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THE REV. JOHN A. WILLIAMS.

# THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1875.

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THE REV. JOHN A. WILLIAMS.

*President of the London Annual Conference.*

BY JOHN CARROLL.

I ONCE heard a very able and interesting lecture in the old country, entitled "How Men are Made, with some Specimens from the Factory." By a *man* in the above sentence, is meant a matured, a developed man, one fulfilling the true ideal of manhood, according to his particular type of mind and condition or situation in life. A writer who furnished a sketch of Mr. Williams, published in the *Daily Recorder*, during the late General Conference,—a sketch, which, for vigour and justness, I cannot hope to equal,—says of him in conclusion, "Take him for all in all, there is a good deal of the *man* about John A. Williams."

It is a subject of interest to inquire into the characteristics of his manliness, and how it was attained. First, then, I would say he is a fine specimen of physical manhood, a no mean consideration, and something which always excites the writer's admiration, because, perhaps, he is not particularly favoured in that respect himself. Mr. Williams was such in early manhood, at the age of twenty-three, when I first remarked him. He was then ruddy in complexion, erect, muscular and lithe in person, with a full chest, and strong, straight neck, which supported a

massive and well-balanced head—just that medium size and weight which gives a person strength without unwieldiness—and symmetrical throughout. His physiognomy, or facial proportions, were equally good,—full brow, well-shaped nose, brilliant eyes, curved lips, and a dimpled double chin projected at an angle which indicated push and determination. He had evidently inherited a good physique from his parents, and inhaled vitality with the pure air of the Welsh mountains. His having been early thrown on the world, and having to support himself by his own personal manual exertions, were in nowise unfriendly to his physical development. His possession of a fine voice and ear, with a love for the practice of singing, further developed his chest. The writer first made his acquaintance at a singing practice connected with the Prescott Wesleyan choir. The good habits which followed upon his espousal of religion at the early age of nineteen, joined to the early adoption, under the heroic Wilkinson, of teetotal principles, in which he has persevered to the present, conspired to give him the sound mind in the sound body. It would have been far different with him if he had enfeebled his youth with “hot rebellious liquors.” And am I not justified in placing among the causes of his present vigour, an early marriage to a most excellent wife? He has been twice most happily married, and has a fine family of active, promising sons and daughters. In this connection I may say that my subject seems, with some change of appearance from the lapse of years, as vigorous as the first day I saw him. He is perhaps a little heavier, but just as erect. His brown hair is now thoroughly silvered, but it is quite as abundant. His age is fifty-eight.

He was noted for an active, inquiring mind, and a great fondness for books, inquiry, and discussion, from the time of his identification with the Church. This accounts for the development and vigour of a mind originally strong and active. He may now be pronounced decidedly intellectual, not dreamily so, but logical and argumentative. His intellectuality would abate his popularity as a preacher—for the most of hearers like not profundity—if it were not for a large amount of constitutional vehemence and Christian fervour. As matters go in our Canadian connexion, Brother Williams ranks among the first class preachers of his day.

Now, that he is a travelling preacher at all is more than I expected when I first saw him, seeing he was then married and encumbered with a family; and, also, that going out into the field with a family, at the age of twenty-eight, after a membership of ten years, he has mounted up successively to the position of town and city preacher, Secretary of Conference, Chairman, Co-delegate, and lastly President of an Annual Conference, outstripping some who were somewhat conspicuous when he was converted, is certainly very noteworthy. To what are we to ascribe it? Doubtless principally to mind, worth, work and force of character. Some men are kept back, especially in deliberative proceedings, by a sort of feeling which follows them like their shadow, that it is presumption in them to avow any opinion of their own. Not so with Mr. Williams; he thinks he is just as likely to understand matters as others, and has just as good a right to utter his opinion. Although in private circles self-assertion may be criticized, yet it is always largely succumbed to in the long run.

Mr. Williams, as we have intimated, was born in Wales, in 1817; came to Canada at the age of sixteen, and resided in Prescott, where he was converted and remained till he was twenty-four or twenty-five years of age. He commenced business on his own account in Kemptville, where he resided some years, and was a very popular local preacher. He transferred his residence and business to Bytown for some time, whence he went out as a Chairman's supply in 1846, under the auspices of the Rev. Richard Jones, the Chairman of the Cobourg District, whom our subject resembles in person and character somewhat, as well as in their common nationality, Welsh.

As to the order of his circuits, and stations, and ministerial progress, are they not written in the chronicles of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, so conveniently digested in Mr. Cornish's Hand-Book. From that invaluable manual it appears that Mr. Williams has had the best of circuits. Springing full-armed into the arena, he never needed, like some of us, to go through the probation of a "Brush University." Just read: Hollowell, Napanee, Sheffield, Consecon, Wilton, Cookstown, London Circuit, Owen Sound, Milton, Toronto East, Port Hope, Brockville, and

Simcoe. He has been a Church member thirty-nine years, a travelling preacher twenty-nine, and a Chairman, more or less of the time, the last sixteen. He was converted during the first union, went out in the work during its disruption under the Canada Conference, and received into full connection, made a Chairman, Secretary of Conference, and Co-delegate during the period of the union's reconstruction; and now, under the new order of things, a President of Annual Conference; and, if we secure a union of all the Methodist bodies, I do not know what we may not yet expect to find him.

His position as Secretary on the Committee of Discipline, during the late General Conference, was a very important and responsible one, in which he earned the universal approval of his brethren, and was prepared, for contributing the very able and discriminating paper on that body and its proceedings, published in the first number of this MAGAZINE,—albeit this writer must not be understood as endorsing *all* its positions and deductions. Our friend, however, is one of the very few of whom so many good things could be said, and said truly. Mr. Williams is a firm believer in the Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification, which he emphatically preaches, and which he seems to have realized in his own experience. In our present commendable efforts for a liberal educational standard, it is to be hoped we will not obliterate the marked individuality which characterized our early preachers.

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### THE FLOWER UNDER FOOT.

THE flower may hide its lovely face  
 Among the tangled meadow-grasses;  
 It cannot hide its fragrance there  
 From any heart that passes.

Ah, gentle deeds, whose blessed wings  
 Alight in darkened doors, unbidden,  
 Your lovely flower is known in Heaven,  
 That low on Earth is hidden.

—JOHN JAMES PIATT.

## WORDSWORTH.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

AN article on Wordsworth is rather historical than literary. He is one of the poets of a past generation. Booksellers say that the demand for his works is now comparatively small. He, Shelley, and Byron—perhaps we may add Coleridge and Keats—were the great political poets produced in England by the European movement which in France, to her misfortune and that of the world at large, took the violent form of the Revolution. That age, in England at least, has passed away, with the interests, aspirations and tastes which belonged to it. Its political and social enthusiasm has given place to the mood of those who think that “nothing is new, nothing is true, and nothing is of any importance.” Tennyson, an artist pure and simple, has succeeded to the political poets; and Tennyson himself, as English character more and more feels the influence of wealth, skepticism and political lassitude, appears to be yielding his throne in many hearts to poetry which is little more than an intellectual cigar.

Wordsworth, like Coleridge and Southey, fully shared the rapturous hopes of the Revolution :

“ Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
 But to be young was very heaven ! Oh ! times  
 In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways  
 Of custom, law and statute took at once  
 The attraction of a country in romance !  
 When reason seemed the most to assert her rights,  
 When most intent on making of herself  
 A prime enchanter to assist the work  
 Which then was going forward in her name.”

The passage from which these lines are taken is perhaps as good an apology as can be found for the enthusiasts of the day, because it shows that the visions—in their frantic endeavour to realize which, some of them deluged the world with blood—were intensely shared by a man, young indeed, but with a mind naturally well-balanced, as well as a thoroughly pure and benevolent heart. Wordsworth, who was in France at the commencement of the Revolution, and saw life in the Provinces, is also a

witness to the need of a social regeneration. The ninth, tenth and eleventh Books of the "Prelude" have a historical value as pictures of France at the great crisis. In the ninth, speaking of himself and a French enthusiast with whom he was communing, the poet says :

"And when we chanced  
 One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,  
 Who crept along, fitting her languid gait  
 Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord  
 Tied to her arm, and picking thus from the lane  
 Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid hands  
 Was busy knitting in a heartless mood  
 Of solitude, and at the sight my friend  
 In agitation said, 'Tis against *that*  
 That we are fighting,' I with him believed  
 That a benignant spirit was abroad  
 Which might not be withstood, that poverty  
 Abject as this would in a little time  
 Be found no more, but we should see the earth  
 Unthwarted in her wish to recompense  
 The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil."

As the terrible drama of the Revolution advanced, Wordsworth, like Coleridge and Southey, recoiled and became Conservative. He became in some respects rather weakly Conservative; and especially he fell into a superstitious belief in the absolute necessity for a State Church; an error which, however, is most pardonable in a poet living amongst the cathedrals and the ancient churches of old England. But he never apostatized from liberty, or cast off his reverence for Milton, Sidney, Harrington, and the great fathers and spokesmen of English freedom. He had nothing in common with the sensual Reactionists and Imperialists of our time. With truth he might say—

"The poet claims at least this praise,  
 That virtuous liberty hath been the scope  
 Of his pure song."

Ceasing to be a revolutionist in politics, Wordsworth, however, remained one in poetry; and, perhaps, he deemed himself one to a greater extent than he really was. His theory, that there ought to be no difference in point of language between poetry and prose, has been philosophically confuted by Coleridge in the "Biographia Literaria," and less philosophically but perhaps more effectively, by the excellent parody in the



"Rejected Addresses." It was, in fact, merely an exaggerated recoil from the artificial mannerism of Pope. Coleridge has also dealt in the "Biographia Literaria" with Wordsworth's peculiar fancies about the special mine of wisdom and poetry to be found in the uneducated poor, and the reminiscences of truth and beauty derived from a previous state of being, which he imagined to be the glorious privilege of childhood, lost as years went on. It is not denied by Coleridge, nor can any one deny, that Wordsworth is the great poet both of childhood and of peasant life. Perhaps a little exaggeration was the inevitable accompaniment, in both cases, of the special enthusiasm and its beautiful fruits.

Wordsworth, however, was not the first who found the way back from Pope to nature, or who taught poetry to speak in simpler language and of humbler themes. A better path had already been opened both by Cowper and Burns. We may add Crabbe, if Crabbe can be called a poet. In the love of nature and of faithfully describing natural objects, even those which might seem least poetic, Cowper was clearly Wordsworth's precursor and guide. From Burns he learned homeliness in his choice of subjects and simplicity of treatment. His relation to Cowper, so far as we know, he has not expressly recognized, but he has recognized his relation to Burns :

"Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth  
He sang, his genius 'glinted' forth,  
Rose like a star that, touching earth,  
For so it seems,  
Doth glorify its humble birth  
With matchless beams.

"The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,  
The struggling heart, where be they now?—  
Full soon the aspirant of the plough  
The prompt, the brave,  
Slept, with the obscurest, in the low  
And silent grave.

"I mourned with thousands, but no one  
More deeply grieved, for he was gone  
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,  
And showed my youth  
How verse might build a princely throne  
On humble truth."

The poem entitled "At the Grave of Burns," from which these lines are taken, is a fine expression of comprehensive sympathy without prejudice to a loyal adherence to the moral law. The same may be said of the companion poem, "To the Sons of Burns, after Visiting the Grave of their Father:"

"His judgment with benignant ray  
Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way;  
But ne'er to a seductive lay  
Let faith be given:  
Nor deem that 'light which leads astray  
Is light from heaven.'

"Let no mean hope your souls enslave;  
Be independent, generous, brave;  
Your father such example gave,  
And such revère;  
But be admonished by his grave,  
And think, and fear."

Wordsworth's earliest poems are marked by the characteristics which distinguished him to the last, a faithful study of nature, a religious love of her teachings, deep feeling, a certain pensiveness of tone and a melodious tenderness of versification. These qualities will be found, for instance, in the lines composed on the Thames near Richmond, in remembrance of the unhappy poet Collins, and ending—

"Now let us as we float along  
For him suspend the dashing oar  
And pray that never child of song  
May know that poet's sorrows more.  
How calm! How still! The only sound  
The dripping of the oar suspended!  
The evening darkness gathers round,  
By virtue's holiest powers attended."

If we wish to read the real biography of the poet, we shall find it, not in the terribly dry "Life of Wordsworth," by his learned relative, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, but in the "Prelude;" which, though otherwise the heaviest of Wordsworth's productions, is full of autobiographical interest. The description of skating in the first book (Childhood and Schooltime), besides being exceedingly beautiful in itself, depicts with singular vividness the early contact of a poet's mind with nature:

"And in the frosty season, when the sun  
 Was set, and visible for many a mile  
 The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,  
 I heeded not their summons : happy time  
 It was indeed for all of us—for me  
 It was a time of rapture ! Clear and loud  
 The village clock tolled six,—I wheeled about,  
 Proud and exulting like an untired horse  
 That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,  
 We hissed along the polished ice in games  
 Confederate, imitative of the chase  
 And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,  
 The pack loud chiming and the hunted hare.  
 So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
 And not a voice was idle ; with the din  
 Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;  
 The leafless trees and every icy crag  
 Tinkled like iron ; while far distant hills  
 Into the tumult *sent an alien sound*  
*Of melancholy not unnoticed*, while the stars  
 Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west  
 The orange sky of evening died away.  
*Not seldom from the uproar I retired*  
*Into a silent bay, or sportively*  
 Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,  
 To cut across the reflex of a star  
 That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed  
 Upon the glassy plain ; and oftentimes,  
 When we had given our bodies to the wind,  
 And all the shadowy banks on either side  
 Came, sweeping through the darkness, spinning still  
 The rapid line of motion, then at once  
 Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
 Stopped short ; yet still the solitary cliffs  
 Wheeled by me,—even as if the earth had rolled  
 With visible motion her diurnal round !  
 Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,  
 Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched  
 Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep."

It is not difficult to see, among that young and jovial company, who was the poet. We refer especially to the first words marked with italics ; for in all deep poetry and in the character of every great poet there is an element of melancholy, without which he would not be in real harmony with the world or a true exponent of humanity. It will be held in check, however, if the poet's mind is sound and if his heart is

Christian; and in the case of Wordsworth it was so held in check, the predominant tone of his poetry being that of cheerfulness and hope, though the melancholy, subdued into tenderness, is always there.

It will be observed in the passage first quoted, there is, mingled with the poetic sensibility, a keen and healthy sense of physical enjoyment. Wordsworth was a vigorous, clear-souled son of the hills, with nothing sickly in his constitution or morbid in his temperament. In this respect he presents a strong contrast to Shelley, Keats, and perhaps we may say Coleridge. To Byron he presents a strong contrast in the healthiness of his moral nature, the strength of his domestic affections, the purity of his tastes and of his life.

The same healthy tone appears in his conception of his own vocation. He feels that God has bestowed on him the faculties of a poet, and he deliberately chooses that calling and trains himself for it, as another man would train himself for law or medicine, without making a special fuss over the matter or giving himself the conventional airs of genius. He also thoroughly feels, and shows in every line of his poetry that he feels, the moral responsibility of the artist. It is the belief in some quarters that art is a religion in itself, and that if successfully pursued it discharges its ministers of all other responsibility. So thought not Wordsworth. In him is always present, sometimes, perhaps, even too palpably present, the conviction that poetry is a part of the service of God.

A singular and fortunate accident enabled him to devote himself to the high but unremunerative calling of his choice. His patrimony consisted mainly of some sums due from a very wealthy nobleman, whose agent his father had been, for professional service, which, though the orphan's claim was urged, were not liquidated for many years. His education he owed to the kindness of relatives, and it appeared that when it was completed he would have to give up poetry and go into some profession by which he could make his bread. But among his college friends at Cambridge was a young student named Raisley Calvert, the son of the steward of the Duke of Norfolk, who, though, it seems, not intellectual, or at least not poetic, himself,

had an eye which discerned Wordsworth's gifts, and was convinced that if the means of leisure were afforded him he would render some service to humanity. Calvert fell sick, was tended by Wordsworth in his sickness, and died, leaving his friend a sum which, though small in itself, was enough to place a man of simple tastes and frugal habits beyond the reach of want. A sad interest attaches itself to the youth who, ungifted himself, thus, by his early death, was the means of giving a poet to the world. It is needless to say that his name is gratefully commemorated in Wordsworth's verse.

Wordsworth travelled, and many a scene and incident of travel is embalmed in his occasional poems. But he seldom visited the great world. Most of his life was passed amid the mountains, lakes and streams of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and in intercourse with the dalesmen who are the heroes of his verse. This seclusion was not without drawbacks. In the first place, it encouraged excessive self-introspection and produced a tendency to egotism which often disappointed the poet's admirers, though it did not really go deep into his character, and though it was neutralized by his religious sense of duty and his noble devotion to his work. In the second place, it limited the range of his subjects to natural objects, the recurrence of which is somewhat monotonous in spite of the poet's wonderful knowledge of all nature's varying moods, or to the peasantry of Cumberland and Westmoreland, who are a very small section of humanity. On the other hand, it kept Wordsworth's genius pure, sweet and tranquil as the waters of Rydal Mere.

The poetry, the genuine poetry of peasant life has never found such expression as in Wordsworth—not in all the idyllists in the world. If any one doubts this, let him read the story of Margaret in the first book of the "Excursion."

There is nothing in that story which is not true to nature as well as beautiful and touching. The Peddler of the "Excursion" is not true to nature. Grant all that can reasonably be granted as to the native shrewdness and practical culture of men of that class in the particular district; the Cumberland peddler may be the prince of peddlers, but he can hardly unite the profundity of a philosopher with the sensibility of a poet.

But it is of no consequence. The part played by the peddler is not dramatic but didactic; and every reader feels that it is the poet himself who thus chooses to put on the humble garb of the class he loves, and to hallow his teachings, as he thinks, by making them come from peasant lips.

Those who wish to see the difference between the generation of Englishmen that produced Wordsworth and the present generation reflected in the poetry of each, will read again the "Ode to Duty," and compare it with the lyrics now in fashion. They will read again the "Happy Warrior," and they will note in it a hearty sympathy with the aims of public life, a genuine love of noble action and a power of inciting to it, for which it would be difficult to find a parallel even in the least sensual and sybaritic of the English poets of the present day. Of dramatic power, Wordsworth had as little as Tennyson, but gentle as he is, he has a great deal more of the spirit of action. He is one of the poets of those men of action who carried on the struggle for European liberty against Napoleon, and who were the political leaders of England in stirring times, and times when, on both sides, political faith was strong.

The same conception of character which is found in the "Happy Warrior," with regard to men, pervades all that Wordsworth has written respecting female character also. The women of Tennyson, however lovely, are for the most part somewhat languid and alien to the work-day world. Those of Wordsworth are true women, good wives and mothers, combining feminine tenderness and grace with a full measure of the active sense of duty, the light and joy of real English homes :

"I saw her upon nearer view,  
 A spirit, yet a woman too !  
 Her household motions light and free  
 And steps of virgin liberty ;  
 A countenance in which did meet  
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;  
 A creature not too bright or good  
 For human nature's daily food,  
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

All readers of poetry are familiar with the poem from which these lines are taken. But in less known poems, such as the

“Highland Girl,” Wordsworth has given us pictures of women which are not easily forgotten :

“Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !  
Twice seven consenting years have shed  
Their utmost bounty on thy head ;  
And these grey rocks ; that household lawn ;  
Those trees, a veil just half-withdrawn ;  
This fall of water that doth make  
A murmur near the silent lake ;  
This little bay ; a quiet road  
That holds in shelter thy abode,—  
In truth together do ye seem  
Like something fashioned in a dream ;  
Such forms as from their covert peep  
When earthly cares are laid asleep !  
But, O fair creature, in the light  
Of common day, so heavenly bright,  
I bless thee, vision as thou art,  
I bless thee with a human heart ;  
God shield thee to thy latest years !  
Thee neither know I, nor thy peers ;  
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

Now thanks to heaven ! that of its grace  
Hath led me to this lonely place.  
Joy have I had, and going hence  
I bear away my recompence.  
In spots like these it is we prize  
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes ;  
Then why should I be loth to stir ?  
I feel this place was made for her ;  
To give new pleasure like the past,  
Continued long as life shall last.  
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
Sweet Highland Girl, from thee to part.  
For I, methinks, till I grow old  
As fair before me shall behold,  
As I do now the cabin small,  
The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;  
And thee, the spirit of them all !”

We meet in this extract one or two slipshod expressions, and one or two feeble lines. In perfect polish and artistic excellence that never falters Wordsworth is not the peer—who is the peer ?

—of Tennyson.

In sympathy with nature, in power of describing and

interpreting all her moods and phases, of rendering her utterance articulate, Wordsworth stands alone. Of universal nature as well as of his favourite stream it might be said, "Few or none hear thy voice right, now he is gone."

"Ye presences of nature in the sky  
And on the earth! Ye visions of the hills!—  
And souls of lonely places! Can I think  
A vulgar hope was yours when ye employed  
Such ministry, when ye through many a year  
Haunting me thus among my boyish sports,  
On caves and trees, upon the woods and hills,  
Impressed upon all forms the characters  
Of danger or desire; and thus did make  
The surface of the universal earth  
With triumph and delight, with hope and fear  
Work like a sea?"

The tendency, the early workings of which are depicted in these lines, reaches its consummation in the "Lines above Tintern Abbey:"

"For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of though less youth; but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky and in the mind of man:  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking-things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
Of eye and ear,—both what they half-create,  
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize  
In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being."

The worship of nature here mounts so high that it might almost be called Pantheism, if it were not tempered and con-



trolled in every page by the pervading presence of an evidently sincere and strong Christianity. In Shelley we have the nature worship in forms of surpassing beauty, but under no control.

Wordsworth's classical poems should perhaps be separately noticed. Any thing like a reproduction of Greek antiquity is an exceedingly difficult undertaking. Youth, it has been said, never revisits us even in our dreams; and we try in vain to throw ourselves back into the intellectual childhood of the world. Few will think that Mr. Matthew Arnold's imitations of the Greek are successful as reproductions, whatever merit they may possess in other ways. Do what you will, the flush of modern sentiment steals over the chaste marble of Phidias. But Wordsworth's "Laodamia," besides its great beauty as a poem, is the embodiment of a genuine Greek idea, though not without an intermixture, in some passages, of modern feeling. Perhaps it may be said to be one of the few modern poems in which the reader comes into contact with the real spirit of antiquity. The "Ode to Duty" has sometimes reminded us not only in sentiment, but in tone, of that famous passage in the "Antigone" of Sophocles on the immutable principles of right and wrong, which we remember hearing Mr. Matthew Arnold in a lecture prefer, in point of grandeur, to any of our modern hymns. But there are abundant evidences in Wordsworth of ancient culture, not only as regards matter, but as regards form; such for instance as the opening lines of the third part of that generally somewhat uninteresting poem, "The Russian Fugitive:"

" 'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy  
That Phœbus wont to wear  
The leaves of any pleasant tree  
Around his golden hair;  
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit  
Of his imperious love,  
At her own prayer transformed, took root  
A laurel in the grove.

