

The Provincial Wesleyan.

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America.

VOLUME XIV. No. 35.

HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1862.

WHOLE No. 683.

Religious Miscellany.

Bearing the Cross.

From the German of Schrock.
The heavier cross the nearer heaven;
No cross without the Lord within.
Death, judgment, from the heart are driven
Amid the world's false glare and din,
O happy he, with all his loss,
Whom God hath set beneath the cross!

The heavier cross the better Christian;
This is the touchstone God applies;
How many a garden would be waste-land,
Unwet by showers from weeping eyes!
The gold by fire is purified;
The Christian is by trouble tried.

The heavier cross the stronger faith;
The loaded palm strikes deeper root;
The vine juice sweetly issues
When men have pressed the clustered fruit,
And pearls grow where dangers come,
Like oysters beneath the salt sea foam.

The heavier cross the hunter prayer;
The hunted herbs most fragrant are;
If the sky and wind were always fair,
The sailor would not watch the star;
And David's Psalms had never been sung,
If grief's heart had not ever wrung.

The heavier cross the more aspiring;
From valleys we climb to mountain crest;
The pilgrim, of the desert thirsting,
Lungs for the Canaan of his rest.
The dove has here no rest in sight,
And to the ark she wings her flight.

The heavier cross the easier dying,
Death is a friendlier land to see;
To life's decay one bids defiance;
To life's distress one then is free.
The cross sublimely lifts our faith,
To him who triumphed over death.

Work for Invalids.

We had been absent from our usual place of religious worship three Sundays in succession, in consequence of a physical infirmity. We love our village sanctuary, and revere its associations. At the hour of prayer we were absent in body, not in mind or heart. We could judge when the hymn was sung—the prayer offered—the lesson read; the text taken, and the word of the Lord proclaimed. In imagination we saw the interior of the sacred building—the preacher, the choir, and the assembly. Nor were our thoughts confined to that particular place of Divine worship; but, while sitting quietly in the arm-chair, we wondered, mentally, into many houses and with which we were familiar. In the twinkling of an eye we passed from village to village, from town to town, from county to county. An indescribable solemnity pervaded the mind, as we endeavored to realize the scene of thousands and tens of thousands adoring God at the same moment, their devotions rising like a cloud of holy incense from earth to heaven—from the temples of grace here below, to the grand central temple of glory above, where a countless multitude, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stand before throne, and before Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cry with a loud voice, praising, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

It has just struck seven, p.m. How many hundreds of Christ's faithful ambassadors are now delivering the message of reconciliation! How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! How sweet to listen to "the joyful sound" of the Gospel trumpet! Our heart was lifted up to God in prayers like the following:—
"O Lord! help Thy ministering servants. Send the word with power, and an unction from the Holy One, to the hearts of the people. Guide the arrow of Thy light from the bow of truth to the conscience of the sinner. Let the Gospel hammer be broken by the stroke of the hammer of Thy word. Let Thy words be edified, and Thy names glorified, glorified, glorified, Amen."

The thought was now suggested, "Well, here we work for invalids,"—the work of prayer. And what can be more important, more effectual, or more closely associated with the success of the ministry, and of every other great and good agency? This is precisely what Christian invalids may perform. In the Old Testament we learn how Amalek was overcome. "Moses, Aaron, and Hur went up to the top of the hill. And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed; and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed. But Moses' hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him; and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up by his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun. And Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword." As in Revelation the hands were generally lifted up and prayer is the symbol of prayer and supplication. "We may therefore conclude," says Dr. Clarke, "that by holding up the hands in this case these things were intended: 1. That hereby a reference was made to God, as the Source whence all help and protection must come; and that on Him alone they must depend. 2. That prayer and supplication to God are essentially necessary to their prevalence over all their enemies. Therefore, when a minister's hands hang down, through discouragement, or become "heavy" through other causes, doubtless "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much" to hold them up. May not those Christians who are invalid from active service against Amalek take part, nevertheless, in the important work of holding up by intercession the hands of their spiritual guides and leaders? Although unable themselves to go forth as standard-bearers, or as fighting men in the army of Israel, may they not discharge the function of

Religious Intelligence.

Memorial of the Protestant Alliance.

The Committee of the Protestant Alliance have presented to the Archbishops and Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland, a Memorial, which states:—
That in consequence of the aggression on the part of the Pope, in 1850 the Protestant Alliance was instituted. For the purpose of maintaining and defending against the encroachments of Popery, the Scriptural doctrines of the Reformation and the principles of religion, as the best security, under God, for the temporal and spiritual welfare of this kingdom; and that the Alliance at present comprises a large number of clergy and laity of the Church of England, and of other Christian bodies in this country, and with residence in this country.

The efforts of the Alliance have been directed chiefly to counteract the attempts made by the Roman Catholics in Parliament, to secure a State-establishment and support for their Church, in furtherance of the avowed design of the Roman Catholic Priesthood to root out the Protestant faith, and to make their Church, as in former days, "the dominant Church of England."

That the success of the Roman effort has, owing to indifference and a false sense of security, been very considerable, as appears from the following sums of money paid out of the taxes of the country to Roman Army Chaplains, Priests, Teachers, etc., amounting together to the annual sum of nearly three hundred thousand pounds:—

Roman Army Chaplains, Great Britain, 31,941
Roman Reformatory Schools in Great Britain, 12,143
Maynooth Grant, 25,000
National Schools in Ireland (part paid to Roman Catholics), 205,000
Roman Chaplains in Irish Prisons and Workhouses, 10,000
Roman Reformatory Schools in Ireland, 4,339

That your Memorialists would most respectfully remind your Lordships that there are in Great Britain, according to the Roman Catholic authorities, 1,388 priests, 1,109 chapel, 50 manse, 162 convents, and 12 colleges in connection with the Church of Rome, and that every year a considerable increase in these institutions has taken place; that there are 428 Roman Catholic schools receiving Government aid, in which there are 51,628 scholars, besides children and adults in Reformatory and Industrial Schools; and that there are 19 Conventual Roman Army Chaplains.

That, encouraged by this success, the Roman priests are, at this time, energetically striving to obtain paid chaplains in our workhouses and prisons, private schools, and schoolmaster's residences in districts and workhouse schools, and separate chapels in these institutions for Roman worship; and that the emissaries of the Papal Church, both lay and clerical, in every rank of society, are exerting every possible influence, in cities and towns, to undermine the faith of the people, especially of the young.

Nearing the City.

It is not uncommon for the worn traveller, in the near approach to a large earthly metropolis, to experience sensations that are both new and peculiar. Constantly increasing indications of culture, ever developing beauties in the landscape, and exhibitions in stirring life in new varieties of aspect, attract his gaze, till the eye becomes the inlet of enjoyment altogether new. And if, as often happens, the chiming of bells or the strains of music are borne to the ear from the nearing city, they are all the more delicious when they come to him across the streets of some strange land yet separates him from the gate of entrance. This rapt emotion may thus increase, till the weary pilgrim forgets all his weariness, and is at length absorbed with the wonders and splendors of the city itself.

And so it is often with the Christian pilgrim whose journey draws near its close. It has been said that "the openings of the streets of heaven are on earth." And the Revelator tells us of a scene in which "a door was opened in heaven, through which he could look in upon the celestial throng even while he stood upon the island of his lonely exile. The pilgrimage of the Christian terminates by entering direct from the earth, this open door into the heavenly city. And who that has been privileged to stand by Christian death-beds have not noticed, oftentimes, in the dying a wonderful absorption of the soul with the opening beauties of the spiritual landscape as they approached the golden gates? They see that which they do not see; what they themselves never saw before. They hear what they never heard before—strains of angel-music chimes from the celestial shores, all the more sweet for having come across the waters of the dark river yet to be crossed. The oft-quoted and thrilling words of the dying Payson may seem to some like a mere outburst of poetry or delirium; but many and many a pilgrim, nearing the city knows they are a true expression of actual experience. He speaks from the land of Beulah; "The Celestial City is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart; nothing separates me from it but the river of death."

