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THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

NOTES OF A VISIT TO THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

ON a lovely autumn day I set out on a holiday visit to the Centennial Exhibition. The soft September light filled the air, and the yellowed fields and russet foliage told that fair summer's reign was over. The route of the Erie railway through the southern part of New York State is very picturesque. Broad valleys lie beneath the eye, and cultivated uplands slope to the horizon. As we advance, the valleys narrow and high hills hem in the road on either side. Instead of rushing through by night, I slept at the pretty town of Elmira, in order to enjoy by daylight some of the finest scenery in America. The ride down the beautiful Susquehanna Valley is perfectly charming. Lofty hills, shagged with woods to the very top, rise on either hand. The road follows the windings of the river whose rapid current bears us company. There is a charming air of seclusion and quietude about the little villages nestling at the feet of the engirdling hills. This historic valley derives imperishable interest from Campbell's tragic story of fair "Gertrude of Wyoming," and from the awful massacre of 1778, the monument of whose victims still exists. More pleasant associations connect it with the missionary heroism of the Moravian Brethren, who here won some of their most signal triumphs of faith.

Toward noon we enter one of the richest coal regions in the world. Huge, grimy coal-breakers rise on every side, vast piles of debris accumulate around the pit-mouths, numerous shafts and tunnels honeycomb the hills, and seemingly interminable coal-trains convey this mineral wealth to ten thousand far-off firesides.

Now our train laboriously climbs a steep grade as the road crosses a spur of the Alleghany mountains, the view every moment becoming wider and grander, and then by a steep and rapid descent it plunges into the Lehigh Valley. The blended wildness and beauty of this romantic gorge it is impossible to describe. A narrow, brawling stream frets its way between precipitous mountain banks. The train swings around the rapid curves, finding unexpected exits through seemingly impassable barriers, by means of some opening portal of the mountains. At Mauch Chunk the grandeur culminates. Here I stayed all night and went over the celebrated "switch-back" railway, being drawn by stationary engines up two steep inclines to a height of over thirteen hundred feet above the river, and running seventeen miles by gravitation. The sunset view from Mount Pisgah, as it is called, was very fine, extending a hundred miles. On the mountain are several coal mines, one of which has been on fire for thirty years. The ground above it has fallen in and is quite hot. Mauch Chunk consists of one narrow street at the base of the cliff and another running up a lateral ravine—quite Swiss-like in its picturesqueness. The Lehigh Gap, a few miles below, where the river forces its way through a cleft in the Blue Mountains, is also very fine.

We now enter an iron region: and mounds of rust-coloured ore, blast furnaces, and immense rolling-mills and manufacturing works abound; but for the most part the works are idle or only very partially employed, the high protective tariff of the United States having stimulated over-production to a disastrous extent. As we approach Philadelphia the country assumes a rich, agricultural character. It is a speedy transition from green fields to the heart of the crowded city. I took refuge, temporarily, in the Atlas Hotel, a huge caravansery having accommodation, of a not very luxurious character, for some four thousand guests. I was soon, however, much more agreeably domiciled in a private family.

The first and strongest and most lasting impression made by the Exhibition is its vastness—the immense extent of the buildings, the bewildering number and variety of the exhibits. We may read that the Main Building is over a third of a mile long, and covers over twenty-one acres, but it is only when we stand beneath its lofty dome, and gaze down its many-bannered vistas, and pace its long corridors, that the conception of its real vastness grows upon us. The number of buildings on the grounds is sixty-five, their area seventy-five acres. The length of the corridors in the five principal buildings is twenty-two miles, crowded on either side with the choicest products of the art and industry of almost all the civilized nations of the world. Of course, only a few impressions can be here given of the bewildering variety of objects presented for our study and delight.

The first thing to be done is to make the three miles' circuit of the grounds on the narrow-gauge railway. The numerous buildings of ornate architecture and gay with banners and brilliant colours, the broad greensward, the umbrageous foliage, the bright parterres of flowers, the crowded boulevards, the sparkling fountains, the moving multitudes of people make a series of pictures not soon forgotten.

We enter the Main Building: its architecture is light and graceful, the materials being chiefly glass and iron. The area allotted to the different countries is in many cases surrounded by a highly ornate screen, sometimes of imposing height, and of characteristic national architecture, and over each enclosure is emblazoned the name of the country, often accompanied by trophies of the national flag. Many of the exhibitors, also, have erected exceedingly beautiful pavilions, stalls, show cases, or groupings of their choicest exhibits. The *coup d'œil* of the whole is of imposing grandeur. This people's palace of industry surpasses that of earth's proudest kings. The nations of the world have poured into it their choicest treasures, to vie with each other, not in the bloody tournament of war, but in the ennobling rivalry of peace. It is a perfect microcosm. The picturesque costumes and unfamiliar speech of foreign countries strike strangely on the eye and ear. Red-fezzed Turks, oriental-looking Moors and Tunisians, silk-robed Chinese, swarthy Japanese, French, Germans,

Danes, Swedes, are found in the departments of their respective countries. The announcements on the letter-boxes are in seven languages. At intervals a fine band discourses excellent music beneath the central dome; anon the strains of a huge organ roll along the mighty nave; now the notes of a rich-toned piano are heard; then the sweet, sonorous clangour of a noble chime of bells falls upon the ear; and all the while the ever-shifting kaleidoscope of human figures passes before the eye.

As might be expected, the exhibits of the United States surpass, in extent, those of any other country. This friendly challenge of the world's oldest civilizations is a worthy celebration of a century's progress of the Republic. The gold and silverware, the jewellery, (a single necklace was marked \$25,000, and a pair of earrings \$7,500), textile fabrics, pianos, furniture, chemicals, (a huge crystal of alum weighed nine tons), glassware, (there was a large fountain entirely of cut glass), safes, chandeliers, and numerous other articles of manufacture were of great excellence and beauty.

