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THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1876.

HUGO GROTIUS.

BY THE REV. DANIEL RICHARDS, M.A.

GREAT men are influenced by the age in which they live. The history of the world for the time is well presented in the history of a few leading men. Grotius, the great champion of religious freedom in the sixteenth century, well illustrates this idea. We will briefly reproduce his life.

Let us look at Europe at about the year 1560. Philip II. of Spain, a gloomy inhuman prince, had ascended the abdicated throne of his father Charles V. and become sovereign of Spain, the Milanese, the two Sicilies, and all the Netherlands. Elizabeth, a strong-minded princess, sat on the throne of England. Charles IX. governed France. Pope Paul IV. filled the chair of St. Peter. Mary ruled in Scotland; Ferdinand I. in Germany. America, though discovered, was a vast unknown of forest, prairie, lake, river, wild beasts, and wilder men. John Knox was thundering in Scotland; Luther had been dead fourteen years; Calvin and Michael Angelo had four years more to live; Melancthon was dying; Beza was in his prime, and Arminius in his cradle; and the Council of Trent had been in session fifteen years. The *Reformation*, the great event of the sixteenth century, had spread

in Germany, France, England, and the Netherlands, and accomplished a wonderful work of emancipation, though imperfect in its development—not having the full gospel of Protestantism in its toleration and simplicity.

The Netherlands were an assemblage of provinces, each with its particular laws and usages and governor or "Stadtholder," but subject to Philip II. of Spain. The new opinions of Luther and Calvin had made great progress in the Netherlands, which greatly disquieted narrow-minded Philip. He strangely sent the Duke of Alva (a man after his own heart), with twenty thousand men to convert them back to Rome, and they carried with them an abundant supply of instruments of torture, in order to administer physical remedies to special cases of spiritual need. The result was, that seven of the seventeen provinces, viz., Guelderland, Holland, Zealand, Friesland, Utrecht, Overyssel, and Groningen, justly rebelled against Philip and formed the Dutch Republic.

This new Republic received encouragement from Elizabeth of England, and prospered, maintaining its independence as did the ancient Lacedemonians, by simplicity of manners, public frugality, and invincible courage—and its independence was formally acknowledged by Spain in 1648, after holding towards it a hostile attitude sixty-seven years. On the day when the independence of the Dutch Republic was recognized by France and England, one of the fairest of its jewels fell from the Spanish crown, and the Republic became one of the leading members of the European family; cruel Spain grew weak in her efforts to crush the innocent, and the ascendancy was transferred from Madrid to Paris. We now behold the seven united provinces, called "States General," commencing a career of independence and self-government, and of happy deliverance from a cruel despotism as bloody as any in history.

If it is difficult to concentrate all good points in one character —so to combine all excellencies in one government, even though professing freedom and the just liberty and equality of the subjects, has been found practically impossible. Provinces that rebel in the interests of *liberty*, will sometimes, on becoming independent, strangely incorporate some abnormal principle that obstructs prosperity and endangers their perpetuity. This was

sadly illustrated in the American Republic, in the case of the slavery of the negro. So the commonwealth in the Low Countries incorporated in its basis, State religion; they claimed that the State should regulate the conscience, faith, and prayers of the people; the very thing that had just caused thousands to suffer and die. The Dutch United States committed the strange error, after having thrown off the Inquisition of Spain and its iron-heeled despotic ecclesiasticism, of prescribing the doctrines of the Genevan reformer, as the religion of the new Republic.

In 1582, about the time of the Declaration of Independence by the seven Netherlandic provinces and twenty-seven years before the Puritans came to Holland, a child was sleeping in his mother's arms in the town of Delft, in South Holland, midway between Rotterdam and the Hague. His parents named him Hugo; he afterwards filled the gaze of Europe by the name of Grotius, or Great. James Arminius was then twenty-two years of age, a student at Geneva, and when the *Mayflower* sailed for Plymouth, Grotius was thirty-eight years of age, and lying in the castle of Louvenstein under sentence of death.

Hugo Grotius early manifested a great love of knowledge, excellent taste, sound judgment, and tenacious memory. His parents instructed him in the catechism and the principles of morality and honour; the son responded with filial heart to all the educational efforts of the parents. At the age of eight he composed Latin verses, at eleven entered the University of Leyden, at fifteen had name and fame for scholarship beyond his years, a mental ripeness which, when accompanied with modesty, is attractive and impressive.

At this age of our subject, the Grand Pensionary, Barneveldt, then Chief Justice of the nation, invited the company of the young Hugo, as he went on a diplomatic errand to France, in the reign of Henry IV., to induce that monarch to continue an unfriendly relation to Philip II. of Spain, and not to leave the young Republic to contend alone with that supporter of Popery. The youthful Grotius was thus early introduced into the exercise of political interests, and his sympathies were enlisted in his country's independence and prosperity. King Henry IV. was pleased with the accomplished youth, and placed upon his neck a

golden chain with a portrait of himself attached, exclaiming as he did it, "Behold the miracle of Holland!" The young man was too strong to be spoiled even by such flattery.

Grotius returned from France with the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him by the University of Paris, entered upon the profession of the law, and commenced a brilliant literary career. Honours came unsought and toils and responsibilities were multiplied. He was made "Advocate General" for the States of Holland and Zealand, and Pensionary of Rotterdam. These offices were attended with distinction and authority; the persons thus invested being charged with the public peace, and the prosecution of public offenders and representation and defence of the State.

About this time, July, 1608, at the goodly age of twenty-six, he was united in marriage with Mary Reygersburg, of an illustrious family in Zealand; this auspicious event was celebrated by many a Belgic bard. Another mark of public confidence awaited him; he was chosen by the "States General," or Dutch Congress, to prepare a history of the great struggle between the Republic and the Spanish empire. This history was one of the sacred labours of his life. In 1623 he was sent to England, to the court of St. James, to adjust maritime claims between the Republic and that kingdom. Thus we find him in England at the age of thirty, in the prime of his manhood, almost without a rival, or peer, as a statesman and scholar. He doubtless made the acquaintance of the distinguished men of the times in English society, among whom were Shakespeare, then in the prime of his strength, and the world-renowned Sir Francis Bacon, the Lord High Chancellor of England. John Milton and Oliver Cromwell were lads at school, and had not commenced their wondrous career, to which perhaps they were largely impelled by the influence of this champion of liberty from the Dutch Republic.

When Grotius returned to the Republic he found strife about doctrines, and intolerance of opinion, disturbing and distressing the people. He united with Arminius, Episcopius, Barneveldt, Uytenbogard, and Hoogenbeets, among the wisest and best men of the Republic, with thousands of others of less promin-

ence, in behalf of liberty of thought; consenting that others should be followers of Genevan ideas and Gomarus, if they pleased, but claiming toleration for themselves. But the Gomarian party as yet controlled the Government, and those who could not see with them with reference to some unimportant ideas were imprisoned, banished, and in some instances beheaded. Grotius wrote a powerful remonstrance, but all to no effect. The Synod of Dort was held in the interest of intolerance. What pages have been written on its deliberations, and what lessons are suggested by its results! The Synod of Dort was a central assembly of Gomarian and Genevan doctors and political commissioners, called by the Dutch Congress, November, 1618. The best men were put in prison lest they might weaken its power. This synod did no more fairly represent the opinions of the people, than a convention of Romish priests and politicians called by the Congress of the United States to regulate the religious ideas of this Republic, would represent America.

This intolerant Synod convened in an old armoury building, a fitting place for such a convention, held one hundred and eighty sessions, and cost the Government half a million of dollars. They found on organization that they had fourteen Grotian members in favour of toleration, *and they expelled them.* Those who denied the right of the Dutch Congress to punish for opinion, and who could not subscribe to all the stern, strong things of the French Reformer—the Washingtons, Colignys, Bickersteths, Paysons, and Heddings of those times—were treated as rebels! This intolerance made the accomplished and godly Episcopius exclaim, "God will require of you an account of your conduct at the great day of Judgment. There you and the whole synod will appear. May you never meet with a judge such as the Synod has been to us."

How sweet to some men's natures is intolerance! Pleasant as the stimulating drink to the morbidly thirsty; this explains the exclamation of an English prelate who was present at the synod and witnessed its perfect harmony in the cause of sin. "Oh, if there were ever a heaven on earth, it was at the Synod of Dort!"

The erring synod closed its tyrannical sessions April 29, 1619, and on the thirteenth of May, the most venerable citizen of the

Republic was led out to die; more than three score years and ten, older than the Republic over whose liberties he had watched in their feeble beginnings and in their matured strength—the aged Barneveldt. Leaning on his staff with one hand and supported by his servant, he walked composedly to the place of execution. "O God, what is man!" he exclaimed as he ascended the scaffold. He knelt down on the rough boards and said, "My friends, believe not that I am a traitor; I have lived a good patriot, and such I die!" and then bowed his venerable head to the decapitating stroke.

The death sentence of Grotius was commuted to imprisonment for life. He was placed in the castle of Louvenstein, on the island of Brommelwoit, and his goods confiscated. At first his imprisonment was rigid; by degrees its severity abated and his faithful wife was permitted to be with him. He beguiled the hours by study; ancient and modern literature engaged his attention. Sunday he devoted to prayer and theology. He wrote a book on the Truth of the Christian Religion in Flemish verse for Dutch sailors, to assist them in instructing the natives of heathen countries, whom they might meet in their voyages. He continued his commentary upon the Scriptures, revised the plays of Euripides, the Greek poet, and the ethics of Seneca, the Roman philosopher.

After remaining in prison two years, his wife, impatient at his unjust incarceration, devised plans for his release. She noticed that the chest, three and a half feet long, used for conveyance of his books, linen, etc., was not examined as at first, in its passage to and from the prison. She entrusted the secret to her sympathizing faithful maid, had holes bored in the chest, persuaded Grotius to be nailed up in it—had it consigned to David Bazelaer, town clerk of Garcum, South Holland, some five miles from the castle. The box was removed to the boat. The guard spoke of its weight—wished to open it—the maid adroitly suggested "All right—Arminian books are heavy!" When the boat reached the landing from the castle island, our true-hearted maid cunningly suggested to some unemployed labourers, "glass is heavy and easily broken," and employed two men to move the chest on a hand frame carefully to the house of Mr. Bazelear.

The maid walked by the side of her precious charge thoughtfully and with self-possession When the chest arrived at the house of Mr. Bazelear he dignifiedly sent his servants off on different errands, opened the chest, and received Grotius with joy.

Grotius said he suffered in the chest only from anxiety. He now dressed himself as a mason, with rule and trowel, and went in a boat to Vervic in Brabaut, an Austrian province, where he was without the jurisdiction of his enemies. Here he was safe, and his faithful maid then left him and returned to the prison, to make known to the anxious wife the success of the stratagem. Whether Mary Von Grotius and the ready-witted maid did right to dupe the dull Dutch door-keeper of Louvenstein castle may well be left to all unjustly imprisoned ones to decide. Soon as the faithful wife learned the success of her love-compelling plan, she informed the prison guard, they, the governor, and he put *her* in close confinement; gallant gentleman!

But the Dutch Congress feeling shame (we may suppose) for treating the Washington and Coligny of their Republic as a criminal, and afraid of exciting the sympathy of the people for the object of their persecution, passed an order that Madame Grotius might leave the castle with all her effects, and she joyously joined her husband at Antwerp. From that city Grotius addressed a noble letter to the Dutch Congress; claimed that he had used neither violence nor corruption in procuring the liberty that so justly belonged to him; solemnly protested that his public conduct had been blameless, and that the persecution he had suffered would never lessen his attachment to his country. Soon after his escape from prison, Grotius went to Paris, where he arrived 13th of April, 1621. His name and fame preceded him. He was noticed by men of distinction; the king received him graciously, settled a pension upon him, and issued an edict of protection for this persecuted and exiled son of the Dutch Republic.

Grotius remained in Paris ten years, engaged in literary pursuits. But his heart turned ever towards his native land. He wrote an Apology in Dutch and Latin, and sent it to Holland. It was a candid and well-reasoned statement, defending himself and showing the injustice of the sentence passed

upon him and his friends. It was universally read and approved; but the Dutch Congress, composed of rigid Gomarians, could not answer it, and so they were very angry—proscribed it—no one might have it in possession—the penalty was death.

In 1631 Grotius ventured back to his native land, *but he was banished a second time and a price set upon his head.* He then formally bade adieu to the stern Republic and fixed his residence at Hamburg, Germany. Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, soon called him from his chosen retreat and made him his ambassador from the kingdom of Sweden to the Court of France. We now find him representing Sweden at the French Court for a period of ten years; his prudence, activity, and firmness were acceptable to both nations. Wearied and worn with toils and trials, in 1645 he resigned his diplomatic office and repaired to Stockholm. Queen Christina received him kindly, bestowed upon him marks of favour, and expressed her satisfaction with his work.

Taking leave of Sweden he sailed for Lubec, in Germany. A terrific storm arose, lasting three days; the ship found shelter in a port near Dantzic. Sad and sick, he endeavoured to go to Lubec in an open waggon; was compelled to stop at Rostock, having rode sixty miles in wind and rain. Here no one knew him. A physician was called; he said the end was near. The noble heart yearned for the companion who shared its imprisonment at Louvenstein. A Lutheran minister came to see him. He spoke to him of the publican and his prayer. Grotius said, "I am that publican; I place all my hope in Jesus Christ." The good minister then repeated aloud in German the prayer for the sick and dying, commencing "Herr Jesu," and Grotius followed in a low voice with clasped hands. He died at midnight, August 28th, 1645, aged sixty-three. He was buried at Delft, in the tomb of his ancestors. He had written in Latin his own epitaph, showing the wound which injustice and exile had inflicted upon a noble and sensitive spirit:

"Here rests Hugo Grotius, Batavian,
Captive and Exile,
Ambassador of thy realm, Great Sweden."

Two medals have been struck in commemoration of his services. One of them is emblematic of his eventful life, and bears a curious engraving of the chest in which he escaped from prison, surmounted by the crowns of Sweden and France. On the left hand the castle of Louvenstein is seen in the distance, and on the right the rising sun appears. The Latin legend reads, "I rise the better after misfortunes!" The other medal bears the bust of Grotius, with the inscription in French, "The phœnix of his country, the oracle of Delft, the great genius, the light which illumines the earth!" A monument to his memory, in his native place, was erected a century after his decease.

In analyzing the character of this eminent representative man, we find the following noticeable features:—

He possessed strong individuality. He stood out from the mass, like a jutting rock above the plain. He was in advance of most of his cotemporaries, in thought, feeling, and deed; starting new currents of thought through society, and pushing out into untried and fresh paths. He read the Scriptures and decided for himself. A few men, at different and distant periods, have made themselves heard above the general and many-voiced throng. Such were Luther and Calvin, who accomplished a needed and wonderful work. But Grotius would add to and perfect the edifice of truth and right which they commenced. His individuality is illustrated in his declining to purchase the favour of Cardinal Richelieu, by sacrificing his mental freedom.

He was characterized by truthfulness—seeking truth, speaking truth, believing truth, and holding on to truth; truth that will not injure others. Grotius divested himself of partisan views and preconceived notions; held in healthful abeyance all predilections and passions which might disturb the steadiness of his mental vision; keeping his mind open to the light and letting facts have their due weight in the investigation of a subject: "tracing back the rivulets of philosophy to the source of truth, the Book Divine." He candidly examined and could not assent to all the doctrines of the dominant party, nor acknowledge the right of Government to punish for a harmless opinion. He had no sympathy with doubters, especially with triflers with the laws of faith and evidence like Berkeley. He liked truth in whatever

garb, and would not complain of John Foster's quaint description of Robert Hall, "a great lumbering waggon loaded with gold."

He possessed symmetry of character. He was not an intellectual giant and a moral pigmy, as some one characterizes Gibbon. The artist suggests that beauty in architecture consists much in a right adjustment of its parts; so symmetry gives beauty to the character. His learning, combined with his sober judgment and practical sense, made him a good commentator. His diplomatic experience and residence at foreign courts, combined with his love of peace and just and humane sentiments, qualified him to write on international law. His large affection and love of his early companions and native land was one secret of his high patriotism.

Grotius is one of those whom the ages watch over and whom time will not allow to die. He was one of those who could live unselfishly. We love to look at such men and bring them forth to light, from undeserved obscurity—men so simple and yet so strong; so dauntless and yet so tender; so hated in their *own* time and so loved *now;* so full of sorrow, and love, and faith, and strength. See him "lay his hand on the throat of an age" and strangle its false philosophy. The cowards in power were afraid of his moral heroism and shut him up in prison, and when he took his liberty without leave, they banished him forever, and thus they helped unwittingly to perpetuate his fame. The old Roman had not the highest moral heroism who stood like an iron man, unseduced by Siren and unterrified by the Furies—remaining to the death at the post to which the gods appointed him. There was a lack of strong and sincere faith in any principles of virtue and religion. The true moral hero has principles of virtue and religion, whose roots strike down deep into his moral being, and intertwine with all the fibres of the soul. He suffers for benevolent principles—for truths and ideas of which the race have need. We find these heroes scattered along the lines of history like lights along a darkened coast, guiding multitudes in every age to secure havens of truth.

The life of Grotius was one of labour for the public good. This is illustrated and confirmed by the following list of his published works:—

1. History of the Struggle between the Dutch Republic and Spain.
2. Defence of National Freedom and Freedom of the Seas; a work on International Law.
3. Truth of the Christian Religion. Translated into many languages. Robert Boyle bought up the edition in Arabic for distribution in the East.
4. Jurisprudence of Rome.
5. Rights of Magistrates in matters of Religion.
6. Belgic Annals.
7. History of the Goths, Vandals, and Lombards, in Latin.
8. A Commentary on the Scriptures.

Grotius forgot his trials in mental toil. He did not sit down in depression, but occupied his mind as a medicine for ill; a true philosophy, but rarely used. Johnson says "Every man of learning has learned something from Grotius."

> "He shed great thoughts
> As easily as an oak looseneth its golden leaves."

His was a true patriotism. His love of his native country continued unabated notwithstanding his persecution. During all his exile his patriotism did not chill. To his honour be it said, while he did not cease to be a son of the Netherlands, he accepted cheerfully the lot so cruelly thrust upon him, and laboured for Christendom as a citizen of the world. In his Belgic annals he treats his personal enemies with impartiality. As a patriot he swerved not, for he saw the fortunes of liberty trembling in the balance, and he looked for a higher and purer civilization than the world yet possessed—one that should forever break down the heavy rolling wheel of bondage.

Men learn the lesson of toleration slowly. Those who persecuted Grotius and the Arminians of Holland, had just been delivered from the persecuting power of Spain; how could they repeat the unlovely deeds? Some who witnessed the spirit, if not the acts, of the Dutch Republic persecution, came to America and did not wholly free the laws of the *new* Republic from the offensive element. The wholesome idea of freedom of conscience had not taken possession of the age. Oh, why did not the godly John Robinson, the Leyden Puritan pastor, when he gave his charge to the one hundred and one Puritans before they sailed in the *Mayflower*, say, "My brethren, in the new world to which you go, never commit the dreadful mistake of punishment for

opinion, as has just been illustrated in the execution of Barneveldt, and the imprisonment of Grotius."

Extreme views are untruthful, unprofitable, and dangerous. There will be, sooner or later, a rebound. If the Puritan fathers had been in doctrine like James Arminius, the reaction against their views had never been; and persecution and religious decay never marked New England history.

It is dangerous to be an oppressor. Prince Maurice lost the confidence of the people by his persecutions. Fortune left him; reverse preyed on his mind; he was haunted by spectres of Barneveldt, whom he unjustly beheaded. "Remove his head from me!" he exclaimed in his last sickness. He died overwhelmed with self-reproaches for his treatment of that venerable patriot and of the noble Grotius.

Grotius loved charity, catholicity, not the charms and chains of selfish power. The poet well describes him:

> "By my hopes of heaven,
> I'd rather speak one word for Truth and Right
> That God shall hear and treasure up for use
> In working out his purposes of good,
> Than clutch the title-deed that should insure
> A kingdom to my keeping."

TO THE HEART'S-EASE.

THOU are the violet's sister, gentle flower,
The elder and less timid plant, I ween;
Thou hidest not thy form from sun and shower
Beneath the covert of a leafy screen.
Thy many names* imply the favour shown
To thy contented, velvet-hooded faces;
Perchance by rustic minds best loved and known,
Though Pensée as an appellation graces
Thy humble birth, and shows the higher source
Of courtly thought. Thus thou art found
The favourite of high and low, and dost endorse
With "love" and "thought" the waste and garden ground:
I would thy fabled attributes were truly mine,
That I might love and think of him who did thy tints combine.

* Heart's-ease; two faces under a hood; love in idleness; pansy.

BUILDING A PALACE.

BY P. LE SUEUR, ESQ.

I HAD been examining the plans of an edifice, in the erection of which I was a good deal interested, and had lingered among the masons and stone-cutters, wondering at the precision with which they shaped the blocks which were to enter into the arches, relievos and buttresses, the hammer and chisel never being used after they were once placed in their positions. The music of the steel upon the stones was still reverberating in the chambers of my brain when I sat down before a comfortable fire at home, prepared to revel in the pages of an interesting volume, when all unconsciously I found myself upon, or near, a large mound, broken here and there into quarries, from which a large number of men were engaged in cutting out stones of various sizes, forms, and degrees of hardness, colour, and beauty. From the quarries the stones were transported to work-shops to be dressed, though some were wrought in the open air, while others received no preparation at all, save the rough hewing which had served to detach them from the rock. Indeed, of the latter, not a few commended themselves at once as every way adapted to the purpose intended, being in fact broad, solid, "live" blocks, admirably suited for the foundations of a majestic edifice. As the stones, great and small, highly polished, ornamentally shaped, diversely tinted, or, severe in simplicity, as ponderous masses, had passed through the hands of the workmen, they were inspected by the architect, and when approved were carried thence.

