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THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1875.

THE REV. CHARLES FRESHMAN, D.D.

BY THE REV. ENOCH WOOD, D.D.

ONE of the most vigorous of the six hundred belonging to the Wesleyan Canada Conference has passed away. At the General Conference in Toronto he was seen moving to and fro, during most of its sessions. Far from calmness and ease was the state of his mind, for he was then "unattached" and homeless; separated from any special charge, and consequently unprovided for to sustain himself and numerous family. This well-knit frame was subdued by an accident which occurred on the 23rd of December, 1874, and terminated in death on the 4th of January, 1875, at 3 a.m. Let us briefly trace his beginning and end:—

CHARLES FRESHMAN was born in the year 1819, in Micklosh, a city on the river Waag, in the kingdom of Hungary, of parents strongly grounded in the Jewish religion. His ancestors were all of the same belief. Dr. Adam Clarke went all the way from London to Dublin for the purpose of obtaining some authority of the antiquity and position of the Clarke family; and Dr. Freshman says "our forefathers thought and asserted our family is descended from the tribe of Benjamin, but this can never be proved." And if it could be demonstrated satisfactorily, supposing Adam Clarke to be a lineal descendant of an Irish King, and Charles

Freshman a cousin of Benjamin, what would be the advantage thereof? The plumes and adornments of a former generation can be of little value to descendants, unless they imitate and possess the attributes of character which rendered their forefathers distinguished. In future years, and with more spiritual-mindedness, both of them would have said with Cowper,—

“My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents passed into the skies.”

His early education was in harmony with the Jewish Ritual; but his first religious impressions were received from his mother. This was the happiness of Doddridge, of Wesley, and many others,—“My mother!” And her instructions were such as to engrave upon the mind the great principles of love, and obedience to the Divine Law. For this purpose there was fixed upon the borders of his garment “a fringe and a ribbon of blue.” This was in the form of remembrance, and to be placed amongst a class of objects to assist the memory, of which the Holy Scriptures furnish many illustrations.

The Doctor says he distinctly remembered the festival of “Savah,” observed when he was four years of age, on account of his reading the first chapter of the Old Testament in the Hebrew language. With his training what to love and imitate, there was also blended what to despise and avoid. He was taught to believe that Jesus, whom the Jews called “the Talo,” the man who was hanged, was put to death because he made himself a God; and therefore, belonging to the people of God's own calling, he was instructed to look upon the Gentiles as idolaters, and unworthy to share in the glories of the kingdom of heaven.

Singular events are often identified with personal history. Vanderkemp, so useful as a missionary in Southern Africa, was rescued from a watery grave, though witnessing the death of two lovely daughters by a sudden squall which struck his pleasure-boat. Up to this time he was an infidel; but in his distress he sought and found favour with God. Fletcher was to all appearances dead, yet was marvellously brought to life after

a long submersion, which ordinarily would end in death. John Wesley was rescued from a burning parsonage on a cold winter's night by the brawny arms of a courageous man, whose son the writer of this article well remembers, the late Wm. Barnard, Esq., of Gainsborough, Lincolnshire.* Charles Freshman was delivered from a watery grave by the bravery of a Jew who saw him drowning in the river Waag. Dr. Freshman's own description is, "he heroically risked his own life in order to save mine. He jumped into the river, grasped me by my long hair, and snatched me from a watery grave."

The tendency of his mind was to the priesthood. As to who shall do his own work in his own Church, the sovereignty of God has never been held in abeyance: "I will clothe her priests with salvation." This "call" in our day has been reduced by our Founder to three questions: 1. Has he grace? that is, is he converted? 2. Has he gifts?—Can he talk? 3. Has he fruit?—Evidence of his ministerial and apostolic character? Upon this subject, Dr. Freshman appears to be quite satisfied as to *his* "calling" to the Jewish priesthood, and his whole course being bent upon this, the mariner does not look at his compass with greater interest and devotedness than he shaped his whole life to the accomplishment of this end. "I knew," says he, "that many years of close study and intense application were necessary before I could become qualified to become a *Tana Gaddell*."

He finished his education at Prague, and from his own view of his position, he cherished no mean opinion of his privilege in thus graduating at such a distinguished place. As a Rabbi he wanted a congregation, but to commend him to such a relationship he must have a wife. In his search for so precious an article he does not appear to be hastily successful: one was too young; another not sufficiently handsome; a third too poor; a fourth not well educated; a fifth was all right in every respect,—but, *he* would not suit her. In this strange dilemma Providence comes to his help, and by a chain of circumstances, not unlike many other happy marriages, he became the husband of her who now mourns in solitude as his bereaved widow. After twenty-four years of married life, with all its changes and trials, he bears

* See "Watson's Life of Wesley," page 326, 4th Edition. London, 1835.

this testimony, that Mrs. Freshman was "a faithful helpmeet, devoted wife, a good mother; and now I am happy to say, a pious Christian mother!"

A year's luxurious life yielded its natural fruit—a state of spiritual apathy and indifference. Then came a sort of blending the sacerdotal with the commercial, and, as might have been looked for, a failure in both. The unsettled condition of Hungary, coupled with the flattering accounts he had received of the "new world," induced him to cross the Atlantic, and in the month of July, 1855, with his wife and five children, he arrived in Montreal.

He was very cordially received by the Jewish authorities of that city, on producing his testimonials from the chief Rabbi of Prague, and credentials from other colleges; and subsequently was installed as Rabbi of the congregation in Quebec, which relationship he sustained for three years, when the change in his sentiments and experience began to develop itself. His religious exercises were here conducted in Hebrew and German.

During the whole of this time it does not appear that Dr. Freshman had any doubts as to the correctness of his faith, or the safety of his condition. Like unto others who had preceded him, he served the God of his fathers, in sincerity and uprightness according to the light he had received.

It is stated by a traveller in Persia that he was surprised to meet with a man professing to be a Christian; and upon enquiry, ascertained he attributed his conversion to the reading of a portion of the New Testament translated by Henry Martyn, which he found "by accident." Before Dr. Freshman left Europe, in the city of Cathay, Hungary, he met a Jewish missionary, employed by the Scotch Church, selling neatly bound copies of the Old and New Testaments very cheap. The idea of buying the New Testament was very repulsive to him; but the courtesy and persuasiveness of the agent overcame his strong Jewish prejudice, and by the expenditure of fifty cents he became the purchaser of a book which had much to do with the salvation of his soul. Yet this book he put under lock and key, guarding it from common access and examination as though it was a vessel of deadly poison. Toward the end of his third year's Rabbinical services in Quebec,

his mind became unsettled upon doctrinal questions, and he was sorely tempted to look into the Book which had been shrouded in obscurity from the time he purchased it. At first he stoutly resisted the temptation, but at length tremblingly yielded as though he had committed an enormous crime. The marvellous statements of the power of the Saviour, as recorded upon these pages, produced at first a feeling of repugnance, and the word "impossible" was followed up by an indignant throwing away of the volume, but only to be resorted to again in the state of mental disquietude to which he was brought. It would be far more easy to conjecture than to describe the mental struggles through which such a mind must pass before it could be brought in lowliness and humility, abandoning all pride of learning, descent, and Jewish faith and teaching, to say, "Thou art my Lord and my God." And yet these mountainous difficulties were overcome, and Dr. Freshman is seen clinging to the cross which he formerly despised, and loudly praising the name of that Saviour whom he formerly traduced. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree."

This transformation was real and apparent. He consulted not with "flesh and blood," but ventured everything, and trusted for everything. Wife, children, daily bread, clothing, support, were all involved in this decision and movement. We have in our day as marvellous conversions as that of St. Pauls; and among the number I hesitate not to place Dr. Freshman's. Will any one question that of the late Dr. Digbys, of Brantford, during the labours of the Rev. I. B. Howard? When Africaneer was converted, Missionary Moffatt persuaded him to accompany him to the Cape, though a large price was offered for his head. It is a fine evidence of the unwavering confidence a converted savage places in the word of a Missionary when he ventures to put his life in his hands. Upon Moffatt assuring him no harm would befall him since he was a converted man, he willingly accompanied him. The terror of his name filled the Dutch Boers with alarm; and when he was introduced to one of this class as the identical Chief, whilst the same was raising his broad-rimmed straw hat, the Dutch farmer exclaimed, "My God, what a miracle of grace!" And we say of our dear Bro. Freshman, "What a

miracle of grace!" Trained to despise the name of Jesus,—firmly grounded in his early religious convictions,—with a perceptive and clear judgment, and a most indomitable will,—to say nothing of the enjoyments flowing from a steady and uninterrupted observance of his duties as a conscientious and faithful Priest and Teacher,—how mighty the power necessary to subdue a man so thoroughly fortified to resist the claims of the despised Nazarene.

It was fortunate for him, and for the Methodist Church, that we had in Quebec a minister distinguished for his discernment, sympathy, and decision, not over careful as to what others might say, but possessing a firm and immovable resolution to do what was right. Powerful in the pulpit, rigid in his adherence to ecclesiastical law, and bountifully hospitable to his brethren and many friends, the Rev. JAS. ELLIOTT was found a willing listener to this Old Testament penitent; and as a traveller doubtful of his own way, confused by the many strange objects he meets in his journey, gladly seeks instruction from the most reliable source to which he can gain access, Dr. Freshman made his way to the Quebec Methodist Parsonage. No railway guide was ever so reliable as this pastor of the Quebec Church. Would he not teach him

“The path to glory, and to God?”

Modestly he says, in the sermon he preached in London, most unexpectedly called there to assist in the dedication of a sanctuary erected by Dr. Freshman's labours, but at the same time constrained to improve the occasion of his most lamented death, —“By a strange train of providences, he was brought to see that the New Testament demanded his cordial and intelligent confidence, that Judaism was effete, and that Jesus of Nazareth was indeed the true Messiah. He at once ceased to perform the services of the Synagogue, which brought upon him bitter persecution. Well do I remember the week-evening service in our church, when he attended for the first time. The text was Philippians 3rd chap. and iii. verse. ‘We are the circumcision which worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.’ Next morning, after a sleepless night, he called upon me, and said, ‘O, sir, I left the Jewish

Church because I thought it was wrong, and became an enquirer after the truth of Christianity, because I thought it was right; but until last night, I did not know that a change of heart was necessary—that I must be born again.' I conversed and prayed with him. He ventured his soul as a true penitent on Christ crucified, and soon was made conscious of the Divine forgiveness; and having received the Spirit of adoption, he could cry, 'Abba, Father.' He desired at once admission into our Church, as a member on probation. I advised him not to be in haste, to visit the various churches in the city, to judge calmly and deliberately for himself, and to seek earnestly and prayerfully for guidance from the Fountain of all Wisdom. He acted on this advice, and after two or three weeks he came to me, strongly expressing his determination, if received, to join the Methodist Church. This step was taken by him without any undue pressure on the part of others. In accordance with his request, he and his family were baptized on the following Sabbath in our church at Quebec, in presence of a very large congregation. The Rev. Dr. Cooke and the Rev. Mr. Clarke, Presbyterian ministers, and the Rev. Mr. Pullar, Congregationalist, assisted at the services, which were marked by special solemnity, and the presence of the Head of the Church. Shortly after he was received into our ministry, and appointed to open missions among the German population of this Province."

There are few of our Annual Conferences free from something remarkable—producing remembrances which are extended over a lifetime. We have had collisions and commotions, of course, all friendly and conscientious: we have had to do with law-breakers and law-makers: we have had to listen to grave propositions to admit candidates most unsuitable as to age, family, mental peculiarities, and even physical ability. In such a Sanhedrim as ours, who could suppose you would even approach to a vote for admission to the full order of the Christian ministry, with the loud "yeas" of an almost entire Conference, of a recently converted Jewish Rabbi, whose whole antecedents were unknown to the constituency who so heartily welcomed him to their ministerial family? True, there were a *few* who are thought to belong to a "cast-iron policy,"—unacquainted with

“modern thought,”—strangers “to the wants of the times,”—with some other complimentary epithets, who said something should be done by way of trial, through which every one of the ministers had passed. But, “No! no!” A favourable gale blows not more surely the gallant ship to her destined harbour, than the heart-and-soul-voices of that Kingston Conference placed the converted Jewish Rabbi in the full ranks of the Wesleyan Methodist ministry. From this time he became well known as a Wesleyan minister. His whole family were brought to the acknowledgment of Christ, the Saviour of all men; nor could any one doubt the reality and wondrous change through which they had all passed. Dr. Freshman himself was never known to hesitate, to doubt or question the Divinity and authority of Christ as his personal Saviour, “Am I His, or am I not?” never entered into his creed. The spirit of a life appropriation was his abiding testimony and privilege: “Christ my life.” With every shadow of human infirmity which some might think still was occasionally to be seen in him, he was frank, sincere, hopeful, and oftentimes joyous, and could sing with any Methodist,—

“Come, O my comfort and delight!

My strength and health, my shield and sun,

My boast, and confidence, and might,

My joy, my glory, and my crown:

My gospel hope, my calling's prize,

My tree of life, my paradise.”

President Elliott shall speak in his own terse and summarily graphic way of Dr. Freshman's fifteen years of Methodist itinerant life;—and of its most unexpected and lamented completion. He welcomed his entrance into the Church on earth; he assisted at the funeral solemnities of the dead after the spirit had joined “the general assembly and Church of the first-born.”

hard field of Missionary toil he made full proof of his ministry. During the nine years he continued in the German work he witnessed the conversion of multitudes. During the six years last past he has preached to English-speaking congregations, and on each circuit has been the instrument of special good to many, and has seen prosperity and enlargement in every department of the work given him to do. On the 23rd of December he had a fall from a carriage, producing injuries which proved fatal on January 4th. Though his sufferings were excruciating, yet in patience he possessed his soul. His

mind never wavered. He looked to the final issue with calm trust and holy reliance on his Divine Redeemer, and frequently rejoiced with joy unspeakable. He charged his wife and children to cleave to God, and to the Church of his choice, and with peculiar affection and earnestness he charged his son Jacob to be faithful in the ministry to which the Head of the Church had appointed him. He felt in himself that the end was come. He cried out in transport "Lift up your head O ye gates, even lift them up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." He requested one of the brethren present, Mr. McCormick, to pray. To every petition he responded audibly, and just as 'Amen' fell from his lips a quiver passed over his frame and he ceased to breathe. The mortal was dropped, and the immortal passed within the veil.

"He loved the Lord Jesus Christ with an ardent love. That name was dearer than thousands of gold and silver. What he did he did with all his might. Whether it was the erection of a parsonage or church, managing a Sunday-school, or preaching the Gospel, he bent all his energies to succeed. He loved his own house and family, and used all his strength for their present and eternal welfare.

"He was a steadfast friend, and trifles could not damp his affection for those whom he loved in the Lord. Providence opened his way to a field of labour in the suburbs of this city (London), and our people have acted towards him and his work with a promptness, kindness, and liberality above all praise.

"'Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.' We shall meet again."

When stationed in Preston, the Conference gave him an English assistant, the Rev. J. Smiley, B.A., who thus portrays the character, gifts, and labours of the Doctor with the ardour and eulogium of what Timothy would have shown to Paul the aged, if placed in similar circumstances :

"I was intimately associated with the Rev. Dr. Freshman during one of his years in Preston,—the one in which his autobiography was prepared for publication—hence, had many opportunities of studying him, with the following results. It was never my privilege to listen to a man who had, apparently, such habitual access to, and prevailing power with God in prayer. Of course, I now speak of those occasions in which his own language (the German) was used. His efforts in the English language give no adequate idea of the indescribable emotion to which I refer. My own mind has often been drawn into such an agony of earnest desire for the salvation of souls—as I would follow his pleadings on their behalf—that I could scarcely refrain from groaning aloud. And, indeed, many of his own people were audibly affected, in a similar manner at his meetings. When he would dwell upon the promises, the riches of the Old Testament Scriptures were laid under contribution and woven into similar beauties in the New, in a manner peculiar to himself, until tears would stream from the eyes of his auditory, and shouts of joy issue from their lips.

"In his preaching he was similarly gifted. Whether argumentative, doctrinal hortatory, textual, or topical, every sermon aimed straight at the

sinner's heart, with a great many sweet morsels of comfort for believers as well. I have heard him preach sermons to his small congregation in Preston which seemed as if they must carry all before them. With his powerful delivery, his great earnestness, and remarkable fluency of speech, he was eminently qualified to hold forth the Word of Life. I often used to think, if this little congregation can draw him out in such a powerful manner, what could he not accomplish had he the stimulus of numbers afforded by some of our larger congregations? The pathos with which he would pronounce the single word 'geliebte' (beloved), in his discourses, is beyond my power to describe; and the effect on his congregations was such, that I never saw him conduct a service at which the majority of his hearers were not in tears, sometimes of joy, frequently of penitence.

"His scholarship in ancient and modern languages was beyond a doubt. With the modern languages of Europe, of the great German family, he was familiar. In general science he was not abreast with the times, but quite familiar with the science of thirty years ago. With the history, mythology, and archæology of European nations he was well acquainted.

"As a worker he was indefatigable. In preaching he never spared himself. I never heard him preach without working himself into a profuse perspiration, in which the large veins in his forehead would stand out quite prominently. Exhausted with his Sabbath labours, as he always was, he seldom indulged himself in a Monday's rest. His horse, always well tended while at home, showed by its spare proportions how constantly he was 'on the go.' But to him it was a labour of love. Souls with him were paramount, and the interests of Christ's kingdom stood immeasurably superior to those of his own physical requirements, or even those of his family, whom he loved better than himself.

"Peace to his ashes. He is now where his defects will not trouble himself nor disturb any one else. I admired him. To me he was a great man; and to you, his attached friend, I tender my thanks for being faithful to him until death."

As to his defects: what these were arose from a want of administrative training. He knew nothing as a "Member on trial," "Exhorter," "Local Preacher," etc. No Quarterly Meeting gave judgment upon these points in their abstract character. He went out with all the authority and reverence cheerfully given to him by the members of his congregation as an accredited and talented Jewish priest, to preach the Doctrines and administer the Laws of the Methodist Church. Dr. Freshman possessed a sympathetic nature. He was not the Levite who would pass by a brother stricken by adversity: but it never entered into his mind that because he was the Lord's servant under the Mosaic dispensation, he was to be minified and degrade as the willing, loving, zealous, and devoted servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. His conceptions of his ministerial authority were rather elevated

than depressed; and if he took all possible care of the Israelitish people by virtue of his office as priest, why should he not exercise the same functions upon all questions bearing upon the spiritual and eternal welfare of those committed to his oversight as a minister of Christ? Had he enjoyed the advantages of a careful, wise superintendency at the commencement of his Methodist career for a few years, there can be no doubt he would have avoided the occasional ruggedness which disturbed his own peace, and was not promotive of the Church's permanent welfare. And yet, whatever he said or worked out, according to his own convictions, no one ever moved with greater singleness of purpose, and with an eye to the glory of the Saviour, whom he so ardently loved, than Dr. Charles Freshman.

"Defects!" and where is the man who is free from them? Is it Moses, under the Old Law, when he smashed the stones, or Peter, under the New, when he swore and denied his Master? No slander ever brought a blush to Dr. Freshman's bright countenance. Jew or Christian, the social attributes of his character were stainless. But his whole organization was impulsive; what he did was with earnestness; and if those with whom he worked were not equally as quick in perception and action, then he might show himself chafed and impatient.

His progress in the command of what the French call our "hard-mouthed language" was very rapid. When he first appeared on the platform of the Kingston Conference, any one might have observed how the mighty workings of his mind struggled with the obstruction of an imperfect knowledge of the language in which he was endeavouring to convey his gushing thoughts. By the exercise of his great mental endowments and energy, he became a powerful and eloquent speaker; tinged with the idiom of a foreigner, but correct and forcible. If he were a "miracle of grace" to my apprehension, as to his conversion, he was not less to me a surprising example of what the human mind is capable of accomplishing in the face of appalling difficulties. Dr. Freshman was forty years old when brought to the knowledge of Christ, and yet he soon spoke and wrote the English language with singular effect. His "Autobiography" required little alteration. Two of the principal

statements which needed correction in all his MS. were these: First, He made use of expressions, from his then imperfect acquaintance with our numerous adjectives, which would have justified the conclusion that he loved his mother better than his wife. When this was shown to him he seemed greatly alarmed, and burst into a vehement strain on the excellences of his wife, and the love he cherished for her above all human creatures on the face of the earth; second, in his narrative of a journey which he took from Hamilton to St. George, January 2, 1862, (see "Autobiography," page 175,) he wrote, "during the whole of this journey I never saw on the road a living object, except a dog, and he was dead!" The broad, hearty laugh which he gave when I showed him this Israelitish bull is not easily forgotten.

We cannot think of the suddenness of Dr. Freshman's removal from his family and the Church, coupled with other vacancies occasioned by death, without exclaiming: "Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

Since the session of the Hamilton Conference closed, from the ranks of the aged and the young engaged in the services of the sanctuary, who have put off the armour and gained possession of eternal life, we are admonished to remember .. at "The Son of Man cometh at an hour we think not of:" O Death!

"Thou art where billows foam;
 Thou art where music melts upon the air;
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home;
 And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but *all*,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!"*

Therefore "Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh in which no man can work." This is our time for labour; yonder is our place for rest. This is our seed-time, which if sown plentifully, the harvest to be reaped will be bountiful. "What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?"

* Mrs. Hemans.

TRUE SCIENCE *Versus* SPECULATION.

BY WILLIAM COOKE, D.D.

PART I.

It may be laid down as a logical axiom that there is an absolute agreement in all truth. One truth cannot contradict another; and, therefore, every particular truth must harmonize with truth universally. There may be, indeed, *apparent* discrepancies; but they are only apparent, not real; they arise from our imperfect knowledge, not from the truths themselves. Whenever two propositions contradict each other, one of them must be false; for all truths must essentially and eternally harmonize among themselves.

We must, however, carefully distinguish between truth and the mere semblance of truth; for this is to distinguish between genuine philosophy, and "science falsely so called." Even as there are fictitious imitations of gold, silver, and precious gems, so there is a spurious philosophy which borrows from speculation what is deficient in proof. We must, however, remember that true science is truth *demonstrated*; speculation is mere opinion; and true philosophy bids us beware of mere opinion. Lord Bacon, in his great work—the "*Novum Organon*," shows that science can only build on a true foundation by discarding theories and substituting the evidence of facts.* Sir Isaac Newton constructed the noble science of astronomy on the sure evidence of physical and mathematical demonstration, expressly affirming that "hypotheses have no place in philosophy."† It is the same with the science of optics, chemistry, etc. Boyle, Brewster, Davy, Dalton and Faraday demonstrated their scientific systems by facts.

* He shows, indeed, that true science is injured by speculation. See *Novum Organon*, vol. I, pp. 274–309.

† "Hypothesis non fingo. Quicquid enim ex Phenomenis non deducitur, Hypothesis vocanda est; et Hypotheses seu Metaphysicæ, seu Physicæ, seu Qualitatum occultarum, seu Mechanicæ, in *Philosophia Experimentalis* locum non habent." *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*. p. 484. Amstel. MDCCXXXIII.

True philosophy disregards mere theories, and asks for demonstration, modestly suspending its judgment until that evidence can be given. But while the highest class of minds eschew theorizing, and calmly wait for evidence, minds of an inferior order are prone to speculate, and becoming dazzled by the *ignis fatuus* of some preconceived generalization, they rush to conclusions in one generation which the next often dissipates into thin air. Thus every age has had its theorizers, and subsequent ages have seen them vanish. Such there were in apostolic times, and Christians were admonished to beware of them; such there are now, and the admonition is equally needed in our own day.