After the United States Great Britain, the mother of nations, with her numerous brood of colonies, occupy by far the largest space. The English gold and silverware were superb. The Helicon Vase is valued at \$30,000. The fine porcelain and pottery, ornamented tiles, antique furniture, the magnificent cutlery and wrought iron, brass lecterns and ecclesiastical furniture, the superb glassware and chandeliers, the textile fabrics, especially the luxurious carpets and tapestry, (the woven portraits were wonderful for colour and expression), and the Irish poplins and laces were of unsurpassed quality.

Of all her forty colonies, Canada makes by far the best exhibit. The specimens of its mineral and other resources, from Vancouver's Island to Nova Scotia, its rich furs, furniture, and raw and manufactured material, and above all the splendid educational exhibit of Ontario, probably the best on exhibition, challenged the admiration of all beholders. The art exhibit was also of very respectable merit, while in machinery and agricultural implements Canada was abreast of the best, and in horses, cattle, fruits and vegetables, was ahead of most of its rivals. We have reason to be proud of the position of our country in this competition of the nations.

Australia exhibited a huge gilt cube, representing the quantity of gold dug in its auriferous soil, the value of which up to this year is \$168,000,000. Two rich nuggets were also exhibited of the value, respectively, of \$44,000 and \$60,000. Excellent oil paintings of scenery in the agricultural and pastoral regions were ticketed with the price of the land per acre—a shrewd advertisement of our Anglo-Saxon kinsmen who are building up a Greater Britain at the antipodes. As one result of the Exhibition direct trade is likely to spring up between Canada and that far-off portion of the Empire.

Among the New Zealand exhibits were feather dresses; elaborate Maori carving; the skeleton of the huge extinct bird, the moa; native weapons; and excellent photographs of her grand mountain scenery. From the Bermudas and West Indies were beautiful coral and shell-work, and native products; from the South African colonies, ivory, horn, leather, ostrich plumes, etc.; and from British India elaborately carved furniture, costly jewelry, fine tissues of silk and linen, exquisite shawls and gold embroidered robes, brocades, and other articles of luxury.

Among the most interesting objects were the exhibits of those strange foreign countries, China and Japan. The quaint architecture, grotesque bronzes, gorgeous screens and lanterns, huge vases, and hideous dragons; the Mongolian physiognomies, almond eyes, stolid expression, skull caps, long queues, silk robes, and thick-soled shoes, and strange dialect of the Chinese seemed to transport one to the heart of the Flowery Empire. The ivory and wood carving is marvellous in its elaboration, delicacy, and skilful under-cutting. Ivory pagodas, junks, chessmen, fans, and those marvellous concentric balls, one within the other—one was marked \$260—attest the indefatigable patience of the artist. One carved bedstead, embodies the work of a life-time. It is a perfect mass of delicate tracery and is valued at \$4,000. Such useless toil tells of a social condition where human life and labour are held of little value. A Chinese carver was diligently at work, the centre of a group of admiring critics. From an attendant I purchased some small images, and requested the favour of his autograph. He slowly and laboriously inscribed in Roman capitals his name, WANG-SUNG-YOU, and then, very rapidly, its equivalent in Chinese characters.

The department of Japan, with its population of only 30,000,000, far surpassed in extent, variety, and excellence that of China with its 400,000,000. The Japanese are evidently the Yankees of the Asiatic continent, shrewd, alert, inquisitive, intelligent. Their mechanical ingenuity and artistic skill are very remarkable. Their cabinets of inlaid woods, gold and silver mounted; elegant furniture, porcelain and pottery; cloth manufacture and embroidery, wall-paper, painted screens, leather goods, bronzes, and lacquered work; were all of exceeding beauty and excellence. The avidity with which they adopt or imitate Western institutions and methods is extraordinary.

I was perfectly amazed at the completeness and high character of the educational department. A wooden model of a school-house exhibited a large commodious structure with every modern appliance for teaching. There are some thirty thousand of these in Japan, with two millions of scholars under instruction. There were also specimens of school apparatus,—mechanical, scientific, chemical and the like,—pictures for object teaching, wall-maps, school-desks, and great rows of school-books, all of native manufacture. The result of this educational system was also shown in excellent pencil drawings from classic models, well-executed maps—one by a boy only eleven years old—and several bound volumes of answers to examination papers by students of the Imperial University of Japan. The handwriting was neat, legible, and often of singular elegance. There were papers in English, French, German, and Latin that might do credit to any University in the world. The papers on Greek, Roman, and English history, the history of civilization, political economy, logic, rhetoric, geometry, trigonometry, and other branches of higher mathematics, on comparative anatomy, organic and inorganic chemistry, crystallography, and geology with classification of fossils, which I examined with a considerable degree of minuteness, were of a surprising degree of merit. There were also well-made surgical instruments of native manufacture, which indicated a somewhat heroic treatment; ambulances, excellent specimens of wood, steel, and copper-plate engraving, metal castings, founts of type, fashion-plates copied from western models, and other objects, indicating a ready adoption of western ideas. Some of the

Japanese exhibitors had handsomely engraved English business cards and advertisements; and at a Japanese bazaar of native architecture, a number of busy salesmen were doing an active business in Japanese toys, trinkets, and curiosities.

The Japanese exhibit in Agricultural Hall was also of rare merit. The preserved fruits, meats, fish, legumes, and other articles of food, and the character of her implements indicated great agricultural thrift and industry.

The recent progress in Japan in all the elements of civilization is wonderful. Seventy-five miles of well-equipped railway are now in operation, with iron bridges and viaducts of the best character. Electric nerves thrill through the country. Yokohama is lighted with gas. A steam navy is being rapidly created. The post-office department, organized in 1871, has already four thousand five hundred post-offices, many of which are also money-order offices and savings banks. Intelligent commissioners are thoroughly studying American and European systems of government, finance, industrial economy, and education.

