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CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

THE
CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE,

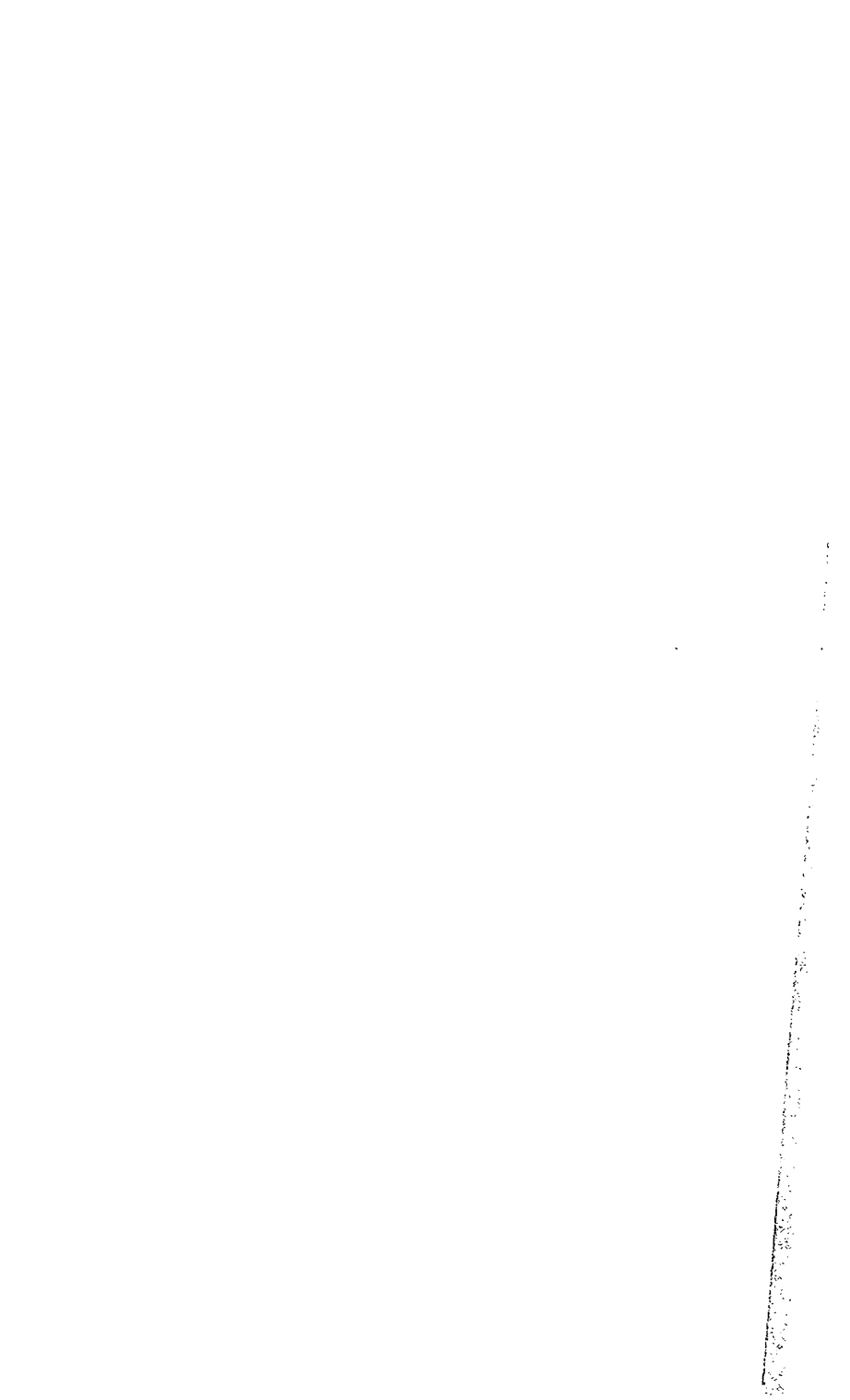
DEVOTED TO

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VOL. IV.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1876.

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English Arts and Crafts Society, Montreal

Wm. Morley Puskov.

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1876.

THE REV. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

WE have pleasure in presenting to our readers, with this initial number of the new series of the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, the protrait of one who is known and loved and honoured throughout the Methodist world, and also far beyond the limits of his own denomination. To us in Canada who have heard his eloquent utterances and enjoyed his genial society, it will have a special value as a souvenir of that manly presence that for five pleasant years went in and out among us, presiding at our assemblies, infusing new life and vigour into our operations and institutions, and thrilling our souls with the spell of his breathing thoughts and burning words. The following sketch of the great preacher—the fullest that we have been able to obtain—will be read with interest by thousands who, we doubt not, will feel for its subject all the sympathy of a personal friend.

“William Morley Punshon, a native of Doncaster, England, was born in the year 1824. His father was a draper in that town, engaged in a large and prosperous business, and at the same time a prominent and active supporter of the Wesleyan cause. He received his second name after his uncle, Sir Isaac Morley, a gentleman well known for many years in the West Riding of

Yorkshire, and who lived to witness the eminence to which his nephew and namesake attained. His education was commenced in his native town; but when about eleven years of age he was placed under the care of a gentleman, the son of a Congregational minister, at Heanor, in Derbyshire, where he discovered a singular aptitude for learning. At this time he was a chubby lad, with fresh curly hair, a full proportion of the love of sport, and above all, a most extraordinary memory. He would commit to memory, for the mere pleasure of the effort, long passages from the 'Speaker,' and recite them to his school-fellows; and it is said that he could repeat the names of all the British constituencies, with the names of all the members representing them, without a mistake. Notwithstanding these and other indications of remarkable ability, he was not designed by his father for public or professional life, nor does it appear that at this period his mind was drawn out to the vast concerns of the future. At fifteen years of age he was placed at Hull as a clerk in the shipping business, from which port he subsequently removed to Sunderland. When about twenty years of age, in the order of Providence, he was removed to Woolwich, and his residence was with his uncle, the Rev. Benjamin Clough. Here he was brought into a congenial atmosphere, and it was probably under his influence that he underwent the great moral crisis of his life. Mr. Clough was a man of rare, though not showy endowments. A distinguished Oriental scholar, he had compiled a dictionary of the Singalese, which, after forty years, still remains the basis of all similar works in that language. He was also a zealous and self-denying missionary, having been one of the first company of young men sent out by the Wesleyan Church to the East under the superintendence of Dr. Coke, who died on the voyage and was buried in the ocean. Mr. Punshon has composed a suitable and beautiful memoir of this excellent man, to whom he owed so much. It was under his advice that he made his early attempts at preaching, and in May, 1845, he presented himself for examination in London, as a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry.

"At the Conference of 1843 he received his first appointment, which was to Whitehaven, where he spent two years, followed by two years in Carlisle, and three years in Newcastle. This resi-

dence of seven years won for him an extraordinary popularity in the far north, his faithful devotion to every department of his work being no less remarkable than his eloquence. Previous to his entrance into the ministry he had published a small volume of poems; and when at Carlisle he made his first literary effort of a religious kind, entitled 'Tabor, or the Class-Meeting.' This little publication was an indication of that ardent attachment to the usages and discipline of Methodism which has all along been characteristic of Mr. Punshon, though in combination with such a breadth of view and catholicity of spirit that he has been claimed again and again by other Churches as almost their own.

"Soon after coming to reside in Newcastle, Mr. Punshon married the daughter of Mr. Vickers, of Gateshead. This lady died in 1858, leaving several children. After leaving Newcastle, the next six years of the subject of this sketch were spent in Yorkshire, three years in Sheffield, and three in Leeds. While in Leeds his popularity was approaching its height. It was in January, 1854, that Mr. Punshon made his first appearance in Exeter Hall as a lecturer in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. The subject was 'The Prophet of Horeb,' and the lecture produced a marked impression. He did not appear again in this capacity till the beginning of 1857, when he delivered what was probably, for rhetorical effect, his masterpiece—his lecture on John Bunyan. This oration was delivered with electrical effect in various places. In 1858 Mr. Punshon received an appointment to Bayswater, where the task was assigned to him of endeavouring to raise a new Wesleyan cause and congregation. This, by the blessing of God, which rested upon his labours, he accomplished beyond expectation; and in 1861 he was removed to Islington. During this period several other lectures were delivered by him, which excited remarkable interest. One of these 'The Huguenots,' was published at a shilling, and from the proceeds of its delivery, Mr. Punshon gave a donation of a thousand pounds towards the Wesleyan chapel in Spitalfields. Large sums were also raised for various local charities by means of his lectures. In the meantime he was growing in the esteem and love of the brethren of his own Church, and was honoured with many tokens of their regard. It is impossible to speak too warmly of Mr. Punshon's unselfishness

and generosity. In 1862, seeing the poor accommodation provided by Wesleyans in several popular watering-places, he undertook to raise within five years, by lecturing and personal solicitation, the sum of ten thousand pounds in aid of a fund for the erection of chapels in those places. Everything seemed against the project. The cotton famine and the financial panic occurred, his own health failed; and, besides this, nearly £200,000 were raised in the period for the Missionary Jubilee. Yet the promise was fulfilled; and when the term of five years was completed, Mr. Punshon had the gratification to announce that the pledge had been accomplished! Such manifold labours, however, nearly broke down his health, and for three years Mr. Punshon, to a considerable extent, retired from public life beyond the sphere of his own circuit labours."

The five years of his zealous ministrations in Canada need no eulogy from our pen. Their memory is fresh in the hearts of all our readers. There is not a department of our work that did not feel the impulse of his influence. The Victoria College Endowment, the Metropolitan Church, the Japan Mission, Methodist Union, and numerous other enterprises are largely indebted to his generous aid. Not merely the great cities, but the remote hamlets enjoyed his presence and assistance; and journeys to the aggregate extent of a hundred thousand miles on this continent attest his energy and zeal.

He has relations to Canada, also, of the tenderest and most sacred character. Here he experienced the bitterness of sorest bereavement. The graves of the amiable and accomplished lady who became his wife, and of a loving daughter, are among us, and hallow in his memory for ever the place of their repose.

On his return to England he was soon elevated by the suffrages of his brethren to the highest dignity in their gift, that of President of the Wesleyan Conference. Now as one of the secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society—a position of great responsibility and importance—he is able to make his influence felt, not merely throughout Great Britain, but in the numerous mission stations of remote and pagan lands. We have pleasure in presenting the following beautiful poem as an evidence that to the orator's spell of power he conjoins the gentler graces of the poet's tuneful lyre.

THE TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

FIERCELY on Salem's towers and hills
The hot sun striketh down,
The feverish pulse of summer thrills
The desert bare and brown ;
As spirit-guided, through the languid air
Moves one sad Form, apart for fasting, strife, and prayer.

Nature hath no forboding voice,
No battle trumpets blow ;
The heedless sons of men rejoice ;
The mornings come and go ;
But in that desert deadlier conflict nears
Than where the chariots roll, or glance the glittering spears.

The lists are spread. In solemn tryst,
In God's eternal plan,
'Tis here the Satan tempts the Christ,
As once he tempted man ;
And shall he triumph, as on Eden's field ?
Will here the mightier Adam cast away his shield ?

Why gaze we with such wistful eyes
That keenest strife upon ?
Why sing we, when to nether skies
The baffled fiend has gone ?
For us the fight is won, the victory wrought,
Whose issues stretch beyond the loftiest reach of thought.

Our hearts, forlorn and troubled, need
A tender priest and true,
Mighty with God to intercede,
But kind and human too ;
And Christ, in this His desert hour, reveals
The arm of conquering strength, the heart which warmly feels.

Vainly he tells of wound or scar
Who ne'er took sword in hand,
Idly he speaks of ocean's war
Who sees it from the strand.
The "visage marred" begets the sense of pain,
Our own tears give the power all others tears to explain.

So, Jesus ! in this school of scorn,
 Though thou wert Son Divine,
 The whispered sin, the troubling thorn,
 The thought of shame were thine.
 "Tempted in all points," be thy name adored
 For this true humanness—our Brother, Saviour, Lord !

Loving and faithful ! we require
 Nothing apart from thee,
 Anointed by this christ of fire
 Our true High-Priest we see ;
 And boldly venture through life's wildering maze,
 Brave because thou, O Christ, didst tread the self-same ways.

When perils round us threatening hang,
 Or arduous duties press,
 And yielding flesh would 'scape the pang,
 Or make the trouble less,
 By coward means ; we think of Him who bore,
 And spurned the unhallowed thought in song before.

When oft the harassed soul around
 Presumption spreads her snares,
 And captive leads the spirit, bound
 With chain of needless cares—
 "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord"—this word of power
 Our souls shall weapon through the dark, deceitful hour.

And when the Tempter, bolder grown,
 Suggests the atheist lie,
 And bids us at his Moloch-throne
 To pay our homage high ;
 Humble, but dauntless, through our Lord's defence,
 We speak the words rebuking—"Satan, get thee hence."

Most grateful, in the desert lone,
 The rock its shadow flings ;
 Most gentle, where the grass is mown,
 The dew its coolness brings ;
 And, after struggle, to the wearied breast
 Earth hath no paradise so sweet as perfect rest.

So when the demon-thoughts are fled,
 Angels come trooping down
 To fan the brow, and lift the head,
 And bring the palm and crown ;
 We see the vision, hear the approval given,
 The Master smiles "Well done"—and in that smile is heaven.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE PAPAL POWERS.*

BY THE REV. EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D.

PART I.

IN the year 1570, the Pope was preparing for a grand effort to recover England to the Romish See by plots and combinations abroad, and by inflaming schisms and conspiracies in the kingdom, even to the assassination of Elizabeth in order to place Mary Queen of Scots' on the throne; while the Puritan leaders were redoubling their efforts to weaken both the civil and ecclesiastical government of the Queen. It is a singular coincidence that while in June, 1570, Cartwright opened at Cambridge the campaign of aggression against the Church and State, as then constituted by law, just one month after Pope Pius V. published his famous bull of excommunication against the Queen, attesting her Protestantism in disproof of all Puritan imputations to the contrary, from that day to this, though denying her legitimacy and authority, and prompting her subjects to rebel against her.

I must give some of the principal sentences of this memorable document, which acquires fresh interest and importance from the doctrine lately promulgated at Rome declaring the Pope's infallibility. The "infallible" predecessors of Pius V. had found themselves mistaken in their attempts to persuade and cajole Elizabeth into submission to their authority, when, after the rumbling of many terrific threatenings, he thundered forth from the Vatican his famous bull: "Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, in the year of the incarnation of our Lord one thousand five hundred and sixty-nine, [1570 new style], the 5th of the Kalends of March."

"A sentence declaratory," it begins, "of our holy lord Pope Pius V. against Elizabeth, Queen of England, and the heretics adhering unto her. Wherein also her subjects are declared absolved from the oath of allegiance, and every other thing due

* From Dr. Ryerson's forthcoming volume on "*English Puritanism in Relation to Protestant Unity and Religious Liberty.*"

unto her whatever; and those, which from henceforth obey her, are inodiated with the anathema.

“Pius, bishop, servant to God’s servants, for a future memorial of the matter.

“He that reigneth on high, to whom is given all power in heaven and in earth, committed one Holy Catholic Apostolic Church, out of which there is no salvation, to one alone upon earth; namely, to Peter the chief of the apostles, and to Peter’s successor, the bishop of Rome, to be governed in fulness of power. Him alone He made prince over all people, and all kingdoms, to pluck up, destroy, scatter, consume, plant, and build.

“But the number of the ungodly hath gotten such power, that there is now no place left in the whole world which they have not essayed to corrupt with their wicked doctrines; and amongst others, Elizabeth, the pretended queen of England, the servant of wickedness, lending thereunto her helping hand, with whom, as in a sanctuary, the most pernicious of all have found refuge. This very woman, having seized on the kingdom, and monstrously usurping the place of supreme head of the Church in all England, and the chief authority and jurisdiction thereof, hath again brought back the said kingdom into miserable destruction, which was then newly redeemed to the Catholic faith and good fruits,” etc. etc.

“We, seeing that impieties and wicked actions are multiplied one upon another; and, moreover, that the persecution of the faithful and affliction for religion groweth every day heavier and heavier, through the instigation and means of the said Elizabeth; because we understand her mind to be so hardened and obdurate, that she hath not only contemned the godly requests and admonitions of Catholic princes, concerning her healing and conversion; but (alas!) hath not so much as permitted the nuncios of our See to cross the seas into England; are constrained of necessity to betake ourselves to the weapons of justice against her.” . . . “We do, out of the fulness of our apostolic power, declare the aforesaid Elizabeth, being a heretic and a favourer of heretics, and her adherents in the matters aforesaid, to have incurred the sentence of anathema, and to be cut off from the unity of the body of Christ. And,

moreover, we do declare her to be deprived of her pretended title to the kingdom aforesaid, and of all dominion, dignity, and privilege whatsoever; and also the nobility, subjects, and people of the said kingdom, and all other which have in any sort sworn unto her, to be forever absolved from any such oath, and all manner of duty of dominion, allegiance, and obedience; as we do also by authority of these presents absolve them, and do deprive the said Elizabeth of her pretended title to the kingdom, and all other things above said. And we do command and interdict all and every the noblemen, subjects, people, and others aforesaid, that they presume not to obey her, or her monitions, mandates, and laws; and these which shall do the contrary, we do ino-diate with the like sentence of anathema."

This papal bull was set up in Paris at Pont St. Etienne, March 2nd, 1570; on the same day it was set up at the palace gate of the Bishop of London, by one Felton, who suffered for it as a traitor.

To understand the full scope and design of this bull, it is necessary to glance at the circumstances which transpired the year preceding its promulgation and the immediate occasion of it. In the year 1569, there were papal conspiracies in different parts of the kingdom; the Pope had even offered rewards for the murder of the Queen.

"The conspiracy in progress at this time," says Dr. Vaughan, "and to which Norfolk and others were more or less committed, is disclosed to us by authorities of the most unsuspecting description, viz., the biographers of Pius V. The life of this pope, by Catena, is among the recognized memorials of his pontificate. From such sources, it appears that Pius supplied large sums of money, not only to English refugees, but to English nobles about the Court. He deputed a special envoy to Scotland with means to stimulate the Catholics of that kingdom into action in favour of Mary Stuart. He took the same course towards England, with the threefold object of liberating the Queen of Scots, of 'cutting off' Elizabeth, and of restoring the Catholic religion. His chief agent in England was Roberto Ridolfi, a Florentine, who passed for an Italian merchant, but whose real vocation was to urge the great men to insurrection,

and thus to ensure the 'destruction of Elizabeth.' While thus occupied with his own direct agents, his Holiness wrote earnest letters to the kings of Spain, France and Portugal, calling upon them to co-operate with their Catholic brethren in England in their meditated revolt. Through the influence of Ridolfi, the majority of the English nobles, it is said, were combined, with the Duke of Norfolk at their head, to bring about the desired change. The duke was to become the husband of the Queen of Scotland, and as the duke (who was the richest nobleman in England) was popular, in that way it was presumed England might be reconciled to her new sovereign. As the scheme ripened, Ridolfi received 150,000 crowns from the Pontiff, which were placed at the disposal of Norfolk, of certain chiefs on the borders, and of other parties. Everything being thus ready for the rising, earnest suit was made by Pius to Philip of Spain, urging him to send the promised veterans from Flanders. The Pope highly approved of all that had been done. He wrote to Alva to be prepared to embark the required force. He wrote to Norfolk, bidding him to be steadfast and hopeful, and making every promise adapted to keep him to his misguided purpose. Philip entered fully into this scheme; but as though even his zeal was scarcely of the required heat, this great spiritual father becomes especially impassioned in writing to him, telling him that rather than this undertaking should fail, he would place himself at the head of it, would pawn the last property of the Church, would part with the chalices and crosses of the sanctuary, and even with the garment from his back. Vitelli, a Spanish general, had been some time in London waiting for the signal to place himself at the head of the invading army. But Alva hesitated to pass the glory of such an enterprise into other hands. The material had been collected. The train had been laid. The match was ready. But there was a pause. Important disclosures were made to the English Government, and the moment for action passed away! The Duke of Norfolk was sent to the Tower. The Government, by thus holding the mainspring of all this machinery in their hands, spread distrust among the conspirators, disturbed everything, and in the end crushed everything. But so admirably had these confederates kept the secret,

that to the last moment the English Cabinet, while they had reasons to suspect much, had ascertained little.

"The inaction of many among the English Catholics was attributed in some quarters to the fact, that however invalid the pretensions of Elizabeth to the throne might be, the Pope had not taken the measures necessary to release her subjects from their allegiance. Pius V., so successfully counterworked in the paths of conspiracy, was in full mood to remove the impediment. Early in the following year, accordingly, the memorable bull was issued which pronounced Elizabeth a heretic, denied her right to the English throne, absolved her subjects from their allegiance, and subjected her to the sentence of excommunication."*

It is a phenomenon without a parallel in history, that such proceedings and such a bull should emanate from the professed viceroy of Christ, the Prince of Peace, on earth, claiming "infallibility," and to be over all kings and nations as the successor of St. Peter, whom our Lord forbade using the sword even in defence of his Divine Master, and who pretended to neither infallibility nor superiority when his fellow-apostle Paul "withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed."