There is the theory of *the Materialist*, who denies the existence of angel, spirit, or God, and contends that nothing exists but matter, which he affirms is self-existent and eternal! We demand from this theorizer a demonstration of his dogma. The universe is immense, but he is scarcely six feet high; how does he know what there is in that immensity? He is confined to a narrow spot of earth, but there are worlds on worlds powdering the heavens which his mightiest telescope cannot resolve into brilliant points; how does the pigmy know what beings dwell in those distant orbs? He has but five senses; how does he know what beings there are which the narrow range of his senses cannot reach? Is it for the blind man to assert there are no objects of vision? or for the deaf man to deny the existence of sound? Look, too, at the brevity of his age! He is but of yesterday; how can he pretend to determine that matter is eternal? He is presuming to affirm that of which he knows nothing! He is constructing a gigantic theory on mere imagination! Moreover, his theory is not only without proof, but contradictory to all evidence; for *matter has not one of the properties of a self-existent being!*

There is the theory of *the Pantheist*, who contends that God and the universe are one; that the sun moon and stars, earth air and ocean, beasts birds and reptiles, good men and bad men, saints and profligates, are all parts of God, and God is the whole; and this, forsooth, is dubbed with the dishonoured name of philosophy! Need we say that this theory is not only without proof, but is contradicted by all our senses, by our reason, by our

personal identity, and by every fact in the history of our being! By the same evidence that I know that I exist, I know that I am not an eagle, a lion, or a whale; by the same evidence I know that I am not God; and I know nothing more certainly than that this theory is insane folly!

There is the theory of *spontaneous origination and evolution*, which asserts that suns, planets, and solar systems are self-formed by the operation of gravitation upon nebular matter; that matter itself under special conditions generates life; and that living organisms of the lower forms of life gradually emerge into the higher species; and, finally, that man himself has been developed from the ape! Has any one seen this wonderful origination and evolution? The answer is, Not one! The keenest and most persistent investigation has never perceived a tiny insect, not even a *monad*, brought into being by any chemical process; and the most careful experiments go to show that no form of life is produced except from a pre-existent *ovum* or germ. This, as an experimental fact, is admitted even by the theorists themselves. This is admitted by Professor Owen, and also by Professor Huxley, and Tindall at the meeting held for the Promotion of Science. Has any one seen an animal of a lower species developed into a higher? Never. Has any one seen systems formed by the breaking up of nebular matter? Certainly not. But we know that nebular matter, once *supposed* to be thus breaking up, has been resolved by Lord Rosse's powerful telescope into brilliant constellations of perfect worlds! We know, too, that two of the satellites of Uranus move in a direction contrary to the motion of all other planets in the solar system; and this is in point blank opposition to the theory of evolution. Thus the theory is not only without proof, but is against the evidence of phenomena which science has discovered. The heavens and the earth proclaim their origin to be not from themselves; but as that prince of philosophers, Sir Isaac Newton, has beautifully and forcibly said—"they have their origin from no cause but that all-knowing and powerful Being," whom we designate God.*

* "Elegantissima hæcce solis, planetarum, et cometarum compages non nisi consilio et dominio Entis intelligentis et potentis oriri potuit," etc. Philos. Nat. Princ. Math., p. 482.

There is the theory of *the enormous antiquity of Man*, asserting that he existed hundreds of thousands, or even millions of years ago; and began his career as an anthropoid beast! This is asserted with an air of authority as if to overawe the unlearned reader. But the theory lacks the essential element of proof. The boasted antiquity of Egypt, Assyria, India, and China are proved to be fabulous. The remains of man found in divers places indicate different stages of civilization, but are no proof of man's antiquity beyond the chronology of Moses. Even if the remains of some creatures resembling man should be found in geological positions indicating an antiquity higher than what the Scriptures assign to the human race, it does not follow that they contradict the Mosaic record. For either the position of those remains must be owing to geological disturbance, or the remains themselves must belong to a different class of beings, who occupied the earth in periods anterior to the creation of Adam; for who can pretend to know the history of our world during those protracted ages which anteceded the creation of the first man? We abide by the chronology of the Bible, and refuse to accept mere theories based upon speculation; and in this we are sustained by sound logic and by a host of facts. The genuine records of all history, the reliable traditions of all nations, and the recent origin of all arts and sciences, point to a period coincident with the Scriptural account of the creation of man, and to the time of his dispersion after the confusion of tongues.

There is the theory which *rejects miracles!* But on what ground are they rejected? On the ground of actual disproof? Assuredly not. The objectors were not present to dispute them; nor were the miracles questioned by the very adversaries in whose presence they were performed! Even the most hostile contemporary opponents confessed the reality of the miracles, though they ascribed them to a diabolical agency. On what ground, then, do modern sceptics deny the miracles of the Bible? On the alleged ground that "they are contrary to our experience." Fallacious principle! Thousands of facts are true, though contrary to our limited experience. In equatorial regions it is contrary to men's experience that water should become ice, and that rivers should become as hard and solid as a macadamized road.

But let those men change their residence, and dwell in the polar regions, or even in the high latitudes of the temperate zones; and then what is now contrary to their experience, will be evident to their senses during several months in the year. Miracles are *facts*, and as such are amenable not to theories, but to the ordinary laws of evidence; and the evidence of miracles rests on the testimony of thousands of honest, sensible men, who personally witnessed them; and to resist that evidence for a mere theory, is neither logical nor scientific; it is "the philosophy of vain deceit."

There is the theory which *denies Divine inspiration*, or, what is the same thing, reduces the inspiration of prophets and apostles to the mental excitement of the poet and the orator! This theory has no basis except in a diseased imagination, or in that chronic scepticism which is the normal condition of some minds. But how puerile and contrary to all evidence is the idea that reduces inspiration to the excitement of the poet or the orator! Where are the facts in its support? Echo answers where? Did Homer, Virgil, and Milton; Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, or Chatham, in their loftiest flights of fancy or fervour utter such revelations or prophecies as are contained in the grand old Bible? Look at Egypt, Nineveh, Babylon, Edom, Philistia, Judea, and the Jews! Their past history and their present state are reflected from the pages of prophecy, as the scenes of a landscape are reflected from a mirror; and what light could reflect all this, but the light of a Divine prescience, which sees the future with equal clearness and certainty as it views the present and the past? The theory which denies inspiration is the insanity which closes the shutters at noon-day to prove that day is night!

There is the theory which *denies a special providence and the efficacy of prayer*. Why? Because, say some philosophers, "God is too great to concern himself with the affairs of men." Wonderful philosophy! Thinkest thou, O man, that God is altogether such an one as thyself? God is infinitely good as well as infinitely great; and if his greatness did not forbid him to create an insect or a worm, his goodness cannot but interest him in the welfare of his noblest creature, man! But to answer prayer, it

is alleged, would interfere with the laws of nature. How do you know that? God can answer prayer in ten thousand ways without interrupting the laws of nature. And what, indeed, are the laws of nature, but simply the *modes* in which God usually operates, and makes nature to fulfil his purposes? God himself is the author of those laws, and he who appointed them, can alter, suspend, or subordinate them as he pleases. Nature is God's servant, not his master; and as his servant it must obey his will. Moreover, gravitation, repulsion, chemical affinity, celestial dynamics, and other modes, are not God's only laws of operation. He has also ordained *moral* laws, such as veracity, justice, benevolence, holiness, etc.; and these *moral* laws are higher than *natural* laws! God may suspend or alter a natural law at his pleasure, without impugning his character; but God cannot reverse or alter his moral laws without infringing upon his character; and, from the absolute excellence of his nature, this is impossible. If, then, God has promised any blessing to his people, his veracity and goodness are pledged to bestow it; and if the bestowment of that blessing is beyond the operation of natural law, it is wise and benevolent in God to subordinate his *work* to his *Word*; and thus give supremacy to his truth, his justice, and benevolence, over the laws of matter and its operations! This he has done in numerous instances; and as a wise, holy, benevolent Being, this he *will* do whenever necessary. For heaven and earth shall pass away, but his Word shall not pass away. This is as sound in philosophy as in theology, and the opposite theory is science falsely so called.

Not long ago an eminent sceptic challenged Christians to try the efficacy of prayer upon certain patients in a London hospital. Impertinent and profane! Here is a man who refuses to try the efficacy of his own prayers for that personal salvation which God graciously offers him, and yet, like the mocking unbelievers of old, he demands Christians to ask God to give him a sign! When did our Lord respond to such demands? Never! The sanctity of prayer is not to be outraged by such profanity. If the man really desires to know the efficacy of prayer, let him do as John Newton and R. Tounley did, try the efficacy of prayer on his own knees, by pleading for mercy

through Christ Jesus; and then even Professor Tindall shall become a living witness of the power of prayer, and of the truth of Gospel salvation!

There is, finally, the theory (if theory it may be called) of *universal scepticism*. Some men are such transcendent thinkers that they profess to believe in nothing. Their lofty minds soar so high above the altitude of ordinary mortals and all sublunary things, that they affirm everything to be doubtful; there is nothing certain. And this, of course, is dignified with the majestic name *philosophy*! Berkeley, who was held in high repute as an acute metaphysician, wrote elaborately to prove that neither he nor any one else had a material body! and David Hume, the historian and philosopher, wrote a treatise to prove that men had neither bodies nor souls! No wonder the man who denied his own existence, should also deny the existence of God; and yet one wonders that he should take the trouble to prove anything if he believed in nothing; there being no one in existence to examine his proofs! We cannot stoop to reason with such men. We simply treat them as insane, and refer to them merely to show the absurdities to which men may go, when once they leave the solid ground of evidence, and substitute speculation for proof.

In view of these theories, may we not ask "What thoughtful, philosophic mind, thoroughly in love with truth, could exchange the solid verities of revealed religion for vagaries such as these or for any one of them? These notions are not only without proof; some of them are in direct opposition to evidence, and others are egregious follies. But the evidence of Bible truth is invincible, and ever growing; age, in which other things fade and become dim, only adds to its brightness and intensity.

I may, in another paper, show that these follies are but the resurrection of theories which were advocated in the schools of philosophers before and during apostolic times; and with which Christianity had to contend in its early days. If they had been true instead of false, Christianity would have been doomed many centuries ago. But Christianity flourished in spite of them, and will flourish when they shall have passed away for ever as the dreams of a false philosophy.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

BY W. H. W.

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to.

"Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance."—*Milton's "Arcopagitica."*

O NATION, young and fair, and strong! arise
 To the full stature of thy greatness now!
 Thy glorious destiny doth thee endow
 With high prerogative. Before thee lies
 A future full of promise. Oh! be wise!
 Be great in all things good, and haste to sow
 The Present with rich germs from which may grow
 Sublime results and noble, high emprise.
 Oh! be it her cease thy mission to advance
 The destinies of man, exalt the race,
 And teach down-trodden nations through the expanse
 Of the round earth to rise above their base
 And low estate, love Freedom's holy cause,
 And give to all men just and equal laws.

Oh! let us plant in the fresh virgin earth
 Of this new world, a scion of that tree
 Beneath whose shade our fathers dwelt, a free
 And noble nation—of heroic birth.
 Let the Penates of our fathers' hearth
 Be hither borne; and let us bow the knee
 Still at our fathers' altars. O'er the sea
 Our hearts yearn fondly and revere their worth.
 And though forth-faring from our father's house,
 Not forth in anger, but in love we go.
 It lessens not our reverence, but doth rouse
 To deeper love than ever we did know.
 Not alien and estranged, but sons are we
 Of that great Father-Land beyond the sea.

NED WRIGHT; OR, THE THIEF TURNED PREACHER.

BY JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

ONE morning, a few years ago, the Master-at-arms in one of Her Majesty's ships of war, looking down the ship's hatchway, beckoned the stoker up the ladder and whispered to him :

"Don't be alarmed, old chap; I'm very sorry, but I must tell you the worst of it. They are making arrangements for you to be flaked (flogged) this morning."

The stoker, at first, treated the information somewhat cavalierly; but on observing the pitiful looks with which some of the sailors regarded him, and catching sight of the grating at the main rigging, and then of the cat-o'-nine-tails, with its baize-covered handle, his courage began to fail. For the rest, the stoker tells his own story.

"One of the marines drew near me, and whispering in my ear, said :

"Here's a lead button, old fellow; keep this between your teeth whilst being flogged, and it will save you from biting your tongue!"

"Ere I had got the button fairly in my mouth a shrill whistle echoed fore and aft the ship, followed by a loud shout from the boatswain's mate :

"Hands, all hands, to witness punishment."

"The momentary bustle brought about by this sound, soon gave me to understand that I was on board a man-o'-war. The 'blue jackets' were galloping up the stairs, the marines were rattling their fire-arms, and everybody going towards the quarter-deck. This took all the bravery out of me; yet I waited in silence, striving to muster up courage to play the man, when presently two marines with fixed bayonets marched me on to the quarter-deck. Here I found all the officers in full dress uniform, and the blue-jackets arranged in rear of the marines. I had scarcely taken my position against the mainmast, when the Commander proceeded to read the Articles of War, after which, speaking to me, he said :

"Strip, sir."

"Having previously been told what to do by the ship's corporal, I proceeded to tie the lanyard of my knife round my waist, and pulling off both my Guernsey and flannel shirt, I stood bare-backed, ready for the dreadful work. My hands having been stretched out, and tied up to the grating, and my ankles fastened together, the boatswain's mate took the cat-o'-nine-tails, and having tucked up his sleeves, stood near to me awaiting his orders. For upwards of a minute there was dead silence. Then the Commander called out in a loud voice:

"'Boatswain's mate, do your duty.'

"Instantly the cat-o'-nine-tails was raised in the air, and, like boiling lead, fell upon my back."

The ignominious sufferer on this occasion was Ned Wright. Ned had but lately joined the vessel, and on his first evening on shore at Spithead he had gone on a drunken spree with but little money, but obtained more by selling his good clothes for old ones. He stayed away three days without leave, and returned to the ship, his linen in ribbons, his blue canvas trousers with one leg off at the knee and the other torn half way up the calf, and minus shoes, stockings, hat, and comforter. An imprisonment in irons for three days having had no effect in improving his reckless behaviour, he was flogged. But even this fearful punishment had but small effect in curing his incorrigible waywardness.

Ned Wright was a character of no common wickedness. From a boy, he had associated with the worst companions, and had been ever foremost in all manner of evil. While still a mere child, his propensity to steal showed itself in his helping to rob the till of a small shop in London. Ned crept in on his hands and knees, stole the money, and spent it with the other boy-thieves, in baked potatoes, fried fish, and stewed eels.

His father succeeded in getting him into the Blue School, in Southwark; but before he had been there long enough to entitle him to the quaint costume of the school, he decamped, stealing several of the bright badges the boys then wore upon the breasts of their coats, and selling them for old brass.

As he grew up, his employments were various, but in each he displayed the same vicious disposition, and ever going on from bad to worse. As a waterman on the Thames he would act

in concert with the heartless "crimps," who decoy the poor sailors on landing, and plunder them of all they have. On one occasion, he fleeced six poor fellows in that way.

Being concerned in a silk robbery, he enlisted in the army under an assumed name. He soon became the source of great trouble to the drill-sergeant, an impatient Irishman. Observing him one day stooping on the ground, the sergeant went up to him and said :

"Arrah, sir, what's the matter wid ye now?"

"Oh, sir," replied the ever ready Ned, "I've got the stomach-ache."

On this the shrewd Irishman observed, as he attempted to straighten him out, "Sure you're one of the Queen's bad bargains," and, seizing him by the back of the neck, hurled him on one side, bidding him join the "awkward squad."

He soon ran away from the army, and next turned up as a prize-fighter. In one encounter with a professional pugilist, he fought for over two hours and a quarter, and came off with the victory, a broken nose, and a battered head swollen like a pumpkin.

Some time after the terrible scene on the man-of-war, he got his discharge from the navy, and got married. But his treatment of his wife was of a piece with the rest of his conduct. He was a habitual drunkard, and his ill-gotten gains, the proceeds of robberies and gambling, as well as what he earned honestly, nearly all went to satiate his thirst for drink, and indeed that same love of drink had been the principal incitement to all the thefts of which he was guilty. Indeed so brutal was his conduct toward his wife, that at one time she had to fly from him to save her life, at another to procure legal protection for herself and her children. Once he had to appear in Court for striking his mother on the head and nearly killing her. But Ned was familiar with Courts. He had often been in prison. He knew well the prison discipline of Wandsworth Gaol, Old Brixton, Maidstone and Newgate. An old gaol schoolmaster accosted him once as he was being committed to the New Model Prison at Wandsworth.

"Hallo, Wright, what, come home again? How long for, pray, this time?"

Yet were there brighter and better days in store for Ned. Strange as it may seem, he was the son of pious parents, whose hearts were wrung with unutterable grief at his wild and desperate wickedness. They never ceased to follow him with prayers, such as only broken, bleeding hearts can utter. Nor did they pray in vain.

Ned had been unsuccessful in four different attempts at robbery, and was in extreme want of funds. He had received a challenge to fight a prominent champion of the ring, and now fixed his hopes of success on the issue of this encounter. While training for this combat he had to keep sober, and to keep out of the way of his evil companions. He and his wife strolled out one evening towards Pimlico. A boy on the way offered Ned a handbill, announcing that a workingman would that evening speak on the subject of religion in Astley's Theatre. Curiosity and "free seats and no collection" induced Ned to go. He and his wife slipped in behind a pillar to watch what was going on. The earnest words of the workingman-preacher took hold of Ned, particularly as he dropped on his knees and implored God's mercy on all "runaway children" and young men whose wickedness was bringing down their aged parents' gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

"Young man, where will you spend eternity?" cried the speaker again and again, laying solemn emphasis on the last word.

Ned trembled as his whole past life came up vividly before him. He remembered, with terror, what the preacher had said: "The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God." He became so overpowered with the sense of his wickedness and the nearness of his doom that he swooned away. While in this state, Ned had a kind of vision which he has himself described.

"I felt carried away," he says, "and found myself arraigned before the most awful tribunal I ever witnessed. There sat the Judge of high heaven, upon His throne of glory, surrounded by angels and archangels, and the ransomed saints. The brightness of these beings dazzled my eyes, and made me feel as if I would give ten thousand worlds to crumble into dust. Sins that had been committed and forgotten seemed to appear before my eyes,

caused me to hang down my head with shame, and in my heart to exclaim. 'Oh that I had never been born!' Then a voice echoed through the vaults of heaven, saying:

"Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with an enormous number of great offences, do you plead guilty?"

"Shivering like an aspen leaf, not daring to raise my head, I felt this to be ten thousand times worse than being tried at the Old Bailey. There was no deceiving the Judge of all the earth, no bringing false witnesses to swear one clear. His eyes were as flames of fire, searching me through. Oh what a dreadful feeling was that! I knew I was guilty; I felt condemned; and I stood a wretched sinner before the Judge. Then, too, in all that vast assembly, there was no voice raised in my favour. My case was hopeless. I stood in breathless suspense awaiting my sentence; and while trembling and quaking with fear, the scalding tears running down my cheeks, and my heart bursting within me, I heard a voice softly and gently whispering in my ear:

"Look to Jesus; there is pardon and life through looking to Jesus."

"Then I cried in agony of soul 'Where, oh where is Jesus?'"

Then came a sight of Christ crucified. He looked and believed. Then he seemed to see the Judge arise and pronounce his acquittal.

"Prisoner, you have incurred the extreme penalty of the law, which you have so repeatedly broken; you are absolutely without excuse; but this is now the award of love—solely because of the merits of my dear Son, to whom you have looked; I ordain that you be taken from the kingdom of Satan, and be translated into the kingdom of my Son, and that you be made an heir of God, and joint heir with Christ Jesus."

All this seemed to be the work of a few minutes. When he came back to consciousness, sweating at every pore, and the tears streaming down his face, he was so full of amazement that he did not know what to do. Several times he started to leave the place, but so strong a hold had the wonderful scene he had just beheld upon his mind, that he could not get away.

Meanwhile his wife had been in deep distress about her

soul; but had found peace in believing. Ned saw the preacher, who had been conversing with her, rise from his seat, exclaiming with joy :

“Thank God, the woman’s saved !”

After leaving the theatre, neither of them could utter a word until they reached home. The wife then dropped upon her knees by the bedside, and began to pour out her soul in thankfulness to God for His wondrous love made known to her that night. Ned stood looking on. It was a long time since he had heard a prayer before that evening. He was soon on his knees by her side. The scene he had beheld at the theatre again came to mind, and particularly that part where Jesus appeared on his behalf, as his gracious Intercessor and Redeemer. His heart became so full of the love he felt towards Him he could only exclaim :

“Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, I thank thee from my heart for saving my soul !”

For some time they both continued in prayer and thanksgiving, then rising they went into another room for a “bit of supper.”

“We were about to partake of it,” he says, in his simple way, “but both of our hands seemed to refuse to touch it. I remember that my feelings at this moment were, that I must ask God’s blessing upon the food now ; and although I had not said grace from my boyhood, still I thought I would put my hands together, and open my mouth, and ask God, in words that I had often heard from my godly father, to bless the food he had given us.”

When he had done so, Mrs. Wright felt too broken down to partake of anything.

“O God,” she cried, with a heart full of joy, “this is too much for me.”

It was an occasion for weeping ; and so, instead of eating they wept and talked of all that the Lord had that night done for them. What a change ! What a salvation !

The next morning, the first thing Ned did, after breakfast, was to go and announce his intention to withdraw from the prize-fight. He was called a cur and a fool. One remarked :

"Poor Ned, he's gone off his chump (*i.e.*, mind) at last."

"No, Jerry," said Ned, "I never was in my right mind before; but I am now, thanks be to God."

Ned's great desire now was to earn his livelihood honestly. But this was no easy task. He was so well known as a rogue, that he could find few to employ him. For thirteen weeks at one time he tramped the streets of London, seeking work and finding none, until, reduced to the verge of starvation, poor Ned and his wife fell upon their knees in their desolate home and cried to God for help.

"Oh, Ned," said she, "don't cry, but cheer up; remember that a crust with Christ is better than all the world without Him."

An hour after, Ned received an offer of twenty-five shillings per week to sell Bibles and Testaments among his old companions. ²

From the hour of his conversion, Ned became a firm teetotaler. He found it, however, less easy to abandon the pipe, for he was an inveterate smoker. He still continued to indulge in the habit for some time after his conversion, but at last was convinced he was doing wrong, and, with a heroism that might be copied by many sinners of far more respectable order than poor Ned, he relinquished it entirely.

It was not without sore temptations that Ned held on his way. Once, prior to his Bible agency, while working on the Thames, a pierman had acted towards him in a most malicious and abusive manner. Ned's remonstrances only made the man the more aggravating. Ned got exasperated, and, seizing him by the coat collar, ran him along the pier, and threatened to throw him into the water. But suddenly he remembered God, and was troubled. He drew him back, let go his hold, and walked away in deep anguish of spirit. Ned's peace was gone. He was advised to go and confess his fault and ask the man's forgiveness. It was a hard trial. To fight bravely with the bullies of the "ring" he felt was nothing to this. Still, the next day he went.

"George," said he, "I want to see you."

"I should think you did after the manner you served me yesterday."

"Well," said Ned, "the fact is, I was converted a little while ago, and now I confess to you how very wrong I was to act toward you as I did yesterday. It has made me very miserable and unhappy ever since, and I am compelled to come and acknowledge myself in fault, and beg you to forgive me. It is a wonder, George, that I did not throw you overboard, for you know what a character I have been in times past, before God, in the greatness of his mercy, converted me. I shall be contented and happy now that I have told you, and I am sure you won't take further notice of it or be offended. The Lord, I know, has pardoned all my sins and saved my soul; and I feel deeply grieved that I should so soon offend Him who has done so much for me. You will forgive me, George, won't you?"