Being desirous of knowing the precise purpose to which these materials were to be applied, I inquired from a little child who seemed to understand the whole matter, and he innocently replied: "Don't you know? Why, the King is building a beautiful palace, and so he keeps all these men at work."

"But," said I, "why do they work in different quarries and shops, some of them treating the others apparently as strangers?"

"Well, I don't understand it, but I am afraid they are not all agreed, and I am afraid, too, that some don't do their work very well, but perhaps you had better inquire from themselves."

One of the largest of the establishments being near, I directed my steps thither, and noticed that a very large number of stones were carried there. It was a venerable-looking pile, but withal a very peculiar one. The original plan had evidently been greatly altered, and, as it appeared to me, not at all for the better, for it had been cut up into the most fantastic shapes, while various additions had been made by means of which dark, unwholesome and fear-inspiring cells and caverns were created, the purposes of which, in connection with the ostensible objects of the main structure, utterly baffled my comprehension. The ivy and other parasites, some of a very noxious character, had climbed the walls, covered the windows and almost excluded the light from the interior. But it appeared that these parasitic plants had somehow protected the fabric, for when the masonry was exposed to the sun, it soon commenced to decay. Indeed, the strangely composite building exhibited, not signs of decay merely, but evidences of having been terribly shaken, for there were great rents and gaps in it, together with vast heaps of rubbish, indicating that a considerable portion had fallen in. But the most revolting of the features it presented was the sign of blood; for except in the very modern portions large crimson stains, which all the waters of Jordan never could purge, incarnadined the walls and floors as evidences of many a fearful and sanguinary tragedy.

The *tout-en-semble,* however, was still grand and imposing, but the dark gloom within was sorely depressing to persons loving sunlight and a well-oxygenated air. Yet there was an indescribable fascination about the tumble-down old place. The walls were covered with fine paintings and many a niche was enriched with statuary. Throughout there was the odour of incense, and at intervals, the voices of grand musical intruments, cunningly played, broke in upon the ear. At the further end lights were burning in chandeliers, though it was mid-day, while men habited in gorgeous costumes flitted about and chanted in strange monotone over their work. But there were some also wearing long dark robes and shaven crowns, while others went barefooted as well as bare-headed, and not a few had ropes around their waists.

Meeting one of these bearing a stone, I inquired into the

meaning of the strange rites, to which he replied: "*Magnum opus!*" proceeding immediately to discourse at length to me in a comparatively unknown tongue, so that I could very imperfectly understand his explanations. I took the liberty, however, of inspecting the stones in process of preparation, and was surprised beyond measure at the strange forms into which many had been thrown. Indeed, I puzzled myself into melancholy conjecturing how they could be fitted into any wall. The whole economy of this establishment was, to say the least, very peculiar, and I had almost said unnatural, for the men were all bachelors (technically), and the women virgins; the latter, with few exceptions, being imprisoned behind strong iron gratings, while some of the former adopted the mendicant profession, and seemed to believe that by so doing they contributed largely to the erection of the King's palace. When the stones manipulated in this establishment were finished, a considerable proportion vanished in a mist which ever seemed to hang around it.

An oppressive sensation compounded of gloom and sadness at seeing so much labour misapplied and so much valuable material turned to small account so overcame me that I was glad to make my exit, and I forthwith turned my steps towards the next work-place. But between this and that already described, there was another house claiming great antiquity, and in many repects (as I was informed, for I did not visit it), carrying on its work very much like the latter. The two had indeed been in agreement at one time, but they had quarrelled about statuary and other equally vital matters, until they became totally estranged, each holding the other in sovereign contempt, and declaring each other's workmen to be mere Greek or Roman botches, as the case might be, wholly incompetent for the tasks they had undertaken.

Having no disposition to enter into their squabbles and having had a surfeit of mummery, I went on to what was called by its devoted adherents the British work-shop. It did not appear by any means so ancient a pile as either of the other two, and yet among its artisans, I heard that it was of equal age! In some respects it resembled the building I had just quitted, and, indeed, there was an affectation of cousinship between a part of the two squads of workmen. It gloried in towers, turrets, illuminated

windows, motley garments, and here and there in incense, burning lights and flowers; yet, singular as it may appear, there were a good many nooks in which the severest simplicity prevailed. How to account for this difference of practice in a concern supposed to be presided over by one head and governed by the same code of rules, was hard to understand, but I soon found that there were at least three separate rings or parties in the enclosure, severally known as "the High, the Broad, and the Low"—whatever these distinctions might mean. Some of the labourers asserted that they, and they only, had authentic orders to carve, shape, and dress the stones, and that no stone, however well prepared, could by any possibility enter into the walls of the King's house, unless it had passed through their hands, and had received the imprimatur of their Order! Others, however, were more tolerant, for though singularly well assured of their own legitimacy and not by any means so certain about outside workmen, they yet admitted that beautiful blocks had been wrought by these people, and charitably hoped that the chief architect would find them worthy of some place in the palace. They all, however, spoke in the vernacular, and it was pleasant to notice that a good proportion of the liberal class were extremely diligent, painstaking and successful. Indeed, they turned out some splendid specimens of workmanship, and it may be said of them, that, in general, they were the most highly trained of all the bands at work. The pity was that they knew it so well. I have said that they spoke in the vernacular, but I may add that they usually spoke in set and legal phraseology, very seldom indeed venturing upon any modes of expression or upon any course of operation not formulated in their stereotyped instructions. There was then but little scope for enthusiasm, imagination, or genius, and I felt sorry that the generous promptings of so many ardent natures should be so pitifully restrained. On the whole, however, this factory was a success, for if the men did not break out in passionate spontaneity, they thought a good deal, and enshrined their weighty words in mighty tomes which very greatly contributed to the instruction of the workers of all classes.

Not far distant stood another edifice devoted to similar objects. It was a comparatively plain, but withal, a very substantial struc-

ture, and as there was nothing claiming particular attention in its externals, I went the more readily into the interior. Here extreme simplicity reigned. Not long before, however, there had been jealousies upon a question relating to the headship of the establishment, and quite a number had relinquished their places rather than enthrone an inferior being as their sovereign. The strife did not, it is true, last very long, and upon a reconsideration of the question at issue, they found it quite possible to get over the difficulty, and, in effect, again united in the prosecution of their high and honourable toil. They worked well and were rewarded with great success. There was, nevertheless, a remarkable peculiarity in the system of these good men. They did not, at least they pretended they did not, believe that all the stones they were fashioning with so much zeal could ever be used! Some, they knew, would be, but they did not know which or how many. The architect, they said, would choose them, in fact had chosen them while yet unhewn! But it was a depressing consideration that much of the toil expended was upon material which was never intended by him to form part or parcel of the palace. One would have supposed that so strange a conceit would have repressed their zeal, and it may have done so; but if it did, the labour was not relaxed. It was their duty to hammer and chisel and carve, and they did it. In fact, I began to suspect that while they assented to the theory of their system, they did not really believe the anomalous limitation. But whether they believed it or not they exhibited the very extraordinary and very unwonted spectacle of men whose practice was very much better than their avowed principles. I took the liberty of telling some of them so, but they maintained they were right, and forthwith summoned one of their presidents, a fine old gentleman of the name of Edwards, and a no less respectable Doctor called Dwight, to prove it, but I declined the interview and respectfully took my leave after telling them to work away, as I was quite sure that every good stone they got ready would be accepted—at which the inconsistent men smiled, and said they hoped so.

The building near that was not very unlike it, and the mode of working not very dissimilar. There was not, perhaps, quite so much precision, and certainly not so much stiffness, and perhaps

this may have arisen from the fact that the workers seemed to admit of no grades of authority. They were apparently all bosses, unless, indeed, we take their own statement of the case, which was that they were quite independent of all authority save that of the King they loyally served and right royally loved. This concern I found had encountered many severe conflicts in its day, aye! and had itself sometimes imposed its principles and modes of procedure upon others in no very gentle fashion. But it will be to its eternal credit that it fought generally, and during many long years of adversity, for the right of every toiler to follow his own honest intuitions, as well as for the honour and glory of the King. Perhaps, however, the leading idea of this "band of hope" was that the affairs of the two kingdoms, the Seen and the Unseen, should not become intermixed, and that the power of the lower should not be invoked to compel submission to theories repugnant to the individual will. Nurtured in these stern theories they had acquired a certain ruggedness of address which often gave offence, but this had almost worn off, and I found them working in delightful harmony with several other companies of like-minded citizens. All they ever seemed to care about was that every stone coming to them from the quarry should be perfectly prepared for, and finally adjusted in the palace. We exchanged salutations and I proceeded to the next house.

Like the last two this was a busy place, and the prevailing idea was work. I could not very well see, at first, why it should be dissociated from them in any way, but soon discovered that the primary proceeding in the preparation of the stones was entire aqueous submergence; and accordingly so soon as one was extracted from the quarry, and deemed eligible for the work on hand, it was brought to a pool and, with much gravity, thoroughly soused. The toilers in the other enclosures used water as a sign, and deemed it of little consequence whether much or little was used, arguing that it did not affect the quality of the stones; but these last could not feel that a good commencement had been made unless the blocks were drenched and came out dripping from their bath. So long as no particular virtue was held to be imparted to the stones by this external washing the other workers expressed no very marked disapprobation, but on the contrary

sometimes resorted to it themselves when some odd stone in their hands seemed to need washing, and it may be said to the credit of all parties that the bathers and the sprinklers wrought in the very best fellowship, and rejoiced in each other's successes.

Now as I proceeded on my way I discovered that there were a great many more stone-cutters' yards and shops than I had at first supposed, and being somewhat limited as to time I had to leave several minor ones unvisited, and therefore will leave them undescribed. But there were two which I must glance at before I bring the record of my journey to a close. The labourers in the first were all habited in drab and they always kept their hats on. One would have almost thought that some model worker had at first been invented and dressed, and that the others were, for ever after, fashioned upon that pattern. But this establishment, though comparatively small, was eminently respectable. The women as well as the men, were adepts at stone-dressing and carving, and unlike some of the other communities which did not cultivate much social intercourse, these were all Friends. Sometimes they worked in silence, and they were seldom heard to sing, much less to shout, but for all that they seemed to enjoy themselves and to be a contented if not a very progressive or growing class.

My last visit was to a more modern establishment, though it professed to be modelled as closely as possible upon the forms in use in the primitive times. Yet, though latest organized, it had grown into amazing proportions and, moreover, had projected travelling and branch agencies all round the mound; indeed it did a good deal of its work in camps and groves, and while some of its work-rooms were nobly appointed, a great part of its best results were accomplished in log cabins, in barns, and under the shadow of tall woods. The craftsmen were not always of the dainty class, but they were none the less efficient. They professed an inner consciousness of the nature of their obligations and were fond of saying,—

> "What *we* have felt and seen,
> With confidence we tell."

At first, as I learned, they endured much contumely, and their pretensions were not unfrequently treated with supercilious contempt by the regularly trained actors in the other concerns, but

none of these things moved them. Some had been artisans in other callings, some navigators, some delvers and ditchers, some coal miners, some fighting men; and, indeed, if their qualifications for stone-cutting and dressing had been tested by common rules, many would necessarily have been ruled out. But they pointed to the stones wrought, and in an incredibly short time had piled up such pyramids of unexceptionable material that there was no gainsaying their commission. Indeed, it has been thought that they worked harder and achieved greater success at first than they have done since attaining greater professional skill; but be that as it may, I found them as busy as beavers, as blithe as skylarks, and as resolute as lions.

At times they are uncommonly vocal. They shout, and sing, and groan in a most ungenteel fashion, and especially when working some quarry in the woods, they keep up an amount of racket which jars very harshly upon the nerves of more self-contained workers. But it has happened often enough that grave, slow-spoken men of other companies, who have ventured among them, have forgotten their proprieties and incontinently found themselves moved to similar extravagances without being at all ashamed. The joy of preparing one stone for the King's palace has been an adequate cause of exultation, and the enthusiasm transferred to their own enclosures has wrought surprising results. I looked upon these busy bodies with an ever-increasing interest, and settled it in my mind that of all the workers I had seen, none could show anything like the same amount of acceptable service since the period when they as methodical itinerants first turned their attention to the stone-cutting business. Just then some one commenced to sing,—

> "A house we call our own,
> Which cannot be o'erthrown.
> In the general ruin, sure,
> Storms and earthquakes it defies,
> Built immovably secure,
> Built eternal in the skies!"

But when the voice ceased a gentle hand was put upon my shoulder, and a loving child said, "Why, papa dear, you have been singing in your sleep."

IS ALCOHOL FOOD?

BY W. H. WITHROW, M A.

II.

We have seen that alcoholic liquors not only cannot aid, but that they actually prevent digestion, and that they injure the tone of the entire digestive apparatus. Neither do they increase the power of endurance of fatigue, as is often asserted, but rather diminish it, as is abundantly proved by the testimony of those who have had to perform the severest labour under circumstances of the greatest physical hardship.

Dr. Carpenter has examined this subject very thoroughly, and presents ample evidence of the fallacy of the popular notions upon it. He quotes, among many other examples, the circumstances of a vessel that sprang a leak at sea, and was kept afloat for twelve weeks by the unceasing efforts of the passengers and crew. At first they partook of spirits, but their strength failed so rapidly that, by the captain's orders, coffee and cocoa were substituted, "when," says the Dr., "their vigour returned; their fatigue diminished; and after twelve weeks' incessant and severe labour (with no interval longer than four hours), the ship was brought into port with all on board of her in as good condition as ever they were in their lives."* He also received the voluntary testimony of thirty-four men engaged in the most laborious operations, furnace and foundry-men, glass-blowers, etc., "that they were able to perform their toil with greater ease and satisfaction when abstaining from liquor than when they drank moderately of it." A teetotal glass-blower, publicly stated at a meeting at Exeter Hall, that he had "worked sixty hours at a stretch, without ever lying down, at his exhaustive labour, a feat which he had never been able to accomplish while using spirituous liquors." A member of a Glasgow fire brigade states that he sustained seventy-three hours' continued exertion at a fire, with no other beverage than coffee and ginger-beer, while his spirit-drinking comrades "were beat, and fell away." The superior efficacy of total abstinence in promoting bodily vigour

* Physiology of Temperance, p. 121.

was uniformly demonstrated in competitive trials between two sets of labourers engaged in very diverse but arduous toil,—mowers, harvesters, brick-makers, miners, iron-workers, railway-navvies and the like,—the one set practising total abstinence, whilst the other relied on the assistance of alcoholic liquors.* The same truth is corroborated by the noble physique and athletic power of the boatmen, porters, and water-carriers of Constantinople, said to be strongest and finest set of men in Europe. The Mohammedan populations of the East, generally, who are all abstainers on religious principle from wine or fermented liquor, are characterized by their fine development and muscular energy. In competitions of strength between the most athletic grenadiers of the British service, and the water drinkers of the Himalayas, the latter were uniformly victorious, their average strength, according to J. S. Buckingham, the oriental traveller, being one and three-quarter times that of the strongest Europeans. The extraordinary endurance of fatigue of the New Zealand Maories, the Cape Caffres, the North American Indians, and of the Guachos of the South American pampas, who all drink water exclusively, prove, at least, the entire compatibility of total abstinence with perfect physical health and vigour.

Military experience also proves that the prolonged and often severe hardships of a soldier's life are better endured without liquor than with it. During Sir John Moore's retreat from Corunna, notwithstanding the depressing circumstances under which this march was performed, the army was found to *improve* in health and vigour, as soon as the usual allowance of spirits was unattainable. The Duke of Wellington, during the Peninsular War, feared more for his men from barrels of wine than from batteries of cannon, and sent a body of troops to destroy a large magazine of wine which lay on his line of march.

Probably no troops ever performed more laborious work than those that in 1870 proceeded by the Dawson Road to Red River, dragging their heavy boats, stores, and war-material over numerous and often steep portages. Yet all this fatigue was successfully undergone with the absolute prohibition of intoxicating liquors and the substitution therefor of tea *ad libitum*.

* Carpenter, Physiology of Temperance, pp. 121, 122.

"Since it has been proved," says the gallant Havelock, referring to the capture of Ghuznee, "that troops can make forced marches of forty miles, and storm a fortress in seventy-five minutes, without the aid of rum, behaving after success with a forbearance and humanity unparalleled in history—not the slightest insult being offered to one of the females found in the Zenana—let it not henceforth be argued that distilled spirits are an indispensable portion of a soldier's ration."

Copious evidence of this nature, both from the naval and military service, was given before the Parliamentary Committee for the Suppression of Intemperance. The superiority of Cromwell's grave and temperate Ironsides over the drunken and roystering cavaliers is corroborative of the proposition here maintained.

We may learn, even from the prize ring, that the highest degree of bodily vigour is inconsistent with even a moderate indulgence in alcoholic liquors. This was also the experience of the ancient athletes of the Isthmian games.

> "Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
> Multa tulit, fecitque puer: sudavit et alsit;
> Abstinuit venere, et vino."

Homer also makes Hector reject the entreaty of "royal Hecuba":—

> "Stay till I bring the cup with Bacchus crowned,
> Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
> Spent as thou art with long laborious fight."
> "Far hence be Bacchus' gifts," the chief rejoined,
> "Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
> Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind."

Milton thus represents the wisdom of abstinence from wine in the drama of "Samson Agonistes." . . .

> "*Chorus.*—Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
> Which many a famous warrior overturns,
> Thou couldst repress. . . .
>
> *Samson.*—I drank from the clear, milky juice, allaying
> Thirst, and refreshed; nor envied them the grape
> Whose heads that turbulent liquor filled with fumes.
>
> *Chorus.*—O madness, to think use of strongest wines
> And strongest drinks our chief support in health,
> When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear
> His mighty champion, strong above compare,
> Whose drink was only from the liquid brook."

There has long been a prevalent idea among the professional classes, that a "moderate" use of fermented or spirituous liquors conduces to intellectual vigour, and enables them better to endure the mental strain they have to undergo. But this opinion, too, disappears before the crucial test of actual experience. Those who indulge in wine or spirit drinking mistake the transient stimulation of the faculties for an increase of mental power, not considering that the subsequent reaction and depression are all the greater for the previous excitement. When men have sought the aid of these delusive supports, it has often failed them utterly after a short time. Hartley Coleridge, Mozart, Burns, Byron, E. A. Poe, and many other gifted sons of genius, who had recourse to alcoholic stimulus for the excitement of their powers, all died at an early age, "as if," says Dr. Carpenter, "in consequence of the premature exhaustion of their nervous energy."

S. C. Hall, the well-known author, and editor of the *Art-Journal*, gave his testimony as follows: "He lived by the labour of his brain, and could testify that since he became a teetotaler, he had an increase of intellectual power. He was better in body and mind, and was able to work three times longer than ever he could while he indulged, even moderately, in the use of strong drinks."

Few men have performed greater public labours than the late Mr. Cobden. He says: "No one has more faith than I have in the truth of the teetotal doctrine, both in a physical and moral point of view. I have acted upon the principle that fermented or distilled drinks are useless for sustaining our strength, for the more work I have had to do, the more I have resorted to the pump and the teapot. . . . . From what I have seen of the House," he continues, "I must say that I have the belief that the men who are the most temperate are the men who bear the fatigue of the House best." The late Col. Thompson and Mr. Bright, those indefatigable workers in the public service, were both practical teetotalers. John Howard, the illustrious philanthropist, notwithstanding his constitutional weakness, seemed to bear a charmed life amid plague and pestilence, and the extraordinary fatigues of his extensive travels, the result, doubtless, of his abstemious diet. Some dried biscuit and a cup of milk or

cold water was his usual fare. Locke, also, attributed his prolonged life and labours to his entire abstinence from alcoholic liquors. The testimony of great numbers of the clergy, physicians and lawyers, lecturers, and other public speakers, who once thought that alcoholic stimulants were necessary for the sustenance and repair of their physical and mental powers, but discovered that total abstinence was much more conducive to that object, might also be cited.

Another purpose to be served by food is that of sustaining the temperature of the body. Many articles of diet, which do not contain much actual nutriment, are valuable for maintaining the vital heat. Spirituous liquors, it is asserted, are especially adapted for that purpose. The immediate sense of warmth which is felt on their imbibition, favours the popular apprehension; and the large amount of carbon in their chemical composition—about fifty-two per cent. in pure alcohol—gives a sort of *quasi* probability to the presumption. That presumption, however, is fallacious. The true and normal supporters of combustion—which is really the process which takes place in the lungs, as well as in the capillaries—are the sugar, starch, and fatty substances of the food we eat. According to the estimate of Leibig, two hundred and sixty-six parts of spirits of the strength of ordinary brandy are required to generate the same amount of heat as a hundred parts of fat would produce; "so that weight for weight," says Prof. Carpenter, who has examined this subject exhaustively, "the heat-producing power of proof spirit, considered simply as a chemical agent, is actually less than starch or sugar;"* compared with fat, it is only as one to two and a half.

Moreover, when alcohol is in the blood it prevents the combustion of the proper fuel for maintaining the animal heat. The effete material is not removed from the blood, as by the process of respiration when uninterrupted by the presence of alcohol it always is, and these impurities are retained in the system to the great injury of the whole vital economy. After the first transient effect in quickening the circulation has ceased, the general temperature of the body is lowered, so that for the very purpose for which alcohol is so highly recommended, it is an actual injury

* Physiology of Temperance, p. 136.

instead of a benefit. Ammonia and camphor possess similar stimulating powers, yet no one thinks them appropriate articles of diet on that account; and there is no more reason why alcohol should be so considered. The experiments of Dr. Prout on this subject show, "that alcohol enormously depresses the combustion of carbon in the system during its existence in the body," and therefore lessens the amount of animal heat generated. "The supposition," says Dr. Lees, "that alcohol is necessary in cold climates is erroneous, and contrary alike to common experience and scientific experiment."