On the other hand it is natural to suppose, that in the presence of such conspiracies and combinations to subvert the Protestantism and throne of England, the Protestant nation would have been of one heart, and its every pulsation would have tended to give vital power to the Protestant head which was the selected target for the Vatican thunderbolts, and to the Protestant body which was the selected victim of papal slaughter. But such is the blindness and recklessness of party enthusiasm, that during the very year that Pius V. was marshalling his hosts and maturing his conspiracies by a Ridolfi among the nobility and gentry, and by Friars and Jesuits, in the garb of Puritan preachers, among the populace, Cartwright and the Puritan party were equally busy, and louder still, in denouncing the constituted authorities in Church and State; and within a few weeks after the bull of pope Pius V. declaring Elizabeth a usurper of Church authority and the Church she had restored as no Church, but a

* *Revolutions in English History*, Vol. I., Book IX., chap. ii, pp. 532-535.

congeries of fatal heresies, Cartwright at Cambridge was also proclaiming Elizabeth a usurper of Church authority, and the Church she had restored as no Church at all, but a congeries of fatal superstitions, and demanding the establishment of a new Church, of whose decrees the Queen should be the obedient executor, and which decrees, from his teaching, would be as intolerant to all dissenters from, and even neglectors of them, as those of Pius V.; for he said in his defence of his admonition to Parliament, "Magistrates ought to enforce the attendance of atheists and papists in the services of the Church; to punish them if they do not profit by the preaching they might hear; to increase the punishment if they gave signs of contempt; and if at last they proved utterly impenitent, to cut them off, that they may not infect and corrupt others."*

These facts will go far to explain why more repressive Acts of Parliament were passed, and a more severe administration of the laws was adopted by the Government of Queen Elizabeth after 1570 than before, in regard to both the Romanists and Puritans. The leaders of the one party had plotted against the Queen's life as well as her throne; the leaders of the other party had denied her Protestantism, denied her any Church authority, denied the legitimate ordination of such men as Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Rogers, Bradford, Taylor, and other martyrs, and of their successors, had denied the scriptural worship and constitution of the Church itself, had plotted its subversion and the establishment of another Church of their own model in its place, which was actually accomplished some eight years afterwards, when Charles perished on the scaffold, and Cromwell, with more than kingly power, ruled at Whitehall; contemporaneous with which was the expulsion of thousands of clergymen from their livings, and the prohibition of the use of the Common Prayer Book, even in private families.

The Parliament had not been summoned for five years; but in April, 1571, a new Parliament was called, and the papal bull and conspiracies were answered by several penal enactments; the

* Quoted by Marsden, in his "History of the Early Puritans." Chap. x. p. 127-128.

first of which, 13 Eliz. c. 1, provided, "That any man who should attempt the death or personal hurt of the Queen; or raise war, or excite others to war against her; if any should give out that she was not the lawful Queen of this realm. but that any other can claim a just title thereto; or who should pronounce her to be a heretic, schismatic, or infidel; or should usurp the right and title to the kingdom during her life; or should affirm that any other has a right to the crown; or that the laws and statutes cannot limit and determine the rights of the crown, and the successor thereof; every such person shall be guilty of high treason."

These severe enactments against the Romanists have been loudly complained of by their historians; and such enactments would not be tolerated in any Protestant country in this age. But two things are to be considered in respect to these terrible enactments. First, their penalties were restricted to voluntary deeds or words; they did not require men to convict themselves; they did not deal with mere opinion as a crime, as was the case under Mary, when hundreds were committed to the flames, women as well as men, who, on being interrogated and compelled to answer, expressed their disbelief in the dogma of transubstantiation. Secondly, though the Queen and her Parliament appear to enact a cruel thing when they "make the priest to be a traitor who shall reconcile a convert to his Church, and they make the convert a traitor in being so reconciled, while according to the speculative belief of both these parties, without such reconciliation there is no salvation;" yet, be it remembered, that they acted in self-defence, and their conduct is humanity itself in comparison to the ten times more cruel conduct of Pope Pius V., "who, from his safe enclosure within the walls of the Vatican, sends forth his anathemas in such fashion, as to shut up the people of his faith, through the whole kingdom, to the necessity of choosing between being traitors to their sovereign in this world, or children of perdition in the next."

Such were the measures taken by the Queen and Government against the papal bull of excommunication, and the conspiracies and rebellions which were plotted for bringing the nation again under the usurpation of the Pope of Rome; and such was the condition of danger and distress to which all sincere and peaceable

Roman Catholics in the kingdom were reduced by his blasphemous bull. Yet these measures, severe and terrible as they were, fell short of the demands of the Puritan section and of the nation for the punishment of persistent Romanists and the complete extinction of popery; nor did such severe laws and proceedings prevent, much less extinguish, the conspiracies against which they were directed. Spain, at that time the most powerful kingdom in Europe, was the head, though the Pope was the heart, of this grand confederacy against the Protestantism and independence of England. Philip of Spain had said, "better not reign at all, than reign over heretics;" and by the stimulated action of the Spanish Inquisition from year to year in the most relentless prosecution of its bloody work, Philip was at length congratulated on having freed his kingdom from the last traces of Protestantism. The reign of terror overshadowed the peaceful, populous, flourishing, wealthy provinces of the Netherlands, from which crowds of artisans fled to the shores of England to escape the malevolence of their persecutors. The dungeon, the rack and the stake were doing their work there without stint; and the best blood of the country flowed upon the scaffold like water.

"The bravest and ablest of our statesmen," (says Vaughan) "our Cecils, and Smiths, and Walsinghams, remembering how this triumph of arbitrary power abroad might be expected to embolden machination at home, went forth to their duties every day with the feeling that no man knew what a day might bring forth. The Spanish ambassador was known to have encouraged an assassin in a meditated attack on Cecil. And in the midst of such a confluence of affairs, and while men's thoughts were thus occupied, came the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which French Catholics seemed to have determined to make it evident, that if they might not rival Spaniards in arms, they might at least hope to prove themselves their equals in intolerance, in treachery, and in cruelty."

These combinations and conspiracies abroad, and machinations at home against the Queen and Protestantism of England, were continued in subsequent years, and the net-work of their ramifications covered all Europe. Among the most subtle of these political agencies was that of the Jesuits and their trained pupils,

known as "Seminarists," a class of priests educated in English colleges founded on the continent for that purpose. The first of these colleges was founded and endowed at Douay by the King of Spain, who also founded three more of the same kind in Spain. Another was established by the Pope at Rome. They increased in the course of fifty years to nine, largely enriched by contributions from Catholics all over Europe and in England.

"Several hundred English priests," says Vaughan, "were sent over from those places to this country, to exercise their functions, and to employ themselves, under any disguise, and with little scruple, in efforts to sustain and to propagate their proscribed opinions. The Jesuits were the guiding spirits in those seminaries, and soon became known to Catholic families in England as the efficient coadjutors of the missionaries who had been trained to their work by the teaching of that order."

The varied and persistent efforts of the Pope and the King of Spain to destroy Elizabeth and Protestantism in England, and to place Mary Stuart and popery on the throne, called forth corresponding measures on the part of the Queen and Parliament to defend them. In addition to the enactments which followed the Pope's bull of excommunication and incitement to rebellion in England, another Act was passed in 1580, which, after repeating the former provisions that had made it high treason to reconcile her majesty's subjects, or to be reconciled to the Church of Rome, imposed a penalty of £20 a month on all persons absenting themselves from church, unless they should hear the English service at home; such as could not pay the fine within three months were to be imprisoned until they should conform. By a subsequent Act, the Queen had power to seize two-thirds of the party's land, and all his goods, in default of payment. "These grievous penalties on recusancy," says Hallam, "as the wilful absence of Catholics from church came now to be denominated, were doubtless founded on the extreme difficulty of proving an actual celebration of their own rites." The priests from the English seminaries abroad, coming into England in increasing numbers, and carrying on their secret work of disaffection and conspiracy, another Act was passed three years after the preceding, which required all priests who had been educated abroad, and who had

been ordained since 1559, to leave the kingdom within forty days: and all such priests continuing, or coming into the kingdom after that interval, were declared traitors. Parties harbouring or aiding such priests were declared guilty of felony; and any party having knowledge of any Jesuit, or any such priest, and not revealing it, was subject to fine and imprisonment.

These enactments, either in their character or penalties, admit of no justification according to our views and the received principles of government in this age. They were directed against a creed; but that creed, in the reign of Elizabeth, was made by the Pope's own act, and the advocacy and proceedings of his emissaries, a creed of rebellion against the monarchy and independence of England. "For," as Hallam remarks, "the Pope's right to deprive kings of their crowns was in that age the common creed of the Jesuits."

Queen Elizabeth had earnestly desired to avoid inflicting capital punishment on account of religion. Eighteen years of her reign had passed without the shedding of Romanist blood, a striking contrast to the conduct of her sister Queen Mary, during the five and a half years of whose reign hundreds had been sentenced to the flames for religion alone, though the Protestants of Norfolk and Suffolk had largely contributed to place her on the throne, and that upon the express assurance that they should be allowed to exercise their religious faith and worship without let or hindrance. It was not until nineteen years after the accession of Elizabeth, that the first Roman priest was put to death—one Maine, of Launceston, in Cornwall, as Fuller says, "for his obstinate maintaining of the papal power." Four years later, 1581, several priests and Jesuits, who had landed in England from the Netherlands, were apprehended and put upon their trial for having come for treasonable purposes. One of these Jesuits was Parsons, who made his escape, and became afterwards a slanderous writer against the Queen and her councillors, and Protestants generally. The other Jesuit was Campion, who was imprisoned, tried and executed, having, on the rack, confessed several of his accomplices. But men of this character, if prepared simply to disavow the deposing power of the Pope, even if convicted of previous acts of sedition, escaped punishment.

In 1584, five priests were executed as traitors at Tyburn; but "no fewer than seventy (some of them actually condemned to die, and all legally deserving death) were by one act of grace pardoned and sent over beyond the sea." In the following year, thirty-two who were prisoners in the tower, in the Marshalsea prison, or in the Queen's Bench, were "pardoned, enlarged, and transported into Normandy."*

But though Protestantism in Spain had been extinguished in blood by the papal Inquisition, and the Netherlands were being drenched with the blood of Protestants by the military executioners of Rome, and hundreds of emissaries were being sent into England to promote sedition and rebellion, yet, when these severe defensive enactments and measures were adopted to maintain the Government and laws of the land, the whole continent resounded with denunciations of the Queen's inhuman and cruel persecutions of the faithful. "The Queen was held forth," says Hallam, "in pamphlets, dispersed everywhere from Rome to Doucy, not only as a usurper and a heretic, but a tyrant more ferocious than any heathen persecutor, for inadequate parallels to whom they ransacked all former history. These exaggerations, coming from the very precincts of the Inquisition, required the unblushing forehead of bigotry."

It was thought necessary to refute these libellous publications, and to justify the acts of the Queen's Government in the punishment of several popish priests as traitors. "A state-book" (says Strype) "therefore was now set forth, called 'The execution of justice for maintenance of public and Christian peace; against certain stirrers of sedition, and adherents to the traitors and enemies of the realm; without any persecution of them, as is falsely reported and published by the fautors and fosterers of their treasons, December 17th, 1583.' The running title is, 'Execution for treason, and not for religion.' This publication was followed by another, with the title, "A declaration of the favourable dealing of Her Majesty's commissioners, appointed for the examination of certain traitors; and of tortures unjustly reported to be done upon them for matters of religion." These

* Fuller's Church History, Vol. III., Book IX., Section VI.

tracts were written by Secretary Cecil, now Lord Treasurer Burleigh, in whose hand-writing Strype says he saw them.

In the first of these tracts an account is given of the manner in which "natural born subjects of the realm" had been stirred up to sedition in England, and open rebellion in Ireland, and that when these rebels, who escaped detection, "fled into foreign countries, and there falsely informed many kings, princes and states" that they had been persecuted out of their country for the cause of religion. In the second of these tracts, Lord Burleigh declares,

"That never those Seminarists, or any other pretended Catholics, which at any time in her Majesty's reign had been put to the rack, were upon the rack, or in any other torture, demanded any question of their supposed conscience; but only with what persons at home or abroad, and touching what plots, practices, and conferences they had dealt about attempts against her Majesty's estate or person; or to alter the laws of the realm for matters of religion, by treason or by force."

The great body of the Roman Catholics were placed in circumstances truly painful, and even wretched, under these laws imposing heavy penalties on recusancy, or non-attendance at church, and proscribing their clergy, and the measures adopted to discover them in their disguises and places of concealment, and prosecuting them with such severity. But the primary and really guilty authors of all their sufferings were the Pope and King Philip of Spain, whose joint mandates and policy converted the priests into sworn emissaries of conspiracy and rebellion against the sovereign and religion of England, and placed all English Catholics in the position of suspected persons, with the simple but dreadful alternative of being rebels against the Queen or the Pope. And the Queen's chief minister—Lord Treasurer Burleigh—justified the necessity of the severe laws and measures to counteract the designs of Rome and Spain; yet in the same year that he put forth the above quoted tracts, in explanation and defence of such a policy, he submitted to the Queen a paper in which he expressed his extreme pain and reluctance in regard to adopting measures so harsh and severe, and recommended the mitigation of the

oath and its interpretation, so "that whosoever would not bear arms against all foreign princes, and naming the Pope, that should in any way invade your Majesty's dominions, he should be a traitor." Lord Burleigh says, afterwards, "I count that putting to death does not always lessen them [the papists]; since we find by experience, that it worketh no such effect, but like hydra's heads, upon cutting off one seven grew up, persecution being counted as the badge of the Church, and therefore they should never have the honour to take any pretence of martyrdom in England, where the fulness of blood and greatness of heart is such that they will, even for shameful things, go bravely for death; much more when they think themselves to climb heaven; and this vice of obstinacy seems to the common people a divine constancy; so that for my part I wish no lessening of their number but by preaching and by education of the younger under schoolmasters."*

But while recommending the abolition of capital punishment, except in cases of refusing an oath to aid against foreign invasion, the Lord Treasurer recommended the further prudential means of keeping down popery, in addition to preaching and educating the youth, "that from the highest counsellor to the lowest constable, none shall have any charge or office but such as really pray and communicate in their congregation according to the doctrine received generally in this realm." He recommended also the protection of tenants against popish landlords, "that they be not put out of their living for embracing the established religion." But the Puritan section of the Queen's councillors, and the Puritan section of the nation resisted the slightest mitigation of severities against the Romanists.

MAN-LIKE is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

—From the *SINNGEDICHTE* of *Frederick Von Logau*.

* Somers' Tracts, 164, quoted by Hallam, chap. iii. p. 119.

A SUMMONS.

BY THE REV. E. F. BURR, D.D.

WHAT, ho ! ye many idle men,
 In market-place still sitting,
 Though sun is up, and working hours
 So fast away are flitting,
 Is there no honest work to-day,
 No master fair to hire you,
 That ye sit here with loins ungirt,
 And hands that hang beside you ?

Behold a vineyard nigh and wide !
 Its gates are widely open,
 And from within come loudly forth
 These words by Master spoken :
 " Up, ah, ye many idle men,
 Into my broad field come ye,
 And work with me till sun go down—
 Then rest in Heaven with me."

Now list ye to these goodly words
 That from the Lord come sounding,
 And set to work like faithful men
 In all his field surrounding ;
 Think ye what Master great ye have
 To watch and work beside you—
 Think of the wage of endless life
 Which He will soon provide you.

Nor man can want nor world can give
 A field so worth your tilling—
 Strange that to till such field as this
 All men should not be willing !

If I were ye, no earthly thing
 Without this field should keep me ;
 And, once within, no earthly power
 Without the field should sweep me.

See through the gates some men ye know,
 For God sublimely toiling ;
 They plough and plant, they till and reap,
 Yet whitest hands not soiling.
 Now rise, ye drones, and join these men !
 Be every whit abreast them !
 What matters work to weary men
 If Heaven at last shall rest them !

Will ye sit here the livelong day
 While God for work is calling,
 And crowns to pay for faithful work
 Like showers of stars are falling ?
 What will ye do when day is done
 If ye no work can show Him
 In all His wide and waiting field
 For all the work ye owe Him ?

What will ye do when day is done
 If ye no wage have taken,
 But find that they who work forsake
 Must be of God forsaken ?
 Know, workless men are worthless men,
 Let him who will deny it ;
 And chaff, like wind, shall fly away
 When God with fan shall ply it.

PIONEER METHODISM.*

BY THE REV. EDWARD EGGLESTON, D.D.

CHAPTER I.

HOW METHODISM CAME TO HISSAWACHEE VALLEY.

COLONEL WHEELER was the great man of the Hissawachee settlement, in Ohio, sixty years ago. He lived in a log house on the hill-side, and to this there rode one day a stranger. He was a broad-shouldered, stalwart, swarthy man, of thirty-five, with a serious but aggressive countenance, a broad-brim white hat, a coat made of country jeans, cut straight-breasted and buttoned to the chin, rawhide boots, and "linsey" leggings tied about his legs below the knees. He rode a stout horse, and carried an ample pair of saddle-bags.

Reining his horse in front of the colonel's double cabin, he shouted, after the Western fashion, "Hello! Hello the house!"

"Hello!" answered Colonel Wheeler, opening the door, "Hello, stranger, howdy," he went on, advancing with caution, but without much cordiality. He would not commit himself to a welcome too rashly; strangers needed inspection. "Light, won't you?" he said, presently; and the stranger proceeded to dismount, while the Colonel ordered one of his sons who came out at that moment to "put up the stranger's horse, and give him some fodder and corn." Then turning to the new-comer, he scanned him a moment, and said: "A preacher, I reckon, sir?"

"Yes, sir, I'm a Methodist preacher, and I heard that your wife was a member of the Methodist Church, and that you were very friendly; so I came round this way to see if you wouldn't open your doors for preaching. I have one or two vacant days on my round, and thought maybe I might as well take Hissawachee Bottom into the circuit, if I didn't find anything to prevent."

* Condensed from "The Circuit Rider: a Tale of the Heroic Age." Routledge & Sons, London: Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

By this time the colonel and his guest had reached the door, and the former only said, "Well, sir, let's go in, and see what the old woman says. I don't agree with you Methodists about everything, but I do think that you are doing good, and so I don't allow anybody to say anything against you preachers without taking it up."

Mrs. Wheeler, a dignified woman, with a placidly religious face—a countenance in which scruples are balanced by evenness of temperament—was at the moment engaged in dipping yarn into a blue dye that stood in a great iron kettle by the fire. She made haste to wash and dry her hands, that she might have a "real good, old-fashioned Methodist shake-hands" with Brother Magruder, "the first Methodist preacher she had seen since she left Pittsburg."

Colonel Wheeler readily assented that Mr. Magruder should preach in his house. Methodists had just the same rights in a free country that other people had. Besides, he proceeded, his wife was a Methodist; and she had a right to be, if she chose. He was friendly to religion himself, though he wasn't a professor. If his wife didn't want to wear rings or artificials, it was money in his pocket, and nobody had a right to object. Colonel Wheeler plumed himself before the new preacher upon his general friendliness towards religion, and really thought it might be set down on the credit side of that account in which he imagined some angelic book-keeper entered all his transactions. He felt in his own mind "middlin' certain," as he would have told you, that "betwixt the prayin' for he got from *such* a wife as his, and his own general friendliness to the preachers and the Methodis' meetings, he would be saved at the last, *somehow or nother.*"

Colonel Wheeler's son was despatched through the settlement to inform everybody that there would be preaching in his house that evening. The news was told at the Forks, where there was always a crowd of loafers; and each individual loafer, in riding home that afternoon, called a "Hello!" at every house he passed; and when the salutation from within was answered, remarked that he "thought liker'n not they had'n heern tell of the preacher's comin' to Colonel Wheeler's." And then the eager listener, generally the woman of the house, would cry out,

"Laws-a-massy! You don't say! A Methodis'? One of the shoutin' kind, that knocks folks down when he preaches! Well, I'm agoin', jist to see how *redik'*lus them Methodis' *does* do!"

The news was sent to the school, which had "tuck up" for the winter, and from this centre also it soon spread throughout the neighbourhood. It reached Captain Lumsden's very early in the forenoon.

"Well!" said Lumsden, excitedly, but still with his little crowing chuckle; "so Wheeler's took the Methodists in! We'll have to see about that. A man that brings such people to the settlement ought to be lynched. But I'll match the Methodists."

Captain Lumsden accordingly got up a dance as a counter-attraction to the preaching.

Despite the dance, however, there were present, from near and far, all the house would hold. For those who got no "invite" to Lumsden's had a double motive for going to meeting; a disposition to resent the slight was added to their curiosity to hear the Methodist preacher. The dance had taken away those who were most likely to disturb the meeting; people left out did not feel under any obligation to gratify Captain Lumsden by raising a row.

Both lower rooms of Wheeler's log house were crowded with people. A little open space was left at the doors between the rooms for the preacher, who presently came edging his way in through the crowd. He had been at prayer in that favourite oratory of the early Methodist preacher, the forest.

Magruder was a short, stout man, with wide shoulders, powerful arms, shaggy brows, and bristling black hair. He read the hymn, two lines at a time, and led the singing himself. He prayed with the utmost sincerity, but in a voice that shook the cabin windows and gave the simple people a deeper reverence for the dreadfulness of the preacher's message. He prayed as a man talking face to face with the Almighty Judge of the generations of men; he prayed with an undoubting assurance of his own acceptance with God, and with the sincerest conviction of the infinite peril of his unrepentant hearers. It is not argument that reaches men, but conviction; and for immediate, practical purposes, one Tishbite Elijah, that can thunder out of a

heart that never doubts, is worth a thousand acute writers of ingenious apologies.

When Magruder read his text, which was, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God," he seemed to his hearers a prophet come to lay bare their hearts. Magruder had not been educated for his ministry by years of study of Hebrew and Greek, of Exegesis and Systematics; but he knew what was of vastly more consequence to him—how to read and expound the hearts and lives of the impulsive, simple, reckless race among whom he laboured. He was of their very fibre.