I made the very agreeable acquaintance of one of the commissioners at the Exhibition. Among other things, I asked him if he was from Yeddo. He said "Yes." I then enquired if he knew either of the missionaries of the Methodist Church of Canada—the Rev. Mr. Cochran or Dr. McDonald. "Know them! Very well," he exclaimed, and his dusky face brightened. "Why," he added, "Mr. Cochran baptized me." Hereupon he shook hands with me very warmly, and gave me his card, on which was neatly written his name—Mr. Wakichiro Tawara. At my request he gave me his autograph in Japanese. On being informed of the re-enforcement of the mission, his joy was very evident and sincere. He informed me that there was another of the native members of our Church on the grounds, but I did not succeed in seeing him. I asked him how it was that the Chinese at the Exhibition always wore their national costume, while the Japanese wore the European dress. "Oh," he replied, "the Chinese are fond of adhering to old customs, and we like to adopt new ones;" and this, I think, is one radical difference between the two countries, and greatly favours the success of Christian missions in Japan.

A striking characteristic of the exhibits of certain nations of an inferior grade of civilization, such as Tunis, Morocco, Egypt, and Turkey, was the lavish expenditure on the arts of luxury, and the meagre development of the industrial or economic arts. The departments of these countries are ablaze with barbaric pomp: jewellery, and jewelled and inlaid swords, weapons, and armour; silken tissues and gorgeous gold-embroidered robes, saddles, caparisons, and housings; and costly cabinets and other articles, on which the toil of the many is lavished for the gratification of the few. In contrast with these were the rude implements—notably one atrocious plough from Tunis—the coarse clothing, rude pottery, and scanty provision made for the comfort of the toiling masses. On the other hand, the northern nations of Europe, as Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Russia, notwithstanding their rugged soil and inclement climate, or, rather, because of the hardy virtues, industry and thrift, fostered by these rude nurses, have developed a far higher type of civilization. The fine art exhibits of these countries were of exceeding merit. We must not forget that in Thorwaldsen, Denmark has given the world one of the greatest of modern sculptors. Of the former countries, not a single fine art specimen was exhibited; while the industrial exhibits of these northern nations far surpassed those of the south. The educational exhibit of Norway and Sweden was exceedingly good; especially the work of the schools of technology of the latter, which were full of important suggestions to ourselves. An interesting feature in the exhibit of the former country was a series of life-like, waxen, domestic groups, dressed in their ordinary peasant costume: a bridal scene, parents mourning a dead babe, travelling Laplanders, and the like. The peasant dress, though very picturesque, with its quaint style and bright colours, and warm and comfortable, especially the sheep-skin jackets and skirts, was very coarse, and the jewellery—often family heir-looms—very rude.

The rich fur robes, mantles, and the like, of these countries were superb, and especially those of Russia—one was marked \$2,000. Indeed, the articles of luxury in the Russian department were unsurpassed by those of any country; as, for instance, the urns, tables, and other objects of malachite and lapis lazuli,

the costly candelabra, the velvets and brocades, the diamonds and jewellery. I noticed a single pearl, of extraordinary size, marked \$25,000 ; bracelets, \$10,000 each ; and a pipe, \$600. The religious art of Russia is exceedingly conventional, but the gold-embroidered vestments, the massy jewellery and church decorations are of extraordinary splendour.

One of the most interesting features of the German exhibits was the sanitary department, with models of the hospital cars specimens of ambulances, and hospital necessaries—very complete. The book exhibition was very good, and the toys were enough to make one wish oneself a child again to enjoy them.

In the Austro-Hungarian department, the Bohemian glass was exquisite, as were also the Viennese work in gilt, bronze, leather; and amber, garnet, and opal jewellery.

The French bronzes, Sevres ware, tapestries, silks, laces, Limoges enamel, ladies' dresses, and the like, were exquisite, and were characterized by a lightness, an airy grace, an artistic elegance, not elsewhere found. And so they may, at \$40,000 or a necklace, \$1,000 for an opera cloak, \$750 for a fan, \$5,000 for a cabinet, and similar prices for objects of idle luxury.

The Belgian carved pulpit attracted much attention, as did also the models of the great engineering works of Holland, and the exquisite wood carvings and toy chalets of Switzerland, the Italian coral jewellery, mosaics, and beautiful terra cottas.

Spain and Portugal exhibited better specimens of economic art—pottery, castings, carvings, and textile fabrics—than I would have expected ; while, on this continent, Brazil, Peru, Chili, Mexico, and the Argentine Republic gave remarkable examples of their magnificent natural resources, and of their progress in the economic arts. The Brazilian beetle jewellery and gorgeous feather flowers were objects of general interest ; also the Peruvian pre-historic mummies and pottery, and the \$300 Panama hat.

But here I am at the end of my space, and scarce half through our tour of the great Exhibition.

THE REV. JOHN M'CLINTOCK, D.D., LL.D.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS.

DR. M'CLINTOCK died, March 4th, 1870, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. His death was a serious loss to the Methodist Episcopal Church, as he was one of its ablest and best known ministers. Bishop Janes, when preaching his funeral sermon, said, "We have in the Church no one left superior to him." For several years he had been called into prominence by means of his versatile talents; and being skilled as a leader in every department which he occupied, he was naturally looked up to as a man of more than ordinary influence.

His "Life and Letters," as written by his friend and colleague, Dr. Crooks, is a worthy tribute to his memory, and will be read with deep interest. Good use has been made of the materials at the disposal of the biographer, and, as numerous letters and voluminous notes from Dr. M'Clintock's journal are given, the volume partakes very much of the character of an autobiography.

The noble man came from a good Irish stock, and first saw the light of day at Philadelphia, the city of brotherly love, where he was religiously trained by his godly parents, until he was sixteen years of age. His parents were genuine Methodists, and did not fail to imbue the minds of their children with the principles of vital piety. It was his privilege, while yet under the parental roof, to sit under the ministry of such men as Revs. G. Cookman, Dr. Holdich, and other princes of Israel, who exercised their holy vocation in that famous city. His parents were not wealthy, so that they could not afford to bring up their children in idleness. All were taught habits of industry; and when not more than fourteen years of age, the future Doctor was made assistant in his father's little store, whence he was transferred, two years afterwards, to a clerkship in the Methodist Book Concern, which had even then become of considerable magnitude. He soon won the favour of the agents, Drs. Emory and Waugh, both of whom were his valued friends to the end of life.

