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THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

[For the Province a West-yan.]

A desire to reduce the miracle of creation to narrow limits as possible by cutting off what is considered an unnecessary expenditure of creative power, has been for some time predominant in the minds of a good many men of science. Everything must be referred to the ordinary operation of natural causes, and the idea of any supernatural interference with the course of nature must be entirely eliminated. The "Development Theory" is one of the overt manifestations of this craving for simplification. It was first brought before the world in a systematic form by the French scientist Lamarck; but it has been more recently elaborated by Mr. Darwin, a distinguished English naturalist, and bids fair to become permanently identified with his name.

This theory professes to account for the existence of the innumerable species of animals found living on the surface of the globe or embedded in its rocks as fossils, without having recourse to the hypothesis that these distinct species were originated by distinct acts of the Divine will. Nor does it recognize the exceptional and distinguished position, distinctly assigned man in the Scriptures, as a creature direct from the hand of Deity; but regards the origin of the human as of other species as due to the result of certain tendencies inherent in organized structures. As species, it may be observed, is a term applied to all groups of animals, that notwithstanding tolerably marked differences that may exist among the individuals composing them, may be reasonably assigned to common ancestors. By far the greater part of these species comprise under them a greater or less number of varieties. In the case of some species, as in that of the dog for instance, the number of these varieties is very large, and the differences between them, very strongly marked. Now it has been found that, in reference to some varieties, the existing deviation from the primitive type of the species can be traced to the influence of certain modifying circumstances. These circumstances may be the work of man interfering with the natural course of propagation, or Nature herself may demand the deviation, as an adaptation on the part of the given species to certain exigencies of her own creation. Mr. Darwin, moreover, claims the existence of what he calls the principle of natural selection, which still further aggravates any tendency to deviation which may thus occur. A deviation, therefore, once started, will continue to increase steadily through successive generations, till at length there results a variety sufficiently distinct from the primitive type to entitle it to rank as a new species. This principle, then, it is claimed by the more advanced naturalists, is amply sufficient to account for the origin of the innumerable species in the animal kingdom, from the plant-like polytip up to the apex of creation, whether they actually exist on the face of the earth or are found as fossils in "scraped cliffs" and quarried stone. The argument employed to sustain this position, briefly summed up, amounts to nothing more than this. A certain tendency inherent in animals has, in cases which have fallen under human observation, produced varieties; therefore, in innumerable cases which we know nothing of, it has produced species. The primitive type of dog, it has evolved the poodle; ergo, it has evolved the elephant from the mouse, and Shakspeare from a baboon! Now be it observed that this hypothetical tendency might justly be expected to produce its fairest results in the case of domestic animals, inasmuch as the developing powers of nature have here been largely aided in their operations by the helping hand of man. It will surely be conceded that here, if at all, would be the experiment ground. What is actually the case, is patent to all. Since man has made his appearance on the earth, there have evolved from domestic animals varieties, and varieties only. This is a stubborn fact; but "worse remains behind." Never yet, in the earth or on it, have been found those transitional forms which, *de hypothesi*, should bridge over the chasm from one species to another. This is a fatal hiatus in the chain of argument,—one that can be filled up by no concentration of sophestical explanations. When to the gravest doubts whether the tendency which produces variations, is capable of producing specific differences, is super-added an absolute negation of proof that it ever does, the infinitesimal residuum of probability would surely satisfy no one who had not some special reason for being content with so minute a quantity of evidence. Again, if man has been developed from lower forms of life, the argument would hold good for his future development into something far superior. Here we can only judge of the future by the past. The race has advanced through the stages of scientific knowledge and in all the arts of life; but it is a fact patent to the students of history that the advancement of the human race, even in these respects, is mainly due to the Christianity which the adoption of the development theory would cause us to set aside. There is no escape from the dilemma. Either history is a gigantic lie, or Christianity has been emphasized by the development theory. But accept Christianity, and what becomes of the development theory? And when we consider Christianity in relation to its own special work,—the regeneration of the fallen nature of man and his restitution to the divine favour,—we shall stand on immeasurably higher ground. Man has indeed been developed; but it has been through the operation of supernatural, not of natural, causes. But leaving Christianity out of the question, no one will say that the human form has improved since the days of Phidias, or the human intellect since the age of Plato and Aristotle, the masters of "divine philosophy." The future progress of the race will, in all probability, be akin to the progress of the past; but that man will ever be developed into anything far superior to himself as he is to-day, from whom it is claimed he has developed, can by only the dream of our "developmental scientific consults."