"Then did the penitent adorn  
His brow with laurel green;  
And 'mid his bright locks never shorn  
No meaner leaf was seen;  
And poets aye, through every age,  
About their temples wound  
The bay; and conquerors thanked the gods,  
With laurel chaplets crowned.

“ Into the mists of fabling time  
 So far runs back the praise  
 Of beauty, that disdains to climb  
 Along forbidden ways ;  
 That scorns temptation ; force defies  
 Where mutual love is not ;  
 And to the tomb for rescue flies  
 When life would be a blot.”

The sonnet, Wordsworth treated after the manner of Milton, using it as a trumpet rather than as a flute. There cannot be a better example of this than the sonnet addressed to Milton himself :

“ Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :  
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen  
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword and pen,  
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men :  
 Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;  
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
 Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart ;  
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free ;  
 So didst thou travel on life's common way  
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.”

There are some very noble things among the sonnets. But the series, if truth must be told, would bear a good deal of weeding. And this may be said of the collection generally. Wordsworth made a mistake in preserving and publishing everything he wrote. This was a consequence of that little infirmity of his character which we have already noticed and traced partly to the seclusion in which he lived. It has been very fatal to the endurance of his popularity as a poet, and has deprived many not only of the pleasure but of the spiritual benefit which they might have derived from him. A really good selection from his works would be a boon to popular literature, and nobody could make it so well as Mr. Palgrave, the compiler of “The Golden Treasury.” Those who have learned to love Wordsworth would, however, still have to read him entire ; for they would almost certainly miss, in any selection, a number of passages or minor pieces not of first-rate excellence, yet instinct with his spirit and

cast in his graceful mould. They might lose the "Incident at Bruges" or the lines on the monument raised by a friend to the memory of Aloys Reding, the Captain-General of the patriotic Swiss in their unsuccessful struggle against the rapacious ambition of Bonaparte :

"Around a wild and woody hill,  
A gravelled pathway treading,  
We reached a votive stone that bears  
The name of Aloys Reding.

"Well judged the friend who placed it there  
For silence and protection ;  
And haply with a finer care  
Of dutiful affection.

"The sun regards it from the west ;  
And, while in summer glory  
He sets, his sinking yields a type  
Of that pathetic story :

"And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss  
Amid the grove to linger  
Till all is dim, save this bright stone  
Touched by his golden finger."

Wordsworth's life was passed in perfect domestic peace and in the pure and happy exercise of his calling. So it ended when the physicians had pronounced his case hopeless, his wife, to communicate their opinion gently to him said, "William, you are going to Dora" (his deceased daughter). He made no reply at the time, and the words seemed to have passed unheard or unheeded. More than twenty-four hours afterwards one of his neices drew his curtain, and then, as if awakening from a quiet sleep, he said, "Is that Dora?"

He was buried, as was meet, not in Westminster Abbey, but in the fane in which he had himself ministered, beneath the turf of Grasmere churchyard : amidst the hills, in hearing of the streams, under the open sky. The dalesmen of Grasmere troop to church beside the lowly tomb which bears no inscription but his name. In that grave rests a great poet, however the fashion of the times may change, and not the lowest or the least memorable among the servants of God.

## "LO, I COME!"

BY ROBERT EVANS.

SWIFTLY I come on the rushing wing  
 Of the Spirit's promised might;  
 I come, and the jubilant angels sing,  
 And the earth is wrapped in light.  
 I come, as I came where Elijah stood,  
 When the rocks were rent in twain,  
 And Horeb was ploughed like the pastured sod,  
 That is turned in a gentle rain;

As the sound that stirred in the mulberry trees,  
 When Victory spread her wings;  
 And the weak their mightiest foes might seize,  
 And tread on the necks of kings.  
 My glory was Carmel's strange attire,  
 When the Prophet stood alone—  
 Now its brightness girdles the earth with fire  
 And shines like the rising sun.

With the lightning's flash 'neath my chariot wheel,  
 I come with the Spirit's aid;  
 As I rise to set my conq'ring heel  
 On the quivering Serpent's head.  
 And a living flame of the purest ray  
 In the humblest breasts shall glow,  
 Till it purges the dross of sin away,  
 And the soul is pure as snow.

Oh! guilty one, come to me and rest,  
 I will loose your galling bands;  
 Pillow your head on my bleeding breast,  
 And look on my pierced hands.  
 Cleansing and precious my blood shall be,  
 For it crimson'd every pore,  
 It was shed by the soldier's spear for thee,  
 And speaks for thee evermore.

Burning and foul is the leper's brow,  
None beckons the outcast in ;  
If he come I will touch his temples now,  
He shall at my word be clean.  
Cast ye my mantle on Stephen, and Saul ;  
On the men that work and die ;  
For their burning words on the nations fall,  
Like an ancient prophecy ;

On the hidden disciples pledged to wait  
Till they see the fiery sign,  
The cloven tongues of the Paraclete  
In the gift of power divine  
On the glowing heads of the loving ones,  
Who have counted all things loss,  
They are urged by the broken pleading tones  
Of my anguish on the cross :

Men who delight in the earnest toil,  
That gladdens the moral waste,  
Claiming the harvest's untrodden soil,  
Till the isles of the sea are blessed ;  
Till the springs in the wilderness gush out  
And the deserts hear their voice,  
And the corn shall spring in the land of drought,  
And my people shall rejoice.

Mountains may rest on their buried corse,  
Their atoms may float in air,  
But in Death's despite I will track their course,  
And the dead in their graves shall hear.  
A shout shall be heard as when oceans blend,  
When the ransomed peoples come ;  
When the blood-washed millions shall ascend,  
To dwell in their glorious home.

For my Bride in her spotless robes is clad,  
Her raiment of purest white ;  
On her peerless temples my crown is laid,  
Her throne is the throne of light.

And the wearied on earth in heaven shall rest,  
And the bound shall there go free,  
And the lowliest name shall be confessed  
On my Father's throne by me.

And they shall be glad ; the envenomed tongue  
Is barr'd from the noiseless air,  
And the piercing cry of earth's grief, and wrong,  
It shall never enter there.  
And not there shall the fold divide the sheep,  
For " I'll give them all one way,"  
Not there shall the paths be rough, or steep,  
Nor the pastures far away.

Nor a scorching ray of the sun be born,  
Nor blight of the chilling moon,  
Through the golden hours of that blissful morn,  
That never shall pass its noon.  
And the wise shall not make the simple err,  
Nor the *strong* oppress the weak ;  
Nor the lesser envy the greater star,  
As it shines for Jesu's sake.

Nor Death from the shadowy realm he fills,  
Nor the shafts of vanquished sin ;  
Not a grave shall pollute those crystal hills  
When I bring the righteous in.  
And the endless cycles of peace shall flow  
Like streams from the fount of love,  
That the mighty ages of long ago  
Have wrapped in their folds above.

## METHODIST BIOGRAPHY.

## THE REV. THOMAS JACKSON.

BY THE REV. DUNCAN DUNBAR CURRIE.

AFTER the Rev. Thos. Jackson had completed his three-score years and ten, and had assumed the Supernumerary relation, he prepared for publication a volume whose title is: "*Recollections of my own Life and Times.*" This book abounds with reminiscences of men and of events of greater or lesser interest in the history of Methodism. It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the magnitude of the changes that have taken place in the land where that life was spent, and during the period over which those recollections extended. There is probably not a village in England but might tell its stirring story of wonderful changes that had taken place during his day.

The date of the birth of Mr. Jackson, December 12th, 1773, carries us back to a year that will be ever memorable in Canadian annals. It was in the year 1783 that the war of the American Colonies terminated, and gave to the United States of America their independence. About twenty thousand persons, who had remained faithful loyalists to the royal cause during the seven years conflict, and who, at the close of the war, had their property confiscated by the United States Government, emigrated, in this eventful year, and settled in old Canada before its division into Upper and Lower Canada, and in New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. Where now there are hundreds of thriving villages and scores of rising towns and cities there was then the wildness of the unbroken forest. If the changes that have taken place in the fatherland have not been as peculiar and as manifest as those of the newer country, within the period of which Mr. Jackson's book treats, they have been, at least, very marked, and very extraordinary.

It was in the small village of Sancton, two miles from Market Weighton, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, that Thomas Jackson

was born. Sancton had been, in earlier days, a stronghold of Druidical teachers and priests. In the times of Mr. Jackson's earliest recollections the labouring people there, he informs us, were generally rude, ill-informed, profane, superstitious, and believers in witches. The state of religion and morals was deplorable. Professional men,—physicians, surgeons, clergymen, and others—were poorly qualified for the work they undertook. There was no clergyman then residing in the parish. A service was held in Sancton once a fortnight, by a clergyman from a neighbouring parish. The congregations that assembled were very small. The income of the incumbent was so scanty, from the two parishes, that he could not employ a curate, and was compelled to keep a small shop for the sale of groceries. The hapless parson, moreover, was so unsuccessful in the management of his grocery business as to find himself at last imprisoned for debt.

The father of Mr. Jackson was a farm labourer. He had a freehold right to a half acre of excellent land, and owned the small cottage that stood thereon. He was supposed, probably, by those who knew him, to be a poor man; and it is not likely that he ever presumed that he was rich, as he never had as much as five pounds in money that he could call his own, at any one time. He was, however, the possessor of considerable real wealth. He was rich in having a strong and healthy body, a cheerful and buoyant spirit, and an independent and honourable mind. He also was the father of four promising boys who were worth more than gold, and five noble girls who were worth more than a multitude of rubies. He had, moreover, a gentle and good-natured wife who knew how to train up her children in the ways of rectitude; and who, with no servant in the household, prepared their food daily, knit their stockings, spun their linen, prepared their apparel and kept it in repair; and the whole, whose industry and frugality, in connection with his own, were able so nicely to adjust their income to their expenditure as never to be a single day in debt.

It was when this honest father—Mr. Jackson, senior, and this sweet-minded and hard-worked mother, Mary Jackson, his wife—were bringing up their children, amidst the ignorance, superstition, and profanity of the neighbourhood, that a Methodist.



preacher first came among them to preach the Gospel. Two aged men undertook the formidable work of providing for the entertainment of the preacher. They secured a room in a small cottage in which the minister might preach. They arranged for half a bed, and for a breakfast for himself, and for shelter and provender for his horse, on each occasion of his coming to preach. They rejoiced that they succeeded so well; but regretted that they were unable to give him a dinner.

The Jackson family attended the services, and became loving adherents of the feeble cause. Through the instrumentality of Methodism that family was rescued from its ignorance and peril, and was gladdened with the light which the Gospel of the Son of God brings to the hearts of men. That family in return gave three of its boys—Samuel, Thomas, and Robert, and several of its grand-sons, to the ministry of our Church. In those times crowds of rude and rough scoffers and Sabbath-breakers were wont to greet, with vulgar jibes and hootings, the Methodist worshippers, as they were entering or leaving their place of prayer.

When Mr. Jackson was about eighty-five years old, he and his brother Robert, on the fourth of October, 1868, preached the dedicatory sermons on the occasion of the opening of a new Methodist chapel at Market Weighton, where, as boys, they had suffered reproach and shame for the sake of the Church of their choice. This was to the venerable patriarch a day of tenderest and profoundest interest. Wondrous changes had taken place in that vicinity during the intermediate period. Old things had, to a remarkable extent, passed away. The old acquaintances were all gone. And now crowds of respected worshippers gathered at the spacious and beautiful Methodist church, and no more were heard the jibes and scoffings of the insulting idler.

At the age of twelve years, Mr. Jackson left the home of his childhood, and was hired out by the year as a farm servant. After three years of great hardships he was apprenticed to an uncle, to learn the carpenter business. In his new position his circumstances were greatly more favourable. His Sabbaths were now under his own control. He attended a class of which his uncle was the leader, and on the sixteenth of July, 1801, at the age of seventeen, after having wept and prayed as a penitent, he

was filled with peace and joy through believing in Jesus. That peace and joy he retained, in all their richness and power, during all the years he was permitted thereafter to live.

He soon manifested an intense love for the souls of men, and had an impression, from the time of his conversion, that he must preach the Gospel. And now came a thirst for knowledge. His school training had been exceedingly limited. To no instructors had he access now except the Methodist ministers who occasionally visited the place to preach. In them, however, he found valuable friends, whose advice and assistance he greatly prized. Two very serious difficulties confronted him: how was he with his extremely limited resources to get books? and how could he, even if he should get them, find time to study? He obtained the books. He found time to study. There was a will, and he found a way. He had great energy: and he brought it into play, early and late, in earnest endeavours to acquire knowledge. He soon became a preacher. He was received on probation for the ministry at the Conference of 1804. During twenty years he laboured on some of the most important circuits in England, and with those peculiar experiences that are more or less familiar to all the travelling preachers of the Methodist world. In the year 1824 he was elected to succeed the Rev. Jabez Bunting, D.D., as the Editor of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*. He declined, for various reasons, accepting the appointment. "I had done," he said, "the best I could during the last twenty years, by hard study and extensive reading, to acquire theological and literary information; but these pursuits had been carried on under great disadvantages without the assistance of any one, and in the midst of pressing engagements, so that I had little confidence in myself." He yielded to the judgment of his brethren, however, and accepted the appointment. At the Conference of 1830 he was elected Connexional Editor for a second term of six years. In the year 1836 he was elected for an additional term of six years. During those eighteen years he furnished, not only through the *Magazine*, but in numerous other publications, an immense amount of reading matter for thousands of Methodist families in Britain, and in many other parts of the world, and gave entire satisfaction to his brethren in the ministry.

In the year 1838 he was elected President of the British Conference. In the year 1849 he was elected President a second time. His first Presidency was during the memorable centenary year. His second term was during a year when great uneasiness and anxiety prevailed in English Methodism, on account of disturbances created by designing agitators through the press and the platform. As the existence of local disturbance in the human body will more or less affect the whole system, so do serious political disturbances tend to produce mischievous results in ecclesiastical organizations. When the question of Parliamentary Reform was occupying public attention, and the people were clamouring for political power, the Methodism of the old country was afflicted with an agitation under the leadership of Dr. Warren. And when all Europe was trembling with fear, in the year 1848, and her thrones were being shaken to their foundations, a spirit of insubordination manifested itself in Wesleyan circles that almost shook the connexion to its very centre. When this last serious agitation was at the zenith of its power and influence, Thomas Jackson was discharging the duties of his second Presidential term. With commendable suavity of manner, excellent judgment, and admirable firmness, he laboured with energy and marked success for the peace and prosperity of the Church.

At the Conference of 1842 Mr. Jackson was appointed Theological Tutor of the Wesleyan Theological Institution at Didsbury. This position he held with great acceptance to the Church and to his pupils, for nineteen years. His lectures he prepared and revised and transcribed again and again with great care. Many young men during those nineteen years sat at his feet, and waited upon his words of exposition and counsel, who afterwards became distinguished watchmen upon the walls of our Zion.

In the year 1861, at the age of seventy-seven, he became a supernumerary. He died in his ninetieth year, near London, March 10th, 1873, without any evidence of disease. The weary wheels of life stood still. Through all his old age he manifested his usual calm and cheerful and beautiful spirit. He was often overflowing with kindness and love. Wherever he went his hoary head was indeed a crown of glory; and men rose up to do him honour, and to greet him with their love and admiration.

The volume of Mr. Jackson's "Recollections" abounds with suggestions, and encouragements, for youths who desire to do noble things, but whose way seems thronged with difficulties. Here is one, who never had the advantages of Academy, or Theological School or College, who never was supposed to possess brilliant abilities, and who, nevertheless, becomes familiar with the Latin and Greek works that are now read by students in the higher schools of the day. He reads, for many years, on an average at least one volume per week, on ecclesiastical, or historical or other themes. He becomes familiar with all the best standard works of the Divines of the Nonconformist and Established Churches. He not only reads those works, but masters them. For more than seventy years his versatile and ready pen is kept in almost daily use. And, when the occasion called for it, he would wield the pen of the astute polemic, and plunge into controversy with irresistible attack or invincible defence, and with antagonists of various creeds, as the hour and the emergency demanded. Through his earnest and able disputations important victories over error have been won, some theological difficulties have been removed, and many a precious truth has been presented to the mind in a clearer and more winsome light.

How was Thomas Jackson able to accomplish so much? What salient points appear in the life of him who so grandly overcame the difficulties of his humble youth, and attained to such success and influence in his Church?

There was, first of all, the consecration of the heart to God. He sought with continuous fidelity to develop the spiritual life in his own soul. He abounded, therefore, largely, in the graces of gentleness, good-humour, and charity, so that his consistency shone like a jewel.

He gave, also, his powers of mind to God. With him it was a solemn duty, as well as a gladsome effort, to gather from every source stores of knowledge, that he might impart useful information, and further intellectual refinement, and draw wandering souls to the sinners' Saviour, and hasten the bright day when the spread of the truth shall chase away the lingering mists of ignorance and of unbelief.

In giving shape to his character he succeeded admirably in blending firmness with gentleness, and heroism with humility. How gently he carried himself toward disturbers of the peace of Methodism with whom, in his official capacity, he was brought into contact; and yet with what firmness he stood by the right, and protected the interests of the Church! With what humility and self-distrust he declined high official positions to which he was elected by his brethren; and yet with what heroism he grappled with his work, and with what lion-heartedness he faced every difficulty!

The success he won is largely attributable to his capacity for long-continued exertion, for profound and searching investigation, to his far-reaching comprehension of mind, and to his ability to retain and recall, for practical purposes, what he once had mastered. He had a sound body and a sound mind, and taxed them largely without overtaxing them. He knew, as unhappily many of his contemporaries and successors have not known, when to put on the pressure, and when to take it off. He was ever diligent in unceasing exertion, and scrupulously economical as regarded the smallest fragment of his time. No golden hand was reached out to help him in his early days. No seminary of learning opened its portals to bid him welcome. He never had that sparkling genius that dazzles and astonishes the multitude. But he attained, nevertheless, the excellency of an eminently successful life—of matured Christian growth—and of rare and ripe scholarship:—the excellency that comes through the combination of great labour with the consecration of the moral and the intellectual nature to God.

CHARLOTTETOWN, *Prince Edward Island.*

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“SPEAK low—none of us know  
Half we forego in the gallant dead.  
Plant flowers, not where April showers,  
But tears like ours shall make them bloom,  
And their breath impart to each kindly heart,  
In the crypt of which lies a loved one’s tomb.”

## CONSCIENCE.

BY R. BRECKEN, B.A.

WHAT are we to understand by Conscience? Is it a distinct faculty of the mind, or the mere result of the combined operation of other powers of thought and feeling with which God has endowed us? From analogy we may decide that there is at least no absurdity involved in believing that it is a distinct and inborn part of our mental nature, brought into existence with other powers of mind when God breathed into man the breath of life.

Man is a perfect microcosm. There is nothing in the world around him which does not find its counterpart in the world, within him. If there is light without, there is an eye and nerve, and brain, adapted to its revelations within. If there is beauty in the heavens above, and on the earth beneath, there is the mental taste specially adapted to recognize, appreciate, and enjoy this beauty. All that is in man is made by God to correspond with all that is around him. He is a complicated mechanism upon which the physical and spiritual about him can operate, and produce their legitimate results. There is an index within his soul which answers the electric touch of every thought awakened by the perception of every object or occurrence with which he meets. If there is such a thing as intelligent action in our world, we judge man has something in his spiritual nature to correspond with every quality of that action. If it is wise or unwise, we know he has a judgment which will approve or disapprove. If then, there is in intelligent action a moral quality, something which we call right or wrong; if these qualities of right and wrong are as essential as the foundations of existence; if man is designed to be brought into contact with actions, human, angelic, and divine, and be influenced by their morality, and held responsible for the morality of his own; then, surely, it is to be expected that he would have a faculty, distinct from all the other powers of his mind, adapted to the sole purpose of being influenced by the rightness or wrongness he finds in the universe.

That we all, as a race, have what is popularly called a Con-

science, needs no reiteration or proof. It manifests itself in earliest childhood, it is ingrained in every man's consciousness, it has stamped its seal upon the language and literature of every nation and age; but the doctrine which we wish more particularly to uphold is, that man has a mental faculty especially appointed to the task of handling the right and wrong of life, and to no other purpose. This appears to be of importance, because the nature of Conscience is somewhat involved in settling the questions as to its proper functions. Does it decide for us what is right and what is wrong, or does it merely impel us toward the one, and repel us from the other, leaving in each case our knowledge, discovered and revealed, to find out which is the right and which is the wrong, and fastening the responsibility of disobedience upon the will?

We will not attempt to be too nice in our metaphysical distinction regarding this point, else we shall probably only succeed in mystifying both ourselves and our subject. The most logical minds have differed here, and we can only glean a little where they have toiled. The matter will be somewhat simplified by endeavouring to recognize that the prime intention of Conscience is solely to give us the idea that there is such a thing as right and wrong, involving the weightiest considerations. This appears like begging the question; but we make the statement a starting point, and trust that corroboration will follow.

How do we first obtain this idea? Is it not by intuition, an originating act of our reason? Is it not an idea which the mind conceives without any previous reflection as soon as the proper subject is presented? Can Conscience be the mere result of education? It has been stated that if a child were persistently taught that it is wrong to wear red shoe-strings, such a trivial thing would be a scruple with him all his life. Undoubtedly education and custom are mighty engines for perverting or guiding the energies of Conscience, but can we not perceive that before education could ever have been brought into play, the idea of right must have been deeply seated in the human breast, or actions would never have been brought to the test of such a standard. Is it, again, because we are living under law, and God has said, "Thou shalt not do this," and "Thou shalt do that," and States,

in imitation of God's Government, bind their subjects by codes of civil laws, that men from hence derive the idea that some pursuits are right and others are wrong? Are not, we ask, all laws based on the immutable principles of equity, and do they not owe all the sanction they bear to their unalterable rectitude, or would any law under heaven restrain men if they could not discover its justice?

Again, the idea cannot be derived through the habit of associating actions with certain emotions to which they give rise, or through sympathy with the feelings of others, for then we make right a mere sentiment, as idle as the wind, and capricious as the storm, ebbing and flowing with the ceaseless tide of human feelings, to be regarded or disregarded as the mood may seize us. Many have come to the conclusion that there is no Conscience, except as the result of previous reflection and judgment; but this we will perceive, arises from confounding the proper work of Conscience with the reflection it immediately originates.

If, on the other hand, it is evident that the idea of right is implanted in the very constitution which God has given me, it cannot be originated by the operation of what is, strictly speaking, a special sense; for that would make right subjective rather than objective, far more an internal impression than an existing reality. Again, were it derived by the office of a special sense, all men's ideas of right would be as uniform as their ideas of sound, while the very opposite is the case. It cannot be anything which is perceived; it must be something which is conceived, and something which the mind conceives intuitively. To simplify matters, an analysis of the operation from the beginning will be helpful.

