
While over each young, fearless brow faith's hallowed radiance shone,
"Behold, our God is for us now—our God, O King ! and He
Is able to deliver us from the fierce flames and thee !

"*Yea, and He will deliver us!*—yet be it known to thee,
O King, that could we truly know, that so it would not be,
E'en then, we would not bow us down, nor worship at the shrine
Of this vain image thou hast reared, or any god of thine !"

"Now lead ye forth these haughty men !" the wrathful monarch cried,
The while his face grew dark with rage and fury, so defied ;
"Yea, heat the furnace seven-fold, and in the fiercest flame
Blot out forever from the day each impious scorner's name !

"Ay, bind them well, ye mighty men, ye warriors stern and bold,
And let your cords be very strong, your fetters manifold !
For neither they nor He they trust shall foil my kingly ire,
Or save them from the wrathful flame of this devouring fire !

"Now cast them in !—but, oh !—my men !—they fade like morning mist !
Slain by the fierce, out-leaping flame no mortal may resist .
My warriors bold !—alas, alas !—I did not will it so !
Scathed by the fiery blast of death meant only for my foe !"

The king has risen to his feet !—what sight has fixed his gaze ?
What mean the wonder in his face, the look of blank amaze ?
And what the changed and flatt'ring voice, as doubtfully he cries,
"Tell me, ye counsellors of mine, ye ancient men and wise,

"Did we not cast, each firmly bound, into the fiercest flame,
Three mortal men, for death designed, of Hebrew race and name ?
Three ?—*only three* ?—or do I dream ? What sight is this I view ?"
And all his counsellors replied, "O Monarch, it is true !"

"Yet now, amid the blinding flames, unbound, and calm and free,
Walking, with firm and steady step, the fiery waves, I see,
Not three, but four ; and lo, the form of Him, the fourth, I ween,
Is like the Son of God, so calm, so gracious, is His mien !"

Then to the furnace-mouth drew near the monarch, with his train—
The baffled monarch, bowed and quelled, feeling how poor and vain
Were all his boasted pomp and power, how impotent and weak
The arm so void of strength that hour his mad revenge to wreak.

“Ho, Shadrach, Meshach, hasten ye! and thou, Abednego,
Servants of God Most High, come forth!” the monarch cried; and lo,
Without a touch or tinge of fire, or smell of scorching flame,
Forth, from the glowing heat intense, God's faithful servants came!

O, servants of a heathen king! all vainly would ye trace
Or hue, or stain, or smell of fire, on any form or face!
Those comely locks of raven hair, smooth and unscorched, behold;
Nor may ye find one trace of flame on any garment's fold!

Then cried the heathen king again—and, oh, how altered now
The tone and utterance! How changed the haughty lip and brow!—
“Now blessed be the God who hath His angel sent to free
His servants who have trusted Him, and changed the King's decree;

“Who gave their bodies to the flame, rather than once to swerve
From their allegiance to the God whom they delight to serve!
Therefore, let no one speak against this Glorious One and Just,
Who saves, as none but He can save, the souls that in Him trust!”

Then calmly to their wonted toil, their worldly cares again,
Unconscious of their deathless fame, went forth those dauntless men;
Thrice blessed men! with whom, that day, their gracious Lord had
walked,
And lovingly, as friend with friend, of hallowed mysteries talked.

He walked with *them* amid the flames! Oh, to the paths *we* tread,
The brighter, smoother, greener paths, with summer flowers o'erspread,
If but our weak hearts welcome Him, the same dear Lord will come,
And walk with us through countless snares, till we arrive at home!

SALFORD, Ont.

ELIJAH.*

BY THE REV. SAMUEL J. HUNTER.

ELIJAH stands out before us as one of the most prominent characters of Biblical history. He is one of the fathers of the Jewish nation, occupying, in some sense, a position in relation to it similar to that sustained by Abraham and Moses. Abraham was the father of the race to whom they looked with pride as their common ancestor. Moses delivered them from a bondage which threatened their annihilation as a people and united them as a distinct, well-governed nation. Elijah appeared in their midst to rescue them from the idolatry into which they had fallen. He restored among them the worship of Jehovah and became the father of a reformed Church. What Luther was to Germany, what Knox was to Scotland, Elijah was to Israel. His history is full of the thrillingly dramatic element. His introduction to our notice is in the full mature strength of manhood. He seems almost to have fallen from that chariot which, after his work was done on earth, conveyed him back to heaven. His parentage—early years—manner of education—all these are shrouded in mystery and silence. All we read is that he was one of the inhabitants of Gilead. As such he would be familiar with the scenes of crag and rock, of glen and brake, the sounds of gathering storms and mountain torrents. These seem to have impressed themselves upon his character, for throughout he appears as a true child of the mountain—fearless, rugged, bold, stern, sarcastic, severe, emphatically an ascetic, a recluse—"the voice of one crying in the wilderness"—he would never have taken a high degree in the school of polished compliment, and no more awkward courtier than he would have made, ever entered a royal presence. The tender heart indeed appears at times, and, yet it's the tender-

* The Life and Character of Elijah are the subject of the International Sunday School Lessons for the months of February and March. Our Sunday-School Teachers and Scholars will find Bro. Hunter's graphic sketch of great service. Similar studies will be given of the succeeding subjects of the International Lessons, upon which is concentrated the attention of over 7,000,000 persons throughout Christendom.—Ed.

ness of Knox on a communion Sabbath, of Cromwell at a prayer-meeting on the Moor, of William of Orange with a lock of Mary's hair on his bosom, but unknown till he is dead.

Elijah was cast in times that needed the spirit of a mountaineer and the voice of a Boanerges. His name reflects the character of his life-work—Elijah, "God Jehovah"—carrying even in its letters a rebuke to Baal-worshippers—"The Tishbite," a title not referring to any town, but derived from a Hebrew verb signifying to convert or reform. And surely Israel needed a Reformer. Of Ahab, its reigning monarch, it is written, "he did evil in the sight of the Lord above all that were before him." He married Jezebel, whose father was a high priest of Baal as well as King of the Sidonians. Soon after her arrival at her new home, sanctuaries were established for the principal Phœnician deities, one was under Jezebel's special sanction at the palace of Jezebel with four hundred priests to minister at its altar; another was on the Hill of Samaria, which was frequented by four hundred and fifty priests. To establish Baal-worship throughout the country, she not only covered it with shrines, temples, and priests, but she also lighted the torch of persecution—the first great persecution which the Church of God had ever witnessed.

It was at a time like this, when every hill smoked with idolatrous sacrifices, and every vale resounded with the blasphemies of a cruel priesthood, and the people sported in shameless rites around their idols, that Elijah entered upon his mission and in the presence of the King uttered his first recorded words, spoken with the fearlessness of one who feels conscious that God is with him—"As the Lord God of Israel liveth before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these three years, but according to my word." Doubtless Ahab laughed to scorn both the message and the messenger, and the sacerdotal waiters upon Ashtaroah smiled out of the circumstance many an impious pun; but as time wore on, from one end of the kingdom to the other, even as far north as the remotest border of Phœnicia, the grass began to wither, the flowers to droop, the fruit trees become skeletons of their former glory, the streams vanished, the earth yielded no increase, famine came on, everywhere were seen only misery, destitution, and death.

O wondrous power of faithful prayer
 God's hands or bound or open are
 As Moses or Elijah prays.

"Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he *prayed earnestly* that it might not rain, and it *rained not on the earth* by the space of three years and six months."

Ahab, enraged against the prophet, sought for his life, and, in the strong hyperbole of Obadiah, "There was no nation or kingdom where he had not sent to seek him." But "the Word of the Lord came unto him saying—Get thee hence and turn thee eastward and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan." Cherith was probably a stream on the east of Jordan in the vicinity of Gilead. Speculation and skepticism have been busy with the prophet in his grotto among the rocks with his strange retainers who waited upon him, in their "livery of black," at break of morning and fall of eve. It would be interesting to note the opinions advanced favouring the idea that the "ravens" were friendly Arabs, or angels, or travelling merchants, and to refute the sophisms of those who explain away and deny this story, but such a course would lead us from the purpose of this paper. Admit miracles at all, and far more likely is the child to know the truth about Elijah, who, turning over its nursery story-book, sees the prophet in his woody glen and overheard the winged messengers of God bringing him his morning and evening meal, than are those who try to explain the matter in hand by an extraordinary combination of circumstances, to believe which would require far more faith than fifty such miracles as the narrative unfolds.

The practical lessons of this scene are of great importance. When Elijah went on his mission to Ahab he likely thought that he would be called to share distress in common with his fellows; yet he was fully prepared to accept all the consequences of obedience to God. Like Daniel in the Old, and Peter and John in the New Testament, he would obey God to whatever it might lead. When God speaks we must obey. When He commands, let there be no hesitation. For observe, He imposes no task without giving corresponding strength. When He sends His people to Cherith, He goes with them and provides for them. All the wilderness is full of His presence, the deserts are vocal with His

praise. Sent, Elijah-like, into the mountains, we shall find our Father there "in the clefts of the rock and the secret places of the stairs," seeing His countenance, hearing His voice, for sweet is His voice and His countenance is comely.