The pierman burst into tears, and confessed himself a guilty sinner, and asked Ned what he should do. The two retired into the cabin, and Ned prayed fervently for poor George. It was not long before Ned left him rejoicing in a sin-pardoning Saviour. Ned had humbled himself, and God highly exalted him, in leading his enemy to Christ.

And now Ned entered on his Bible mission. Getting a hand-carriage, he went through the streets, seizing every opportunity of selling his Bibles, and speaking earnestly to many or few that would listen to him about the salvation of their souls. Such was the simplicity and power of his words, and, above all, the wonderful story of his own conversion, that sometimes several hundreds would gather around to hear him. He had the joy of seeing numbers converted to God. Sometimes he spoke to the police, singling out the men who often before had arrested him as a prisoner, reminding them of his former ways, and what a blessed change God had wrought in him, and entreating them to accept of Christ as their Saviour too. One of these men—a sceptic—was led to Christ, and on his death-bed sent for Ned, who saw him pass away rejoicing in the Saviour.

Sometimes he wheeled his Bible-carriage up a street in Rotherhithe, that for years he had kept in a state of alarm through his robberies. Taking his stand opposite a day school, and collecting the children around him when out of school,

he would raise such a song of praise as startled the neighbourhood.

"The street market in the New Cut," says Ned Wright's biographer, "affords a sight, once witnessed, never to be forgotten. The poorest classes of South London purchase here most of the necessaries of life, in smaller quantity, and perhaps at a cheaper rate, than in any other district. The road is lined on each side with costermongers' barrows, sellers of stay-laces, trinkets, stationery, herbs, and common wares." Here Ned resolved to push his work. On one occasion he gathered a thousand people around him, who listened attentively to the speaker's story. On another he spoke to an immense number, from eight o'clock at night till near twelve.

"Amidst the occasional interruptions of a persistent organ grinder," continues the narrator, "Mr. Cheap John would vary the monotony of the wretched music by his coarse sallies; and his voice in turn would be drowned by the blasts of a trumpet that affected the tympanum of the bystanders, whilst Ned was seeking to affect their consciences."

Notwithstanding all this, several were converted. By this time Ned's fame had spread even across the channel, and he was invited over to Ireland. On his return home, the steamer in which he sailed from Dublin was crowded with Irish labourers crossing to reap the English harvest. A more unpromising field for Ned's evangelistic labours could scarcely have been found.

"Confusion and noise, the clattering of tongues, crowding, fighting, pushing, swearing, blaspheming—the atmosphere was redolent with curses." Ned watched in vain for a chance to speak to them. The word of God was like fire in his bones. Within an hour's sail of Holyhead, they were enveloped in one of those thick yellow fogs so common in London. One could scarcely see a foot ahead. Ned seized what he believed a providential opportunity; and feeling his way on to the skylight, shouted down in a stentorian voice, "God so loved the world," etc. Passage after passage poured forth, with tremendous solemnity and energy. The Irish below were seized with superstitious awe, and every breath was hushed as this awful voice, which seemed coming down from the upper world, fell

upon their ears. By and by the sky brightened and they saw the adventurous speaker, standing with his arms lifted up to heaven, calling down God's blessing on the human mass below. When they landed they gathered round him, and shook his hand, and thanked him for what they had heard, and one poor fellow said to him :

"Oh, sir, light has dawned upon my soul. My soul was darker than the black fog, but now I believe what you told us, that Jesus has died for me. My heart rejoices in the good news, that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin."

Page after page might be filled * in tracing the subsequent career of Ned—remarkable for boldness, energy and success, in proclaiming Christ crucified to the vilest outcasts and criminals in the "sloughs" of London and other large cities. He still prosecutes his labours with untiring faithfulness, and largely through his instrumentality, a host of labourers have been raised up, who have already, by God's blessing, accomplished a great reformation, and bid fair to aid materially in the elevation and salvation of those hideous moral wastes.

AURORA, Ont.

A PICTURE.

THERE came a rural music on my ears,
 The waggons in the lane, the waterfall
 With cool sound plunging in its wood-nest wild,
 The rooks amid the windy rookery,
 The shouts of children, and afar away
 The crowing of a cock. Then o'er the bridge
 I bent, above the river gushing down
 Through many boulders, making underneath
 Green shaded pools where now and then a trout
 Sank in the ripple of his own quick leap.

—ROBERT BUCHANAN.

* The facts here narrated have been taken from "Leach's Life of Ned Wright," for sale at the Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

CHRISTIAN MIRACLES.*

BY JOHN BOND.

WHAT is a miracle? It has been defined as "a suspension of the laws of nature," or a "violation of the laws of nature;" or, according to Dr. Thomas Brown and others, as "the introduction of a higher law of nature." But the essential idea of a miracle is that of *an event to which the only antecedent is the Divine will and power*—a direct act of God. God may act in the line of nature, or in opposition to nature. He may, for instance, accomplish in a moment the recovery of a man from disease—a recovery which was in progress, and would have been otherwise accomplished in a twelvemonth, and then he would be acting in acceleration of nature; or he may recover a man from disease where it would otherwise and inevitably result in death. In both cases, however, there would be the exertion of miraculous power. Ordinarily indeed it is much easier to see God's hand when he works in opposition to nature; but our recognition or non-recognition of a miracle does not affect its essential character. It is a direct act of God.

What is the theological value of a miracle? Men have universally granted that the power to work miracles authenticated a Divine mission. They cannot believe that God would exert his power to further imposture and falsehood—to deceive his creatures as to their most important interests. Whether Feticist, Polytheist, or Monotheist; Mohammedan or Buddhist; Deist or Christian;—men ever have believed that no miracle could be wrought in support of falsehood and imposture.

There may be wonders wrought by other powers, higher than man, though lower than God—works that would appear to men miraculous. In such cases we must discriminate; we must examine the character of the alleged miracle, the character of its worker, and the character of the message he presents. "You complain," says Dr. Arnold, in a letter to Dr. Hawkins, "of those persons who judge of a revelation, not by its evidence

* From a paper read before the Birmingham Cherry Street Local Preachers Meeting.

but by its substance. It has always seemed to me that its substance is a most essential part of its evidence; and that miracles wrought in favour of what was foolish or wicked would only prove Manicheism. We are so perfectly ignorant of the unseen evil, that the character of any supernatural power can only be judged by the moral character of the statements which it sanctions. Thus only can we tell whether it be a revelation from God or from the devil."

Have miracles been wrought, particularly those related in the New Testament to have been wrought, in support of Christianity?

Certainly they were reported and believed to have been wrought, and on this ground Christianity was received. Gibbon, amongst Deists of former times, admits this; Renan, amongst the latest infidels, does the same; and the early acceptance of Christianity cannot otherwise be explained. Not only Christian, but infidel writers, refer to these reports from the earliest Christian times. They were not myths inserted in the evangelical record at a later period. The reported resurrection of Christ, whether true or false, was at the foundation of Christianity.

But were there miracles really wrought? Strauss, repeating Spinoza, says "No: a miracle is an impossibility"—that is, on our definition, the occurrence of an event to which the only antecedent is the Divine will and power is an impossibility.

But this is a denial of all creative acts, and cannot be asserted except by an Atheist or a Pantheist. (With them, at present, we have no controversy: with them, a previous question has to be settled.) The world's creation was a direct act of Divine power. If an escape be attempted from this position by the remark, that this world has come into being as thrown off from other worlds, or as agglomerated from nebulous matter or gas in the revolution of the great machine of the universe, we ask: How did that nebulous matter get its first existence and its properties? Who has fashioned and now moves this wonderful machine that from age to age goes on throwing out worlds on worlds? Here you come upon God in direct action—not upon any action through the ministry of nature; not upon any action in harmony with our experience of nature's laws.

Turning to another creation. Did God make man? Geologists have been accustomed to admit this, asserting that their science shows, not processes of development, but successive creations—not old forms growing into new, but old forms replaced by new. If Darwin's hypothesis be objected, we remark, first, That he shows no example of development from one genus to another in the animal kingdom; second, That his examples show but passage from one species to another species under the same genus, and that in these cases there is the loss of fertility; third, That all his fertile examples only show varieties within the limit of the same species; and fourth, That some of the lowest types of existence, such as were stored up in the chalk in remote geological periods, are now found precisely as they were ages ago, utterly without development.

Those who admit the creation of man recognise another act in the nature of miracle.

Man, thrown into the world, comes in either as a six-foot baby, or instructed in the arts of life. If the former, he was miraculously preserved: if the latter, miraculously instructed, or he must have perished.

Do not be deluded by the assertion that "Time works wonders." Time does nothing, any more than space. It is not an agent. It and space do but define the sphere within which agents work. As the naked hand of time would not yesterday lift a pebble, so neither would it, on any previous yesterday, nor in all previous yesterdays put together.

But perhaps the ground may here be a little shifted, and it may be said, admitting the possible existence of a miracle, it would be impossible to produce evidence which would justify us in believing it—our experience is so totally against it. This is Hume's position. But by this argument we must justify the Eastern Prince, who would not believe in any such thing as ice—water solid as stone, cut into pieces, carried about in the pocket; contrary to his own experience and that of millions who had been about him from his earliest years; he was surely justified in declaring this incredible.

Now take the resurrection of Christ. I am not going into its evidence. I suppose we are perfectly familiar with the

marvellous completeness of that evidence. Opponents must take one of two miracles, or at least one of two incredibilities. First, there is the miracle of the resurrection; that they declare an incredibility. If they decline that, then there is the similarly great moral miracle or incredibility, that such testimony as that which sustains the resurrection should be false. If it is contrary to your experience that such a resurrection should occur, it is also contrary to your experience that such testimony should be false. To get rid of the miracle you must receive the incredibility.

But to come back to the question whether evidence can, or cannot, establish the fact of a miracle. Supposing one to have occurred, it is difficult to see why its fact should not be as easily established as any other fact. If, for instance, a lame man leaped, or a paralyzed man rose suddenly up and carried his bed, why should not testimony assure us of this as much as that any other man leaped or rose up and carried his bed? Here is a man affirmed to be dead: you can as well assure yourself that he is dead as that any other man is dead. Here is the same man affirmed to be alive: you can as well assure yourself that he is alive as that any other man is alive; and so as to identity. The objector surely does not mean to reject the fact because he cannot see the processes by which revivification has been effected. Who sees the process of the fowl in and from the egg, or the plant from the germ? What is seen in chemistry is not the process, but matter first in one form and then in another, and we do not reject the facts because we cannot see the processes.

Schleiermacher attempts to explain away the miracles as only relatively miraculous. Christ had a knowledge of nature so much beyond the men of his time, that he did works by mesmerism and other means that to ordinary people seemed miraculous; and these he represented as God's witness to his mission.

Trench thus illustrates what is meant. "The aloe is said to flower once in a hundred years. Now Christ alone of all living men is supposed possessed of the secret of the fact and period of its efflorescence. If he had used his knowledge to declare that that plant, which men for more than ninety years had never known to blossom, would effloresce in ten years to come, in

support of his claims, he would have acted as Schleiermacher supposes."

To his view we object, first, That it is a purely gratuitous assumption, there being not a particle of evidence that Christ or his apostles had such knowledge; second, That such a view derogates from the moral character of Jesus and represents him as a deceiver; third, That it is distinctly contradicted by the fact that science, in all its stupendous modern advances, has made no approximation to the possession of such power as Christ is thus supposed to have acquired. On the contrary, modern science goes to show that the Christian miracles cannot thus be explained. Mansel, in "Aids to Faith," observes: "The advance of physical science tends to strengthen, rather than to weaken, our conviction of the supernatural character of the Christian miracles. In whatever proportion our knowledge of physical causation is limited, and the number of unknown natural agencies comparatively large, in the same proportion is the probability that some of these unknown causes, acting in some unknown manner, may have given rise to these unknown marvels. But this probability diminishes when each newly discovered agent, as its properties become known, is shown to be inadequate to the production of the supposed effects, and as the residue of unknown causes, which might produce them, becomes smaller and smaller." We are told, indeed, in "Essays and Reviews," that the "inevitable progress of research must, within a longer or shorter period, unravel all that seems most marvellous;" but we may be permitted to doubt the relevancy of this remark to the present case until it has been shown that the advance of science has, in some degree, enabled men to perform the miracles performed by Christ. When the inevitable progress of research shall have enabled men of modern times to give sight to the blind with a touch, to still tempests with a word, to raise the dead to life, to die themselves and to rise again, we may allow that the same causes might possibly have been called into operation 10,000 years earlier, by some great man in advance of his age. But until this is done, the unravelling of the marvellous in other phenomena only serves to leave these works in their solitary grandeur as wrought by the finger of God, unapproached and unapproachable by all the

knowledge and all the power of man. The appearance of a comet or the fall of an aërolite may be reduced by the advance of science from a supposed supernatural to a natural occurrence; and this reduction furnishes a reasonable presumption that other phenomena of a like character will in time meet with a like explanation. But the reverse is the case with respect to those phenomena which are narrated as produced by *personal agency*. In proportion as the science of to-day surpasses that of former generations, so is the improbability that any man could have done in past times, by natural means, works which no skill of the present age is able to imitate.

Another view of miracles, akin to this last-named, is that taken by Paulus, who is followed by Baden Powell, and sometimes by Redan, namely, that they are "distorted statements of events reducible to known natural causes." "Christ," say those who advocate this view, "did not change water into wine at Cana, but brought in a new supply of wine. He did not multiply the loaves, but, distributing his own and his disciples' little stores, set an example of liberality which was quickly followed by others who had like stores, and in this way there was provided a general supply. He did not tell Peter to find a piece of money in a fish's mouth, but to catch as many fish as would sell for the money." To this we reply, first, That such interpretation is entirely inadequate to account for many of the New Testament miracles; second, That it so twists the words of Scripture as to be tantamount to total denial of its historic veracity; third, That therefore our conflict here must rather be as to historic credibility than as to miracles.

We now pass to the questions, are the laws of nature of which we have experience, irreversible? and are they never interfered with?

To the first of these questions Trench answers: "The comet is a miracle as regards our solar system—that is, it does not own the laws of our system; neither do these laws explain it."

To the second question it is replied, That the laws of nature, within our experience, are often interfered with: "Lower laws are continually held in restraint by higher: mechanic by dynamic; chemical by vital; and physical by moral." Light-

ning strikes a tree and puts an end to the law of vegetable life, and here there seems, as it has been said, "a bare conflict of force with law." Wind piles the ocean waters up in mountains, and interferes with the action of gravitation. Vegetable life operates upon the elements of the oak, as they lie in soil and air and water, to transform and alter them. Then there is the human will, which operates continually to disturb the laws of nature, and operates in conscious freedom and superiority to them. And here, I ask, is there not, in the operation of the will of man—man made in the divine image—an infinitely reduced, yet essentially truthful illustration of the miraculous operations of God?

Miracles have often been discredited by counterfeits. But counterfeit miracles no more disprove the existence of real miracles than counterfeit sovereigns disprove the existence of real sovereigns. Rather, we may say, if there had been no real sovereigns there would have been no counterfeits. The counterfeit suggests and proves the true.

Suppose we admit the main phenomena of modern spiritualism, table-turning, etc., as testified by competent witnesses, the question arises, how are they to be accounted for? We think they must be admitted to be either, first, effected by human agency, that is muscular, or electric, or nervous action; or second, being works wrought by the intervention of extra-human beings, they must be classed with witchcraft, necromancy, sorcery, etc. In either case it is not pretended they are wrought by direct Divine power as miracles.

We have now glanced at the chief modern assaults on miracles, and our faith in the Christian miracles stands firm.

In conclusion, the universal belief of men in miracles—a belief found in men of all ages, of all lands, and of all degrees of mental and moral culture, shows them to be in accordance with the instincts of human nature—the true instincts imparted by our Maker. The fact that men are made with eyes, indicates that there are objects to be seen. The natural desire of men to know God, supposes that there is a God to be known: the universal expectation of miracles indicates that there are miracles for us to believe; and thus the teaching of nature, in this matter, as in so many others, is in harmony with the teaching of God's word.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

BY M. E. A.

COME! O Spring, with gentle greeting;
 Come! the wan earth waits for thee;
 Win to her cold face thy smiling,
 All things sad and dreary be.

Come! O Spring, with swifter footstep;
 Thou canst woo her beauty back
 From beneath this lifeless bosom
 Which is only bare and black.

Spread the garments of thy verdure,
 Bathe with tears of dew and rain,
 Trill thy music at her rising,
 Let us see her smile again.

She will smile on branches shattered
 By the Winter wind that raves,
 She will smile on lowly couches,
 Greening o'er, the new-made graves.

She will waken on our heartstrings
 Dirges for the lonely dead,
 While she sings beside her bowers,
 With the fern and daisy spread.

Shall we call her back to mock us?
 Oh, the dreary Winter rain!
 Oh, the pale, cold earth is better
 To the suffering heart and brain.

Nay, weak heart, why grope so blindly,
 Open now thine eyes abroad,
 And behold: this vernal rising
 Is the witness of thy God.

This impossible He maketh,
Each new year, beneath thine eye ;
And thou sittest, moaning faintly
By the bier of those who die ;

Though He saith, a Spring-time cometh,
And its steps the spirit hears—
When His dead shall rise in glory,
Crowned with the "eternal years,"

GOLDEN GATES.

A YOUNG lady sits in an elegantly-furnished room, looking at, but not reading, "The Holy Grail." She is in a brown study, troubled by she knows not what. Aroused by the ringing of the street bell, she tosses away the book, opens her piano, and, as long as the whim continues, fills the room with notes tender and melodious. But here, also, her interest quickly fails ; she closes the instrument, goes to the window, and watches the people in the street. Weary with the ceaseless hum of the eager crowd, she comes to the fire again, and, watching the merry, mystic flames, she begins to question her own soul. "What can be wrong?" she says to herself. "I have all that money and friends can give ; I have a good home, kind parents, refined society. I am also a Church member ; and yet no real happiness comes. Surely there must be something in religion I have not yet found out. What can it be?"

As she thought thus, the door opened, and her mother introduced a venerable old man, the Nathanael of his Church. The presence of the Divine One made an atmosphere around him. He had just been telling Mrs. Osborne of a family in much distress, and, having received her ready help, he was now going with a glad and free heart to cheer the sorrowing ones.

"Well, Miss Osborne," he said, "and how do matters go on in your Church?"

"Oh, very well, Mr. Grimsby. All our pews are let to very respectable and even fashionable people; and, although the chapel is small, our minister preaches very beautiful sermons, and we are all quite peaceful."

"Yes, but what are you doing to seek and save the lost?"

"Well, we have a Dorcas-meeting once a month, employ a Bible-woman, and subscribe for the poor."

"All very well as far as it goes; but what does each of you do to bring the banished ones home? Do you visit the poor at their houses, and speak to them of Jesus?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Grimsby, we never think of that; we leave all these things to the Church officers."

"Just what I feared, Miss Osborne. Your Church, and many others, are by far too respectable. You are content to sing holy lullabies under the Tree of Life, and, instead of throwing open the gates to the poor and degraded, you bar them with gold. You must change, and, going fearlessly into the grim darkness, drag out the poor wretches to sweetness and light."

"Stop, stop, Mr. Grimsby; why, you are almost savage. Would you like us all to make our lives miserable by going among those filthy poor?"

"Miserable, did you say? Why, you will never know the blessedness of religion till you open the floodgates of joy and peace by self-sacrifice. Your soul is starving on holy confectionery. But I must go, Miss Osborne. Pardon an old man who speaks plainly."

When he had gone, she thought deeply on his strange words. No one had ever spoken so faithfully to her before. And yet it seemed very like what she had read in the Bible. But then she had always imagined these things belonged only to Bible times.

And now the holy evening voices began to speak to her, and, yearning after solitude, she went out to be perfectly alone. The silence and the solemn sky calmly smiled on the follies and trifling of men; and the heavens threw open their golden gates to welcome the conquering sun. A change was taking place within. The silent realm, where rise the fountains of life, was sending forth thoughts noble and pure. In the presence of the

great heavens all earthly differences vanished. The rich became poor, the poor rich; and in her heart she firmly resolved to break down, as much as she could, those accursed barriers which were separating rich and poor.

In her walk she reached the house of Joe Smith, the most wicked man in the village. Every one avoided him; the poor, for he despised them; the rich, for he sneered at them; the religious, for he puzzled them with hard questions.

She knocked at the door, and a shrill woman's voice cried, "Come in!"

"Does Mr. Smith live here?" asked Miss Osborne.

"Master Smith! who's that, miss? If you mean my Joe, they calls him Smith, and he masters me and no mistake."

"Can I see him?"

"Perhaps you can, perhaps not."

"Joe, Joe," screamed his wife, "here be a fine young lady a-waitin' for thee. Come down here as fast as thee can."

"Ay, ay, old gal," came rumbling down stairs like the sound of distant thunder; and ere long Joe himself appeared, rubbing his eyes, and looking in stupid wonder at his fair visitor, who at once told him who she was, and what her errand was.

"Mr. Smith," she said, "I want you to come to our chapel."

She was answered by a loud laugh.

"Chapel, miss, why that be a good un. How parson and quality would stare if they saw me! They'd think summat strange was a-goin' to happen, and the young gents would look at me through their eye-glasses as if I was a wild animal!"

"You mistake us, Mr. Smith; we have many kind hearts in our chapel."

"May be, miss; but there's a mighty thick coatin' o' ice outside them. I tell'ee what I once heérd a mate o' mine say, a bit o' poetry,—

' Every gate is barred in gold,
And opens but to golden keys ;'

and I partly believe that's the case in your chapel. Then I meets any o' your folks in the street, the young squire jokes at my bein' put in the lock-up; the young ladies titter at 'drunken Joe;' old gent in yellow westcut tells me I'm a corrupter o'

youth, and deserve to be hung; and parson tells me about a place called hell, where all drunkards are a-goin' to, and where I'm to be burnt to everlastin'; and then he goes and has a jolly good dinner wi' squire, and they both join in saying I am sure to be hanged at last. No, miss, no chapel for me. If I'm a-goin' to get to kingdom come, I doesn't quite want to go through a icehouse to it."

She felt it was true; and, without saying any more, she bade them good night and departed.

As she again looked up to the wondrous heavens, she could not but remember a New Jerusalem, whose golden gates were never shut, and which had as ready a welcome for drunken Joe, if he would only come, as for Squire Smith in his purple and fine linen; and she breathed a prayer that Joe might yet become one of those glorious "harpers, harping with their harps."

But what a contrast between the Church above and the Church below! And wherein lay the difference, but in this? The Church below was not feeling the power of Christ's words, "He that saveth his life shall lose it." Ghastly selfishness marred the beauty of Christ's bride. The grand old doctrine of self-sacrifice was almost entirely forgotten. The cross was carried on the breast as a trinket.

The dream and its interpretation being now revealed to her, she resolved to begin with herself, and ere long became more silent and thoughtful.

Her mother did not relish the change. Like many others, she was fondly thinking of her daughter's worldly prospects.

"Come, now, girl," she said, "whatever is the matter with you? Are you becoming a nun?"

"No, mamma," she answered; "but I have learned that my religious life has been as yet a mistake."

Her mother stared as if a ghost had spoken. Good, easy woman, she had never had a doubt or mental struggle during all her life, and her daughter's recent conduct was an enigma. At length, she said, "Falling into low spirits! I see how it is. You must spend a while in the city. Why, girl, if you go on thus, you will spoil all your prospects for life."

"Perhaps I may, but what about the prospects of the life everlasting?" she quietly answered.

What could her mother say?

"Well, well, girl, do as you please, only bear the consequences."

And she did as she pleased. Dressing more plainly, because enrobed in the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, she began to visit a few of the very poorest in the village. Ere long, she hired a small room, and paid for it out of her own pocket-money. She then got the attendance of a medical man during an hour every day, and thus sought to bless soul and body.

