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THE
Wesleyan Repository,
AND
LITERARY RECORD.

APRIL, 1861.

SCRAPS OF METHODIST HISTORY.

We strongly incline to the opinion, that in regard to ability, as preachers of the Gospel, and adaptation to the exigency of their times, they were excelled by few in the subsequent history of our church in this country. They proclaimed the most important truths of the Gospel with a clearness and energy, and with such Divine power, as to awaken the most apathetic, and produce conviction in the most hardened in guilt; and then they pointed them so clearly to the cross, that there was no mistaking it as the only place of refuge and hope for sinners. They were able controversialists, and could adapt themselves, perfectly, to places and circumstances, aided by natural wit and humour, for which they were more remarkable than their successors, and which, in the rude times in which they lived, was often turned to good account. A Mr. H. preached in the presence of a Presbyterian minister on the text, "Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die." The gentleman thought that the drift of the discourse was against the doctrine of the infallible perseverance of the saints. Upon being invited by Mr. H. to speak, he arose, and proceeded to remark that grace in the soul is compared to leaven in the meal, and leaven is a new principle independent of the meal. When he had finished his analogical argument, Mr. H. arose, and addressed an old lady who was present, thus: "Mother, can you make leaven

without meal?" "Well," said the old lady, "I think it would be poor stuff." "Well, mother," he proceeded, "what becomes of your bread when it is made?" "We eat it when it is good," she answered, "but when it is sour or mouldy we give it to the hogs."* High Calvinism, Universalism, and Infidelity abounded in the United States, and whatever existed there was transferred here. How to combat these was to them classical and mathematical studies. Their Divinity was fashioned by the Bible, as its leading and saving doctrines were taught and explained by Wesley and Fletcher; they had access to few other works. When we reflect that the country of which most of these missionaries were natives, and of which all had been residents,—was but just emerging from the long and severe war, which gave their land a national independent existence,—that books were extremely ^{scarce} ~~secure~~ as compared with our day,—and that money wherewith to purchase was scarcer still, the resources of their country being well nigh exhausted,—that most of these ministers were young men,—that in the history of our Church in Europe, so in the northern part of this continent, it was the comparatively poor who first and most gladly embraced the Gospel; it could scarcely be expected that they should be found men of highly cultivated minds and deeply read in the general literature of their age. They carried with them only a few books—for few their saddle-bags could contain—these were their Bible and Hymn Book, Discipline, Wesley's Notes and Sermons, and another invaluable book for the times—Fletcher's Checks. All their standard works had to be imported from England. In 1789, they made an effort towards publishing, themselves, in Philadelphia. The first book printed was Thomas A'Kempis, next was the Arminian Magazine—mostly a reprint of the English periodical of that name,—the Methodist Discipline, Saint's Rest, a Hymn Book, and Mr. Wesley's Primitive Physic. Their capital was \$600, loaned the concern by their Book Steward, John Dickens. The publication of the Magazine ceased at the end of two years, and there was no periodical until 1815, when the "New England Missionary Magazine," edited by Martin Ruter, appeared, but it also terminated its career when four quarterly numbers had been issued. "Zion's Herald" was, we believe, the next—a weekly newspaper. The first number was printed January 9th, 1823, on a small royal sheet, measuring only nine inches by sixteen inches. It will, therefore, be easily seen that our pioneers, in obtaining general knowledge, in every point

* Peck's Early Methodism.

of view, whether as to money, books, or time, or even mode of transit, were not in a position for extensive reading. But the few books they had were peculiarly well adapted to qualify them for teaching man the way of salvation: these they studied, and with good effect, besides they were not cumbersome for their saddle-bags.

In reading the published journals of Asbury, Lee, and Garretson, as well as the lives of others, we observe a great variety of texts they give us, as those from which they preached, but we would judge by them, that they generally led to the presentation or enforcement of the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel closely affecting man's redemption. Yet they were great and successful preachers. Clearly understanding, and realizing saving truth—with the love of Christ warming and consoling their hearts—with implicit faith in their Divine call and mission,—they had the energy and impetuosity of youth, and the glow of the youthful convert; deeply emotional, with a perfect freedom from the restraints and chilling influence of modern refinement. They had strong voices, of which they made a good use, and they "cried aloud and spared not." They were encouraged in their work; they expected conversions, and had them with almost every sermon. It was no unusual thing, with some of them, to go to a settlement hitherto unvisited—preach, have souls converted, and a class organized before their departure.

They were, as before intimated, mighty reasoners. Controversy became a necessary habit with them; and there are even now names on our superannuated list, though belonging to a period following the one we are attempting to describe, who far excel the present race in controversial skill and acumen. It is utterly beyond our power properly to estimate the amount of our indebtedness to these heroes, for the enduring benefits conferred on Canada by their heroic defence of truth, and their uncompromising and successful opposition to ruinous and destructive errors. Any person acquainted with the floating element of religious opinion pervading the almost universal mind of Canada, cannot but be struck with the sound religious creeds of the churches, and the absence, save in rare and feeble instances, of erroneous and destructive heresies.

We lament the scanty records of our Church of those days and our criminal neglect to rescue many of its incidents and facts from oblivion; and were it not for its close connection with the Church in the United States—indeed their oneness—we would scarcely have any definite idea how or by whom the trophies were

won of which we are the witnesses. Canada formed part of the New York Conference, and we do not wonder that men of the ardent temperament and indomitable courage, and glowing zeal of the Missionaries sent to Canada could undertake such long and wearisome journeys as they did, when such scenes were witnessed of Divine power, and when such baptisms of the Holy Spirit were received, qualifying them afresh for the arduous duties of an ensuing year. Mr. Hibbard gives us a sketch of a Conference held in Ashgrove, N. Y., July 1st, 1803, which we shall copy:—

“Our Conference was attended by the blessing of God as usual; and on Saturday arrangements were made for preaching on the Sabbath. Bishop Asbury was to commence in the morning, and preach the first sermon, Brother Garretson to preach immediately after him, and Brother Thacher and Brother Moriarty to follow him, so as to have four sermons for the congregation that attended at the church. The next day the assembly was so great that it was appointed for the preachers to stand in the door of the house, and give up the seats in the house to the women, and the men were to stand out of doors. But the congregation was so large that they could not all hear. I, with other preachers, were on the outside of the congregation, and saw numbers turn away that we knew could not hear so as to understand. We felt grieved to see them gathering in little companies, talking of the news and politics of the day. Some preachers proposed to me to go into a wagon under the shade of some trees a little way off, and begin to sing, and those in groups would gather round, and we could exhort them without disturbing the assembly at the meeting-house. My heart was warm with love. I went on—they followed. We began to sing. The people gathered around, and many of the brethren that could not hear at the church came also. We had, I suppose, near five hundred hearers. I prayed, and gave out for my text, ‘*God is Love.*’ When I came to my application, the word was attended with power, and the wind blowing gently, carried my voice to the people at the church. They heard, and came flocking to our shade, around the wagon. I thought their meeting was out, and feeling the spirit of the Lord God upon me, I gave full vent to my feelings; and directly those who were in the church came rushing out to see what was going on at the wagon. Some jumped out of the windows, and the rush was so great at the door that Brother Garretson gave over preaching before he had half done. Preachers and people flocked around the wagon. By this time I was nearly exhausted, and gave place

for Brothers Thacher and Moriarty. I went to a house near by, and lay down to rest me, and after taking a little refreshment, I walked out to get some good of the meeting. The congregation was very large—more than could well hear the preaching at the wagon; and hearing some in the church, I went to see what they were about. I found they were holding a prayer meeting, and there were a few preachers sitting with them in the altar, and the seats in the house were nearly half filled with people. So I attended one or two prayers with them, and then I began to sing; and before we had sang the hymn through, the people crowded the church full. I thought I must exhort them once, and to enforce the necessity of religion, I endeavoured to illustrate the awful state of the damned.”

He proceeds to give an outline of his address, which must have been exceedingly graphic and powerful; for such was its effect, that the multitude broke out in sobs and supplications, and soon drowned his voice. Many, especially in the galleries, alarmed at the scene and their own emotions, run out of the house; but the preachers without met them at the doors, and formed a circle for prayer, and directed them to the “Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.” This prayer meeting closed the labours of the day, but not till nine professed to be converted. The scene had been one of great interest and excitement, and was reviewed the next morning in the Conference; but all debate about the interruption produced by Hibbard’s discourse was closed by a reference of Asbury to the good results, and a gentle hint to Hibbard on the power of his voice, which Asbury said was “heard distinctly a half a mile.” Methodist preachers never in those days allowed any one in their assemblies to escape the conviction of the word for lack of hearing.

A TRUE PRIEST.

“Give me the **PRIEST** these graces shall possess;—
 “Of an *Ambassador* the just address,
 “A *Father’s* tenderness, a *Shepherd’s* care,
 “A *Leader’s* courage, which the cross can bear;
 “A *Ruler’s* awe, a *Watchman’s* wakeful eye,
 “A *Pilot’s* skill, the helm in storm to ply;
 “A *Fisher’s* patience, and *Labourer’s* toil,
 “A *Guide’s* dexterity to disembroil;
 “A *Prophet’s* inspiration from above,
 “A *Teacher’s* knowledge, and a **SAVIOUR’S** love.”

BISHOP KENN.

THE HAPPY VOCATION;

OR, INCIDENTS OF MY OLD RUSTIC WALKING-STICK.

BY A WESLEYAN ITINERANT.

I have always had a Walking-Stick for journeys, and not yet for home, and though plain and battered, it is now precious for its age, its usefulness, and its history. It is not from a cedar of Lebanon, nor a sacred growth of awful Sinai, nor a scion of British oak, as Cowper says, "half a millennium" old, nor from a beam of some City Road, or John Street, Methodist Church; yet I like it, and on the principle of God's injunction to Israel by Moses: "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee." I do not, I trust; I would not forget the way since I was born at Retford, in Nottinghamshire: but I must not tell of my Mother's knee and kneelings; of both my grandfathers being for many years pastors of Churches; of the relentings of my boyish heart under Methodist preaching; of my going for the first time to class in endeared Chesterfield, at eleven years of age; of my twenty years and more in one Wesleyan Sabbath School; of my first sermon before the Superintendent of the Circuit; of the blessings of a British training, and of old British Methodism, to me; nor of a benignant HAND which was *my* guide and guardian: I need an octavo for thanksgivings.

I tremulously attempt a memorial of my friendly WALKING-STICK, which I obtained on the well-known Ashbydelazouch Circuit, where for six years I lived at picturesque Melbourne, and Sabbath after Sabbath—disliking horse-back—trudged a Local Preacher far and near. Happy days! It was at Melbourne a Methodist, Sammy-Hick-kind of miller, made the topmost story of my friend Adcock's wind-mill his place of secret prayer; and in that vicinity we had glorious hamlet prayer-meetings. Ashbydelazouch is no common Circuit in its associations. In the town there are medicinal baths, and debilitated Missionaries used to be appointed by the Conference to it. There I first saw Mr. Broadbent from Africa, Mr. Benjamin Wood, Smeathem, and Cheesewright, who slept in our prophet's room, with the double wall-flower below the window. Dr. Newton, Lessey, Toase, McDonald, Beaumont, William Dawson, came often with sermons and speeches, and we kept holiday. There I heard Angel James, Dr. Raffles, Parsons, Owen and Dudley, the Bible Agents, Winks, and Pike, who wrote the *Early Piety*; and of all I could say much.