It is noteworthy how constantly Elijah waited for divine direction in all things. The narrative would seem to indicate that, little by little, Cherith wasted away, and that the prophet's position would day by day grow more painful; but God sent him there and not until God bade him would he leave. "After a while," however, "the brook dried up," and the Word of the Lord came to him saying, "Arise, get thee to Zarephath." With staff in hand and mantle thrown around him he makes for the Jordan, crosses it, reaches the mountains of Gilboa, memorable as the scene of the death of Saul, on across the plain of Jezreel, the battle-field of Jewish story, the scene of many a knightly tilt at arms in the days of the Crusaders, and the field where Napoleon the First fought and conquered Turkish hordes. Skirting the base of Carmel, he passes to the shore of the Mediterranean till he reaches Tyre, and fifteen miles further on, at the gate of a small city, he beholds "a widow woman gathering sticks," to him the divinely appointed sign whereby he should recognize the person who was to entertain him.

Zarephath, the Sarepta of the New Testament, now called Surafend, is immortalized by the touching story of the widow's poverty, hospitality and affliction, and the miracles of the oil and meal and the resurrection of her child. Nothing can exceed the beautiful simplicity of the narrative—its exquisitely tender touches, and withal its invigorating revelation of the power of prayer and the reflex influences of true Scriptural hospitality. As we read it, there is suggested at once the word of the Lord, 'He that receiveth a prophet, in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward.' Nothing done for God is ever lost. Mary's box of ointment poured upon the person of her Saviour fills the world with its fragrance, and the kindness of the Sareptan widow travels with the Bible itself to the end of time. Who can describe her grief as she gazes upon the corpse of her only child. If she had known them, she would have used the words of the poet:

"Tis hard to lay our darling
 Deep in the cold, damp earth—
 His empty crib to see, his silent nursery,
 Once gladsome with his mirth.

But who can describe her joy as Elijah says "Thy son liveth." We may not hope for a repetition of this miracle. But we may console ourselves that when God takes away our children He takes them to Himself, and at the gate of glory He will say to many a wondering parent, "See, thy son liveth."

Three years had passed away and Elijah was commanded to go and show himself to Ahab. Out on a foraging excursion the king met the prophet and reproached him with being the cause of the national affliction—"Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" and the reply, like a charged thunderbolt, is ready, "I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord and thou hast followed Balaam." And now he challenges the whole body of false prophets to meet him at Mount Carmel in the face of all Israel. The test proposed is "The God that answereth by fire, let Him be God." That test was fair to the Baalites. Baal was the God of fire, and, if he could manifest his power in any way, he could in the way proposed. It was honourable to Elijah. He does not ask for a manifestation of power on the part of Baal other than what was specially claimed for him. And it was adapted to the people. It was one upon which they could all judge. It would appear to their senses, involving no mystery and leaving no room for doubt. A description of the scene on Carmel shall not be attempted here. It is a singular fact that while Mendelssohn has embodied it in song, and his *Elijah* is a study for the theologian as well as an Oratorio for the musician, no painter of any note has attempted to make of it a creation on canvas.

Whether we regard its consequences, its example, or the particular character which Elijah sustained in it, this transaction is one of the most memorable in the history of the Church. Elijah fulfilled the duty and work in which he prefigured John the Baptist. He prepared the way of the Lord and made straight a path for his God. Idolatry did indeed again rear its head, but it never regained its former height. The consequences of this

victory are traceable through all the remaining history of Israel. But its example stops not there. It is a shining light which shall be seen to the last day of the Church on earth. Many have arisen already in the spirit and power of Elias, and many will arise hereafter. Some, as Luther, lived to see the fruits of their labour. Others, like Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer, died amid the fires of their sacrifices. But the fire of God's Holy Spirit has been there, and a glorious blaze has arisen before the eyes of His people and warmed their hearts with in-dwelling truth. So prevails he who holds the one true opinion against them that halt between two opinions.

Three different scenes on Carmel now meet our view—Ahab on the lowest ridge preparing to set out for Jezreel—Elijah on the middle ridge with his head in oriental attitude between his knees in earnest supplication—and on the highest ridge of all the prophet's attendant watching for the rising cloud. Six times the lad brings the report, "there is nothing." Ah, God is proving His servant's faith. Often an answer to prayer is withheld to certify the fact that it comes from God, to show the necessity of hourly dependance on Him, and to teach that, whatever apparent difficulties may be in the way, "men ought always to pray and not to faint." A cloud like a man's hand at length darkens the distant heavens.

"Comes a vapour from the margin blackening over heath andholt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt."*

Soon the storm broke upon the plain and Kishon began to swell. The king in haste started for Jezreel. "Elijah was touched as by a supporting hand and he snatched up his streaming mantle and twisted it around his loins, and, amidst the rising storm with which the night closed in, he outstripped even the speed of the royal horses and ran before the chariot, as the Bedouins of his native land would still run with inexhaustible strength, to the entrance of Jezreel."

"Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are." The nineteenth chapter of First Kings is ample proof of the Apostle's statement. Upon being told of the slaughter of the priests of

* Tennyson—"Locksley Hall."

Baal, Jezebel was filled with rage and, swearing a tremendous oath, like Saul at Ajalon, she sent the message to the prophet "So let the gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by to-morrow about this time." And lo! the man who had stood as the fearless champion of the God of Israel flies from the threatened vengeance of a woman. Across Ahab's kingdom, through Jehoshaphat's territory, and, leaving the Sareptan boy at Beersheba, he hastes and plunges a day's journey into the wild Arabian desert, till worn out, he throws himself under the shade of a desert broom, whose tall spreading branches and beautiful white leaves invite him to rest, and sad and weary he asks God to take away his life. Elijah broke down in the strong point of his character. He was fearless, bold, courageous, but in these points he failed. Moses was meek, yet impatience and anger excluded him from Canaan. Men fear their weak points, but they have need to fear as well those in which they think themselves strong. Doubtless Elijah's dejection may be traced in part to physical exhaustion. After the strain of Carmel there would be a reaction. He no doubt expected that all Israel with the royal house would be restored to God. But Jezebel instead of being converted was more enraged, and hence disappointment would sink his heart within him. But the real difficulty was an eclipse of faith. The figure of Jezebel obscured the vision of God. Break the connection between his soul and God and he was meek as other men.

Tenderly dealing with him and providing food for his exhausted frame, heaven showed its sympathy for and interest in him. But he does not arrive at a full sense of his position before God, and so he went "forty days and forty nights into the desert unto Mount Horeb" and took up his lodgings in a cave—in whose solitude and security he hoped to find a quiet retreat from his enemies and from his dejection. Suddenly, however, he is startled by the voice of the Almighty in tones of rebuke asking "What dost thou heree, Elijah." Under the juniper he was too weak for rebuke, but now he was able to bear it. His defence reveals a departure from God. Former service, isolation, protection—these are the grounds on which he seeks to defend his

conduct—all feeble as used by one who was the Commissioned Ambassador of the Most High.

But the Lord would recover his servant from his despondency, restore him to a healthy state of mind and to the post of duty which he had forsaken. Accordingly he is called to witness a terrible agitation of nature's elements. A strong wind in its wild fury rent the mountains and broke the rocks, an earthquake shook the foundations of the hills, and a fire lighting up the heavens presented a scene of awful grandeur. But God was not in them. After all these "a still small voice" spoke to him and he went out of the cave to receive the divine communications. He had expected that the appearance on Carmel would have bowed Israel to the authority of Jehovah. But outward demonstrations of power and glory are not sufficient to lead men to repentance. There must be the still small voice of conscience, of Providence, of God. Elijah is assured that he is not the only one who is loyal to Jehovah. In Israel there are seven thousand faithful ones who have not bowed the knee to Baal. He is commanded to return to the wilderness of Damascus and do the work assigned him. The poet Keble has beautifully expressed the Lord's covenant to him :

Back, then, complainer, loathe thy life no more,
 Nor deem thyself upon a desert shore,
 Because the rocks the nearer prospect close.
 Yet in fallen Israel are there hearts and eyes
 That day by day in prayer like thine arise ;
 Thou knowest them not, but thy Creator knows.
 Go, to the world return, nor fear to cast
 Thy breast upon the waters ; sure at last,
 In joy, to find it in after days.

Elijah obeyed and we never read of him wandering again. From this crisis of his life we are carried to the renewal of his personal relations with Ahab. Notwithstanding recent victories over surrounding tribes, that lent a military glory to his name, yet a certain vineyard owned by one Naboth, somewhat interferes with the symmetry and seclusion of his palace gardens at Jezreel, and until that vineyard is in his possession the memory of his successes has no power to satisfy. Offering to purchase it, Naboth absolutely refuses to dispose of it, giving at the same time

a reason that should have satisfied the monarch, "The Lord forbid it me that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee," and Ahab, like a whipped child, goes home, takes to his bed, turns his face to the wall, and refuses all food or comfort. But Jezebel is equal to the occasion.

"Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Would thou have that
Which thou esteemest the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would.*"

"Arise *I* will give thee the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite." By one of the most cold-blooded crimes recorded in history, Naboth is put out of the way; then, seeking the royal chamber the unwomaned woman exclaims: "Naboth is not alive but dead." "And Ahab rose up to go down to the vineyard of Naboth, the Jezreelite to take possession of it." At the gate he is met by one whose form and voice are alike familiar. And Elijah said, "In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." Curses were also pronounced against his family which were fulfilled to the very letter, and then Elijah departed as mysteriously as he came, and Ahab never saw him again.