On this evening he seized upon the particular sins of the people as things by which they drove away the Spirit of God. The audience trembled as he moved on in his rude speech and solemn indignation. Every man found himself in turn called to the bar of his own conscience. There was excitement throughout the house. Some were angry, some sobbed aloud, as he alluded to "promises made to dying friends," "vows offered to God by the new-made graves of their children,"—for pioneer people are very susceptible to all such appeals to sensibility.

When at last he came to speak of revenge, Kike Lumsden, who had listened intently from the first, found himself breathing hard. The preacher showed how the revengeful man was "as much a murderer as if he had already killed his enemy and hid his mangled body in the leaves of the woods where none but the wolf could ever find him!"

At these words he turned to the part of the room where sat, white with feeling, Hezekiah Lumsden, or Kike Lumsden, as he was generally called. Magruder, looking always for the effect of his arrows, noted Kike's emotion and paused. The house was utterly still, save now and then a sob from some anguish-smitten soul. The people were sitting as if waiting their doom. Kike already saw in his imagination the mutilated form of his uncle Enoch (with whom he had had a deadly quarrel), hidden in the leaves and scented by hungry wolves. He waited to hear his own sentence. Hitherto the preacher had spoken with vehemence. Now, he stopped and began again with tears, and in a tone broken with emotion, looking in a general way toward where Kike sat: "O, young man, there are stains of blood on your hands! How

dare you hold them up before the Judge of all? You are another Cain, and God sends his messenger to you to-day to inquire after him whom you have already killed in your heart. *You are a murderer!* Nothing but God's mercy can snatch you from hell!"

No doubt all this is rude in refined ears. But is it nothing that by these rude words he laid bare Kike's sins to Kike's conscience? That in this moment Kike heard the voice of God denouncing his sins, and trembled? Can you do a man any higher service than to make him know himself, in the light of the highest sense of right that he is capable of? Kike, for his part, bowed to the rebuke of the preacher as to the rebuke of God. His frail frame shook with fear and penitence, as it had before shaken with wrath. "O God! what a wretch I am!" cried he, hiding his face in his hands.

"Thank God for showing it to you, my young friend," responded the preacher. "What a wonder that your sins did not drive away the Holy Ghost, leaving you with your day of grace sinned away, as good as damned already!" And with this he turned and appealed yet more powerfully to the rest, already excited by the fresh contagion of Kike's penitence, until there were cries and sobs in all parts of the house. Some left in haste to avoid yielding to their feeling, while many fell upon their knees and prayed.

The preacher now thought it time to change, and offer some consolation. You would say that his view of the atonement was crude, conventional, and commercial; that he mistook figures of speech in Scripture for general and formulated postulates. But however imperfect his symbols, he succeeded in making known to his hearers the mercy of God. And surely this is the main thing. The figure of speech is but the vessel; the great truth that God is merciful to the guilty, what is this but the water of life?—not less refreshing because the jar in which it is brought is rude! The preacher's whole manner changed. Many weeping and sobbing people were swept now to the other extreme, and cried aloud with joy. Perhaps Magruder exaggerated the change that had taken place in them. But is it nothing that a man has bowed his soul in penitence before God's justice, and then lifted

his face in childlike trust to God's mercy? It is hard for one who has once passed through this experience not to date from it a revolution. There were many who had not much root in themselves, doubtless, but among Magruder's hearers this day were those who, living half a century afterwards, counted their better living from the hour of his forceful presentation of God's antagonism to sin, and God's tender mercy for the sinner.

It was not in Kike to change quickly. Smitten with a sense of his guilt, he rose from his seat and slowly knelt, quivering with feeling. When the preacher had finished preaching, amid cries of sorrow and joy, he began to sing, to an exquisitely pathetic tune, Watts' hymn:

" Show pity, Lord, O ! Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ? "

The meeting was held until late. Kike remained quietly kneeling, the tears trickling through his fingers. He did not utter a word or cry. In all the confusion he was still. What deliberate recounting of his own misdoings took place then, no one can know. Thoughtless readers may scoff at the poor backwoods boy in his trouble; but who of us would not be better if we could be brought thus face to face with our own souls? His simple penitent faith did more for him than all our philosophy has done for us, maybe.

At last the meeting was dismissed. But Kike stayed immovable upon his knees. His sense of guilt had become an agony. All those allowances which we in a more intelligent age make for inherited peculiarities and the defects of education, Kike knew nothing about. He believed all his revengefulness to be voluntary; he had a feeling that unless he found some assurance of God's mercy then he could not live till morning. So the minister and Mrs. Wheeler and two or three brethren that had come from adjoining settlements stayed, and prayed and talked with the distressed youth until after midnight. The early Methodists regarded this persistence as a sure sign of a "sound" awakening.

At last the preacher knelt again by Kike and asked "Sister

Wheeler" to pray. There was nothing in the old Methodist meetings so excellent as the audible prayers of women. Women oftener than men have a genius for prayer. Mrs. Wheeler began tenderly, penitently to confess, not Kike's sins, but the sins of all of them; her penitence fell in with Kike's; she confessed the very sins that he was grieving over. Then slowly—slowly, as one who waits for another to follow—she began to turn toward trustfulness. Like a little child she spoke to God; under the influence of her praying, Kike sobbed audibly. Then he seemed to feel the contagion of her faith; he, too, looked to God as a father; he, too, felt the peace of a trustful child.

The great struggle was over. Kike was revengeful no longer. He was distrustful and terrified no longer. He had "crept into the heart of God" and found rest. Call it what you like, when a man passes through such an experience, however induced, it separates the life that is passed from the life that follows by a great gulf.

Kike, the new Kike, forgiving and forgiven, rose up at the close of the prayer, and with a peaceful face shook hands with the preacher and the brethren, rejoicing in this new fellowship. He said nothing, but when Magruder sang

" Oh ! how happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above !
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love,"

Kike shook hands with them all again, bade them good-night, and went home and laid himself down to rest.

CHAPTER II.

HEZEKIAH LUMSDEN'S FIRST SERMON.

DURING the time that had intervened between Kike's conversion and Magruder's second visit to the settlement, Kike had developed a very considerable gift for earnest speech in the class-meetings. In that day every influence in Methodist association

contributed to make a preacher of a man of force. The reverence with which a self-denying preacher was regarded by the people was a great compensation for the poverty and toil that pertained to the office. To be a preacher was to be canonized during one's lifetime. The moment a young man showed zeal and fluency he was pitched on by all the brethren and sisters, as one whose duty it was to preach the Gospel; he was asked whether he did not feel that he had a divine call; he was set upon watching the movements within him to see whether or not he ought to be among the sons of the prophets. Oftentimes a man was made to feel, in spite of his own better judgment, that he was a veritable Jonah, slinking from duty, and in imminent peril of a whale in the shape of some providential disaster. Kike, indeed, needed none of these urgings to impei him toward the ministry. He was a man of the prophetic temperament—one of those men whose beliefs take hold of them more strongly than the objects of sense. The future life, as preached by the early Methodists, with all its joys and all its awful torments, became the most substantial of realities to him. He was in constant astonishment that people could believe these things theoretically and ignore them in practice. If men were going headlong to perdition, and could be saved and brought into a paradise of eternal bliss by preaching, then what nobler work could there be than that of saving them? And let a man take what view he may of a future life, Kike's opinion was the right one—no work can be so excellent as that of helping men to better living.

Kike had been poring over some works of Methodist biography which he had borrowed, and the sublimated life of Fletcher was the only one that fulfilled his ideal. Methodism preached consecration to its disciples. Kike had already learned from Mrs. Wheeler, who was the class-leader at Hissawachee settlement, and from Methodist literature, that he must "keep all on the altar." He must be ready to do, to suffer, or to perish, for the Master. The sternest sayings of Christ about forsaking father and mother, and hating one's own life and kindred, he heard often repeated in exhortations. Most people are not harmed by a literal understanding of hyperbolic expressions. Laziness and selfishness are great antidotes to fanaticism, and often pass

current for common sense. Kike had no such buffers: taught to accept the words of the Gospel with the dry literalness of statutory enactments, he was too honest to evade their force, too earnest to slacken his obedience. He was already prepared to accept any burden and endure any trial that might be given as a test of discipleship. All his natural ambition, vehemence, and persistence, found exercise in his religious life; and the simple-hearted brethren, not knowing that the one sort of intensity was but the counterpart of the other, pointed to the transformation as a "beautiful conversion," a standing miracle. So it was, indeed, and, like all moral miracles, it was worked in the direction of individuality, not in opposition to it.

Brother Magruder had received a severe beating from some rowdies and was unable to preach. The little band of Methodists had counted much upon his visit, and now the devil seemed about to snatch the victory. Mrs. Wheeler enthusiastically recommended Kike as a substitute, and Magruder sent for him in haste. Kike was gratified to hear that the preacher wanted to see him personally. His sallow face flushed with pleasure as he stood, a slender stripling, before the messenger of God.

"Brother Lumsden," said Mr. Magruder, "are you ready to do and to suffer for Christ?"

"I trust I am," said Kike, wondering what the preacher could mean.

"You see how the devil has planned to defeat the Lord's work to-day. My lip is swelled, and my jaw so stiff that I can hardly speak. Are you ready to do the duty the Lord shall put upon you?"

Kike trembled from head to foot. He had often fancied himself preaching his first sermon in a strange neighbourhood, and he had even picked out his text; but to stand up suddenly before his school-mates, before his mother, and, worse than all, before his cousin, Morton Goodwin, was terrible. And yet, had he not that very morning made a solemn vow that he would not shrink from death itself!

"Do you think I am fit to preach?" he asked, evasively.

"None of us are fit! but here will be two or three hundred

people hungry for the bread of life. The Master has fed you ; He offers you the bread to distribute among your friends and neighbours. Now, will you let the fear of man make you deny the blessed Lord who has taken you out of a horrible pit and set your feet upon the Rock of Ages ? ”

Kike trembled a moment, and then said : “ I will do whatever you say, if you will pray for me.”

“ I’ll do that, my brother. And now take your Bible and go into the woods and pray. The Lord will show you the way, if you put your whole trust in him.”

The preacher’s allusion to the bread of life gave Kike his subject, and he soon gathered a few thoughts, which he wrote down on a fly-leaf of the Bible, in the shape of a skeleton. But it occurred to him that he had not one word to say on the subject of the bread of life beyond the sentences of his skeleton. The more this became evident to him, the greater was his agony of fear. He knelt on the brown leaves by a prostrate log ; he made a “ new consecration ” of himself : he tried to feel willing to fail, so far as his own feelings were involved ; he reminded the Lord of His promises to be with them He had sent ; and then there came into his memory a text of Scripture : “ For it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak.” Taking it after the manner of the early Methodist mysticism, that the text had been supernaturally “ suggested ” to him, he became calm ; and finding, from the height of the sun, that it was about the hour for meeting, he returned to the house of Colonel Wheeler, and was appalled at the sight that met his eyes. All the settlement, and many from other settlements, had come. The house, the yard, the fences were full of people. Kike was seized with a tremor. He did not feel able to run the gauntlet of such a throng. He made a detour, and crept in at the back door like a criminal. For stage-fright—this fear of human presence—is not a thing to be overcome by the will. Susceptible natures are always liable to it, and neither moral nor physical courage can avert it.

A chair had been placed in the front door of the log house, for Kike, that he might preach to the congregation indoors and the much larger one outdoors. Mr. Magruder sat on a wooden bench just outside. Kike crept into the empty chair in the doorway

with the feeling of one who intrudes where he does not belong. The brethren were singing, as a congregational voluntary, to the solemn tune of "Kentucky," the hymn which begins :

" A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save
And fit it for the sky."

Magruder saw Kike's fright, and, leaning over to him, said : " If you get confused, tell your own experience." The early preacher's universal refuge was his own experience. It was a sure key to the sympathies of the audience.

Kike got through the opening exercises very well. He could pray, for in praying he shut his eyes and uttered the cry of his trembling soul for help. He had been beating about among two or three texts, either of which would do for a head-piece to the remarks he intended to make ; but now one fixed itself in his mind as he stood appalled by his situation in the presence of such a throng. He rose and read, with a tremulous voice :

" There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes ; but what are they among so many ? "

The text arrested the attention of all. Magruder, though unable to speak without pain, could not refrain from saying aloud, after the free old Methodist fashion : " The Lord multiply the loaves ! Bless and break to the multitude ! " " Amen ! " responded an old brother from another settlement, " and the Lord help the lad ! " But Kike felt that the advantage which the text had given him would be of short duration. The novelty of his position bewildered him. His face flushed ; his thoughts became confused ; he turned his back on the audience out of doors, and talked rapidly to the few friends in the house : the old brethren leaned their heads upon their hands and began to pray. Whatever spiritual help their prayers may have brought him, their lugubrious groaning, and their doleful, audible prayers of " Lord, help ! " depressed Kike immeasurably, and kept the precipice on which he stood constantly present to him. He tried in succession each division that he had sketched on the fly-leaf of the Bible, and found little to say on any of them. At last, he could

not see the audience distinctly for confusion--there was a dim vision of heads swimming before him. He stopped still, and Magruder expecting him to sit down, resolved to "exhort" if the pain should kill him. The Philistines meanwhile were laughing at Kike's evident discomfiture.

But Kike had no notion of sitting down. The laughter awakened his combativeness, and his combativeness restored his self-control. Persistent people begin their success where others end in failure. He was through with the sermon, and it had occupied just six minutes. The lad's scanty provisions had not been multiplied. But he felt relieved. The sermon over, there was no longer necessity for trying to speak against time, nor for observing the outward manner of a preacher.

"Now," he said, doggedly, "you have all seen that I cannot preach worth a cent. When David went out to fight he had the good sense not to put on Saul's armour. I was fool enough to try to wear Brother Magruder's. Now, I'm done with that. The text and sermon are gone. But I'm not ashamed of Jesus Christ. And before I sit down I am going to tell you all what he has done for a poor lost sinner like me."

Kike told the story with sincere directness. His recital of his own sins was a rebuke to others; with a trembling voice and a simple earnestness absolutely electrical, he told of his revengefulness, and of the effect of Magruder's preaching on him. And now that the flood-gates of emotion were opened, all trepidation departed, and there came instead the fine glow of martial courage. He could have faced the universe. From his own life the transition to the lives of those around him was easy. He hit right and left. The excitable crowd swayed with consternation, as in a rapid and vehement utterance, he denounced their sins with the particularity of one who had been familiar with them all his life. Magruder forgot to respond; he only leaned back and looked in bewilderment, with open eyes and mouth, at the fiery boy whose contagious excitement was fast setting the whole audience ablaze. Slowly the people pressed forward off the fences. All at once there was a loud bellowing cry from some one who had fallen prostrate outside the fence, and who began to cry aloud as if the portals of an endless perdition were yawn-

ing in his face. This outburst of agony was fuel to the flames, and the excitement now spread to all parts of the audience. Kike went from man to man, and exhorted and rebuked each one in particular. Kike's mother wept bitterly under his exhortation; and Morton sat stock still on the fence listening, half in anguish and half in anger, to Kike's public recital of his sins.

THE TOILER.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

ALL day the weary heir of toil
Still o'er his labour bent,
Outworn with never-ending tasks,
With ceaseless effort spent ;
With cheerful heart he bore his part,
The man was yet content.

His toil was cheered by tender thoughts
Of loved ones and of home,
Of babes and wife, the joys of life ;
His cot than palace dome
They made more dear, and evermore
Suppressed complaint or moan.

His frame was nerved to bravest deeds ;
It was for them he wrought ;
His soul was strong ; the day, though long,
Was gladdened by the thought
Of household joys and childhood wiles
That purest pleasure brought.

Now ringeth forth the welcome bell,
The signal of release :
Amid the evening shadows cool
He findeth sweet surcease
From bond and thrall. Like dews that fall
Descendeth Home's calm peace.

So we, amid life's weary toil,
May cheer our fainting souls
With hope of Heaven and Home above,
Where joy's full river rolls
For us at last, life's sorrows past,
When Death's mild curfew tolls.

WHO ARE THE WISE?*

BY THE REV. GEORGE DOUGLAS, LL.D.

“But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.”—Acts xxvi. 25.

I.

FOR the right understanding of the historic Scriptures, it is always helpful to be familiar with those places where the recorded events transpired. Our text points to the ancient city of Cæsarea, so called after the Imperial Cæsar. This city was one of rare magnificence. The lightness, grace and beauty of the Grecian architecture, was combined with the massive strength of the Roman, and everywhere, in finest marble, porticos, temples, and theatres adorned its thronged avenues of wealth and refinement. High over all stood the vice-regal palace. Out of this palace corrupt Felix and abandoned Drusilla had but lately and forever gone, while cold, frivolous, skeptical—yet withal, just and generous—Festus, reigned in his stead. Finding a distinguished Jewish prisoner left in bonds, and availing himself of the diplomatic ability of Agrippa, then on a friendly visit, he summoned the impeached and imprisoned Paul to appear and vindicate his character. How grandly historic is the scene which opens before us! Picture to your mind the presence chamber of Oriental royalty, with tessellated floor and pillared magnificence—its walls hung with the purple of Tyre, and the damask of Damascus, while symbols of Roman power meet the eye in frescoed splendour. There enthroned, sit Festus and Agrippa, surrounded with a brilliant array of courtiers; while,—be astonished, O ye heavens, and give ear, O earth!—the grandest type of moral manhood on which the world ever gazed, with famine in his look and beggary on his back, manacled and in chains, is before them. Responsive to the invitation of Agrippa, he rises in his defence and opens with graceful elegance. As he advances

* A sermon preached in the Music Hall, Boston, in aid of the Boston Missionary Society.

he kindles into power. Like the morning dew that hangs the pendant diamond-drops of flashing beauty on loftiest branch and lowliest leaflet, so the splendour of his eloquence rests on the entire of his great appeal, till at length, rising to a climax, he proclaims his faith in the resurrection of the dead; when Festus, aroused and defiant, with courtly insolence, arrested him with the cry, "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad!" In the strength of that sublime fortitude which never forsook him, the Apostle responds, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness."

This fragment of history, enacted two thousand years ago, embodies mighty and ever-active principles, undying as the race.

Who is Festus, but the cold, frivolous, and skeptic spirit of the world, assailing our spiritual Christianity in its disciples, with a cry, "Thou art beside thyself?" And who is Paul, but the spirit of Christianity with its disclaimer, "I am not mad, most noble Festus?"

To justify the Apostolic disclaimer by some three or four illustrations, is the subject to which we invite your prayerful attention.

I. *The disciples of Christianity are not beside themselves when they assert their sense of obligation and supreme love to God.*

The knowledge of God comes to us from two sources: The revealings of nature and the higher revelations of the Divine Word. In all nature there is evidence of intelligent design,—of wisdom in the mighty plan,—of power and executive and esthetic skill in the development of the universe. When the searching and subtle intellect, trained by scientific methods, looks into the secrets of nature, what revealings greet the eye? It sees the inert molecules of matter, by some hidden affinity, rushing to each other's embrace, and building themselves up into forms of crystalline beauty. It sees the germ principles of life blossoming into the flower,—blossoming into the myriad forms of being, up and up to the crowned and kingly dignity of man. It sees the universal reign of law that, with grasp soft as silk but strong as treble brass, holds the universe of matter and of mind in its integrity. In all this we have the great literature of nature

out of which intelligence deciphers something of the name and nature of God. Now thus far the worldly Festuses applaud and approve. But say, how crude are the conceptions of God which nature supplies! The God of nature, as nature tells its own story, is without mercy, and as far as we can see, without justice either, as the wrongs of the weak throughout the universe seem to declare. And here the Pauls of Christianity part company with the Festuses of the world, and turn to those higher revelations of Scripture for adequate conceptions of God. And how do the Scriptures make known God? Behold and see. Long ere Leonardo da Vinci had groped after, or Bacon had given to the world his Philosophy of Induction,—which by the plan of inductive thought rises from simple and known facts into broad generalities and possibilities,—long before this, David, Isaiah, and our Divine Lord had applied this very principle to the knowledge of God. Observe the process, how natural and simple. In every man there is planted an image of the Divine,—tarnished, defaced, defiled it may be, but an image still. And now from the known, the infinite and perfect. Where shall I find out some of the finest properties in the Fatherhood of God? Why, see the noble father! How his children run to meet him; and there is responsive joy. Ah, but yonder in the silent room is the stricken lamb of his flock,—his dying girl. It is there he hastens. It is there he longest lingers, and with smiles twin-born with tears, pours on her sweet, saddened heart the choicest treasures of his love. And what then? Why, “Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him, for He knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust.”

And where, again, shall we catch a conception of the wondrous sympathy and tenderness of God? Oh, see you the gentle mother, gentle to all! See her (as one has put it): She has a silent boy, the music of whose voice she never heard, for he was born dumb. Say, is he forgotten? Hear that mother as she sings her song of sorrow and of love:

“My silent boy, I hold thee to my breast
 Just as I did when thou wert newly born!
 It may be sinful, but I love thee best,
 And kiss thy lips the longest night and morn.”

Oh, thou art dear to me beyond all others,
And when I breathe my trust and bend my knee
For blessings on thy sisters and thy brothers,
God seems the mightiest when I pray for thee!"