This "seraphic man" thus speaks from a land where "the fragrance of spices grows is wafted to the enraptured senses, ere the gardens of immortality are themselves in sight." They yet lie concealed within the city. Of this land of Beulah the master of the allegory says, "In this country the sun shineth night and day; therefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could the pilgrims from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also, here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walk, because it was upon the borders of heaven.

And these joys, experienced on the way, and especially in the near approach to heaven, prepare the pilgrim for that fullness of joy which awaits him in heaven. And O, if, as he draws near the city, he can enjoy so much—see around it and through its gates "left ajar," so much to delight in, and hear, as he lingers near the portal ready to enter, in such wondrous strains! what shall he send of his joys as he enters? open gates, and walks the golden streets, and in the immortal songs of heaven itself?—*Trav. Journal.*

Nearing the City.

The train of thought suggested in the article immediately preceding, as expressive of the Christian's prospect on his near approach to his heavenly home, will be found beautifully expressed in the following lines:—

Nearer.
One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearing my home to day
Than I have ever been before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be—
Nearer the Great White throne—
Nearer the crystal sea.
Nearer the bound of Life
Where I lay my burdens down—
Nearer leaving my cross—
Nearer wearing my crown.
But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dark and unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.
Jesus, perfect my trust—
Strengthen my feeble faith,
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shores of death.
Feel Thee near! when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

Nearing the City.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or supply the want of it. Modesty, like virtue, must be its own reward.

Religious Intelligence.

Memorial of the Protestant Alliance.

The Committee of the Protestant Alliance have presented to the Archbishops and Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland, a Memorial, which states:—
That in consequence of the aggression on the part of the Pope, in 1850 the Protestant Alliance was instituted. For the purpose of maintaining and defending against the encroachments of Popery, the Scriptural doctrines of the Reformation and the principles of religion, as the best security, under God, for the temporal and spiritual welfare of this kingdom; and that the Alliance at present comprises a large number of clergy and laity of the Church of England, and of other Christian bodies in this country, and with residence in this country.

The efforts of the Alliance have been directed chiefly to counteract the attempts made by the Roman Catholics in Parliament, to secure a State-establishment and support for their Church, in furtherance of the avowed design of the Roman Catholic Priesthood to root out the Protestant faith, and to make their Church, as in former days, "the dominant Church of England."

That the success of the Roman effort has, owing to indifference and a false sense of security, been very considerable, as appears from the following sums of money paid out of the taxes of the country to Roman Army Chaplains, Priests, Teachers, etc., amounting together to the annual sum of nearly three hundred thousand pounds:—

Roman Army Chaplains, Great Britain, 31,941
Roman Reformatory Schools in Great Britain, 12,143
Maynooth Grant, 25,000
National Schools in Ireland (part paid to Roman Catholics), 205,000
Roman Chaplains in Irish Prisons and Workhouses, 10,000
Roman Reformatory Schools in Ireland, 4,339

That your Memorialists would most respectfully remind your Lordships that there are in Great Britain, according to the Roman Catholic authorities, 1,388 priests, 1,109 chapel, 50 manse, 162 convents, and 12 colleges in connection with the Church of Rome, and that every year a considerable increase in these institutions has taken place; that there are 428 Roman Catholic schools receiving Government aid, in which there are 51,628 scholars, besides children and adults in Reformatory and Industrial Schools; and that there are 19 Conventual Roman Army Chaplains.

That, encouraged by this success, the Roman priests are, at this time, energetically striving to obtain paid chaplains in our workhouses and prisons, private schools, and schoolmaster's residences in districts and workhouse schools, and separate chapels in these institutions for Roman worship; and that the emissaries of the Papal Church, both lay and clerical, in every rank of society, are exerting every possible influence, in cities and towns, to undermine the faith of the people, especially of the young.

Nearing the City.

It is not uncommon for the worn traveller, in the near approach to a large earthly metropolis, to experience sensations that are both new and peculiar. Constantly increasing indications of culture, ever developing beauties in the landscape, and exhibitions in stirring life in new varieties of aspect, attract his gaze, till the eye becomes the inlet of enjoyment altogether new. And if, as often happens, the chiming of bells or the strains of music are borne to the ear from the nearing city, they are all the more delicious when they come to him across the streets of some strange land yet separates him from the gate of entrance. This rapt emotion may thus increase, till the weary pilgrim forgets all his weariness, and is at length absorbed with the wonders and splendors of the city itself.

And so it is often with the Christian pilgrim whose journey draws near its close. It has been said that "the openings of the streets of heaven are on earth." And the Revelator tells us of a scene in which "a door was opened in heaven, through which he could look in upon the celestial throng even while he stood upon the island of his lonely exile. The pilgrimage of the Christian terminates by entering direct from the earth, this open door into the heavenly city. And who that has been privileged to stand by Christian death-beds have not noticed, oftentimes, in the dying a wonderful absorption of the soul with the opening beauties of the spiritual landscape as they approached the golden gates? They see that which they do not see; what they themselves never saw before. They hear what they never heard before—strains of angel-music chimes from the celestial shores, all the more sweet for having come across the waters of the dark river yet to be crossed. The oft-quoted and thrilling words of the dying Payson may seem to some like a mere outburst of poetry or delirium; but many and many a pilgrim, nearing the city knows they are a true expression of actual experience. He speaks from the land of Beulah; "The Celestial City is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart; nothing separates me from it but the river of death."

This "seraphic man" thus speaks from a land where "the fragrance of spices grows is wafted to the enraptured senses, ere the gardens of immortality are themselves in sight." They yet lie concealed within the city. Of this land of Beulah the master of the allegory says, "In this country the sun shineth night and day; therefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could the pilgrims from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also, here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walk, because it was upon the borders of heaven.

And these joys, experienced on the way, and especially in the near approach to heaven, prepare the pilgrim for that fullness of joy which awaits him in heaven. And O, if, as he draws near the city, he can enjoy so much—see around it and through its gates "left ajar," so much to delight in, and hear, as he lingers near the portal ready to enter, in such wondrous strains! what shall he send of his joys as he enters? open gates, and walks the golden streets, and in the immortal songs of heaven itself?—*Trav. Journal.*

Nearing the City.

The train of thought suggested in the article immediately preceding, as expressive of the Christian's prospect on his near approach to his heavenly home, will be found beautifully expressed in the following lines:—

Nearer.
One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearing my home to day
Than I have ever been before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be—
Nearer the Great White throne—
Nearer the crystal sea.
Nearer the bound of Life
Where I lay my burdens down—
Nearer leaving my cross—
Nearer wearing my crown.
But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dark and unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.
Jesus, perfect my trust—
Strengthen my feeble faith,
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shores of death.
Feel Thee near! when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

Nearing the City.

The train of thought suggested in the article immediately preceding, as expressive of the Christian's prospect on his near approach to his heavenly home, will be found beautifully expressed in the following lines:—

Nearer.
One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearing my home to day
Than I have ever been before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be—
Nearer the Great White throne—
Nearer the crystal sea.
Nearer the bound of Life
Where I lay my burdens down—
Nearer leaving my cross—
Nearer wearing my crown.
But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dark and unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.
Jesus, perfect my trust—
Strengthen my feeble faith,
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shores of death.
Feel Thee near! when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

Religious Intelligence.

Memorial of the Protestant Alliance.