Between this meeting with Ahab and Elijah's reappearance as described in the Second Book of Kings there seems to be an interval of about five years, spent probably in one or more of the schools of the prophets or in the solitudes of Carmel. Ahaziah, who succeeded Ahab, had met with a serious accident, and to know the issue he sent messengers to Ekron, a Philistine town where there was a temple of Baal—Zebub, the patron divinity over all the East. They were met on the road by one who prophesied the death of their master—one of whom Ahaziah knew from the description to be the prophet of the desert. Bands of armed men were sent to seize the enemy of the royal house, but no human force could take him, who called down fire from heaven to consume the host sent against him. Yielding subsequently to a kindly invitation, he went to the palace, told the monarch of his doom and disappeared.

And now his work was done and his Lord would take him "into heaven by a whirlwind." Accompanied by Elisha, whom he had first called on his way from Sinai to Damascus, he visits for the last time the sacred colleges at Gilgal, Bethel, and Jericho. They descended the heavy slopes from Jericho to the Jordan. The aged Gileadite longs for his own side of the swift-flowing stream. He takes his mantle, smites the waters. They divide and the two pass in and "go over on dry ground." He turns to Elisha and asks him to specify his last wish. It was not for earthly glory, but that in leaving the world Elijah would constitute him the inheritor of his position as head of the prophetic school, with authority to continue the work he had begun. Still the prophets walk on. The river is behind, Pisgah and Gilead on either side, and the great valley between. Suddenly there breaks over the valley an unwonted light. There appears a burning equipage spreading down from heaven swift as the lightning and more vivid than any flash. Then there comes the desert storm, Gilead sends it on to Pisgah, Pisgah sends it back to Gilead, and, as the tempest weaves itself around the prophet, he is placed in the car of flame and in the sight of Elisha and the fifty "sons of the prophets" on the heights of Jericho, "Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven."

The wilderness is left, the Jordan shrinks,
 Southward o'er Sinai sweeps the meteor strange ;
 The moon appears above the waste, is neared,
 While low beneath it shines a mottled earth ;
 Stars flit and fall as he pursues his path,
 Resting to meet him see vast streams of suns,
 Then a wide ocean of celestial light,
 Then a great darkness horrid and forlorn,
 Till now like mountains in the morning beam clear,
 Appear the gateway's of God's city high ;

When lo !

From the deep shrine of the unspeakable,
 " Welcome, thou faithful servant of thy God."

OUR BOYS.

BY C. CLARKSON, ESQ., B.A.

OUR subject may be found with a large apple in one hand, and a squirt-gun in the other. One of his pockets bulges with the fruit of the hickory, and the other holds a valuable collection of butternuts. At his back hangs his satchel, crammed with school-books of portentous number and alarming dimensions. There is mischief and frolic lurking round the corners of his rosy-lipped mouth. Sport sparkles in his intelligent eyes, and perfect health flushes on his brown cheeks. But, see, he is off while we speak. His spirits are as bounding and elastic as his step; his plans and purposes as changeable as the breezes that wave his curly locks; *his latent power* as great as that of the lazy summer wind straying hither and thither across the plain, but which, when its might is aroused, becomes the irresistible hurricane.

This is "Our Boy," consisting essentially of three parts, which naturally lie in the following order of development, viz., stomach, heart, and brain. For the present we leave the first out of consideration, with the remark that, as the symbol of physical health and perfection, it is no unimportant factor, and on a fitting occasion may claim our earnest attention. Meanwhile let us consider—first, heart, as the symbol of affections and emotions; and, second, head or intellect.

A large number of men and women, who have to deal with "Our Boys," are a hard-visaged, keen-scented, close-fisted race of money-makers. They have no sympathy with the chief delights of a boy's life. They turn up the nose at his greatest delights, and call him "*cet enfant terrible*." They are disqualified from understanding the working of a boy's heart. They are wedded to their losses and gains. The prospects of European war occupy more of their thoughts than does the education of their sons and the proper development of their intellectual and moral powers. Boys are their natural born enemies, as they think,—an incursion of young barbarians, an influx of Goths and little Vandals. They treat boys accordingly, and receive back their dislike with

usury. Their hearts have lost warmth, and freshness, and sympathy. Like old lava they have grown cold and hard and immoveable, and cleave tenaciously to their chosen objects, and ruin the dispositions of their children.

Now the hearts of "Our Boys" are full of the motion and music, the sunshine and the flowers, of spring. Their merry laughter and wholesome hilarity contrast with selfish sourness as the purling babble of the sparkling brook contrasts with the silence of the hard, sullen stones over which it chatters.

Boys seldom love with half-heartedness, or simply because it pays, as too many of riper years are apt to do. The great majority of them are frank, whole-souled fellows, unskilled in Pecksniffian hypocrisy, unknowing the chicanery and deceit that find lodgment in many smooth-rubbed souls. Boys are in general no summer swallows who desert their friend in the winter of adversity, and only gather round him with noisy clamour while there is something to be made out of him. No; when Johnnie says, "I like Bill Smith," he says it without reference to ulterior considerations. It means that, with no hope of reward beyond Bill's approval and pat on the back, he will fight for him with tongue and fist, through thick and thin. Brethren, you do not always treat "Our Boys" wisely and justly. You are often guilty of *bribing* them to do your pleasure; you *coax* them to submit to your will; you *threaten* them with impossible and foolish terrors of the law; you even *torture* them with undeserved whippings; you outrage their natural and intuitive sense of justice by your unequal dealings in many ways; you are often guilty of *partiality* in your treatment; you do not hold the balance fair between your different children, but are easy with one, harsh with another, exacting with a third, snappish with a fourth, and indulgent with a fifth. No wonder your child bates an unjust, cruel, or tyrannical government. These things should not exist. Boys' eyes are sharp to perceive the inequalities of your administration, and they rebel against the injustice, one-sidedness, and partiality of your government. They know when you are too indolent to exert your authority. They can distinguish instantly between coaxing, flattery, and merited praise. Your hollow promises which you never mean to fulfil, they dis-

count at sight, and at their real value. Your counterfeit blandishments will not win their hearts. You deal in shams. You are a shamocracy; and boys, even the very worst, despise shams and avow their profound respect for truth, honour, justice, uprightness, and kindness. Away with petty deceit, down with partiality if you mean to gain access to the sacred enclosure of "Our Boys'" affections.

And now we turn from the emotive faculties to those of the intellect; from the disposition and temper to the understanding.

Boys are born hungry, naked, and ignorant. They crave food, clothing, and knowledge. If these three great wants are not all properly supplied, future development is imperfect. Wanting food, they speedily perish; lacking clothes, they become painted savages; without knowledge, they follow brutal instincts. If the body be not clothed with garments, and the mind with knowledge, the child remains a mere animal. Yet the body may be arrayed in broadcloth and fine linen, fare sumptuously every day, and frequent fashionable society; while the starveling mind wears only the ragged livery of ignorance, and, like Lazarus, is full of sores, longing to be fed even with crumbs, and dogs are its companions. In this melancholy case, "Our Boys" grow up to be well-dressed, and not uncommonly strutting, presumptuous, self-sufficient ricks to spread clothes on.

This is no dead issue we are fighting. Illustrations stud our sidewalks, desert our churches, and fill low saloons and grogeries. Lacking fixed principles of action, they fail to realize the grand possibilities of life, and drift aimlessly with whatever eddy or current they chance to meet. The very genius of Christianity is thought-compelling. Knowledge is the first step to be taken, and Christianity requires its possessor to grow continuously in knowledge, while it presents to the intellect and imagination the grandest conceptions, the sublimest thoughts, and the most profound problems that have ever engaged the human attention. Ignorant Christianity is a contradiction in terms. And the progress of our common Christianity is closely connected with the mental illumination and intellectual outfit of "Our Boys."

"Our Boys" themselves are very seldom to blame for the melancholy state we have just depicted. No; they have been

endowed with an insatiable curiosity, a prying, investigating spirit which is the essential condition of progress in any kind of knowledge. They simply need to be placed in a suitable set of circumstances so that this natural appetite for knowledge may find its appropriate objects. And if, by the misfortunes of birth, situation, or any other accident, "Our Boys" are denied these favourable conditions, then it is the duty of society and government, the guardian and the foster parent of "Our Boys," to step in and secure to them their natural and inalienable rights.

“ Could we new charms to age impart,
 And fashion with a curious art
 The human face !
 As we can clothe the soul with light,
 And make the glorious spirit bright
 With heavenly grace :

How busily each passing hour
 Should we exert that magic power !
 What ardour show
 To deck the sensual slave of sin !
 Yet leave the free-born soul within,
 In weeds of woe.”

The cupolas of our schools and the spires of our churches unite their voices to demand for "Our Boys" deliverance from intellectual starvation. Better stunt the body than dwarf the soul; better tamper with the mortal, than blight the undying; better for "Our Boys" to die of hunger than to live with nothing higher than savage instincts and brutal passions. "Alas! while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded, stupefied, almost annihilated. That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a *tragedy*. What I mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge should visit him; but only in the haggard darkness, like two spectres. Fear and Indignation bear him company."