FIRST. There is a faculty of our mind which is able to conceive of right and wrong. This idea is simple, undefinable, underrivable. Our reason, by virtue of Conscience, originates this idea whenever we are brought into contact with anything that involves morality.

SECOND. This idea being awakened in our thoughts by Conscience, other powers of the mind are also thereby brought into action.

(a) Our judgment immediately takes up the matter, and



according to the knowledge already received, decides that the particular action under notice is either right or wrong.

(b) The idea which Conscience has originated being also received as fundamental, the mind is obliged to recognize its obligation either to do or leave undone.

(c) For similar reasons the mind recognizes merit, or demerit, according as it has obeyed, or disobeyed.

THIRD. In connection with each of these last three inseparable mental actions there will be an appropriate response in the sensibilities of the soul, giving either pleasure or pain. The collateral effects of the operation of Conscience thus become a matter of the deepest emotion, as well as of the highest intelligence.

If this analysis be correct, we conclude that it is hardly wise to say that Conscience is a discriminating power, although discrimination is the result of its action. The office of Conscience is to give us the idea of right or wrong as something inseparable from the actions of our life, and involving responsibilities far weightier than any other consideration; and then, having originated this idea, it calls into play both thoughts of the mind and emotions of the heart. It rouses the judgment and bids it decide and give in its testimony either of approval or disapproval, and then kindles the feelings to the liveliest joy or the keenest anguish. Thus it becomes the solemn voice of God sounding in the silent avenues of the soul, telling man of his personal accountability, letting each individual into the secret of his eternal doom, and forestalling the decisions of the great day of final tribunal.

Separating the proper work of Conscience from all the other operations of the mind with which it is connected, will, we think, better enable us to account for most of those perplexing questions pertaining to casuistry. How comes it that some countries and communities violate, without apparent compunction, many of the plainest precepts of right? How is it that one age has differed from another in its ideas of morality, and perceptions of duty? Can a man act conscientiously and yet commit a flagrant evil? Where shall we draw the line which separates guilt from innocence, and can any of the heathen be acquitted at the judgment seat of Christ, and what force is there in the epithets: an enlightened, a weak, and a seared Conscience?

We believe that every one in the wide world is equally endowed with Conscience, for it is the gift of God to man as a necessity of his existence, without which he cannot be responsible, and the gifts of God are without partiality. Every child, whether barbarian or Christian, is born equally conscientious, and all the differences which afterward appear are the result of experience, example, training and knowledge, together with the variations of complexion given by circumstances to each individual mental constitution. Conscience, we repeat, does not say, this is right, or this wrong; but it does say, there is a right more lasting than the "pillared firmament," and you must discover it, and it is at your peril you disregard its claims. The Conscience of the cruel savage speaks to him as solemnly as does that of the Christian child, but the former is fearfully misguided by ignorance, and a train of inherited evils. The Hindoo mother loves her child, and knows it is right to cherish that infant, but her superstitious training tells her the gods have a greater claim upon the child than she has herself, and will be pleased with its sacrifice; and so she hushes the throbbings of her maternal heart and hurries with her infant down to the Ganges. The Greeks were highly sensitive of honour, and scorned meanness in all its forms; but they believed that the interests of their country were above all other interests, and nothing, therefore, was dishonourable which gained her success. The Spartan mother, though hating falsehood, would teach her son to steal, or to kill without detection, if that would only make him a more wily soldier or an abler citizen. All men admit it is right to love, and be kind, and generous; but it took the light and influence of the Gospel to make men see that it was duty to love our enemies, and that hatred toward any was an unmitigated wrong. Paul was equally obeying his Conscience when he was hauling men and women to prison as when standing chained before Agrippa he uttered the appeal: "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds." The difference in his former conduct was the result of ignorance, and not of wilful disregard of Conscience. Had his Conscience alone the power of deciding for him what was absolutely right, it could never have sanctioned his former life, and he could

never have uttered the protest, "Men and brethren, I have lived before God in all good Conscience unto this day."

Here we see the importance of having an "Enlightened Conscience," of gaining all the knowledge we can in order that our Conscience may not be misled,—and to what higher source can we go for enlightenment than the Word of the Lord.

"This lamp from off the everlasting throne  
Mercy took down, and in the night of time  
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow."

This Word is the "lamp for our feet," and when men sometimes plead that their Conscience does not upbraid them for a certain course in life, they cannot be guiltless, and it is a great shame that their Conscience is silent, since they have excluded the light of truth.

This brings us to notice the difference between innocence and guilt. Innocence and guilt are relative; right and wrong are absolute. If a man does what he believes to be right, provided he has used all the means he can to ascertain his duty, he is innocent, although he may be doing what is absolutely wrong. In the same way one may state what is absolutely false, and yet be no liar, because he believes he is telling the truth. The Bible is the ultimate standard of right and wrong; my conscientious convictions at any period of my history are the test of my innocence or my guilt. It is possible there was a time in the history of the United States, when an American could conscientiously keep slaves, because believing he was following Scripture and right; but there is no American who could do so under the brighter expositions of the present day. There may have been a time when multitudes of Englishmen could drink wine and spirits conscientiously, but very few, if any, to-day, now that the thoughts of the people have been brought to the touchstone of that exceeding broad and generous principle, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world stands." Yet all those years it was equally wrong to imperil self, and enslave a brotherman, and ruin another by the power of personal influence.

We are now prepared to ask the question, "Can any of the Heathen be saved?" Undoubtedly they can. God's government is a government of mercy; and "when the Gentiles, which have

not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these having not the law are a law unto themselves." If, then, they follow their Conscience with what light they have from nature and tradition, they shall be acquitted. Sad it is they have so few of the encouragements of truth, and none of the promises in Christ; and though some of them may succeed in following a Conscience which gropes its way in the dark, the very highest character which can be thus attained is pitiably dwarfed as compared with the least "in the kingdom of heaven."

But is there not such a thing as a "weak Conscience?" In the popular sense of the word there certainly is. "One man esteemeth one day above another; another man esteemeth every day alike." One man eats meat offered to idols; another does not. Some men make matters of Conscience things which are in themselves utterly unimportant. What then shall we do? Laugh at their scruples and tamper with their sincerity? God forbid! For if any man disregards what to him is a positive scruple of Conscience he cannot be guiltless. "To him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, to *him* it is unclean." Let no man tamper with a single scruple of Conscience, however apparently trivial, and however much public opinion may be against it. That would weaken the soul forever, and undermine all that is holy and sacred in our nature; and every man must give an account of himself unto God. If the matter can be explained so that the scruple can be removed and the course can be pursued without doing the least violence to Conscience, it is well; but otherwise it is better to be a fool before the world than sin against the sacred dictates of so divine a power.

Can Conscience be seared? So God's Word declares. The light of truth may be effulgent, and conviction may be clear, but Conscience may be stifled till the faithful monitor is choked into silence; for man is depraved, the heart is deceitful, the will is perverse, and the uncompromising remembrancer of duty is hated. The only remedy for this depraved state of affairs must be supernatural. It is found in the influence of the Holy Spirit, and the melting power of Christ, love which can re-adjust the most disordered nature, and subdue the most rebellious will.

We now notice more particularly the authority of Conscience.

Why must I feel bound forever to obey this monitor? Because Conscience, so far as its duty goes, is infallible. The errors and follies and crimes I commit are the result of my depravity, or ignorance, or wilfulness. Its voice speaks from heaven. It is God's vicegerent to man's soul. From its sentence there is no appeal. The very etymology of the word tells with what authority it holds the common mind. Conscience is a *con-science*, a knowing-together. God knows and I know. Though the world may never have seen nor guessed the wrong to which my heart is privy, it is no secret; for God knows it, and I know it, and I know that God knows it; and in the mouth of these two witnesses every word shall be established, and when charged with the wrong before the bar of God I shall be speechless. Like the Deity, Conscience is omnipresent. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, even there it haunts us like our very shadow. Drug it to sleep with opiate pleasures, and soon it will wake from its stupefaction like a raving madman; drown its lamentations amidst the bustle and din of business, or the loud laughs and reckless gaieties of worldly companions, and in the hushed midnight hour it will scare from slumber with its scathing rebukes. Often has it tightly drawn the check-rein of wild and wayward passion, and saved the Jehu-rider from being hurled headlong down to ruin. Often would men,

"Mad from life's history,  
Glad of death's mystery  
Swift to be hurled,  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world,"

sad and sick and angry, disgusted with themselves, and disgusted with the world, rashly leap into the darkness of eternity, did not their "Conscience make cowards of them all," and

"Make them rather bear the ills they have,  
Than fly to others that they know not of."

It is because the voice of Conscience is so authoritative that its approval or disapproval gives the highest pleasure or the most torturing pain. It follows us through life with "Come, ye

blessed," or "Depart, ye cursed." It gives the foretaste of either heaven or hell.

"The mind in its own place, and in itself,  
Can make a heaven of hell,—a hell of heaven."

Peter, on the night before expected execution, rests calmly in God's hallowed sleep, while Herod trembles in his guarded palace halls. Its accusations are noiseless, but terrible; and all the more terrible for being so noiseless and still. Its approvals have no base flattery, and are all the more blessed because given by a witness that cannot lie.

"Can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,  
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?  
These, when the spirit wings her flight,  
Pour round her path a stream of living light;  
And gild those realms of pure and perfect rest,  
Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blessed."

HALIFAX, N. S.

## LEAD THOU ME ON.

BY EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART.

LEAD Thou me on, my path is steep:  
Beset with foes I cannot see—  
Father, thy child in safety keep;  
My strength is all from Thee.

When clouds and darkness round me close,  
And fierce temptations sorely press,  
Hold Thou my hand; repel my foes;  
With calm assurance bless.

Forgive my weak distrustful fears;  
Let thankful love my portion be,  
Till, safe from conflicts, doubts and tears,  
I rest above with Thee.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY W. H. W.

"REALLY, sir, I beg to be excused."

"Excused! why, pray? explain, please."

"Oh, I have no particular reason, only that I have never been in the habit of taking wine. I never saw it in my father's house, and so grew up without feeling the least inclination for stimulants."

"Oh, my dear sir, you are too rigid! Wine is a good creature of God, you know, and intended to be used, in moderation, that is; we might, of course, abuse any of God's gifts. Now, I find a little wine does me good. I follow Saint Paul's advice, you know. You looked flushed, sir; does your head ache? Just take a glass of this fine old Madeira. 'Twill do you good."

"Come here, Mrs. Smith," continued the speaker, seeing that his guest still hesitated; "assist me to overcome the scruples of this abstemious husband of yours."

The lady thus addressed was a person of extremely prepossessing appearance and graceful manners, who was absorbed in the examination of a portfolio of engravings. As she turned round she beheld her husband accepting from the hands of his pastor a glass of ruby wine, which he sipped rather uneasily, as if he had not the approbation of his conscience.

Ah! did some presentiment of coming evil flit across the mind of that loving wife to cause that shade upon her brow, that troublous expression in her eyes, like the cloudlet's fleeting shadow on the crystal brook? It soon, however, passed away, and in cheerful hilarity the evening glided on. At length, after devotional exercises, the company separated.

The scene above delineated may be supposed to have transpired in the parlour of the Rev. Mr. A., the popular and talented minister of a large city congregation. The Mr. Smith to whom we have introduced our readers is one of the principal men, in fact, a deacon in the church. Mr. A. is the host, and Mr. Smith one of the invited guests of the evening.

## II.

We will now suppose that five years have passed away, and we will again look in upon the annual congregational party assembled in Mr. A.'s comfortable parlour, as it had been five years previously.

Many new faces are there, some of those we saw upon a former occasion are missing, among them those of Mr. Smith and his blooming wife.

The evening passes gaily and cheerfully.

As they stand together sipping their wine, Deacon Oldstyle, who keeps a large grocery and liquor store, remarks to his pastor, "Have you seen poor Smith lately?"

"Yes," replied the pastor, "I met him in the street to-day, and, do you know, he was so altered that I hardly recognized in the degraded-looking being before me, the noble fellow whom a few years ago I was proud to welcome to these rooms."

"Poor fellow," responded the pious rum seller, "I fear he is becoming very dissipated. He never comes to church now. His wife called on me the other day to say they would no longer need their pew. They haven't paid the last year's pew rent. I suppose we must seize the cushions."

"I observed," said the pastor, "his wife and little girl last Sabbath evening in the free seats in the gallery."

"Yes," replied the hyper-zealous deacon, "and did you notice how shabbily they were dressed? I wonder she comes at all, and all alone, too. It really isn't respectable."

"Ah! poor creature," apologetically interposed the pastor, "she can't help it. It is all on account of that unthrifty husband of hers."

"The worthless fellow," interrupted the deacon, waxing indignant, "he came to my store the other day, half drunk, to buy liquor, so I refused to let him have any. He doesn't pay so promptly as he used," he added in a lower tone, as if apologizing to himself for refusing so good a customer.

"You did perfectly right, sir," said the pastor approvingly, "perfectly right. I heartily disapprove of intemperance. I have often urged upon poor Smith the necessity of moderation and tried to show him that in the temperate use, and not the abuse,



of the good creatures of God, lies the golden mean, the *auream mediocritem* of the Roman poet," he added pompously, "but he has such an ungovernable appetite that all my labour is lost."

There was much more in this strain, the infliction of which we will spare our readers, and will next glance at the last act of this life tragedy, the counterpart of thousands daily being enacted about us.

## III.

The morning after the scene above described, as the Rev. Mr. A. was making his round of pastoral calls, he was met by a friend who, after the customary salutations, inquired:

"Have you heard, sir, of the sad end of that unfortunate fellow, Smith, whom I once met at your house?"

"No, what has happened?" interrogated Mr. A., with bodeful misgivings of heart.

"You know," continued his informant, "he long ago removed from his fine house in Bellevue Terrace, to a cheap tenement in the suburbs. Well, this morning he was found by some workmen, lying by the road-side, with his face in the gutter, drowned in a mere cattle track."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the minister, aghast with horror, this is really a sad dispensation of providence. I hope his poor wife is resigned beneath the stroke. I must go and condole with her."

"Ay, do sir," replied the sympathetic narrator. They took him right home, and they say she takes on awfully, and raves like one demented. In sooth, sir," he continued, "she loved him better than he deserved, poor soul, and many a time saved him from an untimely end."

We will in our next scene follow the pious pastor to the scene of sorrow, which, accustomed as he was to spectacles of the sort, caused a feeling of unusual uneasiness, and left a sad remorseful remembrance in his soul.

## IV.

Apelles, the Grecian painter, in depicting the sacrifice of Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon, represented her father in an attitude of profoundest grief and with his bowed-down head covered with a mantle, considering a father's woe too sacred and too difficult a subject for his pencil.

In like manner, wiser and better for our reputation as an artist, were it for us to draw a veil over the sorrow of that widowed wife, to attempt not to portray the desolation of those orphaned babes. But the importance of the earnest lesson we wish to convey demands that we make the effort.

"My dear madam," began the pastor, after clearing his throat in a rather mechanical manner, as if he were beginning a matter of business. "My dear Madam, you know God moves in a mysterious way, His providences oftentimes are dark, His decrees are inscrutable, we must bow to His wise purposes." And thus he went on with his cold platitudes, which, instead of bringing healing, like the balm of Gilead, to that wounded spirit, all rent and torn and lacerated by the rough ploughshare of her sorrow, were like the mixture of salt and nitre, which by a refinement of cruelty the ancients poured upon the wounds of the victims of their torture.

At length she could no longer endure it. All the wifely heart within her rose in rebellion at the idea that her husband's ruin, his sad degradation, his untimely death and awful fate were the result of God's eternal and inevitable decrees.

The pent-up indignation of her soul, bursting the barriers of her womanly reticence, found vent in a torrent of impassioned eloquence; in a gush of tears as of rain from a summer cloud.

We might perhaps record the words she uttered, but how shall we depict the flashing eye, the dilated nostril, the deep breathings, the thrilling tones, the convulsive sobs which imparted such a terrible energy to her weak woman-words! Over these we must draw the mantle of Apelles. Our pencil fails us in the effort.

"Blame not the Almighty, sir," she exclaimed. "The fault is none of His. He endowed my husband richly with all the graces of a noble manhood. Never was a truer, a more loving husband, never a fonder father than he, till since that fatal night, when in your parlour, sir, he first learned to drink the fatal draught that set his brain on fire. Stealthily and insidiously did the vile serpent, habit, twine itself round his noble nature, and though he wrestled with his fate, its deadly folds wound more tightly round him, till energy relaxed, every high resolve

forgone, baffled and defeated, he fell a prey to utter hopelessness. Soon did the adder that lurketh in the cup fascinate him with its fatal spell, till at length it stung his very soul. And though his spirit, like a rearing war horse, plunged and struggled to get free, yet with a stern o'er-mastering grasp was he led, the impotent victim of his master passion.

"And there, sir, is your venerable deacon Oldstyle, who lured him on to his destruction. Like a spider did he weave his web and lay his snares to suck from him the pittance due his wife and family. Like a lion did he lie in wait and in unguarded moments ply him with temptations, till lo! the sin was sinned, his holy, high resolves forgotten, and he lay upon the earth a defeated, stricken, hopeless thing.

"But, my dear madam," interjected the pastor, vainly endeavouring to stem the torrent of her eloquence, "My dear madam, it was the abuse and not the moderate use."

"Don't talk to me, sir, of moderation," she interrupted; "why, sir, a single glass would set my James beside himself, his slumbering passion was instantly aroused, and like a tiger that had tasted blood, it overleaped all restraints. His ardent, impassioned nature and fine-strung nerves were instantly a-tingling with excitement. And your cold, phlegmatic, iron deacon, whom not the strongest appeals, much less my weak woman's tears, could move, he knew it, and knowing it, still persisted in selling to him the accursed water of death which brought his ruin, as long as it brought lucre to his blood-smeared till. Ay! sir, and often on my knees have I pled with him not to give my husband drink; ay! and have shown him the bruises on my person inflicted by his hand, who vowed at the marriage altar to love and cherish and protect till death. God knows, when sober, a kinder man than Jamie never lived," and here her voice trembled, her lip quivered, the love-light glowed again as of yore in her deep dark eyes, like funeral lamps in a charnel vault.

"Tell me, sir, who is to blame, my husband or he! my husband or yourself, sir, who first taught him to drink! who will be more guilty at the bar of God?"

"Madam," said the pastor in a tone of offended dignity, for he could not but writhe beneath her questions, barb-pointed with

truth, and quail before her flashing eye, "Madam, you are talking wildly, you should have more charity. These are very sweeping accusations. They are not warranted by facts, not at all warranted. I must bid you good day, madam. I hope you will try and be more resigned to the dispensations of Providence," and he stiffly bowed himself out, glad to be delivered from the reproachful gaze of those sad and earnest eyes, from the accusing tones of that mournful, plaintive voice; but still rung loud and solemn through his soul, like words of an accusing angel, the question, "Who is to blame?"

Well, the lady ought to have had more charity, perhaps, but the iron had entered into her soul, her whole being was tingling with a sense of grief and indignation, and small marvel that the pressure of her woe wrung from her heart those words of earnest questioning.

We shall append no moral to our "o'er true tale," but simply reiterate the solemn question of that wifely heart, "Who is to blame?"

Who in the sight of God are most culpable; those of ardent and impetuous temperament, and they are most frequently the victims of intemperance, over whom habits of inebriation acquire such a frightful ascendancy, who writhe so unavailingly in the toils and meshes of their sin—

"Those limed souls

That struggling to get free are more engaged;"

or those men in high places in the Church and in society who are recreant and false to their holy trust as conservators of the public morals, who by their influence and example rivet more firmly the shackles of intemperance upon their race; who refuse to deny themselves the indulgence of their appetite, though by that refusal their brother, for whom Christ also died, is offended and made weak, though over that stone he stumble and fall into perdition? Is this the spirit of Christ, who laid down His life for us! or of the disciples of Christ, who should lay down their lives for the brethren? If any man say I love God, and love not his brother, he is a liar, and the truth is not in him. Let us rather with Paul sublimely say, "I will eat no meat and drink

no wine while the world standeth, if thereby our brother is offended or made weak." But if we refuse to deny ourselves, and over that refusal our brother stumbles, who, ay, who is to blame?

## THE LOOK.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

THE Saviour looked on Peter. Ay, no word—  
 No gesture of reproach! The heavens serene  
 Though heavy with armed justice, did not lean  
 Their thunders that way. The forsaken Lord  
*Looked* only on the traitor. None record  
 What that look was: none guess; for those who have seen  
 Wronged lovers loving through a death-pang keen,  
 Or pale-cheeked martyrs smiling to a sword,  
 Have missed Jehovah at the judgment-call  
 And Peter, from the height of blasphemy—  
 "I never knew this man," did quail and fall,  
 ' As knowing straight THAT GOD,—and turned fell  
 And went out speechless from the face of all,  
 And filled the silence, weeping bitterly.

I think that look of Christ might seem to say—  
 "Thou Peter! art thou then a common stone  
 Which I at last must break my heart upon,  
 For all God's charge to His high angels may  
 Guard my foot better? Did I yesterday  
 Wash *thy* feet, my beloved, that they should run  
 Quick to deny me 'neath the morning sun,  
 And do thy kisses, like the rest, betray?  
 The cock crows coldly.—Go and manifest  
 A late contrition, but no bootless fear!  
 For when thy final need is dreariest,  
 Thou shalt not be denied, as I am here—  
 My voice, to God and angels, shall attest,  
 'Because I am a man let him be dear!'"

## NEW ZEALAND METHODISM.

BY W. J. F.

IT was in the summer of 1818, that Rev. Samuel Leigh, Wesleyan Missionary to the then penal colony of New South Wales, undertook a voyage to New Zealand for the benefit of his health. With the exception of a kind of lay mission, under control of the Church Missionary Society, established at the Bay of Islands, in the northern part of the country, nothing had been done for the instruction and elevation of the natives of those islands. As the professed object of this mission was to colonize rather than evangelize, the exception counts for little. For a man of Mr. Leigh's apostolic mind and habits, to be brought into contact with the spiritual destitution and degradation which prevailed in that region and shadow of death, was only to stimulate him to "labours more abundant" in the cause of his Master. After a brief stay, during which he had embraced every opportunity of coming in contact with the natives, and ascertaining their willingness to receive the gospel, he sailed again for Sydney, with health unimproved, and with the burden of the souls of the dark New Zealanders weighing heavily upon his spirit. From this visit, thus casually undertaken, there dates a series of events, the story of which surpasses romance in deep, absorbing interest, and the results of which will only be computed in heaven.

In 1820, Mr. Leigh returned to England, and spared no effort to excite an interest in New Zealand as a field for missionary labour. Many things were urged against it. Debt and difficulty hampered the operations of the Missionary Society, and they gave the project little encouragement. But its advocate was not a man to be daunted in such a purpose by difficulties of an ordinary character. His persistent appeals brought success. The Conference of 1820 sanctioned the scheme, and appointed Mr. Leigh first Wesleyan Missionary to New Zealand.