Chief among her labours, however, was a school for children, taught by herself, every Sunday. To induce them to come regularly, she went to all their homes, and spoke to their parents the "kind words that never die," and through the children she reached the parents.

Calling in to see one of Joe Smith's children, who was ill, she found him at the fire, smoking his short pipe, and reading the paper. He gave her a ready welcome.

"Well, Mr. Smith, how is little Ben this evening?"

"Better, thankee, miss; that ere bottle as you gave him from doctor did him a power o' good."

Little Ben, hearing his teacher's voice, came running and took her hand.

Joe saw, and said little; he felt the power of kindness. He could fight against force, but the force of gentleness was too much for him. Ere she left, there was the dawn of a new era in his soul.

But here came the old difficulty. Where could she find him a spiritual home?

The golden gates remained as of old. She could make poor Joe rich for heaven, but he remained poor on earth.

She resolved to melt them by Christian love, and she did it. Going from one to another, she held up before them the example of the Master; pointed them to the grandest working-man who ever lived, the carpenter's son of Nazareth; urged them to see more of the poor, because there was infinite goodness under the hard, rough surface.

There was one rich old gentleman with whom she all but failed. He was an intimate friend of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer," and he firmly believed, "The poor in a loomp is bad." He resolutely frowned upon every effort to bring in the lost.

But as he was one day walking past a cottage, he heard a lady's voice calling, and in great surprise saw Miss Osborne running after him. Grasping his hand, she drew him in with her to the house, and, ere he could think, he was sitting at the death-bed of an old saint. She was sinking fast into the eternal life, the heavenly glory already on her pallid face. Her daughter, a widow, was clasping two children to her bosom and weeping aloud. Grim poverty saddened the scene. Their good angel, Miss Osborne, had saved them from starvation. It was a sight for a painter. Death confronting life—wealth facing poverty.

"I'm going home," said the dying one, "but Christ is with me."

"Yes," said Miss Osborne, "can you not say—

'He lifts me to the golden doors,
The shadows come and go,
All heaven bursts its starry floors,
And strews its light below—
And deepens on and up. The gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure from sin.
The Sabbaths of eternity,
One Sabbath deep and wide;
A light upon the shining sea,
The Bridegroom with His bride?'"

"Yes, that's it," she said. "Repeat it again. Beautiful! beautiful!"

"Would you pray, Mr. Jones?" asked Miss Osborne. What could he say?

So he knelt down at the bedside, and in tears poured out his heart unto God. He prayed as he had not done for many years. Arising from his knees, he said nothing, shook hands with Miss Osborne, and, when he was gone, two sovereigns were found on the mantel-piece.

From that day he was a different man. The hidden goodness had leapt into life from the graves of selfishness, and when

in a few months there was a proposal that rich and poor should meet together, Mr. Jones was one of the first to favour it.

And such a meeting! The wealthier came plainly dressed. The poor in their best. Mr. Jones actually carried bread and butter, and all the principal ladies and gentlemen took pleasure in being the servants of the poor. And Christ also came to the feast. Unseen, but felt, He touched all hearts; and when Joe Smith made a short speech, and told of how he had been saved, there were few dry eyes in the place.

The Church also became more alive. The sermons might be less classic, but they were full of warm Gospel. Inquirers came, and a new life entered into all. Old things had passed away; all things became new.

And did Miss Osborne spoil her prospects for life? She did in the eyes of many; but there came a prospect fairer, grander than all of earth. The smile of Emmanuel fell upon her path, and bestrewed it with flowers; while from her home on high through the golden gates came snatches of that great song which she now sings among the white-robed around the throne.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

SPEAK it not lightly—'tis a holy thing,

A bond enduring through long, distant years;
When joy o'er thine abode is hovering

And when thine eye is wet with bitterest tears,
Recorded by an angel's pen on high,
It must be questioned in eternity.

Speak it not lightly! Oh! beware, beware!

'Tis no vain promise, no unmeaning word;
Lo! men and angels list the faith ye swear,
And by the High and Holy One 'tis heard.

Oh, kneel then humbly at His altar now,
And pray for strength to keep the marriage vow.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER;

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF SERGEANT W. MARJOURAM, ROYAL ARTILLERY.

BY LEONARD GAETZ.

THE memory of the Christian hero cannot perish. There is a law, far above the arbitrary decision of men, which decrees that the lustre of a virtuous life and the good deeds of a faithful worker shall survive the arrows of death. The principles which adorn a noble character respond to the conscious necessity, and minister to the hidden life of earnest, honest hearts, and will often be reproduced in such hearts in the exigencies of moral conflict. Yet the loftiest examples may be dimmed by the dust of life's battle, and he who refurbishes them and affords them a wider circle in which to radiate, may lend a nerve to some flagging purpose, and energize the heart of some weary toiler.

Our interest in the subject of this sketch is enhanced by the fact that, though born in the parish of Easton, in the county of Suffolk, England, on the 20th of October, 1828, he was "born again" in the city of Halifax, Nova Scotia, in March, 1852, where with that world-renowned soldier, Hedley Vicars, he used to meet in Bible class and in six o'clock prayer meetings on Sunday morning. He seems to have had in early childhood an adventurous spirit, which at the age of fourteen broke through the earnest protests and pleadings of a loving mother, and to carry out a wayward resolution, he walked fifteen miles to Ipswich and shipped as cabin-boy on board a merchant vessel, to try the fortunes of the sea. One experiment sufficed to cool his ardour in that direction, but not to quench his determination to roam. He soon afterwards enlisted in a regiment of the line and, after speedy repentance, was glad to get off with the payment of the legally imposed fine. In 1844 he joined the Royal Artillery, in which he remained until death broke all his militant weapons.

Alas, as might have been expected with such a temperament, and under such circumstances, improper companionship and strong drink led him to disregard the warnings of conscience and to plunge into a life of sinful folly. Besides the grief which these excesses of iniquity caused his own soul, they were followed by

the usual mortifying discipline and loss of military rank. But through Divine mercy the career of this young soldier was arrested, as has been that of many another, by the triumph of grace over his stubborn heart and dissipated life. Let him tell the story himself :

“Since I have been in Halifax I have ceased to be an habitual drunkard ; but still my mind was unchanged until March, 1852, when it pleased the Lord to alarm my guilty soul, and to show me that I was under the curse of the law. Terror took hold upon me ; I felt that my condemnation was just, and a fearful doom seemed to await me. . . . About this time, in answer to the prayers of a few of God’s faithful followers, a gracious revival had begun in the Wesleyan Church. Sinners cried aloud under the spirit of conviction, and many who had long borne the name of Christian (but were at ease in Zion) were constrained to join in the general prayer. . . . The first time I went I felt ashamed to mingle with those in the body of the chapel, so I stole into the gallery, and there, unseen by mortal eye, I listened to the invitation given by the ministers to come to Christ. Oh ! what a struggle there was between the strivings of God’s spirit, and the carnal affections of my mind. I felt fully condemned ; but the thought of meeting my old companions as a disciple of Christ had almost sealed my doom, when by an influence which I could not control I was constrained to take the decisive step. I cast myself at the feet of Jesus, and pleaded for mercy, and deliverance from the distracted state in which my soul was plunged. How long I remained there I cannot tell, but when I ventured to look up, the chapel was nearly empty, and only one or two ministers were standing by me. I cannot say I experienced any excessive joy on rising from my knees, yet I felt like a man who knows that he is safe in time of danger. But Satan did not seem willing to part with his prey so easily. He stormed, and tossed my poor soul about in such a manner that I could have almost wished for death rather than life. But the next morning a peace beyond expression settled in my mind and heart. I felt, of a truth, the Spirit bearing me witness that I was a child of God.”

Such an experience needs no comment. It has the genuine ring. In the depths of his penitence, and witness of his acceptance, we probably have the secret of his Christian steadfastness, and of the rare devotion of his subsequent life.

The life and labours of Sergeant Marjouram add another testimony to the fact, that instead of a military life being necessarily at variance with devoted piety, as is often supposed by military men, who, like others, are ready to avail themselves of any pretext for continuing in sinful indulgence, there is really an evident harmony between the elements which go to constitute alike a good soldier and an earnest Christian. Phlegmatic tem-

peraments, which, like the lowest types of animal life, depend upon outside agencies to arouse motion, may perhaps sympathize little with Christian life which wears the aspect of warfare; but earnest Christian souls, quivering with sensibility, and born to rule or wreck, will see life as a quick march; error as an enemy to be clutched; passion as a citadel to be assailed; and Heaven to be taken by storm. The great Apostle of the Gentiles drew largely from military life to illustrate the aggressive and defensive phases of Christian warfare. Christianity is not merely a colossal statue, whose chief adornment is propriety, and whose chief object is to command admiration. It is rather sanctified activity, impelled by the motive power of love; glowing with generous purposes; inspired by fresh thought with a voice of warning to arouse the indifferent, a sword of wounding to pierce dead consciences, and the balm of consolation to build up the broken in heart. In short, it is not so much a finely chiselled monument, as a throbbing life. Hence, one is not surprised to find in Havelock, Vicars, Majouram, and others, the happy blending of the brave soldier and the true Christian.

No one will question the difficulties and discouragements which attend the profession of godliness and the maintenance of a holy and useful life amid the surroundings of the barracks, the camp, and the battle field. Unflinching fidelity to the cause of God in these places is worthy of all honour, and tends greatly to magnify the grace of God, "which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us *in every place.*"

"The age wants heroes—heroes who shall dare
To struggle in the solid ranks of truth,
To clutch the monster error by the throat;
To bear opinion to a loftier seat;
To blot the era of oppression out,
And lead a universal freedom in."

The remarkable interpositions of Providence, by which the life of Marjouram was spared amid dangers the most imminent and horrifying, doubtless intensified his zeal for God, as well as deepened his gratitude. One of the most memorable of these occurred on his voyage to New Zealand, whither he was ordered

by the British Government. With a small detachment of Artillery he embarked on the freight ship "Polar Star," on the 4th of August, 1854. When about fifty days out from Gravesend, and fully one thousand miles from land, all on board were thrown into a state of wildest consternation by that most alarming of all cries in a solitary ship in mid ocean: "Fire! Fire!" Passengers rushed from the breakfast table, others from their beds, some with only a blanket around them, others but half clad; women calling for their children; wives for their husbands; all horror-stricken at the sight of smoke issuing from the hatchways. The flames had reached the store-room and cut off the possibility of saving supplies, except a small quantity which a few daring hands had snatched from the jaws of the fire fiend. The only hope of even a temporary survival lay in battening down the hatches, which cut off all access below deck; and their worldly all was lost. By smothering the fire, and pouring down water through small holes made in the deck, they fought the flames for three dreadful days of agonizing suspense, while anxious eyes were directed toward the horizon as long as a glimmer of daylight lasted; and with the night fell deeper shadows of despair. The alarm was given on Sunday morning, and on Tuesday evening following, the spell of terror was in part broken by the cheering shout: "A sail on the weather bow!" By shouts and the firing of cannon and of rockets, they endeavoured to attract the attention of the sighted sail, for as night was fast shutting down, their distressed ship might be passed unobserved. The last rocket had been sent up, and, after some minutes of breathless silence, with emotions more easily imagined than described, there came a response to the signal of distress. The "Annamooka," from Callao, bound for Cadiz, bore down to the rescue, and after the exercise of great courage and labour its crew succeeded in taking off the destitute passengers and crew of the "Polar Star." They had not been off the burning ship more than ten minutes when the mainmast went overboard, carrying with it the fore-top and mizzen-top, and tearing up the deck, thus giving vent to the maddened flames. In a few moments more, all the masts fell, and the vessel was a livid sheet of fire from stem to stern.

The conduct of Marjouram in this perilous position finely

illustrates the courage which true religion inspires. When those who had performed the duties of chaplain with a good deal of professional grace in calm weather became unmanned by the imminent danger which stared them in the face, Sergeant Marjouram obtained permission to read the Scriptures and pray with his fellow-sufferers; and when all was done that could be done to insure safety, he was busy enforcing the promises of God for the consolation of others, while maintaining himself the calm confidence of one whose feet are consciously on the Rock.

This, in connection with the story of his subsequent life, suggest the thought that this good man was spared that he might become an ambassador for Christ among his destitute fellow-soldiers in foreign service, rather than to win a short-lived military fame. For though he was ever prompt in duty, trustworthy in circumstances of danger, and bold and adventurous in the face of death, he had but little opportunity of performing very distinguished feats of arms, while he had abundant opportunity of doing the work of the true missionary, and of plucking from the ranks trophies for the coronet of his Redeemer.

After the delay involved in the wreck of the "Polar Star," his landing at St. Helena, return to England, re-embarking, and the vicissitudes of a second voyage, Marjouram finally reached New Zealand on the 3rd of January, 1856. For a few years after his arrival nothing very notable, from a military point of view, took place. The native tribes were at war with each other, and the leading chiefs were spending their lives, as occasion offered, in murders of the blackest dye, even in the loose judgment of Maori law. These natives seem to have been completely sunk in ignorance and superstition; and their treachery and rapacity was the source of constant terror to the English and other settlers, who were trying to win a subsistence amid most inhospitable surroundings. The military occupied the post of a faithful watch over the jeopardized life and property of the settlers. Though Marjouram found little to do, for a few years at least, in vindicating the rights of his earthly sovereign, he found abundant room to carry out the terms of that commission which he held from the King of kings. Civilization had done much to rescue his fellow-soldiers from the gross superstition and inhuman

cruelty of the natives around them, yet many Englishmen were probably further from God by sin and wicked works than the Maori themselves. Separated from their English homes, and largely deprived of religious and secular instruction, many were falling low in ignorance and vice. Here was certainly ample room for the Christian worker, and a loud call for the consecration of a soul that had been mercifully washed from sin's pollution, and of a life snatched in the last extremity from the threatening jaws of flood and flame, and Marjouram was not slow to respond to the call.

He requested the officer commanding the troops at Taranaki to grant him permission to assemble the men, who were off duty and willing to attend, for the purpose of studying the Scriptures and engaging in other religious exercises. The Major willingly acceded to his request, and he went heartily to work. From his first programme it would appear that he had chosen for his motto: "In labours more abundant,"—"A school on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings; lectures on Monday and Thursday, and sacred music on Saturday." To this, however, he soon adds a military total abstinence society, and a day-school for soldiers' children, who were also instructed by him on Sabbath mornings and afternoons. Besides all these regular engagements, he exercised a ceaseless vigilance over all within his reach; ministering consolation to the sick in the hospitals and homes; carrying the temperance pledge book daily through the barracks; adding new members to the society; repledging the fallen; strengthening the weak; contriving pic-nics, entertainments, and socials in endless variety, to break the spell of the theatre and other immoral amusements, that those who wanted to do better might be shielded from temptation. Even a summary of these labours, spreading over several years in the vicissitudes of peace and war, performed always with a spirit of absolute self-sacrifice, would occupy more space than we dare take. But they have already served to engrave the memory of the devoted toiler in many hearts; and to make his name a household word where erring ones have been reclaimed, the suffering comforted, and the lost saved. They have won the willing tribute of superior officers, and we are persuaded have secured from the Captain of our

Salvation the high encomium, "He hath done what he could." Shall they not stimulate others to "go and do likewise?"

None who have engaged in such work will need to be told that it was often as discouraging as it was arduous; for though frequently cheered by tokens of the Divine presence, and counting many who had been rescued from the broad road of vice and ruin, yet his sensitive heart, ever jealous for the glory of God, was often wounded by the instability of those who had run well for a season, and the ingratitude of others who had been the objects of his tenderest solicitude. But he was not of those who are easily daunted by difficulties. To him :

"The primal duties shone aloft like stars,"

and in their light he followed, leaving results with God.

But Marjouram is not to finish his career as a soldier without witnessing the toils and perils of active service. The war clouds gather over New Zealand in 1860; growing out of irreconcilable hostilities between native tribes, and their jealousy of European settlers. The Maori assume a threatening attitude. Europeans apprehend a second Indian revolt, and the re-enactment of the horrors of Cawnpore. The settlers erect stockades for defence, and brush up all the old firearms within reach; while many, with bag and baggage, move hastily away from the remoter sections of the settlement to find, for a while, a safer home under the protection of British guns; looking behind them only to see, alas! their pleasant fields and comfortable homes all ablaze from the Maori torch. The military camp is on the alert. The officers are busy all day drilling the troops, and at night deem it necessary to place a loaded pistol and a good bowie knife under their pillow. Marjouram realized the situation, and prayed for Christian faith and courage. "Then," said he, "let the bullets fly, I shall still be safe to praise God on earth if I escape, and in Heaven if I fall."

On the 22nd of February, 1860, martial law was proclaimed. The Governor and his staff arrived from Auckland to hold a council of war with the military officers. Reinforcements came in from other stations and hostilities were fairly begun. The struggle with the treacherous and bloodthirsty Maori dragged

through weary months of untold suffering. Exposure to all the toil and discomfort of marches with heavy guns through forest and fen; and camping in marshes and ploughed fields, saturated by torrents of rain; the ranks thinned with sickness and death from malaria; cruel murders and brutal mutilations of those who were so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of the perfidious natives; and the almost entire destruction of the dearly-bought property of the settlers, form a sad page in the history of that distant colony. The war itself seems unsatisfactory viewed from an ordinary military standpoint. Much toil and suffering were endured, in many instances without achieving decisive results. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the fact, that such an enemy as the Maori cannot be easily coped with by the tactics of what is called "civilized warfare." But let military critics pass judgment on that subject; it is ours to chronicle the fact that, through all the carnage, suffering, and danger of that war, there was no braver spirit than that of Sergeant Marjouram. Here the soldier and the Christian were severely but successfully tested. Ever prompt in responding to the call of duty, no matter when or where, he was equally ready in the intervals of battle to minister to the necessities of the suffering, to preach repentance to the living, and to point the dying to the Lamb of God. Eternity alone will reveal the true record of that untiring devotion to the spiritual interests of others, when himself worn out with fatigue and weakened by a disease that was rapidly doing its fatal work. When faithful workers shall receive their final reward, how sweet to him will be the Master's words: "Ye did it unto me."

But Sergeant Marjouram's life-work was short, except that

"He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

He had for years suffered from disease of the heart, which often made his toils ten fold more arduous, and so depressed his spirits as to tinge with a shade of melancholy many of his utterances, and occasionally to cloud his outlook upon both worlds. But our admiration of the man is vastly heightened by the thought that he did his work under physical conditions

which less ardent devotion would have deemed sufficient excuse for idleness. After several months of the excitement and exposure of the battle field, his disease grew rapidly worse, until he was not able even to sit upon the "limber-box" as he had done, and be drawn to the scene of action. On the 17th of November, 1860, the Medical Board decided to send him back to England; but nearly three months elapsed before an opportunity offered to embark from Auckland; and a tedious, suffering voyage of three and a half months,—cheered, albeit, with Christian comfort,—before he was enabled to enter on his journal, "At last! Oh, the deep joy and rest of beholding once more my own, my native land!" But he had "come home to die." He sank rapidly, and in less than three weeks he bade a final farewell to his devoted, heartstricken wife; and amid the sympathies of English hearts and the gentle ministrations of English hands he fell asleep. His last connected sentence was:—"I am on the Rock," and with his dying breath came in broken accents: "Happy!" "Rejoice!" "Amen!" Then the solemn pageantry of a soldier's funeral, and all is past, but the indelible impress of a useful life, for "he being dead yet speaketh."

We cordially commend the "Memorials of Sergeant William Marjouram" to every Christian worker. They should be in every Sabbath-school library, and in the hands of thousands of Christians, who are dying of the *insufferable fatigue of doing nothing*.

YARMOUTH, N. S.

SINCERITY.

To thine own self be true;
 And it then follows, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—SHAKESPEARE.

LOST EMPIRES.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE EAST! What thrilling and manifold associations the very name suggests. As the cradle of the human race, the nursery of the infant arts and sciences, of philosophy and literature; as the scene of Bible story and the theatre of the sublimest events in the history of the world; as the land of dim tradition and of hallowed legend; and as the grave of dead and buried nations, it is invested with intensest interest to every mind. Who has not fed his youth with dreams,

“Of Ormuz and of Inde,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric, pearl and gold,”

and in fancy glided on the bosom of the Tigris or the Nile, and paced the bazaars of Bagdad or Samarcand, and heard the plash of fountains and the notes of the bulbul in the gardens of Damascus or Shiraz? Who has not visited in visions of the night, or mid-day reveries, this realm of old renown, the “land of all men’s past,” and beheld its elephants and ivory palaces, its splendid opulence and gorgeous pageantry, its tinkling caravans and vast and silent solitudes of the mysterious deserts, and the fallen fanes, and ruined palaces, and solemn sphinxes of that wonder-land?

With still deeper emotion will the devout or philosophic traveller visit those ancient realms “where every step is o’er a nation’s dust, and every sound awakes an echo of the past.” To him the whole region is steeped in the very spirit of poetry, and consecrated by hallowed or historic recollections. As he stands amid the ruins of Baalbec or Palmyra, of Luxor or Karnac, or of “hundred-gated Thebes,” those gravestones over a nation’s tomb, the evanescence of earthly power and splendour will impress his mind. The worship of Apis and Isis, of Orus and Osiris, of Baal and Ashtaroth, has passed away; but the very ruins of their temples, by their illustrations of the minute fulfilment of ancient prophecy declare, that though heaven and earth shall pass away,

one jot or tittle of God's word shall never pass till all shall be fulfilled.

Such are the reflections suggested by the admirable volume of travel through the old historic cradle lands of empire by the accomplished scholar and writer, Mr. Myers.* The book throughout bears evidence of high literary culture, philosophic insight, a vivacious style, an artist's eye and a poet's pen, and a thorough preparation for intelligent travel by a wide range of reading and extensive scientific training. The latter especially, by cultivating the powers of observation and of correct induction from the facts observed, often makes all the difference between a travelled dunce and a philosopher.

It will be found, we think, not uninteresting nor uninteresting to briefly follow the route of the tourists—for two brothers set forth upon the journey from which only one returned. They had proposed a post-graduation scientific journey around the world, and had already reached the Himalayas in their eastward progress when one of them was stricken down with fever. Hastening southward to the island of Ceylon, whose balmy breezes, it was hoped, would restore the invalid to health, a buffeting storm kept them for three days outside the port. "Upon the last of these days," writes the author, "my wearied brother, forbidden the longed-for earthly harbour, entered the haven of eternal rest. With a sad heart," he adds, "I laid the dear companion of my travels to sleep near the cinnamon groves of the fair isle, with the tropic palms, that he loved so well, shadowing his grave."

Entering Asia from the west, the first seat of ancient empire visited was Palmyra, the "Tadmor in the wilderness" of Solomon. The mile-long colonades and stately porticoes, the numerous palaces and tombs and temples, bear witness to the splendour of the civilization introduced into the heart of the desert by the wise king of Israel. But the subsequent ambition and hostility to Rome of the proud city, by attracting the avenging eagles, caused it to become the "Carthage of Asia;" while the tragic story of the heroic and beautiful Zenobia, led in golden fetters to grace a Roman triumph, invests it with a halo of romance.

* *Remains of Lost Empires.* By P. V. N. Myers, M.A., New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: S. Rose.

The whole of Cœlo-Syria abounds with ancient cities—Arethusa, Emesa, Apamea, and many another of unremembered name, some in utter dilapidation, others “as perfect as though abandoned yesterday”—at which we cannot now delay.