We lived just by one of the seats of Lord Melbourne, where Lamb wrote some of his fascinating productions; and in the garden stood an ancient building, where, tradition declares, Baxter wrote much of one of

his works. Lord Derby had a seat near one end of the Circuit. Earl Ferrers on another part, where an ancestor of his lived, whose execution for murder at Stanton Hall, which I often passed, gave the Wesleys, Lady Huntingdon, a cousin to the Earl, and the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Shirley, a brother, unspeakable trouble. This is the Shirley Mr. Wesley rebuked for interference with his Minutes. Near Colereton Hall, the family of the Rev. Dr. Stinson, the President of our Conference, lived. He was born at Castle Donnington; and the Rev. Dr. Wood, our General Superintendent of Missions, spent some of the years of his youth at Derby, only a few miles from the Ashby Circuit. Breedon Hill had a venerable church upon its summit, seen for miles; and here the Rev. Walter Sellon was once clergyman, the friend and correspondent of Wesley, and a defender of Arminianism, which Mr. Shirley, the Hills, and Toplady repudiated. Here, it is said, Fletcher came sometimes. At the end of the Circuit nearest Derby was Swarkstone, where was an antiquated stone bridge spanning the placid Trent, and stretching across the Trent's lowlands for most of a mile. Another beautiful rural locality up the river, where I remember going to preach one Sabbath afternoon, in a farm house, was just by the seat of the ultra-liberal Sir Francis Burdett. Below Swarkstone Bridge was Donnington Park, the Marquis of Hasting's, of East India celebrity. At a mill on the back of Donnington Park, I have understood, the Rev. Dr. James Dixon was born. It was at this Hall, when Lady Huntingdon and the Cowper's were there, Mr. Wesley called several times as he travelled from one end of the kingdom to the other, more than a second Luther. Often did I pass the spot in Melbourne where Wesley preached under a tree; and he left an unction on his apostolic routes efficacious to-day!

Allege not that I am a dotard for treasuring a Walking-Stick first used amidst such scenes; and call me not a garrulous egotist for saying, that some of my Missionary impulses were derived from them, in that sanctified Circuit Normal School, and brought me to be a Wesleyan helper in Canada. Often have I preached twice, if not thrice, and walked ten, twenty, or thirty miles in a day, coming home, cheered sometimes by the nightingale, at lonely midnight, in winter met in the dark lanes, with a lantern, by my guardian-angel Sammy Sheldon, an unsophisticated Methodist miver, who used earnestly to pray that the Lord would "*explode*" his love in our hearts! I *must* bear in mind the English pathway, stiles, lawns, and hedge-rows in every direction I went, and love an affectionate people. I *must* bear in mind the chapels at Ashby, Griffydam, Swannington, Melbourne, Heather, Shackerstone, Meashem, Breedon, Tonge, Ticknall, Woodenbox, Swadlincote, and elsewhere, and

tokens for good which humbled me; and I *must* praise God for his grace; and cannot forget my Sabbath Walking-Stick.

I do *not* intend these statements to be my autobiography, yet the connection of circumstances renders it necessary for me to say, that my earliest thoughts of the Ministry and Missions go much farther back than that period, and that the first intimation of them at the Wesleyan Mission House, Hatton Garden, was unknown to me. One memorable Sabbath, when I was out on the Circuit, a Missionary just accepted for a Wesleyan Foreign Station, supplied Melbourne for one of the Circuit Ministers, and stayed at our cottage; and then it was that a good London wife, unbidden, did a work of strange supererogation, and divulged to the Missionary the tale of my impressions and yearnings! This was carried by him to London, and I had soon to correspond with the General Secretaries. Then shortly arrived, with "Speed" capitalized upon it, the following business letter, in elegant, dignified hand, from the Senior General Secretary, the Rev. Dr. Jabez Bunting, to the Rev. Thomas Newton, Superintendent of the Ashbydelazouch Circuit, which I shall for many reasons only part with at death: wishing assuredly, as I frequently do, that I had likewise autographs of the Wesleys, Fletcher, Coke, Asbury, and Losee.

London, March 8th, 1834.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

We want six preachers for Upper Canada; and, among numerous other applications, have considered that from _____ of your Circuit. If you can fully and heartily recommend him, and his wife, *in all respects*, we shall be glad to confer with him on the subject. Please to desire him, in that case, to come to London for the usual examination. He should be here by Saturday evening next.

I am, my Dear Brother,

Your's very affectionately,

J. BUNTING.

I obeyed the summons with trembling and extasy, travelled all night, arrived at Hatton Garden in my jean over-alls, was with other brethren a guest at a Secretary's house, worshipped in City Road, glanced at London wonders, preached one evening a trial sermon on Christian perfection, soon loved Dr. Bunting for his fatherliness, and in a day or two the Candidates stood by a bench for three hours and a half before a large Committee, then, as now, worthy of the distinguished Missionary character of our primitive Methodism. The venerated and beloved Joseph Entwistle presided with the meekness of St. John; and there were among the eminent Ministers, Bunting, Beecham, Lessey, Bell, Farrar, who, with

the Chairman, have since gone to their heavenly inheritance. We were accepted; and then I felt what preparations and final farewells were. My noble Father said, "Lad, I am going to bury thee!" and my first letter from home told me he was dead: but the remembered prayers of my exemplary Mother, that I might be a Missionary, inspired me in leaving incomparable England for life: I sold my lace machinery; met my Brethren for embarkation at Liverpool, and then laid aside my Local Preacher's Walking-Stick for an Atlantic ship.

What the cabined brothers and sisters of this privileged Missionary company thought of each other, the secrecy of journalism does not say yet. They adored the Providence which conducted them. They often got their maps out, and stationed themselves,—one, I remember, at Hull, on the Ottawa! They reached their adopted country, and the greetings of the General Superintendent of Missions, Dr. Stinson, and of others, were reviving indeed after forty-nine days and nights of ocean life. Our first lodging-place in Canada was the princely mansion of John Counter, Esq., of Kingston, who had fetched us in a yacht from Oswego, and who has soul enough for six bodies as many as his own, much like Robert Hall's. God bless *him* and *his* forever! Since then my heart has often in the backwoods thanked the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, then Editor, for his friendly, scriptural welcome in the *Christian Guardian*.

One of these British Missionaries was soon removed to the West Indies, and there died as he lived, a good man. Another was not long before he exchanged faithful labours here for the labourer's perpetual rest. Another, of research, and disinterested Wesleyan fidelity and spiritual zeal, has gone from us followed by his works. Another, with a large family, deploras retirement from duties, for which his deep piety, and biblical acquisitions, fitted him. Another has, by a Yorkshire piety, practical thought, reputation for promoting Wesleyan order, and unwearying exertions, won offices and deserved respect from his discerning brethren. The two devoted Wives in that company are spared in their infirmities to witness the prosperity of the Methodism of Canada. Another has ever deemed it the selectest earthly honour to share the frank esteem and confidence of his brethren of the Canada Conference, and asks in age no other privilege, than still to be permitted to do something with them—by Wesleyan Methodism—to spread the kingdom of Christ.

My first appointment in magnificent Canada was on an Island among kind and well taught Indians. My routine of labour was, a week with them, and a week twelve miles away, among other Indians and whites. I went in a birch-bark canoe on Saturday, and on reaching the shore, started on my week's "round" with nothing, "save a staff only," and when

next Saturday came the canoe returned for me, and I was ready on the shore for home. I found that in Canadian clay and swamps for days together I could not like my tough British Walking-Stick the less; and artless as the statement is, I ought to say, that I carried an ivory whistle to sound a shrill alarm in danger, and a long-bladed knife I bought in Liverpool to defend myself in attack of bear and wolf: but though I have seen and heard them, and been in the woods long, and at all hours, neither knife nor whistle has been needed; and when now I handle these unique Liverpool purchases, I smile at the fears of a valiant Englishman!

Another step in simplicity. After walking for weeks through the indescribable mud (Bunyan's "slough" modernized,) of the townships of ——and——, and sleeping I don't now know how, I thought I would dispense with my Walking-Stick, and I purchased a horse—my first horse in Canada, and as I conscientiously determined not to waste the Lord's money (for I reckoned all a Missionary had the Lord's) gave \$8 or \$9 for my Bucephalus; and then, I well remember, as I came near a settlement the people had full time for humorous observations, I was so deliberate! This was a losing speculation, and I fancy I gave my steed away, and with new zest again took my unspavined Walking-Stick from its resting-place.

Then winter came—new to me on foot—and I had twelve miles of ice to cross, and deep snows to get through, and I hired an Indian horse and cutter; but as I came to Canada to establish "*English usages*," I resolved to travel in hat and a ponderous coat I had brought, and eschew buffalo and cap. I had left my dear wife extremely ill on the Saturday to go to a week's appointments, but on Monday morning started on the ice to see her before my afternoon appointment, and in the middle of the bay down we went into a covered crack to the shoulders in ice and water; but the Preserver having provided a lower flooring of ice, I got out of the cutter, the horse sprang up with it empty, and made his way to the Island, leaving me to extricate myself. I struggled after many trials on to the surface, my clothes dripping and freezing, but could not walk the glassy ice: and I had not my Walking-Stick. Just then a stranger on shore with a sleigh, two miles off, saw me, and I saw him with eyes as wishful as a mariner's in distress. He came nearer and nearer, as if from the "horses and chariots of fire," and drove me home: I changed my clothes, saw my shocked wife, dined, and at half-past two I had recrossed the bay to my appointment, and was at the published time giving out my first hymn of *praise* in a shanty. The Lord knew what I was about, and I had neither bruise nor cold. On a Circuit, I had been visiting for the last time, a holy, exultant Local Preacher, and was on the way in my carriage to a coun-

try Protracted Meeting, when, without notice a wild teamster threw me over, and I paid sixty-three dollars to repair the wreck. I was without a bruise again, and both times I had reason to say, O that I had left home with my unsmashed Walking-Stick!

I now imagine the best way to save money is to buy a good thing, and take care of it; so that I have had my present horse, cutter, harness, buffaloes, bells, and whip about sixteen years, and they save me money. There was another Mission where I had this lesson of economy to learn. In my second, third, fourth, and fifth Canadian years, I had, with a colleague, nine townships to travel, besides the care of two Indian villages, and hearing much of a "Junper," I had one made, but instead of jumping in three feet snows, it broke. I then bought an old cutter, and spent sufficient in repairing it; when, behold! after a month or two, I was plunging through a fresh fall of snow to an appointment, and the runners spread themselves unusually under me, and I threw my buffalo and bear skins (for I had turned *Canadian*,) and blanket over the horse, rode to preaching, and then home, never looking back to see my faithless cutter again; and I thought of my faithful Walking-Stick.

I have since that time walked when I could not even ride my horse, like not a few Wesleyan Missionaries of 1861; and during one long important period the labour was eighteen hours in twenty-four, and daily long walks among the unsaved, new converts, the unbaptized, the sick, and the dead, I was glad of the aid of my Walking-Stick. The sanctity and friendship of the living have been a reward, and the heavenly shouts of old and young on their death-beds still ring through my heart. In Old England many Methodist Preachers have no horse, and are perfect pedestrians, preaching nearly every night in the week, thanking God for souls converted, and for "journeying mercies." Benedictions on all the honoured stated and occasional PLODDERS of John-Wesley-Methodism in Canada, in Britain, and in the wide World—the men of the hallowed Walking-Stick!