The result of wide and varied experience fully confirms these conclusions, based on scientific data. The unvarying testimony of arctic explorers, whale-fishers, fur-traders and trappers, and of the inhabitants of high northern latitudes, of Alpine guides and others exposed to extreme and long-continued cold, demonstrates not only the inutility, but the absolute injuriousness of alcohol as a generator of animal heat, and the vast superiority of an oleaginous diet for that purpose.

Sir J. Richardson mentions as a proof of his power of resisting cold, which he attributed to his entire abstinence from spirits, that, though advanced in years, he was enabled to go into the open air at a temperature of 50° below zero without an overcoat.

Sir John Ross says of his northern expedition: "I was twenty years older than any of the officers or crew, and thirty years older than all excepting three, yet I could stand the cold and endure fatigue better than any of them, who all made use of tobacco and spirits." "He who will make the corresponding experiments," says the same commander, "on two equal boats' crews, rowing in a heavy sea, will soon be convinced that the water-drinkers will far outdo the others." The free use of ardent spirits is one of the chief causes of the failure of so many Arctic expeditions, and when the men drank nothing but water, they endured the rigour of the climate with impunity. A Danish crew of sixty men were winter-bound in Hudson's Bay. Before spring, fifty-eight of them died. An English crew, under the same circumstances, lost only two men. The former had an ample supply of ardent spirits; the latter had none.

An old Orkney whaler narrated to the present writer a tragical illustration of the depressing effect of alcoholic liquors on the bodily powers. The crews of two ice-locked vessels were forced to abandon their ships, and to travel many miles on the ice in order to take refuge in that to which he belonged. The one had only their usual rations of fat pork and biscuit. The other had, in addition, a supply of brandy. The whole of the first crew arrived safely. The whole of the second perished from cold and exposure.

The Hudson's Bay Company for many years have excluded spirits from the north-west fur country, and the hardy Canadian *voyageurs*, or *coureurs de bois* in these desolate wilds, as well as the Indians and half-breeds, will endure the intensest cold on their generous rations of pemmican, and the bears' meat or beavers' tails they may obtain on the route.

In a despatch of the late Lord Elgin, then Governor-General of Canada, to the Colonial Secretary, he says: "It is a most interesting fact, both in a moral and hygienic view, that for some years past intoxicating liquors have been rigorously excluded from almost all the shanties of the lumber-men; and that notwithstanding the exposure of the men to cold in the winter, and to wet in the spring, the result of the experiment has been entirely satisfactory."

The setting in of a Canadian winter, or any "cold snap" of unusual severity, is generally attended with several instances of death from exposure of poor wretches enfeebled and almost devitalized by habits of inebriation.

Baron Larrey, the great French surgeon, says that "during Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, those soldiers who indulged in the use of intoxicating liquors sank under the effects of cold almost in battalions; but their fate was not shared by those of their comrades who abstained from those liquors." Marshal Grouchy says that "he was kept alive for days on coffee, while others, who took spirits, slept never more to rise." At the present time the Russian soldiers, on a winter march, have rations of *oil* served out instead of spirits, experience having shown its superiority as a generator of heat. The Esquimaux, who live largely on blubber, are able to endure with impunity the intensest cold.

Dr. Hooker, a medical officer under Sir J. Ross, says: "Ardent spirit never did me an atom of good. It does harm; the extremities are not warmed by it . . . you are colder and more fatigued a quarter or half an hour after it, than you would have been without it."

Such testimonies might be multiplied indefinitely, but sufficient evidence has been adduced to show that "for enabling the body to resist the continued influence of severe cold, alcoholic liquors are far inferior in potency to solid food, especially of the oleaginous kind;"* and that after the temporary stimulation of the circulation that they produce has subsided, "the cold is felt with augmented severity, and its action on the system is proportionately injurious."

It is also maintained that among the many fan-ied virtues of alcohol, is that of enabling the system to endure the effects of intense and long-continued heat, whether climatic or artificial. Indeed, it seems in the opinion of its admirers to be a universal panacea, adapted to the most contrary circumstances and productive of the most contrary effects. It enables one to endure the rigours of cold, it diminishes the effects of heat. It is a wholesome corrective of too dry an atmosphere. It is an antidote to the ill effects of wet. It is necessary to ward off the effects of malaria on the Gold Coast. It is also necessary in the breezy sanatoria in the hill country of India. It is required by those who are in health to keep them so, and by those who are ill for their recovery. It is prescribed for fevers and for colds, in cases of exhaustion and of surfeit alike. It is part of the outfit of the whaler in Baffin's Bay and of the ivory-trader in Timbuctoo. Their spirit rations are served out to the British sailors when sweltering between decks off the Slave Coast, as well as when rounding Cape Horn; and to the British soldiers at Aden—the hottest place on earth—as well as in midwinter to the garrisons at Vancouver's Island or Quebec; and it is thought equally necessary for them all. But neither the Esquimaux in the snow huts of Nova Zembla, nor the naked negroes of Senegal use these wondrous beverages, yet are superior in health and vigour to the Europeans who enjoy its fictitious aid. The first maintains his

* Carpenter's Physiology of Temperance, p. 144.

temperature on an appropriate diet of whale's blubber, the second keeps cool on melons and rice; but the Englishman, with a sublime indifference to circumstances, continues to imbibe his brandy, London stout, and Barclay's XXX, in every variety of climate, till he often falls a victim to his defiance of the laws of health and common sense. It is said that a favourite beverage in Jamaica is rum, flavoured with cayenne pepper! We find, as a consequence, that the planters die in scores from sunstroke. About as suitable to the climate, this, as that described by a Yankee in reply to the Cockney inquiry—"Do they drink hale in your country?" "Drink hail!" said Jonathan, unaccustomed to the aspirate, but not to be outdone by an Englishman, "We drink thunder and lightning!"

A vast and varied experience has shown that instead of being beneficial in any or all of those diverse circumstances, alcoholic liquors are always and everywhere injurious. But they are especially injurious to those living or labouring in elevated temperatures. It has been thought absolutely necessary, when the body is pouring out water in perspiration, to pour in alcohol in order to keep up the supply. But this, really, is adding fuel to the flames; and is increasing the amount of injurious material in the blood, which the system is trying to get rid of through the pores. Thus the blood is poisoned, the nervous and muscular energy is enfeebled, the appetite is impaired, and a state of physical collapse is induced.

Dr. Carpenter has accumulated a vast body of proof of the insufficiency of alcoholic liquors to sustain bodily vigour under the endurance of extreme and continued heat, or of great vicissitudes of temperature. The experience of men in performing excessive labour in an elevated temperature—steamship stokers, anchor forgers, glass-blowers, and others similarly engaged—confirms this theoretic opinion.

The testimony of oriental and tropical travellers and explorers, of missionaries, of military and naval commanders, all conspire in proof of the proposition that these liquors do not sustain either the mental or the physical powers under extremes or striking vicissitudes of temperature.

Sir John Ross, to whose Arctic experiences we have referred

says of exposure to heat: "On my last voyage to Honduras all the sailors, twelve in number, died, and I was the only person that went out in the ship who came home alive, which I attribute entirely to my abstaining from the use of spirituous liquors."

"Rum," says Dr. Bell, speaking of its use in the West Indies, "always diminishes the strength of the body, and renders man more susceptible to disease, and unfit for any service in which vigour or activity is required. As well might we throw oil into a burning house to extinguish the flames, as pour ardent spirits into the stomach, to lessen the effect of a hot sun upon the skin."

"I have served," says the veteran Governor of Gambia, "in all the West India colonies, and in Africa, and I never knew a dram-drinker long-lived, healthy, or always equal to the duties he was called upon to perform."

"Wherever," says an eminent medical authority, "in conconformity with their absurd national customs, European residents in tropical countries continue to indulge in their usual alcoholic beverages, they speedily fall victims to the climate or become invalided." Small wonder that the Indian nabobs, who persist in using curry powder and brandy and water, return to England, if they return at all, as yellow as their own guineas, and with a temper as irascible as that of Nana Sahib himself.

Sir James Brooke says, that in the torrid clime of Borneo entire abstinence from alcoholic liquor greatly conduces to the preservation of bodily vigour and the power of sustained exertion.

Dr. Daniels, medical officer in the equatorial regions of West Africa, states that he "found the use of ordinary alcoholic liquors decidedly inimical to the power of exertion."

Dr. Jackson, whose work on "The Formation and Discipline of Armies" is the standard on the subject, says: "Spirits never add any permanent strength to anyone. In all climates the temperate livers are the fittest to undergo fatigue."

The experience of the British army in Egypt, under Sir James McGregor, during a period when no spirits could be obtained, confirms the above statement. "The duties were severe," says Sir James, "the heat was excessive—113° or 114° Fahr. in the soldiers' tents at mid-day—*but at no time was the army more healthy.*"

We have thus seen that neither as food proper, for furnishing nourishment to the animal tissue, nor as an aid to digestion, nor as fuel for sustaining vital heat, do alcoholic liquors possess the qualities popularly attributed to them. We have seen that they do not aid in the least degree in the formation of bone, muscle, blood, brain, nerve, nor any tissue or substance of the human body, but are an absolute injury to all its parts; and that they neutralize and destroy the digestive fluids, and thus instead of aiding, actually hinder and prevent digestion. We have also seen, that so far from increasing the power of resisting extreme cold or heat, they depress the bodily powers, and render them less capable of such resistance.

THE WATCHER AT THE GATE.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home.

A weary path I've travelled, 'mid darkness, storm, and strife,
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er:
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessèd as they stand,
Singing in the sunshine in the far-off sinless land;
Oh would that I were with them, amid their shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song!

The friends that started with me have entered long ago;
One by one they left me struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph surer won;
How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is done!

With them the blessèd angels that know no grief or sin,
I see them by the portals prepared to let me in.
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure; Thy time and ways are best;
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary; O Father, bid me rest.

—*Dr. Guthrie.*

HOW HONEST MUNCHIN SAVED THE METHODISTS.

BY J. C. T.

A CENTURY ago there stood in a retired spot, within a stone's-throw of the High Bullen, at Wednesbury, an antiquated hostelry, known as the "Cockfighters' Arms," a great resort of the "cocking" fraternity, for whose exploits Wednesbury was so famous in the days of auld lang syne. Here, after the excitement of the cock-pit, gamesters resorted to discuss the merits of their favourite birds, and to adjust the stakes they had severally lost or won. Here, too, were settled, amidst plentiful potations of spiced ale, programmes of future chanticleerian encounters. The exterior of the house was dingy enough. The windows were dark and heavy, the low old-fashioned porch was rapidly dissolving partnership with the main building, and the overhanging signboard—on which a brace of fighting birds in grievous art had long since melted into love, and become ethereal as to colour—creaked dismally in response to every gust of wind. Few sober-minded folk cared to cross the threshold of the "Arms"; for Nancy Neale, the hostess, was an Amazon whose salutation only the initiated had the courage to encounter.

On a dull autumn evening, about the middle of the last century, a group of topers, well-known members of the "fraternity," sat around Nancy's broad oaken table, discussing the prospects of their favourite pastime.

"I'll tell thee what, lads," observed a corpulent bull-necked fellow, pet-named the "Game Chicken," out of compliment to his prowess, "if we don't put a stop to these ranting Methodys, as goes about preachin' and prayin,' there'll be no sportsmen left us by-and-by."

"That's well said, Chicken," chimed in another inveterate cocker, "Hosey" by name, as he lifted a huge pewter pot to his lips.

"Why," resumed Chicken, "just look what they've done for Honest Munchin! Whoever could ha' thought it? As game a chap was Munchin as ever handled a bird, an' a pluckier cove to bet I never see."

"Ay, ay!" exclaimed the company, in a chorus of assent.

"But, la!" continued the first speaker, "jist behold him now, as funky as a turtle-dove, an' I b'lieve if he wor to see a cock die he'd want his pocket-handkercher to wipe his eyes."

A roar of laughter, which greeted this sarcastic hit, encouraged the speaker to proceed.

"Well, I was agoin to say, lads, as this John Wesley, as they calls him, is a-comin' to-morrow to preach agin Francis Ward's house, and we oughter show him what sort o' blood there is in Wednesbury. What say you, Mr. Moseley?"

The person thus appealed to, although of superior mental training to any of his pot companions, was an inveterate gamester, and his air of shabby gentility intimated a luckless career. He had indeed had such a run of misfortune that a fine estate, which he had inherited on the borders of Wednesfield, was so hopelessly encumbered, and so stricken with poverty, as to be popularly known in the neighbourhood by the name of "Fighting Cock's Hall."

"Here," said the gamester, raising his fishy eyes and leering like an ogre, "here is a crown-piece, the last I have left, to buy a basket of stale eggs. Chicken 'll know what to do with 'em."

"Ay, ay!" chimed in Nancy, who stood with folded arms against the door, "an' I'll give another, for these Methodys is for closing every tavern in Wedgebury, according to Munchin's talk; but we'll show um what stuff we're made on, won't we, Chicken?"

At this unexampled sacrifice for the cause of cocking and tippling the applause became uproarious, and by general consent Mr. Wesley was to have such a reception on the morrow as would convince him that "Wedgebury blood was game." So inspiriting became this lively theme that the morning sky was flushed with the red streaks of dawn before the revellers brought their orgies to a close.

On the afternoon following, the alley leading to the "Arms" was filled by a crowd of roysterers, headed by the Chicken and his *confreres* of the night before. The enthusiasm of the mob in their denunciation of the Methodists was heightened by sundry jugs of ale, liberally dispensed by Nancy. The multitude was

composed of the lowest class of labourers, not a few of them being armed with sticks and staves. As the starting-time drew near, such eggs of the required antiquity as had been procured were distributed among the noisy multitude, the excitement rose yet higher, and at length vented itself in a song, common at that period, of which the refrain was—

> "Mr. Wesley's come to town
> To try and pull the churches down."

The preliminaries being now all settled, the throng at a given signal from the Game Chicken who led them, started on their evil errand. Marching through the High Bullen, on which the gory evidence of a recent bull-bait was still visible, they approached the modest-looking homestead of Francis Ward. As they neared the spot they found a vast assemblage of men, women, and children gathered round a venerable-looking man who was preaching to them in the open air. The preacher was John Wesley. His silver locks were waving in the breeze; his eye glanced kindly on all around him; and his voice, distinct and clear, was pleading, as for dear life, firmly yet tenderly, with the assembled crowd, not a few of whom were melted into tears. On either side of the great evangelist stood Honest Munchin and Francis Ward. The former drew Wesley's attention to the advancing mob, and the preacher suddenly raising his voice, and gazing earnestly at his assailants, said, "My good friends, why is it that you wish to raise a rout and a riot? If I have injured any man, tell me. If I have spoken ill of any, I am here to answer. I am come on an errand of peace, and not of warfare. Lay down your weapons. I am all unarmed. I want to tell you something worth the hearing. Will you listen?"

All eyes were turned to the Chicken, who for a moment seemed abashed, and hesitated to give the word of command, but urged on by the jeers of his comrades, he gave the signal, and in a moment the frantic mob sent a volley of unfragrant missiles at the preacher and his supporters; and breaking through the ranks of the worshippers they rushed towards the temporary platform, overturned it, smashed the tables and chairs, hurling the fragments in all directions, and pursued Mr. Wesley (who had found

refuge at Ward's house) with such violence as to endanger the safety of that domicile, and it was not until the preacher had quietly surrendered himself that they were in any degree restored to peace.

Making his appearance, with Ward and Munchin, at the door, Mr. Wesley asked what it was they wanted with him?

"You maun come along to the justice," roared the rabble in reply; and the echo was taken up again and again: "The justice! the justice!" Such few of Mr. Wesley's adherents as had the courage to stand by him in this peril now flocked round him, and after a short conference with Ward, the preacher expressed his readiness to accompany the mob.

The justice to whom it was decided to convey Mr. Wesley was the Squire of Bentley, Lane by name, and a descendant of the famous Colonel Lane, who concealed and otherwise befriended the luckless King Charles II., during his romantic game of "hide and seek" with the Roundheads. It was quite dusk when the evangelist and his persecutors left Wednesbury on this strange pilgrimage. Munchin, Ward, and about a dozen other staunch Methodists, including three or four women in Quaker-like bonnets, were all the body-guard Mr. Wesley had, against the menacing mob of ruffians numbering three-score. Resistance was perfectly useless, and Munchin's remonstrances with his former companions, though often urged, were received with scoffs and jeers. In this extremity, without consulting Mr. Wesley, and confiding his secret only to one or two confederates, Munchin devised a scheme to damp the courage of the ring-leaders of the fierce and insolent mob. During a short pause at Darlaston, ordered by Chicken that he might quench his burning thirst for alcohol, Munchin was enabled to arrange the preliminaries of his ingenious device. After the lapse of a few minutes, the Chicken, who had evidently made the most of his time, came staggering down the steps of the White Lion, and the march was resumed. The night grew darker, a drizzling rain began to fall, and not a few of the mob, whose spirits had been damped, here turned back, but the rest quickened their pace towards Bentley.

In due time the pretty little village of Bentley was reached, and the crowd paced expectantly up the long avenue leading to

the hall. Mr. Lane and his family, who kept good hours, had retired to rest, and were annoyed not a little at such an intrusion on their repose. Appearing at the window in undress, Mr. Lane shouted,—

"What means all this—eh? get about your business."

"An' please your worship," answered the Chicken, "we've got Mr. Wesley here, wot's bin a prayin' an' a psalm-singing at Wedgebury yonder, an' makin' a disturbance on the king's highway, an' please your worship what would you advise us to do?"

"To go home quietly," rejoined the justice, "and get to bed," with which judicial advice he fastened the window, and put an end to the conference.

At this unexpected rebuff the crowd grew clamorous, and were only silenced by the voice of Chicken, which bade them proceed with Mr. Wesley to Walsall, where a justice of later hours might be found, adding that he and his lieutenants would be with them presently. The crowd, on hearing this, began slowly to retrace their steps down the gravel path, while Chicken, with two or three confidential comrades, sought to obtain another interview with the justice, thinking that when the mob had departed he might plead with his worship more successfully. Munchin, who was an attentive witness to this arrangement, withdrew unseen from Mr. Wesley's side, and was soon lost amongst the shadows of the dark beeches which skirted the Hall. The Chicken tried in vain to rouse the somniferous justice a second time, and after trying the strength of his lungs and his patience until the case was hopeless, he went cursing and muttering way. Arm in arm, he and his three companions pursued the way taken by their confederates on before, with as quick a step as their previous libations would allow. The night was dark and still. Only the distant murmur of the onward mob disturbed the prevailing calm, save a faint breeze from westward which bore the silvery chimes of a distant church tower.

"That's ten by Will'nall clock, Chicken," remarked one of the group.

Chicken made no answer, but was felt to be trembling from head to foot. At length he said with a spasmodic effort, pointing to the beeches,—

"O gracious heavens! what's that?"

The other three turned their eyes in a moment to the spot, and saw in the dark shadow of the trees a tall figure, clothed in white, slowly advancing towards them. The four men then fell instinctively on their knees, and probably for the first time in their lives stammered out a prayer.

"The Lord preserve us, sinners as we are!" gasped the Chicken, and the others repeated the cry.

Still the figure slowly advanced, and their terror increased a thousandfold. They grew speechless and motionless. When within a few yards of them, the spectre paused, and lifting an arm beneath its snow-white shroud, it said, in a voice sepulchral, calling the Chicken by his real name,—

"Dan Richards, is that you who are become a persecutor of God's saints?"

"The Lord preserve us, sinners as we are!" again groaned the Chicken with a violent effort, and fell back in a swoon.

"Amen!" gasped his three terrified comrades in convulsive chorus.

The vision slowly disappeared without further parley, and the three men managed as well as they were able to restore their helpless leader. When he was at length able to walk, the four started as quickly as their trembling limbs would allow in the direction of Wednesbury, resolved on leaving the mob to fare as best they may.

"What a fearsome sight we've seen!" groaned the Chicken at intervals. "It will haunt me to my dying day."

"Cheer up, comrade; doant turn coward," urged his companions, who in truth were as fearful as their leader, starting up at every object that they met along their dark and silent way.

Meanwhile, the mob had conveyed Mr. Wesley to Walsall, and as they were just ascending the hill leading into the town, Honest Munchin, to the glad surprise of his friends, who had not seen him since they left Bentley, again joined them. But Munchin kept the Ghost affair a secret, save to the two or three already initiated; and carried the white sheet unperceived beneath his arm, rejoicing that his knowledge of the superstitious fear of the Chicken and his companions had supplied him with an effectual means of victory over them.

On arriving at Walsall, no justice was to be found at home, and the mob, worn out by fatigue and disappointment, seemed half-resolved to let their captive free; but urged on by a boisterous company just emerging from the cock-pit, who came flocking round, they commenced an uproar, a picture of which shall be given in Mr. Wesley's own words: Many endeavoured to throw me down, well judging that if once on the ground, I should hardly rise any more, but I made no stumble at all, nor the least slip, until I was entirely out of their hands. Although many strove to lay hold on my collar or clothes to pull me down, they could not fasten at all, only one got fast hold of the flap of my waistcoat, which was soon left in his hand. The other flap, in the pocket of which was a bank-note, was but half torn off. A lusty man struck at me several times with a large oaken stick, with which one blow at the back of my head would have saved him all further trouble. But every time the blow was turned aside, I know not how. Another raised his hand to strike, but let it drop, only stroking my head, exclaiming, "What soft hair he has!" A poor woman of Darlaston, who had sworn that none should touch me, was knocked down and beaten, and would have been further ill-treated, had not a man called to them, "Hold, Tom, hold!" "Who's there?" asked Tom. "What, Honest Munchin? Nay, then, let her go."

The crowd now grew more furious, and stones and sticks were brought into such plentiful use that Wesley and his few brave followers were in the utmost peril, when suddenly the Chicken and his three companions who had retraced their steps, being conscience-stricken, appeared upon the scene once more.