And what then? why, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee. Can a mother forget? Yea, she may; yet will I not forget thee." And now from these premises how grand the induction! If you take all the sympathy that has trickled and dropped from the myriad human hearts that have throbbled through the ages, and then put infinite to the mighty sum, still, it must forever fail to set forth the oceanic sympathy of God, who not only gave His love, but by incarnation, and atonement, and blood, and intercession, gave Himself for us. Now I would turn round and ask the most cold and skeptical man in the house, Is it insanity to recognize the authority of such a God? Is it madness to shed on Him the full summer bloom of the heart's intensest love? Never! Let, then, the skeptic Festus cry out, "Thou art beside thyself!" The disclaimer must be, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness;" for

"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."

Again, the disciples of Christianity are not beside themselves when they found their confidence for time and eternity on this Divine Word.

From the aspect in which we have just contemplated the character of God, is it to be believed that this great Father, full of sympathy, would leave His children in the darkness of this world, crying for the light, and refuse to enlighten that darkness with words of cheer and consolation? If insanity there be, to believe this would be the greatest. It is the faith of all ages, that God hath spoken to man,—spoken in all nature, spoken in the deep intuitions of the soul, It is the faith of all Christianity, that God hath spoken to man,—supremely and finally in this Book Divine. And what a foundation for confidence does this Book supply!

Look, for example, at its claims on the intellectual homage of the race. You are familiar with the gradations of mind-power amongst men. Beginning with average ability, above this we have talent, above talent we have capacity and power of manhood, above capacity we have that indefinable, creative, transcendent force which we call genius. This stands as the culminating point where the intellect of man flowers into its highest ability and beauty. Now, by common consent, it is conceded that whatever the world's genius looks up to and holds in highest honour, must be higher than man. Go walk the ages! Go interrogate the masters of deep philosophy, of music, and of art,—those who have held empire over the intellects and hearts of millions, and what is the testimony? What gave inspiration to reverent and mighty Milton? What gave power to many-minded Shakspeare and La Placé, and the long succession of geniuses, down and down to corrupt and brilliant Byron, and that blatant atheist, Shelley, who enriched his poetry with the very beauties which he filched from that Book he affected to despise? It required a Creation and a Messiah to wake the lyre of a Handel and the vision of angels to kindle the dying Mozart into the melody of his last requiem. Nowhere but here has highest art found its ideals to incarnate in fresco and monumental stone. Now, when the Festus of modern society would fling insult in the face of those who pay homage to this blessed Book, observe, it is not against the lowly Christian alone, but it is the loftiest master-builders of science, song, and thought sublime, who are thus impeached! And who is not ready to exclaim, "Hide that man his diminished head who would thus insult the intelligence of the ages by an effrontery which ignorance itself must blush to own?"

But then the claims of this Book rest on higher grounds than the homage of genius. Look at the magnificence of its revealings! I see the man of science standing on this rolling earth, looking out into the infinities,—as Pascal puts it:—by the aid of his glass his vision sweeps away and away, to that outlying world whose light has been travelling ten thousand ages before it fell on his eye. Go ask this man of Newtonian intellect, who has made worlds his stepping stones, on which to ascend and graduate

the universe,—go ask him what is beyond his farthest vision, and his answer must be, "I cannot tell." And now turn to the child in our Sabbath-school, or the lowliest man of simple faith in the Divinity of this Word, and ask him,—yes, ask him, and he will tell you, that beyond the sun and planets, beyond the fixed stars and nebulae, beyond those flaming worlds that stand as the lamps of God, lighting the way to the infinite—yes, as the old hymn expresses it,

"Beyond the bounds of time and space,"

there is a "Heavenly place," a Father's house of many mansions, where eyes weep no more, and sorrow thralls the heart no more, where the orange blossoms of joy are no more blighted by the hand of Death, but the tabernacle of God is with men. Who, in the face of this, dares to assert that our Christianity cramps and fetters the intellect when it thus flings open the visible and invisible world for our contemplation? It reveals God, it reveals man, it reveals immortality, it reveals the great purposes of the Eternal in the universe itself. And then, still further, it is not only its revealings of grandeur, but the *finding power* which slumbers in God's Word, that claims our regard. "No book," says that profound thinker, Coleridge, "finds me like the Bible, and whatever thus finds me in the greatest depths of my being, must be of God." And who cannot testify to its finding power? How it handles our entire being! How like the knife of the anatomist it pierces to the dividing asunder, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart! How it walks with lowly steps the inner sanctuary of the soul, and drags out our secret sins to the light of God's countenance! How it gives authority to conscience, and thunders and lightens, and uncovers hell itself! And then, how it softens into tenderness, and like the whispers of the Æolian harp in sunny lands soothes the spirit with a charm divine. Oh, this Divine truth! In fair, angelic form, like her Master, she came down from heaven; like her Master she walked the earth; like Him is despised and rejected of men! This truth of God,—men have cast her into the fires, but she rose from the ashes more royal than ever. They have drawn the poniard, and by the cold steel of a merciless

criticism, have sought to strike her to the heart ; but there is a divinity in truth which murder cannot kill. Trampled in the dust like the flowers, like them she only exhales a sweeter fragrance. Radiant with the light of Heaven on her brow, see her stooping to sweet childhood, and saying, "I will teach you the fear of the Lord." See her with elastic step hastening to assure the young that she will be the guide of their youth. See her whispering promises in the ears of the disconsolate, and binding up the broken-hearted. See her putting her everlasting arms beneath the head of the dying. And then, when the world has done its worst, and age has done its worst, and disease has done its worst, and the ruined tabernacle is crumbling into the sepulchre, see her put the crown of an immortal hope on the brow of the perishing, and then, grandly lifting herself up, and pointing to another world, exclaim, "Fear no evil, for thou shalt dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." And now, most noble Festus, is Paul beside himself, and are Christians mad when they cling to this Book, with its grand traditions, with its mighty revealings and imperial power to reach the heart? With undaunted front we can look the world in the face and cry, "I am not mad! Not mad!"

"Let all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art;
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind this gospel to my heart."

THE WAVE.

"WHITHER, thou turbid wave?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou?"

"I am the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the Sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time."

—Longfellow.—From the German of "Tiedge."

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

I.

“ Death deposes

Intemperance to do the work of Age ;
 And hanging up the quiver Nature gave him,
 As slow of execution, for despatch
 Sends forth licensed butchers ; bids them slay
 Their sheep, (the silly aneep they fleeced before,)
 And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal.

Oh ! what heaps of slain

Cry out for vengeance on us.”

—*Young.*

In the elucidation of this subject I shall be largely dependent upon the testimony of the medical profession, who possess advantages for its study beyond those of any mere lay observer ; and many of whom have done distinguished service to the cause of Temperance by their laborious researches and able publications on this important question.

The highest chemical and medical testimony warrants the assertion that alcohol is always and only a poison, and invariably acts as such on the animal economy. It is so classified in all the great works on Toxicology—in Orfila, Christison, Regnault, Taylor, Lellemand, Perrin, Duroy, and almost everyone who has written upon the subject. It is generally characterized as an irritant narcotic, or more frequently narcotico-acrid poison, and is classed with such substances as strychnine, nightshade, tobacco, opium, aconite, coctulus Indicus, and hellebore.

Dr. Carpenter expresses the result of his induction from the physiological laws of the system and from a vast number of experiments, as follows :—“ The action of alcohol upon the animal body in health is essentially *poisonous* ; producing such a disturbance in the regular course of vital action, as, when a sufficient dose or succession of doses is administered, becomes fatal.” He further asserts, that “ the condition of drunkenness in all its stages is one of *poisoning*.”

"The sedative action of alcohol on the brain," says Christison, one of the highest authorities on Toxicology, "constitutes it a *powerful narcotic poison*. For its effects as such, if rapidly brought on by a large dose, *there is no antidote known*."

"Alcohol," says Dr. Story, "is a very powerful *irritant narcotic poison*," and he cites in corroboration of his assertion, the British, Dublin, and French Dispensatories, and those of Germany, Italy, Russia and the United States, Dungleson's and Copeland's medical dictionaries, and other authorities of eminence. "Indeed I do not know of a responsible medical writer," he concludes, "who dares to say it is not a poison."*

"The shock of a large dose of alcohol on the nervous system," says Professor Miller, "acts like a blow on the head or a kick on the stomach. The heart stops, life ceases. Prussic acid is not more deadly." After describing the phenomena of drunkenness, he remarks, "These are examples of plain *poisoning*—a common word which carries an alarming sound; but put it into a classical shape, and it seems much less formidable. 'Was he *poisoned*?' 'Oh no! only intoxicated.' And yet, the words mean, literally, the same thing; the latter being derived from the Latin *toxicum*, or poison." It is thus used of any poisonous agent, as "arsenical or mercurial intoxication," or poisoning.

Dr. Munroe says, "Alcohol is a powerful narcotic poison; and, if a large dose be taken, no antidote is known." Dr. C. A. Lee asserts that "all writers on materia medica rank it among the most powerful and fatal of narcotic vegetable poisons." "It would be difficult to find a more destructive poison than ardent spirits," says Dr. Gordon. "Their local effects," says Professor Perreia, "are those of a powerfully irritant and caustic poison." "Prussic acid and ardent spirits," says Dr. Johnson, "are equally poisons;" "and they act upon the system," says Dr. Grinrod, "in the same way."

Dr. Percy gives several striking examples of its virulent effects on the animal economy. He injected 2½ oz. of alcohol into the stomach of a full-grown spaniel, and the animal *immediately* fell lifeless to the ground. "Never," he says, "did I see every spark of vitality more effectually and more instantaneously extin-

* "Alcohol: Its Nature and Effects." New York: 1868, pp. 76-80.

guished." The mode in which death occurred, was almost precisely identical with that of poisoning with a strong dose of prussic acid.

The effects upon man are no less deadly. Dr. Cooke cites the case of a man who dropped down dead almost immediately after drinking a quart of gin; and Professor Orfila cites that of two soldiers who died, one on the spot and the other while being conveyed to the hospital, after drinking about seven pints of brandy. "Few persons," says Dr. Campbell, "have any idea of the number of deaths which are continually taking place from the *direct* results of alcoholic intoxication or poisoning. In one year we find no fewer than two hundred and seventy-eight deaths in England and Wales set down to this cause, and there is too much reason for believing that this number is far from representing the whole amount." There were also recorded five hundred and sixteen deaths from delirium tremens—the result of alcohol poisoning.

The sneer of veteran toppers, that if alcohol is a poison it is a very *slow* one, is thus proved to be without foundation. But even if it were so, it is none the less deadly and sure. "Alcohol in all its combinations," says Dr. Grinrod, "is a positive and effectual poison. The moderate proportion in which it may be taken does not do away with its injurious consequences. They are, in the end, more destructive because less observed and less guarded against."

More frequently, it is true, the effects of alcohol are less immediately fatal. As the results of its use the man may sink into a state of coma, or become "dead drunk," from which condition he may rally, but with shattered nerves and injured brain. Or, without having ever been even intoxicated, in its ordinary signification, his system may become thoroughly empoisoned, the deadly virus coursing through each envenomed vein, till he sinks into a condition of "*alcoholismus chronicus*," as it has been called, or chronic alcohol poisoning.

The physical and mental condition of the confirmed drinker indicate the deadly nature of his accustomed beverage. A constant giddiness affects his brain, and he is smitten with partial paralysis. He has lost control of the voluntary muscles, especially those of locomotion and speech, as is evidenced by his stagger-

ing gait and incoherent utterance. The hands are affected with a nervous tremor, and the features, which give such expression to the countenance, especially the lips, nose and eyelids, are subject to convulsive twitching and involuntary quivering. The senses are blunted, and sight and hearing impaired. The mental faculties are weakened. The sleep is capricious and disturbed. Strength, appetite, and energy fail, and can only be stimulated for a time by recourse to the baneful draught that is destroying the body. The skin becomes shrivelled, sallow, and leaden, or fiery and blotched; the eye becomes bleared, yellow, and vacant; the whole form bloated and sensual, and God's noblest handiwork is blasted by the accursed poison of alcohol. "Arsenic," says Professor Miller, "could not sap life more surely; and all this may be done, without the victim having even been once absolutely drunk."

No sin bears more strikingly the brand of God's displeasure and the stigma of disgrace. The victims of this sensual vice all carry about with them, like the mark of Cain, their visible condemnation. "The show of their countenance doth witness against them."

"What a piece of work," exclaims our great dramatist, "is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!" Yet all this beauty, nobility, and dignity are marred, defaced and trampled out by the foul hoof of the sensual fiend, Intemperance.

The naturally poisonous character of alcohol is increased by the abominable system of adulteration which is universally practised. Even the purest alcohol contains an admixture of fusil oil, the product of distillation, which is a far more dangerous and deadly poison still. Besides this, the most potent and acrid poisons are added to increase the intoxicating qualities, and to create and stimulate an artificial thirst which "grows by that on which it feeds." The bare enumeration of these deadly drugs is perfectly appalling. The following are some of those most frequently used, as derived from the best authorities on the subject: "Oil of vitriol, oil of cassia, oil of turpentine, oil of juniper, oil of almonds, capsicum, grains of paradise, logwood, oxides of lead, sugar of lead, cocculus Indicus, copperas, henbane, nux vomica, opium,

green vitriol, alum, belladonna, and stramonium; nitric, sulphuric, prussic, acetic, tartaric, citric, and butyric acids; nitric, sulphuric, and acetic ethers; cochineal, black ants, caustic potash, pearlash, tannic acid, and carbonate of lime."

There is ample evidence that every one of the above-named noxious drugs, and many others besides, are used in the adulteration of liquor. "Twenty-five per cent. of the intoxicating quality of whisky in America," says Dr. Story, "is derived from strychnine; some was so strongly impregnated that the slop killed the hogs that drank it." "The sophistication of wine by two terrible poisons, viz. corrosive sublimate and arsenic," says David Booth, "is practised by the Dutch for the purpose of preserving them in a sound state." An analysis of two oz. of wine from the cellar of Sir James Douglas, in Edinburgh, gave one grain and a quarter of sulphate of arsenic. This adulteration takes place largely in malt liquors as well as in wine and spirits.

Dr. Cox, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who was appointed by the Legislature chemical inspector of liquors, says, "I have made over six hundred inspections, and I positively assert that over ninety per cent. of all I have analyzed were adulterated with the most pernicious and poisonous ingredients." He analyzed some whisky and found seventeen per cent. alcohol, when it should have been fifty per cent. and the difference made up of sulphuric acid, and other virulent poisons. "One pint of such liquor," he says, "would kill the strongest man." He analyzed some seignette brandy. A steel blade left in the liquor fifteen minutes turned it black as ink. The steel itself was corroded and covered with a deposit of copper almost as thick as if plated.

In 1866 London consumed twice as much port wine as was shipped from the whole Douro valley in the same year; the most of it was the salubrious vintage of the London wine and spirit vaults. "He who practises this dangerous sophistication," says Accum, "adds the crime of murder to that of fraud, and deliberately sows the seeds of disease and death among those who contribute to his emolument." Dr. Hunter, of London, states that an epidemic which attacked nearly every man of three regiments in Jamaica was traced by him to the presence of lead in the rum. Dr. Warren speaks of twenty persons sickened by lead in white

wine, one of whom died, and one became paralytic. Many other instances of deaths caused by adulterations might also be cited.

But in other ways, besides active poisoning, alcohol induces disease, and creates a morbid condition of the body generally, and especially of the nervous system. Indeed, Dr. Gordon, of the London Hospital, estimates that fully seventy-five per cent. of the existing diseases are distinctly referable to its use. "I never got a patient by water drinking," says Dr. Gregory, "but thousands by strong drink."

Let us notice a few of the more characteristic effects of alcohol on the different organs of the body.

In consequence of the excess of labour imposed upon the lungs, in the effort to eliminate the imbibed alcohol from the system the blood is not properly depurated by the action of the air; but continues to circulate through the body laden with effete and corrupt matter, preventing proper nutrition, and impairing the action of the entire organism. Structural disease of the lungs themselves is often thus induced. Dr. McIntosh, Sir James Clark, and Drs. Buchan and McLean, attribute much of the prevailing pneumonia and tuberculosis to the use of alcoholic drinks.

The liver, which is also one of the great purifying organs of the body, shares the common injury, and becomes particularly subject to disease. One of the most frequent forms of this is an engorged and congested condition, often causing acute or chronic inflammation. Frequently, under the indurating influence of alcohol, the liver is subject to atrophy and shrinks to half its usual size. Sometimes, also, an enormous enlargement takes place from the deposition of unhealthy fat, technically known as "drunkard's liver" or "gin liver." Indeed, grain soaked in spirits is often given to fowls by poultry-dealers, for the express purpose of enlarging the size of the liver. Dr. Fife, of Edinburgh, reports having examined a human liver of fifty pounds weight, eight or ten times the natural size; yet the man had died with a deficiency of bile. That secretion is often changed in spirit drinkers from a bright yellow, limpid fluid, to the colour and consistency of tar.

The presence of alcohol also injures the other excretory organs, and is the frequent cause of renal affections, especially that known

as Bright's disease. Dr. Christison states that over three-fourths of all the cases that he met with were among habitual drunkards.

Alcoholic stimulation has also a tendency to produce inflammation of the valves and great vessels of the heart, and many morbid deposits; and especially to induce ossification and fatty degeneration of that vital organ. It is the frequent cause of aneurism, and also of accelerated action and excessive inflammation of the heart. From these causes, the life of many confirmed inebriates is not worth an hour's purchase, and they may at any moment drop down dead.

Great injury is also done to the digestive powers by the use of alcoholic liquors, in neutralizing the gastric juice, and overtaxing the glands by which it is secreted. But the harm does not end here. The structure of the stomach itself is subject to organic injury. If alcohol be applied to the abraded surface of the body, or to the mucous membrane, it will irritate and inflame. Just so it affects the tender and sensitive lining of the stomach and alimentary canal. Their wonderful network of vessels becomes engorged, inflamed, and stimulated to unnatural activity. Thickening and induration ensue; and, finally, schirrhus, cancer and ulceration follow. The stomach rejects all food, and instead of bland and normal secretions, puts forth acrid and purulent discharges.

These effects were visibly apparent in the living organ of Alexis St. Martin, in whose stomach an opening caused by a gunshot wound never closed up. After even a temporary indulgence in liquor, general inflammation, and vitiated secretions were observed, and this, notwithstanding his generally sober character. How much worse must be the condition of confirmed drunkards! The same appearance is exhibited in *post-mortem* examinations of persons addicted to liquor.

The skin is especially liable to disease from determination of blood to the surface, congestion of the subcutaneous vessels, and defective nutrition. The face, from its exposure to external cold, is the more subject to this affection; hence its mottled and purplish appearance in *boozivants*, as, by a monstrous perversion of language, they are called, who violate every principle of right living. The rum blossoms and fungoid growths, the carbuncles

and tumours to which dram-drinkers are subject, have been well denominated "the signals which nature holds out in token of internal distress," and are the safety-valves for the escape of the "peccant humours of the blood." The victims of intemperance are also especially liable to erysipelatous affections, and have the honour of giving the name to a special disease—*Psora Ebriorum*, or drunkard's itch. They are also peculiarly subject to gout, rheumatism, and other arthritic affections caused by the presence of morbid matter in the blood.

There are certain disorders of perverted nutrition, directly caused by alcoholic liquors, which are strangely enough considered evidences of their healthful and beneficial effects. The excessive corpulence of many wine and spirit drinkers is actually a disease, instead of a symptom of health. It is unnatural, destroys the grace and symmetry of the body, and makes its unwieldy subject less fit for the active duties of life. The fat globules in the blood are prodigiously multiplied. In healthy blood there should only be from two to four parts in a thousand; in that of a drunkard, Lecann, the distinguished French chemist, found a hundred and seventeen parts in a thousand, or forty times as much as ought to be. Frequently the muscular fibre itself is changed into fat, and becomes soft and doughy, and loses its contractile energy. The vital organs have their structure impaired by fatty degeneration; the walls of the blood-vessels become changed and readily give way under undue pressure—a frequent cause of apoplexy;—and even the substance of the heart is transformed into fat, and that organ becomes soft, flabby and sluggish, and finally altogether fails.

Dr. Chambers says, "Alcohol produces fatty degeneration more than any other agent; and three-fourths of the chronic diseases of England and America are in some way combined with fatty degeneracy, and chiefly with those who use ardent spirit."

But the long dark catalogue of diseases produced by alcohol is not yet complete. "Time would fail me," says Dr. Sewell, "were I to attempt an account of half the pathology of drunkenness. Dyspepsia, jaundice, emaciation, corpulence, dropsy, ulcers, rheumatism, gout, tumors, palpitation, hysteria, epilepsy, palsy, lethargy, apoplexy, melancholy, madness, delirium tremens, and

premature old age, compose but a small part of the catalogue of diseases produced by alcoholic drinks. Indeed, there is scarcely a morbid affection to which the human body is liable, that has not, in one way or another, been produced by them ; there is not a disease but they have aggravated, not a predisposition to disease which they have not called into action."

In confirmation of this appalling statement, Dr. Story cites the authority of thirty-seven eminent medical writers, who have borne their testimony to the same effect, and added several deadly diseases to the ghastly list, including hypochondriasis, cirrosis of the liver, gastritis, pyrosis, apoplexy, and even caries and necrosis of the bones.

Dr. Kirk, of Greenock, says that the diseases produced by alcohol are "far more destructive than any plague which ever raged in Christendom, more malignant than any other epidemic pestilence which ever devastated our suffering race, whether in the shape of the burning and contagious typhus, the loathsome and mortal small pox, the cholera of the East, or the yellow-fever of the West."

"Not a blood-vessel," says Dr. Mussey, "however minute, not a thread of nerve in the whole animal machine escapes the influence of alcohol."

Thus is realized the awful vision in "Paradise Lost," in which Michael shows Adam the fearful evils which should come upon the world in consequence of his transgression.