There hangs before me continually in my Study my scratched and weather-beaten Staff—the Staff of my most vigorous days. How gracious and safe, in life's solitudes and hazards, have been the leadings of God in all my pilgrimage! How long-suffering to me since I preached my very first sermon on the Chesterfield Circuit!—where ten or twelve good men I mostly knew became ordained Circuit or Mission Travellers for Christ, among whom were Hutton, Dr. Beaumont, Dawes, Bacon, Bromley, Crofts, Crookes. Beaumont, and I began our heralding in the same antique Birmingham pulpit. I left behind me a Wesleyan Conference, the finest body of useful men in England, and found in Canada an affectionate, laborious Wesleyan Ministry, and a generous people,—who, after twenty-seven years of

friendship, have a claim on me, or some one, for these simple and authentic reminiscences. I never had the advantage, in Circuit work, of a Superintendent in Canada; but I remember with gratitude every District Chairman I have had, and especially the candid and cordial Rev. Richard Jones, now the Co-Delegate: and have never yet experienced the despotism of the Chairmanship. The three eminent offices, of President, Co-Delegate, and General Superintendent of Missions, have ever been, and are, personally and officially, my boast and joy. My present position, in its esteemed personal associations, and evangelic aims, satisfies my taste, and is most opportune and gratifying. The *brightest* scenes I have beheld, thank God, in CANADA, have been efforts for Old Methodism; triumphs over bigots, the censorious, and pretenders; the Book-Room, College, and Periodicals of Wesleyanism; continuous Revivals among whites and Indians; a large yearly increase of Circuits, Ministers, and Members; Missionary magnanimity, meetings, munificence, diffusion; the Union of all the Wesleyans from the Atlantic to the Pacific under the wise and energetic old Canada Conference; and the strengthening of the love which binds us, while sun and moon endure, to paternal, unsurpassed British Methodism. The beauty and expansion of these Connexional spiritual scenes we owe entirely to THE SPIRIT OF GOD!

I look at my old stay and protector, and think of the better rod of Moses, by which marvellous might was made sublimely manifest in sight of the nations. I think of Aaron's rod that budded and blossomed, and gave almonds. Jacob worshipped leaning upon the top of his staff: shall I at last, weary sojourner, worship on mine? Losee, the first Methodist Missionary in Canada, passed over our waters, and I think of his first year's converts. Now, the Methodists are spread into bands; the ceaselessness of the bold and believing *Itinerancy* is, providentially, multiplying the bands; everywhere, by Divine power, Ministers and Laymen are harmonious and triumphant; and I exult in anticipations of the radiant future of the Wesleyan Church of Canada. O my beloved Israel—thy God is thy excellency and thy defence! Thou hast with thy Bible, a priceless theology, economy, literature, and agency. The God of thy shekinah have all the praise!—and these words of humble trust be mine when journeys are ending:—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

TEMPTATIONS OF MINISTERS.

“You don’t mean to say, Sir, that you do have any temptations or trials. Shure, I always thought that these belonged to us who are so mixed up with ungodly men, and surrounded with the world and worldly cares and anxieties.” Such was the exclamation of an honest, warm-hearted Irish convert of eighteen months’ standing in the Wesleyan Methodist Church, whilst in conversation with his minister on christian experience a few weeks ago. “And furthermore,” said he, “what is there to tempt or to thry you who is altogether engaged in God’s sarvice, and who have so little to do with the consarns of the world. “John,” said his Minister, in reply, “you have heard of books purporting to be the secret history of kings, statesmen, and courts.” “Aye,” said he, “and I have read some of them, too, and mighty queer revelations are made in them, so that one would hardly suppose that these great folks were the same kind of people at all at all, and did not occupy the same position at all that common history assigns them, when they have so much trouble with every one, trying to keep every body in good humour, and prevent them often from turning the palace out doors and upsetting the kingdom, even to tears and entreaties, whilst general history would lead one to suppose that they were lords and masters of the whole.” Exactly so, such in a limited sense, but for nobler purposes is the life of a Methodist Minister. He has his public and his private history ; the former read and known by many, the latter unwritten in earthly characters, known only to his Saviour and his God, and never shall be discovered by the most prying curiosity of men, or revealed in full to the most intimate and sympathising of his friends. It is not the weight of any one trial, nor the strength of any one temptation, that in general is so pressing, but the aggregate of the whole that presses him so sorely. Constituted as men are in this world, the avenues of pleasure may become the sources of pain, and the power of either depends upon the sensitiveness of our nature. It is the man that can most readily rejoice with those who do rejoice, that can soonest weep with those who weep. Such, as a general rule, is a necessary characteristic of a true Minister of the Gospel ; a hard impassioned nature God never designed to feed his lambs ; besides a true Minister must have keen mental perceptions, and, as a general rule, he must not only feel more than others, but he must know more. From his sensitiveness and knowledge originate many of

his keenest trials and temptations. These, in his case, must be hidden. He has not been sent to a circuit to excite sympathy, but for to sympathize with, and comfort and encourage others. Now, whatever tries his graces, or weakens his faith, or damps his zeal, must be a sore temptation. He may have no temptation to outward sin, to disbelieve his religion, or abjure his Saviour ; but he may become gloomy, question his call to the ministry, and become languid and inert in the discharge of his duties. He may be led to question the piety of many in the church, and have the mantle of charity torn to shreds, and behold in vision too distinct the faults and shortcomings of those to whom he is called to minister ; and if not possessed of the spirit of wrath, may have that of bitterness and distrust. Instead of doing his work cheerfully and in hope, he may become gloomy and despondent. Let these constantly or frequently occur, and I ask is such a man any longer fit for the work of the ministry ; and yet has he not strong temptations to lead him to such a state of mind and such a course of thought and inaction. His public life is imposing, it has a certain elevation, and is important in the truest sense, but it is attended with difficulties and temptations. How few feel grateful to him, or his Master ! It is patronizing him to hear him preach. That sermon which cost him much labour, and is really full of pith and meaning, yet, because the preacher has not every perfection of the orator, has not a voice of fullness and sweetness, is scarcely heard, much less appreciated. When did you last see a brother meet his minister at the foot of the pulpit, and thank him for his sermon ; that it was a source of spiritual profit to him,—“But, Sir,” they say, “it would make him proud.” Yes, many wish to keep the minister humble,—they pray for it, and labor to effect it ; and it is strange that he is the only person they suspect of being easily affected by it. They likewise fear the influence of money, lest he should become proud and arrogant ; so on some of our circuits our ministers are midway between living and starving. His position in society has a necessary respectability ; but to maintain it by necessary accompaniments is the difficulty. Fault is found, if he and his family, his travelling equipage, and his furniture, are not respectable. He is not allowed to dress like others, and yet he is expected to do all, pass through the life as if he had the emoluments of a professional man, with scarcely the wages of a good mechanic, or, as they would say in your country, “live like a gentleman.” Now, of all kinds of poverty, this genteel poverty is the most trying, and most to be deprecated. And on the other hand, if he succeeds in maintaining his position,—and as to externals, is respectable—how often do we hear it said, he dresses better

than I do, his wife and children better than mine, and his house is better furnished? Now, this vigilance of eye, this censoriousness, the difficulties to be met in obtaining this scanty support, and the patronizing airs with which it is bestowed, induces the Minister often to loathe the gift and despise the giver. This is wrong, decidedly wrong,—besides many of the brethren are possessed of a far different and more noble spirit,—but such is the tendency of the temptation. He knows there is one general law for people as for Minister, and this grand principle laid down by Scripture, “Ye are not your own,” &c. &c. : yet he gives himself—they a few dollars annually. But the gift of himself, with the glowing ardour of his youth, the strength of his manhood, and the wisdom of his age, are in the estimation of many more than balanced by the scanty support, and he is placed under infinite obligation to those who carefully and prudently mete it out. Is this no temptation to murmur and repine—to rouse any latent remaining pride as yet not dislodged from the heart of the minister? Hear me a little longer. Twenty-five years ago that minister was a young man,—he had as fair a prospect of worldly prosperity as the majority of his age,—he had mind, energy, health, and worldly ambition,—of good morals and industrious habits. Now he is far advanced in life—in moments of embarrassment and sadness, when he is perhaps striving to raise means to replace his worn out buggy by a new one, or perhaps he is compelled to purchase a horse,—he has been stipulating for a horse through the day with one of the brethren possessed of farms, houses, horses and cattle in abundance : he knew him twenty years ago, when they were about equal in property—but how they have diverged—the lay-man is rich—the minister is poor. Do you not think it possible he may be strongly tempted to imagine that he has made great sacrifices for the Church of Christ? The thought is sinful—he prays against it—overcomes it, and thanks God for his position. But the temptation is there.

Look at him as Superintendent. What a variety of character he has to deal with ! What petty prejudices and little local jealousies have an existence ! One is ambitious of position he is not fitted for ; another is adapted for office, but will not accept it ; another has been in office until he feels he is indispensable to the very existence of the Church, and his views must be met in every instance. Another, because you have been faithful in your reproof, looks upon you as an enemy, and withholds his quarterage. Because you expel a member, that the word of God and the Discipline of the Church have declared unworthy of a place in the Church, clamour is raised against you, and every effort is made to have you removed from the circuit. Another has charges preferred against him, which are investigated before a committee of intelligent and impar-

tial brethren, who declare him innocent of the alleged crimes; but the Superintendent is charged by the accusers as having influenced the minds of the committee, when you are perfectly aware that no undue influence was used. But, because you are firm and honest in the discharge of your duty, and will not allow your judgment to be warped by party prejudice or party clamour, or party threats,—that whilst you will not screen the guilty, you will protect the innocent. But, for all this you have a heavy price to pay: you must suffer quietly, slander and reproach from those you supposed incapable of either. It will be frequently rung in your ears, “stop the supplies;” and a premature removal from the circuit follows as the last instalment for the firmness of your principles and the rectitude of your conduct. And such are only a few of the constantly recurring temptations and trials of our ministers.

ORGANS IN CHURCHES.

The organ, in music, denotes the largest, most harmonious, and most excellent of all wind instruments; chiefly for playing a thorough bass, with all its accompaniments. That it is an invention of remote antiquity is generally allowed; but the particular time and country in which the discovery was made are uncertain.

The time when it began to be used in churches is also somewhat uncertain; but certainly remote. Bellarmine says that the organ began to be used in the service of the church about A. D. 660. Ammonius thinks, however, that this happened after 820, in the time of Louis the Pious. It is said Pope Vitalianus, in 658, introduced the organ into the church to accompany and improve the singing. Leo II., in 682, reformed the singing of the Psalms in the churches, accommodating with the organ the intonations which in the Church of Rome are sung to the present day. But learned Bingham affirms, that organs were not used in churches until after the time of Thomas Aquinas, about A. D. 1250. It appears also from the testimony of Gervas, the Monk of Canterbury, who flourished A.D. 1200, that organs were introduced into the English churches upwards of a hundred years before that time. This authority gives countenance to a very general opinion that in Italy, Germany, and England they certainly became frequent in the churches about the tenth century. Since that time this instrument has become not only one of the principal *ornaments* in churches, but it has also contributed to the perfection of the musical art; and this art, as well as that of poetry, painting, architecture, eloquence, and literature in general, is much indebted to religion for its advancement and support; so also in return; poetry by its strains,

architecture by its taste and magnificence, and music by its devotional inspirations, have all contributed to the support of religion. Whilst, therefore, for nearly a thousand years, there have been vexatious disputes in the church on nearly as many questions—on the habits of the clergy, forms of church government, powers of the sacerdotal office, &c.,—the propriety of the use of organs in churches has been generally conceded.