Young M'Clintock had early manifested a keen thirst for

knowledge, and while at the Book Concern he entered upon a diligent course of study, which was an earnest of his future greatness. It is, however, very probable that even then he laid the foundation of his frequent attacks of illness, as his whole life was a battle with disease, and it is marvellous that he accomplished so much, seeing that he was so frequently an invalid.

He was early drawn towards the ministry, and when the Church called him to exercise his gifts, he durst not refuse. "I have had much and very good advice, and, after serious deliberation and prayer upon the subject, have come to the conclusions, 1. To endeavour to live to the honour of God. 2. To bend all my studies toward the ministry. 3. To wait the openings of His Providence, and may He guide and direct me through it all." He soon gave promise of qualifications for the sacred office, but, feeling his deficiency in respect to education, he resolved to pass through a collegiate course, which he did, for awhile at the University of his native State, and afterwards at Middletown, where he graduated with great honour, having crowded the four years' course into three, in addition to the duties of a pastor, which he performed during the last year of his college course.

He had correct views of the ministry, hence he says: "I determine to continue in the path in which I have started, and, by the help of God, to be a faithful minister of the Lord Jesus to my life's end." I have but little time to spare for other pleasures than those which result from the duties of my office as a preacher of the Gospel. When late in life some overtures were made to him respecting his appointment as ambassador to the French Court, he said, "I would rather be a minister of the Gospel than minister to any empire under heaven."

It soon, however, became manifest that the duties of a pastor were more than his physical strength could endure. His health gave way, and for a time he could not determine his course. He was not long kept in suspense. His diligence and success at college had made him well known, while his popularity in the pulpit brought him prominently before the Church. He was invited to the professorship of two colleges at one and the same time. He chose that of Dickenson, with which seat of learning he was connected twelve years. He soon became popular as a

teacher, and some who sat at his feet have attained to eminence in the various walks of life. Among others may be mentioned Bishop Bowman, and the late Bishop Cummins, the founder of the Reformed Episcopal Church, also Drs. Ridgaway and Hurst.

The faculty of Dickenson College consisted of men of more than ordinary ability, such as Drs. Durbin, R. Emory, and W. H. Allen, with whom Dr. M'Clintock lived on terms of great intimacy to the end of his days. Though occupying the position of professor he was the same ardent student; one said of him, "that he was more of a student than any undergraduate in the institution." It was the burning of the midnight oil that gave him his greatness and position. His thirst for knowledge was so insatiable, that he *would* know whatever was to be known. He would open ways for himself into every field of knowledge, and would survey it if he could do no more. He was a rigid economist of time, and could rarely be induced to spend a whole evening in the society of friends. "His multifarious reading was carefully indexed, so as to be always within reach. Important passages were copied at length. On every leading topic he had a large body of notes drawn from the best authorities." A distinguished German once said respecting him, "Ah! your Dr. M'Clintock was a genuine scholar, actually he knew some things that I didn't know."

In 1848 he was appointed editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, when he was only thirty-four years of age, which office he held for the space of eight years. He was now a prominent minister in the church, and had much to do with matters which were often perplexing, nevertheless, he would still prosecute his studies with all the ardour and zeal of earlier years. His friends would remonstrate with him, and entreat him to spare himself. Dr. Olin wrote him thus: "You ought, in all good conscience, to be in bed before eleven o'clock, and to get up not later than six. You would then, I think, soon be well. Don't work too hard. Study not more than six hours. It will make you wiser than your generation, which you may thus live to serve. Why shouldst thou destroy thyself?"

The remonstrances of friends did not seem to have much effect. He was so earnest in the acquisition of knowledge that it might be said of him, "his sword was too keen for the scabbard." A

friend said of him, "He could prepare a sermon, write a review, learn a language, or master the details of a scientific treatise in less time than any man I have known. I remember that when pressed for copy he wrote an article for the *Methodist Quarterly Review* in a single day, which filled twenty-two pages of that periodical, and this in addition to his regular work as a professor." Even when attending General Conference he was the same indefatigable worker. A delegate says: "I observed that in addition to his Conference labours, which were enough for two ordinary men, he spent hours of each day in examining the proofs of his great work: 'The Cyclopaedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature.'"

His earnestness in the pursuit of learning caused him always to take deep interest in the work of training men for the ministry. He would not undervalue the venerable men who were known as "the saddle-bags' ministry;" but he conceived that it was indispensably necessary that, if the Church would keep pace with the times, the occupants of our pulpits must be "men of understanding." When the Centenary of American Methodism was celebrated in 1866 he was the Chairman of the Committee. The noble sum of seven millions of dollars was contributed. A considerable portion of this amount was appropriated for ministerial education. When writing to a friend a few months before his death, he said: "We shall have work enough to do in preparing the ministry of the next generation. God help us to do it well!"

The influence of Dr. M'Clintock was felt in whatever position he occupied. His purpose always was to improve, and when once he had resolved upon what he conceived to be the right course, he did not very readily make any change. When editing the *Methodist Quarterly Review* some complained that he made it too learned, but he steadily persevered in the course which he had chosen; and long before his term of office had expired the majority were satisfied that the articles which he had introduced, and the writers he had employed, gave a higher and better tone to the periodical than it had ever before possessed.

His fame, as a scholar, made patrons of learning anxious to secure his services, and had he desired he could have enriched

himself in various ways, but he was faithful to the Church of his youth. He was President of Troy University, and was elected the successor of the great and good Dr. Olin, at Middletown University, but declined on account of the state of his health. At the time of his death he was President of Drew Theological Seminary. His noble character and well cultivated mind did much towards infusing a greater love for higher education among all classes.