"Some by violent stroke shall die ;
By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more.
. which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire, all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums."

THE THOROUGH BUSINESS MAN.

BY BENJAMIN ORME, B.A.

IF a writer of fiction were to delineate in a novel a man of business who never pushed an enterprise without thoughts of benefiting others; who never found an opportunity where others had missed it, without bending down on his knees and begging God to direct him how best to use the results for His glory; who did not aim at enriching himself, but at being influential in noble ministries of improvement; who, while the sharpest of observers, did not lose faith in men; and who, never straying from the straitest path of rectitude though engaged in large transactions, made his home circle happy, was constant in his friendships, and was as active in matters pertaining to his Church as though he had had no other interests in life—if a novelist, we say, were to paint such a man, he would be accused of foisting upon us a purely imaginative creation. And yet here is a book* which tells, mostly by means of his own words and actions, how a man in our own day rose from a comparatively low position to wealth and to influence, and how he won the love and esteem of all who knew him sheerly by the beauty of his Christian character and the elevated consistency of his life. The life of Walter Powell is a rich gift to us in the present day. Our young men need to be brought under the savour of such a bright example.

His father was a London merchant, who had fallen into straits, and who emigrated to Van Diemen's Land when his son was still but an infant. He settled on the Macquarie Plains, but fortune did not follow him into the new country. He was soon prostrated by rheumatic fever; and the station, left at the mercy of convicts become bushrangers, was speedily despoiled of what little of value it held. The wife opened a school for the children of the settlers round about, and by this means contrived for a while to make ends meet. But their difficulties and trials were great. They were in terror from the natives, in terror from the white

* The Thorough Business Man; Memoirs of Walter Powell, Merchant, Melbourne and London. By Benjamin Gregory. Strahan & Co.

man, and daily dreaded fresh attacks. The young Walter, who early showed a great love for nature, and a liking to roam freely amid the beautiful scenery, soon learned a remarkable degree of agility and self-help in these circumstances. He and his brothers had even to make their own toys. "Having no smooth 'stonies or polished 'aliefs,' they were fain to make to themselves common *taws* of clay, rounded by the hand and hardened in the fire. One day, while superintending the latter process, Walter, then only five years old, watched his work too closely, and one of the heated pellets flew out of the fire and hit him in the wide-open eye, depriving it, for this life, of all power of vision." He had no play-fellows save his own brothers and sisters; and, as the only servants that could be procured were *convicts*, the anxiety of the mother as to the morals of her children may easily be conceived. She herself undertook Walter's education, and well did she fulfil her self-allotted task. He grew up a thoughtful, active, but high-spirited boy. What he regarded as one of his greatest causes for thankfulness in after years was, that on one occasion, when he had actually levelled his gun to shoot a man who had insulted and injured him, it missed fire, thus sparing him the remorse of having been guilty of actual homicide.

Before he was ten he had formed the fixed resolution to retrieve the fortunes of the family; and at twelve, being then able to write a good hand, he went as a clerk to Mr. Evans, at Launceston, some short distance from his father's settlement. Here, as his master was often abroad, he was left much to himself, his sole society being that of an old man-servant—a convict. The only incident, it seems, which broke the monotony of his desk work was the accusation of having embezzled a missing five-pound note. It is very characteristic, as showing his keen sense of honour and the high place which his mother held in his thoughts and his esteem, that, "*without waiting to deny the charge*, he ran home to his mother, who, returning with him, was met by an apology, and the information that in her son's absence the misplaced sum had reappeared." He had by this time learned some self-control.

Three years he was kept at this solitary work, and then he went to another office, that of Mr. Bell, an auctioneer. Many

fine traits showed themselves whilst he was here. For one thing, he now moved in a more congenial atmosphere. Mrs. Bell was a member of the Wesleyan Church, and the household was pervaded by pious influences. He had derived religious impressions from his mother, and now he desires to join the meeting for family worship. A resolution and considerateness, as well as a remarkably clear insight into character, begin now to show themselves. He is thoughtful, yet far from morose; serious, yet kindly.

The first payment he received from Mr. Bell was devoted to purchasing for his mother a sack of flour and a chest of tea. On another occasion, receiving a letter from his married sister, describing the distressing difficulties of herself and husband as pioneer settlers at Port Philip, he at once laid out the whole of his savings in procuring for them a dray and a pair of horses, and in defraying the cost of shipment. Nor was his sympathy confined within the circle of his own relationship. A poor man lamenting to him the straitness of his means and the largeness of his family, Walter suggested the possibility of improving his circumstances by starting as a dealer. The man replied hopelessly that the *start* required ten pounds—a sum which, in his state of hand-to-mouth dependence, he had no prospect of ever possessing. Walter, seeing that his well-meant advice had only served to make the poor fellow more painfully sensible of his utter helplessness, immediately gave him the ten pounds, although his own salary was but one hundred pounds a year.

An accident which his own courage and ambition had led to, began to develop results likely to prove serious, and he went, sick, into the country. He returned, it was feared, only to die. He was visited by the Rev. John Turner, a Wesleyan, then ministering at Launceston: and the great change came. Though hitherto serious, and unexceptionally correct in his conduct, he had not yet come decisively under the influence of the Holy Spirit. Under Mr. Turner's preaching, Launceston was then undergoing a "revival," which had been signalled by the conversion of many notoriously evil characters. Walter Powell was in one respect a fruit of the Launceston revival. The sedulous anxiety for souls, and the fervour of spirit, which went to produce the revival,

when brought to bear upon his heart and conscience, made him a true Christian. The ground had been carefully prepared, and when the seed was cast in, it soon struck root and grew. After his unexpected recovery, he had for a while moments of deep doubt and despondency; but by-and-by they vanished, and left him a strong and well-equipped worker for God, and for the good of his fellow-men.

He joined the Wesleyan Church, and at once began that system of dedicating to God's service a due proportion of all his gains, which he unwaveringly practised to the end. Mrs. Bell says that, "shortly after his union with the Church, he commenced reading the Bible through consecutively. On reaching the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis, he was struck with Jacob's dedication of a tenth of all the Lord might bless him with to His own service. He told me that he had determined to do the same." The colony at this time experienced great depression: many merchants failed, some had to leave for other places. Mr. Bell was no exception to the general rule, but Powell stuck firmly by his employer. "He worked like a slave in the quantity, though not in the spirit of his work. He would toil far into the night. He even went so far as to insist on the reduction of his own salary, as he saw that the business could not justify its present amount."

At this period, Powell was only in his twenty-third year. Active in business, and taking on himself ever knew burdens, he yet had more time than most young men to devote to the special institutions and enterprises of the community to which he belonged. The love-feast, the watch-night, and the early morning prayer-meeting were prized by him as unspeakable privileges.

While reading the early part of this biography, we have had over and over again to remove a persistent impression by a conscious reference to dates. "Are these the words and sentiments of a young man of twenty-one or two?" we have asked ourselves. Here they are so wise and forbearing; there so far-sighted and sensible; now they are so pure and spiritual and full of ripe experience; and then again so shrewd, and practical, and decided. It seems as though Walter Powell scarce enjoyed any youth. The boy steps, as it were at one bound, into man-

hood. There are no records of vain schemes, of vague plans, or ambitious purposes, such as we generally denominate youthful. He will raise his family out of the slough of depressing misfortune into which they have fallen; he will work hard, very hard, for this end; but it must be in such a way that at every point he can earnestly ask God's blessing on his success. And his success was largely due to this fact. Walter Powell had no harassing and haunting fears. His every day was so filled with his proper duties, and each of these was performed with such a sustained sense of dependence upon God, that, even though misfortune should come, he had already got the best sort of profit out of his endeavours that could possibly be obtained. If wealth came—well; it was beforehand dedicated; for one principle ran through all his actions—love to God and warm desire to serve his fellow-creatures. Not much was ever done by any man if the strong tie of a guiding principle did not hold together the energies, ever tending to disperse themselves; Walter Powell seized his guiding principle firmly; and with results that prove once again the truth of the text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all other things shall be added unto you."

Walter Powell was successful; but even from the wordly point of view he deserved to be so. He never sank down under reverses, and of reverses and difficulties he certainly had his full share. It was never all sunshine with him. The great hopefulness with which he put forth fresh efforts when one thing had failed him is indeed very noticeable. We have seen how cold and backward were the circumstances of his childhood and youth; how he was launched on the world, as one would have fancied, only half-furnished with tools; how he even then delighted in aiding the worthy; how he generously shared the burden of Mr. Bell's misfortunes; and now we are to see him bravely bear himself after he has taken upon himself the burdens of wedded life. He married in the beginning of 1845. Scarcely was he settled, when the trade of Tasmania began to ebb away from it, to flow into the infant settlement of Victoria. There was nothing for it but that he must follow the tide of trade.

The Melbourne of those days was very different from what it is now. It was then only nine years old, and in a rough, rudi-

mental state. But it promised soon to become an important seat of commerce. Mr. Powell speedily secured the respect of the towns-people, and what he still more rejoiced in, a congenial religious circle. Even amid all the struggles incident to forming a new business in such a place, and though his health was far from robust, we find that he did not forget the claims of the Church upon his time and means. He was first secretary, and then superintendent, of the large Sunday-school, and besides held several Church offices. He visited Geelong and other places to speak in favour of abstinence, drunkenness being then the great vice of Australia. For fully two years he went on thus industriously, faithfully; laying, though without much apparent result, the solid foundations of future prosperity. He visited England to open up advantageous connections with some of the wholesale houses. He remained six months, having accomplished the main objects of his visit. He returned to Melbourne with a selection of goods such as he felt sure would command the market. But it is very characteristic of him, both as respects sagacity and moral principle, that he took a situation for a year in order that he might start free of debt. What an amount of zealous self-respect and faithfulness this implied, especially in a young colony where rash adventure and speculation are sure very speedily to become the fashion! He had made up his mind that, if this effort did not succeed, he would retreat into a subordinate position, and content himself with that for life. Scarcely had he got a start made, when the cry of *gold* arose; the "yellow fever" spread quickly; and Melbourne was almost deserted. But as Mr. Powell's purchases had been to a large extent in iron, he very soon found that his "diggings" lay at home. Picks and spades were the two things in demand; and he could supply them. It was a time of success, but it soon became to him a season of sorrow. Two sons had been born to him and had been buried within two years. A sister and a brother now died, leaving large families; and he assumed the charge of both of them. Then Mr. Powell himself was laid down with scarlet fever. No sooner was he recovered than he had to bury another child—his first-born son. But he bore up wonderfully. Into all his worldly affairs he carried a singular prudence. Knowing how

precarious was the continuance of the *gold rush*, he made judicious investments, purchasing land, building stores in new neighbourhoods, and extending his business connections. "But his habits of systematic benevolence and spontaneous generosity were strengthened, not impaired, by the sudden influx of success."

Having secured a residence a few miles out of town, he threw himself all the more unreservedly into "good works"—re-establishing schools and churches, and helping the needy. The Rev. Mr. Butters thus notes the principal movements in which Mr. Powell took a leading part at this critical period of the religious history of Victoria:—

"1. Our Sunday-schools, which he was very ready to help both by personal service and by his purse.

"2. Increased ministerial strength to overtake the rapidly growing wants of the community.

"3. The establishment of the Wesleyan Immigrants' Home.

"4. Additional church accommodation for the thousands who were constantly pouring into the colony.

"5. Ministerial and church provision for the gold fields, which threatened, unless immediate and effective measures were taken, to deluge the colony with vice and crime.

"6. The formation of the Australian Methodist Mission Churches into a distinct and independent communion, with a Conference of its own.

"7. The establishment of a book depot in Melbourne.

"8. The erection and furnishing of Wesley College."

Of the Immigrants' Home and the Book Depot, if he was not the founder, he was the chief promoter. He gave liberally to both. The cost of the building for the Home was £3,500; but this soon gave place to a more extensive institution, which arose out of the stimulus which the general public had received from the efforts and example of the Wesleyans. Mr. Powell was one of the most active administrators of this society. It would be simply impossible to reckon up his aids to good objects. While he was making such magnificent gifts as £1,500 to Wesley College, and subscribing hundreds to church schemes, the "little cottage at South Yarra, with its verandah festooned with honeysuckle and jasmine, was unchanged, excepting that a few pictures

beautified the walls, and rather better furniture filled the rooms. The habits of the household were not appreciably altered. . . . One instance of his generosity, which gives a glimpse of his nobility of character, must not be omitted. Learning that Mr. Hargreave, the discoverer of the Australian gold-fields, was very little advantaged by a scientific revelation which had enriched so many thousands, Mr. Powell sent to him anonymously, through the editor of the *Argus* newspaper, £250, as an acknowledgment of his own personal indebtedness and his sense of Mr. Hargreave's claim on the public gratitude." And this was only in accord with one of his rules. Unless where it seemed desirable to provoke others to good works, his left hand knew not what his right hand did.

He was again on English soil in the end of 1860, and it was God's will that he should not see Australia more. He took a partner and settled as a London merchant, meaning, of course, to maintain his interest in the Melbourne business. As in Australia, so in England, he was ever active in good works. He joined societies; he gave readily of his means and of his time; and sought to be the friend of good men, and to increase the circle of his friends by making others like unto himself. He winds up a letter full of serious words and counsels to a young friend thus:—"Pray earnestly for direction as to what course to take, the best course will soon appear. . . . Do not go among a small community. If you want to do business, get to one of the centres of population. Do not trouble about my account. Pay me only when you can afford it; and should you get into extremity, use the enclosed, £100 draft. Do without it if you can, as I have plenty to do." Walter Powell's character is more completely written there than it can possibly be else. Sensible, shrewd, broad-minded, generous; never acting without reference to religious principle. On money, for its own sake, he never set any store. When he came into possession of a considerable property through the death of a relative who died intestate, he had reason for thinking that, had there been a will, the property would have gone to more necessitous friends, and he devoted the whole to the maintenance and education of some young relatives. Yet he did his kindness with wisdom. He did not think it prudent to give money freely. He always had regard to the probable

effect on the moral and spiritual nature of the recipients. In this spirit of integrity, religious devotion, and indefatigable industry, he spent these years in London; often wishing to return to Australia, yet constrained to remain. He had a hungry heart. His keen desire to see and to master many things linked him to London. It was the centre of the commercial world; and he felt he was in his right place in it. Even so early as 1861 he had written:—"I cannot help sighing for Australia." But in the end of 1863 his constitution, which had never fully recovered from the shock received from the accident in his youth, began to give ominous signs of breaking up. He limited his interests. He refrained from extending his business, refusing orders to the extent of £30,000 a year. He visited Belgium and Germany, and tried to find relief in change of scene and change of project. In vain; he did not recover strength. He went over to Germany again, tried some of the spas, with no marked good results; went here and there in hope, but found no real strengthening. He lingered on till the beginning of 1868, and died on the 21st January. His medical adviser, who was present at his death, said:—"I have attended men of rank and men of genius, men who have made a stir and noise in the world; but no man ever impressed me as that man. Occupied as I am, the remembrance of his holy expression of countenance and his beautiful character is continually before me."

Walter Powell takes rank with a noble class. He had much to struggle against and overcome; but he succeeded; and his character was very perfect. At the basis of it lay a very strong faith in the Divine help and guidance, which gave harmony to his whole character. As his biographer well says:—"All Mr. Powell's business qualities grew out of this root—all radiated from this centre, regard to the will of God and the interests of the eternal future." So his spiritual life leavened his character, and through that flowed out on everything that he did. There was, in his case, no sharp-drawn line of separation between the business man and the Christian. In this consists the value of his example as in it will lie the influence of his biography. His religion was genial, hopeful, great-hearted; and so was he in every sphere which he was called on to occupy. Such a man ennobleth trade.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY MRS. JULIA M. OLIN.

ELIZABETH BARRETT, the daughter of an opulent merchant of London, was born in that city in 1809. Her education, which was thorough and admirable, insuring a fine intellectual discipline, was of a masculine character. She was familiar with the Latin and Greek dramatists, and had a critical knowledge of Hebrew and other Oriental tongues. Her genius for poetry manifested itself at an early age. At ten, she wrote verse; and at seventeen, she published "The Battle of Marathon," an "Essay on Mind," and some other poems not included in the subsequent collections. In 1833, she published "Prometheus Bound, translated from the Greek of Eschylus." It attracted a good deal of attention, was severely criticised, but was pronounced by the London *Quarterly* a remarkable performance for a young woman. She afterward spoke of it as an early failure, and wrote an entirely new translation. She was exceedingly attractive and *spirituelle*. Miss Mitford speaks of her as one of the most interesting persons she had ever seen—"a slight, delicate figure; shower of dark curls; expressive face; tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eye-lashes; a smile like a sunbeam; a look of youthfulness."

In 1838, she published "The Seraphim and Other Poems." "The Seraphim" was a lyrical drama, embodying the thoughts and emotions awakened in the angelic host by the wondrous spectacle of the crucifixion. It was a lofty theme, before which the mightiest intellect might well stand in awe. Criticism condemned the laboured language, the overstrained metaphor, and pronounced it a failure; but the failure of a remarkable mind, conscious of power, but not of the limitations of that power.

At the time of the publication of this poem, the state of Miss Barrett's health became very critical, in consequence of the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs. There were no seeds of consumption, however, in her family; and, after she had been a year in the care of Dr. Chambers, he ordered her to Torquay, anticipating favourable results from the removal to a more benignant

climate. She was accompanied by devoted relatives, among whom was her eldest brother, in talent and character worthy of her. In a house by the sea-side, sheltered by the cliff, she spent a year, improving in health and strength in the mild sea-breezes of Devonshire. One lovely summer morning, her brother, with two fine young men, embarked in a sailing vessel for a trip of a few hours. Excellent sailors, familiar with the coast, they sent back the boatmen. No danger was apprehended; and yet, as they were crossing the bar, in the calm of that summer morning, within sight of those windows, where stood the beloved sister, with straining eyes and throbbing heart, the boat went down. All on board perished. Well might the light go out of those tender eyes at this pitiful sight. The bodies of the beloved dead—one of whom was an only son, the other the son of a widow—were never recovered. Throughout Devonshire and Cornwall, the eye of the traveller was attracted by handbills, posted in every village street, and on every church door, and for miles along the cliff, offering large rewards for linens cast ashore, with initials of the lost ones.

This tragedy nearly killed the sensitive young girl. All the winter, in the house at the foot of the cliffs, through the long nights, the roar of the waves sounded in her ears like the moans of the dying. The tragedy was ever enacted before her eyes. She blamed herself as the cause of this calamity. For her sake, her brother had come to the sea-side, and there he had met his death. Thenceforward she "shouldered great weights of pain." The effect upon her health was most disastrous. For years she was confined to a darkened room, seeing only her family and a few intimate friends; among whom was Miss Mitford, who would travel forty-five miles to see her, returning in the evening, without paying another visit. The long, dreary hours of illness were soothed by study and composition. She read almost every book worth reading in almost every language. She had no taste for light reading. To deceive her friendly physician, Dr. Barry, she had Plato bound like a novel. In the languor of her sick couch, she sought tasks suited to "performing manhood." She studied the writers of the Old Testament in their original tongue, and gathered the fruits of her patient study of the poets and

philosophers of Greece in a series of learned and brilliant essays, which she contributed to the *Athenæum*, on "The Greek Christian Poets." Her high religious faith, her vivid sense of the spiritual and the heavenly, her lofty aspirations, were quickened and strengthened in the guarded seclusion of her solitary life. The hopes and pleasures and distractions of the outer world came not near her. Her thoughts and words have a flavour of the antique and dwell among the old humanities, or soar beyond the empyrean. There is a tender pathos in some of her poems that touched the heart and awakened a profound interest in the youthful poetess, who, shrouded from the world's eye, enchanted its ear. She learned in suffering what she taught in song. Like the bird whose cage is darkened, that it may learn new and wondrous strains of melody, this sweet singer, in the darkness of her rooms, from which light and brightness were shut out, gave voice to "some high, calm, spheric tune," taught by the stern teacher, Sorrow. One of the most tender of these strains, that gave Elizabeth Barrett's name a place in many hearts, was on "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep:"

'Sleep soft, beloved,' we sometimes say,
 But have no tune to charm away
 Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
 But never doleful dream again
 Shall break the happy slumber, when
 'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

She speaks of the time of her girlhood as

"The sweet, sad years—the melancholy years—
 Those of my own life, who, by turns, had flung
 A shadow across me."

In 1839, "The Romaunt of the Page," was published, followed, in 1840, by the "Drama of Exile," "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," "Cry of the Human," "Lost Bower." "The Drama of Exile" compelled public attention, and while it provoked criticism on the temerity of a woman's entering the field where Milton alone had won laurels, yet many women at least preferred Miss Barrett's Eve to that of Milton, and there are passages in this Drama worthy of any poet's pen. There are no obscurity and

verbosity in Adam's address to Eve—that beautiful prophecy of woman's lot.

“ If sin came by thee,
And by sin death—the ransom-righteousness,
The heavenly life and compensative rest
Shall come by means of thee. . . .

Be satisfied ;
Something thou hast to bear through womanhood—
Peculiar suffering answering to the sin ;
Some pang laid down for some new human life ;
Some weariness in guarding such a life—
Some coldness from the guarded. . . .

But, go to! thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad ;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich :
An old man helped by thee shall make thee strong,
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest. Such a crown !
I set upon thy head—Christ witnessing
With looks of prompting love—to keep thee clear
Of all reproach against the sin foregone,
From all the generations which succeed.”