Before the reformation, there was but one kind of sacred music in Europe: the plain chant of the organ, and the descant built upon it. And to show how simple and solemn this music was from the very first, any ornamental style, as the “staccato,” attempted to be introduced by the singers, was at once stopped, and corrected, and the principles of the plain chant rigorously observed. So sober and devout were they at this time that teachers would not allow the singing of two notes upon one syllable.

It was through the introduction of organs into churches that their admirers formed those correct ideas of harmony, that the first union of sounds most grateful to the ear—the minor thirds were used in the conclusion of chants. And what is called the counter point, denoting the notation of harmony, or *music in parts*, was an improvement of the organ, when used in churches, long before secular music began to be cultivated.

It is true, in the seventeenth century, however, during the civil wars, organs were removed from the churches in England, and so generally reprobated, that, at the Restoration there could scarce be found either organists, organ builders, or singers,—but fanatics, levellers, and king-killers, can never be either our examples in religion, or our guide in psalmody.

To the honor of music it has been observed, that it was the first of the arts, having preceded the rest in order of time; and that it is much more to be honoured in this, that it will exist in the church, when they can no longer be of any use—and survive improved when all others shall be forgotten. This opinion must be correct, if inspiration be any warranty for our sentiments. (Rev. 14, 2.)

But whole churches, many people, and among them, a few excellent but prejudiced Methodists, have opposed the introduction of organs into churches. The latter, for argument, have pressed to their aid the authority and taste of our Mr. Wesley. His answer to Dr. Clark when asked for his opinion on the propriety of admitting instrumental music into churches—“that he had no objections, provided they were neither heard nor seen”—is confidently quoted as conclusive. The Wesleys were men of “refined taste;” and were educated at Oxford, where music was one of the Faculties. When they were shut out of the churches of the establishment, and had to preach in the open air, they generally raised.

their own tunes, which capacity they had learned in the churches where the psalmody was lead on by the pealing organ.

When Mr. Wesley was at Herrnhuth in 1738, he saw all the young men march round the village in the evening, as was their custom, *singing praises*, with *instruments* of music—and yet, said he, “I could gladly have spent my life here,”—that is, with christians singing praise to God with instruments of music!

As early as 1742, Mr. Wesley issued a “a collection of tunes set to music, as sung at the Foundry.” He published a small work on “The grounds of Vocal Music.” Three other publications followed, these at intervals in “Sacred Harmony” adapted to “the voice, harpsichord, and ORGAN, for *he was not opposed to instrumental music in divine worship*,” though for the prevention of disputes in the societies, he directed them to set up “no organ anywhere till proposed in Conference” (see Stephens’ His. Meth., 2 vol, p, 302.) Thus it is evident Mr. Wesley was in favor of the use of instrumental music in churches.

And as to other arguments against the use of organs in churches—that they generated pride—that they wore out the piety of congregations—that they are contrary to the customs, and teachings of early Methodism,—and that they tend to assimilate our societies to a superstitious formalism,—they are about on a par with Henry Dodwell’s reason for their use in churches. He defended the use of instrumental music in public worship on the ground, that the notes of the organ *had the power to contract the influence of devils in the spinal marrow of human beings*, because, he remarked, there was high authority in the opinion that the spinal marrow when de-composed became a serpent.—(Macaulay’s History of England.)

Dr. A. Clarke, too, being an eminent authority in Methodism, is invoked against organs in churches. With great boldness his opinions are quoted from his comment in Amos vi 5, where he says that David, by the prophet, is vehemently censured for “inventing instruments of music.”

By “instruments,” is it certain that Dr. Clark included organs? Did he not mean fiddles, violincellos, flutes, clarionets, &c., all of which have been heard and seen in singing pews? Generally very loud—often not very harmonious, and frequently diverting the serious attention of hearers! It was against the injudicious use of these instruments that the opposition of Dr. Clarke arose,—many of the performers being obstinate in the use of not good congregational tunes—frequently not even pious, and creating often more noise than melody.

We think Dr. Clarke is in error in the sense he has given of Amos, vi, 6. The meaning of the Prophet, we believe, is this: that like as David invented instruments of music to assist the worshippers of God

in their devotion—to give by sweet sounds, the greatest effect to word and thoughts; so also, the indevout Jews at ease in Zion—violent, lascivious, intemperate, and inhuman—invented instruments of music to quicken their bad passions, inflamed by the obscene sentiments of their impure songs.

It is said, 1 Chron. xxiii. 5, that David specifically made these instruments to “praise therewith,”—certainly a sanctified end. In this, his thoughts were as pure, and his purpose as good, as when he designed building a house for the worship of God. Four thousand Levites for many generations praised the Lord, and assisted as many more in this great duty, with these instruments, which, if an evil, must have been a great evil, as it implicated “thousands;” and would by some person, at some period in their age, have been unequivocally denounced.

At the time that David fetched the ark from Kirjath-jearim with so great solemnity—if the use of instrumental music were an evil—then, in this case, the whole nation were in Divine worship involved in the terrible guilt; for David and *all Israel* “played before God with all their might, and with singing, and with *harps*, and with *psalteries*, and with *timbrels*, and with *trumpets*.”—1 Chron. xiii. 8. And when, after the temple was built, the ark was put in its place; the Priest and Singers celebrated this most joyful event in the use of instrumental and vocal music—“trumpeters and singers.” Here was unity—“trumpeters and singers” “were as one.”—there was harmony—‘one sound was made,’—there was ecstasy,—the whole people “lifted up their voice,”—and the Divine approbation was most significantly given—“the house was filled with a cloud,” &c. In these instances was every thing in order except the instrumental music—every person approved except David, and was every one delighted except the King?—2 Chron. v. 13, 14.

About three hundred years after this period, this good habit having lapsed into desuetude, was again revived, and reformed in Hezekiah’s time. “And when the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also with the trumpets, and with the instruments ordained by David, King of Israel—and the singers sang, and the trumpeters sounded,” &c.—2 Chron. xxix. 25 and 28. If, among the Jews, instrumental music were an evil in the worship of God—is it not strange that nowhere have we an unequivocal note of it? But the “bands of instruments” and examples of fervid devotion, were approved of God as much so as the song of praise, the gladness of heart, and the prostrations of the worshippers.

And further, if Dr. Clarke’s sense of the prophet be true, it involves in its condemnation, charges of guilt also against the holiest of several men, and even against the Almighty himself!—for this use of ‘cymbal,’ ‘psaltery,’

and 'harp' 'in the house of the Lord,' was according to the commandment, not only of David, but of Gad, the King's Seer, and Nathan, the prophet—and *the commandment of the Lord by his prophets.*"—2 Chron. xxix. 25.

If a usage be not evil in itself—if we have no direct scriptural canon to oppose it—and if its effects are not naturally against the spirit of true religion—there can be no danger in following immemorial prescription and wide-spread utility to warrant us in its general and permanent use.

M. B.

P—.

MUSIC IN ITS RELATION TO DIVINE WORSHIP.

BY REV. H. JOHNSTON.

Music is all powerful and leaves its impress upon universal sensibility. Its power over the feelings is indescribable, and none are unmoved by the "concord of sweet sound." This is not to be wondered at, for nature is all melody. There's music in the whispering breeze and in the tempest's voice—in the murmuring stream and roar of angry waves. There's music in the wild bird's song, and harpstrings quiver in every leaflet, of its forest home. Indeed nature's gorgeous temples, from its earthly aisles to its starry roof, is vocal with songs of praise to the Architect Divine; but in man, especially, the genius of melody dwells. There's music in his soul, and on his lips, and 'tis one of God's gifts to be used in declaring his glory and showing forth his praise.

We too often regard music as a human invention, forgetful, that in nature's elements, its principles are found, and that man can but call forth the harmonious strain. Music is the handmaid of religion,—the appropriate vehicle of the warm emotions of the devotional heart. Its origin is divine, and its offerings should all be laid upon religion's holy altar. The sacred Scriptures furnish inexhaustible themes, and these should engage its highest powers. In the worship of God praise is equally prominent with prayer; music is its utterance, and if it is each one's duty to "Praise the Lord," it is each one's duty to *study and practice sacred song*. If we can *talk* we can *sing*; for though we be little acquainted with music as a science, there is much which the mind can understand and the voice practice. It aids the spirit of devotion; and when baptized into the

sentiments of a sacred hymn, the heart is purified, and the soul, upon the wings of song, soars higher, stronger, in its heavenward flight.

Hear Isaiah exhorting us "to sing unto the Lord for he hath done excellent things." The Psalmist cries, "Awake Psaltery and Harp," and adds, "I myself will awake early," that his voice might swell the tide of praise. Paul exclaims, "I will sing with the spirit and with the understanding also." And James adds, "Is any merry, let him sing Psalms." When the heart is full with joy, instinctively, those feelings seek embodiment in song, though ear and voice be untuned.

But, though we "make melody in the heart" in season of joy, yet when the spirit is sad we turn from the grateful song, "and hang our harps upon the willows." When all above is bright, and faith, and hope, and love are strong, we hear the voice of praise; but when the clouds thicken, and the floods descend, 'tis drowned in the loud, long cry of prayer. This is ungrateful; he should praise God, tho' the heart be heavy. Have we cause for grief? we have greater cause for thankfulness, and have as much reason to sing praise when the sky is black with darkness, as when burnished with sunshine. It brings a joy which sorrow renders more intense and precious, while it prepares us more fervently to implore the strength and guardianship of Him "who is a present help in time of trouble." It is recorded of Luther, that on his receiving any discouraging news, he would sing the 46th Psalm, beginning with "God is our refuge and our strength." Behold the two Apostles cast into the inner prison at Philippi; even there they remember the tender mercies of the Lord; and "at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God, and the prisoners heard them." It may seem inappropriate to "rejoice in tribulation," perchance mid the gloom of the household, when a loved heart and voice is hushed in death; yet would it not be well to raise the "song in the night," to say, "I will sing of mercy and judgment, unto thee, O Lord! will I sing." Surely were the "spirit of heaviness" exchanged for "the garment of praise," we would do honour to Him "who doeth all things well," and be better prepared to lean on His arm, and trustingly, though tearfully, to say, "Thy will be done." An affecting display of this is given in the conduct of Jesus and his disciples at the Last Supper. Never was assembled a more sorrowful band. The disciples are in fear and grief. Their Teacher, Lord, and Master, their tenderest and best Friend is now to be

parted from them, and the little flock is to be scattered "as sheep without a shepherd." The Saviour is about to drink the bitter cup of woe, and endure the agony of the garden and cross, and yet they leave not the chamber till they have sung a hymn or psalm—doubtless the Jewish Hallel, chanted at the Passover, which ended with, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever." And "when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives."

It is then the duty of the Christian, at all times, with the Psalmist, to say, "With my song will I praise Him;" and if so, he should cultivate music for religious ends. Surely a gift so helpful to religious feelings, to the purifying and adorning of the soul, should not be neglected. And especially should the Christian parent be careful that his child's education in this department be not neglected, and that the instruction received be employed in God's service. Instead of poring over lascivious, dry, and trashy sentimentalism, let the young heart be attuned in unison with heaven, and taught the "songs of Zion." Music is potent unto good, and when prevented is alike powerful for evil, stripping the heart of every virtuous sentiment, and the soul of every adorning grace.