He was twice pastor of St. Paul's Church, New York, and for more than two years was pastor of the American Chapel, Paris, France. These were dark days in America, as the civil war was raging. Here, again, Dr. M'Clintock appeared as a chief among his fellows. While faithful in the discharge of his pastoral duties he was a true patriot, and, by voice and pen, laboured hard for the good of his country. No doubt his influence was great both in England and France, and mainly through him correct views were published respecting the American nation. His extensive reading was of great use at this time, as, in some instances, he displayed a better knowledge of national questions than even statesmen who made them a chief subject of study.

Though an ardent patriot, he did not conceive that there was nothing good outside of America, or separate from his own Church. He was a man of an eminently Catholic spirit. Bishop Janes, who knew him from childhood, said: "I never knew anything of him that was dishonourable." While true to his own country he was a great lover of England. He crossed the Atlantic several times, and was representative to the Evangelical Alliance in 1857, and, in connection with Bishop Simpson, was delegate the same year to the Wesleyan Conference.

To the land of his fathers—Ireland—he was ardently attached, and when the Irish deputations visited America on behalf of Irish evangelization, they found no truer friend than Dr. M'Clintock, who was ready to help them in every possible way. Rev. W. Arthur, M.A., who was a member of the first deputation, became one of his choice friends, and in all subsequent years, until the time of the Doctor's decease, they kept up a regular correspondence.

Dr. M'Clintock was a true friend. Such was his kindness of

heart that he sometimes became seriously involved. Once, when residing in Carlisle, he espoused the cause of some coloured people who, he conceived, were being treated contrary to law, for which he was tried as an instigator of a riot. There was an evident attempt made to crush him, but he knew the position which he held, and in the end he was more than conqueror.

The closing scene of his noble life was touching. As has been intimated, he was frequently laid aside by illness; but, as he always rallied, no one supposed that his end was near, though there were indubitable evidences that his tabernacle was being dissolved. After some days of prostration, during which he was not conscious, about midnight he awoke and recognised some of his friends, among others Dr., now Bishop, Foster. He said: "Foster, is that you? I am very sick, am I not?"

"Yes, you are very sick, but we have hope that you may recover yet."

"No, no," said the sufferer, "but no matter what the event, it's all right." These were his last words. Noble words! Glorious words for a man to utter as he leaves the world. And pausing for a moment as if meditating, he exclaimed: "It's all right, all right."

HAMPTON, Ont.

IN THE DEPTHS.

THERE is a solemn grave-yard where mortals never tread,
Where stand no marble monuments to mark the nameless dead.
Each sleeper takes his place alone, unseen of mortal eyes,
And no man knows his resting-place, nor guesseth where he lies.
No sad array of mourners conveys them to their rest;
No wreath of earthly blossoms is laid upon their breast.
But never yet was grave-yard so quiet and serene;
No church-yard half so peaceful, no hill-side half so green;
No noise disturbs the sleepers, no light nor careless tread,
No thoughtless laugh nor mocking word can reach these quiet dead.
Deep down where endless silence reigns the weary pilgrims rest—
The wanderers whom old Ocean has gathered to her breast.

PIONEER METHODISM.

BY THE REV. EDWARD EGGLESTON, D.D.

CHAPTER VIII.—AN ALABASTER BOX BROKEN.

WHEN Kike had appeared at the camp-meeting, as we related, it was not difficult to forecast his fate. Everybody saw that he was going into a consumption. One year, two years at farthest, he might manage to live, but not longer. Nobody knew this so well as Kike himself. He rejoiced in it. He was one of those rare spirits to whom the invisible world is not a dream but a reality, and to whom religious duty is a voice never neglected. That he had sacrificed his own life to his zeal he understood perfectly well, and he had no regrets except that he had not been more zealous. What was life if he could save even one soul?

“But,” said Morton to him one day, “you are wrong, Kike. If you had taken care of yourself you might have lived to save so many more.”

“Morton, if your eye were fastened on one man drowning,” replied Kike, “and you thought you could save him at the risk of your health, you wouldn’t stop to calculate that by avoiding that peril you might live long enough to save many others. When God puts a soul before me I save that one if it costs my life. When I am gone God will find others. It is glorious to work for God, but it is awful. What if by some neglect of mine a soul should drop into hell? Oh! Morton, I am oppressed with responsibility! I will be glad when God shall say, it is enough.”

Few of the preachers remonstrated with Kike. He was but fulfilling the Methodist ideal; they admired him while most of them could not quite emulate him. Read the Minutes of the old Conferences and you will see everywhere among the brief obituaries, headstones in memory of young men who laid down their lives as Kike was doing. Men were nothing—the work was everything. Methodism let the dead bury their dead; it could hardly stop to plant a spear of grass over the grave of one of its own heroes.

But Pottawottomie Creek circuit was poor and wild, and it had paid Kike only five dollars for his whole nine months' work. Two of this he had spent for horse shoes, and two he had given away. The other one had gone for quinine. Now he had no clothes that would long hold together. He would ride to Hissawachee and get what his mother had carded and spun, and woven, and cut, and sewed for the son whom she loved all the more that he seemed no longer to be entirely her's. He could come back in three days. Two days more would suffice to reach Peterborough circuit. So he sent on to the circuit, in advance, his appointments to preach, and rode off to Hissawachee. But he did not get back to camp-meeting. An attack of fever held him at home for several weeks.

To reach his circuit Kike had to go through Morton's great diocese. He could not ride far. Even so intemperate a zealot as Kike admitted so much economy of force into his calculations. He must save his strength in journeying or he could not reach his circuit, much less preach when he got there. At the close of his second day he inquired for a Methodist house at which to stop, and was directed to the double-cabin of a "located" preacher—one who had been a "travelling" preacher, but, having married, was under the necessity of entangling himself with the things of this world that he might get bread for his children. As he rode up to the house Kike gladly noted the horses htened to the fence as an evidence that there must be a meeting in progress. He was in Morton's circuit; who could tell that he should not meet him here?