"Hold! I say," roared the Chicken. "No more o' this, hold there!"

The voice was at once recognized, and produced an instant truce to battle.

Advancing to Mr. Wesley's side, the Chicken, who was deadly pale, shouted to his bewildered followers, "Now, lads, look ye here! the first as lays a finger on this gen'leman an' his friend, shall feel the weight o' this staff, I promise yer. We've all been a-doin' the devil's work this day." Then turning to Mr. Wesley, he shook hands with him, and begged his forgiveness, and also

grasped Munchin's fist with all the ardour of bygone years, little dreaming however that he was thus paying court to the veritable ghost he had seen at Bentley.

The influence of the Chicken's determined action was all-powerful. The uproar ceased. The mob, dispersing, wended homewards, and Mr. Wesley was conducted to a place of refuge. Never after were the Methodists troubled by the Chicken or his friends; but Munchin kept the ghostly stratagem almost wholly to himself, as a weapon of defence to be used whenever future occasion might require it. It never was required, and never will be now, and so I have not scrupled to disclose the secret of a hundred years, and to make known how Honest Munchin saved the Methodists.

ORDINATION HYMN.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

CHRIST to the young man said: "Yet one thing more:
If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me!"

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said;
And His invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon His arm and say,
"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest;
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!

A GREAT EVANGELIST.

BY THE REV. B. SHERLOCK.

THE life of the Rev. Thomas Collins by his gifted relative, the Rev. S. Coley (both members of the English Wesleyan Conference), is one of the most spirit-stimulating and intensely interesting religious biographies of any age or Church. Dying in 1864, he belonged to this generation, to the age of railways and newspapers; the age of unlimited discussion and unrestricted inquiry; the age of variety both in the forms of skepticism and the modes of Christian work. The Church should be thankful, as it treasures the records of his singularly luminous life, that God has not left this age of ours without witnesses to the truth of His most liberal promises of spiritual wealth; witnesses to the fact that His standard of holy living is not the ideal of an enthusiastic apostle conceived in the glow and gush of his "first love," but one marked and measured by Divine wisdom and adapted for actual realization in this the busiest of epochs, and in England, the centre of modern civilization.

The lesson becomes all the more impressive when we consider that the subject of this biography seems not to have been of the mental or physical type which the fancy of many associates with unusual sanctity of character. From various indications given in the book, his portrait included, we gather that he was a burly, hearty, healthy man, of the temperament that is apt to love outdoor exercise, and enjoy the good things and pleasant sights of the life that now is. As a young man, he is described as "witty, genial, and pleasant." With his figure before our eyes, we are looking, therefore, not on an "oddity," a recluse, a mere bookish and sanctimonius pietist, but on a *man*, who had it in him to be a citizen of the world, capable of realising its pleasures and drinking its cup of so-called happiness, had he so chosen to do.

Mr. Collins might be described as an ideal or model Methodist, thoroughly saturated with the peculiar and distinctive spirit of Methodism; and he who wishes to meet with it in its most intense development will meet it as fully as a book can present it in this biography. "Present, free, and full salvation," the watchword of

the hosts of the Methodist army, found in him a most enthusiastic and uttermost believer; such a believer as consecrated all the brain and muscle of a well-endowed and fully-developed man, all the days of a busy life to its energetic presentation for the acceptance of his fellow-men. Abundant evidence of this glows upon almost every page of the book before us, and we wish to cull, from this rich garden, some flowers which may serve to illustrate how fully its subject was identified with what has been aptly called "full salvation."

The conversion of our subject at the early age of nine years forms the starting point of his religious history. This came to pass under the mighty ministry of the Rev. Gideon Ouseley, the celebrated Irish evangelist and street preacher. Reminiscences of Ouseley's eminent holiness as well as of his unique evangelistic powers are among the wonders that roused the religious susceptibilities of the writer when in his boyhood; it was therefore no matter for surprise, but rather in accordance with the fitness of things, when he read that this spiritual giant was the child of one of the mightiest of God's servants. And this is indeed the truest "Apostolic succession" when men "full of the Holy Ghost" speak so as that the "Holy Ghost falls on all who hear," and from among the hearers there arise some who convey, by similar means, a like charism to others.

Having suffered spiritual declension for a time through the associations of a boarding school, he was restored to the consciousness of the Divine favour under the ministrations of Rev. W. Davies, and from that time grew in knowledge and grace until 1830, when being about twenty years of age, he entered into the joy and power of *perfect love.* There are sincere and intelligent Christians now in the Methodist Church, who object to any statement or definition which involves the possession of a distinctly "higher" Christian life than that with which they are familiar, and do not like the phrase "second blessing," or any expression which is its equivalent. It is thought by some such, that speaking of one great crisis-experience other than that one by which entrance to the kingdom of God is gained, must necessarily interfere with the growth in grace which is so needful and desirable. Certain it is that the getting of perfect love as a distinct experience, and

in a sudden manner, never eclipsed the blessing of pardon in Mr. Collins' estimation, and did not interfere either in conception or in fact with his steady and vigorous growth in every virtue of the Christian life.

His biographer takes note of this epochal event in his experience, as follows:—

"At a prayer meeting, March 5th, 1830, Thomas Collins, whose spirit for some time had been stirred with desire after holiness, was enabled to belive the cleansing word; and in the strength of that faith, to bow his whole will utterly to Christ, to whom he surrendered all authority in his soul. . . . The altar upon which self was dedicated sanctified the gift, and upon the living sacrifice which faith laid there, heavenly fire came down. The covenant that hour made was never revoked. His sister, during his last illness, remarked to him with joy upon his long testimony before the Church of the bliss and duty of perfect love. His reply was, 'I got it; I kept it; I have it now, and it is heaven!'"

And the blessing was not a mere exaltation of religious emotion, such as all occasionally feel who are willing to be so influenced, and who put themselves in the way of being so blessed—it made another man of him. It appears that previous to this he had been exercising his gifts as a local preacher, and in his preaching, as it often is with juvenile genius, "Gaudy adornings had cumbered the truth, and big words dinned the ear more than they touched the heart." A marvellous change, now, however, passed over his soul that made, for ever after, mere time-wasting architecture of words abhorrent to him. "I have done with it for ever," he said. His sentences became brief and his illustrations homely. Hunting for figure and finery was postponed for the pursuit of souls. Though he never lost his fine ear for a felicitous phrase, nor his quick eye for a beautiful image, yet his determined directness of aim and at-you-at-once style caused him sometimes to appear abrupt. Everything was real and powerful. A brother tells of results: "I accompanied him the next day to his appointment at New Inn. Until then his sermons had always been too high-flown for my young comprehension, but the preaching of that afternoon smote me with impressions that were never erased. Six in that service found peace with God." This, says his biographer, was the hopeful beginning of one of the purest revivalist careers of modern times.

From this point onwards the book is full of remarkable tri-

umphs in soul-saving work. He soon found his place in the itinerancy. His own preferences were at first for the foreign work, but Providence ruled otherwise, for he never laboured on any foreign station, unless the Orkney Islands should be considered worthy that designation. But whether among the fishermen of Wick and Stronsay, or with the shop-keepers of Bradford, or the miners of St. Anstell, he was ever the same, and ever engaged in lifting, as with the strength of a moral Hercules, the souls of his fellow-men out of the pits of unbelief and sin. Such a wealth of incident is before us that the difficulty is in selection, not in discovery. We give a few extracts :—

"His journals furnish many instances of peripatetic evangelism. Conversions on the road became frequent. Returning from Cranbrook, Mr. Collins was overtaken by a man of sober look; brief intercourse discovered him to be of thoughtful, serious, turn of mind. . . . . He plied him with the duty of present submission to the evangelical conditions. Before they reached the village, the man was rejoicing in the bliss of accepted salvation. . . . . Another day he met a person on the road to Mountfield. To godly converse the man gave earnest heed. As they walked, attention deepened into desire, desire intensified into distress; to the distressed soul the Gospel was explained, and with prayer pressed home, and there, in that rural lane, God sealed His word, and sent the villager to his cot, filled with unspeakable joy."

Social amenities and proprieties did not turn him aside from his chosen work. Records such as the following are in his journal at once very sweet and very common :—

"At Mr. Smith's, of Brede, one of the servants was saved at family prayer."

"At Peasmarsh, at tea at Brother Filmer's, a youth was filled with joy unspeakable."

"On Saturday evening, at Salehurst Abbey, the neighbours gathered in; I talked to them awhile; we then fell to prayer, and five of them were saved."

"We had tea last evening at Mrs. Apps'; two girls found peace."

Susannah Hodges writes: "Mr. Collins met me at Mr. Francis' house. I had been a self-righteous Pharisee; but in the morning service the Spirit opened my eyes to see my vileness. Mr. Collins asked me, 'Do you expect salvation to-night?' Before the evening sermon was done, I fell on my knees to implore salvation. I found it."

It is aptly and no doubt truly said of him that "He passed no wayfarer without a word, no homestead without a tract, saw no sin without a rebuke, left no company without a blessing." None were too low, or wicked—we find him in abodes of deepest misfortune and sin, praying with Magdalenes, who were shunned by

all others; he tells in the journal, "I had a good round of prayer to-day with a beggar." None were too difficult of access—"I walked ten miles over the moors to see a dying man."

Nor did this labourious out-door work diminish his pulpit power. His biographer says, as descriptive of what was usual, "Mr. Collins' preaching was often attended with Divine unction almost resistless. Large congregations bowed beneath its influence as trees before a mighty wind." We are thereby prepared to believe what is stated as the results of his ministry at Sandhurst. "The first year's labour added 184 to the membership; the second, 162; the third, 200. He found 366; he left 912. The results of his labours at Coventry, where it appears the cause of God was remarkably low when he went there, are thus described: "Debts were paid, new sanctuaries were built, and languishing societies revived." He joyously and thankfully says:—"I found three hundred members, I am leaving five hundred and twenty. I found bankruptcy, I leave comfort. I found a church cast down and a small congregation, I leave the chapel well filled and a set of well-ordered workers." etc., etc. From circuit to circuit as the itinerant wheel carried him, it always carried a blessing of no ordinary magnitude; his least successful years being more successful in the conversion of souls than the most remarkable years of some ministers who rank among the best soul-winners of the Church.

But we must not neglect to record something of his great success as a promoter of the Church's sanctification. In the midst of that grand evangelism, of which we have given glimpses, we have such entries in his journal as the following: "I still enjoy, profess, and teach full salvation, and many press into it." His reply to the President's question at his examination previous to ordination, "Are you resolved to devote yourself wholly to God, and do you earnestly seek to experience the purity of perfect love?" was, "I am so devoted, and in that enjoyment do daily walk," is of the same character. As to his success in leading others into this experience, take the following illustrations:—

"When I was at Stronsay last, Bro. Pascall and I retired for prayer; there God gave him a clean heart."

"At the Lord's table two of the leading friends entered joyously into the bliss of perfect love."

Still, again: "Just as Mr. Collins' appointed lonely hours were ended, Rev. W. Roberts came in. Mr. Collins urged on him to seek again the pearl of great price. The two friends fell on their knees, God drew near, filled the young minister with perfect love, and sent him home rejoicing with the pearl. His labours thenceforth were marked with richer unction and larger results."

"As we walked, two were enabled to trust God for his gift of entire holiness."

His biographer tells how, although then a minister, it would seem he joyfully yielded to the Spirit-baptized pleadings of Mr. Collins, and himself entered into the "land of rest from inbred sin." In writing to his wife, he says: "Let us keep ourselves in the love, the perfect love of God." Of his charge at Durham, he says: "Perfect love is what my people want, I keep continually preaching it." Writing to Rev. James Harris concerning a revival in his region, he says: "Preach them perfect love—stick to it." In his diary record, after one of his days of fasting and prayer, we find expressions of humiliation before God, and immediately he utters thankfulness in the following fashion:—

"I have much for which to praise His goodness and exalt His glorious name. Conversions have sealed my ministry, and some have been led into the way of perfect love. I retain entire sanctification. For help continually to preach a ree, present, and full salvation, I humbly and reverently thank God."

To a friend, he writes: "Arise, put on thy strength. Break off thy sins; short off; all off; clear off; you renounced the gin, now let the ale and porter go. Get sanctified wholly. Your soul right, all else will be right. In perfect love your spirit will find a home and live in an element where the world's attraction will cease. I have here prescribed nothing for you that I have not practised myself."

A correspondent of his biographer says:—

"His witness for holiness was constant; upon that theme his words glowed and burned, while the heavenly benignity that beamed in his happy face helped to make every sentence tell."

With another very short extract, we shall close these illustrations:

"On Sunday and Monday, the 16th and 17th July, 1837, Mr. Collins preached in Glasgow. The prayer-meetings became scenes of remarkable manifestation. Several found peace, and perhaps twenty were strengthened to claim the virtue of the cleansing blood. One asked, 'How is it that many very gifted, very learned, and very laborious men never realize such results?' The answer was, 'Among the brotherhood, I am but a child, yet it sometimes seems to me that

I could whisper, even into the ears of greater men, a more excellent way. Wesley tells it; the Bible tells it. Let every Methodist minister get, keep, preach, and press full salvation. God would seal His sactifying Word. The way of holiness is the right way: Lord help me and I will walk in it.'"

There are many thoughtful and earnest Christians who feel much difficulty in understanding this question of "full salvation." Mr. Collins does not seem to have ever been thus troubled. Not that he was deficient in the reasoning, inquiring faculty; the extracts from his sermons and other compositions found in his biography preclude such a supposition. No! but he took the common-sense way to the understanding of the matter. Seeing it to be a gift from God, he *sought* it as others had sought it; he found it as many have found it. In possession, then, he can tell of his property. "What we have felt and seen, with confidence we tell." And his testimony accords with the sentiments of those unequalled spiritual lyrics, to be found in our hymn book, under the title—"Seeking for full Redemption," for we find no expressions in his recorded experience that indicate a sense of condemnation, on account of sin committed or duty left undone. Sin as a personal present experience no longer troubles him. It seems to have been put under his feet long ago. Nevertheless, there are expressions of intense humility, and of eager aspirations after increase of holiness. From him as from everyone who has ever entered the land of rest from inbred sin, the seeker may learn that intellectual light and intellectual effort can of themselves only effect intellectual results. Spiritual victories must be gained by spiritual means and efforts.

> "Where reason fails with all her powers,
> There faith prevails and love adores."

Besides abundant matter of the kind adduced in this article, he who procures the book under review will find judicious and scriptural remarks on ornament in dress; how he prayed down an immoral exhibition in Coventry; how he treated certain seceders; how he acted in the delicate questions that came up in Conference concerning certain well-known revivalists; also letters from excellent correspondents full of spiritual wisdon; and last, but not least, the journal of Mr. Collins, sen., the father of our subject, kept while doing mission work at Wick, in conjunction

with his son, and exhibiting a man of mighty faith and rich originality of character. And what shall we say of the biographer? The quaintness of style, the rare power of condensation, and at the same time of vivid expression, the masterful commonsense, the rich humour blending inimitably with a grand spirituality which is as far from cant as it is from irreverence, and that quality which harmonizes and illuminates all, and for which we have no name but genius—these shine through all the pages of the book, and that with such a brilliance, that we scarcely know which impresses us the most, the picture, Collins, or the painter, Coley. Altogether, it may be said that few religious books of this century surpass this in manifold interest, and scarcely any religious biography equals it in spiritual value.

But returning to our original groove, let us compress reflection into one paragraph. Reading of Collins' wonderful successes, we naturally think of such men as Finney, Caughey, and Moody. We thank God for such men. But such men commonly labour in places chosen by themselves, usually large towns and cities. Around them immediately gather the most spiritual and energetic Christians of the place. With such an army at their bidding, it would be strange indeed if they did not achieve great things for God. Collins was a pastor who promoted church building, settled disputes, attended funerals, visited largely, took care of his household, and did not neglect the "contingent fund." With all these cares, he had to train and fire his workers himself. And he "was a man of like passions with ourselves." He had no food spread before him of which we may not freely eat. The living truths of Scripture, the throne of grace, the intercession of Jesus, the baptism of the Holy Ghost, these were the most important elements of his distinguished power. Are they not waiting always for our appropriation and use? With these thoughts the writer is humbled and stimulated. If the reader feels the like impulses from the reading of this brief sketch or from the perusal of the book we have reviewed, then not in vain have these words been written.

ARVA, *Ont.*

IN MEMORIAM.

BY H. S.

The Rev. GEORGE McDOUGALL, Missionary to the Indians of the North-West, perished in the snow, January, 1876.

Do heroes die? For full three hundred years,
One walked with God, His chosen friend confest,
Then stepped from out this weary vale of tears
Into his perfect rest,
Translated. Death his victor's skill forgot,
God took him to Himself, and he was not.

Do heroes die? From Moab's lonely land,
The dreary pathway of the desert trod,
The faithful Leader of the chosen band
Went over with his God.
And heaven's own glories filled the longing eyes
Earth's Promised Land was never to surprise.

We know the path that blest Elijah trod,
Lit by the dazzling flame was short and bright.
We know the early martyrs went to God
In clouds of lurid light;
The pearly gates of Heaven are wide we know,
Not hard to find, nor is it far to go!

God called his Hero from the Western wild,
As from the ancient land of Palestine;
Did He not know him for His chosen child,
Heir of a Royal line?
And did He love him less because for him
The messengers He sent were fierce and grim?

The messengers were storm, and frost, and snow,
Full-armed with Death's unconquerable might,
The wild winds shrieked above his head so low,
And smoothed his pillow white,
And with chill fingers bound a snowy wreath,
Ice-cold, upon the frozen brow of Death.

His sun went down while yet to us it seemed
Scarce had the shadows lengthened toward the night;
His work was ended,—but the souls redeemed
From darkness into light,
Are but the first-fruits of a harvest fair,
Reaper and Sower shall together share.

And not alone shall they his mourners be,
The red-browed race who knew and loved him long;
We, in our distant home beside the sea,
Take up the funeral song,
And in our grateful memories shrine the name,
Fragrant forever with a holy fame!

Our Church's, Nation's Hero! Be it thine
To live forever in our history,
To move with us, through all our march sublime,
From sea to distant sea.
Earth has no more—but thine is Heaven's renown.
Our God hath crowned thee with a martyr's crown!

ST. JOHN, *N. B.*

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

BY EGERTON RYERSON YOUNG.

II.

MANY are the dangers that assail winter travellers on this stormy Lake Winnipeg. A few of these, which have come under my own observation, I shall endeavour to describe. One is from a sudden rising of the wind, after a fall of snow. Of this we had a grand illustration on one of the days following that referred to in the former part of this communication.

The snow had recently fallen to the depth of six or eight inches. The Indians and myself had tramped along on our snow-shoes, through this soft snow, from early morn until about ten o'clock in the forenoon. We were crossing the lake from its eastern to its western side. The sun was bright, the sky cloudless, the air clear, and the distant shore, about fifteen miles off, was plainly visible. As the men were able to run much faster than I, and the dogs seemed eager to get on, I told my Indians to push on to the other side, make a fire, and prepare the dinner, and I would try and get there by the time the meal was ready. They all started off on a run, and I followed after as fast as I could walk. They had not gone more than five or six miles, and I not more than two or three, before I saw what excited my alarm and

quickened my pace. As I looked far northward, I observed that the north wind had arisen, and was bearing down rapidly upon us. It lifted up the light, dry snow that had recently fallen; gathering it in its onward march, the storm-cloud kept rapidly increasing in volume and density. Like a great hideous monster it came roaring on, reminding me of the descriptions we have read of the enormous tidal waves of the Bay of Fundy, and other places, that rush in with such force and velocity. I realized my danger and hurried on as quickly as I could run, for I well knew that the instant it reached me, not a vestige of the well-defined trail of my travelling companions would be seen. The first blast of that gale would obliterate all the impressions of snow-shoes and dog-sleds.

With a deafening roar at length it overwhelmed me, with a suddenness that was almost bewildering; the bright blue cloudless sky was obscured, the brilliant sun seemed annihilated, the trail was destroyed, my Indians and dog-train were lost sight of, and I seemed shut in a space so confined, that it seemed as though I could not see five yards from me, in any direction. My only chance was to keep the wind on the same shoulder, where it first struck me, and push on in that direction, although the sweat seemed issuing from every pore. My only anxiety was, lest the wind might veer, in which case I would unconsciously turn with it. This often happens in these lake and prairie storms, and the poor traveller caught in them, without a compass, and with no landmark visible, struggles on, and, while fondly hoping that he is going in a straight line to home and safety, is actually changing with the fickle wind, until tired out he lies down to die, and the snow is soon his winding-sheet.

I cheered myself by the thought that I was not more than ten miles, or so, from the shore, and if the wind kept steady, I could tramp that distance easily on my snow-shoes. Fortunately I had not to test my powers just then. While tramping on, I heard, coming through the lulls of the storm, the whooping of my Indians, and war-whoops though they were, they were welcome sounds. I was surprised to hear them, as when I caught my last glimpse of them they were far away. I quickly responded, and, guided by each other's voices, we were soon together. It seemed,

they had observed the storm coming, and instead of pushing on for the shore, as perhaps some selfish white servants would have done, they at once turned the dogs around, and came back to meet me as swiftly as they could drive.

We hastily piled up the dog-sleds as a little barrier, then we pulled the hoods of our coats well over our caps and huddled down together on the lee-side of our slight barricade, with our backs to the storm and our faces almost between our knees. Our dogs curledthemselves up in the snow, and were soon so drifted over as to be barely visible.

For about two hours more the storm raged. Then the sun and sky appeared, although very gradually at first. Our horizon rapidly extended, until, in a little while after, even the distant shore became visible. Everything above us, and in the distance seemed as before, but under us the change was very great. Instead of sinking in several inches of snow, we trod upon the firm, solid, icy pavement.