In the worship of the sanctuary there is not a more solemn, interesting, spiritual, and profitable part than devotional music. What more solemn and interesting than to behold a whole assembly thus employed, and to hear the voices of "young men and maidens, old men and children," blended together in mingled notes of adoration and praise. What more spiritual than thus magnifying the Lord. Zephaniah cries, "Sing, O daughter of Zion! shout, O Israel! be glad and rejoice with all the heart, O daughter of Jerusalem!" When the ark was brought into Solomon's temple, "It came to pass that the trumpeters and singers were as one in praising and thanking the Lord; and when all the Children of Israel saw it, they worshipped and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good, for his mercy endureth forever." And when the early followers of Jesus met together, they admonished each other "in psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs." Our Congregational singing affects our national piety. What an untold influence for good was exerted by the new and stirring sacred airs composed and sung during the Lutheran, Scottish, and Wesleyan Reformations? And can not many now in Zion's ranks date their first serious impressions to the praises of a worshipping assembly?

But is it not a melancholy truth that many of the churches have

given their singing over to a few who praise God by proxy. Is it not painful to know that often, while pious lips are mute, this part of the service is solemn mockery, conducted by a trifling choir. O when shall organ and choir become leaders instead of monopolizers of singing, and churches return to the primitive practice of congregational singing.

How should we value Music when we remember that it is the great employ of the redeemed in glory. There untiring hands sweep over harps of gold, and immortal tongues join in "the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb." There "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands," swell the lofty chorus,—“Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever.”

Divinity.

EXPOSITION OF 1 CORINTHIANS XIII, 9-13.

BY THE REV. WM. SCOTT.

“For we know in part and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.”

(Concluded from page 222.)

Sufficient has been advanced to convey our opinion of St. Paul's sentiments in the chapter now before us. But as this opinion may be considered novel, and an invasion of an established interpretation, we shall present other reasons for its adoption, trusting to the candid attention of the reader, and soliciting his patience.

Two states are spoken of by the Apostle,—a state of perfection, and a state of imperfection. The articulation, understanding, and reasoning of children are imperfect compared with the powers of men,—those who have come to years of maturity. It was not possible to perceive any object as clearly by the obscure reflecting mirrors of the ancients, as by direct vision. We hold that the Apostle, by these vivid comparisons, does not mean to portray our present imbecile powers and attainments, or obscure views in general, but to describe the imperfect state of the Corinthian Church. The imperfection to be avoided and which the Apostle deprecates, consisted in, or was the fruit of, party strifes and contentions, and the em-

ployment or abuse of divine gifts for the elevation of persons or parties. Such a course was childish, weak, unchristian. The exhortation is therefore to "put away childish things," as he himself had done, who could say, chap ix, 22:—"I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."

In the former part of the Epistle, St. Paul had spoken of the imperfect state of the Church:—"And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto *babes* in Christ. I have fed you with milk, and not with meat; for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able. For ye are yet carnal, for whereas there is among you envying and strife, and divisions, are ye not carnal, and walk as men? (Chap. iii, 1-3.) Here, as in the thirteenth chapter, the condition of the Church is compared with the limited capacities of infants, and in both places the same cause is assigned, namely, the divisive principle and party activity of the Corinthians. It follows, therefore, that the perfection opposed to that spirit, should be sought after and enjoyed *in this life*.

Our commentators consider "that which is perfect," as descriptive of the heavenly world, and marginal Bibles refer us to Heb. vii, 28; Rev. xxi, 1; and 1 John, iii, 2. These passages are parallel with the received interpretation, but not with the Apostle's text and sentiments. The state of perfection recommended would prove an effectual remedy for the spiritual weakness of the Church. "Envyings, strifes, and divisions" should cease, the adherence to party be avoided, and all spiritual gifts be advantageously used. That state of perfection consists in the dominion of love,—the supremacy of Christian affection. The Apostle thus sets forth its subduing and hallowing power: "Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed; doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Then adds the Apostle, as if to sum up all, "Love never faileth." Imperishable in its nature, it will perpetually promote the edification of the Church. Miraculous gifts and powers are inefficient without it, whereas love is not only the distinguishing characteristic of the faithful to the end of time, but it never faileth to produce its legitimate fruit of peace and unity. This happy state of perfection effectually eradicates every root of bitterness, conquers the obdurances of our nature, softens the adamant of prejudice. When unfailling and perfect love rules the heart and life, the possessor seeth not "through a glass darkly," because he lives above the spirit of party. "Nothing tends more to enoble the understanding, and to enrich it with the most

precious truths, than the influence of universal love. It dissipates the darkest mists of prejudice, and breaks down the contracted limits of party feeling; thereby enabling the mind to take a wider range of thought, and to contemplate truth in its grander and more general bearings. A man thus sits upon a lofty eminence, from which he surveys the whole country round; and being unfettered by the local boundaries of town and village, he judges more correctly of their several claims to distinction, and their comparative bearings on the general good.* This, then is the state of perfection recommended by St. Paul as the more excellent way, and without which all else is vanity—nothing. Seeing “face to face,”—“knowing as we are known,”—are amplifications of the Apostle’s views of a perfect state, and descriptive of that tender sympathy, mutual confidence and unbounded satisfaction which flow from the communion of saints, and will be consummated in everlasting glory.

In confirmation of our views, it may also be stated that the deficiencies of childhood, and the completeness of manhood, are often adduced by St. Paul to set forth analogically the high or low attainments of Christians. In 1 Cor. xiv, 20, he says, “Brethren, be not children in understanding: howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be ye men.” So also in Heb. v, 12–14, we have these words:—“For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God; and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat. For every one that useth milk is unskilful (hath no experience) in the word of righteousness: for he is a babe. But strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil.” Compare 1 Cor. iii, 1–3. But the most important passage corroborative of our interpretation of St. Paul’s words in 1 Cor. xiii, is that contained in the Epistle to the Ephesians, fourth chapter, from the first to the sixteenth verse, inclusive. The whole passage must be read, and it will be seen that the Apostle has the same object in view in both places. The evils of a party spirit may not have been as extensive in the Ephesian Church as in the Corinthian. But even in Ephesus it was necessary to show that all gifts proceeded from the self-same spirit, and that all offices were appointed for the edification of the compacted body; not for the aggrandizement of persons or parties. As in the Corinthian Epistle, so in the Ephesian, unity and love are urged, as necessary for spiritual growth. Gifts and offices were bestowed “for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the

* See Macbriar’s Sermon, Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, Eng., Oct., 1839; p. 811.

ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive; but speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ," (verse 12-15.) It will be observed here, that not only are the writer's argument and doctrine in the two places similar, but the forms of speech are precisely parallel. To be swerved from the truth by party prejudices, was characteristic of infantine attainments in Christian knowledge. Hence the Corinthians were called "babes," (*νηπιοι*) and those of similar character in Ephesus, "children," (*νηπιοι*). To be established in love, and to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, is a state of perfection; that perfection in each chapter is described as coming to manhood. In the thirteenth of 1 Cor., the perfection (*τελειον*) of the tenth verse answers to the becoming a man (*γεγονα ανης*) of the twelfth verse. In Ephesians iv, 13, both phrases are united, and the believer who is wholly under the influence of Christian principles, is designated a perfect man, (*ανδρα τελειον*.) The sense of the Apostle in the Ephesian Epistle cannot be controverted; but it is allowed that the comparison of parallel passages "is a most important help for interpreting such parts of Scripture as may appear to us obscure and uncertain." Hence we contend that the parallel mode of arguing, and the identical words and phrases employed, determine the *usus loquendi* in the thirteenth of 1 Corinthians.*

Mr. Barnes has well remarked, on St. Paul's illustration of the nature of charity, from its manifestation in Christians towards each other, that "the reason why he made use of this illustration, rather than its nature as evinced towards God, was probably because it was especially necessary for them to understand in what way it should be manifested towards each other. There were contentions and strifes among them; there were of course suspicions, and jealousies, and heart-burnings; there would be unkind judgments—the imputation of improper motives and selfishness; there were envy, and pride, and boasting, all of which were inconsistent with love; and Paul, therefore, evidently designed to correct those evils, and to produce a different state of things, by showing them what would be produced by the influence of love." We would further suggest, that St. Paul designed to convey a lofty idea of the genuine fruits of love, as contrasted with the low and contemptible results of a party spirit. In sixteen par-

* Luther's version makes Ephesians iv, 13, parallel with 1 Cor. xiii, 10. We are, however, not aware that any other modern version follows the example.

ticulars we have an illustration of that great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," and each particular finds its antithesis in the actual fruits of a party spirit. These evil fruits are, moreover, indicated in several parts of the Epistle, and in such terms as to lead us to conclude that the antithesis was contemplated by the Apostle when he enumerated the spiritual achievements of Christian principle. Let us adduce a few examples:—

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind,"—"Now, therefore, there is utterly a fault among you, because ye go to law with one another. Why do ye not rather take wrong? Why do ye not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded?" (chap. vi, 7.) "Charity envieth not."—"Whereas there is among you envying," (iii, 3.) "Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up," (iv, 6, 18, 19; v, 2; and viii, 1.) "Doth not behave itself unseemly—seeketh not her own."—"Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth." "Even as I please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved," (x, 24, 33.) Charity "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."—"And ye are puffed up, and have not rather mourned that he that hath done this deed might be taken away from among you." "Your glorying is not good," (v, 2, 6.) Thus the inspired writer shows how infinitely superior is the spirit of love in its heavenly operations, to the spirit of party and prejudice. And therefore, he declares, "when that which is perfect is come, then that which is of party shall be done away."

The momentous importance of this chapter is universally acknowledged. Dr. Clarke observes, "It is the most important in the whole New Testament." That importance arises from the views it presents respecting the benign influences and operations of love, and the unequivocal manner in which its necessity is stated. All things without love are as nothing; and every person who has not love, whatever else he may have, is nothing in the sight of God, and for the good of man. The common exposition of the latter part detracts from, if not destroys, the magnificence of the Apostle's argument. The superior enjoyments and attainments of the citizens of heaven are more definitely stated in many parts of the Pauline Epistles, as well as in other portions of Sacred Scripture. But what can exceed the grandeur and sublimity of the sacred penman, when he is considered as continuing his discourse throughout the chapter? The subduing power attributed to love, invests it with sweet and divine attractions. To possess it in maturity, is a state of perfection which sanctifies all human attainments—renders efficient all special gifts, and obliterates all selfish rivalry, and vain-glorying in men. Love produces a gracious and

hallowing sympathy, by which Christians, of every name and nation, see "face to face,"—enter into each other's feelings, and bear one another's burdens. They appreciate each other's excellencies, and make allowances for mutual infirmities.

"Love, like death, hath all destroy'd,
Render'd all distinctions void;
Names, and sects, and parties fall,
Thou, O Christ! art all in all."