The “Lady Geraldine's Courtship” is a beautiful poem, of ninety-three stanzas, which were written in twelve hours. This extraordinary performance was to meet the exigency of making her two volumes of poems uniform in size, and to catch the vessel that was to carry her proofs to America. This exertion would not have been necessary if she had consented to put “The Dead Pan” at the end of the first volume, but she had promised Mr. Henry that this poem should conclude the collection, and he was not in town to release her from her promise. This charming poem opened for her a door through which love and joy entered. In one of its lines an allusion to a cleft pomegranate conveyed a graceful compliment to the poetry of Mr. Browning. He called to express his acknowledgments. Under ordinary circumstances he would not have been admitted, but by the mistake of a new servant he was ushered into the presence of the lady. What followed has been beautifully told by Mrs. Browning herself, in the “Sonnets from the Portuguese,” an imitation of the love poems

of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They were published in the second edition of her works in 1850. They are the most exquisite of love poems, and describe with marvellous grace the growth and progress of the new feeling, which, withdrawing her from the sad thoughts that had imprisoned her young life, brought renewed health to the body, and happiness to the sensitive nature so early defrauded of the joy of youth. These poems only find a parallel in the strains in which Dante celebrates

“Beatrice, the sweet and precious guide,
Who cheered him with her comfortable words.”

The following sonnets tell so beautiful a story of the wooing of the poetess by the poet that they can not be omitted in this memoir. This marriage of twin minds found no impediment, and, in 1846, Elizabeth Barrett became the wife of Robert Browning.

“A heavy heart, beloved, have I borne
From year to year until I saw thy face,
And sorrow after sorrow took the place
Of all those natural joys, as lightly worn
As the stringed pearls.”

“Yes, call me by my pet name! let me hear
The name I used to run at, when a child,
From innocent play, and leave the cowslips piled,
To glance up in some face that proved me dear,
With the look of its eyes. I miss the dear fond
Voices, which, being drawn and reconciled
Into the music of heaven’s undefiled,
Call me no longer. . . .

When I answer now
I drop a grave thought—break from solitude—
Yet still my heart goes to thee—ponder how—
Not as to a single good, but all my good.”

“What can I give thee back, O liberal
And princely giver! who hast brought the gold
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
And laid them on the outside of the wall
For such as I to take, or leave withal
In unexpected largesse! Am I cold,
Ungrateful, that for these most manifold
High gifts I render nothing back at all?
Not so. Not cold!—but very poor instead!

Ask God who knows ! for frequent tears have run
 The colours from my life, and left so dead
 And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done
 To give the same as pillow to thy head.
 Go farther ! Let it serve to trample on.

“ Yet love, mere love is beautiful indeed,
 And worthy of acceptance. Fire is bright,
 Let temple burn or flax. An equal light
 Leaps in the flame from cedar, plant, or weed,
 And love is fire ; and when I say at need,
I love thee—mark !—I love thee! in thy sight
 I stand transfigured, glorified aright,
 With conscience of the new rays that proceed
 Out of my face toward thine. There's nothing low
 In love, when love the lowest, meanest creatures
 Who love God, God accepts while loving so.
 And what I *feel*, across the inferior features
 Of what I *am* doth flash itself, and show
 How that great work of love enhances nature's.”

After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Browning went to Pisa, then to Florence, which became their permanent home. In 1849, her son was born, whom she calls her “own young Florentine, with amber curls and brave blue English eyes.”

Her works were published, with large additions, in 1850 ; and, in 1851, her love and sympathy for her adopted country found expression in the poems called “Casa Guidi Windows,” which is a simple story of personal impression, as she looked out upon the processions that surged through the streets of her beloved Florence. The windows, on a corner of the Via Maggio, one of the main thoroughfares of Florence, looked up this long street and commanded, for a great distance, the view of the coming processions which had for her so much meaning. No daughter of Italy sympathized more deeply with the oppression of her country, none has told the story in such stirring words. The rich poetry, vivid pictures, graphic illustrations, keen observation, the statesmanlike comprehension of the political problems, the love for the poetry and beauty of Italy make these poems a lasting monument to her fame. She first describes a grand procession of three hours long, composed in part of delegates from the Tuscan cities, who came to thank the Grand Duke for permission granted to citizens to guard their civic homes.

“How we gazed

From Casa Guidi windows, while, in trains
Of orderly procession, banners raised
And intermittent bursts of martial strains,
Which died upon the shout, as if amazed
By gladness beyond music—they passed on.”

“From Casa Guidi’s windows I looked forth
And saw ten thousand eyes of Florentines
Flash back the triumph of the Lombard North ;
Saw fifty banners, freighted with the signs
And exultations of the awakened earth,
Float on above the multitude, in lines
Straight to the Pitti.”

There, in that grim palace, Duke Leopold took the patriot’s
oath, which was, alas, to stand among the oaths of perjurers.

“From Casa Guidi windows I looked out ;
Again looked and beheld a different sight :
The Duke had fled before the people’s shout,
Not ‘live the Duke,’ who had fled for good or ill,
But ‘live the people,’ who remained.”

And then came the solemn entry, which pierced with such keen
sorrow to the heart of the gazer from Casa Guidi windows.

“Gazing then,

I saw and witnessed how the Duke came back ;
The regular tramp of horse and tread of men
Did smite the silence like an anvil black.

Then gazing, I beheld the long-drawn street
Line out from end to end, full in the sun
With Austria’s thousands, sword and bayonet,
Horse, foot, artillery, cannons rolling on,
So swept in mute significance of storm
The marshalled thousands, . . .
All straight-forward eyes,
And faces held as steadfast as their swords.

Beheld the armament of Austria flow
Into the drowning heart of Tuscany ;
And yet none wept, none cursed.

But wherefore should we look out any more
From Casa Guidi windows ? Shut them straight,
And let us sit down by the folded door
And veil our saddened faces, and so, wait

What next the judgment-heavens make ready for
 I have grown weary of these windows.
 Peradventure other eyes may see
 From Casa Guidi windows what is done,
 Or undone."

In April, 1868, I saw from Casa Guidi windows a fairer sight. Not the martial pomp of the proud oppressors of Italy, but the joyous welcome given to the sweet young Princess Marguerite, the bride of Prince Humbert. Amid glad faces and banks of flowers, beneath triumphal arches and waving banners the princess, with responsive smiles and acknowledgments of the glad greeting, went "straight to the Pitti." Italy was now free, and Marguerite, the daughter-in-law of Victor Emmanuel, came to hold her court in Florence.

The interior of Casa Guidi has been drawn by the graphic pens of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his wife, who were guests of the Brownings. Mrs. Hawthorne writes in her journal: "At eight we went to the illustrious Casa Guidi. We found a little boy in an upper hall with a servant. In the dim light he looked like a waif of poetry, with his long curling brown hair, and buff silk tunic, embroidered with white. He took us through an anteroom into the drawing-room, and on upon the balcony. In a brighter light he was lovelier still, with brown eyes, fair skin, and a slender, graceful figure. In a moment, Mr. Browning appeared, and welcomed us cordially. In a church near by, opposite the house, a melodious choir was chanting. The balcony was full of flowers in vases, growing and blooming. In the dark blue fields of space overhead, the stars, flowers of light, were also blossoming one by one, as evening deepened. The music, the stars, the flowers, Mr. Browning, and his child, all combined to entrance my wits. Then Mrs. Browning came out to us, very small, delicate, dark, and expressive. She looked like a spirit. A cloud of hair falls on each side her face in curls, so as partly to veil her features. But out of the veil look sweet, sad eyes, musing and far-seeing and weird. Her fairy fingers seem too airy to hold, and yet their pressure was very firm and strong. The smallest possible amount of substance incloses her soul and every particle of it is infused with heart and intellect. I gave her a branch of

small pink roses, twelve on the stem, in various stages of bloom, which I had plucked from our terrace vine, and she fastened it in her black velvet dress with most lovely effect to the whole aspect. Such roses were f' emblems of herself. We soon returned to the drawing-room, a lofty, spacious apartment, hung with gobelin tapestry and pictures, and filled with carved furniture and objects of *vertu*. Everything harmonized. Poet, poetess, child, house, the rich air, and the starry night. Mr. Fryant and his daughter came in. Mr. Bryant is always welcome to the eye, with his snow-drift of beard and hair and handsome face.

"The three poets, Mr. Browning, Mr. Bryant, and Mr. Hawthorne, got their heads together in a triangle, and talked a great deal, while Mrs. E. told me what an angel Mrs. Browning is."

Mrs. Hawthorne thus describes a morning visit: "We found the wondrous lady in her drawing-room, very pale, and looking ill, yet she received us affectionately, and was deeply interesting as usual. . . Her boy was gone to his music-master's, for which I was sorry, but we saw two pictures of him. Mrs. Browning said he had a vocation for music, but did not like to apply to anything else any more than a butterfly, and the only way she could command his attention was to have him on her knees, and hold his hands and feet. He knows German pretty well already, and Italian perfectly, being born a Florentine. I was afraid to stay long, or to have Mrs. Browning talk, because she looked so pale, and seemed so much exhausted, and I perceived that the motion of the fan distressed her. I do not understand how she can live long, or be at all restored while she does live. I ought rather to say that she lives so ardently that her delicate earthly vesture must soon be burnt up and destroyed by her soul of pure fire."

Mrs. Hawthorne treasures up another evening visit at this attractive home.

"June 25th. We spent this evening at Casa Guidi. I saw Mrs. Browning more satisfactorily, and she grows lovelier on farther knowing. Mr. Browning gave me a pomegranate bud from 'Casa Guidi windows,' to press in my memorial book. He is full of vivid life, like a rushing river. I should think nothing could resist the powerful impetus of his mind and heart; and this effervescing, resplendent life—fresh every moment, like a

waterfall or a river—seems to have a shadow over it, like a light cloud, as if he were perplexed in the disposal of his forces. An anxious line is on his brow. His voice is glad and rich—a union of oboe and flute tones,

“The finest light gleams from Mrs. Browning’s arched eyes—for she has those arched eyes so unusual, with an intellectual, spiritual radiance in them. They are sapphire, with dark lashes shining from out a bower of curling, very dark, but I think not black, hair. It is sad to see such deep pain furrowed into her face—such pain that the great happiness of her life cannot smooth it away. In moments of rest from speaking, her countenance reminds one of those mountain sides, ploughed deep with spent water-torrents, there are traces in it of so much grief, so much suffering. The angelic spirit, triumphing at moments, restores the even surface. How has anything so delicate braved the storms? Her soul is mighty, and a great love has kept her on earth a season longer. She is a seraph in her flaming worship of heart, while a calm, cherubic knowledge sits enthroned on her large brow.”

Mr. Hawthorne’s pictures are characteristic and as vivid as those of his wife’s.

“Mrs. Browning,” he writes, “met us at the door of the drawing-room and greeted us most kindly; a pale, small person, scarcely embodied at all; at any rate, only substantial enough to put forth her slender fingers to be grasped, and to speak with a shrill, yet sweet tenuity of voice. Really I do not see how Mr. Browning can suppose that he has an earthly wife any more than an earthly child; both are of the elfin race, and will flit away from him some day when he least thinks of it. It is wonderful to see how small she is, how pale her cheek, how bright and dark her eyes. There is not such another figure in the world; and her black ringlets cluster down into her neck, and make her face look the whiter by their sable profusion.”

In 1856 Mrs. Browning published “Aurora Leigh,” which has been thought the most mature and finished expression of her genius. It is a novel in verse of English life in the present day. It has marvellous power and grace; it deals with the knottiest social problems and combines the careful thinking of the man

with the deep feeling of the woman. It shows an original genius, and a comprehension of the whole compass of woman's nature, which places Mrs. Browning highest in the rank of poetesses. That place, long disputed, must be now yielded to her as fairly won.

That delicate, spiritual, ethereal life passed from earth in Florence, July 29, 1861.

It was to seek her grave that I visited the Protestant cemetery in that lovely city. I walked up the straight central path that ascends the hill, and midway found on my left the unobtrusive monument that marks her resting place. It was a tomb of white marble, designated only by her initials and the lyrical emblems suited to the grave of a poetess. I reverently laid my flowers beside a bunch of lilies of the valley, already placed on the marble slab by some loving hand, and thought of her words.

“ And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath has gone from me
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all,
Say ‘ Not a tear must o'er her fall,
He giveth His beloved sleep.’ ”

On returning to Casa Guidi, No. 1,902 Via Maggio, which was for three weeks my home in Florence, I looked up to the marble tablet beneath my windows and read the inscription :

“ Qui scribe e mori
Elisabetta Barrett Browning,
Che, in cuore di donna, conciliava
Scienza di dotto e spirito di poeta,
E fece del suo verse aureo anello
Fra Italia e Inghilterra.
Pone questa memoria
Firenza grata,
1861.”

Here wrote and died
Elizabeth Barrett Browning,
Who, in her woman's heart, united
The learning of a *savant* with the genius of a poet
And made of her poetry a golden ring
Between Italy and England.
This memorial was erected
By grateful Florence.
1861.

MR. HORN AND HIS FRIENDS; OR, GIVERS AND GIVING.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

Author of "Daniel Quorm," etc.

CHAPTER I.—MISTER HORN.

MISTER HORN—the Mister to be written in full, for it was as much part of the name as the Horn.

Everybody called him Mister. Even his wife said it as if it were his christened name. He was, indeed, the only Mister in the village, as there was but one squire, and one parson, and one doctor. Why he should always be called by this honourable distinction certainly was not suggested by his appearance: a little, sharp, wiry man, with a quick, kindly eye, a mouth well shut, short legs walking so fast that they seemed afraid of being left behind; carelessly dressed, yet everything like a part of himself from the tight short-bowed neckcloth, to the strong, unpolished, walking-stick.

Mister Horn had begun life as a farm labourer—literally *begun life*, for almost as soon as he could make any noise he had scared birds from the corn, and as soon as he could reach the bridle he had led the glossy cart-horses to water. His sixty years had been full of progress, turning his hand to one thing after another, and prospering in all—gardening, woodman, bricklaying, building, he had, at length, reached a good position as steward.

The Mister probably was a tribute of respect paid to his prosperity; it was no deference exacted by his manner or exclusiveness. As plain in life as ever, free and friendly with the poorest, the children trotted along by his side, looking up for a smile and a nod; the boys stopped him for a moment to fling their peg-top, or to have a turn at marbles; and on a summer's evening one might come upon a group under a shady tree, and amidst a lot of delighted youngsters would find Mister Horn entertaining them with a story.

He was useful, too, as he was beloved. His Sunday morning

class, for he was a Methodist, numbered well on for forty members—too large, some folks said, but nobody was willing to leave it. Superintendent of the Sunday-school and local preacher, his Sabbath was well filled.

Mister Horn had overtaken Bill Smith as he was leaving work, so they walked up the hill together toward the village where they lived. Bill Smith was a big broad-shouldered blacksmith, with a face red, radiant, and honest, such as only plain living and a good conscience can make. The sun was setting, throwing their long shadows across the road. The clear air was full of singing, every bird trying to do its utmost in the evening hymn. The banks were rich with fern and flower, with green mosses and dark creeping ivy. The scene of happy contentment had suggested the conversation. Mister Horn began it. He had stayed to hear the birds, and after listening a few minutes had interpreted their gratitude by the passage: “‘Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.’ The good God loves to give, Bill.”

“Aye,” said Bill, “He does that, Mister Horn.”

“And nobody’s got much of His likeness about ’em if they don’t like to do the same,” continued Mister Horn, in a sharp, jerking decisive style.

“But yet you can’t tell what a hindrance it was to me when I first set out,” said Bill. “I felt that I *must* seek the Lord, and join His people, but this kept ringing in my ears, ‘a penny a week, and a shilling a quarter,’ that’s twopence a week as near as—no matter. I kept a thinking of it, and waiting till all my good desires died away. I was miserable—sometimes I felt as if I could kill myself, yet somehow it was as if I could neither pray nor mend. Things went from bad to worse. I got back to all my old ways, and one night, ’twas a Saturday, was more miserable than ever. I was sitting in the beer-shop, when ’up comes the landlord with my score. It was two shillings and one penny. I counted it out. There was a shilling and thirteen pence.”

“‘A penny a week and a shilling a quarter for a week’s beer,’ sings out a half-drunk fellow, who had once been a Methodist.”

Mister Horn had often heard it all before, for it was Bill’s one

speech, but he listened as if it were all new. Somehow folks never tired of hearing it, as Bill never tired of telling it.

"That just finished it up. I was mad with my misery before, and this capped it all. 'For goin' to hell,' I cried, and flung down the money and rushed out, leaving the landlord and the rest of them staring.

"It was a wild night in March, the wind howled and moaned about me; the great black clouds hid the moon—all was dreary and desolate as if God had forsaken me. I walked away until I reached a lonely place, and then flung myself on my knees. I felt that I was as big a fool as I was a sinner, and thought I would kill myself and end it all. At length my heart was broken, and I could pray, 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner.' I was sure if I did not get saved then, I never should. I had put it off twice, and each time got worse; if I put it off again I thought I must be lost. I forgot all about the time. I prayed on hour after hour. The wind had gone down—I remember as if it had been yesterday. The dawn was just creeping up cold and gray. Then came the remembrance of them words, something like this, 'Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man.' It broke with faint light upon my soul, but slowly it came to mean more and more. 'For me,' I thought, and hoped, and half believed. 'For every man,' I said. O, I can never tell how, but I saw it all in a moment! 'For me,' I cried, 'yes, for me, by the grace of God for me!'"

Bill's cuff hastily brushed away a tear.

"I often think of it, Mister Horn, and I sing them lines o' the Hymn Book as if they were put there on purpose for me:—

"'Tis love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me:
I hear Thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love Thou art:
To me, to all, Thy bowels move,
Thy Nature and Thy Name is love."

"I soon found religion saved me four times as much as it cost."

"I wish the grumblers would think of it in that way, Bill," jerked out Mister Horn. "There's Sally Green, the silly creature, before her husband got converted she used to reckon herself

lucky if she got half Jack's wages and only a slight thrashing beside, and now that he brings home all and is a decent fellow she grumbles about what he gives to the Lord's cause."

"There's a heap o' strange things in the world, but that's as strange as any on 'em," said Bill, half to himself.

Mister Horn stopped. With his left finger and thumb he jerked at Bill's sleeve, his right hand holding up the plain ash stick he carried. It was evident that Mr. Horn was going to be impressive. This was always his preparation for something emphatic.

"Bill," there was a pause, the stick meanwhile suspended. "If-folks-saw-this-matter-in-the-right-light-the-church-would-have-enough-to-convert-the-world." Down like lightning came the stick, and away went the short legs at a tremendous pace.

This was a hobby of Mister Horn's. There was nothing that he thought about, talked about, prayed about, or preached about, so much as the duty of giving. It was literally Mr. Horn's soul that delivered itself in these words. He stopped at the end of twenty paces while Bill leisurely came up with him.

"It seems to me that half the folks would do their duty right enough if they saw it," said Bill quietly. "You see they don't think about it, Mister Horn."

"But they ought to, Bill, they ought to. There's Jim Niggardly, with his coal and timber stores,—twenty years ago that man got his twelve shillings a week, now he's getting his five hundred a year. He lives better, and dresses better, and spends five shillings on himself where he used to spend one. Well, that's no harm, as I told him to his face, if he'd *give* five shillings where he gave one. Not a half-penny more can you get out of him for the Lord's work. If he hasn't thought about it, Bill, he has had *my* thoughts about it plain enough."

Bill nodded his head as much as to say he had no doubt about it. Mister Horn had a talent of giving men his thoughts and it was practised to perfection.

Here they reached the cross roads that ran to the two parts of the village of Tattingham, and here the companions parted, with a cheery good evening. Bill with his bag on his shoulder went whistling down the hill between the leafy hedges. Mister Horn kept along the level highway that passed by his house, muttering

to himself as he went. What he thought of and what it led to, we must leave to another chapter.

CHAPTER II.—WE GO HOME WITH MISTER HORN.

A FEW yards from the cross road was Mister Horn's house. If Dante's vision had shown him men and women transformed into houses (married folks of course into one house) instead of into trees, this house was exactly what Mister Horn and his better half would have come to.

It faced the highway with clean windows, notably clean, and spotless blinds always faultlessly even. The two yards of garden between the house and the highway was enclosed by iron railings, black and sharp-pointed. The little iron gate in the middle was always fastened and locked, except on very great great occasions. From the gate to the front door reached two yards of whitened stones, never soiled. The spirit of the whole front gathered itself up in the face that peered from the shining brass knocker, a polished face haughty and stern, conscious that nobody trifled with it,—no tramp ever lifted it for his single knock, no bungling messenger rapped at it by mistake. The evergreens too in the strip of garden were in keeping with the rest—they grew thick-leaved and sombre, as if they did their duty seriously and knew it; they were never guilty of any spring freaks, and had no patience with the gadding butterflies and the likes of them. This is what Mistress Horn would have turned to.

At the side of the house was a little wicket gate; it fell back at the gentlest push, and was never secured with more than a bit of string that went round the post. A short passage led to the homely side door that opened into the kitchen, where a cheery fire smirked and blinked a welcome to all comers—the front-room grates had ornamental shavings. A tall-backed, comfortable old chair stood at one side of the fire-place; on the mantle-piece above amongst the polished brass were little odds and ends of Mister Horn's. The smell of sweet-herbs greeted one from the paper bags; the well-wrapped hams quickened one's appetite, and between the bars that stretched from two oak beams peeped

sundry sticks and spuds. All here was cozy, homely, and snug. This personified Mister Horn. And as the two parts suited each other, so well did his better-half suit Mister Horn. Tall, handsome, and somewhat stately in her ways, folks said that she was proud; but those who knew her best felt that she was the very woman for the free and easy, the careless and irregular Mister Horn. With her everything was serious: duty was the whole ten commandments, the law and the prophets; and duty meant hard work, almost uneasy cleanliness, and keeping oneself for the most part to oneself. Careful and thrifty, Mister Horn's industry was indebted to her common sense and quick discernment for his success in life; and, if he sometimes gave with a hint that she shouldn't know of it, it was through her good management that he had so much to give. Indeed, if the truth were all told, he owed the very "Mister" itself to her ways, and to the respectable look that she always gave to things.