On the 22nd February, 1822, the ship which bore Mr. and Mrs. Leigh to their future field of labours sailed into the Bay of Islands, the seat of the Church Mission previously mentioned.

The new-comers were warmly welcomed by the Missionaries in charge of that station and by those natives who remembered Mr. Leigh's previous visit. Dark clouds, however, soon began to hover around, and for a time the prospect seemed gloomy indeed. The state of the country had for some months been very unsettled. Now a frightful civil war broke out among the tribes, which was carried on in true barbarous fashion, accompanied by the most exaggerated forms of savage atrocity. This, of course, rendered missionary operations almost impossible. More than that, it placed the missionaries themselves in very great danger. They obtained partial safety by soliciting the patronage and protection of the principal chief of that part of the country. This man, whose name was Hongi, was one of the most remarkable characters that the history of savage tribes has ever brought to light. He had instigated and provoked the war himself with the view of making all the Maori tribes subject to his rule, that he might reign the sole monarch of New Zealand. He possessed many of the characteristics of mind and temper which, had he been educated and civilized, would have caused him to take a prominent position among statesmen and soldiers. Though a merciless and bloodthirsty cannibal, he was well disposed toward the English, and seemed to consider himself flattered by having them under his protection. While the war was at its height, Mr. Leigh was compelled to remain still, and content himself with the casual opportunities of doing good which were thrown in his way. At length the fury of the storm spent itself, and he began to look about for some point at which to establish himself, and at which he might pursue his labour in a more regular and systematic manner. Wangaroa was at length chosen as the seat of the first Methodist Mission Station in New Zealand. A site was purchased from the chiefs. It was situated in a beautiful valley, sloping toward a navigable river, at about seven miles from its mouth. A rude house was erected; necessary stores transported to it; and the station thus equipped was named Wesleydale.

And now the work of the mission commenced in earnest. This meant more than the settling down to routine labour. It meant the entering into perils as many and as various as Paul

could boast of. It meant the daily jeoparding of life through the infuriated passions of the cannibals; and almost uninterrupted loss and annoyance through their unrestrained pilfering habits. It meant constant contact with the filth and immorality of the lowest and rudest forms of uncivilized society, in which polygamy and infanticide were among the comparatively milder forms of vice. It meant daily familiarity with deeds of blood and cruelty, the bare recital of which is enough to make the blood run cold. The fair face of day was stained red with murder, or veiled with the clouds of smoke from the ovens in which were prepared public feasts of human flesh.

Among such a people, and exposed to such perils, did these servants of Christ propose to labour for the extension of the kingdom of peace. Surely nothing but a realizing faith in the promise, "I am with you always," could have guided them in such a path of duty.

During the time that elapsed after their landing and previous to their settlement at Weslcydale, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh had made considerable progress in acquiring the Maori language. They were therefore prepared to enter immediately into communication with the natives. A school was established for the youths, in which were taught the simpler arts of civilized life and the elements of spiritual knowledge. A portion of land was fenced in and placed under cultivation; for the double purpose of affording supplies, and of setting an example to the savages, who had never known or practised even the first principles of agriculture. This latter was absolutely necessary to the fulfilment of the aim of the mission, as long experience has taught that little can be done toward evangelization of such savage tribes, until they are won from a mode of living which calls into play all the grosser passions of humanity. The missionaries have recorded the grateful feelings with which they witnessed the partially reclaimed natives reaping their first harvest.

Mr. Leigh's health soon failed under the labours and privations of his position. Stricken down by disease, fourteen hundred miles from medical assistance, with no adequate shelter from the frequent rains, save that offered by an old wine cask in which some of their goods had been packed, the situation seemed



gloomy enough. Such was the state of affairs, when one day a number of natives came running from the beach in great excitement, crying "Europeans!" Two gentlemen were seen approaching. These proved to be Messrs. Turner and Hobbs, Wesleyan Missionaries, sent to reinforce the mission. Many and fervent were the thanks uttered for such timely relief and assistance.

Thus strengthened, the mission party extended their operations. Journeys were made into the more remote parts of the country, wherever the absence of war and the friendly spirit of the natives made it possible. They wandered from village to village, cultivating friendly relations with the people, and addressing all whose attention could be arrested on the subjects of sin and salvation. Though no very immediate and tangible result followed from these labours, yet they were the means of awakening very general interest in the missionaries and their work, and many encouraging tokens began to be observed of the arousing of the public mind to enquiry concerning the truths which were taught.

Dark days, however, were in store for the mission. On the 26th October, 1826, much uneasiness was caused by the arrival of a message from one of the neighbouring chiefs, announcing his intention to wage a war of extermination against the tribe who dwelt at Wesleydale. A few days after, the invading army arrived. They encamped close to the mission premises, and began by roasting and eating, under the very eyes of the shocked inmates, the corpse of a young woman whom they had killed by the way. They then spread themselves over the ground attached to the house, tore down the fences and out-houses, plucked up by the roots the growing crops, and carried off everything of value they could lay their hands on. All that day, and all the next night, the missionaries and their families remained in momentary dread of being massacred. The next day, however, they learned, to their unspeakable relief, that an accommodation had been made between the tribes, and the invaders retired.

The peace which followed was delusive and short. The chief, before spoken of, seemed determined to fulfil his threat. Again his warriors overran all the surrounding country, and

either killed or drove away every member of the tribes which dwelt at or near Wesleydale. The mission house and its inmates were left alone in the midst of a devastated country. Nor was it destined even thus to remain. On the morning of the 10th of January, a band of hostile natives were seen approaching. They did not attempt to conceal their destructive purpose, but, having completely destroyed all the outbuildings, they made an attack upon the house itself. While the savages were effecting an entrance by the back door and windows, the inmates escaped by the front door, across the garden, through an opening in the fence, and thus through the fields into the open country. The nearest place of safety was Kiddu Kiddu, a mission station of the Anglican Church, some twenty miles distant. This journey had to be made on foot, over a rough country, and through a pelting rain, a harsh ordeal for weak women and young children.

The destruction of the mission property was complete. The people of the surrounding country were dispersed, so that it was useless to restore the mission on the old ground. The destruction of all the stores left the missionaries without means to establish themselves elsewhere, and no plan seemed open to the missionaries but to abandon the entire enterprise. Accordingly, on the 31st of January, 1827, the brethren sailed for New South Wales. Thus ended the first attempt to establish Methodism in New Zealand.

Discouraging, however, as were the apparent results of the mission so far, an unseen but powerful and widespread influence had been exerted over the minds of the natives. This was sufficiently attested by the fact that, within a few months of the withdrawal of the missionaries, an urgent entreaty to return, proceeding from one of the principal chiefs of the western part of the island, reached them. The invitation was eagerly accepted. Accordingly, in the following October, Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs again landed to plant the standard of Methodism in New Zealand.

Hokianga, on the western coast, some forty miles from Wesleydale, was the place where they proposed to establish themselves. A friendly chief, a numerous population, a healthy location, and a good landing for vessels on the coast, were circum-

stances which combined to recommend the place as a suitable base for missionary operations. Having erected suitable buildings for school and residence, they entered upon the work with renewed zeal, and not in vain.

From the beginning the enterprise had not been unaccompanied by tokens of success. But that success had been as the slow and gradual growth of the grey morning twilight. Now the first distinct ray of the rising sun shot clear and bright above the horizon. This was the conversion of one of a class of young men who were under instruction at the mission house, the particulars of which are worth noting.

The name of this first convert was Hika. He had been under the influence of the missionaries at Wesleydale, before that station was abandoned, and had been sufficiently impressed by the truth to follow them to Hokianga on their return. He had made considerable progress in the arts and learning of civilization; but, though serious and moral in his deportment, he had never evinced any of the signs of the inward workings of Divine grace. In the year 1830, his health failed, and the many hours of enforced leisure, which were thus thrust upon him, were utilized by the Holy Spirit, in bringing to his remembrance the saving truths he had been so faithfully taught. Nor did the Spirit strive in vain. The successive stages of conviction and repentance were clearly marked in his experience; and the repentance was unto salvation. It is the old, oft-repeated story. This first conversion, over which Methodism rejoiced in New Zealand, was of the same type as the tens of thousands over which Methodism has rejoiced in Britain and America. It was "being justified by faith," followed by the experimental attestation of "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." The young convert was received with great joy into the visible Church, by baptism, on Sunday, February 16th, 1831. We have often noticed how anxiously the first ripening fruit of summer is watched, and how eagerly it is plucked as soon as the yellow marks of maturity are seen. It was so with this first fruit of long and arduous toil. No sooner was it ripe, than it was gathered for the heavenly grower. But the chief value of the first ripe ear is that it presages an approaching harvest. It was

so in this case, and plenteous indeed was the harvest that now whitened in the field before the missionaries' eyes.

In the December following the conversion and death of Hika, the first native class was formed, and the first native teacher employed. The tide of success had set in, and nothing could stay its progress. Through the two following years cases of conversion were numerous, and the converts were formed into classes. This conversion did not consist in merely forsaking heathen practices and giving an outward adhesion to Christianity. Its subjects gave unmistakable signs of the Spirit's power, and bore the "marks of the new birth." Without these signs, Methodism, whether in New Zealand or elsewhere, never has been, and we trust never will be, satisfied with the results of her labour.

On the last Sunday in August, 1837, one hundred and twenty adults of both sexes, who had been under instruction for some time previously, made a public profession of faith in God, and were baptized in the presence of a crowded congregation. Again on the 18th of November, over one thousand persons came together in one place for worship, and nearly two hundred were baptized. Many of those received into the Church on this latter occasion had been foremost in opposition to the mission in its early days of struggle and danger, and had been chiefly instrumental in expelling the missionaries from Wesleydale in 1827.

The opposition of the natives had now almost entirely ceased in those sections reached by missionary operations. But Satan has many resources at his disposal, to prevent the progress of the truth. He chose Samson's expedient, and sent the foxes and firebrands of religious dissension into the fair and promising harvest field. A Roman Catholic bishop from France, and an Anglican bishop from England, now appeared upon the scene. There was surely room enough for them among the yet heathen tribes. But no, the pestilent weeds of schism and heresy must first be plucked up. So while on one hand the Anglican is zealously and piously denouncing the Methodist missionaries, declaring their preaching heretical, and their "orders" and ordinances invalid, he and his Church were receiving similar compliments at the hands of the Frenchman. This silly child's play

might be amusing, did we not remember that the farce was enacted in the presence of multitudes of heathen, who were sighing and dying for the gospel of which these heroic disputants claimed each to be the only legitimate custodian. Our workmen, however, had received too many God-given "seals to their ministry," to be seriously disturbed by the "apostolic" maledictions of these "Right Reverend Fathers in God!" The work went steadily and successfully on.

The progress which Christianity and civilization had made began to excite a good deal of attention in England, and various schemes were set on foot for the colonization of the country. Under the auspices of the New Zealand Company, a private organization, with trade as its chief object, many emigrants were introduced from Britain, and settlements were made by them in different parts of the main island. Many of these had been connected with Methodism at home, and claimed now a certain amount of pastoral care and oversight at the hands of the missionaries. Thus was their work both extended and complicated. Thus also was laid the foundation of what now forms the most important branch of New Zealand Methodism, viz., the English work: for it is to be regretted that, owing to the jealousy enkindled among the natives by the encroachments of the colonists, and also by the devastating civil wars which continue to break out at intervals among the rival tribes, the Maori branch of the work has not reached the dimensions which its early successes predicted.

To meet the demands for the growing work, it required large reinforcements of missionaries from England, as well as systematic utilization of native talent. A traveller who passed through the country, has described, in a book entitled "Savage Life and Scenes," an affecting incident of which he was a witness. The extract which we give will serve to illustrate how far these native assistants could be trusted in their work:—

"It was Sunday morning: a small bell was struck outside one of the buildings, and it was an interesting sight to watch the effect it had upon the dwellers around the *pa*\* One by one they came out of their houses, or crossed the little stiles dividing one court-yard from another, and, wrapping their mats and blankets about them, slowly and silently wended their way to the place of

\* A space in a native village enclosed with palisades, as a resort in case of hostile attack.

Higher education than that afforded by the ordinary day and Sunday schools was felt to be a necessity. Two institutions for this object were then put in operation: one for the training of native teachers and assistants; the other for the education of the families of the English missionaries. A printing press, that important auxiliary of mission work, was introduced, for the more convenient supply of Bibles, Hymn books, and other religious reading matter, in the Maori language, as well as text books for the schools.

The length which this article has already reached, forbids our further tracing the development of this interesting branch of our common Methodism. With a brief summary of the work, after a little more than a quarter of a century from its commencement, we close. In 1852, just thirty years had elapsed since Mr. Lee landed and planted the "Methodist Tree" in New Zealand. The beginning of that short period saw the country a blank, as far as Christianity and civilization were concerned. Its inhabitants were sunk in the lowest depths of moral degradation, and presented a full realization of Paul's just but appalling description, in the first chapter of Romans, of humanity without Christ. The labours of the first five years were almost entirely lost, by the enforced departure of the missionaries from the country; and nearly another five years elapsed before any satisfactory fruit was seen. Yet the end of the thirty years saw 4,422 communicants in connection with the Church; 3,500 scholars in day schools; about 7,000 Sabbath school scholars; 10,000 attending public service on the Lord's Day; twenty missionaries, with a large staff of native assistants and teachers; two institutions for higher education in successful operation, and others of the same class projected. Thus had "a little one become a

worship. On entering the building each individual squatted upon the ground, which was strewn with reeds; and with faces buried in their blankets, they appeared to be engaged in prayer. They then opened a Maori Testament, when a native teacher commenced the service. It would have been a lesson to some of our thoughtless and fashionable congregations in England, to have witnessed the devout and serious aspect and demeanour of these tattooed men, who, *without the assistance of a European*, were performing Christian worship with decorous simplicity and reverent feeling."

thousand, and the small one a strong nation." "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

NOTE.—The following figures, which have been compiled from the latest available sources of information, may be of interest to the reader as showing the present state of that interesting Methodistic field, the breaking up of the fallow ground of which has been recounted above. Among the European colonists there are 35 circuits; 46 missionaries; about 20,000 adherents; 2,658 members; 5 schools. Among the Maories there are 51 mission posts; 3 native ministers; 30 lay agents; about 2,500 adherents; 356 members; and 3 schools. These figures are from the Report for 1872-3. A large proportion of the native churches and societies seem to be in connection with the English missionaries. This would account for the seeming disproportion between the number of stations, and of missionaries in the native department of the work.

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## HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

'NEATH cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,  
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,  
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth  
A call to prayer.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,  
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,  
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,  
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendour  
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"  
Oh, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,  
Your lore sublime!

In the sweet-scented picture, heavenly Artist!

With which Thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall,  
 What a delightful lesson thou impartest  
 Of love to all!

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,

Far from all voice of teachers or divines,  
 My soul would find, in flowers of Thy ordaining,  
 Priests, sermons, shrines!

### VERY LOW CHURCH.

BY J. C. T.

THE quaintest of Dutch clocks ticks with solemn deliberation behind the door; the quaintest of straight-backed chairs stands in the snug chimney corner; and on the quaintest of mantels towers, amidst a profusion of crockery ornaments, a miniature grotto, whose two staid inmates, Jack and Joan, are reputed to be infallible on the subject of the weather. Seated in the straight-backed chair is the oldest inhabitant of our Staffordshire mining village, and as he smokes his calumet of peace, a pet tabby sits purring at his feet in supreme contentment.

"An' so, sir, you want me to tell you how I comed to know anythin' about the Methodys?" said the patriarch, having got his pipe into full blast. I nodded assent with eagerness; the tabby turned her grey eyes full upon him, and purred in a softer key; the Dutch clock, even, to my fancy, seemed to subdue its voice, and I saw the head of Joan in a scarlet hood peeping with instinctive curiosity through the grotto door.

Deliberately as the clock, and in a voice grown tremulous with age, the oldest inhabitant began his story. The words came out with the whiff's, which so wreathed themselves in fantastic clouds about his silver head, that I could have fancied almost I was listening to good Haroun-al-Raschid.



"It 'll be five an' forty year ago come Tipton wake," he said, "if memory serves me, since I jined the Methodys, an' afore then I never knowed what th' inside of a chapel or a church was like. Ah, lad—sir, I mean," checking himself at the sight of my white neckerchief, "I wur a sad dog in them days. I reckon the bull-baitins at Wedgebuy yonder 'ud a come on badly without me, an' as for the Tipton wakes, why bless you, sir, I wur the very life and soul on 'em. The Methodys were the plague o' my younger days, for at every wake time they tried to stop our sport wi' their psalm-singing and prayin', an' it often fell to my lot to put 'em down."

"And how did you do that?" I interrupted.

"In various ways," he resumed, with even more deliberation. "Duckin' 'em in the town pond by the green, peltin' 'em wi' rotten eggs, smashin' the windows o' the mectin'-house, an' such like. Ah! lad—sir, I mean, I wur a sad dog in them days, probably the best soldier in the devil's regiment."

The tabby ceased purring at this confession, and Joan emerged yet further from the grotto.

"But what set me agin the Methodys more than ever, was the goin's on o' one of 'em who worked with me in our pit. He wur an old man when I wur in my prime. They called him Honest Munchin, an' I b'lieve he was one who defended Wesley in the Darlaston riot."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, to relieve the pause which followed. It was a longer pause than usual, and the old man's thoughts seemed even to forsake his pipe.

"Ah, I shall remember Munchin to my dyin' hour. He was a torment to me in my wickedness, but he came to be my spiritual father."

"How did he torment you?" I asked.

"That's just the curious point I'm comin' to," he answered. "You must know that Munchin wur a sad dog himself in his young days, an' used to persecute the Methodys, but a chance word from a sermon preached by Wesley on the Bullen pierced his heart, and the lion became a lamb. And a lamb he was ever after, though never shrinking from his duty. He was one o' the preachers I helped to duck in the pond by the green. We soused

him again an' again, filled his mouth wi' mud, tore his coat from his back, an' left him in the street more dead than alive. An' yet, b'lieve me, next time we met he wur as gentle as ever, an' told me he forgave me all I'd done. *That's* what knocked me under. I could ha' stood a blow or a cursin' or anythin' else from him, but I couldn't stand that. His kindness heaped coals o' fire on my head, as the good Book says. I felt abashed at him after that. I couldn't bear to look him in his kind, honest face, b'lieve me. Yet I grew hardened in vice, and behind Munchin's back I jeered about him, and devised all sorts of mischief against him. He used to spend a part of every dinner hour in private prayer. Stealing to a quiet corner of the mine, he would be prayin' while we were blurtin' oaths and ribaldry. Once we agreed to go an' pounce upon him in his prayin' place, an' make sport of him. I was to be leader. So I went first softly on tip-toe, an' presently I heard his voice. I stopped an' listened, an' b'lieve me, lad—sir, I mean, I heard him prayin' for me an' all the rest by name. I could go no further. That knocked me under quite, *that* did. So I turned back an' made the rest come with me. He was like Daniel in the lions' den. We was the lions, but b'lieve me, that prayer had left us no teeth or claws to devour him with, so to speak. When we got about half way back to where our dinner-cans were left, a dull thumping sound almost deafened us, an' the little glimmer o' light from the shaft went clean out. For a moment we was dumbfounded. At length one said, 'It's a fall o' rock ahead on us, lads, an' we're buried alive.' He was right, too. A huge body of rocky earth had given way, an' we were blocked in without any present means of escape. Our tools were, as ill-luck would have it, by our dinner-cans on the other side of the blockade. In a moment rose a wild yell of despair from all of us together, an' it rang like a death-knell through the workin's."

The old man was warming with his subject, waxed almost eloquent, and became so absorbed that he laid his pipe on the ledge in the chimney corner to smoke itself out, at which unusual proceeding tabby gazed harder than ever, and Joan ventured yet further from the grotto.

"A voice in the darkness said, 'What cheer, comrades?' But we only answered with another yell. It was Munchin's

voice; and presently he groped his way to where we stood. Munchin soon found out the strait we was in, but he was as calm as a dove and as brave as a lion. 'Lads!' he said, 'we must work, an' trust in the Lord to save us.' His courage was wonderful, and we clung to him as our deliverer. 'Lads,' he said, with a voice as kind as a mother's, 'this is a serious time, an' we want all the help we can get. You've often heard me speak of One who is mighty to save. Suppose I ask Him to save us now?' We was all down on our tremblin' knees in a twinklin', but bless you, lad—sir, I mean, I felt as how Munchin might as well ha' prayed for the old serpent himself as pray for me; but I knelt beside him, tremblin' in every limb, and so did the rest, as this dear good saint of God lifted up his voice to heaven. What a prayer that was, surely! I had never heard a prayer o' that sort before, an' I have never heard one to match it since. He told the Lord what sad rebels we was (he put himself among the number) an' then he spoke about the thief upon the cross, an' the prodigal son, an' he made it out as plain as A B C, that though we all was so wicked that hell was almost to good for us, yet that the Lord wouldn't cast us off if we'd only come to Him. I could hardly believe it at first, even when Munchin prayed it, but somehow, as he went on, all my sins seemed to come rolling up before me mountains high, an' I grew more afeered o' them than I was o' the livin' grave we was kneelin' in; but Munchin went on, an' I felt as though that mountain o' sin was sinkin' me into the earth, an' I cried out, 'L. d, save me! Lord, save the worst sinner out o' hell!' an' presently"—here the old man grew so fairly excited that he got up from his chair and took both my hands in his—"presently the mountain rolled away, and I felt so happy here, here, sir,"—thumping his breast—"as I'd never felt before."

The old man stopped from sheer exhaustion, and I led him back to his seat. This was the longest pause of all, and I saw that tears were chasing each other down his wrinkled face.

"When Munchin had done prayin', I quite forgot for a minute or two all about the fall o' rock, but he urged us on to work as well as we could, without any tools save such stones as we could find by groping in the dark. Aye, it was weary, hopeless work, but I was so happy that I could a'most sing. We toiled

at it all that night and far into the next day, when hunger tamed us down, and we could work no longer. Laying us down in a sort of half-stupor, for I know not how long, we prepared for the worst. With what little strength I had left I tried to repeat Munchin's prayer, and that revived me even yet. Presently the sound of picks an' men's voices gave us hope, but we was too far gone to speak until they fairly broke in upon us, and carried us one by one to the 'sump.' Then they gave us a drop o' brandy to revive us, an' it brought us all round again in time. An' now they were for hauling us up the shaft, at the top o' which they said our wives and children were a'most wild to see us—my wife and only child are both in heaven now; but Munchin eyed me wi' a look I understood, and I said, 'Lads, we'll thank God for this deliverance.' The men who had rescued us thought me wondrous changed, but they said nought, and we all knelt down while Munchin prayed as beautiful as before. An' so, lad—sir, I mean, I've been a Methody ever since, and a Methody I hope to die."

The Dutch clock striking at this moment reminded me of the hour, and after thanking the old man for his story, I rose to take my leave.