Then, with what force does the Apostle's decision appeal to the conscience of every man, especially to the Pharisaic—or sectarian,—or envious,—or to those who are proud, boastful of their descent, giving "heed to fables and endless genealogies," rather than "godly edifying which is in faith!" The love of God and man must expel every opposing principle, or we are nothing. In the inculcation and enjoyment of love are comprehended the distinguished characteristics of the Christian salvation: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," &c.; "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself; "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

Finally, we may remark, that the views of the Apostle's "doctrine and fellowship" explained in this article are of universal, perpetual, and practical utility. The Church, in every age and nation, has been endangered by a party spirit. The gates of hell have prevailed more extensively by this agency than by any other. At various periods since the Reformation, the spirit of party has been predominant. Controversy has been conducted with acrimony, and the meek spirit of religion sacrificed at the shrine of intolerant superstition or sectarian zeal. A higher degree of spirituality has, in many churches, produced a better state of things externally, and the spirit of love and unity is delightfully manifested. To stifle this heavenly flame would seem to be the design of that man of sin—the son of perdition—who, in his characteristic and recent manifestations, "opposeth and exalteth himself" against all that is spiritual, which happens not to be within his own enclosure. Papal Puseyism may yet make fearful ravages, through the agency of wolves in sheep's clothing; but let the faithful be on their guard against every violation of the law of love. "Charity suffereth long and is kind;" and however fierce and furious the abettors of a false unity may be, or earnest in the denunciation of those who differ from them, let it be the special effort of the pious of every church to cultivate brotherly love, that we may be comforted by the exercise of mutual faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Among thousands of individual Christians this gracious gift of love is cherished, and by it their profession is adorned. It becometh the churches in these days of peril, to imbibe and manifest the same lovely tempers, fruits of grace, that God

in all things may be glorified. Love will unite all hearts and hands for the spread of our common salvation and the spirit of piety will annihilate the spirit of party. "When that which is perfect is come, then that which is of party shall be done away." "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garments. As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountainins of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing even life forever more."

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

(Continued.)

Again it is objected that there is no positive proof of the existence of the human soul after the death of the body; that neither Moses nor the prophets nor any other beings who could know the fact, if such was the fact, have testified that men continue to live in another world. To this we reply, in the first place, that if we cannot prove by oral testimony or ocular demonstration that men do exist hereafter, so neither can our opponents prove by that species of testimony which is called for by the objection, that our present state of existence is all of life, or that the dissolution of the body is the annihilation of the intellectual power, but there are reasons which may be drawn from analogy in favour of our existence after what we call death, which, when taken together, seem to my mind as strong as actually to overcome the presumption that the death of the body is the end of life. For instance, the state of natural sleep approaches very near that condition of the body when it ceases to live. In a sound sleep, the senses seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, and feeling, are entirely dormant; the voluntary motion of the muscles ceases, and the action of the intellectual power is apparently suspended. It is true that dreams sometimes occur, but the most distinguished physicians and physiologists believe, that in a perfect sound sleep the functions of the brain become totally dormant. Suppose, then, (as once a speaker on that subject observed,) an inhabitant of another planet, to whom the sleeping state should be unknown, were to visit our earth, and to be shown a person in profound sleep, would he believe that such person in a few moments could rise, from his state of insensibility, a moving and reasoning being? If assured by a bystander that such would be the fact, would he not discredit him? Nevertheless our aerial visitant would soon be convinced that the sleeper was still alive, and see him rise up with renewed corporal and mental energy. Why may not such be the result of the sleep of death?

But there is a fact of immense importance as respects the physical and mental constitution of man which is exhibited in the sleeping state. That to which I allude is the great fact that the mind, if it be spiritual, can exist, and does sometimes exist independent of the body; and if it be material, that the intellectual faculties can exercise their appropriate powers independent of the corporal functions. I know that there are sceptical philosophers in every country who do not believe in a future existence, and that there have been such in every age. Such were the Sadducees among the Jews, and such were and are Epicurus and his followers, even in our days, who have and do deny the immortality of the soul. I know, too, that there are men who claim to be atheists, but these only constitute exceptions to the mass. They have never composed the majority in any country. They are exceptions to the mass of men which like the exceptions to a general rule, it is said, prove the existence of such rule. They are men whose extreme caution induces them to withhold their assent to the truth of any proposition which is not susceptible of demonstration; but I must be permitted to declare that I doubt whether that man lives who in the early part of his life did not believe in a future existence. It is by losing ourselves in the mazes of what is called reasoning that we sometimes become unbelievers in matters which are palpable to men of plain common sense.

Another circumstance which renders a future existence probable, is the fact, that there is implanted in the breast of every human being a desire for the continuance of his existence. Nothing strikes the mind with such a withering and shilling horror as the thought of annihilation. The prospect of future calamities, pain and misery can be endured, but the dreadful apprehension, "falling into nought," prostrate all human fortitude, and subdues the stoutest and most obdurate heart.

C. FRESHMAN.

THE SOLITUDE OF DEATH.

We must die alone. To the very verge of the stream our friends may accompany us; they may bend over us, they may cling to us there, but that one long wave from the sea of eternity washes up to the lips, sweeps us from the shore, and we go forth alone! In that untried and utter solitude, then, what can there be for us but the pulsation of that assurance—"I am not alone, because the Father is with me!"

Portfolio of Select Literature.

DO NOT ERR FROM THE TRUTH,

There is danger lest you should. If, in the times of the apostles—in the very childhood of Christianity—the tares sown by the enemy were so rank in their luxuriant growth, that there were some who denied the Divinity of Christ, and some who allied impurity to devotion, and some who rejoiced in imagined release from all obligation to personal obedience, surely the peril is not less imminent now, when almost every man deems himself inspired, and has some formative theory of his own. When we consider the close and indissoluble connexion between faith and practice, and how a man's life is of necessity shaped and moulded by his sentiments, we cannot look upon it as a thing indifferent that he should have an orthodox creed. We cannot forget that the Moslem enters upon fierce wars of extermination; and the Japanese, amid barbarous rites, holds festival to spurn the cross; and the Thug strangles on principle, and finds his merit in the multiplication of his murders; and the Hindoo, personally merciful, defends infanticide, and mourns that widows are no longer burnt nor victims immolated, as over some lost privilege—all because of their opinions; and that, even where the sentiments have no direct, casual influence upon the practice, they are collaterally and always influential, leavening the nature and evolving the tone of the entire man. We cannot, therefore, regard it as a trifling matter to “err from the truth,” by a departure from “the faith once delivered to the saints.” By many in the present day this will be thought a scrupulous and old-world fear, altogether inconsistent with the breadth and liberality of the present times. There are those even among the teachers of religion who denounce creeds and denominations almost as vehemently as infidelity and sin; and who seem to think it their especial mission to pull down not only the “middle walls of partition,” but the ancient landmarks which guard the poor man's heritage. If, by the idolatry of creed, which they denounce, they mean a blind and traditional adhesion to a system of unfelt truth—a thing of rubrics and genuflexions—something which heats the fierce feelings of the partizan, but which clasps not the truth in its affections, as the tendril clasps the tree; if, by denominationalism, they mean the churlish narrowness, which, in the time of drought, vaunts selfishly of its own wringing fleece, and can see no good blessing beyond the curtains of its own tent—then have at them brave iconoclasts!—and, as things which ought to pass away, and which are unworthy of the Christianity which they disfigure, root them out of our Churches, if you can. But if creeds be, as they ought to be, but expressions of an inner life, “forms of sound words,” draping the living truth; and if denominations, careful to preserve that charity which is the “bond of perfectness,” are but, as they ought to be, towers of strength for combined resistance and aggression—then, in proportion as we value our Christianity, these, its expressions and habitations, will be regarded and sustained. We are jealous of that pantheistic benevolence to which all religions are of equal esteem, and which renders its sentimental adoration, whether the deity be libertine or holy, whether the altar be crowned with flowers, or red with

the dripping blood. The man who professes universal love without some central affection, has a selfish heart within him. The large charities of our land—the tireless compassions which are swift in the relief of suffering—the beneficence, which, in its abandonment to generosity, would almost “coin its heart and drop its blood for drachmas,”—whence do they spring? Who are the men who sustain them? Not the loungers at the café or the club, to whom life is an endless migration, an eccentric orbit, a perpetual quarantine,—their affections are too diffuse and frittered for such practical action. No; but the men of local ties, and central attractions, and happy homes, who have learned, from the preciousness of their own family treasures the worth of such blessings to the world; and, from their own agonising anxiety in some crisis of trouble, to sympathize with the homeless and desolate around them. And so it is in the developments of the religious life. It is dangerous to loose off from quiet anchorage in matters of belief, and from the communion of saints in matters of Christian fellowship. We have seen men in our own day who have imbued themselves with the sentiment of Pope’s hackneyed and heretical couplet—

“For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can’t be wrong whose life is in the right.”

And, in their new privilege of fancied intellectual freedom, they have cast from them the restraints of creed; and they have outgrown the stature of the sects; and they have gathered round them a company of congenial spirits, as motley and equivocal as that of David in the cave of Adullam; and for a while they have leaped and shouted in the intoxication of their liberty. But we have followed those men in their melancholy progress; and, one by one, they have shifted from the foundation-truths of Christian faith and hope; and they have rushed, irreverent, into the holy place; and licence of thought has induced laxity of life, until, homeless and wild as any Bedouin of the desert, they have prowled about among the Churches—spiritual Ishmaels,—“their hands against every man—and every man’s hand against them.” It is no light thing to err from the truth; for in the heart of error there is *sin*. In this wondrous age—this age of enormous publicity, and of bold thinking, and of unbounded revelry of speculation—this danger assails all. Some, it may be, from an old-fashioned honesty of ignorance, which is unable to comprehend, (here and there one, perhaps, but very, very few,) some from intellectual pride, some from stubbornness of soul, but most from sheer love of evil, and hatred of the restraints of godliness, thus err from the truth. The chief source of infidelity is not in the head, but in the heart—not that the understanding is bewildered by the feebleness or lack of evidence, but that the heart “loves darkness rather than light, because its deeds are evil.” Reader, art thou in danger? Is there one whose eye is upon this page, on whom a cloud of doubt has darkened, or who, by the bland and jesuitical suggestions of some infidel acquaintance, has had his faith in gospel verities unsettled and shaken? My brother, haste thee to cast out the demon from thy soul. Crush it, like a serpent, for there is death in its gripe and in its fang. It behoveth us all, in the impending struggle of the times—a struggle, if we mistake not, fiercer than the world has known—to take care that, “rooted in the faith,” we, “hold fast the form of sound words.” We do not ask—the

genius of Christianity would rebuke us if we did—your feudal or traditional submission to its sovereignty. Build not your faith upon ancestral reverence, nor educational bias, nor customary orthodoxy, nor upon a minister's unsupported words. Search the Scriptures for yourselves. Only, take care to come to the investigation stripped of carnal prejudices and preconceived hostility, with your spirit softened into a docile frame, and your pride humbled into a willingness to learn—and, above all, seeking the guidance, from on high in all the fervency of prayer; and the promised Spirit *shall* "lead you into all truth;" and you "*shall* know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." It is marvellous how much the conversion of the soul tends to the correction of the theology, as if the regenerating grace took the scales from the eyes, as well as the veil from the heart. We have known a man, whose dwelling was on the shores of a lovely lake, beneath the shadow of a beetling hill, in one of the most secluded and beautiful parts of our island home. The preachers of the gospel had failed to penetrate among the sparse population, and the man's only teachers were the heir-loom of an old family Bible, and God, as his own interpreter. But the Holy Spirit arrested that man under the arching sky; and, in the shade of the brown woods, he wrestled for pardon, and obtained it, and walked in the light of God's countenance for years, before he knew that there were any in the world of like experience, consciously happy in a Saviour's love. And in the after-time, when the truth was carried into that pleasant vale, that man—a ready agent in its spread—was found to have a correct creed, as well as a consistent life. He had sat at the feet of Jesus. He had heard many "sermons on the mount." In the woodland aisles of one of nature's many-pillared minsters, the Spirit had "opened to him the scriptures;" and he had become a disciple of God's own teaching, filled with those grand and inspiring beliefs, which only needed arrangement to become a vital and accurate system of theology. Try this experiment for yourselves. Submit yourselves, in personal surrender, unto God. Cry penitently for mercy. Embrace the reconciliation of the great atonement, and the truth will be its own witness. Ascending into a region sublimer than that of induction, your's shall be the evidence, not of testimony only, but of *consciousness*—that the satisfying *feeling* of the truth, which reason fails to compass; and your triumphant answer to all cavil and to all compromise will be, in the language of the Book, "He that believeth on the Son of God *hath* the witness in himself."