The author’s minute and careful exploration of the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon affords a striking commentary upon Holy Scripture, illumining with brilliant side lights many of its obscure and difficult passages. The appalling desolation, the utter and irretrievable ruin of those sites of ancient and populous empires, are a sublime and emphatic vindication of Divine prophecy, that refutes and confounds the cavillings of the gainsayer or the infidel. For miles on miles the far extending plain heaves with many a crumbling mound, towering at times like great natural eminences which conceal beneath their grass-grown surface the courts and palaces of generations of Assyrian or Babylonish monarchs. High above them all Birš Nimrud lifts its enormous bulk, its crowning ruin cleft to the base, and its fire-blasted and vitrified fragments attesting the avenging thunderbolts of God which smote the Babel builders’ impious tower. Around its foot stretch bitter marshes and tangled jungle where lonely wild fowl hide or wild beasts make their lair. Only the language of prophecy can describe the scene. “How is Babylon become a desolation! How is she cast up in heap and utterly destroyed! How art thou become an astonishment and a hissing! How art thou made a possession for bitterness and pools of water! The wild beasts of the desert shall be there.”

The ruin-mounds of Selucia and Ctesiphon, of Persepolis and Ecbatana, and many another city of old renown, enforce the moral, that man’s mightiest works become but the tombstone of his vanished power. Everywhere, everywhere throughout that vast East, on the broad plains of Mesopotamia, on the high table lands of Iran, and in the lovely vale of Cashmere, beneath the shadows of the Himalayas, abound those vestiges of extinct civilizations, of which oftentimes no other trace remains.

“Ghost-like amid the unfamiliar past
Dim shadows flit along the stream of time;
Voiceless and wan we question them in vain;
They leave unsolved earth’s mighty yesterday.”

One of the strangest things in Oriental travel is the sharp contrast into which the immemorial past and the busy practical present are brought. Thus, between the legs of a colossal bull at Persepolis, our tourists found the words, STANLEY, NEW YORK HERALD, engraved "in letters as bold as the Ujiji expedition." In the quaint old Persian city of Bushire they were startled by the apparition of a Frank careering through the streets on a velocipede. At Bagdad a railway, telegraphs, gas pipes, and steamers on the Tigris, almost disenchant the "City of Caliphs." At the same time their mode of travel on the upper Tigris, on rafts supported on inflated goat skins, was the same as that described by Herodotus and Xenophon, and portrayed on the bas-reliefs of Nineveh thirty centuries ago. A midnight adventure of our travellers on a runaway raft may have been paralleled in the days of Nimrod.

At the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates is the traditional site of the Garden of Eden. Here unquestionably are the four Paradaisic streams, and here their rich aluvium was the nurse of the earliest Asian civilization, as the delta of the Nile was of that to Africa. The soil is of wondrous fertility, and the vegetation of the greatest exuberance. An Arab village occupies the site of the Garden, through it the sacrilegious Franks have run a telegraph line, and hard by is "Bassorah, the dirtiest town in the Turkish dominions."

Bagdad is the only living city of note in this region filled with the ruins of ancient monarchies. It still numbers a polyglot population of 100,000—Arabic, Greek, Armenian, Syriac, Persian, Hebrew, Turkish, Hindoo, English, French, Italian, and German. The inhabitants think the miracle of Pentecost to be, not that the apostles spake with other tongues, but that their hearers understood only their own tongues. At a consulate dinner party of six persons nine languages were employed, the host's son, a young lad, using six fluently. Yet here, as elsewhere in the East, the strange oriental fatalism, once an inspiration to fanatic zeal, is now the parent of listless and stolid apathy. The Arabs, however, are faithful in one religious duty, at least, that of praying toward Mecca at the canonical hours. No matter in what employment engaged, the muezzin's cry brings them to their knees. The

difficulties of a devotee on the tortuous Tigris were very great, since the meandering of the river made him veer around on his prayer carpet, like a weather-cock on a gusty day.

The far-famed gardens of Shiraz, the fairest spot in Iran, detained the tourists for a brief period. They contain the marble tombs of Hafiz and Saadi, the lyric bards of Persia; but, sad contrast to the beauty of the scene, in the neighbouring city five thousand hunger-bitten wretches lay dying in the streets, while famine and pestilence stalked gaunt-eyed through the land.

The witchery of the lovely vale of Cashmere seems to have cast its spell over our travellers. Certainly, few places possess the elements of such blended beauty and sublimity. Nestled in the lap of the giant Himalayas, engirdled by a mighty rampart of snow-clad peaks, with an atmosphere of singular purity and a flora of surpassing loveliness, it well deserves the designation of "The Happy Valley," "The earthy Elysium," "The Paradise of the Indies." Over all the genius of poetry has thrown the glamour of romance; for here dwelt the lovely Nourmahal, the heroine of "Lalla Rookh."

A similar spell haunts the fairy pleasure gardens, the alabaster palaces, the jewelled monuments of the great Mogul Empire. All travellers agree that the most exquisite structure on earth is the marble mausoleum of Mocntaj-i-Mahal, the beloved consort of the Emperor Shah-Jehan. "Like piety, or like heaven," writes Dr. Butler, "it may be said of the Taj Mahal, that no man knoweth it save him that receiveth it." Milan Cathedral seems gross, says our author, compared with the purity and lightness of the Taj. It is a pleasing reflection that this poem in stone is not the bloody trophy of war, nor the shrine of a degrading superstition, but the memorial of affection over a lost love.

Among the most important parts of this book are the testimonies to the success of Christian missions. "The missionaries," says our author, "have taken complete strategic possession of the country. They have occupied its important centres." In the missionary work, which goes to the very fundamentals of all social organizations, he adds, lies the only hope for the uplifting and regeneration of Eastern society. The Armenian, Nestorian, and Jacobite churches of Asiatic Turkey, however, are a real im-

pediment to the Gospel ; for the Moslem justly asserts that his own religion is as good as the corrupt Christianity which they exhibit.

As the tourists went through the temples of the Holy City of Benares, with its 500,000 gods, and beheld the moral and physical pollution with which they reeked, and how the heathen devotees, in their fierce fanaticism, were "mad upon their idols," they thanked God, as never before, for the blessings Christianity had brought to man.

A pleasing feature in this volume is the generous recognition of England's providential mission in India, so different from the carping criticism indulged in by some American writers. The great Mogul monarchy, says Mr. Myers, was an unmitigated curse to the people of India. It would be difficult, he adds, to find a stronger historical contrast than that of British rule in that land. Since the mutiny, especially, England has taken India as her especial ward, and is bestowing upon her all the blessings of a Christian civilization. Evangelical missions in that land already number over 240,000 converts.

Our author's anticipations as to the future of the entire East under the Christianising influences of the gospel are of the most sanguine character. The most brilliant monarchies the world has ever seen, rose, flourished, and decayed upon its soil. Misrule and oppression and ignorance have blighted some of the fairest and most favoured lands on earth. The glory of the Seven Churches of Asia is departed. The apocalyptic candlesticks are removed out of their places, and thick darkness has settled upon the land. The ruins of Ephesus, Laodicea, and Sardis, re-echo not the Christian hymn, but the midnight bark of the wolf or jackal. Upon the sites of the other churches the Pagan fane and the Christian temple are alike superseded by the Turkish mosque. The scenes of the earliest and most glorious triumphs of the Christian faith, have become a desolation. The beautiful myths of Homer, and the sublime Gospel of Christ, are alike forgotten. Instead of fair and stately cities, whose very names suggest thrilling memories, rich in magnificent architecture, abounding in wealth and luxury, and crowded with refined and ingenious populations, a few miserable Bedouins or Syrians pitch their black tents or build their mud

huts amid the prostrate ruins of ancient palaces and temples. "Civilization," says Disraeli, "seems to have deserted the most favoured regions and the choicest intellects. The Persian, whose very being is poetry,—the Arab, whose subtle mind could penetrate the very secret shrine of nature,—the Greek, whose acute perceptions seemed granted only for the creation of the beautiful,—these are now unlettered slaves in barbarous lands. Great rivers, once the highways of commerce, roll through a solitude, and the tinkling bell of the armed and wandering caravan is the only indication of human existence."

As we contemplate these things we cannot help asking, Is it for ever? Is there to be no resurrection of these nations? no regeneration for these lands? But, although despotism and superstition may have crushed and degraded the inhabitants, yet Nature is unchanging; and the golden sunlight falls, and the sapphire seas expand, and the purple mountains rise as fair and lovely as of yore. The valleys of the Orontes and the Jordan, and the slopes of Lebanon and Olivet, are no less beautiful, nor the plains of Mesopotamia and high lands of Iran less fertile, than in the time of their greatest prosperity and glory.

Already marked indications of the emancipation of the oriental mind from the tyranny of custom may be observed. Of especial significance, in this respect, is the recent visit to the Occident of the Shah of Persia. In violation of the immemorial tradition and usage of his country, he has visited the seats of Western civilization. He cannot but have been impressed with the striking contrast it presents to the effete and worn-out condition of society in his own dominions. May we not hope that he will be convinced of the superiority of Christian institutions, and of monogamic marriage, to the superstitions of the mufti, and the debasing sensuality of the seraglio?

Indications of the progress of Western ideas in the East are numerous and striking, and furnish brilliant auguries of its future prosperity. A constitutional parliament has been elected in Egypt, and further reforms are promised. Already the iron horse snorts in the valley of the Nile, and the iron steamer plies upon its sacred waters. On the slopes of Lebanon, by British and American enterprise, manufactories of silk and cotton have been

established, and the steam engine, that great agent of civilization, introduced. Machinery, with its tireless sinews and nimble fingers, performs much of the toilsome and mechanical drudgery which formerly taxed the energies of human muscles. A stream of vessels daily passes through the Suez canal. Trade may return again to its ancient channels and resume its old route through the East; and Damascus, Aleppo, and Tyre, acquire more than their olden importance. The red-cross flag of England floats over Aden, and the great overland route from India lies through these ancient lands. Already organized systems of colonization are in operation. Many Jews have returned, and many more are returning to the land of their fathers. Already a gentile colony from New England has settled in the plain of Sharon, and introduced Western institutions and manners. Christian schools at Cairo, Alexandria, Beyrout, and Sidon; and Christian missions throughout the entire East, are sowing the seeds of a nobler and loftier type of civilization. A new crusade, not of war but of peace, is being waged. The pacific victories of commerce will renovate the East, and the Crescent may before long give place to the banner of the Cross upon the battlements of Zion. The long rejected Messiah shall be adored amid the scenes of His Passion, and Jerusalem become again a praise in the earth.

In the great Indian peninsula an identity of interest and a facility of communication with the West has been established, which a few years ago would have been inconceivable. The state of the markets at Calcutta or Madras; a fall in the price of indigo at Benares, or a rise in that of opium at Balasore; an irruption of the hill tribes of Cashgur, or a revolt of the Mahrattas; thrills along the electric nerves that ramify the country, and flashes beneath hundreds of miles of roaring billows, and over thousands of miles of land to the great sensoria of Western commerce, the exchanges of London and Liverpool, and the bourses of Paris and Antwerp. A ceaseless stream of traffic throbs along the iron arteries of commerce from Agra to Bombay, from Dehi to Calcutta. The sacred Ganges and the Hoogly swarm with vessels impelled by a more potent genius than any of the Arabian Nights—the great Western magician, steam. In the colleges established by the British government, the youth of India are instructed in

Western learning and processes of thought. The absurd myths of the gods, and the religious cosmogony and physics of the Brahmins, touched by the Ithuriel spear of modern science, crumble into dust, and the dense moral darkness is yielding to the light of the Gospel. Hindoo and Japanese students have already competed, and not unsuccessfully, with those of Europe for the palm of excellence at Western universities.

The drowsy races in the remoter East are turning in their troubled sleep. They are arousing themselves from the lethargy of centuries, and are laying aside their fatuous scorn and hatred of the Western barbarians. They are waking up to the activities of the age. They feel the pulses of a new life throbbing and thrilling through all the veins and arteries of society. The night of ages is giving way, and its darkness is being dispersed. A brighter day is bursting on the East. Its freshness breathes around us now. The heralds of the dawn may everywhere be seen. Old and hoary systems of idolatry and priestcraft are crumbling away. Cruel and bloody heathen rites are being exterminated. Sutteeism is abolished. Infanticide is greatly restricted. Thuggism is rigidly repressed. A vigorous journalism—that great disseminator of the seeds of thought—is springing up in all the great marts of commerce, both in India and China.* Free inquiry and criticism are becoming naturalized. Social and political economies are being studied, and their laws applied. The barriers of Chinese exclusivism are slowly crumbling away or more rapidly breaking down. European officers instruct her troops. Embassies from China and Japan have visited the West, and studied its institutions. Its improvements are adopted, and commercial treaties formed. China is constructing a steam navy. Yokohama is lighted with gas. British and American commerce, and the resident merchants, are extending a knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, and diffusing liberal ideas. Chinese emigrants are swarming to Australia, the Sandwich Islands, and the Pacific coast of America, and insensibly imbibing much of Western spirit and enterprise. The Pacific Railway conducts the tide of oriental commerce to the very heart of occidental civilization; and the

* Four hundred and thirty journals are published in India, more than two hundred of them in native languages.

projected Pacific telegraph cable will knit together East and West in indissoluble bonds of "peace and good will."

These glorious trophies of the progress of Christianity are auguries of still grander triumphs in the future. What sublime results may not some who read pages behold! Those blind and impotent old lands which so long have struggled with the demons of superstition and idolatry shall eventually sit, clothed and in their right mind, at the feet of Jesus. The day is hastening when, in a world redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled from the power and dominion of sin, the Redeemer shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied; when He shall receive the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession; when upon all the industries and activities of the world, upon all its trade and commerce, its art, its science, and its literature, shall be written—Holiness to the Lord.

And to this blessed consummation all the events of history, the growth and decay of empires, the rise and fall of dynasties are tending. Omniscient power and wisdom are guiding the world, as a skilful rider winds his steed, upward and onward to its glorious goal. With devout, as well as philosophic eye, let us read the history of the race, and endeavour to discern amid its confused revolutions—its battles and its tumults—the great moving principle, the wheel within the wheel—God by His providence reconciling the world into Himself. Let us ever feel

"God's greatness flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness His rest."

LIFE.

A SACRED burden is the life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

—FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

LESSONS FROM "GARETH AND LYNETTE."

BY SAMUEL J. HUNTER.

ALFRED TENNYSON'S poetry will ever hold a distinguished place in English literature, not only because of the music of its flow and the art displayed in the choice of words, but, and chiefly, on account of the persuasive strength and purity of its spiritual feeling, and its apprehension of the higher and more beautiful aspirations of human nature. It is generally allowed that his *chef-d'œuvre* is "The Idylls of the King;" first published in a somewhat fragmentary form, but completed in 1872 by the issue "Gareth and Lynette," and "The Last Tournament;" the first in the completed series following "The Coming of Arthur," the second preceding "Guinvere." Gareth is the son of King Lot and Queen Bellicent, the Sir Beaumanis of Sir Thomas Malory's Arthurian Legends, a work of rarest interest. His brothers are already at Arthur's court; and he, the youngest, sighs to be with them, but is too dutiful a son to go without permission.

"I in my good mother's hall
Linger with vacillating obedience,
Prisoned, and kept and coaxed and whistled to—
Since the good mother holds me still a child—
Heaven yield her for it, but in me put force
To weary her with one continuous prayer,
Until she let me fly, disengaged, to sweep
In ever highering circles up
To the great sun of glory, and thence swoop
Down upon all things base, and dash them dead,
A knight of Arthur, working out his will,
To cleanse the world."

Wearied, at length, with his importunity, the Queen consents; but makes "his only way to glory lead down through villain kitchen vassalage," in hopes that he will feel "too princely proud to pass thereby."

"Prince, thou shalt go disguised to Arthur's hall,
And hire thyself to serve for meats and drinks
Among the scullions and the kitchen knaves,
And those that hand the dish across the bar.
Nor shalt thou tell thy name to any one.
And thou shalt serve a twelve-month and a day."

Hard as the conditions are, Gareth accepts them; passes into kitchen life, and by fidelity and care wins the confidence and esteem of all, save Sir Kay, the King's steward; who, full of jealousy and suspicion, ill-treats him and ridicules those who predict for him a brilliant future. The disguised Prince solicits Arthur, who knows his high-born lineage, to give him the first quest that offers; that on the field, amid the outspread lists, he may prove himself a knight. The quest soon offers; for one day there came a damsel to Arthur's hall of justice, "of high lineage, by name Lynette;" whose sister, Lyonors, was besieged in Castle Perilous, by four base knights; and she demands a champion to conquer and disarm them. Gareth is chosen, and speedily rides forth upon a noble charger to win a name or die in the attempt. Lynette, however, scornfully rejects him as a "base-born scullion;" and Sir Kay, indignant that a "kitchen knave" should be selected in preference to himself, rides after, challenges him, but is quickly overthrown. Overcoming many obstacles in the way, he at length nears Castle Perilous, and encounters his chief foes—the gaolers of Lyonors. The first—Morning Star—he conquers; but Lynette ascribes the victory to sorcery. The second—Noonday Sun—is in turn disarmed; but it is attributed to chance. The third—Evening Star—after a desperate struggle is made to "bite the dust;" and then Lynette changes her opinion, and passes from contempt and scorn to words of respect, solicitude and love. The fourth base knight—"Night and Death"—is the most terrible of all.

"High on a black horse, in night-black arms,
With white breast-bone, and barren ribs of Death,
And crowned with fleshless-laughter—
In the half-light—thro' the dim dawn advanced
The Monster,—then paused, and spake no word."

Nothing daunted, however, Gareth advances; and the monster proves to be terrible only in outward form.

"He clove the helm, and out from this
Issued the bright face of a blooming boy,
Fresh as a flower new born.
Then Lady Lyonors and her house, with dance
And revel and song, made merry over Death,
As being after all their foolish fears

And horrors—only prov'n a blooming boy.
And he that told the tale in olden times
Says that Gareth wedded Lyonors,
But he, that told it later, says Lynette."

Such is the poet's story. That poetry, however, is not worth the reading, from which no important lessons can be gathered. Let us see, then, if Gareth will not suggest to us a lesson bearing upon actual life. *Success* is the great object we desire, in whatever sphere we move. As we stand, looking out into the future, brightly before us glow the prizes of the world. We would be rich, conspicuous; we would write our names high on the tablet of fame; we would stand side by side with the scholars, the orators, the statesmen, the commercial princes, who have vindicated their claim to a place in the world's memory. But how many fail to realize that to excel in the pulpit, the counting house, the college, the workshop, in the forum or the market place, means submission to conditions, involving self-denial, conflict with many a sturdy foe that cannot be reached by lance or spear of steel—means, in one word, hard work. The special election of God may place some men in positions where they command attention and achieve fame. Abraham, from the plains of Haran; David, from the sheepfolds of Jesse; Luther, from the monkish cell; Wesley, from the quietude of the Epworth parsonage; and many others, chosen for the accomplishment of a special work, seem to have been, like Philip, carried by the Spirit up to the lofty pinnacles on which they stood. Genius, too, may largely account for the success of a few; but by far the greater number who reach the goal at all, attain it through a strife, a race, through hard and persistent toil. Men who wait for chance or the favouring breeze of circumstance to waft them into success, will see the workers pass them on the way, while they grow feeble and die beside the monuments of their own folly. The books we read that have done the most for the education of the race, the poems that inspire us to noble deeds of chivalry, the sermons that take hold of the fibre of our thought, are the offspring of labour, whose record would surprise those who believe in the afflatus of inspired moments. Ben

Jonson said of Shakespeare, whom many are wont to regard as the ideal of genius:—

“For though the Poet’s matter, Nature be,
His art doth give the fashion. And, that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muse’s anvil; turn the same,
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn—
For a good Poet’s made, as well as born.”

So, too, in trade. The business houses that are the way-marks of commerce, are the accumulations of years of toil and thought. They never, like fairy castles, rise in a single night. Nor need this law of our life deter any one from entering on the noble quest; for though the jewels we wish to find are often buried deep, the very search for them is accompanied with an inward satisfaction; and when found, they form a brilliant crown upon the toiler’s brow.

And then again: he who would succeed may make up his mind to meet with those who revel in detraction. Let a man aim high and begin to outstrip his fellows, and he may calculate on not a few, who, with lanthorn light, grope in the graves of the past to unearth and resurrect, if possible, some long-buried failure, mistake, or repented and forgiven sin; if not his own, an ancestor’s; that by the skeleton they may influence public opinion, or perchance annoy and overthrow him. But many as the difficulties may be, or what form soever they may assume, they will be transfigured into actual helps or vanish altogether as he reaches them. As, looking through a mist, objects are magnified and assume often weird, terrifying shapes; so in life: futurity and distance give false appearances to things, which in the clear light are natural and harmless. Acting well our part this present moment, we are prepared for the contingencies of the next; and going forward in calm trust in Providence and the assurance which unswerving integrity imparts, the monster will change to “the blooming boy.”

But there is a quest more noble, a heroism loftier than any chronicled in the annals of knight-errantry that received its

inspiration at Arthur's Round Table.—Yea, nobler than the noblest of secular achievements. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." He who "presses toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," enters the lists against sterner foes than Roman legionary or vizored knight confronted, and contests for a better mastery and a more enduring reward.

The conflict is not lessened in reality or intensity because the enemy is spiritual and invisible, but rather increased thereby. Here, too, the poet may, by accommodation, sketch an outline for us. First: Worldly Prudence counsels contentment with the present state, and urges the folly of a course that exchanges ease for strife, that looks towards the future for its chiefest victories and rewards; and Old Policy holds out the tempting bait by which so many have been destroyed, of a self-seeking spirit that thinks only of personal advantage; and Pride, in her haughtiness, scorns the seemingly humble armour that is to be taken to the fray—the girdle of truth, the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the preparation of the Gospel of peace. And when these voices are silenced, and the soul, encased in armour, goes forth to the field, it is a field on which many of the mighty have been slain. "Lusts of the Flesh" come trooping up, disguised and seeming like the damsels who—

"In gilt and rosy raiment come—their feet
In dewy grasses glistened and the hair
All over danced with dewdrops or with gems,
Like sparkles in the stone Evanturine."

And "Lusts of the Eyes"—

"All in mail
Burnished to blinding—Fierce shield all sun,
And cypher face of rounded foolishness"—

approach to blind him by their glare, that they may pierce the harness when they cannot openly cleave the helmet. And "Pride of Life"—

"Wrapt in hardened skins that fit him like his own,
Which, with armour off him, will turn the blade"—

confronts the Christian knight; and, alas! how many through liking for the world's report or sensitiveness to its censure, have been smitten into impotent paralysis.

And these must all be met by every one who "striveth for the mastery." And how often in the struggle do they feel "Their great hearts foredooming all their trouble is in vain"—as these, in impious malice, "From their life arise and cry, 'Thou hast made us lords and canst not put us down.'"

Nor may the Christian doff his armour when all these are conquered; for there remains another, with dual name, that not unfrequently appears the most terrible of all. "Night and Death," the gloom of sorrow and the solicitude of life's closing hours. But it is only to his imperfect vision that they wear a monster's garb or seem to be uncompromising foes; for as "From the cloven helm issued the blooming boy, fresh as flowers new born;" so out of trial, conquered or endured, comes a very benediction to the soul; and out of death comes life—life in the shining city beyond, pure and endless as the throne of Him who is the light thereof. He that overcomes is more than conqueror—he derives absolute gain from the contest. Principle is strengthened by trial, and every conquered temptation increases the power to wrestle with the next, with a higher resolve and a firmer trust. We shrink from the discipline of sorrow; but to the believer it is like the clouds, which, though black when passing over us, when they are past become as though they were the garments of God, thrown off in purple and gold along the sky. We think of death as the sharpest severance from all we love; but it is only an exodus from one clime to another, and that a better. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God; and I will write upon him my new name."