The wind, as if to make amends for having at the first almost buried us in the snow, now seemed to search us most carefully for every particle, which it whirled instantly away. The dogs, which at the first of the storm seemed as if buried in a snowy grave, were now so denuded of it that they were left shivering on the glaring ice. We straightened out our trains, tied up our snow-shoes, for there was no more use for them now, started again on our journey, and had our dinner about four hours after we had intended.

Another danger is from the fissures, or crevices in the ice. Often when at the close of the day we are preparing our winter camp in the forest, or during the unusually cold night, we hear a sharp, ringing report like a cannon, followed by a prolonged rumbling sound which seems to die away far out on the icy expanse. These sounds are caused by the cracking of the ice. Crevices are often thus formed which are several feet across, and extend as far out on the lake as the eye can reach. Until the water, which suddenly rushes up into them, is frozen, they are extremely dangerous. When coming out north, with the chairman of the Red River District, the Rev. George Young, we nearly ran into one which was about four feet across, and still unfrozen. It was very

early in the morning, long before the first glimmering of daylight. Jacob, our Indian runner, who was the vanguard of our party, fortunately saw the unfrozen water just when we were within a few feet of it. We made a short detour, and fortunately soon found a place where the crack was much narrower. Here we easily crossed, and hurried on and had our breakfast at a high, bold bluff, called Bull's Head. The sun, in wondrous beauty, rose up to cheer and gladden us, just as we reached that point. Since we had last left our camp fire where we had spent the previous night, we had already travelled over twenty-five miles. Not a bad run before sunrise and before breakfast, and the thermometer any number of degrees below zero.

It is not often that there are any accidents from the thinness of the ice, as generally we assure ourselves fully of its strength ere we venture forth on it for any great distance. However, on one occasion, my anxiety to visit and comfort a deeply afflicted pious native brother, who seemed near the "swellings of Jordan," caused me to harness up my dogs and venture out on what, humanly speaking, seemed for a while my last earthly journey. From my portfolio of letters I transcribe, from one written at that date, an account of the danger we were in and our Providential deliverance. I was accompanied by my two faithful Indian attendants, William and Felix. Very frequently on the northern end of Lake Winnipeg the first ice is broken up by the violence of the waves impelled by the fierce winds from the southern end, which being nearly three hundred miles further south generally remains open some days longer. This year, as far as we could judge by observation, the ice must have formed and then been broken up three times by the storms. The broken masses were piled up in picturesque ridges along the shore, or frozen in vast glacial fields extending for many miles along the northern part of the lake. Over these rough ice-fields, looking like magnified cakes of rock-candy, with the crystals from two to twenty feet high, we travelled for two days, both men and dogs suffering a good deal from falls and bruises, as the pieces of ice had been jammed in and frozen together at every angle.

Just before daybreak on our third morning, Felix, the Indian guide, was delighted to find smooth ice about half a mile from

shore. He put on his skates and bounded off, quickly followed by the dogs, that seemed to forget their sore feet on the splendid smooth ice. Just as I was beginning to congratulate myself on the fact of our having reached good ice, and that now we should be able to get on more rapidly, a cry of terror from William, the experienced Indian, who was driving our provision sled, behind my cariole, alarmed me. "The ice is bad and we are sinking," he shouted. Thinking the best way for me was to stop, I checked my dogs and at once began to sink. "Keep moving, but make for the shore," was the instant cry from the man behind. My well-trained dogs at once responded to the command given, and bounded towards the shore. Fortunately the ice was strong enough to hold the dogs up, although under the cariole it bent and cracked, and in some places broke through. We managed to reach the rough ice near the shore in safety. In quiet tones we spoke a few words of congratulation to each other, lifted up our hearts with gratitude to our great Preserver, and then hurried on. If we had broken in we could have received no earthly aid, as there is not even a wigwam within a day's journey of that place. I overheard one of my Indians saying to the other, "I am ashamed of ourselves for not having taken better care of our Missionary!"

I need not enlarge further on the incidents and dangers of travelling in our terrible winters in this wild north land of magnificent distances, nor, at present, describe the difficulties and annoyances incident to the summer journeys, performed over the same routes, by birch canoe or inland boat. What I have written I trust is sufficient to give all anxious to know, a pretty correct, though slight idea of some of life's hardships and dangers in this vast and almost unexplored country.

These things are not written to court a personal sympathy, but with an earnest, prayerful hope that they may lead to increased contributions to the Lord's treasury, to a consecration of youthful talents and lives to the mission work, and to more earnest and importunate prayers that the Lord of the harvest would thrust out so many more labourers into the harvest that no one poor toiler will have to try and garner up the sheaves in so large a field, thereby entailing upon himself such an amount of journeying in perils oft, besides being utterly unable, adequately, to do the work.

SOME OF THE BEAUTIES OF TENNYSON.

BY G. D. PLATT, B.A.

THE poet is the far-seeing one. It is his mission to open the eyes of the soul—to brush away the cobwebs that obscure the inner vision. Those whose gaze is bent upon the all-absorbing muck-rake have no appreciation of the beauties that surround them, because they behold them not. The hue of gold is upon everything they see. A false standard of comparison is set up, and all objects are reduced to a market value. Even religion is degraded to a poor, earthly expedient, tolerated only because it is hoped to prove a convenience some day, when the inexorable sentence shall demand obedience. There are many who make and admire the every-day rhymes floating upon the newspaper current, that have no higher sense of true poetry than the jingling of sleigh-bells. And if to others there comes, now and then, a flash of unearthly light, it is as rare as the glimmer of a lone star through a firmament of cloud. How strange that so many should allow the spiritual avenues to become sealed against the entrance of celestial visitants!

The true poet lives in a clear atmosphere. The earthly din and mists that arise about him cannot distract his mind whose vision is fixed upon objects in the far distance. To him the sun is never clouded, if he wishes it to shine. Most of those who court the muses lead gentle and pleasant lives, for imaginations deep and fancies lofty quite employ their minds, and so, fluctuating between this zenith point and nadir, they seldom feel life's care-current. Many poets have been poor, according to the conventionalities of the world, and their keen sensibilities have been deeply wounded by the harsh rebuffs of unseeing and unfeeling men, but even in their direst extremities they have had food to eat that the world knew not of.

Happily, a state of poverty is not that of our present laureate. The times are too appreciative for that; and although neither few nor humble are the aspirants to poetic honours who use the grand old Anglo-Saxon speech, yet very naturally the highest, richest, royalest of them all, in true poetic genius, is the best appreciated.

For it is almost entirely the Teutonic portion our language that Tennyson uses in the accomplishment of his wonders of thought-harmony, and under no other inspiration are the short, pithy words of matchless Saxon plumed for such lofty flights. The reading of Tennyson is like viewing the treasures of the Bank of England—one wonders where so much wealth could come from—and in selecting some of his beautiful mind-products we are as much at a loss which to choose, as we would be with the glare of new-coined gold all about us. The "grave and gay," the "lively and severe," are portrayed with equal faithfulness and power by this great master of beautifully expressed thought. No experience of life, and no corner of nature's great garden, has escaped his far-darting vision. His conquering imagination has subdued the world—aye, has roamed to the ends of the universe, laying everything under contribution.

Let us cull a few beauties from the wild field of rarest bloom that has sprung from his magic touch. Who has ever looked upon as graphic a picture of sad, heart-sick loneliness as "Mariana," of whom it is said,—

Her tears fell with the dews of even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew the casement curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

"Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow;
The cock sung out an hour ere light;
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

How cheerless the days and nights under such circumstances, and how bitter the cup of lonely disappointment! The entire poem is exquisitely touching, especially when at the last the edge of despair is reached :—

> Then said she, "I am very dreary,
> He will not come," she said ;
> She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
> O God, that I were dead !"

The "May Queen" is too general a favourite to need special mention. The premature fading of a sweet flower, it seems fragrant with the still lingering perfumes. Too little realized are the thoughts thus expressed :

> If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place ;
> Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;
> Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
> And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

If our departed friends, actuated by all their old affection, continue to interest themselves in our welfare and often visit us unconscious of their presence, what an additional motive have we for carefulness of conduct and uprightness of life.

A very thoughtful poem is "Locksley Hall." What fine strokes in these couplets :—

> Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.
>
> Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
> Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.
>
> Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day ;
> Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

It may truly be said of Tennyson that his poems are elaborately artistic, and at the same time perfectly true to nature. No false rhymes or measures deform his verse, which is perfect as a work of art ; and at the same time no touch is wanting to enable his lines to express, either directly or by suggestion, the most full and faithful embodiment of his themes.

How many of us have not been shocked, after the death of a dear friend, whose departure left us disconsolate and disarranged all our earthly plans, to see the continued press and whirl of business around us, without more than a momentary tribute of

respect to the memory of the lost one! And we have thought, too, if the little disturbance that our own exit will cause, like the rising of a few bubbles to the surface as we sink out of sight forever. Such a picture have we in "A Farewell," one of the simplest and most eloquent poems in any language:—

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

Flow, swiftly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet then a river:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
Forever and forever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

We shall close this paper with another gem—one of the rarest fragments of poetic thought—expressive more by its suggestiveness, by what is left unsaid, than by means of its well-chosen words. It was written after the death of the poet's bosom friend, Arthur Hallam. The mourner had sought sympathy in the plaint of the storm-lashed waves. It is eloquent of a speechless sorrow, and would be a fitting introduction to "In Memoriam."

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

PICTON, *Ont.*

THE METHODIST MINISTRY OF CANADA.

BY ASHTON FLETCHER, M.A., LL.B.

"OMNE ignotum pro mirifico," is the motto applicable to a great number of people. Everything belonging to another denomination or Church comes in for their admiration and commendation. Some fathers cannot feel proud at the manifest intellectual or moral superiority of their own children, while they are ever ready to hymn the praises of the offspring of some demigod, to whose success their own toadyism has not a little contributed. I think, however, that while we should never forget the Scriptural injunction "not to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, but to think soberly;" yet, if our soberest sense must tell us that there are things in which we do excel, it is the worst form of affectation not to maintain our rights, particularly so when the maintenance of our true claims cannot minister at all to our personal vanity.

Now, as a layman, I may be pardoned if I express a few thoughts which are complimentary to the ministers of the Methodist Church of Canada. I speak of them now as a body, and I believe them superior to any body of Christian ministers in any Church in the Christian world. I do not speak of the *few* leading lights either here or there, whose genius raises them beyond all ordinary social or denominational limits. In comparison with other Churches either in this "Canada of ours" or

elsewhere, there are many reasons why the Methodist Church should secure a superior class of men for its ministers. The first and perhaps most marked cause for this superiority is the mode in which candidates for the Methodist ministry are selected. The ministers of other Churches *choose* the ministry as a profession. In other words, they choose to be ministers of this or that Church; but the Methodist Church *chooses* its ministers.

It is sometimes a charge against its organization that it is of too priestly a character. This may be true as to the appointment of its ministers to its various charges; but not as to their introduction into the ministerial office. With regard to some Churches, the old adage that "The fool of the family must be made a parson," is true. This can never be charged against the Methodist ministry of Canada. The exigencies of the Church, the mistaken ideas or want of proper discrimination on the part of some Quarterly Boards, the too earnest partisanship of some minister may have been the unfortunate means of the introduction into the Church of a few men of inferior stamp, but they are the exceptions. As a rule, the ability, zeal, and piety of a candidate, must be conspicuous before any member will presume to propose him, even to the most probationary stage.

The candidate is then put on his trial as a local preacher where his qualifications are thoroughly tested. If the necessities of the Church require him to take a step higher, if he has shown the approved gifts and graces, then his probation begins. If he has the educational qualifications, he is allowed to proceed with his probation; if not, he is required to qualify himself for the work, and it is not until he has passed the period of four years under the eyes of vigilant and fatherly superiors and a critical though kind auditory that he is allowed to become an ordained minister of the Church. Who will complain if after this trying ordeal the constitution of his Church gives him more power, more authority, and more responsibility than by the constitution of some other Churches are accorded to their pastors? I once heard a minister boastingly assert, that he had spent seven years in preparing for his work, while Wesleyan ministers were taken from the plough-tail. He forgot, or did not know, that those taken from the plough-tail were mostly men of very marked superiority, men who

even while at the plough were more experienced public speakers, and better up in even systematic theology than many of the theological students of other Churches. He did not know that their fine natural abilities had made the known to their Church, and the baptism of fire had constituted them of the band of men whose hearts God had touched and especially qualified for their work. Some of us who have heard this minister's stammering utterances and illogical reasonings, have thought that his seven years of training had been badly spent.

There is another reason for the intellectual character of the Methodists ministers in Canada, although not peculiar to them. The Church has had such a large class of men to select from. The struggles, hopes, and trials of colonial life, have had a tendency to develop all the gold in men's natures. And the men from whom these colonists sprang, whether English, Scotch, or Irish, were among the most spirited and adventurous of their race. They are not, as a rule, the sluggards and drones, either mentally or physically, who emigrate. Though only a few of the higher classes of the old world came to this country in its early days, yet it was the princes, so to speak, of the lower orders who did come. Their hard fight with the difficulties of their hard lot, cultivated their minds and hearts. The Methodist minister found his way to their cabins, bringing to them not only the words of life, but the stimuli of educational and social improvement. They were no ordinary materials out of which the high civilization of the Protestant portion of the Dominion was built—a civilization which is admitted by all as having no superior in the world; and which, I claim, in moral, intellectual, and material comfort has never had an equal. Nobly, laboriously, self-denyingly did the Methodist Church endeavour to contribute her share in laying the deep and solid foundations of our national, religious, and material well-being. And right royally has the Master Builder rewarded her, in the moral and intellectual pre-eminence of her sons.

There are some peculiarities in the work and training of the Methodist ministers which tend to improve their pulpit ministrations. One is the hostility of that Church to written sermons. No orator strongly influences an audience by a discourse which

he has to read. What chance would the most brilliant counsel have before a jury reading his address? Where would the great orators of the present time of the English House of Commons be, with manuscripts in their hands? Fancy Bright turning the pages of his manuscript; now and then missing a word, now and then jerking his eyes to the ceiling, in a vain attempt to make his audience believe he is looking at them, while he drawls through his peroration in a muffled monotone! Take another example. How would a candidate get on at one of our popular elections who had to read all he had to say from a paper? Of course, the proprieties of the place, the solemnities of religious worship make some difference, but human nature is the same. The human ear is the same now as when Demosthenes and Cicero affected it by the harmony of their words and the brilliancy of their thoughts. The affections and even the reason of men are still most powerfully moved by what appears to them extempore discourse. The history of all oratory proves, that extensive knowledge, accuracy and finish of expression, are not incompatible with impromptu utterance. The preparation for the pulpit of the average Methodist minister is perhaps more laborious and elaborate than that of most ministers, at all events, during the earlier years of his ministry. It is alleged against them that having only to preach a few years before the same congregation, when they move they preach the same sermons over and over again. There is, however, advantage in this: it gives the preacher opportunity of reconsidering again and again the same subject, adorning, purifying, strengthening, and enriching, by the fruits of mature reading, thought and experience, youthful effort: and thus often giving the congregation in one sermon the fire of youthful genius blended with the treasures of matured reason and piety. The Methodist minister has advantage, too, from the platform training he gets during his career. The Methodist Church owes a great deal to its ministry. The ministry as a body owes more to the Church. If the door of entrance is more closely barred and more suspiciously opened, the privileges of the initiated are greater. Misfortune may attend his ministerial or social intercourse with one congregation; but in a year or two he can begin with a clean sheet his career with another; and the almost outcast of one circuit may become the ideal of another.

In other Churches the man of genius receives his *call*, and while young is perhaps placed over the head of able veterans: he is the one to preach all the special sermons, to rise rapidly and easily from his moderate salary of $500 to his $10,000; nor am I the one to blame him for preaching to the Church which gives him the largest salary. His wife and family have to be fed, clothed, and the latter educated, and it is easier preaching to a large and appreciative congregation than to a small and penurious one. But in the Methodist Church the Class receives the reward, often, of the individual effort or superiority.

HIS LOVE WILL CARRY ME.

THOUGH from my gaze earth's light is fading fast,
Yet from the gathering darkness doth arise
A land, in solemn beauty unsurpassed,
Opening before mine eyes.

I see the goodly city clearer grow,
With jasper walls and pearl gates opening wide;
Lo! from its towers a heavenly strain doth flow,
And over me doth glide.

There dwell the saints of old, who yearned to see
Those tearless mansions! and through fiery flame
Have passed triumphant, bearing willingly
The cross for His dear name.

But fairest, brightest to mine eye doth rise
The Lamb once slain, in glorious beauty crowned:
Wiping away the tears from weeping eyes,
Healing His people's wound.

There, O beloved ones, my place shall be,
Close by His side, in deepest love to sweep
My golden harp-strings through eternity
In songs so full and deep!

Say, would ye wish me back again from this
All-blessèd life? nay, let your tears cease;
He calleth me at last to rest and bliss,
Let me depart in peace.

THE SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS.*

BY JOHN CARROLL.

A NOTICEABLE enlargement of the population of Upper Canada took place at the close of the war of 1812-15, which influx continued for several years subsequent to that event. Many of the soldiers enlisted in Europe, who had served in the colonies, drew land and settled in this Province at that time. This was particularly true of those of Provincial enlistment. From the year 1815 to 1820 vast numbers of agricultural settlers arrived in the country from England, Scotland, and Ireland, nor was immigration restricted to these: no sooner was peace declared than our American cousins, against whom we had just been engaged in fratricidal conflict, in large numbers made peaceful inroads upon a country where they had the discernment to see that enterprise was likely to be well rewarded. The older settlements of the Province, moreover, being filled up, began to send colonies into the interior.

The new townships exhibited the unique scenery and the homely, but interesting, doings and manners of newly formed settlements generally. A log shanty, before it has had time to become discoloured by decay, or lose its freshness and fragrance, and new appearance, especially when kept by a tidy woman, such as the most of the wives and daughters of enterprising pioneer settlers are, is a truly charming place—especially attracting to the early itinerant after a long ride—or, more likely, a saddle-bag-beladen tramp from his last "appointment," weary and hungry.

To such, the sight of a distant opening among the trees with curling smoke from a lonely chimney-top, is a glad object, while the milky smell of gentle kine in the adjacent woods, led by the tinkle of old brindle's, or lop-horn's bell—and as he proceeds, the baying of a watch-dog, and as he goes still further, the crowing of a rooster and the cackle of hens, and perhaps the savoury smell of roasting meat, whether wild or tame—"are as life from the dead."

For a good many years after the commencement of one of these

* Condensed from the advance sheets of a forthcoming work under this title, illustrative of early Canadian Methodism. See Book Notice.

settlements in the far back-woods, the inhabitants of all denominations were principally dependent on the itinerant Methodist preachers for the Word of life. The circuit preachers from "the front," had tapped the settlements at the most accessible points, and a fringe of preaching places along the margin of the new territory was the result. Next, a deputation of two Irish Methodists, from two separate neighbourhoods, ten miles or so apart from each other "in the bush," went out to some religious gathering, probably a camp-meeting, in the older parts of the country, saw some of the local authorities in provincial Methodism, and came back with the cheering assurance that "a praycher would be appointed all to thimsilves."

The discernment of Elder Case was shown in the agent selected for this pioneering work. This was one Jacobus Stripp, who was the man that had the honour of organizing Lake River Circuit. He was a native of old England, which was evident from the use he made of his h's. It was usual for him to open his mission in any neighbourhood by a sermon from a text, which as uttered from his organs, sounded thus: "High Ham 'ath sent me hunto you!" Yet, our readers must not decide from this that he was ignorant and illiterate; nay, he had received a good common school education, and knew "the three R's" thoroughly, especially the second, for he was a beautiful penman. Further, he had been long a Methodist lay-preacher (it would be incorrect to say that he was a "*local*" one); had accumulated a large number of standard books, especially in theology; and had been a diligent general reader. Besides, having been a subaltern officer in the British army, it is scarcely necessary to say, that he was trim and tidy in person and manners. Being a preacher, he dressed in conformable clerical garb—that is to say, when his means allowed him to do so. His fidelity to religion during a long term in the army, pointed him out as one likely to be an enduring missionary. For, having served with Wellington in the Peninsular Campaigns, he might perhaps have adopted the words of John Hame, "I have contended with three armies, the wicked English army, the French army, and an army of devils."

This, therefore, was the man to go among the discharged soldiers and immigrants from the British Isles, while he knew

how to adjust himself to the manners and customs of the Canadians and the few Americans in the settlements; and at the same time, to look after, as in duty bound, the interests of the section of Methodism which purchased him out of the army, and confided in him and honoured him by "putting him into the priest's office," after which office and work, his large, glowing Christian heart, had yearned for many a year.

Among the settlers of Methodistic proclivities, in our new bush circuit, were two neighbours, three miles apart, from different countries, of very dissimilar constitutional make and adaptation to advance the work of God around them; but they were a unit in their wish to see that work go on, and in alacrity and perseverance in their endeavours to serve the good cause, each in his own particular way. These were Father McRorey and Squire Firstman.

They were nearly of one age, and both had rendered military service to their king; and both had been Methodists long years before coming to the "settlement." McRorey had preserved his religious life in the barrack-room; but Firstman had lost his religious enjoyment during the campaigning of the war period, and confessed himself a backslider. McRorey came to the Lake River Circuit in a state of heart to second the missionary; Firstman threw open his door to the first itinerant who crossed the border between the old and new settlements; and under the ministrations of an early pioneer, the gifted and gentlemanly Metcalf, he regained his lost enjoyments and rejoined the Church.

McRorey was a model class-leader, Firstman was a born steward. The first did the most, directly, for the spiritual interests of the circuit; the second did the most for its temporal interests, and helped the spiritual through the temporal. McRorey's was no house to lodge in; Firstman's was a complete "Methodist Tavern," and the "Headquarters" for the "Methodist Cavalry" for a wide region around. The wife of McRorey rather hindered than helped her husband; Mrs. Firstman "did her husband good and not evil all the days of her life." The first of these women seldom furnished a meal for the itinerant; the other fed and waited on many of them.