HAPPINESS AND DUTY.

We know of nothing more contemptible, unmanly, or unwomanly, and craven, than the everlasting sighing "for happiness." Those who have the most of it think the least about it. But in the thinking about and doing their *duty*, happiness comes—because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that touches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the universe!—the heart and mind are brought (and reverently, it is said,) in contact with the Creator and Ruler, and Father of All.

Narrative Pieces.

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

Nearly eighty years ago two Moravian missionaries, who were stationed in Labrador, at a place called Nain, set out on a journey in a sledge, over the ice, to one of their settlements situated further north. They started early in the morning. The weather was all that could be wished for to favor their journey. In those northern regions the air is clear and biting, to an extent never known in more temperate climates. The members of their party were each wrapped up warmly, and anticipated a pleasant drive. Their sledge was drawn by dogs, and driven by an Esquimaux Indian. Another sledge followed, in which were other natives who were friends of the missionaries, among them were a woman and her child.

The whole party were in high spirits. They had one hundred and fifty miles to go, which they expected to accomplish in about two days, as most of the way was over the frozen sea, and the sledges ran with ease, and the dogs were fresh and in full vigour. After they had journeyed some hours, and were a long distance from the shore, upon the clear glistening ice that covered the ocean, they met a sledge containing some strange Esquimaux Indians. These natives were hastening for the land as rapidly as possible. They barely stopped a moment, and advised the missionaries to return at once to the shore. They gave no reasons for their advice, and as the missionaries could see no cause for returning, it was not heeded by them. The weather was fair. Hardly a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The frozen ocean, as far as the eye could reach, was as motionless as though the treacherous wave beneath were chained forever. Not many moments passed, however, before their driver thought he perceived what is called a ground swell under the ice. He jumped from his sledge. Lying down, he placed his ear upon the frozen surface. He then distinctly heard a hollow grating and roaring noise that seemed as if ascending from the abyss beneath.

The travellers now quickened the pace of their dogs. Soon the motion of the sea under the ice was more perceptible. The driver turned for the shore, and urged the dogs to their utmost speed. The wind soon began to blow, and dark clouds seemed to rise up almost as if by magic from the horizon. The ice began to break. It opened here and there, in cracks and fissures one or two feet wide. These were rapidly crossed by the frightened company, and still they urged forward their dogs on their perilous way.

But now the warning signs increased. As the sun descended toward the west, the wind rose to a storm. The snow, upon the rocks and mountainous ledges of the coast, was violently driven up by occasional gusts, and filled the atmosphere. The ground swell increased so much, that the vast body of ice, upreared by a troubled ocean beneath, heaved fearfully in many places, and rose slowly like gathering waves. The sledges no longer moved swiftly and smoothly along, but could, with difficulty, be preserved from over turning. Loud noises, too, were heard in the distance, resembling discharges of cannon, occasioned by the breaking up of the ice. The Esquimaux eagerly strove to reach the shore; but it soon appeared evident that the ice would burst midway between them and the land. As they neared the coast, the prospect before them was truly terrific. The ice was grinding and breaking into a thousand pieces against the precipices, with a tremendous noise, which added to the raging of the wind, and the snow storms driving about through the air, utterly prevented their hearing or seeing anything distinctly. It was with the utmost difficulty the terrified dogs could be urged onward, amid the rising and falling of the icy sea. The drivers paused a few seconds, in a sort of mute despair. Then, seizing the critical moment when the trembling mass dashed wildly to the level of the coast, they drove their sledges furiously along it, and succeeded in their hazardous attempt. They had hardly time to look around them after gaining the land, when that part of the ice from

which they had just made their escape, burst asunder, and the water forced itself from below. In an instant the whole frozen mass, in the wildest imaginable ruin, broke loose. The vast surface as far as the eye could reach, was crumbling, crushing, piling and tossing itself madly, amidst a clamor utterly indescribable, and through which the braying of a thousand trumpets could no more have been heard than the puny voice of a child.

The missionaries were overwhelmed with amazement at their marvellous escape, and even the pagan Esquimaux expressed gratitude to God on account of their deliverance. Their first care was to build a snow-house about thirty paces from the beach, and very glad were they to creep into its shelter, thanking God for this place of refuge from the stormy wind and cold, which were so violent as to almost deprive them of breath and vital warmth. Having sung a hymn, the whole party lay down, and composed themselves to rest. The natives were all soon asleep, but the missionary Liebisch could not repose, owing, in part, to the dreadful roaring and tumult, and also because he suffered severe pain from sore throat. His wakefulness saved the whole party from death in another form.

About two o'clock in the morning he perceived salt water dropping from the snow roof. He was just about to give the alarm, when a tremendous surf broke close to the hut, and carried away the slab of snow placed before the entrance. He instantly awoke the sleepers. One of the Esquimaux with his knife, cut a passage through the side of the house, and each of the others, seizing a part of the baggage rushed out. The poor woman with her child fled in terror to a neighbouring eminence, whither they all followed, and took shelter behind a rock, which they had scarcely done, when a second wave swept away the snow hut. Cutting holes in the snow, they tried to find a partial coveret, but during the remainder of the night, they suffered much on account of the wind, sleet, and snow. As soon as the miserable hours of darkness were passed, they gazed around, and saw not a vestige of ice remaining. All before them was the

open sea. As soon as possible, the Esquimaux built a second hut, eight feet square, and six feet high; but now another calamity pressed upon them. Famine, a fiercer enemy than cold, came on apace; their slender stock of provisions, though doled out in pitances, could not possibly last long, and there was no prospect of their being able soon to quit this dreary place and reach the home they had left.

Only two ways were left for escape—either to attempt the passage over the wild and unfrequented mountain, Kig-lapeit, or wait for the sea to freeze again; a biscuit and a half a day was the allowance for each. The poor natives were soon so sorely pinched with hunger that they devoured an old sack made of fish skins. While they were at this strange meal, they kept singing in a low tone—"You were a sack but a little while ago, and now you are food for us." Their spirits, too, began to sink, but happily they found refuge from their miseries in sleep, as they possess the convenient faculty of being able to go to rest whenever they please, and can, if necessary, sleep for days and nights together. Meanwhile, the Moravians kept sad and anxious watch, looking forth wistfully from their snowy shelter over the wide waste around. The poor dogs had now fasted four days; and another source of disquiet was occasioned by the mildness of the air, which thawed the roof so that their clothes were thoroughly soaked, and they had not a dry place to lie on. At length, after remaining six days in this miserable place, they resolved to attempt to return to Nain. There was no way to effect this but one, and their Esquimaux driver ran forward as a sort of pioneer to find the track. The brethren followed with their sledge. It was a weary, fearful journey. They made a last meal of the remainder of their provisions, and by dint of boldness and skill, arrived at length in Nain, to the great joy of the whole settlement, and especially of their own families, who had been reduced almost to despair of ever seeing them again. This is but one of the numerous perils and escapes of which the Moravians speak in the annals of their mission to Labrador.

VISIT TO ST. ELMO.

"We went to St. Elmo. You know from pictures that the fortress is built on a rock, three sides of which shelve steeply down; the fourth merges into the hill behind, still standing somewhat higher than the hill.

"From the ramparts you see the whole of Naples like a map spread out. The huge walls of the fortress, growing straight out of the rock, look imposing enough; but none of us had an idea, till we were there, that they form only the fourth *étage* as it were of a four-storied building. We were taken about the great square which they enclose, with its barrack buildings, its mounds of shells, its great guns and big mortars. When we had seen the top part, which covers an immense space, they asked us if we would like to see the covered batteries. They opened a large gate in the middle of the enclosed square, and with a lantern we began to descend a wide paved road, almost as steep as a staircase. When we reached the lower level we found ourselves among immense tunnels, very wide and lofty, which follow, at a varying distance of from ten to thirty feet from the outside, the shape of the great rock on which the upper building stands.—Wherever the tunnel approached near enough to the outside, the intervening mass was pierced with a great round hole, at which stood a cannon, (they *now* have all got their noses turned inwards); and from the heavy mysterious gloom of these huge caverns you caught sight of the most exquisite little vignette views framed in black rock, sometimes fringed with maiden-hair fern—little pictures perfectly painted. The effect was wonderful, from the concentration of light caused by looking through a tube, perhaps fifteen feet long, with black darkness on our side. At one time it was the Red Palace with its arcades; at another a museum or church; then a bright bit of sea with men-of-war riding at anchor. The maiden's hair was not growing at all; for some had been newly chiselled out, to enable the guns to be better pointed down into the street. There were, perhaps, thirty in all. Then they showed us the big ovens quite at hand to red-heat the balls that they might set fire to any building they struck, and balls

standing near, waiting to be heated. Some of the guns swept the draw-bridge and causeway by which one ascends from the outer wall; and there are all the necessaries for a body of troops to live down there, even if the outworks were taken—mills for grinding corn, bread-ovens, sleeping-huts, &c. This place is perfectly bomb proof. They talked of destroying St. Elmo; but none of us could understand how they could destroy this place, except by blasting away the entire hill.

"Here and there were trap-doors which led down to a lower *étage* just like the upper one: that makes three floors; and now come the dungeons.

"These have no communication with the batteries. To reach them we went a long way down the sloping covered road which leads to the Castle from the drawbridge. I think the door we went in by was on a level with the mouths of those wicked gun-holes. After entering it we went still further down steps and sloping passages cut roughly in the rock, until we came to a large circular dome-shaped cavern, the light of which was very dim. At one side of this cave-hall, there was a funnel-shaped opening, beginning wide and growing narrower, until it reached the face of the rock and open air, where it was heavily barred. I think it looked towards the sea and islands of the west, but we could not see anything distinctly. All around this hall were little huts of mason-work, detached one from the other, that there might be less chance of communication. They had heavy doors faced with iron, if I remember rightly, and in each door a little window with a heavy shutter and bolts; and it was only through this window that the cell could borrow a little light from the large cave which was already so dim, and from which not a speck of green or of sky could be seen. I imagine, from the shape of the bars in the little window, that the door was never opened even to give food. The windows had an opening into which you could have slid a soup plate, which will give you an idea of their size; and the people there confidently assert that the shutters were closed by day. Inside each hut was a bed made of two boards, fixed in the corner, a little sloping, to save a pillow; in one the bed was of stone, with

a pillow cut in stone. They have been cleaned out and white-washed, but the stench is still overpowering; imagine what it was when inhabited by people who were never let out, who had no mattresses, and had to wear their clothes night and day! And, if so much cheating goes on about the food in the hospitals, which are open to every visitor, how may we imagine these people were fed!

"There was one cell still worse than the others. A little winding staircase led up to it. Even with the door wide open you could not see the person at your elbow. Of course I had heard and read all about the prisons, as you will read this; but, standing there, it came upon me as it had never done before, as a new sense, what it would be to have that door shut upon one. Even when it was open, the darkness seemed to weigh like a year of midnight on my chest, and to crush the breath out. I don't think I should have courage to try to keep alive there; I should lie down on that plank bed and never move any more. A man was kept sixteen years in that hole! In that moment the last spark of pity I had felt for the Bourbons died out of me, and I could have clapped my hands for joy to think that it was over. In other countries a single abuse may arise, like that which Chas. Reade has founded his novel, *Never too late to mend*; but this was the system upheld by the Government, and known in all its details to Bomba at least, and made use of not against criminals, but against noble-minded men—against many even stupidly innocent, who had not an idea of being patriots, but in whose dusty bookshelves might have been found some book with a forbidden name or word in its pages, which had probably never been opened by its present owner. There is a good reason for never finding a library in the house of a Neapolitan.