It is not always wise to refuse to anything belief simply because it may be hum-

bling or revolting to our sense of pride. Nevertheless, this ground of diabolism may justly reinforce others that may be furnished to us by a careful investigation of the disputed point. The danger to be apprehended is that, acting as an *a priori* argument, this feeling may prevent us from owing to the reasons adduced in support of a position their full and unimpaired weight. Indeed it is claimed by the advocates of Mr. Darwin's theory, that this actually takes place with reference to those who are not convinced by their arguments. But surely no one can be very much blamed, if, when he considers that wondrous truth, the human mind, with all its longings and capabilities, with its yearnings for something higher than the things of earth and its hopes of a hereafter, he sees therein something separated by an impassable and eternal barrier from the animal natures of the things that

And when, in addition, Revelation ratifies this conviction and tells us that, alone of all that breathe, man was created in the image of God and is the object of his special favour, was intended to serve Him on earth and be rewarded with an eternity of happiness hereafter, the question is set forth at rest. Our faith receives its sanction from a deeper philosophy than Mr. Darwin's can lay any claim to, and we should be unwise indeed were we to cast it aside and accept in its stead the chimæra of development.

Our readers will have noticed that Mrs. Walsford (Mrs. Nancy W. Priest) who wrote the beautiful lines with the above named title, has recently passed away by death. As we usually so recollect the facts, those lines were first published to the world some fifteen years ago, and what is remarkable in them, they have had such a charm for the people, as to keep them in constant circulation ever since. It may be doubted whether a single week has transpired during the last ten years, when these verses might not have been picked up from one or more of our American newspapers, in their issues of that week.

We know indeed of no bit of poetry of later, from any pen, that has struck the popular mind so exactly. This is due in a measure, to the fact that death is ever busy in these human households, and little children, in all their early brightness and beauty, are constantly passing out of their earthly to their heavenly homes; and these lines contain the very best of consolation for such wounded and bleeding hearts. But aside from the subject-matter (for this is common to a great number of little poems in our language), there are in this, a glory of conception, a beauty of language and an altogether remarkable. And this is the more noteworthy when one considers the general conditions of life under which these lines were written. The authoress was but a plain factory girl in the town of Whitechapel in this State. (The writer of this saw her several years ago not long after these verses were written) in a Sunday night village meeting, held in a school house in that town, where she bore her part in the singing. Her family, it we mistake not, was Baptist. In view of these facts, and now of her death, the little poem, and especially the last stanza, now has a fitting and tender interest:

Over the river they beckon to me
Loved ones who've crossed to the further
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide,
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own
He crossed in the twilight gray, and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view,
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see,
Over the river—the mystic river—
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale,
Carried another, the boat hold pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Daring Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearfully entered the pliant bark;
We left it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels bow;
Over the river—the mystic river—
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For nose return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale—
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Who cross the stream, and are gone for aye,
We need not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barges no more
May sail with us 'neath life's stormy sea;
Yet somehow, I know, on the unseen shores,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flashing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water's side,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it glides the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully will the meeting be,
When over the river—the peaceful river—
The angel of death shall carry me.
—*Congregationalist.*

PREPARATION FOR REVIVALS.
Just now that the long evenings are here, and the holidays coming, with the season of special efforts in the Churches, the warm heart of every pastor beats anxiously as he looks over his field, and sees the need of a revival of religion. He sees everywhere around him the prevalence of sin, and everywhere multitudes of inexperienced feet already treading the "broadway," and hears on every side notes of preparation for amusement and worldly pleasure, while his heart trembles before God in view of the coming judgment, and the account he must give as the shepherd and guide of souls. He looks upon the work before him and is appalled by the Head of the Church, and in view of its greatness and his own feebleness, he searches

his heart to verify the promise, "Lo! I am with you always," and then he turns to the Church, and asks with an earnestness which few can understand, "Men and brethren are we ready to work for Christ and souls?"

We would that every man in the Church could feel for one hour the burden of anxiety which the pastor feels in entering upon the special work of preparing for a revival. Such an experience would draw the souls of believers together, and develop their sympathies with the pastor and his work, and assure their cordial and hearty co-operation, so as to put success beyond a peradventure. We know of nothing more desirable than this mutual sympathy—the pastor caring for the spiritual welfare of his people, and his people anxious for the success of his cause and the salvation of souls. Wherever it exists and is cultivated, distraction ceases, jars disappear, faith and love abound and all the energies of the Church are profitably employed and directed to the best ends.