The Committee of the Protestant Alliance have presented to the Archbishops and Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland, a Memorial, which states:—
That in consequence of the aggression on the part of the Pope, in 1850 the Protestant Alliance was instituted. For the purpose of maintaining and defending against the encroachments of Popery, the Scriptural doctrines of the Reformation and the principles of religion, as the best security, under God, for the temporal and spiritual welfare of this kingdom; and that the Alliance at present comprises a large number of clergy and laity of the Church of England, and of other Christian bodies in this country, and with residence in this country.

The efforts of the Alliance have been directed chiefly to counteract the attempts made by the Roman Catholics in Parliament, to secure a State-establishment and support for their Church, in furtherance of the avowed design of the Roman Catholic Priesthood to root out the Protestant faith, and to make their Church, as in former days, "the dominant Church of England."

That the success of the Roman effort has, owing to indifference and a false sense of security, been very considerable, as appears from the following sums of money paid out of the taxes of the country to Roman Army Chaplains, Priests, Teachers, etc., amounting together to the annual sum of nearly three hundred thousand pounds:—

Roman Army Chaplains, Great Britain, 31,941
Roman Reformatory Schools in Great Britain, 12,143
Maynooth Grant, 25,000
National Schools in Ireland (part paid to Roman Catholics), 205,000
Roman Chaplains in Irish Prisons and Workhouses, 10,000
Roman Reformatory Schools in Ireland, 4,339

That your Memorialists would most respectfully remind your Lordships that there are in Great Britain, according to the Roman Catholic authorities, 1,388 priests, 1,109 chapel, 50 manse, 162 convents, and 12 colleges in connection with the Church of Rome, and that every year a considerable increase in these institutions has taken place; that there are 428 Roman Catholic schools receiving Government aid, in which there are 51,628 scholars, besides children and adults in Reformatory and Industrial Schools; and that there are 19 Conventual Roman Army Chaplains.

That, encouraged by this success, the Roman priests are, at this time, energetically striving to obtain paid chaplains in our workhouses and prisons, private schools, and schoolmaster's residences in districts and workhouse schools, and separate chapels in these institutions for Roman worship; and that the emissaries of the Papal Church, both lay and clerical, in every rank of society, are exerting every possible influence, in cities and towns, to undermine the faith of the people, especially of the young.

Nearing the City.

It is not uncommon for the worn traveller, in the near approach to a large earthly metropolis, to experience sensations that are both new and peculiar. Constantly increasing indications of culture, ever developing beauties in the landscape, and exhibitions in stirring life in new varieties of aspect, attract his gaze, till the eye becomes the inlet of enjoyment altogether new. And if, as often happens, the chiming of bells or the strains of music are borne to the ear from the nearing city, they are all the more delicious when they come to him across the streets of some strange land yet separates him from the gate of entrance. This rapt emotion may thus increase, till the weary pilgrim forgets all his weariness, and is at length absorbed with the wonders and splendors of the city itself.

And so it is often with the Christian pilgrim whose journey draws near its close. It has been said that "the openings of the streets of heaven are on earth." And the Revelator tells us of a scene in which "a door was opened in heaven, through which he could look in upon the celestial throng even while he stood upon the island of his lonely exile. The pilgrimage of the Christian terminates by entering direct from the earth, this open door into the heavenly city. And who that has been privileged to stand by Christian death-beds have not noticed, oftentimes, in the dying a wonderful absorption of the soul with the opening beauties of the spiritual landscape as they approached the golden gates? They see that which they do not see; what they themselves never saw before. They hear what they never heard before—strains of angel-music chimes from the celestial shores, all the more sweet for having come across the waters of the dark river yet to be crossed. The oft-quoted and thrilling words of the dying Payson may seem to some like a mere outburst of poetry or delirium; but many and many a pilgrim, nearing the city knows they are a true expression of actual experience. He speaks from the land of Beulah; "The Celestial City is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart; nothing separates me from it but the river of death."

This "seraphic man" thus speaks from a land where "the fragrance of spices grows is wafted to the enraptured senses, ere the gardens of immortality are themselves in sight." They yet lie concealed within the city. Of this land of Beulah the master of the allegory says, "In this country the sun shineth night and day; therefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could the pilgrims from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also, here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walk, because it was upon the borders of heaven.

And these joys, experienced on the way, and especially in the near approach to heaven, prepare the pilgrim for that fullness of joy which awaits him in heaven. And O, if, as he draws near the city, he can enjoy so much—see around it and through its gates "left ajar," so much to delight in, and hear, as he lingers near the portal ready to enter, in such wondrous strains! what shall he send of his joys as he enters? open gates, and walks the golden streets, and in the immortal songs of heaven itself?—*Trav. Journal.*

Nearing the City.

The train of thought suggested in the article immediately preceding, as expressive of the Christian's prospect on his near approach to his heavenly home, will be found beautifully expressed in the following lines:—

Nearer.
One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearing my home to day
Than I have ever been before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be—
Nearer the Great White throne—
Nearer the crystal sea.
Nearer the bound of Life
Where I lay my burdens down—
Nearer leaving my cross—
Nearer wearing my crown.
But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dark and unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.
Jesus, perfect my trust—
Strengthen my feeble faith,
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shores of death.
Feel Thee near! when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

Nearing the City.

The train of thought suggested in the article immediately preceding, as expressive of the Christian's prospect on his near approach to his heavenly home, will be found beautifully expressed in the following lines:—

Nearer.
One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearing my home to day
Than I have ever been before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be—
Nearer the Great White throne—
Nearer the crystal sea.
Nearer the bound of Life
Where I lay my burdens down—
Nearer leaving my cross—
Nearer wearing my crown.
But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dark and unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.
Jesus, perfect my trust—
Strengthen my feeble faith,
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shores of death.
Feel Thee near! when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

Religious Intelligence.

Memorial of the Protestant Alliance.

The Committee of the Protestant Alliance have presented to the Archbishops and Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland, a Memorial, which states:—
That in consequence of the aggression on the part of the Pope, in 1850 the Protestant Alliance was instituted. For the purpose of maintaining and defending against the encroachments of Popery, the Scriptural doctrines of the Reformation and the principles of religion, as the best security, under God, for the temporal and spiritual welfare of this kingdom; and that the Alliance at present comprises a large number of clergy and laity of the Church of England, and of other Christian bodies in this country, and with residence in this country.

The efforts of the Alliance have been directed chiefly to counteract the attempts made by the Roman Catholics in Parliament, to secure a State-establishment and support for their Church, in furtherance of the avowed design of the Roman Catholic Priesthood to root out the Protestant faith, and to make their Church, as in former days, "the dominant Church of England."

That the success of the Roman effort has, owing to indifference and a false sense of security, been very considerable, as appears from the following sums of money paid out of the taxes of the country to Roman Army Chaplains, Priests, Teachers, etc., amounting together to the annual sum of nearly three hundred thousand pounds:—

Roman Army Chaplains, Great Britain, 31,941
Roman Reformatory Schools in Great Britain, 12,143
Maynooth Grant, 25,000
National Schools in Ireland (part paid to Roman Catholics), 205,000
Roman Chaplains in Irish Prisons and Workhouses, 10,000
Roman Reformatory Schools in Ireland, 4,339

That your Memorialists would most respectfully remind your Lordships that there are in Great Britain, according to the Roman Catholic authorities, 1,388 priests, 1,109 chapel, 50 manse, 162 convents, and 12 colleges in connection with the Church of Rome, and that every year a considerable increase in these institutions has taken place; that there are 428 Roman Catholic schools receiving Government aid, in which there are 51,628 scholars, besides children and adults in Reformatory and Industrial Schools; and that there are 19 Conventual Roman Army Chaplains.