The abundance on her table, the skill displayed in its cookery,

and the taste in which it was served up, made the sight and savour of her dinner or supper table very appetizing; and the cordiality of the invitation to partake, extended to all who happened to be there (and a great many contrived to "happen" there at meal time), both from husband and wife, was equal to the sumptuousness of the repast.

The wilds around them were full of game, and the Squire knew well how to secure it, which earned for him the title of "Mighty Hunter." His leaving home at any time, rifle in hand, with his hounds and a sumpter horse, beside the one he rode, was the unfailing earnest of the former being laden on his return with deer; and Mrs. F., like Rebecca of old, knew how "to make savoury meat of the venison"—both fresh and dried—as all the preachers knew full well, and scores of others besides.

The kitchen, which was the most considerable and favourite room of this hospitable house, was the great assembly room, like the central court of an eastern establishment, or the common hall of our old Saxon ancestors, the place of hospitality and of wassail, where the "Squire and wife," the "baker's dozen" of children, big and little, from the babe in arms to the six-foot son, the hired men on the rear benches, the ever welcome preachers, visiting relatives, of whom there was a numerous following, and frequent droppers-in from the neighbourhood around, congregated in harmonious confusion.

Many of these latter were "persons saved from their sins, or desiring so to be." Among the pious neighbours was the before mentioned Father McRorey and certain promising young members of his class, or those who were being helpfully influenced by him. The presence of the young masculine ingredient was partly to be accounted for by the fact that there were interesting young females, variously related to the household, ripening into womanhood, in every stage of the family's progress and history.

Many of the young men were embryo preachers, actual members of McRorey's class, or those of neighbouring classes, who sought his sympathy and counsel; for this warm-hearted man was noted for being the confident and adviser of those who aspired to usefulness. Such young men naturally gathered around the circuit preacher when at "Headquarters," as also, around any of

the saddle-bag fraternity who, in their journeys to and fro, might chance, as often they did, to make this ever-open hostelry their resting place.

But the presiding Elder's quarterly visitations were seasons particularly attracting to the neophytes. With what eagerness would not the boys smitten with the "preaching fever" listen, open-mouthed as well as with "ears inclined," to the utterances of such men as Ryan, Case, Metcalf, Healy and Wilkinson, to mention none who are still living, or to come no further down. The neighbouring classes, especially McRorey's, were the primary schools where the elements were learned; and the Squire's kitchen was the Lecture Room where the prelections of the Professors in "Brush University" were delivered. And, as in other seats of learning, many a "note" was taken, if not on paper, yet certainly on mental tablets; and many a "grind" was given by such men as Case, and Metcalf, and Wilkinson, to mention no others.

McRorey was a model leader for his day; he had ready speech, a prevailing gift in prayer; and he was a good singer, with a memory stored not with jingling doggerel, but with the intensely beautiful and profoundly spiritual compositions, or selections, of the Wesleys. How grandly he would roll out, as occasion required,

"Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill."

Or,—

"Come, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

Or further,—

"What now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after His image aspire."

Besides the above, he had others less authorized, but scarcely less beautiful, the titles of which alone we have room for: such as "The Good Old Way;" the "Days of Grace;" the "Jewels of My Master;" and scores of similar ones.

It was not to be wondered at, that his class was kept up and kept together; and that continued drafts were made out of it, to supply other classes, for miles around, with leaders—classes which had not (as many others seem not to have) vitality enough to give birth to a leader.

It was very customary in an early day for one or more preachers to accompany the Presiding Elders from their own adjacent circuit to enjoy the benefit of a quarterly meeting on some other circuit than their own. The services were varied and interesting; and there was something to be learned, and much to be enjoyed.

The quarterly meeting was noticeable principally as a great religious festival; there was the Saturday afternoon sermon, often preached by one of the visitors, followed by an exhortation, something (I will not say how wisely) which almost always succeeded a sermon, when there was a second public speaker to deliver it, who was often only a "local" or an exhorter; then followed the great Saturday night quarterly prayer-meeting, in which all the gifted men of the circuit and those of a similar character who had come from other circuits, took part, and several exhortations were delivered, as well as many prayers offered.

If souls were not converted and sanctified, there was disappointment. A little son of a Methodist would run to his father, on his return from quarterly meeting, with the inquiry, "Pa, how many were converted at the meeting?" supposing, as a matter of course, that some would be converted. The spirit of revival, which began in the prayer-meeting, usually flamed up afresh in the early Sunday morning Love-feast, when many of the most deeply devoted persons, old and young, male and female, those of short experience and those of long experience, from all parts of the circuit and beyond its boundaries, rose to give an account of what God had done for their souls. The Elder's sermon at 11 o'clock A.M., on Sunday was usually appropriate and powerful; for these old campaigners generally wheeled out their heavy

artillery for the great cannonade. Sundry stirring exhortations usually followed. Next came the Lord's Supper, at which, it often happened, many were "overwhelmed" with the manifested presence and power of God, being "lost in wonder, love, and praise."

One who laboured on Lake River Circuit at an early day, need not have his real name concealed, as he has passed away now for some years to his reward. Besides, he is otherwise pleasingly historic, and marked by mind and manners, which gave him a striking individuality. We therefore make no apology for bringing forward the loveable John Black as one of our *dramatis personæ*. If we can succeed in reproducing him, so far as he is made to speak at all, the reader will find that his utterances were few, short, wise, but quaint, often laughter-provoking, yet always prudent and charitable.

Two circuit preachers had been absent from "Headquarters," on one of their fortnightly rounds, and came, as usual, on a Friday night, so as to secure one day's rest, for study, prayer, and bodily and mental preparation for the Sabbath. They had come from different points of the compass, but met in the wide lane which led down to River Side. Both of these gentlemen had some private resources, and were, therefore, better habited than most of the preachers of the times. They never wore homespun, which other preachers were often glad to wear, ay, and home-dyed as well. They were, furthermore, clothed in black, while many of their brethren were, like Jacob's flock, "ring-streaked, speckled, and spotted." In one thing they were made like unto their brethren, they wore the invariably broad-leafed grey hat; and in all remaining particulars, their habiliments were of the true orthodox itinerant-preacher character; there was the valise on the mailpad in front, the saddle-bags across the seat of the saddle, and, when not required on their backs, their cloaks were mailed on behind. The umbrella, when not in use, was suspended from the pommel of the saddle. Their coats were of the traditional standing-collared, single, round-breasted cut, and their nether extremities duly over-alled, booted, and spurred.

Was there not a stir among the boys and hired men at the door, upon their arrival? Each one sprang forward to aid in cleaning,

feeding, and bedding their mud-bespattered and weary horses, which had borne their riders through many a slough that day. And was there not a similar bustle inside the house among the feminine portion of the household to make the riders of those horses comfortable within? Cordial handshaking took place all around.

If the early itinerants had large circuits and small salaries, yet, whenever the circumstances of the entertainers would allow it, they were furnished with truly comfortable quarters. Their lively company, and instructive and profitable conversation had been looked forward to, and when they came they were treated like a kind of household gods. At the "Squire's," there had been a "prophet's room," erected clear across the east end of the house, in the form of a "lean to," made of boards and scantling. The only thing undesirable about the room, if it could be called so, was that it did not communicate with any other apartment of the building—you had to enter it from out-doors. Thither the newly arrived were always conducted around the house, to perform their ablutions, organize their toilet, and (in those days of primitive simplicity and earnestness) perform their devotions; for a travelling preacher always sought retirement for prayer the first thing on going to a house, to invoke a blessing on himself and his sojourn in that family. This was as much a rule as another custom of that day, namely, that of holding every child by the hand until he had been affectionately but solemnly talked to about the interests of his soul, before leaving, always providing the youngster, expecting the ordeal, did not run away and hide himself.

The writer knows the place, and the names of all the parties to the following episode: A newly-appointed preacher, much desiderated by the leading members of a circuit, had arrived at the principal stopping-place, and had been shown to his room. A few moments after, a neighbouring member of the Church came in to inquire if there were any news from Conference. The host replied, "Yes, we have got Brother Williams!" Rubbing his hands with delight, he beckoned to the other, "Come, I will give you the first sight of our new preacher on his knees!" and leading his friend to a chink in the wall, said, "See! there he is!" The

neighbour, on looking through the crack, saw a travel-stained man on his knees, with a glowing face and uplifted hands engaged in earnest supplication.

In another case, the preacher's room was barely curtained off from the rest of the house; a hired girl, the only person in the house besides the newly-arrived preacher, looking through the folds of the drapery, and beholding the devout man on his knees engaged in earnest prayer, was "struck under conviction," as they phrased it in those days; and became very much troubled about her sinful soul, and never rested until she was happily converted to God.

WESLEY'S BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 17, 1703.

We fling no gory banner out;
We give no trumpet breath;
No symbol fires are borne about
For battle's life or death;
Let helmets rust upon the walls
Of every armory's bristling halls;
Let the sheathed sabres long in vain
To drink war's dark red bowl again;
And yet we hail, upon this morn,
The day a hero-soul was born.

But shall no glorious symbols shine?
Yes! wave the sacred palms;
And by religion's bloodless shrine
Lift up our solemn psalms.
The psalms shall speak of truth and right,
Triumphant in the saintly fight;
The psalms shall sing of worship's fires
Forever hallowing his desires;
While over all the sacred dove
Seems floating with her branch of love.

Nor think the voice of sect alone
Sweeps in the jubilee;
Oh list! there's an exulting tone
O'er every land and sea.
From Europe swells a mighty cry
In choral rapture to the sky;
From Asia's, Afric's dusky throng
There is a soft remembering song;
And, answering, an earnest band
Shouts in our own broad forest land.

For Wesley's giant soul had caught
The Apostle's boundless fire,
And earth became within his thought
One universal lyre,
Whose varied, but harmonious strings
Were fit for sweep of angel wings,
Till at the last one glorious hymn,
Responsive to the cherubim,
Should rise, in pure and grand accord—
The reign, the glory of the Lord.

—*The Wesleyan, Halifax.*

FAULTS AND FAILINGS IN PULPIT AND PEW.

BY JAMES LAWSON.

II.

THAT faults and failings exist in the pew as well as in the pulpit, of course none will deny; but whether they are greater in number, and more harmful in their character and results, or otherwise, is a question not so easily answered. We shall attempt no answer here except by dealing with the pew as we have already dealt with the pulpit, namely, pointing out in a very brief manner what we conceive to be a few of its principal faults and failings.

Very often those who occupy the pew have placed themselves there as *hearers only*. That is, they have come to hear the preacher, merely, and not with the desire to receive good, or any intention of improving their manner of life by following the directions of the sermon. It is a great mistake for a man to go to the house of God simply to hear what the preacher has to say, and to see how he says it. With these motives he is not likely to receive much good from the sermon, unless by a special miracle, almost, the good Spirit of God fasten the truth on his mind and send conviction to his heart.

Hearers often take their places in their pews *in a prayerless spirit*. This is a serious fault. Many who name the name of Christ enter the sacred door and deliberately take their seats without bowing the knee in prayer to God whom they have, at least nominally, come to worship. Nor do they come with a prayerful spirit. This explains why such a spirit does not exhibit itself on entering the pew. We need scarcely look for anything where it does not exist.

If we desire the preaching of the Word to benefit ourselves and others we should go to hear in the spirit of prayer. Our first act after entering the pew should be to ask the blessing of God on the preaching of His Word, and while the preacher is declaring that Word, the heart of every child of God in the house should be raised to Him in silent, but earnest and believing prayer that His blessing may attend its proclamation. Oh, how this would

help the preacher and bless the people! The Word of the Lord would be far more abundantly glorified in the salvation of souls. Less proneness to idle—though perhaps not always innocent—criticism, and more prayerfulness of spirit in the hearing of God's word is what most of us want, or at least, what most of us need.

Again, many people fail to profit by the sermon *because they hear nothing for themselves.* In their largeness of heart they apply it all to their neighbours. None of it is suitable for them nor applicable to them. They listen attentively, very attentively, to all the minister says, and they understand perfectly, they think, what he means, and *who* he means! This is for brother A., that is for sister B., and now comes a shot which they know is intended for neighbour C. So they go on throughout the whole sermon, giving all away and reserving nothing for themselves. Now, if, instead of listening for others, each one would listen for himself, probably no one would ever hear a sermon from which he might not gather at least a few crumbs to satisfy the longings of the soul hungering and thirsting after righteousness. If we look for the wheat, instead of the chaff, we are sure to find some.

Another hindrance in the pew is *inattention.* Many go to church apparently without any very definite object in view. They take their seats and manage to remain in them during the exercises of the service, but appear to be very careless and indifferent with reference to what is going on, as though they had neither part nor lot in the matter, and felt little or no desire to have any. Indifference is a dire evil, and a most effectual preventive of good.

Another failing—somewhat akin to the last mentioned—is, *wandering thoughts.* We use the word "failing" in this case instead of fault, believing that some are in their physical "make up," so to speak, afflicted with this failing in a far greater degree than others. However, the indulgence of a natural or constitutional failing is, in itself, a fault. Whilst no man is accountable for his physical organization, every man is responsible for the way in which he controls it or is controlled by it. We do not contend that the grace of God altogether changes and remodels a man's physical nature, but we do most decidedly contend that it entirely

changes and remodels his motives and desires, and consequently his mode of life. The failing, then, of wandering thoughts should never be allowed by indulgence to become a fault.

Many hearers—or rather, hearers in part—lose much of the sermon they are supposed to be listening to by allowing their minds to wander about on matters and things not at all connected with the subject of the discourse. They place themselves in as comfortable a position as possible, with the seeming intention of taking in all the preacher has to offer; but the text has hardly been announced when the mind becomes totally oblivious to both text and sermon, being entirely engrossed with some business transaction of the previous week, perhaps, or some financial scheme to be put in operation during the week to come. Or it may be that the mind is occupied with much more trivial and unimportant concerns; a new dress, or bonnet, for instance, or something else equally trifling, but none the less effectual in diverting the attention from what is being spoken from the pulpit to what is being seen in the pew. Sometimes, after indulging in a long reverie, the attention is suddenly recalled by something from the pulpit. The hearer listens attentively for a few moments, but soon some late comer enters the church, or something else catches the eye, or peradventure, the preacher himself drops a word which at once carries the mind off from the subject of discourse, and it again relapses into total oblivion with reference to both scene and subject of the discourse. How can a sermon profit those who do not hear it? About as well might the minister preach to empty pews as to people who, for the most part, scarcely know they are in their pews. This, like all other evil habits, will grow by indulgence, but may be effectually cured by determined and persevering effort, together with the assistance of the grace of God.

Drowsiness, we think, is also entitled to a place in this catenation. In its effects or results it is closely allied to the evil just noticed; it prevents the sermon from being heard, and therefore precludes any possibility of good being received from it. Perhaps we are all more or less troubled with this at certain times under certain circumstances, but the habitual indulgence in it which is

practised by some is reprehensible in the extreme, and is no less offensive in the sight of God than it is unseemly in the sight of men.

Another hindrance in the pew must not be passed by, namely, *want of sympathy with the preacher.* The hearer in the pew should look at the preacher in the pulpit. He should not hang down his head as if ashamed of the preacher, and the doctrines preached; he should not sit restlessly as if suffering sore torture or affliction, nor should he put on a look of patient endurance, while the minister is declaring the precious truths revealed in the blessed Book of God. This would be enough to discourage any ambassador of Christ, were it not that he feels the importance of his message, and realizes the help of the Holy Spirit in the faithful discharge of duty in delivering it. How much the minister can be helped by his hearers, by a look of lively interest and heartfelt sympathy, and by a hearty response now and then, with an earnest prayer for the blessing of the Divine Spirit, thus holding up his hands, as it were, that success may be on Israel's side!

These are a few—only a few—of what appear to our mind to be common faults and failings existing in the pew.

The reader of this very imperfect paper will doubtless be able to extend it, mentally, far beyond its present length.

One thought more: the responsibility of the gospel minister is great; but while this fact remains, may both reader and writer be enabled to realize the great responsibility resting upon those to whom the sacred and solemn truths of the gospel are proclaimed.

MALLORYTOWN, *Ont.*

MYSTERY.

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
Hold you here, root and all in my hand.
Little flower! But if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

—*Tennyson.*

CONSECRATION.

"A COMPLETE consecration is an easy life, of rest to the soul; and a partial consecration is the very opposite—a hard and difficult life." So says a European book on "Scriptural Holiness," now before us. Whatever may be our theoretical views on holiness, or on the relation of "consecration" to faith, none of us will hesitate to admit the correctness of this statement. It is axiomatic, and it is, alas! too much a fact of general experience to be doubted. There is, perhaps, hardly a single Christian who has not had more or less experimental confirmation of it. We are often disposed, also, to deceive ourselves by an illusive logic on the subject—to imagine an *ideal* standard of Christian life where we should recognize a *real* one. Entire consecration is certainly not taught in holy Scipture as an ideal thing, to be merely aspired after, but not to be realized. It is enjoined; it is presupposed throughout the New Testament as an habitual fact of spiritual life, and it was a general characteristic of the primitive Church. There was no dissent on this point in the apostolic Church—that Church which produced the chief heroes, saints, and martyrs of Christianity, and which, amidst the great historic "persecutions," conquered the Roman world to the faith. We wonder at the courage, the joy even, with which the lowliest saints then faced terrors at the very thought of which our faith recoils. Fire and sword could not touch their real, their highest, life, for that life was an inner one, and it was "hid with Christ in God." "We rejoice in tribulations," exclaimed one of them—and he at last a martyr. And the same apostle shows how it is: "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall *keep* your hearts and minds, through our Lord Jesus Christ," Yes, "peace," the result of complete, and, therefore, accepted, consecration, does thus "keep" the soul in quietness and strength. "The joy of the Lord is your strength," says a prophet. Paul admits that it is a mysterious power, it is so great—"the peace of God which passeth *all* understanding," all mensuration, all explanations.

We entangle our thoughts on the subject often, by unnecessary metaphysical discriminations about it. We ask, Is not the con-

secration of a new convert complete? Is it not possible, then, to be sanctified when we are justified? And is it not dangerous, or, at least, superfluous, to make a distinction between justification and sanctification? Wesley himself admitted that there might be cases in which the two experiences are coetaneous, but he contends for two things which are undeniable; first, that they are not, as a matter of fact, usually simultaneous (actual Christian experience generally is inexplicable if we deny this fact); and, secondly, the Scriptures recognize the distinction, and continually urge the convert to "go on" to perfection. This is sufficient evidence on the question. Such is, really and scripturally, the *rationale* of spiritual life, and there is, doubtless, divine wisdom in this method of the evangelic system.

But whatever may be our metaphysics on the subject, the text of this article, as cited from the European book, is incontestable.

The Church does not, as a general fact, maintain the entire consecration of its primitive times, the standard of life taught by the Scriptures. Our besetments are different from the trials of those times. Most converts become, sooner or later, worldly; their interest is so shared between heaven and earth that they live in but partial consecration, and two great evils are the consequence:

1. Their consecration being habitually incomplete, their religious comfort becomes so. How comparatively few do we meet whose "hearts and minds are *kept* by the peace of God!" how many who are even afraid to lay home to their hearts the consolations of the Gospel—who "cast away their confidence," and even come to look upon "confidence" as a sort of presumption, if not Pharisaism! The apostolic saints would have wondered at such lack of faith in a child of God. To this unscriptural partial consecration there is only an *ideal* significance in these blessed texts: "Be careful [anxious] for nothing;" "Take no [anxious] thought for the morrow;" "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee;" "Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you;" "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." It *is* the privilege, the *right*, of the lowliest child of God to have this inward comfort, and to have it amidst whatever trials of life. This is the peace that the world can no more take away than it

can give. But we cannot have it while the heart is divided and the conscience worried with an habitual sense of a partial consecration. The moral "worriment" in which so many Christians live is one of the saddest detractions from the religious life. It is better, indeed, than indifference; it shows that the conscience is somewhat awake; but it should not be accepted as the normal state of the converted soul. If we lay our *all* on the altar of consecration God will accept all; we need not wait and "worry" to know that He does so; His word assures us that He does; we should have faith in His word, and go on our way rejoicing. Having thus given ourselves entirely to Him, we shall find it true that this the easiest, the happiest, way to live.

2. A second evil, which comes of this merely partial consecration, is its unnerving effect on Christian labour. We should not, and we really cannot, work for God with the servility of mere slaves. Christianity is essentially too expansive, too free, too joyous a life, to admit of it. Religious labour should be spontaneous, proceeding from love. "Faith works by love," says the divine Word. A joyous consciousness makes all work a sort of divine recreation to the devoted soul. And it not only facilitates all work, but it has a power of its own on all around us. Next to the "light" of God's own countenance lifted upon this dark world, is the reflection of that light from the brows of those that "walk with Him in the regeneration." Our homes should be cheered by it, our workshops, and especially our pulpits, our Christian gatherings, our intimate intercourse with our neighbours. We often render religion repulsive for lack of it. To those who bear the cross in the pulpit particularly we may commend this great help. When souls get close to the Lord, and walk in company with God, nothing wearies them. Jesus takes away care, and, when relieved of this burden, they can do twice their usual work. Many clergymen who were at the Oxford Convention say they can do twice as much work now as before, because they have no more care; their hearts are filled with rest. Let us get past this point of carefulness, so that we shall never be anxiously careful again. Let every child of God come to this consecration and trust.—*Christian Advocate.*

EDITORIAL.

THE YEAR'S RETROSPECT.