This is the extreme case, yet we have multitudes of instances even of it in Canada. The more frequent case, however, is that in which parents, who could well afford the expense, cut short the school-days of "Our Boys" before they have mastered even the elements of real education before they are far enough

advanced to become their own teachers and educate themselves. What we plead for is not for an earlier start, but for a later ending. It is but once in his lifetime; let the boy stay at school a couple of years longer. Do not be impatient nor expect too much. Education is not a thing to be bought and sold by *avoids*. The effect on "Our Boys" of two years' thorough drill, and proper discipline between the ages of fourteen or fifteen, and sixteen or seventeen, will be life-long. Let them hasten slowly, all the better for them if they develop slowly, gradually, naturally. Let us by all means have in "Our Boys," "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." We want boys not little old men, which generally means conceited little prigs whose precociousness is their ruin.

Let the boys of evident capacity go to school. Give them, if possible, the benefit of a higher training than the elementary school supplies. Let them spend their days with *Todhunter* and *Milton*, and their nights with *Cicero* and *Demosthenes*. Rich parents, bequeath your sons higher education rather than broad fields or large balances at the bank. In this country almost every man may by slight exertions leave his sons the legacy of a sound educational training—a legacy which cannot possibly be stolen, which no mortgage can imperil, which no sheriff can seize, which will always exalt the aims and enjoyments of its possessor, and generally be a passport to respectability, to influence, to the highest usefulness.

There is another point on which we desire to make an appeal on behalf of "Our Boys." The responsibility for their success or failure in life is a tripartite responsibility, and rests upon the boys themselves, upon their parents, and upon their teachers. What we wish to insist on here is the absolute necessity of providing "Our Boys" with teachers the best that money can procure, and there is nothing more patent than the fact that money would procure teachers far superior to the majority who now undertake

"To pour the fresh instruction o'er the youthful mind,
And fix the gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast."

How could money be spent better? We want trained, skilful

experienced men and women whose hearts are in the work. How many who were born teachers—for teachers are born, not made—leave the work they love for some other more lucrative though less useful field. When we are far enough advanced in civilization to realize the true value of education, a judicious extravagance will hold these in their natural sphere. For though the true teacher does not work for the sake of the mere bread and butter, yet he has those dependant on him who claim all he can provide for them. What wonder, then, that he should accept the highest price his skill and talents will command, and prefer a well-paid vegetable existence in some mercantile pursuit, to the work of educating the young—confessedly a hard, wearing life, with exceedingly few prizes worth striving for, beyond the approval of a good conscience, and the gratitude of some of those who have benefitted by it. If "Our Boys" are moulded by mere helpless machines, careless, indolent, lymphatic, never aiming to inspire them with enthusiastic courage and Spartan endurance; never by any possibility getting out of the deep ruts of mechanical routine, never teaching a *subject* but always a *book*; mere shiftless, thriftless, hearers of lessons, mercenary hirelings who have never realized the tremendous load of infamy which overhangs the guilty heads of those "who tamper with that deathless thing, the mind;" if this is the character of their scantily paid teachers, what wonder that "Our Boys" receive merely the semblance of a training, and that their lives are simply a game of blindman's buff, aimless and unsatisfactory. We have no words strong enough to express our condemnation of the sham teacher or the bogus professor, who deals only with words and not with things. He is a robber of the most valuable thing "Our Boys" possess—their school-days. Let him find no quarter. Let not public censure spare him, but drive him into some other calling where his gilded gingerbread will be less pernicious.

But what can we say of the short-sighted niggardliness which makes it possible for mere automatons to gain a footing in the profession at all? The well-known principles of economy make absolutely certain that if the money spent on teachers were doubled or trebled, or even quadrupled, the people would, on the whole, and in the long run, get fair value in return. Pay the

price, and the article required will be forthcoming. The best minds, the greatest intellects, the highest perfection of teaching-power would soon be quoted in the market, and "Our Boys" would come in contact with men of the age, rather than be lulled by the drowsy tintinnabulations of incompetency.

Give "Our Boys" a fair chance and they will win their spurs. Provide them with *real* teachers who will faithfully exert themselves under a keen sense of their grave responsibilities; who will pursue rational, psychological methods of instruction; who have been thoroughly trained for their work and provided with the necessary outfit, physical, mental, and moral; who will actually *TEACH* and not sit like stupid machines to hear lessons out of books. Place "Our Boys" under the possessors of cultivated teaching-power, of nice tact and administrative ability, "apt to teach," true *masters* and no mere apprentices or journeymen. To do this will cost a large outlay of money. But "Our Boys" are worth ten Pacific Railways, and ten big canals, which cost far more. Let us spend money on them freely, with the understanding, if need be, that this is their portion, that they will inherit nothing more. *They* are Canada, not our lakes and shores; let every one of them, at all cost, be thoroughly educated. Let us produce men, as our best and finest product. When they are turned adrift into the world they will give a good account of themselves in the battles of life. They will be blood worthy of this young nation, and give it a history worthy of its parentage.

Turning, in the last place, to "Our Boys" themselves, we will not weary them with a dry homily. We will quote a little poem from memory which caught our eyes about twenty years ago on the torn leaf of an old magazine. The leaf has perished long ago. But here is the song, and we bequeath it to "Our Boys" as our best legacy to them, with the full persuasion that, even though they receive none of the advantages which we contend they ought to receive, they will not be entirely destitute if they adopt its precepts.

Voyager on life's rough sea,
 To yourself be true,
 And, whate'er your lot may be,
 Paddle your own canoe !

Every wave that bears you on
To the silent shore,
From its sunny source is gone,
To return no more.
Then let not an hour's delay
Cheat you of your due,
But while it is called to-day
Paddle your own canoe

If your birth denied you wealth,
Lofty state, and power ;
Honest fame and hardy health
Are a better dower.
But if these will not suffice,
Golden gain pursue,
And to reach the glittering prize
Paddle your own canoe !

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hands of fate ?
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great ?
Would you break the tyrant chains
That bind the many to the few ?
Enfranchise the slavish mind ?
Paddle your own canoe !

Would you bless your fellow-men ?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe !

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost,
Every great deed nobly done
Will repay the cost.
Leave to Heaven in humble trust
All you will to do,
But if you succeed you must
Paddle your own canoe

BIBLICAL SIMILES IN TENNYSON'S POEMS.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL P. ROSE.

IN the number of this Magazine for December, 1876, the writer drew attention to Macaulay's indebtedness to Scripture for some of his most telling and forceful illustrations. Some few evenings ago, he was seated by a comfortable fire, with a volume of the poems of Alfred Tennyson in his hand. He read as children are apt to play among the flowers; stopping here and there as some beauty attracted, or as some fancy led the way. And in this evening's reading the thought occurred, that Tennyson, as did Macaulay, not unfrequently drew his literary inspiration from Sacred Writ. The fact may not *force* itself upon you as it does in Lord Macaulay's writings, but even a careless reader will, we should fancy, not fail to observe it.

Tennyson and Macaulay are as unlike in many respects as we could well imagine men to be. In our estimate of the latter, we cannot separate Macaulay of the "History" from Macaulay of the "House of Commons." Tennyson is known in his literary character alone. Unless we regard him thus, we can find little to demand our attention. Perhaps, when the poet-laureate passes away from earth—may the day be far distant!—some one will paint his portrait with the skill displayed by Mr. Trevelyan in his "Life of Lord Macaulay." But now, beyond the general facts that are in everyone's possession, little is known concerning the man whose works have ministered so largely to the literary enjoyment and mental quickening of the age. The poetic physiognomy accompanying many editions of his poems is familiar. We know that he was born in Lincolnshire, in 1809, and that he was the son of a Rector of the Established Church. Early in life he proceeded to Cambridge. He did little in the way of publishing until 1830, when several lyrics appeared with his name attached. Since then he has steadily climbed the ladder of well-earned fame. All this we know. But there are a thousand questions touching his inner life that remain unanswered. Living a quiet, happy life with his wife and two sons, part of the year

sojourning in the Isle of Wight, and part of the year in Surrey, this favourite of the muses is known only in his character as the first poet of his age. Whoever studies Macaulay's life is forced to review the history of England in the days when he lived. How widely different the case when we regard the career of the poet-laureate it is needless to indicate. Yet there are at least two points at which their characters seem to touch. Neither, though pronounced a genius by men, ever permitted this fact to stand as a proxy for hard work. Painstaking, sufficient to appal a lazy man and to startle a moderately industrious man, is a characteristic ascribed to each. Speaking of Macaulay's laboriousness in literary toil, Mr. Gladstone remarks in a recent essay:—"It is delightful to find that the most successful prose-writer of the day was also the most painstaking. The very same gratification may be expressed with regard to our most successful poet, Mr. Tennyson." The other point of agreement between these men, so unlike in a thousand particulars, it is the object of the present article to illustrate.

Among Tennyson's most early published poems is a brief one, addressed to some friend, whose name is withheld. The last verse, suggesting a comparison with one of Wesley's grandest Scriptural poems, reads thus:—

“Weak Truth, a-leaning on her crutch,
Wan, wasted Truth in her utmost need,
Thy kingly intellect shall feed,
Until she be an athlete bold,
And weary with a finger's touch
Those writhed limbs of lightning speed ;
Like that strange angel which of old,
Until the breaking of the light,
Wrestled with wandering Israel,
Past Yabbok brook, the livelong night,
And heaven's mazed signs stood still
In the dim tract of Penuel.”