That, encouraged by this success, the Roman priests are, at this time, energetically striving to obtain paid chaplains in our workhouses and prisons, private schools, and schoolmaster's residences in districts and workhouse schools, and separate chapels in these institutions for Roman worship; and that the emissaries of the Papal Church, both lay and clerical, in every rank of society, are exerting every possible influence, in cities and towns, to undermine the faith of the people, especially of the young.

Nearing the City.

It is not uncommon for the worn traveller, in the near approach to a large earthly metropolis, to experience sensations that are both new and peculiar. Constantly increasing indications of culture, ever developing beauties in the landscape, and exhibitions in stirring life in new varieties of aspect, attract his gaze, till the eye becomes the inlet of enjoyment altogether new. And if, as often happens, the chiming of bells or the strains of music are borne to the ear from the nearing city, they are all the more delicious when they come to him across the streets of some strange land yet separates him from the gate of entrance. This rapt emotion may thus increase, till the weary pilgrim forgets all his weariness, and is at length absorbed with the wonders and splendors of the city itself.

And so it is often with the Christian pilgrim whose journey draws near its close. It has been said that "the openings of the streets of heaven are on earth." And the Revelator tells us of a scene in which "a door was opened in heaven, through which he could look in upon the celestial throng even while he stood upon the island of his lonely exile. The pilgrimage of the Christian terminates by entering direct from the earth, this open door into the heavenly city. And who that has been privileged to stand by Christian death-beds have not noticed, oftentimes, in the dying a wonderful absorption of the soul with the opening beauties of the spiritual landscape as they approached the golden gates? They see that which they do not see; what they themselves never saw before. They hear what they never heard before—strains of angel-music chimes from the celestial shores, all the more sweet for having come across the waters of the dark river yet to be crossed. The oft-quoted and thrilling words of the dying Payson may seem to some like a mere outburst of poetry or delirium; but many and many a pilgrim, nearing the city knows they are a true expression of actual experience. He speaks from the land of Beulah; "The Celestial City is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart; nothing separates me from it but the river of death."

This "seraphic man" thus speaks from a land where "the fragrance of spices grows is wafted to the enraptured senses, ere the gardens of immortality are themselves in sight." They yet lie concealed within the city. Of this land of Beulah the master of the allegory says, "In this country the sun shineth night and day; therefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could the pilgrims from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also, here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walk, because it was upon the borders of heaven.

And these joys, experienced on the way, and especially in the near approach to heaven, prepare the pilgrim for that fullness of joy which awaits him in heaven. And O, if, as he draws near the city, he can enjoy so much—see around it and through its gates "left ajar," so much to delight in, and hear, as he lingers near the portal ready to enter, in such wondrous strains! what shall he send of his joys as he enters? open gates, and walks the golden streets, and in the immortal songs of heaven itself?—*Trav. Journal.*

Nearing the City.

The train of thought suggested in the article immediately preceding, as expressive of the Christian's prospect on his near approach to his heavenly home, will be found beautifully expressed in the following lines:—

Nearer.
One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearing my home to day
Than I have ever been before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be—
Nearer the Great White throne—
Nearer the crystal sea.
Nearer the bound of Life
Where I lay my burdens down—
Nearer leaving my cross—
Nearer wearing my crown.
But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dark and unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.
Jesus, perfect my trust—
Strengthen my feeble faith,
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shores of death.
Feel Thee near! when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

Nearing the City.

The train of thought suggested in the article immediately preceding, as expressive of the Christian's prospect on his near approach to his heavenly home, will be found beautifully expressed in the following lines:—

Nearer.
One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearing my home to day
Than I have ever been before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be—
Nearer the Great White throne—
Nearer the crystal sea.
Nearer the bound of Life
Where I lay my burdens down—
Nearer leaving my cross—
Nearer wearing my crown.
But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dark and unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.
Jesus, perfect my trust—
Strengthen my feeble faith,
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shores of death.
Feel Thee near! when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

Religious Intelligence.

Memorial of the Protestant Alliance.

The Committee of the Protestant Alliance have presented to the Archbishops and Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland, a Memorial, which states:—
That in consequence of the aggression on the part of the Pope, in 1850 the Protestant Alliance was instituted. For the purpose of maintaining and defending against the encroachments of Popery, the Scriptural doctrines of the Reformation and the principles of religion, as the best security, under God, for the temporal and spiritual welfare of this kingdom; and that the Alliance at present comprises a large number of clergy and laity of the Church of England, and of other Christian bodies in this country, and with residence in this country.

The efforts of the Alliance have been directed chiefly to counteract the attempts made by the Roman Catholics in Parliament, to secure a State-establishment and support for their Church, in furtherance of the avowed design of the Roman Catholic Priesthood to root out the Protestant faith, and to make their Church, as in former days, "the dominant Church of England."

That the success of the Roman effort has, owing to indifference and a false sense of security, been very considerable, as appears from the following sums of money paid out of the taxes of the country to Roman Army Chaplains, Priests, Teachers, etc., amounting together to the annual sum of nearly three hundred thousand pounds:—

Roman Army Chaplains, Great Britain, 31,941
Roman Reformatory Schools in Great Britain, 12,143
Maynooth Grant, 25,000
National Schools in Ireland (part paid to Roman Catholics), 205,000
Roman Chaplains in Irish Prisons and Workhouses, 10,000
Roman Reformatory Schools in Ireland, 4,339

That your Memorialists would most respectfully remind your Lordships that there are in Great Britain, according to the Roman Catholic authorities, 1,388 priests, 1,109 chapel, 50 manse, 162 convents, and 12 colleges in connection with the Church of Rome, and that every year a considerable increase in these institutions has taken place; that there are 428 Roman Catholic schools receiving Government aid, in which there are 51,628 scholars, besides children and adults in Reformatory and Industrial Schools; and that there are 19 Conventual Roman Army Chaplains.

That, encouraged by this success, the Roman priests are, at this time, energetically striving to obtain paid chaplains in our workhouses and prisons, private schools, and schoolmaster's residences in districts and workhouse schools, and separate chapels in these institutions for Roman worship; and that the emissaries of the Papal Church, both lay and clerical, in every rank of society, are exerting every possible influence, in cities and towns, to undermine the faith of the people, especially of the young.

Nearing the City.

It is not uncommon for the worn traveller, in the near approach to a large earthly metropolis, to experience sensations that are both new and peculiar. Constantly increasing indications of culture, ever developing beauties in the landscape, and exhibitions in stirring life in new varieties of aspect, attract his gaze, till the eye becomes the inlet of enjoyment altogether new. And if, as often happens, the chiming of bells or the strains of music are borne to the ear from the nearing city, they are all the more delicious when they come to him across the streets of some strange land yet separates him from the gate of entrance. This rapt emotion may thus increase, till the weary pilgrim forgets all his weariness, and is at length absorbed with the wonders and splendors of the city itself.

And so it is often with the Christian pilgrim whose journey draws near its close. It has been said that "the openings of the streets of heaven are on earth." And the Revelator tells us of a scene in which "a door was opened in heaven, through which he could look in upon the celestial throng even while he stood upon the island of his lonely exile. The pilgrimage of the Christian terminates by entering direct from the earth, this open door into the heavenly city. And who that has been privileged to stand by Christian death-beds have not noticed, oftentimes, in the dying a wonderful absorption of the soul with the opening beauties of the spiritual landscape as they approached the golden gates? They see that which they do not see; what they themselves never saw before. They hear what they never heard before—strains of angel-music chimes from the celestial shores, all the more sweet for having come across the waters of the dark river yet to be crossed. The oft-quoted and thrilling words of the dying Payson may seem to some like a mere outburst of poetry or delirium; but many and many a pilgrim, nearing the city knows they are a true expression of actual experience. He speaks from the land of Beulah; "The Celestial City is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart; nothing separates me from it but the river of death."