"BETTER is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof," is the inspired aphorism of "the Preacher." The storm-tossed mariner, as he nears the haven, rejoices that the tempestuous voyage is over. The frugal husbandman, as the result of his labour is gathered into the garner, exults with the joy of the harvest. The weary artisan is glad when his task is accomplished and the end crowns the work. So, at the close of our ecclesiastical year, our hearts look back in devout gratitude on the way in which the Lord our God hath led us. It has been for some of us a period of signal blessing, for others of sore trial, but for all, of unnumbered mercies. The Giver of every perfect gift hath crowned the year with His goodness, all His paths drop fatness. Many who, it may be, went forth weeping, and bearing precious seed, have already come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. It has been, perhaps without precedent, a year of spiritual blessing. Thus the highest purpose of our existence as a Church has been subserved and the most important object of our labours has been accomplished. The returns from the District Meetings are not yet known, but the remarkable revivals on nearly all the circuits of our far-extended work warrant the conclusion that those returns will indicate an unprecedented ingathering of souls. With adoring gratitude we bless the Sacred Name, and rejoice that God hath gotten to Himself a glorious victory, and honoured our labours as a Church with such abundant success.

The year has been, for many, one of unwonted trial, and even of privation and hardship. But it has also been one of blessed triumphs.

> "The struggle and grief are all past,
> But the glory and worth live on."

The work remains even though the workers are forgotten. The walls of Zion are enlarged, although their lives be builded like stones therein. Amid the abounding skepticism and iniquity of

the times God is vindicating His truth, and demonstrating its power. The conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers is the best refutation of the cavils of infidels and gainsayers. They exhibit the living efficacy of the Divine Word. They prove that we have not been "suckled in a creed outworn;" that the Gospel has not lost its old and wondrous potency; that it is still the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth.

The close of the Conference year is to many a time of rending of ties which have been enwoven with the subtlest strands of life, with the tenderest fibres of the soul. No fellowship is like that of intimate co-working for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. This fellowship in many cases must be severed perhaps never to be renewed on earth. The Methodist itinerant and his family go forth from the enjoyment of friendships tried and true, oftentimes, like Abraham, not knowing where they go. But Abraham's God goes with them, and they fear not to go forth in His name. He will prepare a way before them; He will raise up friends for them; He will guide them by His providence where work can be done for His cause, and will at last receive them into His everlasting glory.

Death during the year has mown a heavy swath in our ministerial ranks. The venerable patriarch, the youth just girding on the armour for the conflict, and the strong man in his prime have been alike cut down. Several brethren, whose names are fragrant in our memory, walk with us on earth no more. No more will their familiar faces greet us at our annual gatherings, nor their voices be heard in our assemblies. The following dear and honoured brethren have fallen since our last annual Conferences: Revs. Dr. De Wolfe, Joel Briggs, J. A. Gordon, J. B. Keagey, W. Herkimer, John Scott, W. W. Graham, John Sunday, J. W. Dochstader, Orrin Whitcombe, and George McDougall; and we are not quite sure whether this completes the death-roll. They rest from their labours and their works do follow them. To us who remain the list is an admonition to work while it is called to-day. Some of our brethren, too, have laid their loved ones—the dear companion of their toil or the children of their affection—in the silent tomb, and to them heaven is nearer and dearer for the treasure that awaits them there.

Multitudes of our people, too, have died in the faith and gone home in triumph to the skies—many who loved our Zion, who laboured for its prosperity during their lives and forgot it not in their deaths. Thus the Great Head of the Church is building up His spiritual temple on high, and is raising up also a godly seed to take the place on earth of those whom He calls home to Himself, and to carry on His work in the world.

There are also those, alas, who have passed beyond the reach of our voices, without giving evidence of that repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ which are necessary to salvation. Have we been as faithful in dealing with their souls as we ought—warning and teaching and beseeching them in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God? Are we clear of the blood of those who have died in their iniquity?

As we turn from the irrevocable past to the future, which still is ours, let it be with fresh and full consecration to duty and to God. Let it be in humble reliance on His sustaining grace, in His guiding hand. Let us with a godly avarice covet earnestly the best gifts. Let us with an intenser ardour labour for His glory, knowing that our labour is not in vain in the Lord. Let us go forward in the full assurance of faith. Let us claim to the uttermost the promises of God, who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.

AMALGAMATION.

OUR readers will be glad to learn that at the last meeting of the Western Section of the Book Committee an amalgamation was effected, on terms mutually satisfactory, between the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* and that excellent monthly—*Earnest Christianity*. The two magazines merge into one in the month of June. The July number of the Connexional Monthly will therefore begin a new series under its former style and title, but with enlarged scope, and with the addition, it is anticipated, of the excellences of its previous contemporary. It is hoped that the friends and patrons of both Magazines, and the ministers

and members of our Church generally, will give their hearty sympathy and support to the new and improved series. The expense incurred in effecting the amalgamation will require a large increase in the circulation to prevent serious financial loss. It has been undertaken, however, in reliance upon the generous co-operation of our people for the success of an important enterprise of the Church, which reliance, we hope, will not be disappointed. Cannot each of our readers secure at least one new subscriber?

The present is an exceedingly favourable time for subscribing. The attractions of the new volume will surpass any previously offered. The first number will contain an important article from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, the President of the General Conference. A condensed version of the Rev. Edward Eggleston's admirable story illustrative of Pioneer Methodism will also be begun. Correspondence is in progress with the Rev. M. Guy Pearse, author of "Daniel Quorm," with a view to publishing a serial story from his skilful pen. The first number will also contain a beautiful poem by Dr. Punshon; a paper on the Higher Life, by the late Alfred Cookman; and others of great interest, and will be embellished by a fine steel engraving. Many valuable articles by our best writers and thinkers will be presented during the year.

Our Connexional Monthly has already won high praise, both at home and abroad; and notwithstanding its comparatively limited constituency, is published for one-third less than the English *Wesleyan Magazine* of the same size, with its large circulation and venerable age. We hope the ministers will bring large subscription lists to the Conference; or, better still, forward them to this office as soon as possible, that the publisher may know how many to print. The Magazine will be sent free of postage for one year for two dollars, or for six months for one dollar. An extra copy will be given for a club of five. The offer of special prizes on second page of cover is still open, as the specified requisite number for claiming it has not yet been reached. Let canvassers make a special effort and win these valuable prizes.

THE EASTERN QUESTION—ITS HISTORICAL ASPECT.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

FEW phenomena of history are more appalling than the successive rise of those Oriental dynasties, which glare with malignant influence over the nations, like some fiery comet, a portent of terror to the world, and then disappear in darkness. Such phenomena are presented in the history of Zingis Khan and Tamerlane.

Zingis, the Great Khan of the Mongols, and his sons, like a fiery simoon, blasted a continent, from the Chinese sea to the Gulf of Bosnia, and from Hindostan to the Frozen Ocean; and, at the terrors of his name, Europe, from the Ægean to the shores of the Baltic, trembled. For two centuries Moscovy groaned beneath the Mongol yoke, and still exhibits striking, and it may be indelible traces of that cruel servitude. A diversion caused by revolt in the East averted the menacing storm from the walls of Byzantium, but the litany, "From the fury of the Tartars, good Lord, deliver us," attests the terror that their name inspired. Ambassadors and princes from Europe and Asia, sought the court of Zingis, afar on the shores of lake Baikal. There were gathered together the spoils of Canton and of Cracow, Siberian sables and the silks of Iran. Artists from Pekin and from Paris contributed to the princely splendour of his palace in the heart of the Mongol desert. The tributary dukes, sultans, kings and emirs of his vast dominion trembled at the frown of the Tartar nomad. The Roman Pontiff sent an embassy of Franciscan and Dominican friars to soften his ferocity. The Emperor Frederick urged an alliance of France, England, and Germany, to resist the tyrant. Never, since the invasion of the Moors, were the civilization and religion of Europe exposed to such imminent peril. But in this crisis of destiny a domestic revolt and the breaking up of the Tartar Empire relieved the apprehensions of the West.

Tamerlane, or Timour Beg,—the Iron Lord,—was the last of those Tartar Khans who aspired to universal empire. Like a tale of the Arabian Nights, or the realization of some fantastic dream, is the story of his conquests. The Cæsar of the East pursued for forty years a career of brilliant victory, only to be paralleled by that of the great Khan Zingis. He triumphed successively on the Ganges and on the Volga. His progress was arrested neither by the Himalayas nor the Urals, by the snows of Siberia nor the torrid heat of India. He entered as victor, between pyramids of skulls, the gates of Delhi, Damascus, Aleppo, Bagdad and Samarcand. He overran the plains watered by the Don and the Volga. As he approached the ancient capital of Moscovy, the terrors of the palace and the devotions of the Kremlin, the tolling of the bells and the chanting of priests, redoubled in intensity. Happily for the peace of Europe he turned his victorious arms again to the East, but was overtaken by the final and universal conqueror upon his march to China, which country he was about to annex to his dominions.

Thus was averted for fifty years longer the final conquest of Constantinople. But neither the fiery valor of John Huniades, nor the renegade zeal of Scanderbeg, could banish the Turk from European soil. The toils of fate were drawing closer and closer round the doomed city of Byzantium. The cup of her iniquity was well nigh full. Her horrid abominations invoked the wrath of heaven, which burst in flames upon

her head. The fierce and fiery Mahomet, like an avenging messenger of doom,—an awful Nemesis,—appeared before her walls.

A crisis of the greatest importance in the history of the world was at hand. Terrific and protracted was the struggle for the key of the Eastern Empire and the throne of the Eastern Cæsars. The arts of ancient and of modern warfare were combined in the siege and defence of the bulwark of Christendom. Never was more dreadful night than the eve of the final assault. The blaze of the noctural fires illumed the entire extent of massy wall. The novel terror of the lightning-flash and thunder stroke of the newly invented cannon, terrific to the Greeks as the bolts of Jove, were added to the more familiar concussions of the battering rams, while the mysterious and inextinguishable Greek fire heightened the horror of the scene. Above the din were heard the frantic shouts of the terrible Janizaries,—eager for the slaughter as hounds in leash,—"*Allah akbar! Allah hu!*" while within the doomed city arose, amid the darkness, from the sad procession of priests and warriors wending to the church of St. Sophia, the wailing dirge "*Kyrie eleeson! Christe eleeson!*"

The blood, and horror, and confusion of the assault, and the nameless abominations of the sack of the hapless city, are indescribable. The church of St. Sophia, where a frantic multitude took sanctuary, flowed with blood. Priests and nobles, maids and matrons, veiled vestals and venerable abbesses, were delivered to the cruelty or lust of the brutal Moslem soldiery. Sixty thousand captives, male and female, were led away to recruit the armies or grace the harems of the Turk. The great square of the city became a market where its wretched inhabitants were sold into vilest slavery.

Thus ended, A.D. 1453, the long and bitter contest between the East and the West for the key of the Euxine, the gateway of commerce, and the ancient seat of Greek Empire. All Europe was aghast with horror and dismay. The pope summoned the entire West, from Sweden to Naples, from Poland to Britain, to drive the Turk from European soil. But spiritual anathemas and political leagues were alike despised by the victorious invader. He crossed to Italy, seized the sacked Otranto, and would probably have become master of Old, as well as of New Rome, had he not been overtaken by Death, a conqueror as relentless as himself.

The effects of the fall of Constantinople on the literature of Europe were very important and very striking. That event, indeed, may be called the epoch of the Revival of Letters. The Byzantine capital was the great treasure-house of ancient learning. That learning had long been hidden from the West by an absolute ignorance of the Greek language. An occasional Eastern monk, or bishop, may have brought into Western Europe a knowledge of the ancient tongue, but it received very little notice. Petrarch says, that in his time not ten men in Italy could read it. The first public instructor of note was Chrysoloras, who taught at Florence in 1395. It rapidly grew into notice and favour. Many Greeks fled from the tottering Empire. Many Italians also, for purposes of trade, resided at Constantinople. There the Greek language, the language "of Homer and the gods," was a living tongue; and Greek literature was prized and cultivated. That tongue, corrupted by the populace, it is true, into the resemblance of modern Romaic, as taught in the schools and spoken by the nobles was sufficiently pure to enable them to delight in the sublime dreams of Plato, the dark tragedy of Æschylus, or the Christian eloquence of St. Chrysostom.

The victorious arms of the Turks hastened the flight of the muses; and a vast number of educated Greeks emigrated to Italy and were dispersed throughout Europe. The

Greek learning, withered and forgotten under its native skies, grew and flourished in a Western clime. Simultaneously with the fall of Constantinople, the invention of a German mechanic gave wings to the new learning, wherewith it might fly, as lightly as the thistle down, to the ends of the earth. This wonderful art gave a perennial life to that ancient literature, which was in such imminent danger of extinction; and, by the immense number of copies it produced, made it, henceforth, indestructable. Hereby, also, a mighty impetus was given to the great Reformation, which was soon to emancipate the minds of millions from a degrading superstition, and to stimulate the process of free inquiry wherever Protestantism should prevail.

The present decrepitude of the Ottoman Empire can give no idea of its strength and vigour in the fiery zeal of its youth, nor of the apprehensions which it caused throughout Europe. The Western nations (instead of forming a league on its behalf), engaged in a sacred alliance against it, for the common defence of Christendom. A new crusade was waged in Europe; not (like those of five hundred years before) to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the desecrating hands of the Moslem, but to prevent that Asiatic despotism from becoming supreme throughout the entire West, and subverting the Christian faith in its very strongholds. The severe discipline of the terrible Janizaries, and the constant wars in which they were engaged, made them the scourge of Europe, and gave the Turks the decided supremacy in the military art. Shortly after the fall of Constantinople they overran Greece, Thrace, Macedonia, Moldavia, Wallachia and Hungary. For nearly two hundred years the tide of battle ebbed and flowed across the great Sarmatian plain, between Vienna and Belgrade; and Germany became in the sixteenth century, as Spain had been in the eighth, the bulwark of Christendom.

Solyman the Magnificent was the life-long antagonist of Charles V., and repeatedly menaced the heart of the empire. He also, after incredible resistance, forced back the Knights of St. John, the sentinel outposts of Christendom, from the fertile Rhodes,—"the isle of roses,"—to the barren rock of Malta. Here, however, he received a terrible repulse from the dauntless La Valette, who sustained one of the most awful sieges recorded in history. The town and fortress of Valetta commemorate that brave commander. Still the corsair fleets of the Turks swept the surface and ravaged the shores of the Mediterranean, till their maritime power was broken forever by the illustrious Don John of Austria, at the great battle of Lepanto, in 1571.

The Turkish power was so much the more dangerous, because it was frequently invoked by European princes, as an ally in their wars among themselves. The unchivalric distinction of employing the aid of a power dangerous at once to the liberties and religion of Europe, belongs especially to Francis I. and Louis XIV. By the combined effort of Christian and infidel arms, its fair fields were trampled and defaced from the Hæmus to the Pyrenees.

The celebrated John Sobieski administered a terrible blow to the Turks beneath the crumbling walls of Vienna in 1670; but to the illustrious Eugene of Savoy belongs, perhaps, the credit of obtaining the most decisive victory over them at Belgrade, in the beginning of the last century. By this the apprehensions of Europe, as to Ottoman aggression, were quieted forever. That great power, once so formidable, has ever since been sinking into decrepitude, although occasionally giving flashes of its ancient spirit. In 1770 it engaged in an ineffectual war with the Empress Catherine of Russia, in consequence of the iniquitous partition of Poland; but from that period it has constantly been subject to the encroachments of its powerful North-

ern neighbours. By the battle of Navarino, in 1827, it lost the fairest of its provinces; and Byron's dream, to accomplish which he gave his life, —"that Greece might yet be free,"— has been, at least nominally, realized.

It is strange that the power which for nearly three centuries was the standing menace of the nations of Europe, should now exist only by the sufferance or jealousy of these very nations; and but for the active interference of her Western allies, would probably before this have been vastly curtailed in territory, if not banished from the soil of Europe. Yet feeble and decrepit as Turkey is, no country excites such regard. The interest increases round the "sick man's" couch. He holds the key of Empire in his trembling grasp. Into whose hands shall it pass when it falls from his? This is *the* question of the day,—the Gordian knot, whose intricacy, insoluable by any diplomatic skill, may, possibly, yield only to the keen edge of the sword. England, France, Germany, Austria, and Russia, watch his symptoms with deepest interest. The latter has been steadily and stealthily advancing Southward and Eastward, till she has reached the Pruth and Kur, and the confines of Persia. Britain has no reason to fear Russian encroachments on her Indian possessions. If that power will conquer and civilize the rude hill tribes, in the extensive country contiguous to those possessions, India can be all the better held in hand.

The revolt of the Christian population of Herzegovina, the result of atrocious outrage and wrong, and the active aid of the independent Montenegrins, and sympathy of the Servian and Bosnian provinces, together with the complete break down of Turkish financial credit, make the final crisis even more imminent than ever before. England and France will never repeat the mistake of twenty years ago in propping with Christian bayonets the tottering Moslem despotism. The opening of the Suez Canal has transferred the key of Eastern commerce from the Bosphorus to Port Said, while its practical control by England secures her communication with her Indian Empire. The French have long had a wish to strengthen their influence in the East. Together with the purpose of leading off the troublesome humours of the body politic, it was one object of the first Napoleon's Egyptian campaign. The Suez Canal is an object of legitimate pride. It may also be a source of political advantage in the solution of the Eastern question. Little dependence can be placed on the Viceroy of Egypt, as the ally of the Sultan; indeed, he is more likely to become his successful rival. Whenever Russia, Austria, and Germany can agree as to the division to be made of the "sick man's" possessions, it is probable that his tenure of European territory will not long continue. For five hundred years the Turks have been a mere army of occupation north of the Azof—their native barbarism of late concealed beneath a thin veneer of civilization. The sooner the superstitions of the mosque, the sensuality of the seraglio, and the despotism of the Sultan, give place to Christian institutions, monogamic marriage and constitutional government, the better for the prosperity and progress of South-Eastern Europe. The recent massacre, with marked indignities, of the French and German Consuls at Salonica, by a fanatical Mahometan mob, may precipitate the overthrow of the Ottoman power.

Wherever that stern despotism prevails,—in Europe, in Asia Minor, in Syria and Palestine,—a blight seems to rest upon the fairest and most favoured lands on earth. As we contemplate these things we cannot help asking:—Is it for ever? Is there to be no resurrection of those nations—no regeneration of those lands? But although despotism and superstition may have crushed and degraded the inhabitants, yet Nature is eternal; and the golden sunlight falls, and the

sapphire seas expand, and the purple mountains rise as fair and lovely as of yore. The valleys of the Orontes and the Jordan, and the slopes of Lebanon are no less beautiful, nor the plains of Mesopotamia and high lands of Iran less fertile, than in the time of their greatest prosperity and glory.

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

Indications of the progress of Western ideas in the East are numerous and striking, and furnish brilliant auguries of its future prosperity. A constitutional parliament has been elected in Egypt and further reforms are promised. Already the iron horse snorts in the valley of the Nile, and the iron steamer plies upon its sacred waters. On the slopes of Lebanon, by British and American enterprise, manufactories of silk and cotton have been established, and the steam engine, that great agent of civilization, introduced; machinery, with its tireless sinews and nimble fingers, performs much of the toilsome and mechanical drudgery which formerly taxed the energies of human muscles. A stream of vessels daily passes through the Suez Canal. Trade may return again to its ancient channels and resume its old route through the East, and Damascus, Aleppo and Tyre, acquire more than their olden importance. The red-cross flag of England floats over Aden, and the great overland route from India lies through these ancient lands. Already organized systems of colonization are in operation. Many Jews have returned and many more are returning to the land of their fathers. Already a Gentile colony from new England has settled in the Plain of Sharon, and introduced Western institutions and manners. Christian schools at Cairo, Alexandria, Beyrout, and Sidon, and Christian missions throughout the entire East, are sowing the seeds of a nobler and loftier type of civilization. A new crusade, not of war but of peace, is being waged. The pacific victories of commerce will renovate the East, and the crescent may before long give place to the banner of the cross upon the battlements of Zion. The long rejected Messiah shall be adored amid the scenes of His passion, and Jerusalem become again a praise in the earth.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

THE visit of the Prince of Wales to India, and the assumption of the Imperial title by the Queen, have directed public attention to our Eastern possessions as it never was directed before. The graphic pen of the special correspondent and the pencil of the artist have brought vividly before the mind the scenery, architecture, costumes, pomp and pageantry of the land. The recent growth of Indian commerce has been enormous. An identity of interest and a facility of communication with the West has been established, which a few years ago would have been inconceivable. The state of the markets at Calcutta

or Madras, a fall in the price of indigo at Benares, or a rise in that of opium at Balasore, an eruption of the hill tribes of Cashgur, or a revolt of the Mahrattas, thrills along the electric nerves that ramify the country, and flashes beneath hundreds of miles of roaring billows and over thousands of miles of land to the great *sensoria* of western commerce, the exchanges of London and Liverpool, and the *bourses* of Paris and Antwerp. A ceaseless stream of traffic throbs along the iron arteries of commerce from Agra to Bombay, from Delhi to Calcutta. The sacred Ganges and the Hoogly swarm with vessels impelled by a more potent genius than any of the Arabian Nights, — the great Western magician, — steam. In the colleges established by the British Government, the youth of India are instructed in Western learning and processes of thought. The absurd myths of the gods—the religious cosmogony and physics of the Brahmins—touched by the Ithuriel spear of modern science crumble into dust, and the dense moral darkness is yielding to the light of the Gospel. Hindoo and Japanese students have already competed, and not unsuccessfully, with those of Europe for the palm of excellence at Western universities.

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

These glorious trophies of the progress of Christianity are auguries of still grander triumphs in the future. What sublime results may not some who read these pages behold! Those blind and impotent old lands, which so long have struggled with the demons of superstition and idolatry, shall eventually sit clothed, and in their right mind, at the feet of Jesus. The day is hastening when in a world redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled from the power and dominion of sin the Redeemer shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied; when He shall receive the

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

heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession; when upon all the industries and activities of the world, —upon all its trade and commerce, its art, its science, and its literature, shall be written—Holiness to the Lord.