EDITORIAL.

MODERN SCIENCE IN ITS RELATION TO CHRISTIANITY.

NEVER were the attacks upon revealed religion more vehement and virulent than at the present time. Infidelity, that foul spirit from the nether pit, was never more subtle in its advances, more glozing in its lies, more deadly in its evil spell. Like the arch fiend of old, assuming almost angelic guise, speaking the language of a humble seeker after wisdom, it pours its "leprous distilment" into the ear of unsuspecting innocence. But, change its disguises as it will, at the touch of the Ithuriel spear of truth it is revealed in its native loathliness, as was Satan crouching,

"Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve."

It proffers to mankind the fair-seeming fruit of the tree of knowledge with the promise that they shall be as gods knowing good and evil. But

"The juggling fiend,
That palters with us in a double sense,
But keeps the word of promise to the ear,
And breaks it to the hope."

Its impious scheme for the regeneration of society by the denial of a God, and consequent dissolution of all bonds of moral obligation or restraint, leads but to social anarchy and chaos.

It is in the domain of science that the fiercest conflict between infidelity and revealed religion is taking place. The apparent discrepancies between the speculations of the scientist and the revelations of Scripture are magnified into glaring contradictions, and the entire supernatural element of religion is assailed by a shallow criticism, as incredible and unthinkable.

There are, indeed, difficult problems yet to solve, upon which there may be wide difference of opinion, but this difference must

not unsettle our faith in the authoritative teachings of Holy Writ. All truth is one, and must agree in all its parts, and the great work of true science is to harmonize its apparent discrepancies. To borrow the fine simile of Milton in his *Areopagitica*: As Isis went up and down the land of Egypt, gathering limb by limb the mangled body of Osiris, whom the monster, Typhon, had hewn into a thousand pieces, so Philosophy explores all nature and gathers up the scattered members of the heavenly maiden, Truth, which have been mutilated and concealed by the evil spirit, Error. "We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons!" he exclaims, "nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming. He shall bring together every joint and member, and mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection."

Certain natural-philosophers of the past, and some, too, of the present, by a hasty generalization and too rapid an induction from a scanty investigation of facts, have arrived at conclusions opposed to the Scriptures, and have dogmatically asserted those infallible standards of truth to be unworthy of our confidence. Thus a prejudice against science has been excited in the minds of many devout lovers of the Bible. But true science is always meek and never dogmatic. As has been finely asserted by one whose own scientific attainments attest his familiarity with her lore, Science is the handmaid not the rival of religion. She sits lowly at Nature's feet, and learns patiently the secrets she reveals. Exemplifying the aphorism of Bacon, she conquers Nature by obeying her.

As was well observed by the Duke of Buccleuch, in his inaugural address at the meeting of the British Association, at Dundee, the intense and insatiable inquisitiveness of man concerning the secrets of nature is an involuntary confession of his manifold ignorance. The most profoundly learned always feel, like Newton, that they are but children on the shores of the boundless ocean of truth. In the same discourse, the noble President of that learned Association makes the statement, that "the acquirement and diffusion of science is, and ought ever to be, closely connected with true religion."

One of the vexed questions of modern inquiry, and that which seems to conflict most directly with the assumed chronology.

of Scripture, is the past duration of the human race. Particular stress has been laid upon the remoteness of the ancient Egyptian dynasties, according to the chronology of Champollion, as a proof of the vast antiquity of man. Yet Hallam, an eminently judicious authority, supposes that those ancient dynasties were not successive but collateral. The same remark will apply to those of the Chinese and Hindoos, although the latter are so extravagant, as to be manifestly fabulous.

The unity of the race is another of the vexed questions of modern science. But, although a champion of its remote antiquity, Sir John Lubbock takes strong ground in favour of its unity. To this conclusion the immense learning of Chevalier Bunsen has also led him, apart from the teachings of Scripture. Indeed, ethnology, physiology, philology, and universal tradition seem to give their evidence on the same side of the question.

The friends of the Bible need not fear the revelations of science, the researches of modern learning, nor the most startling discoveries of recent philosophy. The more the arcana of nature are explored, her secrets laid bare, and her laws unfolded, the greater the corroboration and more striking the proof of the genuineness and authenticity of Holy Writ. It has stood the most searching tests in the fiery crucible of hostile criticism. Its enemies have ransacked all nature and the annals of all time. They have investigated the monuments of every nation; they have laid bare the rocky tablets of the earth, and deciphered their strange inscriptions for evidence against it. They have brought bricks from Babylon; hieroglyphs from Egypt; paintings from Pompeii; ancient medals, coins, and manuscripts, classic friezes, entablatures, and half-defaced inscriptions from the buried cities of antiquity; and, diving deep down into the very bowels of the earth, they have brought up the old geologic fossils, the ancient medals of creation; and as Balak besought Balaam, saying, "Come, curse me Jacob, and come defy Israel," they have bade them bear testimony against the Word of God. But all these witnesses have answered, "How shall we curse whom God hath not cursed? and how shall we defy whom the Lord hath not defied?" and they have not cursed it at all, but have blessed it altogether, and

have given their unqualified and authoritative testimony in favour of the authenticity, the integrity, and the indubitable veracity of the Scriptures of Divine truth. History and geography, chronology and geology, instead of being the enemies of the Bible, are its hand-maidens and servants ; and by their undesigned coincidences with its utterances corroborate its teachings and establish its veracity.

It has been said that upon the field of science must be fought again the battle of the evidences, but there need be no apprehensions concerning the issue of that conflict. We may confidently accept the gage of battle, and take up the gauntlet of defiance, which pseudo-science has sometimes vauntingly thrown down. We may adopt the noble language of Milton: "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose upon the earth, so Truth be in the field we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple ; who ever knew Truth put the worse in a free and open encounter ? For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty ?"

"Truth is large, our aspiration
 Scarce embraces half we be,
 Shame to stand in God's creation,
 And doubt Truth's sufficiency !
 To think His song unexcelling
 The poor tales of our own telling."

Let us remember that in the words of Lord Bacon, "The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature." Therefore let us seek her as an ally and a friend, let us woo her as a bride, and not shrink from her as a foe ! All truth, religious and scientific, comes from the same great Author, the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness nor shadow of a turning, and, though heaven and earth pass away one jot or tittle of that truth, in nature or in grace, in science or religion, shall never pass away.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE COLONIAL QUESTION.

THE Colonial question appears to be very frequently discussed in England. At a recent meeting of the Fellows of the Royal Colonial Institute there was an interesting and animated debate upon this subject. Those meetings of course have nothing authoritative about them—still they serve to show the direction of opinion in certain quarters, and in this sense deserve consideration. Sir George Campbell, an ex-Governor of Madras, who, it will be remembered, at the Social Science Congress in Glasgow advocated the necessity of severing the ties connecting the colonies with the Mother country, was present, and reiterated his views.

Sir Robert Torrens, while strongly opposing Sir George, confessed that a feeling did exist in the House of Commons, amongst politicians of "the Manchester School," in favour of the dismemberment of the Empire, and that it would be a dangerous thing to go to sleep with the idea that the party which sought for separation was either small in influence or few in numbers. On the whole the feeling was in favour of a federation of the colonies with the United Kingdom, by direct representation in the Home Parliament, or by the formation of a Colonial Council, or by the enlargement of the Privy Council by the admission of Secretaries of State from the greater colonies.

In the meantime the leading members of the British Parliament, on both sides, have been very definite in expressing the desirableness of maintaining the union now existing, and of devising some scheme for bringing all the parts of the Empire closer together in sympathy and interest. In our own country at present the desire of the vast majority

of the people undoubtedly is to have that union maintained and strengthened, while sympathy with those who "believe in the ultimate self-government of the dependencies of the Crown" is very small.

Still, unless we are very much mistaken, as the resources of the country are developed, as our population increases—and it is as likely to increase by the coming in of the people of other nations as by immigration from Britain—and as we consolidate and strengthen, the doctrine that is now scouted and derided will gather influence, not through any disloyalty to Britain, but as the natural result of growth and consciousness of power. We see no reason to brand, as troublers and anarchists, those who, with a perfect loyalty to the throne, yet endeavour by pen and speech to cultivate and develop a distinctively Canadian spirit and character. Even if the view of the extreme separatist of England were adopted, and we were left alone, we would not dread absorption by a greater power. We have all the elements that make up a sturdy manhood, and would, with the blessing of God, work out a noble destiny.

THE TANNERIES SCANDAL.

THE humiliating Pacific Scandal, the fraud and bribery unearthed by election trials, the Caraquet disturbance, the Montreal mobs organized against Father Chiquy, the great Oil Wells case, with which some of our leading men have been unpleasantly connected, and the Tanneries Scandal, must make an unfavourable impression upon the minds of foreigners in relation to Canadian purity and liberty. We are glad to observe with respect to this last mentioned affair, that the Committee of Inves-

tigation recommend that the exchange of the Tanneries property for the Leduc farm be annulled by the Courts of law, and we hope the recommendation may be carried out. Men high in office lent themselves in a clandestine manner to a flagrantly dishonest transaction. It is a pitiable sight to witness men who ought to be the embodiments of unimpeachable honour, colleaguely with a band of speculators, whose only object is gain, irrespective of any considerations as to honesty or candour.

FATHER CHINIQUY.

PERHAPS nowhere is there more open interference with freedom of speech and conscience than in the city of Montreal and throughout the Roman Catholic settlements in the Province of Quebec. A few years ago, when Mr. Chiniquy visited Montreal, his life was endangered often by riotous mobs, aided and abetted by the priesthood, and now there is the enactment of the same scenes of lawlessness and high-handed terrorism. Mr. Chiniquy may not always be wise and prudent; indeed almost any man coming out from Rome, and passing through a history like his, is apt sometimes to swerve from that charity which ought to be our constant weapon in dealing with our bitterest foes. But that in a province belonging to the British Crown, and in this day of freedom, acts becoming only the dark ages or untutored savages should be perpetrated, is most painful and humiliating. If Roman Catholics persist in denying to Protestants that perfect liberty which Protestants accord to them while dealing out their unmitigated falsehoods, distortions of history and vile slander against the great leaders of Protestant opinion, as Bishop Lynch recently did in Toronto, and which may be heard almost every Sunday in the Jesuit Church in Montreal, they cannot wonder if the feeling toward them should be that of distrust. The sting of Mr. Chin-

iquy's addresses lies in their truth. Catholicism can never bear the light. It will not do to say that the acts complained of are simply those of a miserable rabble. The priesthood are culpable in a very high degree, and have it in their power to quiet and quell disturbance of this kind if they choose.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK SCHOOL LAW.

THE demands of the advocates of separate schools have been urged in Parliament with all that persistency and disregard for general interests characteristic of a party actuated and guided by the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Mr. Costigan's resolutions, if carried, would have been sadly indicative of a want of justice and good taste on the part of our legislators, and we were glad to observe a recognition of this by not a few of the Catholic members of the House. Not the least benefit coming from the discussion of the question will arise out of the honest, liberal views of the Premier and others, which must convince all, capable of being convinced, that Protestants have no wish to override or to oppress their Catholic fellow-subjects. It has been exceedingly unfortunate that the bishops and priests were amongst the first to refuse to pay the school rates, and thus fostered and provoked further trouble. It is needful that law be administered kindly, but with firmness and unvarying impartiality, and we hope in this case such will be done.

ICELANDERS AND MENNONITES.

AS our country opens and facilities for reaching its distant parts increase, and particularly as the prospect of railway communication with the North-West emerges gradually out of the realm of dream-land into that of certainty, our interest in the question, "Who shall occupy these vast territories?" heightens. It is to many problematical whether the climatic peculiarities of a great por-

tion of them would be adapted to the natives of Albion, Caledonia, Hibernia, or Faderland. We have already amongst us a few from that distant island lying on the confines of the Arctic sea, whose name—Iceland—bespeaks its general characteristics, who seem admirably suited to our Northern clime, and who doubtless are but the earnest of a large influx of population that will ere long find their way to Canadian soil.

The children of the old Northern men who ages ago settled on the sterile island, hardened by strife with elements to which a less brave people would have succumbed, Protestant in their faith, sober and industrious in their habits, and possessing qualities of intelligence and moral worth that command respect, it would be difficult to find a race more likely to succeed on our Northern plains. A recent traveller, well able to judge, speaks of them in these commendatory terms: "With all their pride, their sensitiveness, and the hot blood sleeping under their grave demeanour, no people are more worthy the honest and unselfish friendship of their rulers. I have rarely been so interested in a race. Not Thingvalla, or Heckla, or the Geysers, not the desolate fire-blackened mountains, the awful gloom of the dead lava plains, the bright lakes and the majestic *fjords*, have repaid me for this journey; but the brief glimpse of a grand and true-hearted people, innocent children in their trust and affection, almost more than men in their brave endurance."

We are glad to see also that the attention of the Government is turned to a deeply interesting people, the Russian Mennonites, a small colony of whom we have in Manitoba. No longer exempted by Imperial ukase from bearing arms in time of war, large numbers are decided upon coming to this country, and the Government has wisely given them a loan to aid them in carrying out their purpose. Peace-

able, frugal, unobtrusive, admirably skilled in the arts of agriculture, they will be a valuable accession to the population of the country.

THE PHILADELPHIA CENTENNIAL.

THE representation of the products of a country at such an Industrial Exhibition as will be held in Philadelphia next year is of very great importance, and we are glad to know that our Government has voted forty thousand dollars to be devoted to this purpose. Nearly every country in the world will be represented—British, Continental, and Asiatic empires that were old and flourishing before this continent was known to civilization, and States and Territories and Dependencies that are our juniors in national history and life. We have no reason, however, to shrink from comparison with any land, and we are persuaded that if matters be properly arranged, the impression made will be that Canada is a vast, growing, and influential country, in agriculture, in arts, in sciences, in commercial enterprise, in inventive skill, in educational facilities, in all needful national appliances and resources, equal to many possessing the advantages of age, and not a whit behind any of her own years.

It is to be regretted that in the Expositions of the past, bad management, carelessness, and a "penny wise pound foolish policy," have combined to place us in a false—sometimes humiliating—position, where the impression made concerning us has not been favourable or just. We hope that the lessons of the past may have a salutary effect upon those who have these matters more immediately in hand.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

FOR some time there has been considerable said about a growing coolness between England and Russia, notwithstanding the late marriage of Victoria's son with the daughter of the Czar. The coolness

has been, increased, it is asserted, by England's refusal to attend a Conference, at St. Petersburg, on the usages of war. Lord Derby holds that in the discussion of such subjects at such a Conference, problems might arise which would be hampering to England if she should ever find herself at war with powers like Russia or Germany, and that the maritime rights of Britain, which no other power can have an interest in maintaining, might fall into the category of usages for arrangement, and that even if this should not be the case, such Conferences have a tendency to facilitate aggressive attacks. He therefore politely expressed the determination of the Government to stand aloof. Meanwhile the Russian press is loud in its condemnation of the English policy, brands it as a "hypocritical pretext," "a lever for England's powerlessness in the matter of Continental wars, whilst an arbitrary spirit is reserved in case of naval wars," and then comes a menace: "There may, perhaps, be a very simple means to turn these tactics against her."

It is to be borne in mind, however, that much of the hue and cry raised is by newspapers that like to get hold of something to create a sensation. Russia, ever since the Crimean war, has resolutely set herself to the development of her resources and the perfection of her army system, and is confessedly to-day one of the greatest powers of the world, holding the balance of power as hardly any other nation does. Put war between England and Russia, however much certain nations would like to see it, is highly improbable and is every way to be deprecated. It would involve the bloodiest strife the world has ever witnessed, disarrange the entire of the Old World, and seriously affect and damage the New.

ECCLESIASTICAL VESTMENTS.

To one who cares nothing about the interests of Christianity, and the bearing which all divisions and dis-

cussions have upon its welfare, the war waged by contending parties of the Anglican clergy, about Church millinery, must have a very humorous, if not ludicrous aspect. Five thousand clergymen have signed an address to the Bishops, in opposition to the use of eucharistic vestments, and fifteen hundred have affixed their signatures to a memorial in favour of their use. No doubt these will form the basis of an angry discussion at the forthcoming Convocations, though ultimately the real battle between the two parties will be in Parliament. In the meantime, possibly with a view of anticipating the line of argument to be used in Convocation, Dean Stanley, in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*, undertakes to enlighten the public on this question of ecclesiastical vestments. With his usual ability he gives us a really readable, interesting paper, divided into two parts—first, an antiquarian investigation into the origin of ecclesiastical vestments; and, second, practical remarks on the present state of the controversy in England.

In the first he seeks to establish the proposition that originally the dress of the clergy had no symbolical, sacerdotal, sacrificial, or mystical intention whatever, but originated simply in the fashions common to the whole community of the Roman empire during the first three centuries, and that to attribute anything of the kind now, has no historical foundation. Unfortunately, however, High Church self-styled priests elevate matters of dress into the importance which should only attach to vital doctrines, making it a distinctive "mark between the sacerdotal and the anti-sacerdotal idea of the Christian ministry, between the Eucharist and every other religious service."

There is much in the Dean's "practical observations" favouring of the latitudinarianism for which he is noted, still there is a great deal with which we can thoroughly agree. There is truth in the following obser-

vation: "The attempts, from time to time, by bigot persecution or angry declamation to stifle free critical inquiry in the Church of England, the refusal to acknowledge the pastoral character of our Wesleyan and Non-Conforming brethren, the tendency to encourage a material, rather than a moral and spiritual, view of Christian ordinances, all these endeavours are as hostile to the true spirit of the Reformation, and lead as directly towards the errors of the Church of Rome, as any evanescent fashion of clerical costumes, which perish in the using."

THE TOMBSTONE CONTROVERSY.

OUR readers will not have forgotten the Tombstone Controversy, which has created so much feeling in English Methodism, arising out of the refusal of the Rector of Owston Ferry to allow a gravestone over the grave of a Methodist minister's daughter, because the word "Reverend" was inscribed upon it. A meeting of the Committee of Privileges has been convened by Dr. Punshon, President of the Conference, with reference to the case, and the opinion of two eminent barristers, Dr. Archibald Stephens and Sir Henry James, the late Solicitor-General, has been obtained, on the strength of which the Rector will be served with a *mandamus* to give a public account, before a Civil Court, of his petty, unchristian conduct. The Bishop of Lincoln, who has from the first sided with the Vicar, and has, in his letters published in the press, indicated a narrowness of soul and an intolerant bigotry and vanity painful to contemplate, now advises his *protege* to withdraw his opposition to *save expenses*. Surely this is a lowering of the sacred rights of apostolical succession.

If English law prohibits a man from describing himself by the title which the usages of society accord him, he should know it, and the law should be reformed, so that it shall no longer be possible for a

creature dressed up with a little authority to trample upon wounded hearts and outrage every sense and feeling of propriety. We are accustomed in this country to rather reflect upon our English brethren for the manner in which they have submitted, in many ways, to the autocratic spirit of the Episcopal clergy; but may we not ask, in this connection, how comes it that Methodist ministers, and ministers of other bodies, are not permitted, in Ontario at least, to enter English Church cemeteries to read the burial service over members of their own Church who may be interred therein? Is there a legal prohibition, or does it arise simply from a custom, long submitted to, which is regarded as law? At all events it seems an anomaly in a country such as ours; and until several minor assumptions of superiority of this sort are set aside, we cannot hope for the oneness and harmony which should exist.

JOSEPH GARIBALDI.

PERHAPS no more hopeful sign for the future of Italy has ever been witnessed than the welcome recently given to Garibaldi upon the occasion of his entrance into Rome as a member of the Italian Parliament. The triumphal processions of the days of the ancient Republic scarcely exceeded it. And this welcome was homage not so much to the man as to the great leading principles to the advocacy and advancement of which his life has been devoted; for with all his impetuosity and oft-repeated mistakes, the underlying views and aims of his life are now, in a great measure, incorporated in the Italian Government. Few men, if any, have contributed so much to the freedom of Italy as Garibaldi. If his life be spared he will yet render good service to his country, by assisting to keep the Government from making damaging concessions to the successor of Pius IX., who, in the natural order of things, must

soon be appointed. Italy, so long oppressed and cursed by the Vatican, shall yet be wholly free, and, under the influence of the faith of the Apostles, shall rise to its legitimate position among the nations.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC JUBILEE.

POPE PIUS NINTH has declared 1875 a Grand Jubilee year. In A.D. 1300 the first Romish jubilee was held, when its recurrence was fixed for every hundredth year, but Clement the Sixth celebrated the next in 1350, and in 1389 Urban reduced the period to every thirty-three years, and it was again reduced by Paul the Second to every twenty-five years. The last one was held in 1825. Pio Nono's difficulties have been so great, and have come upon him so suddenly, that his good intentions have from time to time been thwarted, but now he finds it absolutely necessary, "that faith,

religion, and piety may be protected, that the fallen may be raised to reformation of life, and that the sins that deserve the anger of God may be redeemed by holy works," to proclaim a great jubilee, to last for the whole year of 1875. Accordingly he says, "By virtue of the supreme power of binding and loosing conferred upon us, to all the faithful in Christ we mercifully concede (and trust in the Lord, that once in the above named year they may join in the full jubilee indulgence) remission and pardon of all their sins, provided that being truly penitent, they confess their sins, receive the holy communion, and visit for fifteen consecutive or separate days the principal church and three other churches in the place." Pardon for a whole year by attending chapel fifteen consecutive or separate days! Comment is needless. "Who can forgive sins but God only?"

BOOK NOTICES.

Derry and Enniskillen in the Year 1609; the Story of some Famous Battle Fields in Ulster. By the Rev. THOMAS WITHEROW, Professor of Church History in Magee College, Londonderry. Belfast: William Mullan. Toronto: Campbell & Son, and S. Rose. 12mo. pp. 368.

In this volume Professor Witherow recounts again the heroic story, of which Protestant readers will never tire, of the gallant defence of Londonderry and Enniskillen, paralleled only in modern times by that of the French and Dutch cities of Rochelle and Leyden. Out of a vast number of original authorities, and inspired by the *genus loci*, the grand historical associations of the quaint old city, he has constructed a narrative

at once of historical accuracy and of absorbing interest. The book, in fact, is as fascinating as a novel and far more instructive. The account is written with candour and impartial discrimination, and is strikingly free from that impassioned and unreasoning partizanship with which the subject is too often regarded. The dramatic incidents of the closing of the gates, the investment, the weary weeks of siege, the slow horrors of famine and pestilence in the doomed city, the assaults and salutes, the breaking of the boom and relief of the famishing population, are told with fine literary skill. In an era of aggressive Romanism and, on the part of many sworn defenders of the faith, a recreant Protestantism, it is well to reinvigorate our minds with the study of the gallant deeds and

unflinching sufferings of the brave champions of civil and religious liberty in other days. The present writer is glad to claim the accomplished author as a kinsman, descended from a common ancestry, one of whom is recorded to have been a Romish priest converted to the Protestant faith by the preaching of John Knox, while another became the distinguished contemporary historian of the Scottish Reformation.

Business Success: What it is and How to Secure it. A Lecture delivered before the Toronto Young Men's Christian Association by JOHN MACDONALD. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. S. Rose. 12mo. pp. 70.

This book abounds in practical wisdom, based upon long experience, wide observation, and thoughtful reflection. Its business maxims are worthy of that prince of economical philosophers, Franklin's Poor Richard. Mr. Macdonald has skillfully illustrated commercial success in his own career, and here points out its essential elements for the guidance of the young men of this Dominion. He exhibits the dignity, nay, grandeur, of Christian commercial life; and shows how true success is based upon the firm foundation of inflexible integrity of character—a high-souled honour that scorns anything that is mean or questionable, even to gain an apparent advantage.