"You're welcome to it all, I'm sure," he said, "for it does me good to tell the old story. It often makes me wish we'd got more Munchins now," he added. "An' when I hear of High Church parsons quarrelling about the cut and colour of their—of their——"

"Vestments," I suggested.

"Aye," he continued, "I was going to say petticoats. When I hear this, I often think o' my first Methody service in a cathedral o' God's own makin', down under ground—they'd call it Low Church, I reckon?"

"Very," I assented.

"But it was both Low Church an' High Church to me. It was low when it sunk me down beneath the weight of sin, an' it was high when it lifted me up to the arms of Jesus. Aye, an' dark as it was, we'd no need of candles to find the way to heaven. No! blessed be God!

'Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night,

Thine eye diffused a quickening ray ;  
I woke : the dungeon flamed with light.  
My chains fell off, my heart was free ;  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee!"

Tabby was fast asleep by this time, and Joan had come so far from the grotto as to suggest the idea that she contemplated suicide over the mantel.

" Good-bye, lad—sir, I mean," said the oldest inhabitant, grasping my hand with much heartiness, " Good-bye, an' a pleasant journey homeward. There'll be fair weather to-night, for I ha'nt seen Joan so far ahead for weeks. Good-bye !"

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## MAJOR MALAN.

BY THE REV. DAVID SAVAGE.

THE name which furnishes the heading of this article will be somewhat familiar in military circles in Canada, for Major Malan's regiment was once stationed here. He has lately given to the world an interesting autobiography under the designation of "A Soldier's Experience of God's Love and Faithfulness." It is modestly written, and carries its own evidence as an honest, grateful tribute to the sufficiency of divine grace, and the boundlessness of divine mercy, as experienced by the writer. The book opens bluntly—soldier-like. "It was midnight, 17th June, 1855, before Sebastopol. The regiments for the assault were paraded noiselessly in their camps. The writer marched with his to its appointed place in the trenches. The signal was given for attack, and with his regiment he advanced. . . . When the assault was over, a boy asleep on a camp-bed, his body pierced with five bullet holes, and not a bone broken, spoke very plainly of God's great mercy that day to him. It was an awful morning! I have often thought since, if the daring devotion and courage then and there displayed were only exerted in the service of God, what wonders we should see. But yet it is easier to rush on to an assault, to almost certain death, than to confess Christ."

A tender and touching reminiscence of Lord Raglan we must pass over, as indeed many other thrilling scenes, in this interesting book. Major Malan was left motherless when but three years old, but he believes the prayers offered for her child by that sainted mother followed him through the battle scenes of the Crimea and the struggles of his after-life. The awful carnage before Sebastopol impressed him deeply, as well it might. He prayed to God for preservation, as also for soldierly courage. Sent to England, he read his Bible daily; but the "veil was upon his heart." On his way to rejoin his regiment, by one blast of a hurricane the vessel in which he had embarked, and all on board, were exposed to instant destruction.

"It was an awful moment," he writes, "to many beside myself. As adjutant, it was my duty to get up and look after the guard and prisoners on the forecastle. Having given orders for their safety, I went up to the captain of the ship, who was alone on the poop. What a scene! Masts broken, and swinging to and fro; boats and taffrail on the port side gone; the helm lashed and deserted; the mainsail in ribbons. Holding on with all my strength, for fear of being blown overboard, I stood near the captain. Putting both his hands close to his mouth and to my ear, he shouted, 'You are in greater danger now than ever you were at Sebastopol. If the foresail goes, we shall all go to the bottom.'"

Again he prayed and earnestly vowed to be given up to the Lord's service. This was for him, in some measure, an hour of spiritual as well as temporal deliverance. When the hurricane had lulled one of his brother officers addressed him: "Malan, come to my cabin, and let us thank God for our deliverance." Most heartily was the proposal accepted.

Drafted to India, his first summer there was a trying one! Death was busy in the regiment. Many of the older men succumbed to the heat. Malan's experience in the ways of God was as yet but immature. He tells us:

"On more than one occasion I read the funeral service in the evening over the body of a man with whom I had spoken in the morning. The death of a man who was that day my orderly touched me deeply. He came for my sword about eight o'clock; at twelve I heard he was very ill in hospital; I saw him about two, dying; and I attended his funeral in the evening. I shall never forget my visit to him that afternoon. Oh to be able to speak a word of comfort to my dying friend! In an agony of despair I bent over him, fearing lest any should hear me: 'Joe, old boy, trust in Christ.' 'I do, sir,' replied the old soldier."

Attaining the age of twenty-one, he came into the possession of property, and was also promoted to the rank of captain. A brother officer suggested the desirableness of his returning to England to enter the Guards or the cavalry, but after waiting on the Lord for guidance, Malan decided to remain where he was, simply exchanging into another regiment. His sense of responsibility to God led him to consider what he could do as Captain of a company for the men placed under his command. Knowing that many of them could not read, Malan asked permission of his Colonel to read the Scriptures every Sunday afternoon in the barracks to those who were willing to meet with him. His request was granted, and for his encouragement quite a number of the men gathered to the service. At this time he did not attempt to explain the Scriptures, for he tells us he was unable to do so. Occasionally he read a page or two of "Venn's Complete Duty of Man." About this time it was that he passed from the experience of a "servant" to that of a "son."

"I was riding back from mess one night upon my camel," he says, "grieving as usual over the uselessness of my life for the glory of God and the good of man, when, as a ray from heaven, there came into my mind the verse of a chapter I had read to my men: 'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all' (Isa. liii. 6). What! the iniquity of us all? Then all my iniquity—that means, all my sins of omission as well as commission, all my sins, past, present, and future—all laid by God on Christ. Oh, the joy! Oh, the peace! How I got down from my camel, ran to my room, and falling on my knees before God, praised and blessed him and the Lord Jesus Christ! I have often since been grieved and distressed by sin, but I have, thank God! never, never lost that peace—peace through the blood of Christ."

Invalided from India, Captain Malan was put in charge of a detachment of invalids for England. The ship was of that class against which the voice of Mr. Plimsoll has lately been heard in earnest manly protest. The captain of the ship told Malan from the time of leaving the Sandhead that he could not keep the vessel afloat without the aid of his men. For over five weeks they had to pump the ship twenty minutes out of every two hours. The soldiers worked by day, the sailors by night. Amongst Sir James Outram's instructions to his subordinates, placed in Captain Malan's hands as he was on the point of sailing, was the following: "I trust I shall not be deemed unreasonable if I express a

very decided opinion that daily (before breakfast) the troops should be assembled for the worship of God. I do not ask for a long service. On the contrary, I think that all our services are too long for a military congregation. The week-day services I would make very short. But a service of some sort there should be, if only the reading of a few verses of the Bible," etc. Such a "minute" as this was thrice welcome to an officer of Malan's spirit and aims. He tells us he never passes the statue of Sir James Outram, on the Thames embankment, without thanking God on his account. At the first parade the above, with other orders, was read to the men. Attendance was made entirely voluntary, but the effect on the conduct of the soldiers was marked. A prayer meeting was also held before breakfast.

"Never was prayer more wonderfully answered," he devoutly remarks. "When the ship arrived at the Mauritius, I applied officially to the General to have it surveyed by a board of naval officers. This was done. After the survey, the president, an old captain R.N., told me, 'You have had the most extraordinary escape ever man had. The sheet of copper over the hole was only held by two nails; and if it had been washed off, you must have gone down.' How little do we know what is for our good! I often prayed, if it were God's will, for a good breeze to take the ship quickly to port. But such was not His will, for, had we had anything like a strong wind, the sheet of copper could not have held. As it was, it was the steady pressure of a gentle breeze, never more than five knots, never less than two, which, by help of the two nails, held the sheet of copper in its place. 'His tender mercy is over all His works.'"

"What encouragement the Lord gave me the very first day of the voyage," he exclaims, speaking of his ministrations to the sick. "It was in the afternoon. I went below. Both sides of the deck were lined with beds filled with sick and dying men. After speaking a cheery word to each of them about their health or regiment, I said, 'Comrades, let me read you the Word of God. Whether in sickness or health, joy or sorrow, this blessed book is our best friend.' I then told them how God had led me to believe it and love it, and asked them if they would like me to read to them. They thanked me. Many a poor sick fellow raised himself in his bed. They listened with deep attention while I read to them those precious words of the Lord Jesus in Luke xv. I had drawn my bow at a venture, in humble faith. I had hardly gone up on deck for fresh air when the corporal of the guard came to me. 'Sir, that deserter M'Niff wants to see you.' I was too tired then to go to him, but I went after my evening reading to the men between decks. This soldier, a prisoner, screened away from the rest, had heard every word I had read and said; and like iced water to fevered lips, the message of mercy had come home to his soul. 'Sir,' he said, 'I'm a great sinner. I've done very wrong, and I'm very very sorry for it. I heard what you read this afternoon, and I am like



that poor man. You said there was mercy for all who repent. I do most truly. Will God forgive me?' I took his hand. It was pitch dark, but I felt God was present. 'My poor friend, you are causing joy through all heaven,' was my reply. Simply I told him the story of the Cross, simply he believed. 'I am so thankful I came here,' said the poor fellow; and he added, 'Oh, sir, let me once more take your hand.' There was no humbug about this man. He had nothing to gain from me. He was dying of consumption. Every thing he wanted the doctor gave him. Great was his joy in God his Saviour. I talked with him every day; and when his blessed spirit was released, and I committed to the deep the body of my 'dear brother here departed,' the Lord sent a wave up to the very edge of the gangway to receive it with the tenderness of a mother to her child. That wave was a beautiful sight."

In the year 1868, Captain Malan's regiment was ordered to China, and it was at this time he was promoted to the rank of Major. The vessel in which he sailed was a man-of-war, and carried five hundred and fifty souls. Here was a fine field for employment during the voyage; and well it was improved.

At Hong Kong Major Malan rejoined his regiment. The heat (it was the month of June) was insupportable. To his great relief he was ordered to join a wing of the regiment then at Singapore. This gave him another voyage, and as he was again favoured with passage by a man-of-war, he found another field amongst the English blue-jackets.

"I was walking on deck one morning before breakfast, while the deck-cleaning was going on. A sailor passed me with a smile on his face, touching his cap, and saying, 'Good morning, sir.' 'Good morning, my friend,' was my reply. After noticing the glory of God's works around us, I asked him whether he had been listening to His Word since I came on board. I shall never forget the light which burst on that man's face as he said, 'Yes, sir, indeed, I have, thank God! I was the biggest blackguard on this ship, sir, and any man will tell you the same. But, thank God! that's all at an end. It was the night you talked to us of the pearl of great price. Oh, sir, I have found that pearl! I have found it!' His face was radiant with delight, and I could not doubt but that he had indeed, by God's mercy, been led to Him who has power now on earth to forgive sins.

"How I should like," he would sometimes say, "to be in command of a body of our men in some desolate island or solitary place, where there was nothing comfortable, and everything for the men's comfort depended on me! How I should like to show them what a Christian commanding officer could do! I would let them see, by God's grace, that a Christian can work as well as any other man. The island of Singapore," he adds, "was the place in which this desire was to be fulfilled. Thither in His own time He led me. I found, on my arrival there, that the men of my regiment were in a state of the utmost discomfort. The barracks were only recently occupied, and had been built in

the centre of a tropical jungle. The vegetation was luxuriant enough all round; but as it swarmed with cobras, rats, frogs, and mosquitoes up to within a few feet of the very doors of their barrack-rooms, it can be believed that there was not much comfort. The rats ate the men's things; the snakes came into the barracks; the frogs croaked all night; the mosquitoes gave them no sleep. This is no exaggeration. Men who have lived in barracks under such circumstances know how true this sketch is. Add to this, intense heat,—Singapore being within a few miles of the equator,—and the reader can picture to himself the condition of things. There was no clear space for out-door games; and a small parade ground, and the high roads with jungle on either side, were the only places for exercise. My brother major had done his best to find amusement for the men, and had got such things as he could procure in Singapore, and had opened a recreation-room. But this could not, of course, obviate the discomfort of the barracks; and the heat, and sleepless nights, and no out-door recreation, caused a crowded canteen, and a great deal of drunkenness. When men do not know better, and have no higher source of power against misery, they will drink."

We have not space to notice the wonderful transformation effected here by Major Malan's perseverance and courage. With the tenderness of true Christian feeling and the pluck of a British soldier, our hero faced the difficulties of the above graphic presentment, and ere long a change little short of marvellous marked the scene. "Officers of the American, French and Austrian navies who came to call on us were much struck by the appearance of the barracks, and could hardly believe that the British soldier had been able in such a climate to do such work." The jungle was cleared, a fine cricket ground leveled and turfed, beds of roses, balsams, and many tropical shrubs blossomed in beauty and fragrance around the barracks, and the effect of the whole on the *morale* of the force was as palpable as it was gratifying.

But Major Malan was to experience the truth of the Scriptures, that "all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." While the regiment was at Hong Kong a petition was sent to the colonel from the Horse Guards, complaining of Major Malan's administration. There is every reason to believe that this complaint was instigated from a Roman Catholic source, two of Major Malan's worst men having urged a Roman Catholic priest to make a report against him to the officer commanding the troops. The result eventually was an order from the Horse Guards reading thus: "I have to request that Major Malan may be informed that it is not within his province to impart religious

instruction to the soldiers under his command, and that he must discontinue the distribution of tracts of any religious tendency among them." The latter part of this order referred to the fact that a number of the soldiers had been induced to take the *British Workman*, and other similar papers. This order from the commander-in-chief left Major Malan no alternative but to dissolve his connection with the army; not, however, before his policy as a military administrator in the sphere he filled was fully vindicated, not only as his own conscience stood affected thereto, but also on the broadest and most general grounds. But for fuller information on this and many other points of rare interest in this autobiography, we must refer our readers to the book itself.

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## THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

BY THE REV. E. HURLBURT.

### ITS GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION.

MOSES says, the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there He put the man whom He had formed.\* This is the first reference in the Bible to the Garden of Eden. It is very clear that Moses intended to communicate to his readers a knowledge of the position of this garden, and that he wrote for the purpose of conveying an intelligible description of its locality. No other meaning can be put on his language. It is stated that a river went out of Eden to water the garden, and from thence it was parted and became into four heads. Of these rivers, the Euphrates is one; this has not changed its name since the time of Moses. All these rivers, we believe, had their origin in the Mountains of Armenia, in Asia. This points out Armenia as the site of Paradise, or the Garden of Eden.

### MAN'S FIRST HOME.

Adam was placed in the Garden of Eden after his creation. Adam was created in the latter part of the sixth day, and

\* Genesis ii. 8.

received from God an immediate communication as to his situation and destiny. In Eden he conversed with his Maker. Here he named the animals as they passed before him. Here God gave the Sabbath, His first ordinance to man.

From the fact that Adam talked with his Maker and with Eve, in the garden, we would infer that language must have been intuitive. As Milton has put it:—

“ To speak  
I tried, and forthwith spake. My tongue obeyed,  
And readily could name whate'er I saw.”

Marriage was sanctioned by God in the Garden of Eden. God said “it is not good for man to be alone.” Here the great law of matrimony was laid down by Divine inspiration, and quoted by our Lord as a Divine statute.\* In this garden grew every tree that was pleasant to the sight and good for food, and in the midst of the garden stood the Tree of Life, and the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. There was ample provision made for the natural wants of the human pair, as seen in the abundance of fruit which grew upon the pleasant trees of Eden.

While Adam and his wife may have admired the many pleasant sights in the garden, there were two trees especially on which they looked with wonder and admiration. One was the Tree of Life. Perhaps it will help us to a better understanding of the nature of this tree if we notice what is said in Genesis, third chapter, twenty-second and twenty-third verses; spoken after man had sinned, when the Lord said, “Lest man put forth his hand, and take also of the Tree of Life, and eat, and live for ever.” May we not conclude that the Tree of Life was the means of conferring immortality on man; but having sinned, he was excluded from the Tree of Life, and then became mortal. Access to this Tree may have been connected with religious privileges and an outward sign of spiritual access to God.

Then there was the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. This tree answered to its name; it was a test of good and evil. It was a single tree; and, as the Garden of Eden, after the Fall, was shut up for ever, its existence was neither preserved

\* Matthew xix. 5.

nor perpetuated. In the covenant God made with Adam in Eden, the condition was, the refraining from one particular tree—guarding it with a severe penalty.

#### TRANSGRESSION AND THE PENALTY.

While nature continued in its original constitution as God called it into being, its operation was the operation of God; but to assert this especially of mind after the transgression of God's law by man, would be an absurdity. The fall of man, therefore, and the voluntary perversion of his powers, and the consequent perversion of all the powers of nature in this world, are ever to be taken into account in treating this subject. Evil, which had been haunting the creation ages before, enters the Garden of Eden in its most insidious form. It approaches our nature; it attacks it on the womanly end, the weaker side. It appeals to taste, curiosity and ambition—the most excitable impulses of the female heart. Evil triumphs; our nature falls. The origin of evil must be looked for in the acts of created wills. This is the doctrine of all self-consistent spiritualistic philosophy. God's universe is based on order: an order which is the expression of the Divine will. Evil originates in a misuse of liberty. The possibility of evil is included in the idea of liberty; it being impossible to conceive a free being, save God, who is not capable of evil. Liberty is the necessary condition of all good, as it is the condition of the existence of a spirit. Has not God created spirits free—personalities?

The world's first woman was, of necessity, inexperienced. She had no historic foot-prints to go by. She knew her instructions; but they were set on no background of guilt and sorrow. The Word of God teaches that man's moral ruin was entire and complete. Still we cannot gather from Revelation that in the fall of man there was the *destruction* of the pure principles of his moral nature and the introduction of other principles essentially evil; but that the effect produced was a perversion of his moral powers from good to evil.

The Penalty which followed transgression we find stated in Genesis, second chapter, seventeenth verse: "Thou shalt not eat of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, for in the day

thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely *die*. Adam *died* the very moment he sinned; he was severed from God, the only source of life. We regard the corporeal death as referred to in Genesis, third chapter, nineteenth verse—the Lord told Adam “Dust (or *of dust*) thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return”—we regard this death of the body, not as a debt of nature, but as the *result* of *sin*, and not as a penalty; for Adam had God’s displeasure resting upon him when the arrangement specified in Genesis, third chapter, nineteenth verse, was *made respecting him*.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT OF MERCY TO FALLEN MAN.

The whole arrangement respecting the Serpent, Eve, Adam, and the ground, was made after the *promise* had been given of a *Saviour*.

These words were not written as a part of Scripture until about 2,500 years afterwards. We think it is very evident that the first pair and their descendants had clear and correct views of redemption. Bible truth assures us that they apprehended its saving character and understood its spiritual efficacy. By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain. The faith of Abel must have had an object. What was that object? The entire scope of Scripture teaching replies, The promised Saviour. If Adam had not clear views of redemption, where did Abel get them? or Enoch or Noah?

#### MAN DRIVEN FROM EDEN.

Genesis, third chapter, verse twenty-four: “So he *drove out* the *man*, and He placed at the east of the Garden of Eden cherubims and a flaming sword, which turned every way to keep the way of the Tree of Life.” On this passage one writer remarks, “Had the translators of the English Bible not been misled by some idea about a guard around the Tree of Life, they would have rendered the verse thus: “So He drove out the man, and He inhabited (or dwelt) between the cherubim at the east of the Garden of Eden, and the fire of wrath (a fierce fire) infolding itself to preserve inviolate the way of the Tree of Life.

## EDITORIAL.

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### METHODIST UNION.

THE benefits resulting from the recently consummated Methodist Union have been already most marked and manifold. Our Connexional horizon has been widened. We seem to breathe already an ampler air. Fresh impulses have been poured through every channel of our religious operations. New zeal has been kindled, and a more comprehensive organization of the various plans of Church work has been undertaken. Our Educational Scheme is successfully launched. The Missionary income is greatly increased. The Publishing interests have shared the general stimulus. An unwonted energy characterizes our Sunday School agencies. The consolidation and strengthening of portions of our work, formerly weakened by division, is going on. A national sentiment, broad as our country, is taking the place of local denominationalism. Above all, the seal of Divine approval has been graciously vouchsafed in revivals of religion and ingathering of souls in almost all our churches.

And these results we regard as only auguries of still greater achievements. As a Church we are summoned to a grand aggressive movement for the establishment of Christ's kingdom in the earth. The trumpet sounds the onset. The marching song of the ages swells into sublimer cadence—

“*Vexilla Regis prodeunt.*”

“The banners of Heaven's King advance.”

The voice of God, in tones which give assurance of final victory, bids us “Go forward in the name of the Lord.”

Having buried all past differences, and, like lovers once estranged, now reconciled, forgetting all past alienation, the only strife between the different sections of the now united Church is

a hallowed rivalry as to which shall most promote the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

The benefits of Methodist Union have been already so great as to make us wish to extend their influence. Gladly would we see the severed branches of the Methodism of this land united into one great family. Often has God's cause languished, or at least prospered less than it might have prospered, by reason of the divisions of those who should be as brethren. The soldiers who crucified our Lord ventured not to part His robe, which was woven without seam. But His professed followers have not scrupled to rend his body, which is the Church. The time for healing these gaping wounds, which utter dumb reproach, has come. The time for building up the waste places of Zion, the set time to favour her, draws nigh, nay, is already here. The feeling of Christian unity is growing in all the Churches. It recognizes that Christianity is something grander, broader, deeper, higher than any of our distinctive denominationalisms. When the mighty tides of ocean come heaving and hurrying landward, they merge into one boundless expanse the various salt and bitter pools upon the shore. So, when the tides of Divine grace flood the lower levels of our lives, minor distinctions are swallowed up in a grand unity, and the mighty pulses of the Infinite throb in every soul. When Christians, of whatever name, surround the Cross of their common Lord, or partake the banquet of His flesh and blood, or in lowly adoration at the footstool of Divine mercy, say "Our Father," the feeling of brotherhood asserts itself in every heart, and the tender reproach is heard, "Ye be kinsmen; why strive ye with one another?"

The times demand the hearty co-operation of all who hold the same doctrines, in unitedly opposing the rampant forms of error that on every side assail the truth. An insidious rationalism, that saps the very foundations of faith; a sensuous ritualism, that substitutes the pageantry of lifeless forms for the reality of a living power; a Mammon-worshiping greed for gold, and an eager pursuit of worldly pleasure, that corrode and destroy all vital goodness in the soul;—these are the common enemies of true religion against which we should oppose an unbroken



phalanx. Kinglake, in his volume on Inkerman, tells us that on that awful day, when the British troops were groping in the fog-clouds for the foe, one detachment kept up a vigorous fire against an approaching body of soldiers, whom on a nearer view they recognized as their own comrades. So, amid the fogs of prejudice, have not the soldiers of Christ sometimes poured their fire into each other's ranks, instead of reserving it for the common foe? Let the hosts of God rather rally round a common standard, follow the great Captain of their salvation, and go on to final victory.