We think no mistake is made in assuming that the first step toward the revival is the cultivation of this anxiety on the part of the pastor. It is a feeling every preacher should have, and it is supposed to have; but still it needs cultivation. Constant study of the Scriptures with reference to their spiritual import, and faithful application of them to the heart as the rule of faith and the nourishment which the soul needs, will keep alive the consciousness of obligation in this direction. Hence, all who have been distinguished for zeal in saving souls, have been found wonderfully familiar with the language of the Bible. All evangelists who succeed in their work, especially that part of it which builds up the Church in faith and holiness, are apt in handling the very words of inspiration. God's Word hid in the heart will be like fire in the bones.

The pastor who seeks a revival can not be indifferent to the doctrines of the Church. The prejudice against doctrinal preaching, which sometimes finds encouragement from the pulpit, and is allowed to live in the pew, never did any good, and those who entertain it and who minister to it, alike fail to achieve permanent success in advancing the kingdom of God. The truth of God is needed in all its plainness and power, and no parts of the Gospel are more practical than those which set forth the depth of depravity, the vileness and destructiveness of sin, the necessity of an atonement, and the value and efficacy of the sacrificial death of Christ. And what is more important in order to move men to duty than to portray their loss and condition, their personal responsibility, and the fact and certainty of future retribution? As a general thing doctrinal preaching is the most convincing, and therefore the most practical. It is Scriptural and sound, and imbued with the spirit of Christ, which is charity itself. It will never fail to indicate duty, or to point out the pathway of the safest and purest Christian experience. There was wisdom in the counsel of the old divine who advised his younger brethren to preach doctrinally, and to preach practice doctrinally. Every precept of Christianity has its doctrinal basis, and every motive to holiness has its foundation in the theology of the New Testament.

We would, if possible, give emphasis to this thought by reiteration. It pains us to hear such allusions to doctrinal preaching as are sometimes made. Without it the Church would die. Those who speak of it slightly never prosper, and never gain power in the pulpit. We do not mean speculative preaching. That is often dry and powerless. Nor do we mean controversial preaching in a technical sense. That, too, is liable to divide into mere ecclesiastical pugilism. But we do mean that the doctrines of the Bible should be diligently sought out, and plainly and persistently laid upon the hearts of the people. Every Gospel sermon should contain some point of doctrine, which, when clearly stated, will carry to the conscience of the hearer a plain view of the claims of God upon the soul. Thus our predecessors in the ministry, preached. Paul, and Peter, and all the apostles pointed out the way of salvation, and declared with authority the truth of God. The Church that lives on rhetorical flourishes, and philosophical speculations, and moral essays, gathers no strength, and never antagonizes the spirit of the world. The sincere milk of the Word is for babes in Christ; the strong meat of Christian doctrine is for those advanced in the life of faith; but the broth of human wisdom has no power to nourish famishing souls. The apostle to the Gentiles said of himself and his co-laborers, that it was by the manifestation of the truth they commended themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

But in preparing for the revival the preacher wants other things. He must have the obstructions removed. Church quarrels and Church debts are obstructions. The neglect of discipline and the neglect of souls go together. He who really wants a genuine work of God will see to these things. If the pastor is anxious to heal divisions, to cure the lame, to systematize the finances of his charge, and to give his Church records in good order, and strives to accomplish these points, he is laboring for a revival just as positively as when preaching and praying in the protracted meeting, and with better prospect of success than is possible with those duties neglected. Many a protracted effort has failed for the want of this preparation. How can a minister have faith in his own labors in the pulpit, if his work out of the pulpit has been left undone, or been carelessly done? The farmer prepares the ground before he casts in the seed. So should the minister prepare the way to the hearts of the people, by gaining their confidence, their sympathy and their prayers, before he looks for the descent of the Spirit upon the Word he proclaims. He must do this or his labor will be fruitless. Preparation for the revival is the great work of the pastor. It is pre-eminently his work, and in the performance of it he needs all the assistance the Church can give. The revival itself is God's work. About that we need have little concern. God will never fail his people, if they only get ready for him to work and to work with him. He is faithful to his promise. It requires no pleading with God to induce him to revive his work. He is always willing and able to do his work. The need is preparation for him.