The causes of disaster and failure that overtake the majority of those entering upon commercial life are pointed out, and severe condemnation is pronounced upon the deliberate fraud, reckless extravagance, or dishonest carelessness, which so often bring disgrace upon a noble profession, and entail misery upon a multitude of helpless victims. If the sage counsels here given were generally adopted, trade would be much more prosperous, society would be spared a deal of wrong and suffering, and many a blighted, ruined

life would have attained happiness and success in business. We rise from the perusal of this book with the renewed conviction that commerce is one of the greatest and most beneficent forces in the world—one of the most potent civilizers and elevators of mankind. It knits together in bonds of amity the widest severed nations of the world, and does more to promote peace and good-will than all the forts and fleets and armaments on the face of the earth. It offers scope for the employment of the keenest intelligence, broadest culture and greatest energy of character, and for the development of the noblest moral qualities.

In the following passage Mr. Macdonald portrays his ideal of the successful business man, an ideal which he has himself strikingly exemplified: "He is the most successful who, in addition to the capital employed in his business, has means and time to do good with them; whose life, in the best sense, is a busy one; who makes money not only by his fellowmen, but for them; who enjoys life as he passes through it; who, though in business, is a busy man; is, in the best sense, a busy worker who is watchful to improve those opportunities where his means, influence and experience enable him to do most good."

We wish that a copy of this book could be placed in the hands of every young man in the Dominion, convinced that it would greatly aid in the formation of a noble type of Christian manhood, and lead, it may be, not a few to attain similar success to that of its author.

That Mr. Macdonald has devoted himself to the mercantile profession is a loss to literature, in which he would have succeeded no less than in his chosen sphere. His style is terse, strong, vivacious, calculated to awaken and sustain the interest of his readers. We wish he could be persuaded, in addition to other services rendered our Church, in the pulpit, on the platform, and elsewhere, to favour the community,

either through the medium of this magazine, or in a separate volume, with another garnered sheaf of wise counsels gleaned from the harvest-field of life, such as we have in this lecture.

The Canadian Methodist Pulpit: A Collection of Original Sermons from Living Ministers of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, with an introduction by the Rev. EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART. Rev. SAMUEL G. PHILLIPS, Editor. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., and S. Rose. 1875. 12mo. pp. xvii, 419, beveled boards. \$1 50.

We hail with peculiar pleasure this volume of sermons by leading ministers of the Methodist Church of Canada. The idea of such a representative volume was very happily conceived by Mr. Phillips, and he has been successful in procuring an admirable series of contributions. Mr. Dewart's introduction is a vindication of the pulpit from the aspersions of waning influence and declining power which have been cast upon it. Like everything that comes from his polished pen, it is characterized by vigour of thought and elegance of expression.

The first sermon is one on Broken Cisterns, by that prince of pulpit orators, W. Morley Punshon. Like apples of gold in pictures of silver are his great thoughts couched in such brilliant setting. Then follow two by the honoured President of the General Conference; one a memorial sermon on the death of the late Rev. W. L. Thornton, M.A., President of the Canadian Conference in 1864; the other, on Christians on Earth and in Heaven. They both show that the bow of the venerable Nestor of Canadian Methodism still abides in strength, as when in youthful prime he sent the arrows of the Gospel into the hearts of the King's enemies.

The Rev. John Borland contributes an admirable sermon on Christian

Perfection as illustrated in the character of St. Paul. Mr. Borland discusses this cardinal topic of Wesleyan theology in his own eminently judicious manner. Angels studying Redemption is the subject of the next, by the Rev. W. Stephenson. It is in his ornate style, and is characterized by polished diction and poetical conception—one of his best efforts. Our dear Father Carroll, the beloved of all the churches, gives a sermon of the grand old Methodist ring, on the Essentials of Religious Prosperity—short, but making up for its brevity by its strength.

But we cannot stop to characterize each discourse. The other contributors are Revs. W. Galbraith, on the Glorious Ascension and Triumphant Reign of Christ; H. Bland, on the Custody of the Heart; W. S. Blackstock, on Christ Our Passover; J. Graham, on Battle for the Gospel Faith; C. Fish, on Manna; W. J. Hunter, on the Family of God; the late Dr. Freshman, on the Christian Sabbath; Prof. Raynar, on Knowledge is Life; J. Roy, on the Impartiality of God's Love; L. Hooker, on the Mission of Jesus; E. A. Stafford, on Glorifying in Religion; C. S. Eby, on the Gospel View of Tribulation; Dr. Douglass—his grand Round Lake Camp Meeting sermon—on the Power of the Gospel; W. Williams and D. Savage, of New Connexion Conference, on the Spiritual Life, and A Church Order—a Means Not an End, respectively; E. B. Ryckman, of the Dundas Collegiate Institute, on the Power of Christ, the Missionary's Strength; and Henry Pope, Junior, President of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference, on Preaching Christ. The volume closes with the soul-stirring address of the Rev. A. Sutherland, delivered at the last Hamilton Conference, on some distinctive features of Wesleyan theology.

It will be seen that the various sections of our Church are worthily represented; and the volume gives

evidence that, in point of literary ability, the Canadian Methodist ministry need not shrink from comparison with that of any Church in the land. We doubt not that many friends of these honoured brethren throughout the Connexion will be glad to procure such an elegant memorial of their former pastors, and we hope that the success of this volume will warrant the preparation of another of a similar character. We congratulate both publisher and editor on the elegant appearance of the volume; which, in mechanical execution, is one of the most creditable specimens of Canadian book manufacture that we have seen.

Daniel Quorm, and His Religious Notions. By the Rev. MARK GUY PEARCE. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. Toronto: S. Rose.

Those who have read "Mister Horn and His Friends," "John Tregenoweth; His Mark," and other works by the same author, will be prepared to find in the book before us a good deal of solid instruction conveyed in a very pleasing manner. Mr. Pearce is a racy, cultivated and ready writer, with a quick perception of shades of difference in human character, and a graphic way of describing them. His sketches of the peculiarities of human nature, as they are affected by the grace of God, operating upon them in and through Methodist institutions, are true to the life. If it is objected that the characters are fictitious, the same objection might be urged against Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and other works of the same class. But these works are not the less useful on that account, and they are correct representations of the actual realities of the religious life, and are therefore true. We cannot wonder that multitudes read them with avidity, for the desire to be interested is as natural as the desire to be instructed, and more general.

It is not necessary that religious

truth should be put into repulsive forms in order to benefit us. The process of becoming wise unto salvation was never intended as a penance for the sins of the past, nor is it to be regarded as one of those afflictions which are to refine us. The day when the solidity and usefulness of religion were estimated by its dulness has passed away. Truth couched in abstract propositions may be welcome to the profound thinker, but to the people who are hurried along by the cares and enterprises of life, it must be attractive in order to be useful; it must be conveyed in vivid illustrations, and exemplified in life-like characters. The author of the work before us seems to have entertained these views, and written accordingly. Though the personages portrayed may never have really existed, there are few of our readers who have not seen some individuals who might have stood for the originals.

Daniel Quorm, or "Brother Dan'el," as he is more generally called, is the central figure of the group to which this book introduces us. He is the shoemaker and the class-leader in one of the little villages that nestle among the cliffs on the coast of Cornwall. Week by week he meets his two classes, and gives them instruction in a quaint and striking manner, his native shrewdness and godly earnestness-making up for his lack of education. But with his "Mother's Bible" he is thoroughly acquainted, and he enjoys communion with its Divine Author.

The principal members of his little flock are brought before us, as they talk by the wayside or give their "experience" in the class meeting. There is one old sister who is "almost home," and the light of eternity brightens the sweet and peaceful face. There is the sorely afflicted one, yet rejoicing in tribulation. There are all the varieties of thought and feeling that one meets in such a place. Sharply does the the watchful "Dan'el" rebuke the

worldly and lukewarm. Many phrases which pass current in hundreds of class meetings, and are accepted as true, simply because no one takes the trouble to question them, meet with little mercy at his hand. One whose motto is "slow and sure" is spurred into a more rapid gait by the sharp admonitions of the zealous leader. Another has a long tale of troubles to relate, and ends by saying, "She hoped she should trust Him where she could not trace Him." This sentiment is by no means to "Dan'el's" taste, and his reply to it takes up a chapter. He strikes vigorously in another chapter at those who throw the blame of their own imprudence upon God, and wind up the recital of their troubles with, "It's the Lord's will, you know." He attacks the statement so frequently and thoughtlessly made, "Praying breath is never spent in vain." These are but specimens of the topics discussed; to appreciate the racy and striking manner in which the discussion is carried on the reader will need to peruse the book for himself. The illustrations are appropriate and well executed. The general make-up of the work is creditable to the Conference office. We heartily wish it a wide circulation.

A Survey of the Unity, Harmony, and Growing Evidence of Sacred Truth. By WILLIAM COOKE, D.D. London: Hamilton & Adams. Toronto: S. Rose. pp. xii-603 12mo. \$2.

Dr. Cooke has devoted a large portion of an active literary life to the preparation of valuable works in the department of Christian apologetics. He has thus laid the Church under great obligations, by his defence and illustrations of sacred truth. The popular appreciation of those works is shown by the fact that some of them have gone through several editions, and have had a very wide circulation. We venture to predict for the present volume a suc-

cess not inferior to that of any of its predecessors. It is emphatically a book for the times. In an age when the spirit of scepticism pervades the very air we breathe, the vindication of the historic accuracy of the Holy Scriptures cannot but be of the highest service. Here the honest doubter may find the solution of many of his difficulties, and the believer, puzzled by the carping criticisms of infidelity, may have his faith confirmed by the evidences adduced of the Divine inspiration of these sacred records.

The central idea of Dr. Cooke's book is, that the Bible is not a collection of disconnected parts, but that it possesses an essential unity; that, to use his own words, "one grand purpose pervades the whole volume of Revelation—namely, the Salvation of man through Jesus Christ;" and that the evidence of this Divine truth is cumulative, that is, constantly unfolding and growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day when all men shall recognize its effulgence, and rejoice in its blessed illumination.

But this book is not an abstract argument. It traces the unfolding of this evidence from age to age, and illustrates it by concrete example. The latest discoveries of Layard, Smith, Botta, Rawlinson, and recent travellers and explorers in Bible lands are laid under tribute, as well as a wide range of critical and exegetical reading. Indeed, in this single volume is embodied the substance of many large and costly books. The important subject of Biblical chronology is carefully examined, and the Usherian scheme, or that of the Hebrew text, we think, successfully maintained. The chapter on the external evidence of the Deluge confirms by a striking consensus of ancient authors and late discoveries, including the remarkable account of it recently found at Nireveh by Mr. George Smith, the narrative of Scripture.

The ruin mounds of the buried cities of the past are made to give

up their inscriptions, frescoes and reliefs, to bear witness as to the minute accuracy of Holy Writ; while those very ruins themselves are an awful and emphatic illustration of the fulfilment of ancient prophecy.

A very ingenious and happy conjecture is that which identifies Melchizedek with Shem, and which, we think, our author successfully maintains. The monuments of Egypt, structural, pictorial, and hieroglyphic, are all made to throw light upon the sojourn of Israel in that land. The cavils of Colenso, "the mitered sceptic," as our author justly designates him, who would turn much of the sacred record into a myth, are confuted by the internal evidence of the text and by profane testimony. Voltaire's sinister prediction, the offspring of his intense aversion to Biblical truth, "that so soon as the Egyptian hieroglyphics should be deciphered there would be an end to the authority of Moses," is shown to be the very reverse of the fact, for they strongly corroborate that authority.

One the most remarkable and interesting chapters is that on the evidence of the inscriptions of the Sinaitic peninsula as to the journeyings of Israel through the desert. Were the sacred record entirely destroyed, the principal events of that journey could be learned from those inscriptions graven with a pen of iron in the rock forever. The passage of the Red Sea, the murmuring at Marah, the miraculous supply of food and water, the battle of Rephidim, and the plague of the fiery serpents are all recorded on the stony tablets of the desert as an ineffaceable testimony of the wonderful deliverance of God's chosen people.

The curious analogy between certain legends of pagan mythology and the facts of Scripture history, as though the former were distorted reflections of the true light, are very interesting and instructive, especially those between Deucalion and Noah, and Hercules and Samson.

Dr. Cooke makes no concessions

to the destructive criticism which would eliminate the miraculous from the sacred record. His vindication of the supernatural element in Biblical story, is at once rational and devout. Such questions as the nature of Jephthah's vow, of the revelations of the Witch of Endor, and similar topics, are carefully weighed and, we consider, judiciously decided.

The monuments of Nineveh, again, illumine with strong side-lights the relations of Israel to the Assyrian monarchy. An inscription in the British Museum records the successful expedition of Sennacherib, and by its significant silence confirms the narrative of his subsequent disastrous defeat. On another the remarkable history of Nebuchadnezzar is given, and his strange insanity evidently referred to.

Perhaps the most remarkable recent discovery, next to the Assyrian slab recording the Noachian deluge, is that of the Moabite stone, which reads like a lost chapter of the Book of Chronicles.

The minute fulfilment of prophecy in the destruction and present condition of Babylon, Nineveh, Petra, Tyre, Sidon and other ancient cities, is a perpetual testimony of the Divine inspiration of these ancient predictions, which read rather like histories of the events after their occurrence.

The Doctor presents evidence which strongly establishes the probability, almost the certainty, that the modern Afghans are the descendants and present representatives of the Ten Tribes of Israel. This evidence is derived from their appearance, names, traditions, the testimony of history and of travellers. The existence to the present day of a numerous Oriental tribe of Rechabites confirms the prophecy that Johnadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before the Lord forever.

But it is toward the person and work of Christ that all the lines of prophecy converge and in Him they all meet. In Him all the types and

shadows find their antetype and substance. The marvellous fulfilment of even the most minute predictions, with reference to the advent, life, labours, sufferings, death, burial and resurrection of our Lord are strikingly illustrated.

A chapter on the fulfilment of prophecy in the destruction of Jerusalem and present state of the Jews forms the fitting conclusion to this valuable work.

The manner of treatment is as admirable as the matter. Dr. Cooke is master of a chaste and polished style, often rising into eloquence in the discussion of these august themes. Its effect is heightened by his apt quotations of Scripture, closely reasoned argument, and striking citations from writers ancient and modern. It will prove as interesting to the lay reader as to the minister, and we cordially commend it to the study of all who wish to be thoroughly grounded in the historical as well as the internal evidence of the truth of God's Holy Word.

The Life of Christ. By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S., Master of Marlborough College and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Toronto: S. Rose. 8vo. pp. xxix., 472. \$2.50. Large edition, 2 vols., with foot-notes and appendix, \$6.

The Wonderful Life is an inexhaustible study. More and more with the lapse of time does the interest of the character, work, and person of the Redeemer cumulate. The great question of the ages is: What think ye of Christ? This august Being, who was at once the Son of God and the Son of Man, is felt to be the central object of the universe. Around him the great controversies of the times concentrate. His cross of shame, once the object of execration and abhorrence, has become the symbol of the world's salvation. The incidents of his life have furnished the inspiration of the

noblest creations of art. His lightest word and the record of his most trivial acts have engaged the intensest study of the profoundest intellects of the race throughout successive generations.

The Baur's, and Strausses, and Renans have endeavoured to eliminate all the supernatural—all the Divine from the Life of Christ, and to represent him as merely a Syrian peasant labouring under an amiable hallucination. But the heart and mind of Christendom, even when not brought under the saving power of the Gospel, have felt that these theories are insufficient to explain the influences of that life. They feel that no man could do these works except God were with him. Hence they turn with every new interest to its careful and critical study.

The volume before us we consider one of the best helps extant toward forming a vivid and life-like conception of Jesus Christ in his human relations. The environment in which he lived, the state of society of Judea, its schools of thought, its religious and political aspirations, Dr. Farrar has for years made the subject of a special study. He has saturated himself with the spirit of Oriental life; he has carefully examined every source of information, the chronology, geography, and natural history of the time and place where these sublimest events in the history of the world occurred. For this purpose he visited in person

"Those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed,
For our advantage, to the bitter cross."

He has fused all this information into a brilliant reproduction of those sacred scenes, with the skill of a painter and pen of a poet. The judicious exercise of the historic imagination makes the dead past live again. At the same time he does not ignore the critical difficulties of the task; and while the book is not controversial in its character, there are few of the cavils of infidels that do not

find refutation, and few difficulties of interpretation on which important light is not thrown.

Scarcely any avowedly religious work of recent times has been such a literary success. In England no fewer than twelve high-priced editions have been sold. It has been very favourably reviewed by the literary journals, from the *London Times* to the great *Quarterlies*, including even the skeptical *Westminster*. In order to bring the book within the reach of many who could not purchase the costly two-volume edition, the American publishers have issued it in cheaper form, omitting the foot-notes and appendix, which, abounding in ancient learning, are of interest chiefly to the scholar or divine. This popular edition should be in every household. The author's witchery of style will lure to the perusal of its pages even the youthful, who would be repelled by a formally didactic religious work; while the most mature Christian will find his soul nourished and his mind instructed by its devout and suggestive treatment of the sublimest truths within the scope of human thought.

Getting on in the World; or, Hints on Success in Life. By WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL.D., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Chicago. 18th thousand. 12mo. pp. 365. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: S. Rose.

Professor Mathews in this book attempts to solve the question on which the eager attention of most men is concentrated—how to get on in the World. Slightly changing the figure of Shakespeare, he says: "The world is an orchestra and men are the players;" and he endeavours to point out why one man plays second-fiddle in the concert of life, while another, with no greater natural abilities, and oftentimes with less, wields the baton and wins all the applause; why there are so many failures, and what are the

conditions of success. The subject, it will be seen, is an important one, and of interest to all.

Our author does not believe that circumstances make the man, but man the circumstances, that

"It is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings;"

or, in other words, that success lies not in luck but in pluck. He therefore discourses wisely on such practical themes as the Choice of a Profession, Concentration or Oneness of Aim, Self Reliance, Attention to Details, Decision, Manners, Business Habits, the Will and the Way, the Economy of Time, Money—its Use and Its Abuse, Mercantile Failures, Overwork and Underrest, and True and False Success.

It will be seen that this range of topics, treated by a man of wide observation, of keen insight into human nature and of accomplished literary skill, may be of an exceedingly useful and practical character. Such a writer is Professor Mathews, and such a book is this. There is in the Professor's writings the blending of Yankee shrewdness—we suspect he is a New Englander—with a dash of Chicago intensity. There is moreover a literary polish, a cultured vivacity, and an epigrammatic point and terseness about his style that is more like Saint Beuve, or Montaigne, than the English essayists. One is especially struck with the author's astonishing facility of quotation from classical English writers, that savours rather of the cloistered recluse than of the keen observer of business affairs that he is. In this respect he reminds us of that accomplished English scholar, Francis Jacox. He also suggests those charming essayists, Samuel Smiles and the late Sir Arthur Helps. His style, however, is more ornate than that of the former and more vivacious than that of the author of "Realmah." There is a blended wit and wisdom in these essays paralleled nowhere that we know of except in those of Sidney Smith.

The chapters on Physical Culture, on Reserve Force and Overwork and Underrest will be especially valuable to preachers and other brain workers. It is the literary as well as the business and professional vice of modern times, that men work under too high pressure. Consequently we cannot work so long or so well as if we husbanded our resources and economised our strength. Even the social amusements of the time, whose purpose should be to recreate our vigour, are often a whirl of excitement more exhaustive of nervous energy than hard work.

The getting up of this book is every way worthy of its contents, and shows that Chicago publishers can cope in mechanical excellence of manufacture with even the best Eastern houses. We are glad that it has been such a financial as well as literary success; and regard it as a highly gratifying evidence of the popular appreciation of sound and wholesome literature, that in the short period of a little over two years, 18,000 copies should be called for—a very striking evidence of the high character of the book.

Modern Doubt and Christian Belief.

By THEODORE CHRISTLIEB, D.D.,
University Preacher and Professor
of Theology at Bonn. New York :
Scribner & Co. ; Toronto : S. Rose.

This Book deserves, and no doubt will have, a lengthened Review. We can only write a Book Notice, which may serve as an indication to somewhat of the contents of the work. It is a series of lectures, addressed to earnest seekers after truth. The first lecture is on the existing breach between modern culture and Christianity. Judging by the presentation of the case, we incline to the opinion that the breach is wider on the continent of Europe than in England, or English-speaking America. The causes of this breach are presented as historical, philosophical, ecclesiastical, political, social and ethical. The cause denominated "ecclesias-

tical" presents a very strong impression of the injurious influence of pensioned State Churches, and stutable Christianity. From the nature of true culture and Christianity, the breach between them is unnatural, and must be healed; and the Teutonic nations will have to do it. There are good hopes of success.

The lecture on "Reason and Revelation," we think able, but not so transcendental as might be expected, even from an orthodox German. Reason is "purely a mental faculty without concrete contents;" it is "so constituted, that whenever it is set in action certain ideas develop themselves, to which it is, from its nature, predisposed; but that every concrete truth so arrived at is not a product of reason, as an abstract faculty, but a result of its contact with the outer world, and, consequently, a product of the individual reason practically developed." Hindu, Greek, and Roman speculation show that Reason, without Revelation, is not able to find a personal Creator. Conscience is just as helpless as Reason in this case. Without endorsing everything said on this point, we may hope that Dr. Christlieb's reasoning will exercise a somewhat sobering influence on our high-flying transcendentalists. The remarks on conscience will be useful in counteracting the influence of writers like Mr. Lecky, who make it the highest source of religious knowledge, and the judge of Revelation. All history cries out for a Revelation, because God cannot be found without it. The Greek poet is right:—

"Except the gods themselves to thee unveil,
Search as thou wilt the world, thou seek'st in vain."

The "only right procedure is that which subordinates *Reason to Revelation.*" To improve Religion by means of Reason, is like setting the sun by an old wooden clock. The opponents of Revelation figure in the tray. Lessing, Rousseau, Strauss, Grimm, Schenkel, etc. They are not complimented and then despatched with a brilliant Damascus-blade;

but like the tactics of the sappers and miners, the ground is blown from under their feet. After the blast, as much of them can be found as of the boy who sat down on a keg of gunpowder to take his smoke—they found a button.

The third lecture, on "Modern Non-Biblical Conceptions of God," examines Atheism, Materialism, Pantheism, and Deism. Scientifically, the being of God is a necessity. No moral order in the universe can exist without it. The treatment is able, but differs neither in substance or method from the usual treatment. Non-Biblical conceptions of God are shown to be untenable, and Rationalism, so called, very irrational. These systems stand self-damned by their inherent contradictions, and their moral results—universal ruin of all personality, morality, and religion. The cry is for bread; these unnatural and irrational systems furnish nothing to their children but stones; while the God of Revelation is consistent with Reason, gives a satisfactory answer to man's chief questions, brings help and perfection to Reason, unites and harmonizes the Divine and the human in the personality of Christ, and secures a glorious immortality. The result is, Christianity is the true Rationalism. The tables are turned, and, we think, effectually. In religious matters, it is not faith and knowledge that are antithetical, but faith and irrational unbelief. Faith is the truest and highest Reason; and the consummated kingdom of God will combine both elements—the highest degree of Revelation and the highest development of Nature.

On the doctrine of the Trinity, the author maintains the *ontological* view against the *economical* one; and asserts that it is the only one consonant with Scripture and Reason. Some collateral support for the doctrine are derived from history and philosophy. "Supports, not positive proofs." We fear some may be inclined to doubt even the support; if, indeed, they do not fear that they

disfigure the temple. To our thinking the Trinity is *solely* a doctrine of Revelation. After the Scriptural statement of the doctrine, analogies may be allowable to show the unfounded character of the attacks of its opponents. What Vinet has said in reference to another subject, is true in reference to the Trinity: "It is a mystery, the greatest of all mysteries, and the key of all mysteries, but itself has no key."