Good old Richard Baxter in his day tried to effect the union of Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, and Independency—systems regarded as diametrically opposed. The amiable Bishop Bossuet sought to unite the national Church of England and that of France. More recently the effort has been made to unite the Anglican, the Roman Catholic and the Greek Churches into one. If the advantages of Ecclesiastical union are so great as to prompt the effort to combine such antagonistic elements, surely the various Methodist Churches of Canada, the daughters of the grand old mother of us all, already united by so many ties and common memories, identical in faith and practice, and scarce distinguishable in polity, may without sacrifice of principle come together in one body, rally around the same banner, and battle in the same ranks for the same glorious cause. Let us be content to lay aside denominational shibboleths, which have been too often like political war-cries, the expression of rancour and strife. Let us not frustrate Christ's prayer that His disciples may all be one, even as He and the Father are one.

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It was with no small trepidation that, six months ago, we took charge of this MAGAZINE. There were many formidable difficulties in the way of its success. Its path was strewn with wrecks of former failures. Many, even of its friends, feared that such would likewise be its fate. Much of our own labour, also, in correspondence, in business arrangement, in editorial and review work, has been done under pressure of other and engrossing duties. It may be regarded, therefore, an evidence of the quickened Connexional vigour resulting from Methodist Union, that from the very first its success was assured. We heartily thank our readers for their generous support, and our numerous and efficient staff of contributors for the admirable articles which have enriched our pages, which have together ensured this result. We have great pleasure in calling our readers' attention to the table of contents of this volume. It contains names of contributors and articles that would do credit to any periodical in the world. One great service that our MAGAZINE has already accomplished, and will more fully accomplish in the future, is the cultivation of the literary talent of many of our young men, and the furnishing a medium for its employment. We have already a large amount of material on hand, and have the assurance of literary aid from several distinguished writers. Contributors must not be surprised if their articles do not immediately appear. They must often give precedence to others which have come to hand earlier. Every section of our work, both geographically and with reference to its component elements, has been already represented, and will be still more fully represented in the future. No effort shall be spared to make this MAGAZINE the organ of the entire Church, and to bring into prominence all its varied interests. The next number will contain, as a frontispiece of the second volume, a steel portrait of the Rev. Dr. Wood, President of the Toronto Conference and Senior Missionary Secretary. Each subsequent number will also contain a portrait of some prominent minister or layman. We hope all our readers will endeavour to increase our circulation by obtaining at least one additional subscriber.

REMEMBRANCES OF THE LATE REV.  
GEORGE GOODSON.

BY JOHN CARROLL.

IN the Autumn of 1828 I made the acquaintance of the Belleville Methodists, then a united and a godly band, and learned to love them. I laboured in that circuit till August, 1829, and then left. Some two years after that I was there on a visit, and heard them talk in admiring and affectionate terms of a young man, then just out of his apprenticeship, who had spent some months among them, intermediate between the two dates above mentioned. They spoke of him as very much devoted to God; as affectionate and companionable; as zealous, and promising usefulness, and a melodious singer. His very name, in its alliterativeness, seemed to have music in it to me. This was the first mention I had heard of GEORGE GOODSON.

I was destined not to see him for another two years. We first met at a camp-meeting in the township of Augusta, during the summer of 1832, just at the time of the first cholera in Prescott. About the middle of the meeting, a young man about twenty-three years of age, medium sized, trim built, very straight, and very plainly, but very tastefully dressed, made his appearance on the ground and received a very cordial greeting from the inmates of the Brockville tent, in which town I found he had lived a while intermediate between his sojourn in Belleville and the time of the camp-meeting. His residence at that time was across the river St. Lawrence, somewhere in the State of New York. I afterwards learned that he had travelled quite extensively in the United States, which brought him largely into acquaintance with Methodism in that country, in which he felt a great interest all through life. That

young man was George Goodson. His face was plain, but features regular; and of very sprightly figure and carriage. I believe he was there as an exhorter, but do not remember to have heard him exercise his gifts in public. I observed that his manners were frank and very engaging.

I subsequently learned that during his previous residence in Brockville he had, in some of his exhorting excursions to the country, made the acquaintance of a Miss Shipman, in the township of Elizabethtown, west of where Lynn now stands; and when I went to the first district meeting for the Augusta District, after the union in 1834, which was held in Brockville, I found my recent acquaintance married to the woman of his choice, and settled in business in that town; and I had the great satisfaction of being their guest during the meeting, which was a long one.

It was from his own lips that I then learned that he was the son of a British soldier, born in the army, and left an orphan too early to realize the great loss he had sustained; but kindly cared for by one of his father's comrades; taught the elements of learning in the regimental schools; and that he had filled the place of a drummer boy. What nationality his parents were of I knew not, but saw that he had learned slightly to misplace his aspirations, which he never entirely got rid of. I also learned that he had been the apprentice of a notable Kingston Methodist, Mr. Dawson, where he was converted, and joined the Church.

My next interview with our deceased brother was about two years later, while on a collecting tour for the then much-embarrassed "Upper

Canada Academy." I found my friend and his wife residing in Kemptville, whither he had transferred his business. There I was their guest again, and was treated with great hospitality. I found Brother Goodson very active as a local preacher, and, indeed, that his heart was not in his business, but in the itinerant field. He had increased his library, and his conversation was of books, of study, and of preaching. And here I may as well remark that from this time outward I was compelled to modify my opinion of his mental capacity, and his literary tastes and habits, formed at my first interview. I had thought he was gifted, but not intellectual; that he was lively and zealous, but not particularly desirous of knowledge or studious to acquire it; and that, although a gifted exhorter, he would never make much of a preacher.

But every successive interview (and after he was well on in the ministry, he was on two several stations, that is to say, *Guelph* and *Dundas*, in a district of which I had charge, and besides visiting his circuit, after he himself had become a chairman,) brought me acquainted with the fact that he multiplied books, and knew how to use them; that he especially availed himself of the standard reviews to keep abreast of current literature and opinion; and that he made very considerable progress in the modern sciences. He had, for instance, a respectable knowledge of geology, and had amassed a large number of specimens.

But the staple of his reading and attainments was in theology and homiletics. He did, indeed, excel in exhortation, but he could explicate as well. A slight hesitancy for words always marked the opening of his addresses, unless when rising to exhort, but after he became heated with his theme, words "flowed apace"; and often a down-bearing tide of powerful persuasion characterized the application of his sermons. His voice was much in his favour, being

very strong and musical in speaking, as well as singing. The Methodist public do not need to be told how touchingly and melodiously Brother Goodson could sing. His memory was stored with a variety of sacred odes, which he knew how to use in enlivening social meetings and promoting revivals. It might almost be said of him, as it was of another celebrity with whom it is no dishonour to compare him (I refer to Elder Case), that he "converted more by his singing than his preaching." That might be said and not disparage the preaching in either case at all.

Brother Goodson went out into the itinerant field at the beginning of the Conference Year 1836-7, and commenced his labours on the old Matilda Circuit, among the demonstrative Dutch-Canadian Methodists of that region, among whom he was very popular. He had offered to travel on a single man's allowance during the first four years. The full allowances were small enough at best at that time, and often only partially paid; what then of the circumstances of a married preacher who only claimed half an allowance? No doubt our brother had straits enough; but he was affectionate, economical, and laborious, qualities which earned the people's good opinion and enlisted their sympathies. On his next three circuits, the *Richmond*, *Hull* and *Crosby*, he was alone, and, of course, in the superintendency; and got whatever the circuits raised, excepting what went to the chairman, who then travelled through the district.

Before his probation was ended, the first union was dissolved, but although nurtured in the British army, he adhered to the Canada Conference. During the dreary days of "separate action" (that is to say, of painful collision), when an eminent British Wesleyan Minister, Dr. Richey, had said, at a public meeting, in vindication of the purpose of the British Conference to maintain their ground, that "the

British drummer knew not how to beat a retreat," Goodson's ready response, still in military phrase, was, that "the British bugler ought not to sound a hostile advance on Britain's own sons." Thank God, the occasion for such sparrings have passed away for more than a quarter of a century! May all present rivalry end speedily and as happily!

It is not necessary to trace Brother Goodson minutely through his succeeding circuits — Mississippi, Perth, Napanee, Peterboro', Port Hope, Guelph, St. Catharines, Dundas, Mt. Pleasant, and Milton — until he became a chairman of a district; but every person who runs his eye over the list can see that his course was steadily onward and upward. Brother Goodson was pushing, won souls to Christ, and often enlarged his circuits.

After twenty-five years of circuit labour, our subject was entrusted with the chairmanship of a district, an office which he continued to hold till within a year of his death; and in this capacity, as well as in his pastoral office, he proved himself to be a good administrator. Like all ardent, emotional men, he was constitutionally quick in temper, and sometimes spoke a little sharply, but was easily appeased again, for so tender-hearted and sympathizing a man was incapable of bearing malice.

The springs of Brother Goodson's success were these: an agreeable person, prepossessing manners, observance of current conventionalisms, an ability to assert his place with an easy grace in the best society, while at the same time he was condescending to the lowly; an attentive pastor to a degree, grasping the arm or throwing his arm over the shoulder of an acquaintance in a kindly, familiar manner, and patting the heads, or otherwise paternally fondling their children; and when nothing else would do, Orpheus-like, he could soothe the rugged nature with mellifluous sounds. As one said of the late Dr. Noah Levings, so it might be said of Goodson, "That

gentleman has reason to thank God for the construction of his throat."

To Goodson the Church owes the praise of extensively "enlarging the place of her tent," and of "multiplying her converts." But he is gone! Pity we have to lose such men. But what earth loses the choir of celestial singers gain. And each gracious soul may sing the sweet refrain—

"There are loved ones over yonder,  
I will go and meet them."

Amen. God grant that our departed brother and his weather-beaten fellow itinerants may assemble

"Where all the ship's company meet  
Who sailed with their Saviour beneath,  
Where, with shouting, each other they greet,  
And triumph o'er sorrow and death."

I close with the last paragraphs of his well-written official obituary, which are as follows:

"Brother Goodson's health had been visibly failing for two or three years. After a severe illness at Bradford two years before his death, he was stationed on the St. Clair Mission, that there he might enjoy comparative rest. But the time had well nigh come for him to be released. Towards the close of March he showed very evident signs of rapidly declining life, though he still kept on at his work. He preached to his much-attached Indian congregation, on the 12th of April, his last sermon. He left home to try distant medical advice. No encouragement was received. He returned home to die. And looking the fact fully in the face, he felt that he was ready. He arranged his worldly affairs with great particularity of detail. He called his Indian leaders and local preachers to him in his sick-room, and held his last official meeting. Counseling them much in regard to the future, and commending them to God most fervently, he bade them farewell.

"Five daughters and one son, with their sorrowing mother, waited at his bedside, eager to render him aid or comfort. He had one paramount wish for them,—that they might all embrace and love the Saviour, and

prepare to meet him in heaven. They pledged themselves in the Holy Eucharist around his bed. It was a solemnly sublime scene. He received their pledge, and held them up to Christ with a faith which appeared prevailing, and called God to witness the consecration.

"He spoke of his early associates

in the ministry with great affection; mentioned his dearest friends in order; sent love to all his ministerial brethren; gave instructions respecting his funeral, and with the name of Jesus lingering on his lips, and a countenance radiant with hope, he passed away, calmly, sweetly falling asleep in Jesus."

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## HODGSON CASSON.

BY BENJAMIN GREGORY.

HODGSON CASSON was as real a gem as Methodism ever raised from darkness and defilement; albeit he was rather an agate than an amethyst, being quaintly streaked and variegated, as if by some freak of nature. Having enjoyed considerable personal intercourse with this remarkable man, we seize the opportunity of bearing testimony to his intellectual as well as his spiritual superiority; the rather as in our judgment, he has received less than his due share of general appreciation. This is owing, doubtless, to the fact that his eccentricities were so strikingly prominent as to cast into the shade his talents and his virtues. In truth, he was a paradox, being one of the most humorous, and yet one of the holiest and heavenliest of men. As spiritually-minded as Joseph Entwisle, as prayerful and as familiar with the unseen world as William Bramwell, as passionately earnest as David Stoner or John Smith, as self-denying, as hard-working and as shrewdly practical as any Methodist preacher that ever wore out a robust constitution by exhausting effort; yet drollery seemed an essential element of his personality. Much that was irresistibly amusing in his modes of speech and action arose simply from his homely, idiomatic diction, and his child-like simplicity and straightfor-

wardness; but the ingenious audacity, the cool outrageousness of some of his expressions and expedients, was such that one cannot but conclude that he had a keen though secret enjoyment of their exquisite facetiousness.

The combination, the blending of so much spirituality with so much oddity might seem to a superficial observer like a kind of *lusus gratiæ*; for even in "prayer and supplication in the Spirit," his quaintness would crop up. Yet this light-hearted and hilarious man, who diffused a smile over every face, was living all the while in the inner sanctuary of communion with God, dwelling "in the secret place of the Most High." Not only was he one of the most successful evangelists of his time, but he received unchallengeably authenticated intimations of distant occurrences; intimations issuing in prompt and effective action; which proved that he was admitted to fellowship and friendship with God like his of whom God said, "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?" and his who exclaimed with surprise, "Her soul is vexed within her; and the Lord hath hid it from me, and hath not told me;" or like his who said, "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the prophets;" or like his to

whom the Spirit spoke, "Go near and join thyself to this chariot." Some striking instances of this are given in Mr. Casson's Memoirs, but a still more impressive case we have heard from Dr. Waddy, who was an eye-witness of its details from beginning to end; and who, when Mr. Casson's colleague in Gateshead, conceived at the same time a profound veneration of his holiness and an enthusiastic admiration of his wit.

No one can candidly read Casson's "Life," or ponder his sayings and doings without perceiving that he was endowed with great intellectual, as well as spiritual force. Even in his later years, when shattered by epilepsy, there was about him a wonderful energy, hardihood, salience, and brightness; a freshness and fulness of mental strength, and a sparkling redundancy of fancy and of wit. His most startling expressions and expedients showed a profound insight into human nature, as well as the daring of an impetuous zeal. There was nothing of self-indulgence or of self-display in the enthusiasm which sometimes carried him beyond all conventional bounds. If he were *beside himself*, it was to *God: the love of Christ constrained him*.

It may be said that he should oftener have been *sober* for the cause of his more sedate and sensitive hearers. Of this we scarcely feel ourselves competent to judge. "He that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man." In any case we must be very chary of censure, in the face of such signal success.

Of one thing, however, we are sure, there was no wantonness or waywardness in his utter disregard of lukewarm and obstructive respectability. In his conscientious contempt of this great bane of the Churches, he said and did things which it would be as wrong to imitate as to condemn. But his recklessness of the conventionalities

of Laodicea and of Sardis was deliberate, systematic, aggressive; not freakish or fanatical. The indignation of them that were "at ease in Zion" could never reach the height of his holy disdain. But he shall, on this point, speak for himself:—

"I hope John C. will strip and work like a man of God. . . . Don't stand looking and thinking which is the best way, and the most pleasing to flesh and blood, whilst time passes and nothing is done. Now and ever, use such means as you would to get a sleeping family out of a house in flames. You would not stand and reason with the bystanders whether to get them out of the back window or out of the front. 'No, no,' you would say, 'let us have them out any way; and it must be done now.' . . . The first stranger you got hold of you would pluck him out, never inquiring whether he was of a respectable family or not. . . .

"I see where you are in danger. You have been, and perhaps still are, looking for a revival amongst a certain class of people who have long been hearers, and almost persuaded to become Methodists. In the meantime God breaks the hearts of some ragamuffins: they cry aloud, but you are afraid to enter into the apparent confusion, lest those you have had under your eye so long should slip away disgusted, concluding you are all mad; and *what is most surprising is, that Mrs. B., a sensible lady, should join in the uproar!* Permit me to relate an anecdote. The last Circuit I was in, I visited one place which had long been very low. I went, determined to kill or cure: laid on, as some of them said, unmercifully, and cracked the pulpit. An old respectable lady, that had been a constant hearer for more than thirty years, and was a great support to the cause by her donations, ran out of the chapel terrified. Poor Casson was doomed to Bedlam by professor and profane. The Methodists said they were ruined,—their best friend was gone; the wicked laughed, and said, 'They will come to naught.' The consequence was, hundreds came who never came before; sometimes there were more at the outside of the chapel than within; souls got converted, so

that in a little time the Society was increased to more than three-fold; and all originated with old Mrs. C. running away as if her clothes were on fire."\*

"Strip and work!" What cared Casson for the gloss of his clerical cloth when souls were perishing before his eyes?

When much enfeebled in body by frequent attacks of epilepsy, brought on by extreme exertion and wasting excitement, and by blows on the head received in the course of his evangelistic aggressions, he was compelled to adopt a quieter delivery and a more sober manner of conducting a prayer-meeting. His voice, too, was weakened; although clear and penetrating, it was thin and senile. But his intellect was as vigorous and vivacious as ever.

His aspect and bearing were those of a man who habitually dwells in the felt presence of God. Recollectedness was stamped upon his features, which were wan with suffering and sympathy, and pale with protracted prayer, for no dervish ever needed a prayer-carpet so much as did Hodgson Casson. There was nothing slovenly in his personal appearance. He was neatly dressed, though with quaint simplicity. His manner in society was grave, frank and kindly. He never betrayed an excitable or mercurial temperament. There was no eagerness or volubility in his conversation. In company he seldom started a subject. But whenever he opened his lips, in reply, in prayer, in saying grace before or after meat, he was almost sure to say something which would provoke a smile. In asking a blessing, if he thought the provision too lavish or luxurious, he would indicate his disapproval of undue profusion of viands in some such terms as these: "O Lord, bless all, baked and boiled; although there is so much more than enough; for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

In family worship he would de-

scend into the details of domestic life in the plainest vernacular, calling a kettle a kettle, and speaking of stocking-mending as mending stockings. In this there was no irreverence. It arose from his simplicity of character and homeliness of feeling and his sense of the sanctity of common life. In his view, "every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah" should "be holiness unto the Lord of Hosts." His prayers were *ex tempore*, in the most absolute sense. He would intercede for every member of the family, touching pointedly and racy on individual duties and dangers. He would note in the most piquant manner, coincidences and contrasts which no one but himself would have thought of. All these pungent phrases when rehearsed by some one else were very amusing; nay, were at the moment, and for the moment, tickling to one's sense of ludicrous; but—explain as you may, or leave it unexplained if you must—they made an impression,—more correctly, an *incision or indentation*,—as salutary as it was sharp and strange. We will confine ourselves to illustrative instances not related in his Memoir.

Praying at Woodhouse Grove, with no periphrases about "this interesting and important institution," but for a blessing on "the Grove," and "the Grove lads," he suddenly showed his knowledge of Grove lad nature by special importunity on behalf of "that dear boy who is looking at me through his fingers." That this was no very direct personality was proved by the audible dropping of heads which announced the instantaneous effectiveness of the petition.

Calling to see a newly-married couple who had taken possession of their house before it was quite furnished or finished, and finding the sitting-room in great disorder, he said, "I'll not interrupt your work, but we must have a word of prayer." The three knelt down amidst the litter, and Casson uttered this one petition—"O Lord, bless Thy dear servant and handmaiden, and gra-

\* "Life and Labours of the Rev. Hodgson Casson." Pp. 97-99.



ciously grant that they may never be both out of temper at the same time." It is credibly reported that the prayer was answered in a remarkable degree, an unguarded ebullition of temper in either husband or wife serving as a memento to the other of Mr. Casson's prayer.

The effervescence of his wit sometimes proved powerfully medicinal to doubt generated by depression of animal spirits. Once in meeting a Class, he found the Leader, an earnest and consistent Yorkshireman, in a state of pitiable despondency. "Well, Joseph," said he, "how are you getting on?" "O, moderate weel betimes, Mester Casson," the good man replied; "but I'se fleared (afraid) I'se niver mak' heaven on it." "O, Joseph, where wilt'a go then, lad? Why, if thou wast to go to hell, the first thing thou wouldst do would be to start a-praying, or shouting 'Glory be to God!' and the Devil would say, 'Who's that?' and they'd say, 'It's that Joseph —, of —.' And Satan would say, 'Turn him out; turn him out!' They'll have none of thee there, Joseph." The man felt at once that hell was the very last place in the universe for a soul of his habitudes. He laughed and cried, and shouted "Glory be to God!" and his Class-mates laughed and wept and shouted with him. The snare was broken and he escaped. What a comment on David's appeal,—"Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth. Gather not my soul with sinners!"

Casson's power of reply was ready and resistless. On the morning following the Sunday evening on which, preaching at Gateshead, he made his celebrated declaration that *the Devil was bankrupt*, he and his young colleague, the Rev. S. D. Waddy, were walking together in Newcastle to the Ministers' Meeting, when they overtook, on his way to the same place, a worthy, well-conducted brother, who, "with a vinegar aspect," and an air of dignified rebuke, accosted Casson thus: "So Mr. Casson,

I hear you sold the Devil up last night." "Ay; did he owe thee aught?" said Casson, in a tone and with a look which implied that probably the good brother had such deep personal interest in the transaction, that he ought, in all fairness, to have had notice of the final settlement of Satanic affairs.

His replies to kindly remonstrance were equally happy. One Sunday evening, after vehement preaching and a late prayer-meeting in Sans Street Chapel, Sunderland, as he tottered into the vestry, a surgeon followed him, and said anxiously and warningly, "Mr. Casson, how long do you mean to live?" "Oh, sir," gasped Casson, "I mean to live for ever!"

Mr. Casson's "speech was always with grace, seasoned with salt," so as to "minister grace unto the hearers," and that whether on roadside, coach or rail, or in the social circle. And the salt of his humour, granular, sparkling and pungent as it was, rather intensified than neutralized the savour of the salt of sanctity. It was almost impossible to be frivolous or censorious in his presence, moreover, it must be remembered, that his quaint sayings produced a very different impression as uttered by himself from that conveyed by a rehearsal of them by others, in a very different tone and spirit; possibly with unconscious and gradual exaggeration. It was as remote from Hodgson Casson's ambition as from vocation to furnish materials for a Methodist "Joe Miller." Indeed, so far from cultivating the comic side of his genius, he exerted strenuous self-restraint in keeping 'it in check. When a vote of thanks for his sermon preached during a District Meeting was qualified by the Chairman's regretting that "seven or eight expressions" had escaped the preacher which were scarcely consistent with the gravity of the pulpit, Casson truly replied, "There were more kept in than came out."

Yet any cultivated person who went to hear Mr. Casson for the first

time, with the view of making observations on the most developed specimen of the *genus Revivalist*, calculating on little more than an incoherent outpouring, with scant theology and questionable exposition, would be delightfully undeceived. We have no doubt that the pronouncement of the Chairman of the Whitby District with regard to the very sermon against which he had taken exception was strictly just,—“That sermon had more sound divinity in it than all the other sermons preached at this District Meeting put together.”