Those who cannot exhort, or teach in a Sunday-school, or distribute tracts can at least live for Jesus at home and come and join in the prayers of the prayer-meeting. The oldest, the timidest, the least gifted can do surely as much as this. Every one, too, can give something when the collection-box is passed. The gift of a "cup of cold water" in Christ's name has its reward. Every one whom Jesus loves has a place assigned to him in the vineyard. An idle Christian is a monster!

Friend! have you found your place?—Christian at Work.

PERSONAL CONSECRATION.
"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." We all recognize the necessity of providential chastisements, for the subduing of a worldly and selfish spirit, and to bring us into harmony with the divine nature and will. Although for the present it is not joyous but grievous to suffer the loss of property, or to endure a protracted period of sickness, yet in the end, it yields the precious fruits of righteousness, and wisdom of God is touching our hearts in the most sensitive points—taking away our idols, whether they be our children, our property, or our families for the gratification of human ambition;—but we find it not difficult to appreciate the divine love also in the bitter providence. If we are without chastisement, then we are not saved.

But there is a better form of yielding up the world than simply to be resigned to the loss of it when God sees that its retention will prove our ruin, and that the only way of recalling our vain and empty affections to himself is to blight our worldly prospects. We can, indeed, quietly kiss the rod after we have recovered a little from the blow, and readily see that it was better to lose a hand or an eye, houses or lands, or even dear friends, than to lose our souls, or the love of Him who is "the chiefest among ten thousand." It is all right, we say, when money takes its selfishly formed wings and escapes our grasp. "The best is left," we repeat to our hearts as we kneel under the shadow of the high rock in a weary land. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" But why not anticipate this necessary discipline? This loss of property or loss of time is a form of chastisement incident to our unconsecrated condition. As we do not yield ourselves voluntarily, and cheerfully offer our substance unto the Lord, he touches the springs of life, or lays his hands upon our accumulations, that our eyes may be opened to discover the source of our highest good, and his righteous claims upon us. When he takes it, we must yield it. We may permit the calls of business to keep us from the services of God's house, from personal labour in his Church and among our fellow-men; but when his hand is upon us, there is an enforced absence from the counting-room, from the excitement of the streets, and from opportunities of increasing our wealth. We may receive the discipline readily, and acknowledge that it is necessary, and that it did not come a moment too soon; but we must accept it. We cannot say now, "I pray thee have me excused," and hurry away to our merchandise. We may find a multitude of reasons for withholding generous gifts from the Lord's treasury. Our own personal and social demands are apt to grow quite as rapidly as our worldly fortunes increase. We have no difficulty in finding selfish uses for all our accumulations. But when fire and flood or fraud remove large sections of our substance, we cannot hinder the movement of events. We feel a sudden and severe shock and heart-ache, and then recover ourselves. Of course we say, it must be for the best. We are conscious, as our eyes are opened by the force of the calamity, that we were inheriting worldly, forgetting our heavenly inheritance, and were specially unfitted in our duty as a steward of the Lord's money.

How much wiser to present ourselves, by acts and substance, as a living sacrifice, acceptable unto God. It can only be a voluntary act while it remains in our power to do it. Not in the hour of sickness and death, nor when God has snatched from our hands the gifts which he had entrusted to us, let they should destroy us, but in the fullness of life, in the prime of our years, while God permits a portion of his temporal gifts to remain in our hands, we may enjoy the high honor and happiness of deliberately and solemnly presenting a due proportion of them unto him. This is a living sacrifice. When we are dying we have nothing to give. We are then but necessarily yielding up our grasp upon them. The disposition of them in will is no personal sacrifice, and is doubtless sometimes made as an intellectual atonement for a conscious lack of personal consecration during life, when an offering might have been made costing the individual something in the sacrifice, and therefore acceptable unto the Lord.

The unseemly controversies over the bequests of wealthy donors are happily inducing Christians intrusted with considerable substance to be their own executors; but there is a higher motive to urge and inspire such a course. It is a duty and a privilege also to present ourselves and our substance unto the Lord. Gifts of money are to be accompanied by personal service. The consecration required by the Gospel is universal. We are to be quick by our bodies—the whole man, with all our endowments of talent and substance. One serious evil of associations is the facility they offer for the performance of charitable services through delegated agents. The great want of the hour is the personal consecration of well-to-do Christians who are now hiring from other people's hands the Gospel of the Lord's work. All need the personal discipline of contact with poverty, suffering, and the general work of human elevation. It is just as blessed for the millionaire to meet his Saviour in the form of a helpless child, or a sinful criminal, or an impoverished home, and to hear him say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto me," as for the humblest saint. The mission movement of our city, bearing the title of the Sunday-school, but continually blossoming into Churches, is peculiarly serviceable, not only in building up the

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waste places of Zion, keeping up with our increasing population in our religious facilities, but as opening a wide and constantly increasing field, not merely for the gifts, but for the personal service, of Christian men and women. It is a whole some sight to see earnest men of business devoting their time on week days and Sabbaths to these interesting and exacting home missionary fields.