An exquisite poem, also a brief one, entitled “The Deserted House,” has a verse, the force and beauty of which are dependent on the inspiration of the New Testament:—

“Come away ; for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell ;
But in a city glorious—

A great and distant city—have bought
 A mansion incorruptible.
 Would they could have stayed with us !”

We should pity the man, and we should be afraid of the woman, who could read “The May Queen” unmoved. We should be unwilling to confess to a heart so cold and unsympathetic as to be unable to feel something of the tenderness of this poem—a poem too good for us to commend by adjectives too poor to set its merit forth. The conclusion of the poem is, perhaps, the most beautiful. But how rich it is in Biblical figures ! Take a verse by way of illustration :—

“ He taught me all the mercy, for He showed me all the sin.
 Now, though my lamp be lighted late, there’s One will let me in :
 Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,
 For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.”

And the exquisitely tender touch of the last verse is of the same origin :—

“ Forever and forever, all in a blessed home—
 And there to wait a little while, till you and Effie come—
 To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
 And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

In 1849 “In Memoriam” was given to the world. It is a poem to be studied rather than read. Its beauties are for the student. Others only gather the flower ; the student obtains the seed which, planted in his heart, will bring forth other flowers y-and-by. The poem will fail to comfort, oftentimes. It is rather the inquiry of the troubled, weary heart, itself seeking for consolation, than the voice of the satisfied soul whom God’s mercy has rejoiced. Yet when read by those in anguish, the luxury of finding company in sorrow will be ever realised. That much of the strength of the most forceful utterances is owing to their Biblical origin will not be a fanciful assertion to those who have read the poem carefully. The following verses in the Introduction—worth quoting in themselves, though so familiar—illustrate this :—

“ Our little systems have their day ;
 They have their day and cease to be ;

They are but broken lights of Thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

“ We have but faith ; we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness ; let it grow.”

Who that is familiar with the Book of Job will fail to recognise its spirit in the first verse ? And the writings of Paul have thoughts which might easily have suggested the sentiment of the next.

But, further on, in the same poem, the author's indebtedness to the Word of God appears in a more apparent light. In the thirty-first division of “ In Memoriam ” these lines occur :—

“ When Lazarus left his charnel cave,
And home to Mary's house returned,
Was this demanded—if he yearned
To hear her weeping by his grave ?

“ ‘ Where went thou, brother, those four days ? ’
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die,
Had surely added praise to praise.”

A beautiful reference to Mary's visit to the sepulchre follows immediately after :—

“ All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down with gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

“ Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure ;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs ? ”

Permit another quotation from the same work :—

“ I trust I have not wasted breath ;
I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries : not in vain,
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death.”

Wherever the English tongue is spoken “ Guinevere ” will be

read and admired. But no part of the poem will ever be more familiar than the song of the novice:—

“ Late, late, so late ! and dark the night and chill !
Late, late, so late ! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

“ No light had we : for that we do repent ;
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

“ No light ; so late ! and dark and chill the night !
O let us in, that we may find the light !
Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

“ Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet ?
O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet !
No, no ; too late ! ye cannot enter now.”

So, too, in “ Enoch Arden,” as the husband sets forth on his last eventful voyage he comforts thus his wife with words of Holy Writ:—

“ Cast all your care on God ; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning ? If I flee to these,
Can I go from Him ? And the sea is His,
The sea is His : He made it.”

We close our article with one other illustration. We select it from “ Aylmer's Field.” The report of the sermon from the text, “ Behold, your house is left unto you desolate ! ” will ever remain a favourite with all admirers of Tennyson—and who is not ?

“ Friends, I was bid to speak of such a one
By those who most have cause to sorrow for her—
Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,
Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn,
Fair as the angel that said ‘ Hail ’ she seemed,
Who entering filled the house with sudden light.

* * * * *
“ For she walked,
Wearing the light yoke of that Lord of love
Who stilled the rolling waves of Galilee ! ”

What a grand book God's Word is ! True genius has ever appreciated it. It is a wonderful book—the spring of the freshest literary streams, as well as of the river making glad the city of our God !

“MEDIÆVAL SAINTS AND MIRACLES.”*

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

THOUGH the author of this book is not a member of the Society of the Jesuits, he has made that astute, unscrupulous, and dangerous fraternity the subject of careful and profound study. The Hagiology and Thaumaturgy of the Mediæval Church is treated by him mainly in its relation to this order. The first chapter is chiefly valuable for the light which it throws upon the literature of the subject. It treats of the saints and miracles of the period extending from the Patristic to the Jesuit age. The second chapter brings the discussion down from the founding of the “Society of Jesus” to the reign of Pius IX.

In view of the wonder-working which has marked the history of the Catholic Church, it affords a striking illustration of the stubborn incredulity of the human mind that the whole race has not been converted to her faith long ago. But for the very high authority by which these weird and wonderful narratives are authenticated—authority which no good Catholic would dare to call in question—we should not have thought it possible that what some have been pleased to call the Dark Ages of history were marked by such a marvellous succession of supernatural interferences.

It would be quite impossible to classify the miracles of this period, which, it must be confessed, there is a strange mixture of the grave and gay, the dignified and the grotesque. As might have been expected, the supernatural healing diseases played a conspicuous part. As our author observes: “The

saints of Catholicism would furnish a very complete *materia medica thaumaturgica*.” Some of the saints indeed practised generally in the healing art; but others, and not a few of them, were specialists. St. Vitus cures spasmodic convulsions. Santa Lucia has a double vocation, healing diseased eyes and protecting her votaries from fire. St. Liborius is so efficacious in stone and gravel that the mere translation of his relics to Amelia—the inhabitants of which were almost universally afflicted with this evil—banished the disease from the city so completely that a case was never afterwards heard of within its precincts. St. Simon Stylita is sovereign in imposthumes; Santa Barbara is a sure refuge against lightning—her partiality for explosions is probably the cause why she has been chosen patroness of artillerymen; Andrea Avellino is the shield against apoplexy.

The supernatural gifts of the saints, however, were by no means confined to the healing of diseases. They frequently made themselves useful in the recovery of stolen property. King Ferdinand of Spain not only excelled in general detective police, but was particularly resorted to in cases of *drapetomania*, being by special grace very-successful in catching runaway slaves. Our author gives a very remarkable illustration of the humane and sympathetic disposition of this saint, especially his kindness to animals, which may generally be taken as an evidence of goodness of heart, namely, that when he had arrested heretics and caused them to be con-

* *Mediæval Saints and Miracles*. Not ab uno e Societate Jesu. New York: Harper & Brothers. Methodist Book Rooms.

[We suppress our own Editorial in order to make room for this Review.—Ed.]

demned to the flames, he used to spare the oxen the labour of drawing fuel to the pile by carrying the wood on his own blessed shoulders!

The authorized records of Catholic Hagiology, in addition to the serious sort of wonder-working, not unfrequently present what may be called recreations in Thaumaturgy. There appears not unfrequently among these saints a kind of grim playfulness—a serio-comic vein—which we should scarcely have expected in men of such eminent sanctity as that which is supposed to belong to proper candidates for either beatification or canonization. Much of this appears in the life of Father Anchieta, a native of Teneriffe, an early adept of the Society of Jesuits, and the "Apostle of Brazil." He was beatified by a decree of Pope Clement XII., in 1736, and the testimony on which the decree was founded, as appears in the records of the process for that purpose in the Vatican, is contained in his Life, published in Rome, in 1738, with all the regular licenses and sanctions. It is the special boast of his biographer that no saint ever appeared on the stage attended by a more "splendid retinue of miracles;" he may therefore be fairly considered, *par excellence*, "*the Thaumaturgist of the age.*"

Healing the sick and raising the dead were matters of such familiar and every-day practice with Anchieta that they ceased to attract attention among his contemporaries. Hence, he was constrained to resort occasionally to miracles of a more grotesque and fantastic nature not unlike the exploits of modern spiritistic mediums. Being present on an occasion when some persons were engaged in playing the game of goose—which consists in giving the neck of the poor bird a twist as the contestants run by, the one that inflicts the fatal wrench being the victor—and a quarrel having arisen as to the person to whom the prize belonged—to the infinite merriment

of the crowd and the instant ending of all disputes Anchieta commanded a deaf-and-dumb boy to act as umpire, who instantly spoke, and with true Jesuistic cunning, claimed the goose for his own. No wonder that, as his biographer tells us, this miracle "diverted" the crowd more than all the sports of the day.

While ascending a river, on one occasion, his companions amused themselves by shooting monkeys; but, as this "slaughter of the innocents" was becoming too monotonous, the blessed father suggested a change of programme. He ordered them to kill no more but to observe the mourning of the living for the dead. Accordingly he summoned the rest of the troop to bewail the slain, which they did in chorus, and with such awkward tumbles, such uncouth cries and contortions, and such, "most ridiculous gestures and grimaces," as to hugely delight the humane spectators. The monkeys, continued this edifying exhibition till Anchieta dismissed them with his blessing!