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

CREEDS AND THEIR ENFORCEMENT.

THE vehement outcry against creeds which meets us from various quarters in connection with the action of the Toronto Presbytery with reference to the case of the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell, is a very irrational one, and one with which that gentleman himself would have no sympathy. There is not a religious organization of any description, even the most ultra creedophobic, that has not its creed, more or less pronounced. We cannot form any connected ideas of the moral teaching of Holy Scripture without forming some sort of creed. A man without a creed is a man without any opinions, we might almost say, without any ideas, at all.

The written creeds and confessions of the Churches are not something above or beyond the Scriptures. They are only their formulated statements of what they believe the teachings of the Scriptures to be. The abuse of creeds is the making them so minute in detail, so rigid in statement, and enforcing them with such rigour that they leave no room for conscientious exercise of private judgment as to even non-essential matters, and that their authority is practically raised above that of the Word of God.

In the case referred to, no one probably would more readily confess the impropriety of preaching a doctrine opposed to the creed of the Church of which he is a minister, than Mr. Macdonnell, and he has expressed his regret for the unfortunate sermon which has been the cause of all the trouble. We think, however, that having done this, and having avowed his adhesion to the teaching of the Confession of Faith, "expressed as it is almost entirely in the language of Scripture," the Presbytery should have accepted his statement. To reject that statement simply on account of its last clause, above given, will seem to very many, and especially to the friends of Mr. Macdonnell, as rather harsh treatment, and to be unduly pressing an advantage. It seems like enforcing an unnecessary humiliation, after he had retracted his error and virtually conceded the whole question, to dictate the very words in which the concession must be made. We hope that no mere spirit of *amour propre* or desire to maintain an apparent consistency on the part of Mr. Macdonnell, nor of Rhadamanthine severity on the part of the General Assembly, to which the matter is now referred, will precipitate what may be a serious schism in the Church. This, in view of the relations of the parties, and the recent union of Churches, would, we judge, be a far more serious evil, would do far more injury to the cause of truth and of Christ, than the frank acceptance of Mr. Macdonnell's frank statement.

With regard to the question under dispute, the eternity of future punishment, the Presbytery is unquestionably in harmony with the Scriptures and with the teachings of all orthodox Churches, and we can easily appreciate its resolve to give no sanction, even by implication, to the

dangerous laxness of view on this important subject which is too prevalent. We think, however, that it has sufficiently vindicated its orthodoxy, and that no harm can result from the exercise toward an erring brother of that charity which "thinketh no evil."

Reinforcements for Japan.

Again our Church sends forth with her prayers and blessing two honoured brethren to strengthen our Japanese mission. The hand of God has been with our pioneer missionaries in that interesting and important field. The work has so grown upon their hands, the field is so waving white unto the harvest, that they make an earnest appeal for help, for additional labourers in this glorious moral husbandry. Upon the Rev. George Meacham, M.A, and the Rev. Charles S. Eby, B.A., both well known as favourite contributors to this Magazine, has the dignity and privilege fallen of becoming ambassadors for Jesus in that heathen land. They have both marked qualifications for the task to which the providence of God and the voice of the Church has called them. Their liberal education, the habits of study and mental discipline acquired in mastering their college curriculum, and, above all, their personal piety, zeal and consecration to the work and office of the Christian ministry, will make their labours in that far-off land, we confidently believe, greatly redound to the glory of God and the advancement of His cause. The sympathies and the prayers of our people will accompany these brethren on their long journey, and in their arduous toil for the Master. We trust, too, that practical aid will be liberally given in meeting the financial obligations which the authorities of our Church have undertaken in obedience to what they feel to be the guidings of Divine Providence.

The Temperance Reform.

The legislation of the last session of the Ontario Parliament, if not all that we could wish, has been at least a step in the right direction. Already it is bearing fruit in the reduction of licenses for the sale of intoxicating drinks in almost every municipality in the Province. Of course those who are deprived of their unhallowed gains, derived from the moral weaknesses and infirmities or vices of their fellow creatures, are loud in their denunciations of the law; but we are confident that the general verdict of the community, especially of the religious community, would be in favour of still more rigid restriction, which we hope will soon be enforced. As if to emphasize the need of the suppression of this dreadful traffic in iniquity, the daily papers have been teeming as we have scarcely ever known them before, with accounts of murders, suicides, and deadly wounding caused by intoxicating liquors. A traffic which is fruitful of such results as these is one that calls for rigid restraint, and, as soon as practicable, entire suppression.

Dr. Lachlin Taylor.

When we last reported the doings of our old friend Dr. Taylor, he was in the Shetland Isles. By recent English papers we learn that he is now at the very opposite extremity of Great Britain, among the green lanes of Devon, and beside its lovely sea coast. He has been lecturing with great acceptance (under the auspices of the local magnates) on the resources of the Dominion, in Plymouth and Devonport. We hope he will be able to induce many of those splendid Devonshire farmers to transport their skill in dairy management and orchard culture to our fertile Canada.

We are glad to observe that the Doctor throws himself with his characteristic zeal and generosity into Wesleyan Church and Sunday-school enterprises. His eloquent lectures on the Holy Land always evoke the warmest commendation. We hope soon to have the pleasure

of greeting among us once more the indefatigable traveller whose return will be hailed by thousands as that of a personal friend, for no man in Canada is more widely known and more highly esteemed.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

CANADA.

Montreal.—The last week in January has long been designated "anniversary week." Five evenings are occupied with public meetings, and a prayer meeting is held for one hour at nine o'clock a.m. Great St. James' Street Church is the place of meeting, which is usually crowded to its utmost capacity, especially at the Bible and French Canadian Missionary Society meetings. At these, it sometimes happens that hundreds fail to obtain even standing room. The various Protestant Churches are well represented both by ministers and people, indeed anniversary week is a season of great catholicity, and Romanists may then see that Protestantism is one.

The French Canadian Missionary Society has done good service to the cause of truth, by education and colportage. The Institution at Point Aux Trembles has educated 2,000 pupils, mostly of Roman Catholic parentage; twenty of whom are now ministers of the Gospel; seventy have been teachers; and forty are colporteurs. There are now three hundred applications for admittance. There are also four other schools in various parts of the Province of Quebec. By means of colportage 40,000 copies of the Bible, and 450,000 copies of religious publications have been circulated, which speaks well for the Society, whose income is only little more than $20,000. It should be much greater.

Toronto.—The capital of Ontario has not taken such a position in respect to anniversary meetings as Montreal. We are glad that, this year, four evenings during the first week in May were so occupied, and hope that in future years the entire week may be necessary for such gatherings. Doubtless the managers of the railways would allow persons to travel at reduced rates, who might wish to attend those meetings.

The Tract Society anniversary was held first. The new Baptist Church was the place chosen, and the edifice was crowded. The income of the Society is $18,000, being $1,100 less than last year; no doubt this is owing to the depression of trade, but a great deal of valuable work has been done, seeing that 34,857 books, 263,348 tracts, 200,000 periodicals, and 5,872 Bibles, have been sold; while 237,232 tracts and 6,000 books were given away. The agents of the Society are very useful in labouring among the employees of Welland Canal, and the lumbermen of the shanties. The Society deserves more liberal support. Sir Alexander T. Galt, Rev. E. Sullivan, and S. J. Hunter were the principal speakers.

The Bible Society meeting was next held in the same church, which was even more crowded than the preceding night. It is a pleasing coincidence that the meeting was held on the same day as that of the Parent Society in England, only that the latter would commence at ten o'clock a.m., and continue probably some six hours, whereas in Canada, less than three hours would be deemed sufficient. The Bible Society is doing a glorious work for the world's evangelization. It has put into circulation 73,750,538 copies of the Word of God. Upper

Canada is its best auxiliary. The income is only $403 more than last year. During the past year 37,971 copies of the Word of God were disposed of. The Rev. J. T. Duryea, D.D., Vice-Chancellor Blake, Rev. W. W. Ross, Hon W. McMaster, Rev. J. M. Cameron, and Dr. Hodgins were the speakers.

The anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association was held in Shaftesbury Hall, on Thursday evening, at which Dr. D. Wilson presided. Revs. J. Smith, J. Potts, and Dr. Duryea were the speakers. The Association is doing a good work among young men. The reading-room is open daily, and is well supplied with periodicals and papers: no less than 172,800 persons visited the room last year; 545 religious meetings have been held in the rooms; 50 others in boarding houses, and 262 at the hospital, infirmary, saloons, etc.; 102,623 tracts have been distributed; 78 Bible Classes have been held, special sermons have have preached to young men; the volunteer camps at Niagara and Holland Landing were visited; 200 young men have found employment by means of the Association, and many visits have been paid to the sick and dying. The Association is an important institution, and well deserves the liberal support especially of those who are employers of young men.

On Friday evening a reunion of the Evangelical Alliance was held in Shaftesbury Hall, which was a season of hallowed enjoyment. Hon. Oliver Mowat occupied the chair, and was supported by ministers of different denominations. The Revs. Dr. Castle, Principal Caven, S. J. Hunter, and J. M. King, were the chief speakers. The object of the gathering was to promote brotherly love among the various Churches, and from the sentiments which were expressed, it would seem that this very desirable object is being accomplished. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another."

Methodist Episcopal Church, United States.

We go to press too soon to do more than notice that the General Conference of this body is now in session at Baltimore. The past four years have been characterized by great prosperity, inasmuch as the itinerant and local preachers have increased 2,723, or 13 per week; members, 159,236, or 1,900 per week; churches, 2,183, or two each day; increased value of churches and parsonages, $78,775. But there is only an increase of eight Sunday schools, and 665 Sunday scholars reported, which we think must be far below the truth.

The Annual Missionary Report was recently issued. The income amounts to $675,000. The Foreign Missions are in Africa, South America, China, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, India, Bulgaria, Italy, Japan, and Mexico. In these the value of churches and parsonages is estimated at $791,353. There are also missionaries in the territories of Arizona and New Mexico.

There are also Domestic Missions among the foreign population of Welsh, German, Scandinavian, Chinese, and American Indians. The following is a summary of missionaries (foreign), 690; native preachers, 65; missionaries and assistants in territories, 15; missionaries to foreign populations in United States, 297; domestic missionaries, 2,378; being a total of 3,661.

The missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Wesleyan Methodists in Rome work in harmony, as a proof of which it may be stated, that they publish an organ jointly which serves for both Churches.

Methodism in Germany.

A correspondent writes: "By means of the great support which they receive from England and

America, the Methodists exhibit an unusual activity. In the first place, the country actually swarms with their preachers. Youths preparing themselves for the Methodist ministry all travel through the land, and Methodist colporteurs carry their books to the families of distant places. In this way the numbers and influence of the Methodists also increase, it may be said from day to day. There are towns and villages in which the Methodists actually rule the religious life."

There is another Methodist body in Germany. It is the oldest in existence, having been founded by a Protestant minister who was born in 1721, came to America in 1752, assisted Coke in ordaining Asbury, and held his first Conference in 1789, which was attended by seven ministers. Now they have about 1,300 ministers, above 80,000 members, and Otterbein University, called after their founder and first bishop. While Asbury laboured among the English, Otterbein laboured among the Germans, and his followers were generally called German Methodists, although they have called themselves "United Brethren in Christ." Asbury felt towards this German much as Wesley did towards the French Fletcher. Nineteen years his junior, he reverenced and loved him, called him "the great Otterbein," and said, "Forty years I have known the retiring modesty of this man of God, and towering majesty over his fellows in learning, wisdom and grace, yet seeking to be known only of God and the people of God."

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

THE Sunday-school has become a powerful Church organization. No denomination would consider itself justified in neglecting the young. There was a time when these schools were requisite to teach the children of the poor to read, but now they are only requisite for the sake of the religious instruction which they impart.

A project has been started to erect a memorial in Gloucester to Robert Raikes, who has generally been regarded as the founder of Sabbath-schools, though it is believed that he only improved on the plan first adopted by Mary Ball.

Stockport, in England, has long claimed to have the largest Sunday-school in Great Britain. Its last report says there are 304 teachers and 3,614 scholars in the school. Since this school was formed, 4,992 teachers and 89,324 scholars have been connected with it.

The Wesleyan Conference in England has organized a Sunday-school Union, and set apart a gifted minister as Secretary and Agent. The publications which he is issuing, and the energy with which he is prosecuting his labours bid fair to make a great improvement in the Sunday-school department.

It has sometimes been thought that our friends across the line excel the British Churches in the Sunday-school work. It must be admitted that they work the institution very vigorously. There are in the United States 69,871 Sabbath-schools, with 753,000 officers and teachers, and 5,790,683 scholars. It is an interesting fact that there are 800 Mormon children in the Methodist Sunday-schools in Salt Lake City.

We can hardly admit that Canada is much behind the United States in respect to Sabbath-schools, though the aggregate only amounts to 4,401 schools, with 35,745 officers and teachers, and 271,381 scholars.

THE Drew Seminary has sustained a heavy loss by the failure of its founder, Daniel Drew, Esq., but several gentlemen have come forward in a most princely manner to its rescue. Great sympathy is felt for Mr. Drew, whose financial embarrassment arises from circumstances over which he had no control.

At our own University at Cobourg the foundation stone of a new Hall of Science, to be called Faraday Hall, will be laid at the Convocation.

BOOK NOTICES.

Memoir of Norman Macleod, D.D. By his brother, the REV. DONALD MACLEOD, B.A. 8vo., pp. 484. Toronto: Belford Brothers and Methodist Book Room.—$2.50.

THE genial editor of *Good Words* is presented to us in this volume in a singularly attractive light. A large proportion of the book is made up of his confidential correspondence and journal, in which the man speaks out his very soul. His was a frank, noble, generous nature, somewhat impetuous we judge in youth, brave and honest to the core. His inexhaustible fund of humour, we suspect, made him lose caste somewhat with the "unco guid;" but he won the enthusiastic affection of those who knew him best. The influence of a pious mother, still living, and the death of a beloved brother, led, in early youth, to deep religious experiences.

One of the principal charms of the volume arises from Dr. Macleod's relation to the Queen and Royal family, and to the literary magnates of the day. He preserved his manly self-respect in his intimate association with royalty. In preaching before the Queen he "looked not at the sovereign present, but sought ever to keep before his mind the unseen Majesty of Heaven." When the Prince of Wales requested him to preach a short discourse, he gave a good hour's sermon. He was the first minister of the Established Church who preached for the Wesleyans in Scotland.

His liberal management of *Good Words* brought on him a good deal of obloquy from some of the more rigid of his countrymen, but it was the pioneer of a vast body of serial literature, not distinctively religious, but animated by religious spirit, which has supplanted much of the irreligious literature that previously poisoned the minds of multitudes. His visit to India was of immense benefit to the cause of missions in that country. The wide advocacy of their interests in *Good Words* was a revelation of an unknown world to thousands of readers. The bits of travel scattered through the book are wonderfully fresh and vivid.

But nothing in his life became him like his leaving it. The story of his death is singularly touching and beautiful. Dr. Macleod was no ascetic, but a hearty, healthy, whole-souled man—of broad sympathies, intense human affection, and indefatigable energy of character. He will not compare with others, his countryman, McCheyne, for instance, in deep spirituality of nature; but he was a good man, one that feared God and feared only Him. By his genial *bonhomie*, he recommended religion to many who would have been repelled by a more ascetic type of piety. The story of his life has its important lessons. A fine portrait graces the volume. The publishers are to be congratulated on placing it within our reach in such elegant style at so low a price—only half that of the English edition.

The School of the Prophets; or, Father McRorey's Class and Squire Firstman's Kitchen Fire. A Fiction founded on Facts. By JOHN CARROLL.

IN this book our indefatigable and always racy and instructive contributor, the Rev. John Carroll, appears in a new *role*. The story is a clever picture of life in early Canadian Methodist circles, with which the writer is so familiar. His quick perception, graphic delineation, and keen sense of the humorous, are admirable qualifications for the task he has undertaken. Additional interest will be given to the book by the recognition of the characters who figure under assumed names.

In many cases these will be apparent, in most they will become so by a reference to Cornish's "Hand Book," or "Case and his Contemporaries." Under a thin veil of fiction much valuable information is given, and there are wholesome lessons for both head and heart in these pages. We give from advance sheets in this number a short specimen of the style of treatment. We bespeak for the book a wide circulation. It gives a graphic account and accurate presentation of the lights and shadows of itinerant life in the heroic days of pioneer Methodism in this land—days, the vivid conception of which is fast fading from the minds of men—of which, indeed, the younger generation have scarcely any conception at all. Of the incidents recorded here, the author can say in the words of the Latin poet, "All which I saw, and part of which I was." There is just spice enough of the tender sentiment in the story to give it additional interest.

Canadian Monthly and National Review. Adam, Stevenson, & Co., Toronto.

THE May number of this excellent Monthly contains an important article by Goldwin Smith, M.A., on the "Immortality of the Soul." Apart from the testimony of Revelation, which he seems purposely to omit, as the argument is addressed to some who might perhaps question the validity of such testimony, he bases the doctrine of a Future State on moral evidence—the universal and ineradicable convictions of the human soul. Viewed in this light, it is a worthy pendant to the immortal "Phaedo" of Plato. The Christian theologian, of course, would supplement this argument by the testimony of Scripture, but it is satisfactory to find that in an age of skeptical science, philosophy alone can demonstrate this grand truth with no less cogency than in the ancient grove of the Academy. The argument of Butler needs probably to be readjusted to the altered conditions of modern science. While we dissent from many of the views presented in this Monthly, we consider that it renders important service to our national literature by discussing the great problems of the day in a large and tolerant spirit. "Know you not," says Milton, "that truth is strong next to God Himself." We do it wrong to doubt its triumph.

Church and State. By SIR ALEX. T. GALT, K.C.M.G. 8vo. pp. 41. Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

THIS trenchant pamphlet discusses from the stand-point of a statesman, and in a statesmanlike manner, what we conceive to be the great civil problem of the day in the Old World and the New. The arrogant assumptions and aggressive attitude of Rome make it a crime for a true patriot to remain silent while the fetters are being forged that would manacle our civil freedom. Hence the earnest protests of Dollinger, Gladstone, Laveleye, and of Sir A. T. Galt, who not unworthily ranks with this illustrious trio. The pamphlet will repay the careful study of those who would understand the issue before us in this country—the irrepressible conflict between the Roman Hierarchy and civil liberty. We are afraid, however, that the suggestion that the leaders of both political parties lay aside their mutual jealousies, and unite on a declaration to the Hierarchy that their interference must absolutely cease, is hardly attainable without a greater change in the spirit of Canadian politics than we are likely very soon to see.

Readings and Recitations for Temperance Workers and Social Gatherings. Edited by JACOB SPENCE, Secretary of Prohibitory League. Crown 8vo., pp. 168. Toronto: Belford Brothers and Methodist Book Room.

IN this volume, that veteran temperance worker, Mr. Spence, has

given over eighty pieces, in prose and verse, original and selected, inculcating the principles of total abstinence. Apart from their specific purpose in public assemblies, many are instructive private reading. Some of the humorous pieces strike us, however, as rather beneath the dignity of the general collection. Mr. Spence and the society which he represents are doing excellent service to the cause of temperance, by circulating sound and attractive literature, tracts, pamphlets, and books on this important subject, and thus assisting in creating a strong temperance sentiment in the community.

The Bible and the Temperance Question. 8vo. pp. 30.

ENCOURAGED by the very favourable testimonials of appreciation of its character which this essay has received, we have had it reprinted from the pages of this Magazine, for circulation in a more compendious form. It is hoped that it may be of service in promoting the great Temperance Revival, which is more and more engaging the attention of the community, especially of the religious community. In order to facilitate its extensive circulation, this pamphlet may be ordered from any of our Methodist Book Rooms, at the rate of 10 cents each, or $7.00 per hundred.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUIT.	AGE	DATE.
Mary Anne Durant...	Waterloo.....	Berlin.....	83	Dec. 17, 1875
James Muns.....	Parr's Plains...	Richwood.....	60	Mar. 1, 1876
Eliza Diamond.....	Thurlow	Thurlow, O.....	74	„ 10, „
Lewis A. Lockhart ...	Newport.....	Newport, N. S..	46	„ 15, „
Mary Jane Whiteside .	Brompton.....	Melbourne, Q...	82	„ 20, „
Sarah Reed.....	Foster's Point .	Shoal Harbour .	38	„ .. „
Mrs. Anne Metcalf...	River Philip...	River Philip ...	29	„ 27, „
Elizabeth Sargent	Barrington	Barrigton, N. S.	77	„ 29, „
John Mason	Hastings.....	Amherst, N.S...	78	April 2, „
Mrs. J. H. E. Page...	Font Hill	Font Hill, O. ..	76	„ 3, „
Mrs. J. Dodge	Amherst	Amherst, N.S...	24	„ 3, „
Hudley Kent	Amherst	Amherst, N.S...	63	„ 4, „
George Holt Harriss..	West Torra...	.....	69	„ 5, „
Benjamin Balderstor .	N. Wiltshire ..	Cornwall, P.E.I.	74	„ 5, „
Mary Allen.....	Yarmouth.....	Yarmouth, N. S.	..	„ 5, „
Stephen Oxley.....	River Philip...	River Philip ...	74	„ 7, „
Isabella Carr	Allendale	Barrie, O.....	65	„ 12, „
Rev O. Whitcombe...	Moira.....	Moira, O.....	..	„ 12, „
Jane Abbott.....	Aurora	Aurora, O.	77	„ 15, „
Mary Ann Langmaid..	Hampton.....	Darlington, ...	76	„ 17, „

All business communications with reference to this Magazine should be addressed to the Rev. S. ROSE; and all literary communications or contributions to the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, Toronto.