This "seraphic man" thus speaks from a land where "the fragrance of spices grows is wafted to the enraptured senses, ere the gardens of immortality are themselves in sight." They yet lie concealed within the city. Of this land of Beulah the master of the allegory says, "In this country the sun shineth night and day; therefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could the pilgrims from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also, here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walk, because it was

atmospheric air to their roots. Neither do trees germinate and grow on a ground alternately covered with stagnant water...

Ordinary Notices.

MR. EDYTON.—We observed in your last number a brief notice of a man, in memory of the sainted dead, which perhaps contained all that was absolutely necessary...

Richard Leander Hamilton was most beloved by those who knew him best; yet none could enjoy the shortest interview with him either in his days of prosperity or adversity...

On the 23rd of Feb., 1855, it pleased God through the zealous efforts of Rev. G. W. Tuttle to bring Richard to a saving acquaintance with Jesus...

On the 20th of Nov., 1859, our dear young brother received a more copious outpouring of that Spirit, whose office it is to glorify the Father and the Son...

Through all the wonderful way in which by the grace of God he was led, infinite wisdom seems to have been preparing him to suffer as well as to do...

of all around him, and when the rays of his extreme suffering would descend on him back as it were to his bed of death...

"Oh may I triumph so When all my warfare's past."

Mrs. MCKEOWN OF NICTAUX. Mrs. Samuel McKewon, (maiden name Sarah Burnett), fell asleep in Jesus, May 2nd, at Nictaux, Annapolis County, N. S., aged 75 years, 9 months, 20 days.

She was in many respects a remarkable woman. Her intellectual advantages in early life were few and meagre, but such were her natural sagacity, soundness of judgment, and sense of propriety...

Her sentiments were of the highest order. She was the soul of honesty, and turned with ill-concealed disgust and abhorrence from everything mean or dishonest. She was brave as she was generous, never fearing or thinking for herself...

With a true mother's devotedness, she gave her time and labour to her temporal, intellectual and spiritual interests, and she had the happiness, long before her departure, of seeing them all following her in the way to heaven. Her life was a fine success. She consecrated all to Christ, and received all in return...

Her husband still lives to mourn his irreparable loss, but sustained and soothed by the consolations of a religion he has long known and felt blessing him and his household, and looking forward to the day when he shall meet her again...

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1862.

In consequence of the official relation which this paper sustains to the Conference of Eastern British North America, we have the pleasure to announce that the issue of the 29th inst. will be the last of the year...

A Short Rural Trip.

Pleasantness of country.—Promising state of the crops. Cause of the late frosts. Situation and nature of New Church in Falmouth.—Dedication of services.—Signs of progress.—Olden times.

Yielding to the impetuosity of the esteemed Superintendent of the Windsor Circuit we left home on Saturday last, to assist in the opening services of a new Church in the township of Falmouth. It is not to be supposed that much solicitation would be necessary to induce a trip to an interesting section of the country at the present very delightful season, and especially when it was possible to combine with recreation the discharge of public duty. Railway facilities are favorable to the attainment of such ends without involving any very serious loss of time from business engagements.

We were gratified to find the country presenting quite as fine an appearance as it usually does at this period of summer. The prospect of success in all the agricultural interests of the Province are very marked. There will be probably another more than an average hay crop, and for the most part, it will be saved in good condition. The recent rains have not been very damaging to haymaking—while they have benefited other crops. The after-frost promises well, and will have its effect upon the produce of the dairy. Grain of different kinds, it is believed, will be good. Potatoes are generally in a thrifty state, and, with but slight exceptions, as far as we could learn, have as yet escaped the blight. More attention has of late years been given than formerly to the cultivation of orchard and garden fruits, and their yield this year promises to be uncommonly abundant. Apples, pears, and plums, will soon exhibit a most tempting appearance. The trees are literally laden—the boughs weighed down and breaking with their burden, or only saved from breaking by artificial means.

The Sabbath was a shining day, such a Sabbath as we like to see, most inviting to those who love to go up to the house of the Lord, and this one was especially hailed with satisfaction by those who were cherishing anticipations in reference to the opening services of the new church. The church is situated in Upper Falmouth, in the locality designated Juniper Grove, being in the neighbourhood of an old sanctuary of more humble pretensions, that has long been occupied by different denominations. Union places of worship, so called, are everywhere found, and the fact is, that we are, in our opinion, our Falmouth friends found it to be. At all events it was considered most desirable for the interests of the cause of God in that locality that a Methodist church should be erected. The project was set on foot more than three years ago, under the auspices of the Rev. Chas. Stewart; and the friends who have been engaged in the undertaking and who have had to struggle on amid much discouragement, have now the happiness of seeing their object attained in the completion of the building, and its dedication to the Lord's service.

The building is a very neat one, in Gothic style, well proportioned, having vestry accommodation in the basement, with appropriate tower and spire, rendering it an object of interest in the landscape of that vicinity. It is exceedingly well finished, both outside and inside, and upon those persons under whose control and supervision the work proceeded, and especially upon Bro. Curry, Esq., it reflects much praise. To this brother's skill, and the assistance of the Rev. Mr. Stewart, is attributed the completion of the building in a state so highly creditable. It is believed that the sale and preference of the press will relieve the Trustees from weighty pecuniary liability.

We had hoped that our Sabbath labours would have been limited to one of the services, but in this our strength of resolution was not inviolable before the persuasiveness of the brethren, so that both the services fell to our lot; in which, however, we were kindly assisted by brethren Pope, Smallwood and Johnson. In the forenoon we pressed upon the attention of the audience the duty of honouring the Lord by confessing Him in His ordinances, by union with His people; and by a practical recognition of His claims; and in afternoon we presented the fidelity required of the Lord's servants, and the reward annexed thereto. On both occasions the attendance was quite as large as could be at all comfortably accommodated, and will attest to the fact that the services fell to our lot; in which, however, we were kindly assisted by brethren Pope, Smallwood and Johnson. In the forenoon we pressed upon the attention of the audience the duty of honouring the Lord by confessing Him in His ordinances, by union with His people; and by a practical recognition of His claims; and in afternoon we presented the fidelity required of the Lord's servants, and the reward annexed thereto.

On both occasions the attendance was quite as large as could be at all comfortably accommodated, and will attest to the fact that the services fell to our lot; in which, however, we were kindly assisted by brethren Pope, Smallwood and Johnson. In the forenoon we pressed upon the attention of the audience the duty of honouring the Lord by confessing Him in His ordinances, by union with His people; and by a practical recognition of His claims; and in afternoon we presented the fidelity required of the Lord's servants, and the reward annexed thereto.

Richard Watson as a Preacher.

Thirty years ago the name of Richard Watson was a household word in Methodism, not only in the Parent Connection, but on the side of the Atlantic also, and throughout the whole field of Wesleyan Missionary labours. Nor was the popularity of this distinguished Minister of Christ confined to Methodist circles. He was widely known among all the evangelical churches of Britain of that period, and esteemed by them all as a man of varied and extensive literary acquirements, a profound theologian, and an eloquent preacher of the Gospel. It is not our purpose in introducing him to our readers, to attempt to sketch his life and labours—his piety and talents—this has been ably done by his biographers. Nor is it our design to pen a lengthy panegyric of his character; for his name stands so high in all the particulars above mentioned, and in others that might be named, as to be called upon to exhibit his excellencies, the veneration in which we hold those excellencies would check us in the task. A delineation or portraiture of a truly great man should never be attempted except by a master hand.