Nor were monkeys the only department of the animal kingdom that was subject to Anchieta's thaumaturgic sway. He had just as absolute power over birds. When walking in the sun, and desiring to keep cool, he would summon flocks of these feathered denizens of the air to hover over his head and to keep pace with him, forming a parasol. When he was preaching at the city of Espirito Sancto he was always accompanied by a couple of large tame birds, whose office it was to perch on the belfry of the church and warn him by loud cries when he was in danger of wearying the patience of his audience by undue prolixity in his discourse. If all the complaints which are heard about the wearisomeness of preaching were correct, it would be well if the same power were given to some modern preachers and they had the good sense to use it as wisely as did Anchieta.

Not only animate, but inanimate nature also yielded to his wonder-working power. He could disengage himself from the operation of the law of gravitation at will. "He would travel for miles at the height of several palms above the ground, and in this way perform a journey of as many hours in a few minutes; he was present at different places, leagues apart, at the same instant; he was occasionally crowned with a halo of light; produced fine music on invisible instruments played by unseen hands; could read the thoughts of others, describe events happening at the moment in distant continents, and was endowed with the gift of prophecy."

It is sometimes said that the day of miracles is over, but if the Church of Rome is to be believed it appears to have only just begun. The Lord Jesus Christ wrought miracles it is true; and the apostles and early preachers of the Christian faith now and again were favoured with wonder-working power. But even the Lord Jesus employed this power sparingly—never except in a case of real necessity; and if the power to work miracles was anything more than an occasional gift bestowed upon the apostles, they certainly regarded it as a gift which was to be only occasionally employed. If they possessed this power at all times the modesty and self-repression which they displayed is wonderful. We find it difficult to conceive such a thing as Peter, or Paul, or John, entertaining his friends with a monkey exhibition, calling in supernatural aid to settle a quarrel at a game of goose, performing aerial marches at the height of several palms above the ground, or even attempting the physical impossibility of being in different places, leagues apart, at the same instant of time. It is scarcely conceivable that these holy men of old would have condescended to play the merry-andrew or harlequin in any form; but, *certainly*, if they did at

any time relax themselves so far as to indulge in the ludicrous and grotesque, they would not have employed so sacred power as that of working miracles for a purpose so low and unworthy.

It is, however, remarkable that those who figure most conspicuously in Romish Hagiology and Thaumaturgy are not always persons of either eminently good sense or refined taste. Marguerite Marje Alacoque, on whose revelations is founded the *cultus* of the Devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to which, by a decree pronounced by the Pope on the 22nd of April, 1875, the Universal Catholic Church has been devoted, was a poor weak-minded nun suffering from an aggravated form of heart-disease. De Caylus, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Auxerre, says of the Life of this Saint, which was written by Lanquet, Bishop of Soissons, a man despised by his contemporaries for his stupidity, and detested by the clergy of his own diocese for his brutality and perverseness: "The Life of Mary Alacoque is undoubtedly, in all respects, one of the worst books of its class that ever appeared; it is revolting to every one, whether in the Church or out of it. It has roused the indignation and horror of good men. Libertines have made it the subject of raillery. I do not think it becoming even to speak of the amorous dialogues which are supposed to pass between Jesus Christ and Alacoque; nor can I dwell upon the visions of the girl—visions full of extravagance and impiety."

But in answer to the prayer of twelve millions of petitioners, including no less than seven hundred bishops, heads of religious houses, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, the decree above alluded to was pronounced, making the acceptance of this devotion a cardinal feature of the religion of Rome. The Devotion of the Sacred Heart has been accepted by the governing classes in France as emphatically an aristo-

cratic religion. It is patronized by the *elite* of the old *regime*, and at this hour every legitimist pays his fervent devotion at the shrine of the Sacred Heart. So well have Jesuits, the inventors of this superstition, played their card, that it has become a political engine of vast importance in France. In all the pilgrimages to Paray-le-Monial, in all the processions in honour of Mary Alacoque, princes, dukes, marquises, counts, viscounts, and barons figure largely. And the success which has attended the schools of the Sacred Heart, as instruments of religious propagandism, has encouraged the Jesuits to renewed efforts to secure a monopoly of public instruction throughout the Christian world.

The third chapter of this interesting and important volume, which treats of Romish Hagiology under Pope Pius IX., which has been in part anticipated in what has been written above, brings this subject nearer home to ourselves. It will probably fail to rouse any considerable portion of the free Protestant community of either Europe or America to a sense of the extreme danger to which both their religious and political liberties are exposed by the workings of this system; but, to the few candid persons who will take the trouble to look the facts fairly in the face, and who are not blinded by an overweening confidence in the supposed superior intelligence of the age, it cannot fail to convey the impression of a very real peril. The apathy with which the pamphlets written by Mr. Gladstone on Vaticanism, and the utterances of our own Sir Alexander T. Galt on the political aspects of Romanism in this country have been received, shows how difficult, if not hopeless, a task it is to rouse self-satisfied and over-sanguine Protestants to a just apprehension of the fact that one of the most subtle, wily, and powerful

organizations that the world has ever known, every member of which is the sworn enemy, of both political and religious freedom, aided by the most elaborate and perfect system of machinery that has ever been devised by human ingenuity, is working among us with an assiduity and energy, a self-denying and heroic devotion, which have seldom been equalled, never surpassed, in the history of mankind. This Society aims at nothing less than the establishment of a universal despotism—the concentration of all powers, political and religious, social and educational, in the Pope of Rome; it is practically ubiquitous—its emissaries are everywhere—and wherever it is, it is working influentially and powerfully, and accomplishing its purposes to an extent of which the average Protestant has no conception. It is doing its work quietly, but, on that account, all the more surely. If anything could open the eyes of the public to the facts of the case this book would be likely to have that effect. It is calm and scholarly; it appeals to neither prejudice nor passion; it deals throughout in thoroughly authenticated statements and in sound argument; and is well calculated to make a deep impression upon intelligent and thoughtful readers.

The closing chapter on Mariolatry in France is full of deep and painful interest. It shows, beyond the possibility of reasonable doubt, that Romanism, instead of improving, is growing worse and worse; but we cannot enter upon it at present. The collection of important documents, not easily accessible to ordinary readers, which forms the appendix, will not be the least acceptable part of this interesting volume to the ecclesiastical student. Let us hope that this book will be widely circulated and extensively read. It cannot fail to do good.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY.

The Report of the Educational Society has just been issued. It brings, with striking emphasis, before us the important work for which this department of our Church organization was created, and the inadequate support it has hitherto received. The net income of last year was only \$7,083, of which \$5,260 was absorbed in assisting to defray the expenses of the young men sent to college by appointment of the several Conferences. The number of young men thus sent was fifty-eight; which fact is in itself a striking proof of the high appreciation of the advantages accruing to the candidates for the ministry of our Church from attendance at the theological and literary classes of those institutions. The expenses of the institutions for the services thus rendered the Church were considerably over \$6,000, to meet which the Educational Society had only the balance of \$1,266. A serious and embarrassing deficiency thus exists, which greatly cripples the operations of this essential department of our Church work. The Society asks for the sum of \$16,000 for the coming year, as absolutely necessary in order to carry out with any degree of efficiency its educational work.

The raising of this sum ought not to be a matter of any serious difficulty. It is only an average of fifteen cents a head for the membership of our Church, or about three or four cents for each of its adherents. The difficulty is in reaching the entire membership and adherents. We are persuaded, however, that if the course prescribed by the Discipline were faithfully followed, this result could be accomplished. In Article II. of the Constitution of the So-

ciety, the General Conference directs that "Sermons shall be preached on behalf of the Society, and collections taken up in aid of its funds, in all our churches and preaching-places, at some time in February or April in each year." These sermons, with the special educational meetings, ought to, and, we believe, will, so gain the sympathy and support of our people, that our educational scheme will become as grand a success as, notwithstanding its present indebtedness, our Missionary work has been.

PERSONAL.

During the last month, a crushing bereavement has befallen the household of the Editor of the *Christian Guardian*. While engaged in office duties, he received intelligence that his youngest and beloved child, a noble boy of five years of age, who had been slightly ailing for a day or two, was seized with convulsions. Driving with all haste to his house, he found that his darling boy, whom he had left but a few hours before full of life, was cold in death. The very suddenness of this blow makes it all the more appalling. The bereaved parents will, we know, have the warm sympathy and the earnest prayers, not only of a large circle of acquaintances, but of very many who know them not personally. The dear child who was so suddenly snatched from their embrace was of a singularly attractive and loving disposition. Only the morning of his death, he was singing the beautiful hymn, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus"—unconscious prophecy, so soon to be fulfilled. At the funeral, when nearly all our ministers in the city manifested their sympathy by their presence, the same hymn was

sung, amid many tears. May the consolations of God be richly vouchsafed to the grief-stricken parents in this hour of their sore bereavement. Brother Dewart's able and philosophic paper in this number of our MAGAZINE will, under these melancholy circumstances, be read with additional interest. He little thought, when writing it, that the angel of death was so soon to visit his happy household. Only the consolations of God can sustain and comfort under so sore a bereavement.