A consecration must precede a baptism of the Holy Spirit. When the Church unites her personal efforts, and is of one accord in presenting herself as a living sacrifice unto God, the blessing from on high will not long be delayed. "Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."
—*Christian Advocate.*

TO LIVE HEREAFTER.
Men who establish academies, colleges, and universities live forever, and live, too, in a way that an angel might be proud to live. They who established Harvard—who even with heaven's arithmetic, can compute what their money has done since they have gone home. Is the name of Yale not familiar to every intelligent man on the continent because he knows that college? His name will be carried down thousands of years. Cornell's name is rescued already. Vassar's Drew's and Astor's names would not have sounded so far down had they not a due inspiration that taught them to found seminaries for the discovery and propagation of knowledge among the masses of men. These endowments have in them immortality on earth. And this is the reason, I say, that men ought not to be poor if they can be rich. There is a power of wealth, when it is guarded by benevolence, which ought not to be despised. Having such a sword as that which is drawn from its sheath, no man ought to refuse to slay ignorance, no man ought to refuse to draw it from its sheath. Whoever can organize wealth and endow institutions of learning is using wealth to a good purpose. We may rise to a higher grade and to more familiar ground, since it is more frequently inculcated in the pulpit. As virtue and spirituality are higher than physical qualities, as the wealth of the soul lives more in the goodness of Christian families and Christian institutions than in ease, or abundance, or pleasure; so he most worthily dedicates his life to an after-day who so lives as to give life and perpetuity to spiritual virtues. Whoever makes the simple virtues more honorable and attractive among men prolongs his life.—*H. W. Becker.*

TO THEE.
I bring my sins to Thee,
The sins I can not count,
That all may be cleansed by
In thy open-armed font.
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee:
My burden is too great for me,
My heart to thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read—
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart, indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to thee,
That fixed and fastid it may be.

To thee I bring my care,
The care I can not flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But take it all for me.

O, loving Saviour, now to thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

I bring my grief to thee,
The grief I can not tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O, suffering Saviour, all to thee.

My joys to thee I bring,
The joys thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.

I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.

WORK FOR JESUS.
God calls you, dear brother, to carry the glad news of salvation to sinners. He has honored you above the highest seraph by lifting you to the infinite toils of this work. Do it, then, after his example, by giving your whole being to it. When more money is needed to enlarge the enterprises of the Church, don't stand back and tell how much you have already given, and say the Church will impoverish you! Ask what Christ would do. Would He refuse that dollar? Would He hold back that thousand dollars? What if houses, and lands, and bank stock should all melt into the treasury of the Lord? Would not all these be—
"An offering far too small?"
How much ought thou my Lord? He gave His throne, His life for you! Some men are tearfully rich this side the grave, where they are to spend but a few days, and fearfully poor the other side, where they are to spend eternity! Ah, brother, you had better be a beggar here and a king there, than to be as rich as Dives here, and a hopeless beggar there. It is full enough that you have any share in this divine work. As sin came by man, God takes man to aid in bringing in its death. His Divine power alone can renew the soul. Still, there is much we can do. This He will certainly require of us. When the weeping Christ stood by the grave of Lazarus, none but a God could speak life into the dead and decaying body. God was there, but He first commanded men to "roll away the stone." Then He spoke. The mouldering earth heard its Maker's voice, and sprang to life; and then

Christ spoke to men again, and said, "Loose him and let him go." So, brother, God must renew; but, as at the grave of Lazarus, the God-man standing before the sepulchre of a dead world, commands men to "roll away the stone." We can reach the sepulchre of heathenism, and rolling away the stone, let the light of the Gospel shine athwart its gloom. We can go to the suffering, shivering, ignorant multitudes, and rolling the stone of unbelief and wand away from their sepulchres, open their doors to a Saviour's voice. We can go to many a careless or despairing sinner, and with kind words, and sympathy and love, open his sepulchre to a Divine Christ. He will speak! He weeps still at the sepulchre! There is life in His word! The power of death shall be broken! Its captives shall live! They may come forth swathed with error, and bound by habit, and then will He speak to us again, and we can "loose them and let them go."