But, for the edification of our readers, and more especially of our young Ministers—who, it is to be presumed, are as anxious to form an intimate acquaintance as possible with model men, as we present from the London Quarterly Review, the following description of Mr. Watson's mode of conducting Divine Service, believing that the extract will be read with interest, and be highly appreciated.

once is still and thoughtful, but apparently anxious, as if eager to witness something in which they have a deep interest. At length the clock strikes six, and out of the side door leading to the pulpit a tall figure walks forth: his step is deliberate and easy; he throws no furtive glance behind, but goes straight to his place of prayer and of prophesying, as if only thoughts of God were in his mind; and his countenance is serene, but somewhat flushed, and rather passive, every eye is fixed upon him; the whole part of the congregation have smiles of delight depicted on their countenances, whilst the strangers look with intense curiosity, outstretched necks, and dilated eyes, to obtain a fair view, then whisper to one another, "Well, report is true." This majestic figure prostrates himself in prayer when he has reached the pulpit, and is lost to the gaze of the congregation for some minutes. This does not seem unmeaning—a form—a shadow; he is really engaged with God, and is not to be perceived by the eyes of men. He is seeking divine aid. This ended, the preacher stands up, and presents himself fairly to his audience. No gown hides the symmetry of his person; his figure is fully seen. Thoughtfulness is impressed on every feature, but there is no agitation, no nervous contortion. The whole body is at ease; every limb moves naturally; grace is in every action; and there is not the shadow of affectation—surely this man understands his vocation, and is the master of his work. The hymn-book is opened, and the words are read. "But what is this?" We never understood these Hymns before. They are living; they speak; they have meaning; they reveal things sacred; a fire, a spirit, a sincerity is in them; they are poetry; they strike our imagination; they come home to our faith; they thrill through our souls; they enrapture and excite our emotions. Surely this is worship. The secret of the Hymn-book is opened, and the words are read. "But what is this?" We never understood these Hymns before. They are living; they speak; they have meaning; they reveal things sacred; a fire, a spirit, a sincerity is in them; they are poetry; they strike our imagination; they come home to our faith; they thrill through our souls; they enrapture and excite our emotions. Surely this is worship.

The prayer begins,—begins with great deliberation. Reverence is manifest, and this imparts reverence in the whole congregation. Not a movement is made,—all is still and motionless. Words are few, and slowly uttered, as though thought were in the exercise, and as they thought, seem to expand the views and elevate the feelings,—devotion gathers volume in the exercise. Gradually the words seem to be left behind; sensible things disappear; even the idea of the presence of the congregation is lost in the idea of the presence of God. Pleading is heard; the Divine Majesty seems near; the blood of the covenant is appealed to, and the "Man at the right hand of God" sought. Consideration of sin, depression of the divine wrath and anger, and the promise of the joys of salvation, are the prominent and important supplication. These passages on to the state of the world, the spread of the Gospel, the overthrow of idolatry and superstition, become the subjects of intercession of the Prophet upon his knees before God. It is not eloquence,—it is more than eloquence,—it is compassion, it is love, it is faith. The preacher is subdued,—the people are subdued,—all hearts are stirred; the preacher looks different,—the people look different; the scene is of mental grandeur, and the curiosity and sense of delight, a little while ago manifested by the others are also gone. A new element has evidently entered the mind of both. Deep emotions have taken the place of pleasurable and tranquil feelings; something profoundly agitating is going on in the soul of the preacher, and the congregation has extended to the people. He is still calm and self-possessed,—but look at that eye, that eye which looks upon the countenance of the one who goes; and the curiosity and sense of delight, a little while ago manifested by the others are also gone. A new element has evidently entered the mind of both. Deep emotions have taken the place of pleasurable and tranquil feelings; something profoundly agitating is going on in the soul of the preacher, and the congregation has extended to the people.

The sermon comes, at length. The exordium is clear; the subject is opened; the basis of the discourse is plainly laid down; the divisions are announced, so that the audience may follow the preacher in his arguments and illustrations. "The Lord is raised up out of his holy habitation," this is the theme. "Be silent before him," this is the duty. The manner of the "rising up of the Lord" is discussed. A wide range is sketched; the operations of God in nations, in the Church, in the Christian field, are elucidated; the signs of the times are given, and the proofs and evidence exhibited. He is now rising up; events indicate this; the world is in a transition state, all are looking for the coming of the Lord. Silence is observed, and this silence is the duty of all. The argument is clear, but cumulative; thought follows thought; all appropriate; and the last abounding in glory. What has been thought, and the one preceding, which is yet present in its own wondrous simplicity. These beauties grow out of emotion, they are the effect of deep feeling; impassioned discourse began to press, it ends in poetry. Reason retains her place all through, as the pathway of the soul in her progress; but the road is not the only object looked at; the heavens above, and the earth beneath, are all brought in to complete the picture. Pathos is intermingled with beauty and sublimity; and of all the peculiarities belonging to Mr. Watson's pathos was the finest. It did not consist in words, or on any other, manifest itself in tears,—he never wept; it did not display itself in sighs, groans, or exclamations,—he never voluted; it did not show itself by any extravagant gesture of violent action,—he never became the actor. No: it was simply a pathos of the heart,—tender, delicate, deep; it mingled itself in his words, which became gentle as the dying breeze of evening; the fire became spent; the glow of genius subsided; the lofty flights of imagination ended; the orator ceased his soaring; his heart seemed subdued into the affectionate, soft feelings of the child; he spoke of love, and felt his all in earnest.

"Silence followed. The congregation appeared profoundly moved. They seemed in no haste to go away. None smiled or exchanged greetings with each other. They retired with gravity; and, as they passed along, no one heard a word of criticism. The impression seemed too deep for garrulity; the doctrine of the discourse had passed from the imagination to the heart and conscience, and conscience is always more silent than fancy."

NORWAY.—In a religious point of view, Norway is one of the most interesting countries in Europe.

Inhabited by an extremely simple people, Christianity has naturally found its place in the domestic and social life of the people.

The Rev. Dr. Cooney.

The numerous friends of Dr. Cooney in these Lower Provinces will be pleased to hear of his welfare. We are gratified to perceive that, though laid aside from the active duties of the Ministry, and permitted only occasionally to engage in his loved employ of preaching the glorious Gospel of Christ, yet that his health has been so far restored as to allow of his occupying a useful position as a local superintendent of education in Western Canada. The following extract from a review of School examinations, taken from the Constitutional, published at St. Catharines, is highly complimentary to our esteemed brother:

"The venerable Local Superintendent, the Rev. Dr. Cooney, was present at all the examinations, and distributed the prizes, addressing the successful candidates individually, and in such happy and appropriate terms that all seemed to be both encouraged and delighted. And here we would take the opportunity of congratulating both trustees, parents and guardians, on the judicious appointment of Dr. Cooney as Local Superintendent. He is in every way well qualified to discharge the duties of that office with efficiency and satisfaction. He has the leisure necessary for the study of the subjects which are the property of the schools. His courteous and gentlemanly deportment towards the teachers, and his affable and attractive manners towards the children, render him extremely popular with all classes. We hope he may be long spared amongst us, and that under his able supervision our Common Schools (the people's colleges) will attain a degree of efficiency unsurpassed by any in the Province."

Review.

A NEW BOOK. Bengel's Gnomon of the New Testament. A new translation. Edited by Charlton T. Lewis, M. A., and Marvin R. Vincent, M. A. Professors in Troy University, with additions and corrections from the best modern commentators. Two vols. 8vo. Pp. 1800. Philadelphia: H. B. Ewing, Philadelphia.

Johann Albrecht Bengel was born in 1686, near Stuttgart. He studied theology at Tubingen for four years; became a curate, and afterwards a tutor at his college. His fame rests chiefly on his critical edition of the Greek text of the New Testament, which is said to have stirred up the zeal of Tetstein, and to have been of service to Griesbach, Scholz, and Lechman, and on the work at the head of this notice. The full title of the book is "Gnomon of the New Testament—pointing out from the natural force of the words, the simplicity, depth, harmony and saving power of its divine thoughts."