"But these are not the worst prisons. They are dry: there are others by the sea which drip night and day; and a gentleman who was with us had been informed by one of the released prisoners of a torture invented by his jailor—to dash on him, through an opening at the top, cold water at any time, night or day. He could not avoid it in any part of his cell, and

never went to sleep without expecting it. It became a haunting terror to him, and he had to remain shivering in his wet clothes until they dried upon him. It was a way of extorting money from the friends of a prisoner, to torture him unless bribed not to do so. There were names and dates inscribed on the rock—one of a Spanish nobleman 200 years ago. Some told of very long imprisonments; it seemed as if the very rocks were impregnated with sighs and tears, and groans, and as if they weighed and crushed one's heart with misery.

"But there is more to tell, very horrible and mysterious. In the middle of this large cave there was a great round hole, with a low parapet wall enclosing it; and, looking down into it, we saw another hole cut in the rock, like that in which we stood—larger because of not being filled with the cells, and very deep—lighted by a slanting shaft to the opening of the upper one. They told us that this was the place in which they used to put a number of prisoners, whom they wanted to get rid of, together, and shoot them from above. There was an iron grate in the side of the upper hall which led down by a staircase cut in the rock to the under one—a wide staircase, the ends of the steps sharp, but in the middle worn into one continuous slope. Even if the story of the shooting is an exaggeration, it must have taken *thousands* of feet to wear the steps like this; and certainly those feet had not carried people there for their own pleasure. There is another gate at the bottom, and more cells opening upon the stairs. It is true that all around the sides of this cave, about the height of a man's head and chest, the walls are marked with round holes, which Captain — said he could not imagine having been made by anything but a bullet. Supposing that this was used not for political prisoners, but in cases of military revolt, yet what a system to put men into a wild beast's hole and shoot them down, instead of having an open execution after a fair trial! The best colour one can put upon it is horrible.

"I took the children: it will not be my fault if they do not grow up haters of tyranny and dark dealing. I did not allow them, however, to go into the cells, lest they should be poison-

ed; but sent them up into the blessed light of day. When we came up again upon the huge ramparts and saw the celestial looking sunset over the peaks of Ischia, and the rosy clouds mirrored in the bay, it made my heart ache the more for those who had spent

years without being able to tell the winter from the summer, scarcely the day from the night. I hope many of them have made it up to them now in glories which the eye of man has not seen, nor his ear heard."

Varieties.

A REMARKABLE PASTOR OF A REMARKABLE PARISH.

The November number of the *Good Words* contains two articles about a parish in Hanover, which for its internal spiritual life, and the outward development of that life, is perhaps, without a parallel in the world. Some of the statements made by the author of these communications are remarkable, of which we cite the following:

Though the population of the parish is small, yet there are 11,000 communicants in the year; so that with very rare exceptions, every adult must be a communicant, and every communicant a frequent participator. The services in the week are as well attended as on the Lord's day.

In 1853 the parish sent out to eastern Africa eight ordained missionaries, and eight settlers, in a ship built and owned by the parish; the missionaries having been trained in the mission-house in the parish, by a brother of pastor Harms. Twelve missionaries and about eight settlers have since followed; and twenty one missionaries are to sail in 1861. Their good ship *Candace* has made five missionary voyages.

The *Hermansburg Missionary Magazine*, edited by Parson Harms, and printed in the parish, has a monthly circulation of 14,000 copies, and is a source of income to the mission, the profits last year being 2,000 crowns.

The Hermansburg missionary festival, held during two days in the month of June, in each year, is attended by six thousand persons; every house in the village being filled to its utmost capacity, and the students in the mission-house acting as stewards to the guests.

Some of the results of the mission are thus stated:—

It is only seven years since their missionaries first sailed for Africa; and in seven years this is the fruit of their labors. There are 100 settlers spread over the eastern provinces at eight stations; there are dwelling-houses and work-shops at every station; there are about 40,000 acres of land; 50 heathens have been baptized; their influence reaches from the Zulus on the coast, to the Bechuanas in the centre, and from the Orange river to Lake Nigami. At home, they have the mission-house and farm, with 45 persons living in them; the Refuge farm, with 20 persons; they have their own ship, and print their own books; and they continue with one accord, in breaking of bread, and in prayer. This is no common success. It is wonderful.

If it be asked how a single village parish has been enabled to do what it has done, our answer should certainly be this: "The effectually fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

It was Pastor Harm's custom to pray to God rather than to appeal to men, for help, and in how remarkable a manner his prayers were answered, the narrative will show.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.—The report of the year 1859 of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland states that the close of the year 1859 the number of schools in operation was 5469, being an increase of 88 for the year 1859 over that of 1858. The average daily attendance of children for the same period was 269,203, and the average number of children on the rolls for the year was 519,175, while the total number of children at any time on the rolls for the year was 806,510. There is thus an increase in the total daily average attendance for the year 1859 as compared with the

year 1858 of 3112. Grants amounting to £7345 towards the erection of 44 ordinary national school-houses, not yet opened, which will contain in the whole 59 separate schoolrooms, have been made. In addition to the ordinary national schools not yet built, there are also in course of erection three model school-houses of various kinds, containing in the whole 23 school-rooms. When these 52 buildings shall have been completed they will afford accommodation to 7745 additional children. The report shows the religious professions of the pupils (or their parents) and the teachers. At the close of the year there were 478,802 Roman Catholic pupils, or 83.9 per cent. of the whole number; 29,105, or 5.1 per cent., belonging to the Established Church; 59,873, or 10.5, were Presbyterians; 2508, or 0.44 per cent., were of "other Dissenters;" and there were 263 whose professions were not ascertained. Compared with 1852 these returns show an increase of 4421 pupils of the Established Church; 54,085 Roman Catholics, 19,155 Presbyterians; and 600 other Dissenters.

SCOTCH WIT AND HUMOR.—A young man sitting opposite to a minister in the front of the gallery had been up late on the previous night, and had stuffed the cards with which he had been occupied into his coat pocket. Forgetting the circumstances, he pulled out his handkerchief and the cards all flew about. The minister simply looked at him and remarked—"Eh man, your psahn buik has been ill bund."

THE STUDY OF SCIENCE.—Science is worthy of study by all men, because it is so intimately associated with all the pursuits of life. The whole animate and inanimate creation is embraced within its folds. It affords ample scope for the exercise of the most comprehensive and refined intellects, as well as those of humble and moderate pretensions. The mechanic and chemist, the poet and scholar, the manufacturer and merchant, can find in the pursuit of science, a boundless source of pleasure and profit.

GOOD works will never save you, but you can never be saved without them.

Christian Observer of Public Events.

INQUISITION AT ROME.

Near the Vatican Square, between the Church of St. Peter and the Castle of Sant' Angelo, extends a street which bears a melancholy name,—“The Street of the Inquisition.” There the tribunal resides which makes the altar a stepping-stone to the prison. In that street multitudes of persons crowded in March and April, 1849, and passed through the spacious edifice to which it leads, uttering imprecations and maledictions as they returned, then silently dispersed to their homes, with indignation, fear, and horror contending in their breasts.

On the 4th of April, 1849, the Government of the Republic, moved by a sentiment of justice and Christian compassion, having established, on the ruins of papal tyranny, the legitimate reign of brotherly equality, decreed that the houses of the Holy Office

should become the habitations of poor families, who had only miserable dwellings, in unhealthy and confined quarters of Rome. They intended thus to cancel, on a republican plan, the remains of ancient tyranny, by consecrating to beneficence what papal cruelty had devoted to torture. Consequently the Holy Office, which for three centuries had been closed, except to victims of suspicion and the martyrs of liberty and conscience, whom it buried in prisons or gave to the flames, was thrown open to the people. The people can reason clearly; and in those religious prisons they better understood the necessity of rejecting the shepherd who bears a sword instead of a crook, and more admired and loved the gentle doctrine of the Nazarene, while shuddering at the tortures inflicted in his name.

And what awful scenes did history bring to mind to those who passed

through those dismal halls! From this place, so near the Vatican, issued the orders for the slaughter of the Jews and the last Mussulmans in Spain. Within this building was decreed the murder of the Waldenses in the Guardia di Lombardy and the sub-alpine valleys. Here Galileo was tortured, the imprisonment of Gianone was ordered, Pasquale was condemned to the flames, as well as Carnesecchi, Paleario, and Giardino Bruno. Here were planned the murder of the Huguenots and the horrors of Flanders. Here the censorship was organized, war was made against the printing-press, a holy act was pronounced treason, and attempts were made to chain the mind. But that Prometheus has broken its bonds, and the world is going on under its influence.

The edifice of the "Holy" Inquisition was in part erected about the middle of the 16th century. It may be divided into three parts, having the form of two rectangular buildings and a trapezium united. It is presumed by some that the edifice rests its walls upon a prison of Nero. In March, 1849, the Government of the Republic ordered accommodation for stables for the national artillery, and appropriated a part of the Inquisition, under the closed gallery of the second court. A space was opened in the walls; when the workmen discovered an aperture. The rubbish was removed, they descended into a small subterranean place, damp, without light or passage out, with no floor, but a black, oleaginous earth resembling that of a cemetery. Here and there scattered about pieces of garments of ancient fashions—the clothes of unfortunate persons thrown down from above, and died of wounds, fear, or hunger. A baiocco (or penny) of Pius IX. was picked up, which probably denotes the epoch when that abode of darkness and despair was walled up. The rich soil had hardly begun to be removed before human bones were uncovered in some very long locks of hair, which doubtless had ornamented the heads of females. It is certain that the "Trap-door" swallowed victims of whom it was important to the "Holy"

office to destroy all traces, because the Foro, or Judgment Hall, is over it in the second story of the first edifice.

The other modern prisons are contiguous to the last court, which has been converted into a garden. Each of those prisons is a very small cell, capable of containing only a single person, being in two stories and all alike. They are accessible from an exceedingly narrow corridor, like the cells of a convent. The walls of this passage are every where covered with pictures, and inscriptions commenting upon them, which intimate the horrid nature of the institution, and hold up to view the severest dogmas of the Roman Catholic religion, not interpreted in a spirit of forgiveness. Yet the most tremendous inscriptions were erased before the flight of the pope. The cells were furnished with beds; and there the greatest disorder and filth every where prevailed. Here and there were worn out cushions, coverlets, chairs, and tables, and old clothes of prisoners who died in the cells many years ago. In a certain very small cell were things which indicated horrible secrets; a piece of a woman's handkerchief of large size, and an old bonnet, of a girl about ten years old. Poor little child! What offence, perhaps unknown to you, could it have been, which threw you into this place, and destroyed the innocent peace of your infantile years; which taught you to weep in the season of smiles, and perhaps deprived you of your dear and early life? In another cell were found four sandals, and several nuns' cords, a little spindle, caskets containing needles, crucifixes, and unfinished stockings, with the knitting-needles still well pointed, and an infant's coach.

And so, in almost every one of the prison-rooms, were to be seen clothes, ornaments, and other relics of their former occupants; and, as every thing was wrapped in deep and mournful mystery, the imaginations of the people recalled ancient tragical stories, and wept over the misfortunes of persons of whose name they were ignorant.