By eight o'clock in the evening supper and prayers were over. In those parts civilization had not reached that pitch of folly that eats heartily at ten, and then with the digestion at full work, goes to bed to *rest*. Now, seated in his high-backed chair, was the time that Mister Horn loved a chat.

The sun itself has spots, and Mister Horn was not perfect.

Mister Horn was *not* perfect, we have said. He *smoked*, and aggravated the fault, as his better-half explained to visitors: "I shouldn't mind so much if he'd take a clean white pipe, but that short black thing is so very common-looking. I tell him it's disgraceful." Yet here too they suited each other. The front rooms were shuttered and locked, whilst the cosy kitchen sat up with the blinking fire, and the purring cat. In other words the better-half retired early—then Mister Horn smoked his pipe in peace.

Now he would tell of himself—How he was a little fellow when the sad tidings reached England that the heroic Dr. Coke had died on his way to India, and had been buried at sea. He heard of the young missionaries who had gone with him left to land among strangers in that strange country far away, and the story filled the lad's heart with grief for them. Very poor, he could do little, but that little he could and would do with all his might. Rising before daybreak he went out to sweep the roads, and thus to raise

a few halfpence for the poor missionaries. No contribution was ever more hardy earned or more willingly given than the "small sums" of this little subscriber.

In early life he got converted. From the first he began to think about the claims of God's work. His favourite maxim was this: *A man ought to think as much about giving as about getting.* And thus early he put it into practice. He has told us that in those days flour was at war prices—a phrase happily unknown to this generation,—and it took the six shillings a week that he earned to live. But he felt that the old Methodist rule—"Every member contributes one penny weekly, (unless he is in extreme poverty,) and one shilling quarterly"—was the very least he could do, and that his giving was none the less acceptable to God because it cost him much. In later times he used to refer to it:—"There's one blessed thing about being hard up. When you do give anything you feel it!" It was with a merry laugh that he used to tell how that when he had been at the Class-meeting three or four times, he said one evening, "Put me down for a penny a week." The leader belonged to that set of men who think the less they can give the better, as if the Lord did not see what was left behind. He was in full work and had no family, yet a penny a week was all he gave, and for this lad to give as much was almost a reflection upon him.

"You can't afford it, Jim," said the leader; "I'm sure you can't."

"Put it down," said Jim, firmly; for thus early had he begun to think and speak for himself.

Soon after came the time for the renewal of the tickets. The leader headed the list with what Mister Horn used to refer to as a "beggary threepenny-bit!" "Why the fellow spent twice as much in the week on tobacco," he would say indignantly, as if interrupting himself. "Sixpence for smoke, and threepence for the work of God!" "Well, the minister went through the names, and they all sang to the low key that had been pitched, till he came to my name. Then the leader whispered to the minister that I was young and couldn't give anything, and that he had better not ask me. The minister nodded his head, and took up the Hymn-Book.

"Please sir, I love God too," I said.

The minister looked at me kindly and said, "Brother Skimes thinks that you cannot afford anything."

"The rule says a shilling, sir, except in extreme poverty, and that isn't any of us."

"A shilling!" cried the leader, "you know you can't do it."

"There's the money, sir," I said, and put the shilling on the table. "I would afford it somehow, however it might pinch me." And I looked at Brother Skimes as much as to say, "though it should put my pipe out."

"Aye, I used to pinch myself too," continued Mister Horn. "More than once I've gone upon dry bread, and done as much as any of 'em. Now and then I used to buy a lot of broken herrings for sixpence, and then I had a bit of a relish. You know there's nothing like bitters to give you an appetite, and it is when you give away what you want that you enjoy what's left. You try it—take and give away half your dinner, and then the other half! bless ye, the Lord Mayor of London might envy it."

THE SOWER.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"Such as I have I sow—it is not much,"

Said one who loved the Master of the field ;

"Only a quiet word, a gentle touch

Upon the hidden harp-strings, which may yield

No quick response ; I tremble, yet I speak

For Him who knows the heart so loving, yet so weak."

And so the words were spoken, soft and low,

Or traced with timid pen ; yet oft they fell

On soil prepared, which she would never know,

Until the tender blade sprang up to tell

That not in vain her labour had been spent ;

Then, with new faith and hope, more bravely on she went.

THE HIGHER LIFE: HOW ATTAINED.

BY THE REV. ALFRED COOKMAN.

Is not the higher Christian life the great need of the Church? Is it not a conscious and confessed want of personal experience?

We acknowledge that we prefer to look at this matter from a practical, rather than a theological stand-point. For instance, we pass through a religious society. There are perhaps associated some hundred of members. We converse with them in a spirit of kindness and candour. We satisfy ourself that very many have a religious experience. There are sincere desires to do the Divine will. There are earnest, aye, and measurably successful efforts to do that will. These friends have occasional joy. God blesses them in their closets, in their prayer circles, and under the preached word. They would not on any consideration relinquish their trust in Christ, or their hope of heaven. Nevertheless, as they themselves confess, their experience is not round, strong, full, abiding, and altogether satisfying. There is something that they consciously need. They want a more vivid and abiding sense of heart purity before God. They lack the ability to go steadily and successfully forward in the path of obedience, growing constantly "in grace and in the knowledge and love of the Lord Jesus Christ." They crave the "life more abundantly," that will constrain and enable them to talk for Jesus. They desire the full and glorious liberty of the sons of God. They cry out for a deeper and more blessed rest in Christ,—the rest of conscious safety, of humble faith, and of perfect love.

Now, beloved reader, what is the experience that they need and desire in comparison with what they have and profess? Is it not a higher Christian life? Is it not what, in New Testament phrase, we denominate "perfect love," or entire sanctification?

How is this to be realized?

We answer, by an entire consecration of ourselves to God, and an acceptance, moment by moment, of Christ as our full and perfect Saviour.

Observe, first by an entire consecration of ourselves to God,—

that consecration of course including body, soul, life, talents, and everything.

But just at this point some one will inquire for the difference between the consecration we made of ourselves at the time of our conversion, and the consecration that our entire sanctification calls for? This is an interesting question. The distinction, as we think, will develop in four particulars.

When we came to God for pardon, we brought and offered powers that were dead, and only dead, in trespasses and in sins; but when we would realize the experience of entire sanctification, we consecrate powers that are permeated with the new life of regeneration. Hence, says an apostle, "Yield yourselves unto God as those who are alive from the dead;" and again, "I beseech you, brethren (he is addressing Christians), that ye present your bodies," *i.e.* your souls and bodies, a part being put for the whole, yourselves, "a living sacrifice." This is the first distinction.

When we dedicated ourselves to the divine service at conversion, we seemed to mass our offering, and said very sincerely and earnestly,—

"Here, Lord, I give myself away :
'Tis all that I can do ;"

but when we would sanctify ourselves unto God, with a view to this richer and deeper experience, then, with the illumination received at conversion and characterizing our regenerated life, our consecration becomes more intelligent, specific, and careful. It is not merely myself as before. It is now these hands, these feet, these senses, this body with all its members and powers; it is now my soul, with all its ennobling faculties,—its understanding, judgment, memory, imagination, conscience, will, and affections. It is now all my talents of time, influence, energy, reputation, home, kindred, friends, worldly substance,—everything. Upon all we have and are we specifically and honestly inscribe, "Sacred to Jesus;" covenanting to use all in harmony with the Divine will. Some at this point have been careful to write upon paper the several items that were included, as well as the several obligations that were assumed, in this fuller consecra-

tion of themselves to God. This was the case with the celebrated Dr. Jonathan Edwards, of the Presbyterian Church.

When we would thus specially sanctify ourselves unto God, there is likely to rise up in the mind, or before the conscience, some peculiarly trying test of obedience. This is varied in different experiences. It may be a little thing, a very little thing, but it is not on that account any the less formidable. Eating an apple amid Paraisaical scenes would seem, from a human standpoint, to have been a very little thing; and then observe, it was a test required of one who was living before God. Adam failed in the test; a failure, that "brought death into the world, and all our woe." So the test that Infinite Holiness may lay upon the regenerated may be a little thing, perhaps something connected with our appetites, or with our adornments, or with our associations, or with our services. The question may be, Will you give up that doubtful indulgence, a something in which you regard your own inclinations rather than your soul's good and God's glory? Will you lay aside the last weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset you? Will you take your place with the entirely devoted, and consent that those around shall say reproachfully, "He is one of the sanctified?" Oh! it is hesitation or reluctance upon just such points, that will explain very much of the feeble, halting, sickly, religious experience and Christian life that characterizes too many of the professed disciples of the Lord Jesus.

This will appear in the object or end of the two consecrations. When we came offering ourselves to God in the first instance, it was that we might obtain pardon; now we specifically yield all, including the doubtful indulgence, with a view to heart purity. Then, groaning under a sense of our guiltiness, we said, "O wretched man that I am!" We wanted to be lifted into the relationship, and admitted to the privileges, of dear children. Now we come as children, having the spirit of adoption; not for pardon or peace,—these are not our conscious need,—but we come for a more perfect submission to the Divine will; a more satisfactory sense of heart purity; an increased ability to do or suffer all the will of our Father in heaven, and a deeper and a more blessed rest in Christ.

Observe, then, these four features, as belonging more especially to the consecration required of the regenerated.

Now, with this thorough submission, this entire consecration, there must be an acceptance, moment by moment, of Christ, as our full and perfect Saviour. This will of course involve an exercise of faith implying that salvation, in all its stages and phases, "is not of works, lest any man should boast." If entire consecration were entire sanctification, then our sanctification would be of words, for the consecration is our work; but it is through the precious blood of Christ, and the power of the sanctifying Spirit, rendered available by an exercise of personal trust in the Lord Jesus.

Observe, our entire consecration brings us, so to speak, on believing ground; that is to say, when, without any hesitation or reservation or limitation, we yield submission to the Divine will,—when we have the witness of our own spirit to the entirety of our surrender (because the Divine Spirit never witnesses to what our spirit cannot attest), then we come where God can fulfil His will, which is "even our sanctification."

Now, at that point where, enlightened respecting privilege, we hunger and thirst after righteousness, aye, where we yield ourselves to give, or go, or do, or dare, or sacrifice, or suffer, or die for the sake of the Lord Jesus,—still un sanctified, we rest ourselves, our faith, our all, upon Jesus, upon the truth, the power, the blood, the mediation of Jesus (we know of no other foundation for faith than the work and worthiness of the infinite Christ), and while our faith rests there, the Holy Ghost, who is distinctively the sanctifier, usually comes with the truth of the Lord Jesus ("Sanctify them through thy truth." "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you"), and so applies this in our consciousness, as that we feel and know and enjoy its verity and power and preciousness as never before, and are able to say, moment by moment,—

"'Tis done! Thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless:
Redemption through Thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace."

This is not done once for all and forever. The blessed Holy Ghost does not sanctify any soul for a day, or an hour, or even a minute together, but only during the passing moment. The holiest and best man, speaking according to his consciousness, which is necessarily confined to the passing moment, would say, "the blood cleanseth" (observe, it is in the present tense). Another moment is given and it cleanseth. Another moment, and applied by the indwelling Spirit, it cleanseth, and so it cleanseth moment by moment. It is in this way that our constant dependence upon the Lord Jesus is preserved. This is the meaning of the life of faith on the Son of God: our believing sustaining the same relation to our spiritual life that our breathing does to our natural life.

Beloved reader, have you taken these steps of entire consecration, and faith in Christ who of God is made unto us sanctification? Having done everything in your power, do you write on that everything, "nothing;" and instead of looking to your consecration, or your struggles, or even your faith, do you look to the Lord Jesus, and trust Him moment by moment to "sanctify you wholly" by His Spirit and through the medium of the truth?

As one has recently said, "Shift over upon Him the responsibility of your entire sanctification," just as you did that of your original justification before God, and, as you sweetly "rest in Jesus," you shall know that "Faithful is He that hath called you, who also *does* do it."

HOPE WITH ALL.

THE Night is mother of the Day,
 The Winter of the Spring;
 And ever upon old decay
 The greenest mosses cling.

In deepest wood some daylight lurks,
 Through showers the sunbeams fall,
 For God, who loveth all His works,
 Hath left His hope with all.

—Whittier.

A DAY WITH AN IRISH MISSIONARY.

"GOOD morrow, sir, but are you not waiting for the wife?" This was addressed to a man who, as is the custom of the lower orders, was stalking along a little in advance of his help-meet, a decent-looking country-woman, who toiled on behind, weighted with produce for the market.

A salutation like this is not regarded as undue familiarity in a country where the utmost freedom of intercourse prevails, strangers accosting each other and entering into unreserved conversation upon all subjects but religion, which, in public, is tacitly shunned by common consent.

"Sartainly, sir, I'll wait for the old woman. Why not?"

"Why not, indeed? You're right there, my friend. I never saw much good come of treating the wife badly."

By this time the wife had come up, who assented most heartily.

"I knew a man once," continued the missionary, "and he made what might have been a happy home a most miserable spot for himself and everybody in it. He was so cross and cantankerous that there was no pleasing him at all, and his poor wife's heart was nearly broken with his gettings on. At last he got such a fright, thinking that he was going to die, and him with the sins all black and dark clinging to his soul. He could get no rest or peace, and he was crosser than ever. The priest absolved him, but it was no use, he was still afraid of dying."

"Bewitched, may be?" suggested the wife, who now trudged at our side, drinking in every word.

"Wait till ye hear, now," continued the missionary. "Well, there was a good man lived in the neighbourhood. His time was as happy as the day is long. So, thinks the poor fellow, with the fear of death on him, I'll go and ask Mr. Murphy if he can do anything to rid me of this terrible dread of death and hell that's on me, for it's himself that seems to have no fear of anything.

"So with that away he goes, and says he, 'Och, Mr. Murphy, will ye help a poor fellow in distress?'

“ ‘What’s the matter, Barney?’ says he.

“ ‘Well, thin, it’s just this, sir; nayther pace or sleep can I get for fear of death and hell, and sure it’s me that has raison to fear both one and the other, for there isn’t a bigger sinner from here to Ballida.’

“ ‘I know what it all means,’ says Mr. Murphy. ‘I had it myself, and here’s what cured me,’ said he, handing him a bit of paper upon which he had been writing while Barney was talking to him.

“ ‘Barney took it in his hand, and as it was written in Irish, he could read it very well. The English of it is, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner, for Christ’s sake.’

“ ‘Now, you say that from your heart three times a day,’ says Murphy, ‘and come back to me in a fortnight.’

“ ‘Every morning when he got up, and every day just as the big chapel bell struck twelve, wherever Barney might be at the time, and every night before he got into bed, he said over this, that he thought was some mighty good charm that was to make him all right just for the saying of it. But it was all of no use. Not a bit better was Barney at the end of the fortnight than he was at the beginning. He was as cross as ever, though he tried hard to be better to his wife, for he knew that it was wrong to say the hard things that he said.

“ ‘At the end of the fortnight away he goes to Murphy’s house. ‘Mr. Murphy,’ says he, ‘your charm won’t work. I’m as bad as ever, and the fear of death is there as black as midnight.’

“ ‘Why, then, you can’t have used that prayer that I gave you aright?’

“ ‘Och, sure I did what you towld me. Three times every day, wherever I was, or whatever I was doing, nothing hindered me from saying it.’

“ ‘Saying it; what’s the good of saying it unless you say it as I towld you, *from your heart*? Did you say it that way, Barney? Did you mean every word of it? Did you think who you were saying it to, GOD be merciful to me a sinner. Did you think you were speaking to the great God that made heaven and earth, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, but who is also gracious and merciful to all who come to Him through Christ? Did you

know what you meant when you said for God to be merciful to you? Did you think that you were asking Him to take away the guilt and sin that makes you afraid of death and hell? And did you remember that it was all for the sake of Jesus Christ, that blessed Saviour who shed His blood on Calvary for you, that you were asking this? and did you remember that God Himself has said that what things soever we ask Him in Christ's name shall be given unto us?'

"'Well, if that's the way to use this,' says Barney, looking down with a kind of awe upon the bit of paper in his hand, 'it's not the way I used it. But here goes, in God's name,' said he, starting for home again, determined to give it a fair trial this time. He prayed from the heart now, and God's Holy Spirit helped him, and it was not long before Mr. Murphy saw him coming, running over the fields, shouting, 'It's gone! glory be to God; it's gone!' His guilt was gone, and his fear was gone, and the Lord did not stop there with His good works. He never does, for He always makes us new creatures when our sins are forgiven, and so it's no wonder that Barney's wife came to thank Mr. Murphy for the great change that had been brought in her house by him.

"'So there's a great change, eh?' said Mr. Murphy.

"'Change, sir? why, sometimes I think it's not him that's in it at all at all. My man was cross and hard to please, but sure this man is as gentle and as aisy to satisfy wid his mate and every-thing else as the innocent children.'

"'He's born again, Biddy. God's Book says we must be born again.'

"'Aye, that's the secret of getting happy times,'" said the missionary, who turned to take his leave of the attentive pair, who had now come to the point on their journey where they must separate from us; "and mind you, it's the only way of getting home to heaven at last. God bless you and make you new creatures in Christ Jesus."—*Methodist Family.*

EDITORIAL.

THE NEW MINISTER.

WITH this month we enter upon a new year of our ecclesiastical economy. Many of the circuits receive new pastors, and many of the ministers go to new and untried fields of labour. To both parties it is always a time of interest and sometimes of anxiety. To neither may the appointment seem the most eligible that might be desired. But let each receive it as of God, and resolve to use it for His glory. The people, by an exhibition of sympathy, of loving thoughtfulness and care for their new pastor and his family, will gladden their hearts, often, it may be, depressed by the scenes of parting just gone through, and by the anxieties, toil, and discomfords of removal and travel. They should never let him come unwelcomed to an empty, cheerless house, perhaps to feel "How can I labour for this people, who seem to care so little for me and mine?" The cordial and loving reception will win a way directly to his heart, and make him rejoice to spend and be spent in the service of God among a sympathetic people. The only way to reduce to a minimum the discomfords and deprivations of the itinerancy, with its frequent rending of tender ties of friendship and affection, is for the people to open their hearts at once to the man whom God has sent them, and to make him, and especially those who are dearer to him than himself, at once feel at home and surrounded by warm-hearted friends in their new relations. They should not feel as they undergo the trying ordeal of making their first public appearance—the *cynosures* of every eye—that they are the objects of cold, or even cynical criticism. The kindly glance, the affectionate greeting, should assure them that they are engirdled by a cordon of warm and loving hearts, that they are in the midst of friends.

Too much should not, at first especially, be expected of the minister's wife. Perhaps retiring, sensitive and domestic in her

habits, she may shrink from taking a public part among strangers: The ladies of the circuit should not, therefore, insist on her becoming president of all their societies, and at once taking the lead in all schemes of usefulness. Her first sphere of duty is her home circle—which, for a time at least, will engross much of her care.

To the minister, his coming to a new circuit is an important event. It is a time for beginning again, of making a fresh start in the work of God. An untried sphere is before him. Grave responsibilities devolve upon him. The spiritual interests of a multitude of souls are committed to his care. If he has any adequate sense of his burden, he will almost tremble beneath its weight. Yet he will exult in the glorious privilege of a new field in which to reap rich sheaves for the Lord of the Harvest. He will feel, in a sense, that a new lease of life is given him. If he has made mistakes in the past, he may avoid them in the future. Among comparative strangers there will be no strong prejudices against him. But neither will there be strong prepossessions in his favour. He has the spurs of his spiritual knighthood to win. He must prove of what mettle he is made. He may not repose upon past laurels. He must gird himself for the battle, and lead the hosts of Israel against the high-walled Jerichos of sin.

But he must not be left to fight the battle alone. Even Joshua would be powerless without the aid of those that compassed the city, and blew the trumpets and bare the ark of God. The membership of the Church, official and private, must second his efforts, must sustain his hands by their sympathies and prayers, must actively co-operate in promoting the work of God. Those to whom the duty is assigned, should see that all his material wants are supplied, that, being free from all secular cares, he need not leave the Word of God to serve tables, but may give himself continually to prayer and to the ministry of the Word. So shall the year be one of great prosperity. The relation of pastor and people shall be one of the nearest and dearest interest on earth. They shall grapple each other to their hearts with hooks of steel, and the friendships begun on earth—strong and tried and true—shall be consummated in heaven.

May the year on which we are entering be on all our circuits

a year of great prosperity. May gracious showers of blessing descend on all the borders of Zion. May the Chief Shepherd accompany the pastors of His flock as they go forth, it may be with fear and trembling, to their appointed fields of labour. May the Divine Spirit attend all their ministrations, and may many, beyond all previous experience, be this year the saved of the Lord.

OUR NEW SERIES.