Of the title, Bengel says in his preface (p. 14): "I have long since given the name of Gnomon, a modest, as I think, and appropriate title to these explanatory notes, which perform only the office of an Index; [i. e., an index, in the sense of a pointer or indicator as of a sun dial]; and I should have chosen the title Index, but that most persons would then think of a Register or Table of Contents. The intention is briefly to point out the full force of words and sentences in the New Testament, which, though really and inherently belonging to them is not always observed by all at first sight, so that the Gnomon, introduced directly into the text, may pasture as richly as possible. The Gnomon points the way well enough. If you are wise, the text teaches you everything."

"The need of such an indicator, he says, (p. 13): "Scripture is the life of the church: the church is the guardian of Scripture. When the church is strong, Scripture shines abroad; when the church is sick, Scripture is imprisoned. Thus Scripture and the Church exhibit together the appearance of health, or else of sickness; so that the treatment of Scripture corresponds with the state of the church. That treatment has had various ages, from the earliest times down to the present day. The first may be called Native or natural; the second Moral; the third Dry; the fourth Revived; the fifth, Polemic, Dogmatic, Topical; the sixth, Original, Polyglot, Antiquarian, Homiletic. That exposition and understanding of Scripture which is at hand in Scripture itself, has not yet prevailed in the church. This is clear from our abundant discrepancies of opinion, and our dullness of sight in interpreting prophesies."

"Of the mode of his execution, he says (pp. 23, 24): "It is the especial office of every interpretation to exhibit adequately the force and significance of the words which the text contains, so as to express everything which the author intended, and to introduce nothing which he did not intend. The merits of a good style are two, namely, accuracy, and as each man writes, so do his manner to him to write. He who himself weighs every word will find in the work of another a meaning unknown even to the author; who writes with less precision himself interprets the words of others too vaguely. In the Divine Scriptures, however, the greatest depth is combined with the greatest ease; we should take care, therefore, in interpreting them, not to force their meaning to our own standard; nor to be too much influenced by the opinions of the learned; we should treat their words as employed without due consideration. Their Divine language very far surpasses all human elegances of courtesy style."

"God, not man, but as God, utters words of himself. Lofty are his thoughts; hence words of inexhaustible force. His interpreters, too, though not taught by men, use the most exact language. The expression of their words corresponds exactly with the impression of the things in their minds; and it is so far from being beneath the comprehension of those who hear it, that they seldom attain, rather, to its entire meaning. The apostles frequently deduce conclusions, more weighty than the world itself, from an epithet, from a grammatical agreement, or even an adverb. "I doubt not, however, that those who have by degrees become accustomed to it will agree with me in my admiration of the language of the sacred writers. The painter, by the most delicate stroke of his brush, the musician, by the softest touch of fluttering notes, exercises the highest skill of his art; and in everything that is highly finished, it is the most minute details which escape rude ears and eyes, which yet bestow the most exquisite and profound delight. Such is the case with Holy Scriptures. Let each one, then, take what he can, and avoid criticizing the rest. "There are many classes of those who undertake to illustrate the sacred books by commentaries; and it sometimes happens that they despise each other's plans, and love only their own. For my part, I do not act exclusively as a paraphrast, a grammarian, a scholiast, an antiquary, or an inferential commentator, but I contribute something gathered by the method of each of these. "We have preferred to give in the language of the author's preface his own account of the principles and nature of his work. Our own judgment, after a careful inspection of many

parts of the two larger volumes, is that there is no more useful exposition extant. John Wesley called Bengel "that great light of the Christian world." John Wesley's Notes on the New Testament constitute a synopsis of the Gnomon; however, therefore, by use of these, has learned to appreciate their lowly, point and directness, or has reliance upon the judgment of a great man, may turn to Bengel with confidence. He will not find the hard place passed over slightly, but will value the book more and more as he grows familiar with its use.

Of the translation, it is proper to speak with commendation. The original is not in our possession, and we must therefore depend on the rendering of such passages as are within our reach. Bengel's style doubtless loses by passing into another language, but the fidelity of the translators has not necessitated clumsiness or inelegance. The volume before us reads pleasantly and well, the text is enriched with valuable notes, critical and explanatory, and the whole work, though somewhat unwieldy from the size of the volumes, has been given to us by the publishers on clear, fair paper, with good type.

We regret to learn that an attempt is making to introduce the Edinburgh translation, published by the Messrs. Clark, to the displacement of this by Lewis and Vincent. We should regret to have our high esteem for the valuable services of the publishers of the Foreign Theological Library, lessened by the thought that they could condescend to anything but honorable competition. We are willing to risk the comparison of these volumes with theirs on the score of accuracy in the rendering of the text, and aptness in illustrating it. No other volumes within our reach combine so many valuable excellences. If a young preacher can have but one commentary, let him, by all means, buy Bengel.—N. W. Adolante.

The Princess Alice.

Among the numerous articles which appeared in the English press on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Alice, so well-written, so breathing ardent sentiments of loyalty, and so appropriately expressed,—the following from the Telegraph, we regard as well worthy of insertion in our columns, believing that it will be read with pleasure:

To-day a Princess of England gives her hand and heart in marriage to a man she has chosen. At any time, and under any circumstances, such an event would attract interest, but the bridal morning of the Princess Alice must not be ranked with ordinary Court ceremonies. The bond of loyal love between the Queen and people has been so affected by sympathy for her great sorrow, that we may think of her to-day with reverent affection and rightful solicitude. Will not the dark clouds break a little, this wedding day, and let through upon her sacred head the light of pride and hope? Will not the mingled smiles and tears of her daughter recall those tender and treasured memories of her own deep love, which comfort while they overcome the mind? Will not the magic influence of that hopefulness and affection which are the dower of youth, be stamped on the Sovereign's own heart, and wear her to-day from grief to cheerfulness? Her people anxiously hope so much; they would be glad to read that the sorrow of her Majesty was lightened, for a time at least, by the happiness of her child. For the Princess who will in a few hours leave her mother's roof, we have not the pleasure of knowing that the good and tender girl whom we have all learned to admire for her sweet disposition more than her comely face, is coldly sacrificed to a protocol, and like a frontier, signed away by plenipotentiaries. The Prince she weds is the Prince of her own free choice; and she marries him like an honourable English girl, because she loves him. In this, as in so many noble instances, her Royal Parent has set her subjects a bright example. It would not have been hard to find for the second daughter of Her Majesty of England the hand of a King and the revenues of a throne; but the Queen was better taught, and has permitted her child to choose happiness rather than the alliance of houses. Not, indeed, that the young and fortunate Prince who wins our admiration of Scripture which is at hand in Scripture itself, has not yet prevailed in the church. This is clear from our abundant discrepancies of opinion, and our dullness of sight in interpreting prophesies."

"The need of such an indicator, he says, (p. 13): "Scripture is the life of the church: the church is the guardian of Scripture. When the church is strong, Scripture shines abroad; when the church is sick, Scripture is imprisoned. Thus Scripture and the Church exhibit together the appearance of health, or else of sickness; so that the treatment of Scripture corresponds with the state of the church. That treatment has had various ages, from the earliest times down to the present day. The first may be called Native or natural; the second Moral; the third Dry; the fourth Revived; the fifth, Polemic, Dogmatic, Topical; the sixth, Original, Polyglot, Antiquarian, Homiletic. That exposition and understanding of Scripture which is at hand in Scripture itself, has not yet prevailed in the church. This is clear from our abundant discrepancies of opinion, and our dullness of sight in interpreting prophesies."