The numerous friends of the Rev. John Carroll, a valued and popular contributor to these pages, will be glad to learn that the University of South Carolina has done itself the honour of conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. For forty-six years Brother Carroll has been one of the most laborious, zealous, and useful pastors of Canadian Methodism. During the last few years he has devoted much time to authorship. The following works have followed each other in rapid succession, and have had a large sale:—"The Stripling Preacher," "The Besieger's Prayer," "Past and Present," "Methodist Baptism," "Case, and his Contemporaries" (four volumes, 12-mo.), and "The School of the Prophets." The fifth volume of his history is now approaching completion, and, as it treats of more recent times, will prove, we doubt not, of still greater interest than any of its predecessors. We trust that Dr. Carroll may long live to bless with the garnered wisdom of his riper years the Church to which he gave the fresh energies of his youth.

The January number of the *New Connexion Magazine* contains a life-like steel portrait of the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, accompanied by a biographical sketch, for which the editor courteously acknowledges his indebtedness mainly to this magazine. The doctor has been working during the

winter several hours a day, in the Library of the British Museum—the most extensive in the world—verifying authorities, and, by the aid of a hired amanuensis, making extracts from contemporary and other records, illustrative of his great forthcoming work on Protestantism in Relation to Civil Liberty.

We regret to learn that that the Rev. S. F. Henstis, Secretary of the Nova Scotia Conference, has been ordered to Bermuda by his physicians, on account of his health. We trust that the balmy breezes of those sunny islands may soon lead to his complete convalescence.

A recent number of the *Weekly Globe* contained an excellent portrait of the Rev. Dr. Nelles, with a biographical sketch—very appropriate recognition of the distinguished position the Doctor occupies as an eminent educationist, scholar, and divine.

The Rev. Dr. Taylor has returned to Canada, apparently in the full enjoyment of his usual health, vigour, and vivacity. We trust that he will be able to place his valuable services at the disposal of the Church, on whose behalf he has accomplished so much in the past.

We have received a specimen number of the new series of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, now entering on its hundredth year. The marked change in the direction of greater variety and popular character of articles, is noticeable, including a serial story, more, in fact, after the general style of our own Monthly. Indeed, the *English correspondent* of the *Wesleyan* does us the honour to remark that one might suppose that suggestions had been taken from the young *Methodist Magazine* of the Dominion. We purpose giving, in an early number, an account of the literary history of this venerable mother magazine of Methodism.

We are pleased to observe that our serial story, "Pioneer Methodism," is being reproduced in the *Christian Miscellany*, an official publication of the Wesleyan Conference office.

The cut of the first Methodist Church in Japan, of which we had advice from New York, has, up to the last moment, failed to come to hand. Its insertion must therefore be postponed to our next issue.

DWIGHT L. MOODY.

(See *Frontispiece.*)

We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers the excellent portrait of Mr. Moody, which accompanies this number, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of A. H. Hovey, Esq., publisher of an admirable volume on the life and labours of this eminent evangelist, and of his fellow-worker, Ira D. Sankey, to which we have been largely indebted for the following sketch:—

Dwight Lyman Moody—the sixth child of his parents—was born in Northfield, Mass., in 1837. His father died when he was only four years old, and left his mother a widow with nine children—the eldest but thirteen—with a little home on a mountain slope and a few acres of land, encumbered by a mortgage. Dwight worked on the little farm till he was eighteen, getting what schooling he could in the winter. He then went to work in his uncle's boot and shoe establishment in Boston. Here he attended Mount Vernon church and Sunday-school. He was rather an unpromising pupil; but, one day having asked the question, "That Moses was what you would call a pretty smart sort of a man, wasn't he?" his teacher answered in such a way as to gain his confidence, and shortly after to lead to his conversion. He soon began to speak in prayer-meeting, but was advised by the pastor, such was the incoherency of his remarks, not to speak in public, but to serve God some other way. The following year, he went to

Chicago, and engaged as salesman in a large shoe store—and a right good salesman he was. He joined a Congregational Church, rented four pews, and kept them filled every Sunday with young men. He also exhorted at the prayer-meetings, but was recommended to leave that to those who could do it better. He soon found a little Methodist Church, where the services were more congenial, and he joined a band of zealous young men in tract distributing and Christian work. He went into a mission-school one Sunday, and found twelve teachers with only sixteen scholars. He set out to hunt up recruits, and soon had the school filled.

He now rented a hall—used on Saturday nights for dancing—in one of the worst parts of Chicago, and organised a school for himself. In a year it was six hundred strong, and soon numbered a thousand. "The first time I ever saw Mr. Moody," said Mr. Reynolds, at a Sunday-school convention in this city, "he was standing in a little old shanty, which had been abandoned by a saloon keeper, with a few tallow candles around him, holding a little negro boy, and trying to read to him the story of the *Legal Son*, and a great many of the words he had to skip. 'I have no education,' said Mr. Moody, 'but I love the Lord Jesus, and want to work for him.'" And this was the man who has since quickened the heart of the Church universal.

In beating up his recruits, Mr. Moody sometimes got into rough company. One day, three ruffians cornered, and threatened to kill him. "Look here," he said; "give a fellow a chance to say his prayers, won't you?" And he prayed so earnestly that they slunk out of the room, and he got the children he came for.

At length his evangelistic work so absorbed his soul that he gave up business, in order to devote himself wholly to it. He used to sleep on the benches of the Y. M. C. A. hall, because he had no money to pay for his lodgings, although he had in his pocket money given him to carry on his work. Since then he has never received a salary, nor engaged in business, yet all his wants have been supplied by the providence of God.

During the awful years of the American war, this great-hearted man was engaged on many a battlefield, and was one of the first to enter Richmond, ministering to the bodies and the souls of both white and black, loyalists and rebels alike.

At the close of the war, he gave himself to religious work in Chicago, and such was his zeal, that he has been known to make two hundred visits in a day. It is a characteristic incident that the only thing he saved from the Great Fire, which destroyed his church and house, was his well-thumbed Bagster Bible. In thirty days after the fire, a rough, but comfortable, structure, 100 by 75 feet, was erected for his church and school, and was kept open day and night for the shelter of the homeless, who were also supplied with food, if necessary.

The subsequent career of Mr. Moody—his labours in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Sheffield, Liverpool, London, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago again—are they not fresh in all men's memory—"writ large" in the history of the religious world? A man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, taught of God, and deeply pondering His Holy Word, God has signally owned his labours as the great lay evangelist of the age.

BOOK NOTICES.

Gospel Hymns, No. 2. By IRA D. SANKEY and P. P. BLISS. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co. and Methodist Book Rooms. Paper, 30 cents; boards, 35 cents.

One of the most valued agents in recent evangelistic work has been the ministry of sacred song. The singing of the Gospel by Mr. Sankey seems to have been scarce less effective as a means of grace than the preaching of the Gospel by Mr. Moody. Those simple songs have girdled the world, and have been sung in crowded cities, in lonely hamlets and in far-off mission fields,

winning the heathen from the orgies of paganism to the service of Christ. This new series is prepared to meet the demand for the reproduction, in popular form, of the very best of the recent gems of religious song. It contains the choicest compositions of Mr. Sankey, of Mr. Bliss, whose tragic death by the railway horror at Ashtabula will give a mournful interest to his pieces, and of many other distinguished composers. Through the courtesy of the publishers, we present in this number a specimen page of these beautiful hymns.

The National Repository. Devoted to General and Religious Literature, Biographies and Travel, Criticisms and Art. DANIEL CURRY, D.D., Editor.

We cordially welcome this latest addition to the serial literature of Methodism. Our American brethren have found it necessary to change the character, and broaden the scope of their veteran *Ladies' Repository*. The result is this handsome, well-illustrated and eminently readable magazine. Its purpose is, as is that of our own Connexional Monthly, to furnish the members of the Church which it represents, with sound and wholesome literature, which shall be in harmony with the religious spirit and teachings of Methodism. The leading illustrated article gives an account of Dr. Ridgaway's Excursion from Suez to Jerusalem, with twenty-two beautiful engravings. Articles on Macaulay, Macleod, George Sand, Stanley's African Explorations, and a well-arranged Editorial Miscellany of Foreign Affairs, Art, Nature, Religious Intelligence, and Current Literature, make a full and varied bill of fare. The inevitable serial story, "That Boy," by the Rev. W. H. Daniels, M.A., opens with interest. The editorial utterances of Dr. Curry, who is one of the most able and vigorous of living writers and thinkers, will be read with much interest.

A Chance Acquaintance. By W. D. HOWELLS. Belford Brothers, Toronto; and Sydney, N. S. W.

This book is a sequel to "Their Wedding Journey," noticed in a late number; and is characterized by the keen observation and criticism of persons and places that marked that volume. The description of the St. Lawrence and of the grand and gloomy scenery of the Saguenay is very graphic and appreciative. The environs of Quebec are again described; the studies of *habitant* life and character are of photographic vividness. An interesting thread of story links together the varied ex-

periences of the tourists. The two volumes constitute the best and most sympathetic treatment of the magnificent scenery and grand historic memories of our great river that we know.

The Footsteps of the Master. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Toronto: Belford Brothers. Methodist Book Rooms.

This is a charming volume of religious meditations by one of the most devout and tender spirits, and one of the ablest writers, in the range of modern literature. The meditations, as is meet, cluster around the person and work of the Redeemer, and are arranged in groups appropriate to the great Christian festivals. It is, therefore, an appropriate Christmas or Easter gift book, though suitable for any season of the year. A rich anthology of sacred poetry illustrates and focuses, as it were, the teaching of the text. The artistic execution of the book is exquisite. The red-lined pages, beautiful vignettes, initial letters, head and tail pieces, and fine engravings, make it quite an *edition de luxe*. The sacred monogram, passion flowers, and crown of thorns on the cover are very beautiful.