In native intellectual power he was quite equal to Thomas Collins, though far below him in mental culture. In the eye of a sound criticism the most audacious whimsicalities of Hodgson Casson's preaching no more impaired its simple, picturesque beauty, than the grotesque gargoyles and uncouth projections which betray the sportiveness of mediæval art destroy the solemn and impressive loveliness of some fine old country church; nor more than the *bizarre*, fantastic peak of *the Cobbler* can spoil the scenic glories of Loch Lomond.

Perhaps one reason why Mr. Casson's preaching was so much underrated by his brethren generally was because it was so much underrated by himself. He once said, “My sermons are like a hank of ravelled worsted. I pull and pull until I find the right end.” The right end was quickly found when we had the privilege of hearing him. His “ravelled hank” was like the “fine twined linen” of the Tabernacle, with here and there a loose and knotted thread.

This light-hearted, ladish evangelist commanded the reverence of all who came into close contact with him.

Doubtless, it is difficult to correlate the diverse phases of a personality so broad as that of Hodgson Casson; to find the higher unity which embraced his intense and lofty spirituality and his jocund sportiveness.

But the combination was in our eyes singularly striking and significant. It proved that in true spiritual-mindedness there is nothing harsh or crabbed, fearsome or unnatural; that on “the heights of holiness” the atmosphere is as brisk and exhilarating as it is pure and bracing.

“Thero grief expires, and pain and strife;  
'Tis Nature all and all delight.”

For ourselves we associate with the memory of Hodgson Casson the touching couplet of Archbishop Trench,

“And Faith, like to a little child,  
Shall play among the graves.”

It would be a gross injustice to Hodgson Casson to imagine that he was a sort of clerical buffoon or a consecrated rattle-brain. He was a veritable man of genius, with rare powers of description and a rich vein of genuine poetry. For delicate, subtle beauty of exposition we never met his match, except the lamented John Gostick.

But the apologist of such a man as Hodgson Casson himself, needs an apology. If the versatile, elastic and irregular zeal of this devoted minister put a heavy strain on the forbearance of a sedate and steady-going Methodism, what sublime *patience must he* have exercised towards those who could go on quietly fulfilling their appointments without making any incursions into the nearby but uninvaded territory of home-bred heathenism! We, not he, should stand at the bar: he, not we, should sit upon the bench. He could not bear to see Methodist Societies reposing year after year in a state of semi-somnolence. If the shapely, polished silver trumpet did not rouse them, he would try the blast and blare of the twisted ram's-horn. If the flashes of his zeal burnt off the dead stalks and withered weeds of past years, he consoled himself with the experience that they cleared the ground for a new growth. There was naught of irreverence in his enthusiasm, or of lawlessness in his seeming eccentricity.

When he dashed through conventional restrictions, it was in loyalty to a higher law, in deference to a more commanding consideration—the constraining love of Christ.

Of all the Methodist ministers we have had the happiness to know, the three who most conspicuously carried out the letter and spirit of the "Liverpool Minutes" and the "Rules of a Helper" and in whom was answered the prayer of the hymn, "Give me the faith which can remove," etc., were Joseph Wood, Thomas Collins and Hodgson Casson. Such a man

as Hodgson Casson will always prove a stumbling-block and a mystery to those who think that Talleyrand's instruction to his agents. "Above all, not too much zeal," is an appropriate rule of conduct for the servants of Christ. But Casson dreaded "the cold breath of the devil" more than he feared his hottest eruptions.

In our humble judgment, Methodism needs its Bramwells as well as its Buntings, its Cassons as well as its Clarkes.\*

*City Road Magazine.*

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## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

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### METHODIST UNION.

THE subject of Methodist Union has occupied much attention of late years. It is well known that the Wesleyan and Methodist New Connexion Churches in Canada have agreed to amalgamate. At the approaching Conferences nominations will receive their appointments by the respective Annual Conferences, without any distinctions as to who had been Wesleyan and who had been of the New Connexion Church.

Indeed, soon after the General Conference, held last September, some churches were closed and arrangements made for their sale, while two congregations agreed to worship together and not wait until the Annual Conferences shall be held. So far as we know, there has been no friction experienced, all has been done in harmony; and there is good reason to hope that the union now consummated will greatly redound to the Divine glory and the extension and consolidation of Methodism.

No doubt, there will be considerable difficulty experienced in getting

all matters finally adjusted so that all may feel satisfied; but, so far, there has been such a disposition manifested to accommodate each other, which augurs well for the future. Some sanctuaries will doubtless have to be disposed of, around which many tender associations entwine; but, the general good in all cases being considered, will help to bring matters to an amicable conclusion. There is always more or less disappointment connected with the stationing of the ministers, and probably, for some time, it will not be an easy matter for all to get such appointments as they would desire; while some of the circuits also may think that "the powers that be" have not dealt fairly with their peculiar claims; but, we are sure, that while Stationing Committees may not be infallible, they will always endeavour to accommodate all parties to the utmost of their power.

There are many reasons why the present union should work harmoniously. It partakes very much of the character of an experiment. If it should succeed, we may be sure that

\* It will be of interest to our readers to know that the subject of this sketch was the father of the Rev. Wesley Casson of the Canada Methodist Church.

its success will greatly tend to bring about some other amalgamations. Indeed, the Primitive Methodists have lately held an informal Conference in Toronto, which was numerously attended. The proceedings were largely reported in the daily papers, and are to be published in *extenso*, in pamphlet form. The Committee which called the Conference engaged that no resolutions should be submitted; but, that the meeting should be merely for the expression of opinion, so as to ascertain as far as possible what was the mind of the Church on Methodist union. Certain brethren had prepared essays on given topics relating to the subject, and we must say, that the papers read and the debates which followed, displayed no ordinary ability on the part of all concerned. It is evident, that a large number present were for union; but it is equally clear that a large number are strongly opposed to union. The positions taken by the unionists were sound, and the arguments used were clear and forcible. On the other hand, those opposed to union certainly did well, considering the odds that were against them. The question will come up again at the Conference of our Primitive Methodist brethren, and we trust that before the next General Conference of the Methodist Church, this branch of the Methodist family may in some way be engrafted in the parent stock.

#### MAY MEETINGS.

To some, this title may be incongruous, as they may not be aware that meetings are more peculiar to this lovely month than any other of the year. During this month, every hour of the day is occupied by the Anniversaries of religious and benevolent societies, which are held in Exeter Hall, London, England. Scarcely is one meeting over than another begins, and the various gatherings send forth a sound which is felt in all parts of the globe.

In Canada we are not so far ad-

vanced in respect to benevolent societies as our fathers at home; but still, Montreal and some other places have their Anniversary week. Toronto, though the capital of Ontario, has not followed the example of other cities to such an extent as to devote a whole week to Anniversary purposes. Two important societies held their Anniversaries on successive evenings during the first week in May: viz.—

*The Religious Tract and Book Society*, which held its forty-second Anniversary in Richmond Street Methodist Church, on the fourth of May. Bishop Richardson had for twenty-four years been President of the Society, and had occupied the chair at its annual meetings; but he died since the last Anniversary, and, as Dean Grassett had been appointed to the Presidency, he occupied the chair. The Society employs an agent, who travels extensively and holds public meetings for the purpose of collecting funds. Missionaries or colporteurs are also employed on the Welland Canal and in the shanties of the lumbermen, who read the Scriptures, distribute tracts, and hold religious services among the sailors, lumbermen and others, and are the means of doing much good. The past year has been a successful portion of the Society's history, inasmuch as the funds are largely in excess of all former years. The income is nearly \$20,000; and 1,269,870 pages of tracts have been distributed.

Excellent addresses were delivered by Professor Macvicar, Rev. A. Baldwin and others. The address of Professor Macvicar was especially deserving of remembrance, as he stated that in the Province of Quebec the power of Popery was such, that it could not fail to be a source of weakness to any government; and also that the people of the Romish Church have to pay so much money for building churches and monasteries, and getting souls out of purgatory, that they have little left for themselves. He averred that great numbers

of young men were leaving the country solely to free themselves from the dominancy of the Church of Rome.

The U. C. Bible Society held its thirty-fifth Anniversary on the fifth ult., in the evening of the same day as the Anniversary of the Parent Society is held. The Report of the proceedings of the past year was not so cheering as some former years, as the issues are 6,530 less than last year; though during the existence of the Society there have been issued 936,972 copies of the Word of God. The income is \$29,107.18, being about \$2,000 less than last year. Two reasons are assigned for this deficiency: the hard times, and the state of the roads during the winter, which rendered travelling almost impossible during the time that the agents were visiting the branches. In other respects the Report was cheering, and abounded with incidents of profound interest.

The Hon. G. Allen, sen., occupied the chair. A model Report was read by the newly-appointed Secretary, Robert Baldwin, Esq.; and speeches of great excellence were delivered by Revs. H. Baldwin, C. D. Foss, D. D., from New York; J. G. Robb, and J. J. Rice. The speech of Dr. Foss was one that will not soon be forgotten, and we venture to predict that this will not be his last visit to Canada.

The Society has made gratuities to the Parent Society, the Quebec Branch, Montreal Auxiliary, French Canadian Missions, and for colportage in British Columbia and Manitoba, amounting to nearly \$10,000. We hope that next year will be more prosperous in the annals of this noble Society; one around which all Protestants should rally.

#### TEMPERANCE.

THE readers of the METHODIST MAGAZINE are aware that the Temperance question has become one of the topics of the day, and that during the late session of the Dominion Parliament, a considerable portion of time was occupied in the discus-

sion of the question of Prohibition. The occasion of the debate was the report of the commission appointed at a previous session to enquire into the working of prohibitory laws in the United States, where such laws had been enacted. That commission consisted of two gentlemen of no ordinary ability, one a well-known temperance advocate, and the other not even an abstainer. From all that we can learn, the gentlemen did their work well, and spared no pains to arrive at the truth of the matter about which they were sent to enquire. They did not confine themselves to men of one class, nor to persons in the same position in society. They mingled with friends and foes, asked questions of clergymen, magistrates, judges, chaplains of prisons, members of parliament, and indeed of all from whom they could elicit any information, and though in many instances the parties with whom they conversed assured them that they were not prohibitionists, yet truth compelled them to admit that there was far less drunkenness and crime under Prohibition than under license, and that if the prohibitory laws were enforced with the same amount of vigour as attends the administration of law generally, there is not the least doubt but that drunkenness would soon disappear, and there would speedily be a great diminution of crime.

Such being the case, the friends of temperance had good reason to hope that some prohibitory measures would be adopted in the Canadian Parliament; but no, the old objections were made to do service again. It was said the revenue would suffer, and the country is not prepared for such sweeping changes, so that our Reform Government soon became very conservative. Surely no Christian Government should desire a revenue from the miseries of the people, nor are we aware that legislators are accustomed to ask if the country is prepared for any measure which they are about to enact. In our simplicity we always thought that it

was the duty of legislators to make laws which would promote the happiness of the greatest number of the people, regardless of the selfishness of a few who may oppose.

We are, however, glad to see the interest that the people now take in the question of Temperance. Since Parliament adjourned numerous public meetings have been held to advocate the cause. The various Temperance organizations are pushing the work forward all in their power, and we feel certain that an impetus has been given to Temperance such as will tend largely to its advancement. A convention is to be held in the Fall to decide as to what shall be the next parliamentary action, and in the meantime, as the conferences and synods of the various churches will soon be held, strong resolutions should be adopted at these church gatherings, to strengthen the hands of Temperance Reformers; and when the next session of Parliament meets in Ottawa every member should have a host of petitions from his constituents praying for a Prohibitory Liquor Law. Let PROHIBITION be the watchword of all Temperance people for the next twelve months.

We have pleasure in recording the fact that there is some probability of the various Temperance organizations forming a union. In these days of amalgamation there should be no breaches in the ranks of Temperance men. It has often pained us to find that in small places two or more organizations would be struggling for existence, not unfrequently opposing each other, instead of being combined against a common enemy. Our friends thus spend much time and money in merely maintaining their respective organizations, which could be much better expended in making war against the foe which deluges the country with floods of misery. In some places with which we are acquainted, there are so many evenings occupied with lodges of various descriptions that religious meetings are often neglected. We

hope that the steps now taken to amalgamate some of the Temperance organizations will be successful.

#### THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

WE take no pleasure in beholding the dissensions which exist in some of our sister churches. We rather mourn over them and pray for their removal; but, to give our readers a brief summary of what is occurring in the land, we cannot omit making some allusion to what is of public notoriety. In England, where the Church is allied to the State, it is no wonder that trouble should occur; but in Canada, where the Church is free from such an unholy alliance, it is to be regretted that there are found in its bosom so many different schools of thought, so-called. Ritualism and High Churchism have long been in the ascendancy in many parts of Canada; so much so that certain well-known gentlemen in Toronto have formed "The Church Association," which has become a powerful body, the object of which is to promote Evangelical doctrines in opposition to Ritualism.

Dean Grasset, and some other distinguished clergymen in Toronto, have seen fit to connect themselves with the Church Association, for which they have incurred the displeasure of many of their brother clergymen. At the last synod of the Diocese of Toronto certain complaints were made against the Dean, and a committee was appointed to examine as to whether there were grounds for taking such a course as would formally bring the Dean to trial. It is very clear that if the Dean was guilty of a violation of any of the laws of the Church, he had a large number of associates. Great interest was felt in the matter while it was pending before the committee, whose meeting was postponed again and again. In the meantime the chairman of the committee, Archdeacon Fuller, had been promoted to the new Bishopric of Niagara, and declined to serve on the committee, which led to a newspaper

controversy between him and the Bishop of Toronto. Doubtless the Bishop elect had trouble enough in St. George's, where his selection of an assistant minister had caused an eruption which will not be easily allayed. The committee has at last done its work, and made such a report as most people anticipated, viz: that the Dean had not been guilty of any breach of Church law for which he can be inhibited. There was evidently a great deal of sympathy created on behalf of Dean Crassett, as several addresses, numerous signed both by the clergy and laity, have been presented to him, indicating that a large number of clergymen and their people still hold fast the old land-marks of Evangelical Christianity.

We very much regret that so many of the young clergy especially are of the Ritualistic school, and that in consequence of their teaching, divisions are taking place in the Church, and separate congregations are being formed, and no doubt the Reformed Episcopal Church will thus gain many adherents who would otherwise have preferred to remain in the Church of their fathers.

#### REV. CHARLES CHINIQUY.

FEW names have appeared more frequently in the public papers during the last few months than that of this distinguished man. For thirty years he was a Roman Catholic priest in the Province of Quebec, where he was born, and in Kankakee, Illinois. He was a most zealous son of Rome, and laboured so as to secure the good-will of his superiors. As an earnest advocate of Temperance, he effected much good among the *habitants* of Quebec, two hundred thousand of whom took the pledge at his hands.

On renouncing Popery and embracing Protestantism, he became the subject of all kinds of persecution. The bishops and priests harassed him with lawsuits, thirty-four of which he defended and won. His life has been in danger again and

again, and the marvel is that he is alive. Some time ago he visited Montreal, and by reason of his lectures and sermons, he brought the wrath of the priesthood upon himself to such an extent that he had to be guarded to and from the place of his meetings. He was denounced from the altar, and persons who dared to go and hear him were assured that they would be denied absolution. Even the Montreal *Witness*, which published reports of his addresses, was denounced as a vile sheet, and all "the faithful" were threatened with fearful maledictions if they dared to support such a paper. Poor newsboys suffered all kinds of annoyance if they dared to sell the *Witness*. And yet we boast of our liberty and the freedom of British subjects. Is not Rome always afraid of the truth? Is Quebec Province to be the last battle-ground of the Papacy?

It is said that Mr. Chiniquy has accepted the position of Lecturer on Popery under the direction of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, and we doubt not but that he will cause no small stir wherever he may go. His lectures are calculated to arouse the people to the dangers which beset them by the spread of Popery. He delivered three lectures in Toronto, when Shaftesbury Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. Some hard things were said respecting the Papal system, and no wonder. We dare say that some would think him too severe, but we do not think that any can gainsay his statements. His utterances respecting Protestants sending their children to be educated in convents and nunneries, should be seriously pondered by all concerned.

We hope Mr. Chiniquy may be long spared to labour among his countrymen, and that he may lead thousands of them to the light of the Gospel. In one of his lectures he stated that during the fifteen years he had preached the Gospel some fifteen thousand French Canadians had been converted. As might be

expected, Archbishop Lynch cautioned his children against going to hear the "apostate."

#### ADVENT OF SUMMER.

AFTER an unusually severe winter, and a cold and backward spring, Summer has come at last. It appeared to be a long time coming, but now that it has arrived probably everybody is satisfied. Even the farmer, proverbially apt to look upon the dark side of the season, begins to look hopefully forward to harvest. Vegetation, it is true, has been tardy in beginning, but experience has taught us that such is the reserve force of nature with us, that, however late the Spring may be, all traces of its backwardness usually disappears by the end of June. Even now, the springing grass, the opening flowers, the increasing verdure of the forest, and the thousand warbling songsters of the woods, make us almost forget the unkindly character of the Spring.

#### STATE OF EUROPE.

THE political condition of Europe is not altogether assuring. There is one great disturbing influence which has long kept the European nations in hot water, which in all probability will do so for some time to come. Never, perhaps, in all the past was this influence more actively at work than at present. The Church of Rome has been the marplot of Europe for ages; and at no period in the history of the past was it more intent upon mischief than now. Made desperate by the reverses of the last few years, it is summoning all its energies for another grand, determined, and, if need be, sanguinary struggle, not only to regain lost ground, but to push its conquests to a point never reached before. If the peace of Europe is preserved for any considerable time to come, there can be no reasonable ground to doubt, that it will be in spite of the Papacy. The only hope that it can possibly have of either recovering the lost States of the Church, or of inducing Prussia

to alter her attitude toward it, is in a general European war; and if such a war does not come it will undoubtedly be because the most subtle and determined Jesuitical plotting has not been able to bring it about. Belgium is present apparently the base of the operations of this wily and unscrupulous power. Bismarck, however, has his eye upon its movements, and the notes which have passed between him and the Belgian Government, and the Government of Great Britain, show with what apprehension that astute and able statesman regards the movements of these Jesuitical plotters, and, at the same time, how little he is disposed to allow them to go far beyond the point which they have already reached, without his adopting very decided and active measures for their repression, and for the effectual abatement of a nuisance which is felt to be too great to be much longer endured. It is said that the firmness of England has for the present dissipated the war cloud, and at this, not only every patriotic subject of the British Crown, but every lover of his species will rejoice, so long as the firmness is not exercised in support of a power which is at war with the interests of peace, liberty and humanity.

#### "THE SITUATION" IN SPAIN.

IT is not easy to get any accurate and reliable information respecting the political "situation" in Spain, but there can be no doubt that the "irrepressible conflict" between ultramontaniam on the one side, and civil and religious liberty on the other, rages there as well as elsewhere. Both King Alfonso and Don Carlos seem to imagine—and perhaps they judge rightly—that the influence of the priesthood is an indispensable condition of success to any political party in that country, and both are disposed to bid as highly as possible in order to secure it. Rome would belie the whole of her past history if she did not make the best of such a golden opportunity.



We do not wonder, therefore, that laws have already been enacted, the tendency of which is to silence all opposition to the restoration of the confiscated property to the Church, and to effectually weed out from the State universities all who are disposed to set limits to the ecclesiastical power. It is not impossible that another baptism of blood awaits the handful of Protestants in that unhappy country. Still, it is the opinion of those who know most about the existing state of things, that whatever may be the political changes which may take place, or the form which the government may finally assume, the sternly repressive attitude which it maintained toward Protestantism, under the bigoted and bloody reign of Isabella, can scarcely again be restored.

#### REVIVAL IN FRANCE.

FRANCE is almost the last place from which we should expect to hear of a revival of religion. In addition to the overwhelming influence of Romanism and the evil leaven of Infidelity, which is circulating everywhere, the Protestant Church is so fettered by the State, that effective evangelism is rendered next to impossible. In a country where a room, however humble, cannot be opened for worship, a tract, however brief and simple, cannot be printed and put in circulation, or any step taken toward opening up any new ground, or extending the sphere of evangelistic labour, without official permission—a Government license must be obtained for everything—it is not easy to say how much can be done toward a revival of religion. But "the Word of God is not bound." This is as true now as it was in the days of St. Paul. It is not, and it cannot be bound, so long as there are self-denying and devoted men and women who love the truth; and whatever attempts men make to forge chains for it, it will run and be glorified. Mr. Pearsall Smith's labours in Paris appear to have not only re-

sulted in much good in that gay and dissolute city, but to have sent a thrill of spiritual influence and quickening to almost every Protestant community in the country; and even Switzerland has felt it. Our information is too scanty to warrant us in saying very much on this interesting subject; but, from what has reached us, we are led to infer that some real substantial progress has been made, and we shall certainly await with interest the developments of the future.

#### THE NEW HATS.

POOR old Pio Nono, in the reduced circumstances of the popedom finds it no longer convenient to evince the benevolence of his disposition, like some of his predecessors, in the bestowment of crowns; but he makes up, in part at least, for the lack of this ostentatious form of liberality, by a more liberal distribution of hats. And it is not impossible that he comforts himself, in the altered state of his affairs, with the reflection that crowns are at a discount throughout the so-called "Catholic world," and that the time is not far distant, if it has not arrived already, when an ordinary hat—not to speak of the bauble which the Papacy confers—will be a safer and more substantial possession than a diadem. It must have been a huge comfort to his paternal heart that two, at least, of the hats he has given away of late have been so thoroughly appreciated, and that the ceremony of conferring them has, in one instance at least, attracted so much attention. Poor Archbishop Manning has run a perilous risk of having his brain turned by the state of ecstatic beatitude to which he has been exalted by this marvellous act of condescension on the part of the poor old Italian ecclesiastic, who for the time fills the so-called chair of St. Peter. It is specially grateful to the heart of this distinguished pervert that he is elevated to the Cardinalate at a time like the present, when he has the privilege of suffering with his master. He evidently would not ob-

ject to even sharing the imprisonment to which the Pope has been for some years past so ignominiously subjected in the city of Rome, especially if his prison life should only be alleviated by an equal amount of privilege and distinction. Archbishop McCloskey has been almost lost sight of in the blaze of ceremonial splendour which attended his consecration. It appears to have been the biggest show that has ever appeared in the city of New York. Barnum has for once been fairly outdone, and his great menagerie and circus combined have been utterly eclipsed. Nothing like it has ever been seen on this continent before, we are informed; and, alas! nothing like it is to be witnessed again during this generation. Whether this last prediction is founded upon the physical condition of the new-fledged Cardinal, or upon some prophecy which has been uttered respecting his longevity, or whether it is thought that this will be the last hat of the kind which the Vatican authority will be likely for some considerable time to come to send to the United States, we have not been able to learn. However, if our American friends, who have allowed themselves to be so preposterously excited over this piece of splendid paganism, are not to have the opportunity of witnessing a similar display in their own country again, it is not at all improbable that they may have another chance of witnessing the same ceremony in Canada. It is rumoured—and probably the rumour is correct—that the Archbishop of Quebec is to be elevated to the same dignity with Archbishops Manning and McCloskey.

#### MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY.

THE success which continues to attend the labours of these two plain Christian men is simply wonderful. The interest which has been excited pervades all classes of the people, and so far from manifesting any signs of abatement, appears to be gradually extending. The clergy

of all denominations have availed themselves, and are still availing themselves, of the privilege of hearing the men who have attracted so much attention to themselves, and who are the reputed instruments of good to so many thousands; and though it would be too much to say that all have signified their approval of all that they said and did, it is evident that the common voice has been in their favour. Even many of the dignified clergy of the Established Church have been interested listeners at their meetings; and most likely they, in common with thousands of others, have been attentive students of the methods which have proved so successful in reaching classes which appeared to be beyond the reach of the gospel. Their influence upon Christian workers will, most likely, be more extensively and permanently useful than that which is exerted directly on the masses of the people. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of labourers in the Lord's vineyard have received hints from them which will result in increased usefulness as long as they live; and a host of men and women have been induced to devote themselves to the work of soul-saving, who, probably, but for them, would not have done so.

#### THE REV. WILLIAM TAYLOR.

AT the opportune moment, when Messrs. Moody and Sankey had found the work upon their hands so great, and the number of "skilled labourers"—to borrow a manufacturer's term—so few, that they were actually telegraphing to America for help, "California" Taylor, as he is familiarly known among us, appeared upon the scene. No reinforcement would, probably, have been more welcome, and 'tis almost certain that none would have been more efficient. The work which this distinguished minister of Christ has been instrumental in performing in other places affords the amplest ground of assurance that he will, by the blessing of God, give a good ac-

count of himself in London. The man who proved himself equal to the work of a successful evangelist among the nondescript population of San Francisco, as it was twenty years ago, and subsequently among the Africans and the East Indians, appears to be just the man for the work in the great metropolis of the British Empire. If he is only as successful there, in the work of winning souls, as he has been elsewhere, we may expect to hear of some glorious achievements. He has received a cordial and hearty reception, and London journals speak in appreciative and flattering terms of his ministry. Future developments will be watched with interest, by many who have watched with interest his movements in the past.

#### THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

THE open Conference of Primitive Methodists, held in this city recently, for the purpose of discussing the propriety of maintaining a separate denominational existence in this country, adds another evidence to the many, every day apparent, of the gathering strength of the union sentiment amongst Christians—particularly those bearing the same family name. Although no formal resolutions were presented, or votes taken, yet, judging from the tolerably full reports of the proceedings, union was in the ascendancy. Nothing could be more promising than the uniform good feeling that pervaded throughout the entire Convention, while there

was all that frankness and openness in the expression of opinion which should ever characterize brethren—the spirit was that of brotherhood and love. We thoroughly sympathize with those who betrayed an ardent love for home, and profound attachment to the Church which instrumentally led them to the Saviour; but, after all, personal feelings like these must be subordinated to the good of the whole. We are persuaded that no one taking a broad, generous view of the situation can fail to conclude that—whatever may be the case in the old country—here, and at this day, there is no good reason for a divided Methodism, but that, on the contrary, every consideration of weight, and every indication of Providence would point to the desirableness of a consolidation of all the Methodist forces throughout the Dominion. We see no ground for the fear that numerical and financial strength, consequent on such a union, would generate worldliness and supercilious pride. The fusion of the various elements would largely stimulate and promote our Church life generally. On the whole, the late Conference was one of the most hopeful signs of an approaching union that has yet been seen. We have been glad to observe, moreover, what was observable, also, in the Wesleyan and New Connexion Churches, a wise moderation on the part of the most earnest advocates of union, and a determination to guard against anything likely to produce unnecessary internal friction. We wish our esteemed brethren all possible prosperity.

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## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

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### WESLEYAN METHODISTS.

THE Parent Society of the Methodist Church has always set a noble example in respect to missions. Mis-

sionary Meetings are held at every preaching place, and usually, the Anniversaries at the small towns and villages, are red-letter days in the history of those places. Once a,

year, also, the Anniversary of the various districts is held, when a careful review of the work in that particular district is made, and the amounts raised by each Circuit are announced. In addition to sermons on the Sabbath, one or two other days are usually devoted to public meetings, which are seasons of halloved enthusiasm.

Our latest reports from England contain accounts of two District Anniversaries, viz: Manchester and Liverpool. At the former, Dr. Punshon, President of the Conference, presided, and gave one of his characteristic speeches, in which he made a grand review of the whole Mission work of the Wesleyan Church, referring particularly to its doings in Canada, during the five years of his administration. Dr. Punshon is full of hope respecting the future, and thinks that in ten years hence, the income will be \$1,000,000. The membership of the Mission Churches, in eleven years, has increased from 65,000 to 173,000, and yet the President thinks the Church has only, as yet, "been playing at Missions."

Rev. J. Nettleton, who had recently returned from Fiji, gave a delightful account of the work in that field. The Australian Conference is entitled to \$30,000 from home, but for the last few years, the Polynesian Mission Churches had contributed so liberally, that the sum of \$3,000 had been remitted home. The Roman Catholic Church has made several attempts to establish itself in Fiji, but has so far failed, particularly in respect to raising a native priesthood, because no Fijian will consent to live in celibacy.

At Liverpool, sermons were preached in all the churches, on Sabbath, and then, for three days in succession, meetings were held at the principal churches. The President, and one of the Missionary Secretaries, Rev. G. T. Parks, and the Rev. Gervase Smith, and other distinguished ministers were present. The attendance was so large that on two evenings, hundreds were not able to

gain admission. The amount realised by the District was \$33,385, being \$858 more than last year.

Manchester is known as the Metropolis of Lancashire. There are many benevolent societies of all descriptions established there. The Alliance, which is the chief Temperance organization of England, has its headquarters here. Manchester exerts great influence on the politics and social institutions of England. Some time since, John Fernley, Esq., a well-known Wesleyan, erected a suite of buildings, for the use of the Bible Society, the City Mission, &c., and now, we learn that some liberal gentlemen are taking steps to build a Memorial Hall, as a connexional centre, which will contain rooms for the Chapel Committee, Sunday School Union, a reading room for young men, &c. Some sixty gentlemen have inaugurated the movement, and we doubt not but that they will carry it to a successful issue.

We are glad to hear that the income of the Parent Society will this year amount to \$920,000, including \$100,000 legacies. This amount is not obtained by large donations merely, for the juvenile associations give increasing aid to the funds. In some associations large sums are realised, the amount being divided between the Home and Foreign Mission funds. It is found that the system of collecting small amounts weekly, gives much larger results than the former method of canvassing by means of Christmas cards.

The *Missionary Notice*, for March, is on our table, and, as usual, it is full of valuable information on Missions. The following, on Spain, will be read with interest by our readers:

The new Government is requiring from the various Protestant societies in Spain, a return of chapels, schools, attendants, &c. The object is, apparently, to ascertain whether the number of those dissenting from the Romish Church be of sufficient importance to render a continued toleration politic or not. At Barcelona,

our regular Spanish congregation is from thirty upwards, with sixteen communicants. About three hundred, including the parents and children, were present at the examination of the three schools in Barcelona. The English congregation has been temporarily increased by about forty men, from H. M. ship, "Invincible." There are fifty-three professing Wesleyans in this ship, and six are members of society, for whom our missionary holds a weekly class meeting. Two members of the English congregation have presented twenty dollars to the missionary, and have promised to continue that sum quarterly, so long as the services are held by him. At Port Mahon, in the Island of Minorca, there are twelve day and night schools, attended by three hundred and twenty-three scholars.

The same *Notice* states that on Wednesday, February 10th, Rev. L. H. Wiseman was announced to address the noon prayer meeting, held daily, at Moorgate street, and had chosen for his theme, "And as Thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone." He died two days before, so that his grave was a solemn sermon. He was not, for God took him.

Though we, in Canada, have ceased official connection with our fathers at home, yet, they do not expatriate us, for they often insert letters in their *Notices*, which have been received and published from our Missionaries in the North-West.

The Bible Society, with its usual liberality, has made a large grant of Fijian Testaments for the use of the Wesleyan Missions in that far-off land.

Leeds has long been regarded as one of the important centres of Wesleyan Methodism, but for some years past, it has been thought that the immense size of its churches, and their great indebtedness, have materially hindered its extension; hence, the number of places of worship has not increased as rapidly as was de-

sirable. Some time ago, a Church Extension movement was inaugurated, under the Presidency of Dr. Punshon, and we are glad to find that recently a Gothic church has been dedicated, in Beckett-street, which cost \$25,000, and will seat six hundred persons, a very convenient size.

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#### METHODIST FREE CHURCH.

THIS denomination is made up of the divisions which were made from the Parent body in 1835 and 1849. We cannot give its exact statistical state, but we believe its membership exceeds 70,000. Its Foreign Missions are in the West Indies, Australia and Africa. Great sympathy is expressed for the denomination in consequence of the death of the Rev. C. New, who laboured twelve years as a missionary in Africa, then went home to recruit his health, where he published a volume on Missions in Africa. Recently he returned to the scene of his missionary labours, but was cut down on February 14th by dysentery, fever and exhaustion. He intended to establish a new mission at Chaga, a country lying at the base of the famed snow mountain Kilima Njaro. At first he was kindly treated, but the treacherous savage chief robbed him of all the supplies which he had taken with him. He then attempted to return to another mission station, but did not get nearer than ten miles, when he despatched messengers for two missionary brethren; but before they could reach him life was extinct. Men of science mourn his death, as well as those connected with the Church. Sir Bartle Frere says, that his zeal accomplished more than the majority of other men would have achieved in a far longer period. Mr. New's brother was a missionary, and died in Sierra Leone some years since.

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#### METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

THIS denomination has had missions in Ireland and Australia for several years, and recently it has

prosecuted with great vigour a mission in China, where two missionaries and eleven native agents are employed: having two hundred and forty-two members and a training institution under their care. The following is the most recent intelligence which we have received:

The Rev. John Innocent writes from Tientsin, November 18, 1874, that the friends of idolatry have been and are putting forth great efforts to revive their tottering systems. Priests who were spending their lives in vileness, poverty and idleness, have come forth gaudily apparelled, reviving their temple ritualism, begging in the streets with bell and bowl, with iron skewers through their cheeks, with hands nailed to the wall, or with long chains fastened to their legs, which they wearily drag along—all intended to excite the superstitious feeling of the people. The highest official person in the province has revived the worship of the Dragon King, which is in the shape of a living snake, and in his wake have followed the men of wealth and influence in the city.

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#### PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.

IT is no disgrace to the members of this denomination, that they have always been noted for zeal in promoting open air worship, and other special services which have been greatly owned of God. Of late years, great attention has been paid to the education of the rising ministry, a college has been established at Sunderland, and a Jubilee School at York. We are pleased to find that, with all these evidences of prosperity, aggressive movements have not been lost sight of. From recent accounts we learn that the Rev. George Warner, who labours as an Evangelist, has been more than ordinarily successful, though we are surprised at the amount of labour he performs, frequently preaching twelve times a week. There has been an increase

during the past year, of *one thousand*.

One of the ministers has lately distinguished himself in a rather unusual way, by exchanging pulpits with a Unitarian minister, which has called forth a warm discussion.

From the commencement of the Connexion, the ministers have always been stationed by the District Meetings, and the majority of them have been confined to the districts in which they commenced their itinerancy; but of late years attempts have been made to break down this system, and allow ministers to be invited from all parts of the Connexion. Several letters have been published on this subject, some of which have not been couched in the most choice language, but, it is always difficult to conduct religious controversy in a religious spirit.

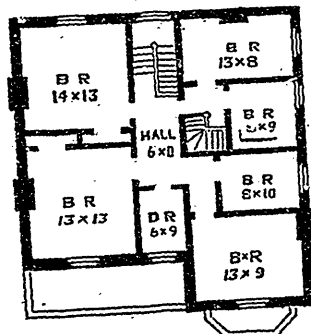
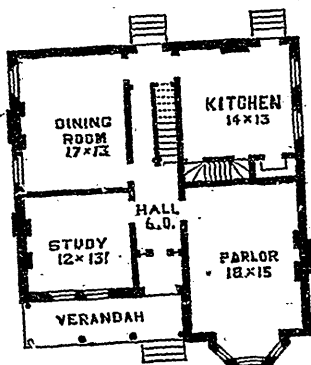
We rejoice in the prosperity of our old friends, but, in these days of union, we would like, in Canada at least, that they should imitate the New Connexion, and thereby relieve the parent society in England from further financial burdens, so that the money now sent to Canada could be expended in other fields where there is not such a surplus of labourers.

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#### THE REVIVALISTS.

MESSRS. Moody and Sankey are still enjoying such an amount of prosperity as has been characteristic of all their labours in England. They are at present in London, where there are "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." The largest halls and theatres are crowded at any hour of the day when they hold services. Not only do the common people hear them gladly, but, those of the aristocracy and nobility, and even royalty flock to their meetings, and great grace is with them all. The heart of every Christian must be cheered at those remarkable visitations from on high.

Conventions on Christian Holiness are now being held in various parts of England, which are attended by



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

FIRST FLOOR PLAN

DESIGN FOR PARSONAGE

Christians and friends of all evangelical denominations. Wakefield and Bolton have thus been visited. Nine hundred ministers met at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, and a still larger number met in London, all of which resulted in a large increase of spiritual power. It was agreed that April 25th should be observed as a day of special humiliation and prayer to God, that the nation might be delivered from the curse of intemperance.

A remarkable religious revival has been inaugurated among the river thieves, drunkards and gamblers of the slums in Water Street, New York. An unpretentious building has been converted into a kind of chapel, and prayer meetings are held every afternoon and evening. The ruling spirit of the place is Jerry McCauley, and the good he is doing among the lower class of unregenerated New York, bids fair to surpass the efforts of his more distinguished English brother, Varley, whose advent there has been so widely chronicled. This impromptu chapel was formerly a noted rendezvous for river pirates and dock thieves. It was a worse place than that of the famous John Allen. Over 50 persons came forward for prayers one evening, and there was intense excitement.

#### CHURCH ERECTIONS.

IN these days of church building, the following extracts from a speech delivered by the Rev. J. M. Buckley, Boston, U.S., are worthy of consideration. He said there is a growing habit of putting up hundred thousand dollar edifices, and leaving a debt of sixty thousand dollars upon

them. He referred to several marked instances where the hammer of the auctioneer already threatened these stately follies, and only the most heroic self-sacrifices on the part of the membership, and humbling appeals for aid from others can save them from such a painful ordeal. If the cause of religion did not suffer in these painful pinches, which always follow the attempted union of pride with poverty, we could look with great complacency upon the enforced sale of a few of these ambitious edifices; but who can estimate the effect upon a Church of such an oppressive debt, or the reaction of a final failure? In the struggle for life, incident to such a condition of things, every other interest is absorbed in the one work of paying the interest, if not reducing the debt. The pulpit must administer to this, as its one great office, or it is a failure. No great charity can be pleaded, for the "Greek is at the doors." "I have made up my mind," said an excellent man in our hearing, when the claims of an important Church enterprise were presented to him, "not to subscribe for anything else until our debt is paid." Think of the children and young people of a Church being brought up to give only to the reduction of a debt upon their own house of worship. Think of the whole force and energy of the Church devoted through fairs and festivities, simply to the "paying of the debt." It is the great fault and folly of the hour. Let us repent and reform. Neatness, good taste and commodiousness can be secured at a reasonable price. Spires, turrets and towers, simply add to the expense, but not the comfort.

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## CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

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THIS is a design for a comfortable parsonage, having on the ground floor a parlor 14 by 18, dining-room 14 by 17, library 14 by 12, and kitchen 14 by 14 feet, with convenient pantry, back staircase, &c.,



all under the one roof; a summer-kitchen, or wood-house, opening off the kitchen, could also be added. The upper floor contains six bedrooms and a dressing-room; a servant's bed-room and a store-room could be located in the attic. The cel-

lar would be placed under the kitchen. The design is for red brick, with white brick arches. A similar building has been executed at a cost of between \$3,000 and \$4,000. The Messrs. Langley, Langley & Burke are the architects.

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## BOOK NOTICES.

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*The Fallacies of the Alleged Antiquity of Man proved, and the Theory shown to be a mere Speculation.* By Rev. Wm. Cooke, D. D. London: 1872. Toronto: S. Rose.

The accomplished defender of revealed religion against the attacks of infidels in the sphere of theology, has again rendered signal service to the cause of truth by his exposure of the fallacies of a more covert but scarce less perilous assault on the bulwarks of the faith. The question of the antiquity of man is one of the most important of the recent discussions of science, and one about which many conscientious thinkers have been painfully exercised. If true, the doctrine, as Dr. Cooke has strikingly shown, conflicts in numerous points with the explicit testimony of Scripture. That testimony, we may admit, was not designed to teach us a system of geology, so we are not surprised at the omissions of the Mosaic record; but man and his relations to the Divine are the special theme of revelation, and we cannot refuse its evidence on this subject unless prepared entirely to reject its authority.

The literature of this subject is already very voluminous, and the theory of man's antiquity is sustained by a great array of learned names, and an apparently formidable amount of evidence.

The case may be briefly stated thus: The advocates of man's immense antiquity discover, they think,

evidences of a *palæolithic* or Early Stone period of human existence, reaching back probably one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand years; of a *neolithic* or Later Stone period; of a Bronze and of an Iron period of intermediate age down to historic times. It is assumed that man has passed through the different grades represented by these periods from the condition of a rude flint-using savage to his present civilization. Dr. Cooke carefully examines the evidence with reference to each of these periods, and with the utmost candor admits its full legitimate force, but is led to very different conclusions from those above mentioned. He shows that whereas the "Theorists" ascribe to their oldest iron relics an antiquity of only four thousand years, the Scriptures assert it to have been used during the lifetime of Adam. If man has been on the planet for one hundred thousand years, it is incredible that he should have remained in ignorance of so important a metal, which is widely distributed in a native or meteoric condition, till so comparatively recent a period as is alleged.

With respect to the Bronze age, there is no evidence that there was a distinct period in which this material was exclusively employed. Indeed the Scriptures assert that brass was used contemporaneously with iron very early in the history of the race. M. Figuier also admits that bronze implements are rarely found

alone, generally with stone or iron, and often all three together.

The *Pfalhbauten*, or lake dwellings of Switzerland, where many of these remains are obtained, are analogous to similar structures still in existence, and the piles on which they are built frequently exhibit every mark of the axe as plainly as if only put down a comparatively short time ago. They yield also grains of wheat and barley undecayed, flax and cloth unchanged in texture, vases, bracelets and bronze ornaments lying on the bottom of the lake in full view from its surface. These facts seem inconsistent with the alleged antiquity of these structures.

The remains of the *Neolithic*, or Later Stone period, are chiefly polished axes, hatchets and similar weapons, like those still made by our American Indians. There is no evidence why they should be assigned to a distant period, as they are frequently found mingled with bronze and iron implements. Even where they occur separately, they more probably indicate a different condition of life than greater remoteness in time—the rich using iron or bronze, and, as these would be necessarily expensive, the poor using stone.

The *Palaolithic* remains consist chiefly of rough stone axes and flint flakes found in the Danish *Kjokkenmoddings*, in drift grave! beds and in ancient caves. The *Kjokkenmoddings*, or "kitchen refuse heaps," are immense beds of shells of edible mollusks analogous to those formed by the Patagonian fishermen at the present time. They yield numerous stone implements, rarely with any trace of iron or bronze. Yet the absence of metal is no proof of a distinct period, but only of the greater rudeness and poverty of these savage fishing tribes. Sir John Lubbock, indeed, figures a bronze pin\* from a Scotch shell mound, to which he attributes an age of not more than a thousand years.

It is, however, the presence of

alleged human relics in the gravel beds of the river Somme, in France, and in the southern counties of England, frequently associated with the remains of extinct animals, that is assumed to carry the antiquity of man back to the most remote ages. These consist of the rudest conceivable flint implements, if implements they can be called at all. Indeed, Dr. Wilson admits that "wherever the wrought flints are discovered *in situ*, they appear to occur in beds of gravel and clay abounding in unwrought flints in every stage of accidental fracture, and including many which the most experienced archæologist would hesitate to classify as of natural or artificial origin." Actual experiment has shown that the natural cleavage of the flints from unequal expansion caused by the sun's heat imitates the forms of some of those so-called lance heads and axes.

It is incredible, as Dr. Cooke points out, that the race which in two thousand years has advanced from the condition of naked savages to the civilization of the modern Englishman or German, should have remained for one hundred thousand years previously in a condition of unprogressive barbarism, less able to provide a subsistence and resist the attacks of wild beasts or stress of weather than the cave bear or the hyena. Moreover, as our author well remarks, if man had existed for anything like that period, instead of a few thousand flint implements, we ought, in consequence of their so soon losing their cutting edge and being then useless yet indestructible, to find unnumbered millions of them amid the *debris* of ancient life. But even if these flints were wrought by man, it is by no means certain that the gravel beds in which they occur are of anything like the age ascribed to them. It is also passing strange that no human bones are found associated with these flints, although the bones of animals assumed to be contemporary with man are thus found.

\*Pre-historic Times, American edition, p. 292.

His remains have indeed been found with those of extinct animals in ancient caves, but these cave deposits may be the accumulated remains of widely severed periods, brought together by floods or other agencies. Even if man's contemporaneity with the cave bear and the mammoth were proved, it would only show that the latter continued to exist till a comparatively late period, of which fact we have independent corroborative evidence. Moreover, certain carved and graven bones, attributed to this period, exhibit spirited sketches of human and of animal form, which seem to indicate the use of metallic cutting instruments, and powers of observation and imitation inconsistent with his supposed savage condition.

The estimated antiquity of articles found in peat beds, river deltas and similar situations, is shown by irrefragable evidence to be frequently

greatly exaggerated. Thus a skeleton found at New Orleans, under four successive growths of cypress, and sixteen feet below the surface, was considered by Sir C. Lyell to be fifty thousand years old; yet at his own estimate of the rate of deposit, one thousand six hundred years was sufficient for the accumulation of the material, and the acknowledged historic period gives ample time for the growth of the trees.

The whole theory is a pyramid poised on its apex—a vast system based on a hasty and unscientific generalization from a too narrow induction of facts. Too much praise cannot be given to the learned and accomplished author we have been reviewing for collating in a single small volume the evidence scattered through many voluminous works, and furnishing also an unanswerable refutation of the erroneous conclusions drawn therefrom.

## Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

*"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."*

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUIT.	AGE	DATE.
Thomas Bickle .....	Hamilton ....	Hamilton, Cen.	75	April 23, 1875.
Hannah Frances Hall	New Road....	London, O.....	49	" 1, "
John Kirk .....	Toronto.....	Toronto 3rd ..	30	" 17, "
William Bridgman....	Smithville....	Smithville, O..	67	" 19, "
Sarah Haycock .....	Yorkville ....	Yorkville, O. .	70	" 5, "
Thomas Weldon ....	Dorchester ..	Dorchester, NB.	76	" 3, "
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