Remember, the absent disciples did not "roll away the stone." To do Christ work, we must walk with Him in closest fellowship.
—*Evans Herald.*

METHODISM OF TO-DAY.
There is a large class among us who lean very strongly toward good and primitive Methodism. They believe in that state of religion which is righteousness and peace and by in the Holy Ghost, and practice and enjoy it in an eminent degree. In forty years of his ministerial life, most of which has been spent in the pastorate, the writer has never known of the higher experiences of religion more generally or cordially recognized and appreciated than at the present time. The strongest descriptions of Christian faith and love found in our standard hymn book—and we know of none to exceed them—find an earnest response in many hearts. Multitudes who have hesitated to hope for perfection in this world, aspire after or enjoy the purity and blessedness it implies in our denominational phraseology. The stronger impulses of religion have sometimes seemed wedded to fine and doubtful points, belonging to the department of taste rather than morals; but better information and a deeper and broader charity are evidently helping us in this point. Our lofty theories wisely emphasize the essential elements, which generally command the assent, and admiration even, of all who have enjoyed religion for a day; and, backing them by living examples of the high and holy experience proposed, they induce many to abandon every evil way and add into the fulness of the Blessing of the Gospel. All success to their endeavors! Our beautiful system can effect little without sifting this power from on high putting it into lively and persistent operation. The joy of the Lord is our strength. It satisfies the hungry soul, and leaves no vacuum to be filled by the pleasures of sin. Worldly amusements lose their charm in its presence, and the grace of the Spirit alone forms a constellation of heavenly lights. The writer has not had the pleasure of attending either of the six national camp-meetings, but from the beautiful condition of his children, property, and the gratitude and praise he has heard from his brethren, he was divinely suggested and sanctified. O how blessed it is to see Christians and ministers at the altar, especially so busy; so just, so useful, so loyal to duty, and so true with the Spirit as to be happy in God! It is not the religion that seeks to be excused from class or covets more liberty in worldly pleasure. No, no; it lights the narrow road, the cross, the King's highway of holiness, to be alone with Jesus; and yet it prizes the communion of saints. O it is a fountain of life, of well water in the soul, springing up and bathing us with unutterable pleasures! Who can explain it? Who can labours it? Reader, let us seek it, and never be satisfied a day without it. This is God's will. We never please Him so well as when we are filled with His love and overflow with His joy. This is the normal condition of God's children, property, instructed and fully committed to their Father's service. Hence says Mr. Wesley, "Whosoever is not happy, joy, happy in God, is not a Christian." May the joy of the Lord be gloriously multiplied among us, to the glory of the Holy name.—*Rev. Dr. Porter in the Advocate.*

AN O. P. J. ACCOUNT.—An Eastern banker (Jay Cooke, of Philadelphia), early in his career, read *Gold and the Gospel*, and resolved to take Jacob's pledge. "Of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee." He directed his clerk to open an account with O. P. J. (Old Patriarch Jacob), and to credit to it one tenth of all the commissions that came into the office. Some of the large financial transactions of the country have been intrusted to the firm of which he is a member, and its success is one of the wonders of the land. O. P. J. account must now amount to a sum that would take the figures of five places to express. When asked how he could afford to give such large contributions, he says, "I don't cost me anything. It's the Lord's money I give."

Who will follow suit and open accounts with Old Patriarch Jacob?—*Hampshire's Massachusetts Papers.*

REV. DR. CHEEVER relates this incident in the *Independent*:—
At the time when President Olin was seized with that illness which was the precursor of his death, his youngest child, a babe of about two years old, was ill and restless, though the parents did not understand a fatal result. The day of disaster dawned the father was walking in the room where his child lay, when the babe suddenly called, "Papa! Papa!" desiring to be lifted in his father's arms. "Pa, take baby," Dr. Olin took the child, and walked up and down the room. The child said, "Pa, ki's baby! Mamma, ki's baby!" and, when this was done, looked up and exclaimed: "Now, God, take baby!" and immediately breathed his last in the father's arms. Was not this a manifestation from the invisible world? The believing father received it as such, and was comforted. Children and death are divine teachers. 'Tis out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.