"Of the mode of his execution, he says (pp. 23, 24): "It is the especial office of every interpretation to exhibit adequately the force and significance of the words which the text contains, so as to express everything which the author intended, and to introduce nothing which he did not intend. The merits of a good style are two, namely, accuracy, and as each man writes, so do his manner to him to write. He who himself weighs every word will find in the work of another a meaning unknown even to the author; who writes with less precision himself interprets the words of others too vaguely. In the Divine Scriptures, however, the greatest depth is combined with the greatest ease; we should take care, therefore, in interpreting them, not to force their meaning to our own standard; nor to be too much influenced by the opinions of the learned; we should treat their words as employed without due consideration. Their Divine language very far surpasses all human elegances of courtesy style."

"God, not man, but as God, utters words of himself. Lofty are his thoughts; hence words of inexhaustible force. His interpreters, too, though not taught by men, use the most exact language. The expression of their words corresponds exactly with the impression of the things in their minds; and it is so far from being beneath the comprehension of those who hear it, that they seldom attain, rather, to its entire meaning. The apostles frequently deduce conclusions, more weighty than the world itself, from an epithet, from a grammatical agreement, or even an adverb. "I doubt not, however, that those who have by degrees become accustomed to it will agree with me in my admiration of the language of the sacred writers. The painter, by the most delicate stroke of his brush, the musician, by the softest touch of fluttering notes, exercises the highest skill of his art; and in everything that is highly finished, it is the most minute details which escape rude ears and eyes, which yet bestow the most exquisite and profound delight. Such is the case with Holy Scriptures. Let each one, then, take what he can, and avoid criticizing the rest. "There are many classes of those who undertake to illustrate the sacred books by commentaries; and it sometimes happens that they despise each other's plans, and love only their own. For my part, I do not act exclusively as a paraphrast, a grammarian, a scholiast, an antiquary, or an inferential commentator, but I contribute something gathered by the method of each of these. "We have preferred to give in the language of the author's preface his own account of the principles and nature of his work. Our own judgment, after a careful inspection of many

parts of the two larger volumes, is that there is no more useful exposition extant. John Wesley called Bengel "that great light of the Christian world." John Wesley's Notes on the New Testament constitute a synopsis of the Gnomon; however, therefore, by use of these, has learned to appreciate their lowly, point and directness, or has reliance upon the judgment of a great man, may turn to Bengel with confidence. He will not find the hard place passed over slightly, but will value the book more and more as he grows familiar with its use.

example which our daughters may be glad to follow, an example which beautifies the annals of court-life with the records of a pure and gentle girlhood. She passes now in wider spheres of duty and harder ordeals; but the memories which she takes with her will be fuller of a gentle heart, fortifying it against trouble and trials, if any such there be to store for her. The horizon of her married days looks indeed clear and peaceful; if storms are to come, their threatening heralds do not yet blot the bright sky of her maidenhood, which leaves all the sorrow it has known behind it. Let us press, then, for the Princess Louise of Hesse Darmstadt, as much deserved and enjoyed when she was our Princess Alice, and living her among us. Let us anticipate both hopeful ones, no thoughts but such as befit a bride, be expressed upon this great morning of her gentle life, which for her sweet sake the nation marks with white. The happy Princess whom Kings may to-day envy must be mighty of the prize he bears away from us. The hand of a Princess of England would honour the proudest potentate who ever swayed a scepter; but this graceful girl, with whom we part reluctantly, is a princess unprincipled. Let her husband as such receive her; among the precious and costly gifts which shall have more than all altogether—the prayers and good wishes of a great people, who love her for her own sake not less than for the sake of the Sovereign Lady her mother.

Notes and Gleanings. FAITH AND REASON. In the July No. of the Methodist Quarterly there is an able article by the Rev. F. H. Newhall showing the atheistic tendencies of the "Essays and Reviews." The writer concludes his examination of the different theories with the following: "Faith is the right and reason the left wing of the soul, as she goes flying through the universe to find her father. Let the right wing be crippled, and she veers around and falls upon the barren waste of rationalism; let the left be broken, and she plunges into the fiery floods of superstition; but let each prinion be strong and firm, and she lifts herself strongly from earth, she soars the realms of ice and fire on either hand, and soars home to the Father's bosom."

PARSON BROWLOW. Has announced his intention to secede from the Southern Church even if he has to set up for himself. He is doubtless a brave man, and a lover of freedom; but as a Minister of the gospel his leaving any church can be no very great loss. The Central Advocate gives the following notice of his Book on the South, lately issued: "Browlow's Book.—We have read this volume with great care, and the more especially as we were personally acquainted with the author. Browlow uses strong language, and many unjustifiable expressions, altogether unfit to be uttered by any man, as they border on, or indeed are, the chosen phrases of blasphemy and profanity, with which style Mr. Browlow became familiar in his early days, which he never abandoned. Truth does not need the garb of Belligerence, of the bar room, or the pharosology of vulgar profanity. In justice to truth we are compelled to make these declarations, and we warn all Christian people, and all civilized nations to avoid the use of such phrases and condemn them in the presence of their children. DEMOCRACY.

When the son of Professor Dwight, an American theologian, visited England, he was invited to meet a number of distinguished persons. During the evening, Mrs. Hannah More said, "I presume, Mr. Dwight, that you are fast approaching to that state of things in America when you will have a monarchical Government?" "Madam!" replied Mr. Dwight, "a thousands events would repeat from their scabbards to run the man through who dared to offer himself to the people." "Indeed," resumed the lady, "I always thought democracy was the best." He felt the sting, and endeavored to explain away his objection, when she quietly observed, "All you say, Sir, only convinces me the more that democracy is bloody." If any persons doubted the truth of her words then—they cannot now.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT. The Rev. Canon Stowell, in a recent address at Exeter Hall, alluded to the distress in Lancashire, and to the influence which religion has exercised in preserving harmony and peace in a community which years ago would have been the centre of disturbance. He then gave the following touching incident: "A well-known, prominent Christian character was obliged one Saturday to announce to his operatives, that he felt it absolutely impossible to continue work, and that the factory must be closed from that day. The poor people received the painful intelligence with agitation manifest upon their countenances, except some thirty or forty, who received it calmly. At that moment, when all was silence, suspense and dismay, a young woman, a Sunday school teacher, stood up, with a calm, cheerful and encouraging tone, and said: "Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take. The clouds ye so much dread, are big with mercy, and shall break in blessings on the heads of your despisers. Fifty or sixty voices took up the strain, and the hymn was sung by all the assembled hands. A more signal instance of faith and hope can scarcely be imagined."

THE COLONEL AND THE GOVERNOR. The Congregationalist says: "The annals of the war are rich in the illustration of the Divine Spirit's power upon individual hearts. I know not whether the following has found its way to the public eye. It is an eloquent appeal to Christian faithfulness: as we have opportunity, Colonel Russell, of the Tenth Connecticut Regiment, asked Governor Buckingham for an evangelist chaplain to make (as he said) his soldiers the best of troops. He was not a Christian himself—quite the reverse; but he told the governor that he had noticed that the bravest, most reliable men in danger were the religious ones. Hence his request. The governor readily promised to grant it; but before the interview closed tenderly said to the colonel: "You seem anxious about your men that they may become Christians; do you feel no concern about yourself?" It was but a word or two of inquiry, appeal, and they separated. The blood of Roskoe was over, and Col. Russell, as they called him, fell to victory. But before that fatal day he had sought the acquaintance of a Christian officer for guidance in the way of salvation; and to that Christian friend he stated that the few short, faithful words of the general had been the means of arousing his conscience to the subject of his own salvation, as they became the instrument of the Holy Spirit in his heart, a pardoned, regenerated man. The sudden termination of his earthly career. A word fully spoken—how good is it! This incident was related at the recent meeting of the General Association at New Bedford."

Rowland Hill said, "He would not give anything for that man's religion whose cat and dog were not the better for it."