When Kike entered the house, Morton stood in the door between the two rooms preaching, with the back of a "split-bottomed" chair for a pulpit. For a moment the pale face of Kike, so evidently smitten with death, appalled him; then it inspired him, and Morton never spoke better on that favourite theme of the early Methodist evangelist—the rest in heaven—than while drawing his inspiration from the pallid countenance of his comrade.

"Ah! Kike!" he said, when the meeting was dismissed, "I wish you had my body."

"What do you want to keep me out of heaven for, Mort? Let God have His way," said Kike, smiling contentedly.

But long after Kike slept that night Morton lay awake. He could not let the poor fellow go off alone. So in the morning he arranged with the located brother to take his appointments for awhile, and let him ride one day with Kike.

"Ride ten or twenty, if you want to," said the ex-preacher. "The corn's laid by and I've got nothing to do, and I am spoiling for a preach."

Kike's circuit lay off to the south-east of Hickory Ridge, and Morton, persuaded that he was unfit to preach, endeavoured to induce the dying man to turn aside and rest at Dr. Morgan's, only ten miles out of his road.

"I tell you, Morton, I've got very little strength left. I cannot spend it better than in trying to save souls. I want to make one or two rounds at least, preaching with all the heart I have. Then I'll cease at once to work and live, and who knows but that I may slay more in my death than in my life?"

But Morton feared that he would not be able to make one round. He thought he had an over-estimate of his strength, and that the final break-down might come at any moment. So, on the morning of the second day, he refused to yield to Kike's entreaties to return.

Now it happened that they missed the trail and wandered far out of their way. It rained all the afternoon, and Kike got drenched in crossing a stream. Then a chill came on, and Morton sought shelter. He stopped at a cabin.

"Come in, come in, brethren," said the settler, as soon as he saw them. "I 'low ye're preachers. Brother Goodwin I know. Heerd him down at camp-meetin' last fall,—time Conference met on the Ridge. And this brother looks mis'erable. Got the shakes, I 'low? Your name, brother, is——"

"Brother Lumsden," said Morton.

"Lumsden? I kinder recollect that you were sick up at Dr. Morgan's, Conference time. Hey?"

Morton looked bewildered.

"How far is Dr. Morgan's from here?"

"Nigh onto three quarter 'round the road, I 'low."

"How did we get here? We aimed at Lanham's Ferry," said Morton, bewildered.

"Tuck the wrong trail ten mile back, I 'low. You should've gone by Hanks's Mills."

Despite all protestations from the Methodist brother, Morton was determined to take Kike to Dr. Morgan's. Kike was just sick enough to be passive, and he suffered himself to be put back into the saddle to ride to the doctor's.

It did not require very great medical skill to understand what must be the result of Kike's sickness.

"What is the matter with him, Doctor?" asked Morton, next morning.

"Absolute physical bankruptcy, sir," answered the physician, in his abrupt manner. "There is not water enough left in the branch to run the mill seven days. Wasted life, sir, wasted life. It is a pity but you Methodists had a little moderation in your zeal."

When the doctor came in to see Kike after breakfast the next morning, the patient looked at him wistfully.

"Doctor Morgan, tell me the truth. Will I ever get up?"

"You can never get up, my dear boy," said the physician, huskily.

A smile of relief spread over Kike's face. At that word the awful burden of his morbid sense of responsibility for the world's salvation, the awful burden of a self-sacrifice that was terrible and that must be lifelong, slipped from his weary soul. There was then nothing more to be done but to wait for the Master's release. He shut his eyes, murmured a "Thank God!" and lay for minutes, motionless.

When Saturday morning came, Kike was sinking. "Doctor Morgan," he said, "do not leave me long. I am looking for my mother to-day."

Saturday passed and Kike's mother had not arrived. On Sunday morning he was almost past speaking.

"Splendid life wasted," said the doctor, sadly, to Morton, pointing to the dying man.

"Yes, indeed. What a pity he had no care for himself," answered Morton.

"Patty," said Kike, opening his eyes, "the Bible." Patty got the Bible.

"Read in the 26th of Matthew, from the seventh verse to the thirteenth, inclusive," Kike spoke as if he were announcing a text.

Then she read about the alabaster box of ointment, very precious, that was broken over the head of Jesus, and the complaint that it was wasted, with the Lord's reply.

"You are right, my dear boy," said Doctor Morgan with effusion, "what is spent for love is never wasted. It is a very precious box of ointment that you have broken upon Christ's head, my son. The Lord will not forget it."

When Kike's mother rode up the door on Sunday morning, the people had already begun to gather in crowds, drawn by the expectation that Morton would preach in the Hickory Ridge church. Hearing that Kike, whose piety was famous all the country over, was dying, they filled Doctor Morgan's house and yard, sitting in sad, silent groups on the fences and door-steps, and standing in the shade of the yard trees. As the dying preacher's mother passed through, the crowd of country people fell back and looked reverently at her.

Kike was already far gone. He was barely able to greet his mother.

A white pigeon flew in at one of the windows and lit upon the bosom of the dying man. The early Western people believed in marvels, and Kike was to them a saint. At sight of the snow-white dove pluming itself upon his breast they all started back. Was it a heavenly visitant? Kike opened his eyes and gazed upon the dove a moment. The dove plumed itself a moment longer, looked round on the people out of its mute and gentle eyes, then flitted out of the window again and disappeared in the sunlight.

A smile overspread the dying man's face, he clasped his hands upon his bosom, and it was a full minute before anybody discovered that the pure heroic spirit of Hezekiah Lumsden had gone to its rest.

He had requested that no name should be placed over his grave. "Let God have any glory that may come from my labours and let everybody forget me," he said. But Doctor Morgan had a slab of the common blue limestone of the hills—marble was not to

be had—cut out for a headstone. The device upon it was a dove, the only inscription: "An alabaster box of very precious ointment."