WE have great pleasure in addressing an enlarged circle of readers in this new series of the *CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE*. We trust that its amalgamation with its late valued contemporary, *EARNEST CHRISTIANITY*, will greatly promote its efficiency as a means of religious instruction. Never, we are persuaded, was there greater need of sound religious literature than there is now. An active journalism, frequently of a frivolous and often of a skeptical character, is saturating society with its pernicious sentiments, eating all vital godliness out of the hearts of its readers, and preventing the germination of the seeds of Divine grace in the minds of the young. We shall endeavour to furnish in these pages wholesome family reading for all classes—reading that shall foster an intelligent sympathy with the institutions and usages of our Church, and with whatsoever things are lovely, pure, and good—reading, that in a time of doctrinal laxness shall illustrate, defend and enforce the doctrinal teachings of our Arminian Theology. We shall endeavour to offer a counter attraction and antidote to that pernicious fiction that, like the Egyptian plague of frogs spawned from the filthy ooze of the Nile, swarms in the land, infests our houses, and corrupts the moral atmosphere. We desire to recommend the beauty of holiness, and to inculcate the lessons of the “higher life” by narratives of the useful lives and happy deaths of those who have signally glorified God in their daily walk.

In the accomplishment of these purposes we shall be assisted by many of the best writers of our Church, both ministerial and lay. Several of the leading minds of the Connexion have pro-

mised contributions, which we are confident will furnish a disproof of the accusation of unfriendly critics that Methodism is unfavourable to literary culture, and will also greatly increase their influence for good in the community. We request the hearty co-operation of our readers in endeavouring to extend the circulation of this Magazine. Our ministerial brethren can render most efficient aid. One brother has just sent a score of names from the remote island of Newfoundland. We have a large number of readers on the Pacific Coast. We have been gratified to learn that our Magazine finds its way to such far-off places as India, Japan, New Zealand, Great Britain, Mexico, California, many of the Eastern, Western and Southern States, and the other day came an order from the distant island of Ceylon. The expense of the recent amalgamation can only be met by a largely increased circulation. Let all our friends endeavour to secure each an additional subscriber, and we shall be able to make this Magazine still more worthy of the noble Church of which it is an organ.

IN CHURCH.

We read the story olden
In a purple light and golden,
As beneath the western window we stood entranced, and gazed,
While the pitying eyes of love
Shone on us from above,
In the sad, sweet face, upon the cross upraised.

My quiv'ring eyelids glisten'd,
As I silent stood, and listen'd,
While your glad voice rose triumphant on the organ's outspread wings.
Ah, my darling ! far away
Is that wondrous summer day,
And the voice I love among the angels sings.

Once more I read the story,
In the brilliant western glory,
And hope and peace breathe round me in this calm and sacred place,
I will love thee while I wait,
And within the golden gate,
We shall meet where we indeed shall see His face.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE AMERICAN M. E. CHURCH.

THE recent sessions of this august body, a sort of grand Methodist parliament, were of very remarkable interest. To this result several causes conspired. Baltimore has been, in a very prominent sense, a nursing mother of Methodism. There the first General Conference was held, and there it has been held since more frequently than anywhere else. The Methodist element in society is proportionately larger than in any other city in the Union, as is evidenced by the existence of between seventy and eighty Methodist churches, many of them of great beauty, in a city of some three hundred thousand inhabitants. The centennial celebration of the nation's birth gave an additional significance to the gathering, and plumed the wings of several of the orators of the occasion for loftier flight. Baltimore is also a sort of common ground between Northern and Southern Methodism, both Churches being strongly represented in the city. The Conference was made the occasion of the interchange of the most kindly and cordial greetings between the too long estranged Churches, which contributed greatly to knit up the raveled fringes of friendship between them.

The reception given to the representatives of English and Canadian Methodism was of a very warm-hearted and generous character. The addresses of Prof. Pope and Dr. Rigg are spoken of as very masterly affairs. In the former we can feel a sort of patriotic pride, as he is, we learn from the *Wesleyan*, a native of this Dominion, of Horton, Nova Scotia. Of the addresses of our own delegates, the Rev. J. A. Williams and John Macdonald,

M.P., it is sufficient to say that they were worthy of the occasion, of the men, and of the Church they represented. Mr. Macdonald, with his characteristic missionary zeal, could not refrain from urging upon that great Church the importance of still larger contributions for the spread of the Gospel, placing the standard of duty at \$2.00 per member, or two millions per year. It must have been a proud moment for our missionary treasurer when, in reply to the inquiry of Dr. Reid, he was able to say, that the average contribution per member of our own Church is one dollar and eighty-five cents. The missionary contribution of the American M. E. Church is thirty-eight cents per member. It must be remembered, however, that they have had an immense home territory to occupy, a vast immigration to evangelize, and much practically mission work to perform in the large cities. The chief cause, moreover, of the difference between the two countries is the custom, which many of our American brethren themselves deprecate, of cutting up their circuits into small stations which often find it difficult to maintain themselves without doing much for general connexional objects. Then the expense of the presiding eldership is a severe tax which we are inclined to think seriously lessens the missionary income. It is probable that a change in this respect more in accordance with our own usages will before long take place.

The foreign missionary record of the Church is very noble. Besides leading the van of civilization in the United States, she has planted the standard of the cross and won glorious triumphs in Mexico, South America, Japan, China, India, Bulgaria, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway.

God bless this noble mother of Churches! We in Canada are her spiritual offspring, and owe much to her fostering care and to the saintly ministrations of her heroic pioneer missionaries and bishops. It is well to send greetings of filial affection, and to rejoice with the noble matron that has nourished and brought up so many and such goodly children.

VICTORIA COLLEGE.

THE commencement exercises at our University of Victoria College, were of very special interest. The most memorable feature of the occasion was the laying of the corner stone of the Faraday Hall of Science. The new hall will be a handsome building, forty-six by a hundred feet, surmounted by a tower, to be used as an astronomical observatory. Great enthusiasm was manifested on the occasion. This hall may be regarded as the generous gift of the town of Cobourg to the University, almost the whole of the subscription being raised by local effort. The students spontaneously testified their affection for their "benign mother" by contributing a very munificent amount.

A pleasing feature of the occasion was the presence of the veterans, Rev. S. Rose and R. Jones, who took part in the similar ceremony in connection with the old University building, five and thirty years ago. The latter read the same portion of Scripture that he did on that occasion, the singularly appropriate eighth chapter of Proverbs.

The erection of this hall for the purpose to which it is dedicated, shows that our Church and University are not afraid of science. Nor need they be. The devout spirit of Faraday, who found no difficulty in harmonizing in a higher unity the books of nature and revelation, as both expressions of the will of the same great Father of lights, is a fitting model for the young men in our halls of learning. Let them with

an impassioned ardour seek after truth. Let their supreme loyalty be to truth, scientific as well as moral, and they shall not imperil their allegiance to the God of all truth.

We hope in an early issue to give an engraving and further account of the new Faraday Hall of Science.

THE DEPOSED SULTAN.

LIKE one of the dramatic stories of the Arabian Nights is the account of the deposition of Abdul Aziz and the elevation to the throne of Murad V. It seems a strange anachronism to read in the morning papers the cable intelligence of the ejection from his stately pleasure palace of the dethroned sultan, with his fifty boat-loads of wives and concubines, and the abandonment of his hundred millions of treasure that, notwithstanding the bankruptcy of his empire, he had accumulated. He owes it, doubtless, to the respect commanded by Christian institutions and to the kind intercession of our good Queen, that the bow-string or the dagger had not, as was reported, ended his existence. All vaticinations as to what shape the kaleidoscope of European politics may next assume, rudely shaken as it is by the red hand of revolution and war, are perfectly useless. The suicide of the ex-sultan, reported since the above lines were written, is a striking illustration of the fact just asserted. It is also a strange contravention of the usual stoical fatalism of the Ottoman race. Indeed, the suspicion cannot be avoided that his bloody death is more in accordance with the characteristic Oriental method of getting rid of deposed sovereigns. The Christian populations of South Eastern Europe will doubtless seize the opportunity to secure largely increased civil and religious liberty. Possibly the desire for political unity may be gratified by the formation of a great Slavonic Empire, which it seems to us would be the best solution of the Eastern Question. It

would be a strange turn of affairs if our English Prince Alfred should become, as rumour suggests, its sovereign.

OKA AGAIN.

LONG immunity seems to have bred in the minions of the Seminary of St. Sulpice the idea that they are beyond the control of the law, and are at liberty to oppress the Methodist Indians at Caughnawaga at their pleasure. "The Seminary is rich," said the drunken bully, Fatieux, the other day, when arrested for maltreating one of the unoffending Indians. We are glad to know that it is not rich enough to prevent the administration of British justice. But when such excuses for crime are even suggested, it is an indication that a Protestant Defence Association is not altogether a superfluity, but that in the protection of British subjects from wanton outrage, it is likely to find a field for the exercise of its functions.

THE SABBATH RECOGNISED IN JAPAN.

IT is a very remarkable event that is recorded in Mr. Cochran's last letter to the Mission Rooms, as given in the June *Missionary Notices*, viz., that the native holiday, occurring every sixth day, has been abolished, and that the observance of the Christian Sabbath has been enjoined in its stead. This will be of great service to the cause of missions, as native converts in the employ of the State, or other public departments, will no longer be required to violate the Sabbath or else lose their means of subsistence. Many were doubtless deterred from embracing Christianity by the existence of this dilemma. The cause of this change was, no doubt, economical rather than any recognition of Christianity, but it is a cause of devout gratitude that the God of the Sabbath has by this providence hallowed His rest day in that pagan land.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

THE General Assembly of the Northern Presbyterian Church assembled during the latter part of May in the Tabernacle, Brooklyn, N.Y., (Dr. Talmage's), and was numerously attended. A grand welcome was given the night previous. The two principal deliverances, at the time we write, were the arrangements for fraternal visits to the Southern General Assembly then in session at St. Louis — which heartily reciprocated in a similar manner—and the appointment of delegates to the Pan-Presbyterian Council or Presbyterian Alliance which is to be held at Edinburgh, in 1877. This will be attended by Presbyterians from all parts of the world, and will be the largest and most important gathering ever held in connection with the Presbyterian Church. We hope that before many years a similar meeting will be held at some central place, say City Road Chapel, London, representing all the Methodist bodies throughout the world.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL MUSIC.

A witty writer in the *National Baptist*, apprehensive lest the purveyors of music books for "our sung-to-death-young-people" may have exhausted their ingenuity in devising titles for their collections, submits the following, which he thinks must "commend themselves to their judgment and taste." For example: Fragrant Flowers from Zion's Hills, The Musical Warbler, Lays of the Turtle Dove, Tinkling Bells of Judah, The Hanging Harps of Babylon, The Syrophenician Tympanum, The Jerusalem Bagpipes, The Siloam's Jews' Harp, Dew Drops from Hermon, Pomegranates from Eden, Clusters from the Vineyard of Song, Musical Nosegay, Blossoms from the Rose Bush of Sharon, The Chaplet of Sion Flowers, The Holy-hock Garden, Swells from the Ocean of Song, etc., etc.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Canadian Sunday-school Harmonium, containing Choice Selections for the Sunday-school, the Prayer-meeting, Social and Family Circle, etc. Toronto: Samuel Rose, Methodist Book Room. Pp. 144; price 35 cents, or \$3.60 per doz.

THE remarkable favour with which the SUNDAY-SCHOOL HARP and SUNDAY-SCHOOL ORGAN have been received—many thousands having been called for—has induced the publisher to prepare this supplement, containing a selection of the best tunes and hymns that have appeared in print since the publication of those volumes. He has been assisted in this work by F. H. Torrington, Esq., the accomplished organist of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, and other musical co-labourers. The careful editing it has undergone is a guarantee of the high character of the book, and we are sure that its use will greatly aid that important part of religious worship, the service of sacred song. The mechanical execution of the book is all that can be desired: the music and text are clear and legible, and the binding is neat and strong.

The Popular Science Monthly for June. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE most striking article in this number is one by the distinguished French philosopher, Henry Taine, on the lingual development of babyhood. It is the minute biography of a baby, tracing the unfolding of ideas in its little brain, as a result of its "continual experiments in natural philosophy." Similar studies would be of great service to those having charge of the education of the young, and would help to solve some of the

vexed questions of philosophy, as, for instance, that of the origin of language, and of abstract ideas.

An interesting article on Polar Glaciers attributes each succession of strata, commonly ascribed to successive upheavals and subsidences of the earth's surface, to the oscillations of the sea level produced by the shifting of the centre of gravity consequent on the formation of enormous ice caps at either pole during successive periods of extreme cold, whose secular occurrence is demonstrated from astronomical data. Evidences of glacial action is discoverable not only in recent strata, but in successive geological horizons down to the primary formations. This computation carries back the age of the early strata 20,000,000 of years!

An interesting sketch with portrait of Count Rumford of the Holy Roman Empire, the distinguished physicist of a past generation, contemporary with Franklin, reveals the fact not generally known, that he was a Massachusetts "Yankee."

A Catechism of Baptism. By the Rev. DUNCAN, D. CURRIE. 12mo. pp. 131. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

So long as our immersionist friends attach such extreme importance to the *mode* of Baptism, books like this will be necessary. Brother Currie has done his work well, and has earned the thanks of the Church for presenting in such a concise form such a manual of argument on this subject. Any of our people who may have doubts as to the scripturalness of our practice and theory in this matter can, we think, have their doubts removed and reach rational conviction by the careful study of this book, whose price will place it within the reach of all. The

testimony of the primitive Church and the results of the best philological study on the subject are given in a clear and condensed form.

The "Hard Things" of the Bible.

A Sermon by the Rev. JAMES ROY, M.A. 12mo. 16 pp. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto and Montreal.

IN this sermon Bro. Roy has grappled with a question, which, in these days of abounding skepticism, is unsettling the minds of thousands. Because there are "things hard to be understood" in the Bible, many now, as in the days of St. Paul, must, forsooth, reject its authority. Mr. Roy shows that from the very nature of the case, from the august themes of the Bible, transcending all human experience and all powers of human discovery, there cannot but be "hard things" in its revelations. It is a book not merely for the child but for the philosopher, not only for the infancy of the race, but its highest future intellectual development. Shall we reject the *Principia* of Newton, or the works of Euclid, because they may contain some things that we cannot understand? Much less should we reject the Bible for a similar reason.

The preacher also shows that the wrong opinions concerning revealed truths are due, not to defects in the Bible, but to defects in ourselves. While this should make us tolerant of difference of opinion, it should make us sedulous to obtain right views. Speculative error often leads to frightful moral aberrations. The discourse is an admirable defence of the grand old charter of our Faith against the shallow sophistries and cavils by which it has been assailed. The diction is remarkably choice and beautiful.

A Compendium of Christian Theology; being Analytical Outlines of a Course of Theological Study, Biblical, Dogmatic, Historical. By W. B. POPE, Theological Tutor,

Didsbury College, Manchester. 8vo. pp. xvi. 752. Wesleyan Conference Office, London; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price \$4.50.

PROFESSOR POPE has conferred a great benefit on the Methodist Church by the publication of this volume. Methodist readers throughout the world can now enjoy the privileges heretofore confined to those who were favoured to hear the lectures of his class-room. Never was there greater need for the ministers of our Church of sound theological training. Notwithstanding the popular outcry against systematic theology, it will remain, forever, the noblest of sciences—the science that vindicates

"Eternal Providence
And justifies the ways of God to men."

As the learned author truthfully remarks, "Nothing promotes sacred knowledge so much as reducing its materials to order." Every teacher of divine truth should have its various provinces so clearly mapped out in his mind that he can lead those committed to his care throughout its ample domain. There is a class of persons, who, having no clear or definite views themselves, object to all teaching of dogma or doctrine. Such, Methodist preachers must not be. They are required to "believe and preach all our doctrines." Thank God, we have doctrines clearly defined, firmly grasped, and not to be surrendered. Doctrine is to religion what the bones are to the body, giving symmetry and strength and beauty to the whole. Without it, religion is a poor, flabby, gelatinous thing, a mere vague sentiment without force of aggression or resistance, assuming the hue and form of that by which it is surrounded. The martyrs, and confessors, and reformers of the heroic ages of the Church, were men who had a creed, who knew in whom they believed, and were willing to suffer, and if need were to die for the faith once delivered to the saints.

Doctrine should be the backbone of every sermon. The sermon should not be, however, a mere skeleton whose divisions are like the bones in the valley of Ezekiel's vision—very many and very dry. It should be clothed with flesh and beauty, instinct with life and ardent with the burning flame of piety.

The teaching of our Lord was doctrinal teaching. Doctrine underlies the Sermon on the Mount. The parables were uttered and the miracles wrought to illustrate doctrines. Many of the utterances of Christ are solemn and sententious enunciation of doctrine.

This book is, we judge, perhaps with the exception of Watson's masterly "Institutes," the fullest and ablest exposition of Wesleyan Theology that has yet appeared, and is a contribution of great value to that growing body of higher literature that contradicts the shallow slander that Methodism is antagonistic to literary culture. In the discussion of the august themes which it treats, it is fully abreast of the best modern criticism. The chapters on Inspiration and the canon of Scripture successfully meet the modern cavils on these subjects. Our grand Arminian theology as to the extent of the atonement and the universality of the gospel vocation, is amply vindicated. The history of the Augustinian and Calvinistic theory is concisely traced. Mr. Pope's interpretation of what may be called the philosophy of

Christ's mediatorial work, which has been the theme of much controversy, will be read with great interest. The doctrines of full assurance of salvation and of entire sanctification, once almost exclusively characteristic of Methodism, but now, happily, widely adopted by sister Churches, are demonstrated in a very cogent and, we judge, in an irrefragable manner. The scripturalness of our baptismal usages, both as to the subjects and mode of the ordinance, is effectively vindicated. One of the most important sections of the book is that on eschatology. The solemn themes of the kingdom of the dead, the intermediate state, the second coming of Christ, the general resurrection, the last judgment, and the new heavens and new earth, are treated with reverence, discrimination and fidelity to the Scriptures. The errors of the "soul-sleepers," annihilationists, restorationists, and other current heresies, are successfully confuted. The reading of this book is a discipline for both head and heart. The preaching of him who carefully and prayerfully studies it, should be richer, stronger in convincing speech, and more fully accompanied by the demonstration of the Spirit and of power. His views of Divine truth will be clearer, grander, and more symmetrical; and he will be the better able to communicate that spiritual knowledge to others which he more definitely apprehends himself.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, &c., &c.

—Friends and admirers of Charles Kingsley will (the *Athenæum* says) be glad to hear of a new edition of "Alton Locke," with a prefatory memoir by Mr. Thomas Hughes, describing fully the sayings and doings of "Parson Lot" during the troubled period of 1848-56, in the events of which—the Chartist agit-

ation and the great movement towards association—Kingsley took so noble a part. This edition will also contain a reprint of the pamphlet, "Cheap Clothes and Nasty," written at that time, and intimately connected with "Alton Locke" both in subject and treatment.

—The Berlin correspondent of the

Morning Post states that the French mathematicians, MM. Charles and Leverrier, have accepted nomination as members of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin. They are the first Frenchmen who have accepted the distinction since the war. The same correspondent says that Dr. Dollinger is engaged in editing for publication the hitherto unpublished portions of the reports of the Council of Trent. —The *Academy* reports that the eminent Swedish palæontologist, Professor Nils Peter Angelin, died at Stockholm on the 13th February, in his seventy-first year. The untiring pursuit of palæontology, of which science he was the first and remained

the greatest master in the North, wasted his resources year by year, and if he had not found elsewhere, notably in Denmark and Germany, the encouragement Sweden refused him, he must often have ceased his exertions.

—A memorial to the Senate of London University, asking that degrees in music may be rendered available by that body upon a basis of sound general culture, has been presented by the Council of Trinity College, London, supported by the signatures of Sir Julius Benedict, Sir Michael Cost., Sir John Goss, Sir George J. Elvey, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and other musicians.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUIT.	AGE	DATE.
Mrs. Mary Morton . . .	Listowell	Listowell	36	Mar. 12, 1876
Mrs. James Newlove . .	Macville	Albion West, O.	37	" 13, "
Thomas Corm	Smith's Falls . . .	Smith's Falls, O.	60	" 24, "
John Mills	Pineville	Lloydtown, O. . .	58	" 24, "
Joseph Murphy	Maynooth	Maynooth, O. . .	45	April 5, "
Jane V. Ivison	68	" 12, "
John Cross	Peel	Peel	55	" 17, "
John Hanna	Augusta	Maitland, O. . . .	79	" 18, "
Robert Jefferson	Hessian Line	91	" 20, "
Margaret L. Peterson	Ameliasburgh, O.	78	" 20, "
W. Case Williams	Hollowell	Bloomfield, O. . .	59	" 23, "
Margaret Macdonald . .	Port Jollie	N. E. Harbour . .	71	" 25, "
Mrs. G. H. Harriss . . .	Bear River	44	" 26, "
Elizabeth Gamble	Millview	Charlottetown . .	43	" 29, "
Barbara A. Smith	Ernestown	Odessa, O.	90	May 4, "
John Bushen	Port Montain	Port Montain . . .	63	" 4, "
G. B. Kitchin	Pictou	Pictou, N. S. . . .	32	" 4, "
Barbara Ann Scanlen . .	Ernesttown	Wilton	89	" 4, "
Mrs. Bell	Shawbridge	Shawbridge, P. Q.	75	" 8, "
Mrs. Jemima Sickles	Oneida, O.	" 10, "
Margaret Loramore . . .	North Range	Weymouth, N.S. .	28	" 11, "
Angelina Pipes	Nappan	Nappan, N. S. . . .	59	" 14, "
John Hadley	Manchester	Manchester, N.S.	80	" 13, "
Wm. Doherty	Hard Ledge	79	" 15, "
Rev. Geo. Peck, D.D.	Scranton	Pennsylvania . . .	78	" 20, "

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, Toronto.