The argument on the "Modern Negation of Miracles" differs not from others, well known, in any important particular. It has often been said that, with the fact of Miracles, Christianity stands or falls. This is true. But it may be maintained that other things stand or fall with miracles. Until it is shown that all animal life, and man with all his powers, have been evolved from universal "fire-cloud," we cannot see our way out of Miracle. But can we then? We think not. How did the fire-cloud come? If it be replied that it is eternal; we request the proof. No proof whatever is forthcoming. If we are cast on primitive belief here, is it not more rational to believe in an eternal God than in eternal fire-cloud; our own intelligence and the apparently mind-moulded universe being the original ground of our reasoning? We do not believe the evolution theory; but if true, we by no means get rid of Miracles. We think, even this world would be too shallow, and the arm of the grave-diggers too weak, to bury all that will have to go with Miracles. Let our modern Buddhists—Spencer, Tindall, Arnold, and Co., see to this in their speculations; and let us Christians know it for our defence of the faith.

On the point of Miracles, Dr. Christlieb may be recommended to the study of all. He considers them necessary for man's moral wants, worthy of God, and, historically, they *have* happened. We endorse this, though we hesitate to accept every statement in connection with the subject.

The sixth and seventh lectures

deal with the "Anti-Miraculous Account of the Life of Christ." Older Rationalism, by Paulus; modern, by Schenkel, Strauss, and Renan, are all examined; and, we will venture the opinion, refuted. The last lecture deals with Dr. F. C. Baur and the Tubingen school. The mythicists fall like pigmies under the club of Hercules. What Macaulay has done for those worthies who presented Barere for admiration, has been accomplished by the author on this mythical Christianity. Its authors have exhibited the carrion for wholesome food, but it is fixed so high on the gibbets of infamy that they will never be able to take it down—let it rot. One thing more is clear. The aim of these mythicists is to get rid of the miraculous. Their philosophy denies its possibility; hence follows their destructive criticism. And this, notwithstanding their professions of a strictly historical procedure. Their system is simply, history denied or twisted to fit the foregone conclusion of their one-eyed philosophy.

But we must not forget that this is only a Notice. We regret having to take decided exception to two points, as presented by Dr. Christlieb. We cannot admit that 1 Peter iii. 18-20, and iv. 6, teaches that the gospel of salvation is to be "proffered" to some after death. (p. 115.) Nor do we believe that in 1 Corinthians vii. 12, and

xi. 23, St. Paul teaches what part of his writings was inspired, and what part his own, without inspiration. We think there is no such teaching intimated in these passages as is indicated by the author; nor are such doctrines necessary to the support of the propositions in behalf of which they are advanced. These things, however, are only like the spots on the sun. We cannot say that the book sustains the much talked of superiority of German over English Apologetics. To the student who has read Pearson's *Infidelity*, Fisher's *Supernatural Origin of Christianity*, Mc Cosh's *Positivism and Christianity*, Modern Scepticism, by various lecturers, under the auspices of the "Christian Evidence Society" and Bowne's *Examination of Spencer's "First Principles,"* the book will add little of permanent value. We heartily hail it, however, as furnishing a comprehensive survey of the subject, a logical process, and a Christian spirit. We pray that it may help to expose the sophistry of a class of writers who would give us nothing for a guide in life, or hope in death, but the morality of the breeches-pocket, and the religion of the gastric juice. We feel that even in Germany—

"The light will once again appear
To all our brethren, pure and clear,
Turning in penitence and love,
To the one source which springs above."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

WE feel sure that the readers of the *METHODIST MAGAZINE* will wish to know as much as possible about the Parent Society, to whose fostering care our Church in Canada has been so much indebted. Thousands on this side the Atlantic would feel the loss of a personal friend when they heard that the Rev. Luke H.

Wiseman, M.A., died on the 3rd of last February. On the Sabbath previous he was unable to fill a preaching appointment. A friend offered to assist him to retire to rest, when he exclaimed: "It has not come to that yet," but in two or three minutes afterwards, "He was not, for God took him."

In Ceylon, through the Rev. J.

Kilner, and others, a good work is in progress. A heathen temple, and the idol god which it contained, has actually been purchased from a Brahmin, which circumstance has produced great consternation among the devotees of the deity. The temple is now used as a place of worship.

An earnest call having been made for the establishment of a Wesleyan Mission in Brussels, Belgium, the Rev. W. Arthur visited the city and found a good church, in an eligible situation, ready for occupancy. He reported favourably to the Committee, and now the son of the President of the French Conference, Rev. J. Hocart, has been appointed to the post. Thus, in another part of the continent of Europe, the Gospel will now be proclaimed by Methodist agency. Almost every week Wesleyan missionaries are leaving England for some parts of the foreign field. Others are compelled to return home with their health greatly impaired; while others still die in the field, but, as they fall, others take their places, and thus the world is being subdued to the King of Zion.

We are glad to learn that, though Dr. Punshon has been very ill, yet he is now convalescent, and is active in his beloved employment of preaching and advocating the cause of Missions. Recently he electrified an audience in London by an eloquent narration of missionary work in Canada, thus proving the deep interest he continues to take in matters on this side the Atlantic.

Methodists continue to suffer petty annoyances in England from clergymen of the Established Church. The Keet case is still pending, and excites the attention of all classes in the religious and moral world. The case has given rise to much newspaper controversy, and has been laid hold of by the Liberation Society and used to good purpose. John Bright, M.P., in his usual vigorous style, has pronounced his opinion on the matter, which he does

not regard as a fine specimen of apostolical sanctity.

Our fathers in England are always devising liberal things. They are about to enlarge Headingly College, and are striving to raise a fund for the extension of Methodism in France.

Professor Moulton has received the degree of D.D. from the University of Edinburgh. He is the first Wesleyan minister that the said university has thus honoured.

The other branches of the Methodist family in England seem to be imitating the zealous labours of the parent body. The "Primitives" are evidently increasing in numbers and rising in social status. Some of their laymen are accumulating wealth, and are devoting large sums to the erection of better churches. George Hodge, Esq., of Hull, appears to be the most conspicuous, and has given some thousands of pounds last year to this laudable object. Schools for the education of ministers' sons and daughters are being projected. The Jubilee School at York, for both ministers and laymen's sons, has been in existence some years. Several circuits are paying salaries which at one time would have been regarded as incredible. We are glad to chronicle these signs of improvement.

Rev. G. Warner has been acting for two years in the capacity of an evangelist, for the promotion of holiness, and has been abundantly useful.

A tidal wave of Revival seems to be visiting all the Churches in England, and while ministers of all denominations, including several of the Episcopal clergy, are taking an active part with Messrs. Moody and Sankey, as might be expected, the Methodists appear to be the most prominent. The Rev. A. Macaulay, of Liverpool, well known as a first-class revivalist, has been most zealously co-operating with the American evangelists.

As a proof of the kindly feeling which exists among the different

Churches in England, it may be stated that recently Dr. Punshon delivered a characteristic speech at the dedication of the Memorial Hall, erected by the Congregational body in commemoration of the ejected ministers who were expelled from their churches two hundred years ago. Also, the directors of the London Missionary Society hold their monthly meetings in the Wesleyan Centenary Hall, which has been readily placed at their service so long as it may be needed.

A Union Communion Service was recently held at Brunswick Chapel (Wesleyan), Newcastle-on-Tyne, in which Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists and Churchmen all partook of the Lord's Supper. A similar service was held at the same time in two other churches in the same town. In other towns similar services have been held, as the result of the labours of Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

The work of promotion of holiness is spreading in the old world. Pastor Theodore Monod some time ago established meetings in Paris similar to the Tuesday afternoon meetings which have so long been held at the house of Dr. Palmer, New York, and now he has been set apart to labour exclusively in behalf of the higher Christian life. From Germany also there comes tidings of the progress of this delightful work among the different Churches. A monthly, similar to *The Guide to Holiness*, has been issued, and is full of incidents that are occurring in that land of the Reformation.

THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Was established in 1795, and is now almost wholly sustained by the Congregationalists; and has an annual income of \$575,000. The *South Sea Islands* was its first field of toil, and the marvellous results which were there effected, as detailed by the Rev. J. Williams and others, caused

an Anglican bishop to designate Williams' book, "The 29th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles." The Rev. Dr. Nesbitt, of Samoa, lately said that while a few years ago every island in Polynesia was under the spell of heathenism, there are now about 400,000 Polynesians who have been reclaimed from heathenism and profess Christianity.

This Society reports good news from *South India*, where, including European and other missionaries and teachers, etc., it has an agency of 196; who care for 131 stations, with 8,099 native Christians. Their schools are attended by 3,709 boys and 1,519 girls. The number of secret disciples is rapidly increasing, while caste is undoubtedly losing its power.

Besides labouring in the East and West Indies, South Africa, and China, the London Missionary Society has been eminently successful in Madagascar, where the triumphs of the cross for the last few years have filled the Christian world with thanksgiving and joy. There are now in Madagascar 31 English missionaries and 50 native pastors, besides 3,170 teachers, half-a-million of professing Christians; 60,000 children attend school. There are 600 churches, besides several others in course of erection. A general College is also soon to be established, as an absolute necessity. The Bible has been translated, and many books written in Malagasy, and more than 150,000 books in that language were sold last year. The work that the Society will have to do in Madagascar will be enough to call forth all its energies for years to come. The sovereign of the island has emancipated all the slaves and forbidden any further importation from Africa for the purpose of slavery.

This Society has recently launched a steamer, called the "Ellengowan," which is the seventh mission vessel they have owned, though only the first steamer, which is intended to be used in visiting the Polynesian Missions.

UNITED STATES.

There are said to be about fifty Missionary Associations, whose annual income and expenditure amounts to \$6,000,000. Of this, the Episcopal and Congregational Churches each contribute about \$300,000, the Presbyterians \$500,000, and the Methodist Episcopal Church about \$700,000, or nearly one-ninth of the whole.

The *American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions* has met with a further display of Popish intolerance at one of its stations in Mexico, where four Mexicans and one English Protestant were killed, and eleven others were wounded in the outrage that was perpetrated.

We are pleased to find that the M. E. Church and the M. E. Church South are both maintaining their ground in Mexico. The latter Church has several Mexican young men in training for the Mission work; and as a proof that the Church intends to remain in Mexico, it may be stated, that a Discipline and a Hymn Book have been published in the Spanish tongue.

At one of the recent Annual Conferences three Mexican preachers were admitted on trial. In the thirty-three Annual Conferences, the last of which was held late in the year 1874, there is a net gain of 35,276 members for the year.

The Superintendent of the M. E. Church Missions in Mexico, Rev. Dr. Butler, was lately visited by a deputation of Indians who had walked one hundred and fifty miles, to request a preacher to be sent them. The letter describing the interview with these Mexican Indians is one of a most affecting character.

The Evangelical Alliance sent a deputation to Constantinople, to present a petition to the Sultan of Turkey, praying that the Christian converts in the empire might not be subjected to such persecutions as have lately befallen them; but we regret to learn that their visit has not had the desired

effect. The Sultan refused an audience to the deputation; hence, the Christian Church must still pray for their persecuted brethren.

It was intended to hold the next Annual Meeting of the Alliance at Rome, but the American Branch has expressed its disapproval and given strong reasons for its opposition. The Council has not yet taken further action.

Three missions are being projected in honour of the memory of Dr. Livingstone, one at Mataka, near Lake Nyassa, called the Universities' Mission; another, in the same locality, by the Church of Scotland, and yet a third by the Free Church, which will be situated at the west or southern shore of Nyassa. All these missions will be in such close proximity that they will be of great service to each other. A meeting was recently held in Glasgow for the purpose of raising funds for the Free Church mission, £10,000 being the amount required; £4,200 were then and there subscribed, towards which two gentlemen gave £1,000.

J. Willoughby, Esq., father of the Rev. N. R. Willoughby, recently went to his reward, but he did not forget the Methodist Missionary Society, to which he bequeathed the sum of \$100.

Rev. H. G. Guinness and Dr. Barnett are conducting an Institution in London, for the purpose of training young men for the Missionary work. They have been thus employed two years, and have sent forth eight young men to unfurl the Gospel banner in heathen-land.

Bishop Janes lately dedicated a M. E. Church at Roseville, New Jersey, in which State he has dedicated more than one hundred churches. Forty years ago he was pastor at Orange, when there was only one M. E. Church in Newark; now there are seventeen, some of which will seat 1,000 persons each.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

THE design we offer in this number of our Magazine, is the first of the kind, we believe, erected in the Dominion. "Zion Tabernacle" is built upon a commanding site in the city of Hamilton, and is the fourth Methodist Church erected for this growing cause in a very few years. The corner stone of the Tabernacle was laid by the pastor, Rev. Manly Benson, on the 6th day of June, 1874, during the sitting of Conference in that city, and so rapidly has the work been pushed forward that the opening service will take place during this month.

Mr. Joseph Savage is the architect, and the following is the description kindly furnished by him:

The edifice is built in the Gothic style, in white and red brick, with Tudor arches over openings. The window-sills are of Amherst stone, cut with a splay. The weatherings of the buttresses are of white brick, cut to points alternately with the red. By means of chamfered brick, the openings are given a very deep effect, imparting a massive appearance to the walls, which are sixteen inches thick. The cornice, of white and red brick, surmounts the main building and follows the rake of the front gable.

The audience room is 70 feet in length by 80 feet in width, with floor laid in the form of an amphitheatre, descending from the walls to the

pulpit, thus giving each person a clear view and the speaker entire command of his audience. There is sitting room in the pews on the first floor for about 900 persons, and 400 more in the gallery, making in all pew-room for 1,300. There being an aisle entirely around the building, a length of 300 feet, and 14 others converging towards the pulpit, a very large number of extra sittings can be provided in case of need.

The ceiling is twenty-nine and a half feet in height; and artistically frescoed, as are also the side walls, by Ross Bros., of Hamilton. The pews are upholstered throughout with crimson repp, and all aisles and pews are carpeted. The building is lighted at night by two large double-ringed gasaliers let down from the ceiling, with organ and pulpit lights additional.

The organ and choir are placed behind the pulpit, at an elevation above the pulpit platform of seven inches. The lecture room will seat 400 and is behind the main building. The south tower is 55 feet, with spire 70 feet, stands on the corner of Pearl and Napier streets, and has a double entrance. The north tower is 44 feet, with turret running up 32 feet, and has a single entrance off Pearl street. Cost of Tabernacle, not including lecture room or lot, is about \$18,000.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, &c., &c.

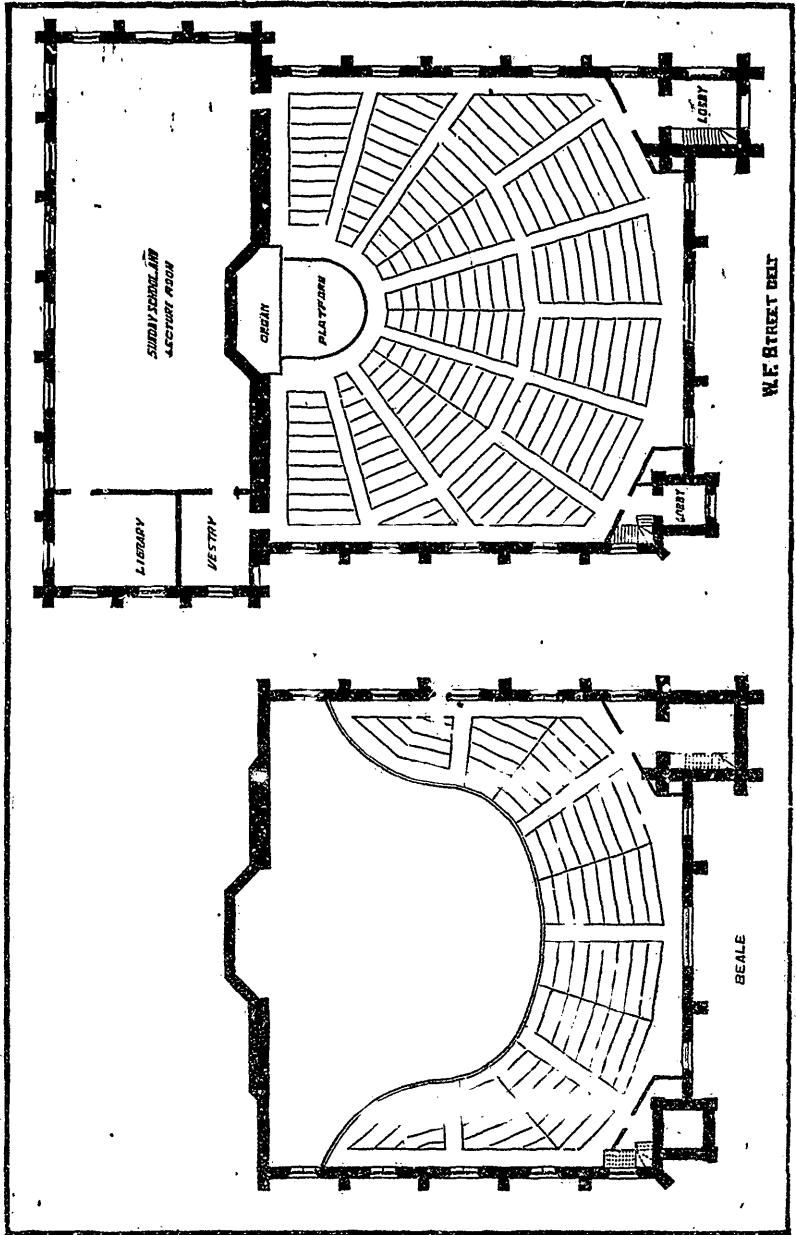
CURRENT LITERATURE.

—Mr. Charles Rudy has published an English and Chinese Grammar on the Ollendorff method.

—Cassell, Petter & Galpin announce a new Illustrated History of the United States in monthly parts.

—Canon Ashwell is writing a life of the late Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester.

—The second volume of the *Autobiography of Dr. Guthrie*, of which the first had a wide success, is expected soon from England.



Ground Plan.

ZION TABERNACLE, HAMILTON, ONT.

Gallery.



ZION TABERNACLE, HAMILTON, ONT.

—The London *Quarterly* reviews the *Greville Memoirs* very severely, and impeaches their accuracy in several important respects.

—Mr. Birch, of the British Museum, is engaged in translating the Egyptian antiquities collected by Lord Prudhoe during his travels in the East.

—The *Athenæum* understands that an important document has lately been discovered, which throws fresh light on the trial of Mary Queen of Scots.

—It is stated that the new work upon which Mr. Gladstone is engaged is an essay on marriage, with especial reference to the alleged sacramental character of that institution.

—Mr. Kinglake's fourth volume on the Crimean war, just published, is entirely occupied with the battle of Inkerman. The subject is magnificently treated, but historical proportion is rather distorted by the too minute detail.

—Mr. John Austin Stevens, jr., is engaged upon a translation of one of M. Taine's most brilliant works, *La Vie Parisienne*. The volume, published by Henry Holt & Co., will appear early in the Spring.

—Professor Curtius, the Grecian historian, writes for the Berlin Academy an able paper on Greek armorial bearings, which he traces back to Assyria. Certainly the earlier art efforts of the Greeks are due to Assyrian inspiration; but it is not equally sure that modern heraldry owes much to the successors of Sennacherib.

—Mr. George Smith has discovered among the Assyrian tablets in the British Museum, the legend of the building of the Tower of Babel. This discovery is quite as important as that of the tablet relating to the Deluge, made known last year by the same gentleman.

—Mr. Gladstone's reply to his opponents, is styled "Vaticanism; an Answer to Replies and Reproofs." Mr. Gladstone maintains in his new *brochure* all the positions he took up in his "Expostulation." He is par-

ticularly complimentary to Father Newman, but he is severe upon the inaccuracies he thinks he has found in the historical references of Archbishop Manning. Of Mr. Gladstone's former pamphlet, 145,000 copies have been sold, and the *Quarterly* is in a fifth edition.

SCIENCE.

—Claude Louis Mathieu, a distinguished French astronomer, died on the 7th ult., in his ninetieth year.

—Mr. Darwin is about to publish an exhaustive work on "Insectivorous and Carnivorous Plants," giving the full details of the present state of scientific knowledge on this subject.

—The use of the spectroscope in the testing of metals is extending, and is regarded of especial value where purity is essential, for which reason it is employed in the coining establishments of Europe, and has recently been introduced into the United States Mint. The way in which the instrument detects even the most minute quantity of impurity, is marvellous.

—The results of the labours of the English Palestine Exploration Society during the past year are reported as being more satisfactory than those of any year since 1869, when many notable discoveries were made by Capt. Warren at Jerusalem. Altogether, the survey made covers 3,400 square miles, or one half of Western Palestine, and it extends from Mount Carmel in the north to the southern point of the Dead Sea in the south. The whole of this portion of Palestine has been carefully surveyed and a map of the region has been prepared. The map when published will indicate all the ravines, water-courses, hills, woods, and ruins, and give every known name of each locality.

—Among objects of interest lately received at the National Museum at Washington are thirty-six stone knives, with handles, obtained by Major Powell from the Pai-Utes.

The blades are oblong-triangular, and oblong shaped, acute, two or three inches in length, and so much resemble many of the so-called lance and arrow-heads in collections, that it becomes necessary to modify our views as to the latter articles. The handles are three to five inches long, and a notch half an inch deep at one end receives the stone, which is held in place by a tough pitch melted into the slit and around the joint, sinew being sometimes wrapped around in addition.

ART.

—It is proposed to erect at Copenhagen a bronze statue to Hans Christian Andersen, who will enter on his seventy-first year this month.

—A fine marble statue of St. John at the age of fourteen, believed to be the production of Michael Angelo, has been unearthed at Pisa.

—The restoration of the Vendôme Column is now complete with the exception of the statue on the top. The boarding round the base was cleared away some time ago.

—Some important discoveries of Roman remains have lately been made at South Shields near the mouth of the Tyne, on the supposed site of an ancient fortification. They consist of a column twelve feet high and a number of coins and other things.

—Mr. F. Sargent is painting a picture of the House of Commons which is intended to contain the portraits of the present and late Administrations, as also of many of the conspicuous representatives of the United Kingdom.

MUSIC.

—A life of Balfe is announced by Tinsley Brothers.

—Dr. Von Bulow, the great pianist, has quite recovered from his recent illness, and is now in London.

—Sir Sterndale Bennett, the first musician of our day, was buried in Westminster Abbey, on Saturday, the 6th of February. He was laid in the north aisle, by the side of Croft, Purcel, Arnold and other well-known musicians.

—Archbishop Manning believes there is too close a connection between the music of the choirs and that of the operatic stage, and is endeavouring to limit the music in his churches to the simple Gregorian chants. Indeed there are those in Protestant churches who, in this matter, might coincide with the Catholic Archbishop.

—Aristoxenus, of Tarentum, a philosopher and musician, who lived about 350 years before Christ, is said to have written 453 volumes, entitled "Harmonic Elements," and there are only now extant three volumes, which are the oldest works at present known.

—D'Avaux, an amateur violinist, at Paris, was the original inventor of the metronome. He wrote, in 1784, a letter on a newly-invented pendulum to measure time and music—which takes away the merit of the originality from the metronome of Maelzel.

—Wagner's English critic, Dr. F. Hueffer is engaged on a translation of Schopenhauer's "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung," which is the metaphysical basis of Wagner's musical system.

CORRECTION.—In the March number we said that the Educational Society required an annual income of \$7,000 to enable it to carry out the educational scheme of the General Conference; we should have said \$15,000.