Death is not always matter for grief. If you have ever witnessed a rich sunset from the summit of a lofty mountain, you will remember how the world was transfigured before you in the glory of resplendent light, and how, long after the light had faded from the cloud-drapery, and long after the hills had begun to lose themselves in the abyss of darkness, there lingered a glory in the western horizon—a joyous memory of the splendid pomp of the evening. Even so the glory of Kike's dying made all who saw it feel like those who have witnessed a sublime spectacle, which they may never see again. The memory of it lingered with them like the long-lingering glow behind the western mountains. Sorry that the suffering life had ended in peace, one could not be; and never did stormy day find more placid sunset than his.

The only commemoration his name received was in the Conference Minutes, where, like other such heroes, he was curtly embalmed in the usual four lines:

"Hezekiah Lumsden was a man of God, who freely gave up his life for his work. He was tireless in labour, patient in suffering, bold in rebuking sin, holy in life and conversation, and triumphant in death."

The early Methodists had no time for eulogies. A handful of earth, a few hurried words of tribute, and the bugle called to the battle. The man who died was at rest, the men who stayed had the more work to do.

THE END.

PRIDE of lineage, pomp of power,
Heap dishonour on the drone;
He shall lose his strength who never
Uses it for fair endeavour,
Brief his hour!

—*Marquis of Lorne.*

SERMONS—THE CHOICE OF A TEXT.

BY CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

II.

“I BELIEVE in the Holy Ghost.” This is one of the articles of the creed, but it is scarcely believed among professors so as to be acted on. Many ministers appear to think that *they* are to choose the text; *they* are to discover its teaching; *they* are to find a discourse in it. We do not think so. We are to use our own volitions, of course, as well as our understandings and affections, for we do not pretend that the Holy Ghost will compel us to preach from a text against our wills. He does not deal with us as though we were musical boxes, to be wound up and set to a certain tune; but that glorious inspirer of all truth deals with us as with rational intelligences, who are swayed by spiritual forces congruous to our natures: still, devout minds evermore desire that the choice of the text should rest with the all-wise Spirit of God, and not with their own fallible understandings, and therefore they humbly put themselves into His hand, asking Him to condescend to direct them to the portion of meat in due season which He has ordained for His people. Gurnal says, “Ministers have no ability of their own for their work. Oh! how long may they sit tumbling their books over, and puzzling their brains, until God comes to their help, and then—like Jacob’s venison—it is brought to their hand. If God drop not down His assistance, we write with a pen that hath no ink: if any one need walk dependently upon God more than another, the minister is he.”

If any one enquire of me, “*How shall I obtain the most proper text?*” I should answer, “*Cry to God for it.*” Harrington Eyans, in his “Rules for Sermons,” lays down as the first, “Seek God in prayer for choice of a passage. Enquire why such a passage is decided upon. Let the question be fairly answered. Sometimes the answer may be such as ought to decide the mind against the choice.” If prayer alone should not guide you to the desired treasure, it will in any case be a profitable exercise to you to have

prayed. The difficulty of settling upon a topic, if it makes you pray more than usual, will be a very great blessing to you. Praying is the best studying. Luther said so of old—“*Bene orasse est bene studuisse*,” and the well-worn proverb will bear repeating. Pray over the Scripture; it is as the treading of grapes in the wine-vat, the threshing of corn on the barn floor, the melting of gold from the ore. Prayer is twice blest; it blesseth the pleading preacher, and the people to whom he ministers. When your text comes in answer to prayer, it will be all the dearer to you; it will come with a divine savour and unction altogether unknown to the formal orator to whom one theme is as another.

After prayer, *we are bound with much earnestness to use fitting means for concentrating our thoughts, and directing them in the best channel.* Consider the condition of your hearers. Reflect upon their spiritual state as a whole and as individuals, and prescribe the medicine adapted to the current disease, or prepare the food suitable for the prevailing necessity. Let me caution you, however, against considering the whims of your hearers, or the peculiarities of the wealthy and influential. Do not give too much weight to the gentleman and lady who sit in the green pew, if you are so unfortunate as to possess such an abominable place of distinction in a house where all are on a level. Let the large contributor be considered by all means as much as others, and let not his spiritual infirmities be neglected; but he is not everybody, and you will grieve the Holy Spirit if you think him to be so. Look at the poor in the aisles with equal interest, and select topics which are within their range of thought, and which may cheer them in their many sorrows. Do not suffer your heads to be turned by respect to those one-sided members of the congregation, who have a sweet tooth for one portion of the gospel, and turn a deaf ear to other parts of truth; never go out of your way either to give them a feast or a scolding. It may be satisfactory to think that they are pleased, if they are good people, and one respects their predilections, but faithfulness demands that we should not become mere pipers to our hearers, playing such tunes as they may demand of us, but should remain as the Lord's mouth to declare all His counsels. I return to the remark, think over what your people really want for their edification, and let that be your theme.

Consider what sins appear to be most rife in the church and congregation—worldliness, covetousness, prayerlessness, wrath, pride, want of brotherly love, slander and such like evils. Do not, however, let us allow our preaching right home to our people to degenerate into scolding them. They call the pulpit "Cowards' Castle," and it is a very proper name for it in some respects, especially when fools mount the platform and impudently insult their hearers by holding up their faults or infirmities to public derision. There is a personality—an offensive, wanton, unjustifiable personality—which is to be studiously avoided; it is of the earth, earthy, and is to be condemned in unmeasured terms; while there is another personality, wise, spiritual, heavenly, which is to be aimed at unceasingly. The Word of God is sharper than any two-edged sword, and therefore you can leave the Word of God to wound and kill, and need not be yourselves cutting in phrase and manner. God's truth is searching: leave it to search the hearts of men without offensive additions from yourself. He is a mere bungler in portrait painting who needs to write the name under the picture when it is hung up in the family parlour where the person himself is sitting. Compel your hearers to perceive that you speak of them, though you have not even in the remotest degree named them or pointed them out.