The Pearl Fountain, and other Tales. By JULIA KAVANAGH. Toronto: Belford Brothers.

The eyes of the little folks will sparkle with delight as they open the pages of this elegant juvenile volume, rich with its flowers of fairy lore. Children who find reading a somewhat difficult task will be lured by the fascination of its stories to overcome the obstacles in their way. We speak from domestic experience. Nor are the tales without their instructive lessons, which are for children, none the less effective for being undidactic. The exquisite engravings, which are beautifully printed on toned paper, are good specimens of the sort of work that can be turned out by our Connexional press.

Readings and Recitations. By Richard Lewis. Belford Brothers; Wesleyan Book Room.

Mr. Lewis is an accomplished and successful teacher of elocution. He devotes a considerable portion of this book to valuable hints and suggestions on public reading. With perhaps one or two exceptions, the selections are in excellent taste; and what will be of great advantage to the reader, the inflections and emphases are judiciously indicated. The "Legend of the Angel" is a noble poem.

St. Elmo. By AUGUSTA J. EVANS WILSON. Cr. 8vo., pp. 445. Belford Brothers, Toronto, Ont., and Sydney, N. S. W.

This is a powerfully written book by a gifted Southern authoress. It abounds in a most extraordinary display of scholarship, in rabbinical and classic literature—in metaphysics and natural science. The range of quotation in prose and verse, from

authors ancient and modern, evidences a cyclopedic range of reading, which is very remarkable in either man or woman.

Infelice—same author and publisher—is marked by the same characteristics as "St. Elmo." It fully sustains the brilliant reputation of the writer as a work of vivid interest and sound ethical sentiment.

Experiences of a Detective. By ALLAN PINKERTON. Toronto: Belford Brothers. Illustrated.

The writer of these narratives claims that, remarkable as they may appear, they are literally true—that the incidents have all actually occurred as related—a striking illustration that, in the intricate relations of our complex modern civilisation, fact is often stranger than fiction. We doubt the utility, however, of the study of these abnormal cases of social pathology.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, &c.

—The great book of the season in London is "Italy, from the Alps to Mount Etna," edited by Thomas Adolphus Trollope. This sumptuous volume in quarto is illustrated by 400 wood engravings, and is beyond question the most attractive book on the subject of Italy ever issued.

—Mr. J. W. Brexel, the well-known New York banker, whose purchases of the most rare and sumptuous books at the Menzies library sale were noted at the time, is said to possess the largest and most complete musical library in the country, embracing over 3,000 volumes.

—There has been discovered in New Orleans, the *Picayune* of that

city says, "The Last Supper," painted by Raphael shortly before his death, in the year 1520. The painting has been rudely cut from its original frame and adjusted to one of smaller capacity. Under a fold was found Raphael's monogram.

—The correspondent of the *Daily News* at New York says that the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in that city will accept General di Cesnola's offer of the Curium treasures and other collections from Cyprus. The sum paid will be £12,000; this, it is understood, defeats the attempt of the British Museum to obtain the collection.

—A committee has been formed to raise a fund for the benefit of the family of the late Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, the distinguished Assyrian scholar.

—Among the new books announced by Mr. Elliot Stock are a fac-simile of the first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and a cheap edition of the facsimile reprint of the first edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

—Mr. Tennyson has published another drama, the subject of which is taken from English history. It is entitled "Harold," and deals with the stormy period in which the reign of the Anglo-Saxon kings came to an end.

—It has been resolved to postpone the exhibition of busts, pictures, books, &c., once the property of Lord Byron, until next May.

—Frederick Wilhelm Ritschl is dead, age 71. His best-known work is his edition of Plautus (Bonn, 1848-1853).

—Mr. C. B. Cayley's translation of the *Iliad*, in quantitative hexameters, is now all in print, and may probably be published pretty soon.

—The latest undertaking of the fertile Gustave Dore is an illustrated edition of "Michaud's History of the Crusades," which will appear in Paris this winter.

—T. A. Trollope has in press "A History of the Papal conclave."

—Captain Nares is said to be writing an account of his Arctic expedition.

—Germany published in 1875 12,516 works of all classes, against 12,070 in 1874.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUIT.	AGE	DATE.
John Le Hugnel	Cape Ozo	Gaspe, P.Q.	90	Oct. 15, 1876.
Patience Rumson	Carbonnear	Carbonnear, Nfd	81	Nov. 2, "
Ann Chisholm	Windsor	Windsor, N.S. . . .	76	" 10, "
Thomas Steeds	Catalina	Catalina, Nfd . . .	77	" 12, "
Jane McCurdy	Haskill Hill	Lennoxville, P.Q.	83	" 17, "
Mrs. Asher Black	Amherst	Amherst, N.S. . . .	74	" 24, "
Ruth G. Carder	Queen's Co	" "	73	" 25, "
David Neelands	Woodford	Windsor, O.	71	Dec. 1, "
Sarah Fobicoe	New Credit	New Credit, O. . . .	48	" 10, "
Hugh Stewart	Vankleek Hill. . . .	L'Original, P. Q. . .	73	" 14, "
Roxanna Lindsay	Hornby	Milton, O.	73	" 14, "
Phœbe Caulbeck	Searltown	Bedeque, P. E. I. . .	50	" 14, "
Susanna Jackson	Arva	London S., O	86	" 18, "
Mrs. Mary Lasby	Pilkington	Elora	26	" 31, "

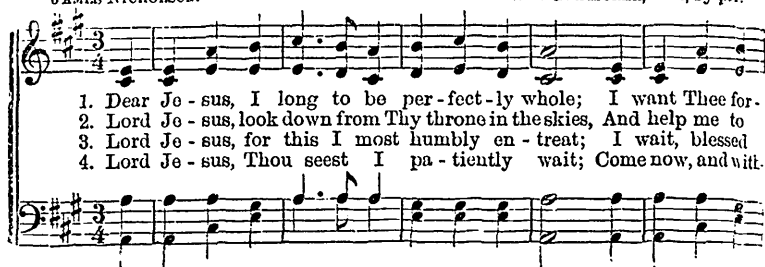
All business communications with reference to this Magazine should be addressed to the Rev. S. ROSE; and all literary communications or contributions to the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Toronto.

Whiter than Snow.

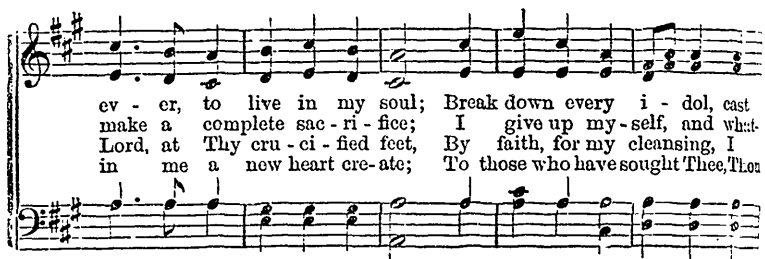
"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

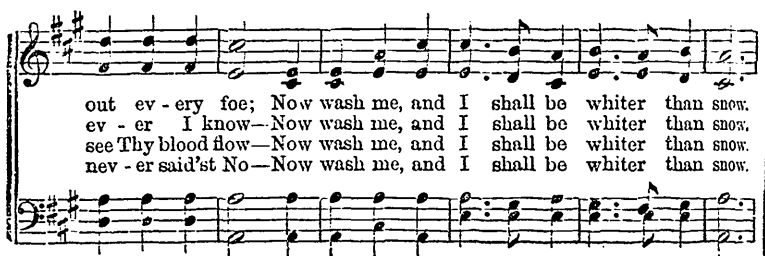
WM. G. FISCHER, 1872, by per.



1. Dear Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en - treat; I wait, blessed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tiently wait; Come now, and with

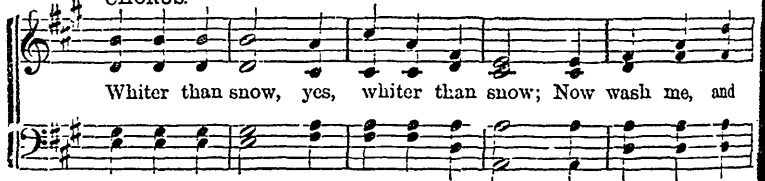


ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down every i - dol, cast
make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou

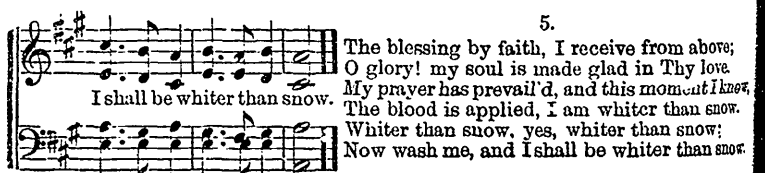


out ev - ery foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
nev - er said'st No—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.



Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and



5.
The blessing by faith, I receive from above;
O glory! my soul is made glad in Thy love.
My prayer has prevail'd, and this moment I know,
I shall be whiter than snow.
The blood is applied, I am whiter than snow.
Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

From "Gospel Hymns," No. 2.

Canadian Copyright Edition, by permission of Copp, Clark & Co.