Supposing, however, that you have prayed in that little room of yours, have wrestled hard and supplicated long, and have thought over your people and their wants, and still you cannot meet with *the text*—well, do not fret about it, nor give way to despair. If you were about to go a warfare at your own charges, it would be a very miserable thing to be short of powder, and the battle so near; but as your Captain has to provide, there is no doubt that all in good time He will serve out the ammunition. *If you trust in God He will not, He cannot fail you.* Continue pleading and watching, for to the industrious student heavenly help is certain. If you had gone up and down idly all the week, and given no heed to proper preparation, you could not expect divine aid; but if you have done your best, and are now waiting to know your Lord's message, your face shall never be ashamed.

Two or three incidents have occurred to me which may seem rather odd to you, but then I am an odd man. When I lived at

Cambridge, I had, as usual, to preach in the evening at a neighbouring village, to which I had to walk. After reading and meditating all day, I could not meet with the right text. Do what I would, no response came from the sacred oracle, no light flashed from the Urim and Thummim; I prayed, I meditated, I turned from one verse to another, but the mind would not take hold, or I was, as Bunyan would say, "much tumbled up and down in my thoughts." Just then I walked to the window and looked out. On the other side of the narrow street in which I lived, I saw a poor solitary canary bird upon the slates, surrounded by a crowd of sparrows, who were all pecking at it as if they would tear it to pieces. At that moment the verse came to my mind,—“Mine heritage is unto me as a speckled bird, the birds round about are against her.” I walked off with the greatest possible composure, considered the passage during my long and lonely walk, and preached upon the peculiar people and the persecutions of their enemies, with freedom and ease to myself, and I believe with comfort to my rustic audience. The text was sent to me, and if the ravens did not bring it, certainly the sparrows did.

In the life of Samuel Drew, a famous Methodist preacher, we read, “Whilst stopping at a friend’s house, in Cornwall, after preaching, a person who had attended the service, observing to him, that he had, on that occasion, surpassed his usual ability; and other individuals concurring in the opinion, Mr. Drew said, ‘If it be true, it is the more singular, because my sermon was entirely unpremeditated. I went into the pulpit designing to address you from another text, but looking upon the Bible, which lay open, that passage from which you heard me speak just now, ‘Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel,’ arrested my attention so forcibly as to put to flight my former ideas; and though I had never considered the passage before, I resolved instantly to make it the subject of my discourse.” Mr. Drew did well to be obedient to the heavenly direction.

Under certain circumstances you will be absolutely compelled to cast away the well-studied discourse, and rely upon the present help of the Holy Spirit, using purely extempore speech. You may find yourself in the position of the late Kingman Nott,

when preaching in the National Theatre, New York. In one of his letters he says, "The building was filled full, and mostly with young men and boys of the roughest type. I went with a sermon in my mind, but as soon as I came upon the stage, greeted with a 'Hi! hi!' and saw the motley and uproarious crowd I had to do with, I let all thoughts of the sermon go, and, catching up the parable of the Prodigal Son, tried to interest them in that, and succeeded in keeping most of them inside the house, and tolerably attentive." What a simpleton would he have been had he persevered in his unsuitable prelection! Brethren, I beseech you, believe in the Holy Ghost, and practically carry out your faith.

Read also good suggestive books, and get your mind aroused by them. If men wish to get water out of a pump which has not been lately used, they first pour water down, and then the pump works. Reach down one of the Puritans, and thoroughly study the work, and speedily you will find yourself like a bird on the wing, mentally active and full of motion.

By way of precaution, however, let me remark, that *we ought to be always in training for text-getting and sermon-making.* We should constantly preserve the holy activity of our minds. Woe unto the minister who dares to waste an hour. Read John Foster's "Essay on the Improvement of Time," and resolve never to lose a second of it. A man who goes up and down from Monday morning till Saturday night, and indolently dreams that he is to have his text sent down by an angelic messenger in the last hour or two of the week, tempts God, and deserves to stand speechless on the Sabbath. We have no leisure as ministers; we are never off duty, but are on our watch-towers day and night. I tell you, solemnly, nothing will excuse you from the most rigid economy of time: it is at your peril you trifle with it. The leaf of your ministry will soon wither unless, like the blessed man in the first Psalm, you meditate in the law of the Lord both day and night. I am most anxious that you should not throw away time in religious dissipation, or in gossiping and frivolous talk. Beware of running about from this meeting to that, listening to mere twaddle, and contributing your share to the general blowing up of windbags. A man great at tea-

drinkings and evening parties is generally little everywhere else. Your pulpit preparations are your first business, and if you neglect these, you will bring no credit upon yourself or your office. Bees are making honey from morning till night; and we should be always gathering stores for our people. I have no belief in that ministry which ignores laborious preparation. When travelling in Northern Italy, our driver at night slept in the carriage, and when I called him up in the morning, he leaped out, cracked his whip three times, and said he was quite ready. Such a rapid toilet I hardly appreciated, and wished that he had slept elsewhere, or that I had to occupy another seat. You who are ready to preach in a hop, skip, and jump, will pardon me if I take a pew somewhere else.

Habitual mental exercise in the direction of our work is advisable. Ministers should always be making their hay, but especially while the sun shines. Do you not find yourself sometimes wonderfully ready at sermonising? Mr. Jay said that when he felt in such a condition, he would take out his paper and jot down texts and divisions of sermons, and keep them in store, that they might serve him at times when his mind was not so ready. The lamented Thomas Spencer wrote, "I keep a little book, in which I enter every text of Scripture which comes into my mind with power and sweetness. Were I to dream of a passage of Scripture I should enter it, and when I sit down to compose I look over the book, and have never found myself at a loss for a subject." Watch for subjects as you go about the city or the country. Always keep your eyes and ears open, and you will hear and see angels. The world is full of sermons—catch them on the wing. A sculptor believes, whenever he sees a rough block of marble, that there is a noble statue concealed within it, and that he has only to chip away the superfluities and reveal it. So do you believe that there is within the husk of everything the kernal of a sermon for the wise man. Be wise, and see the heavenly in its earthly pattern. Hear the voices from the skies, and translate them into the language of men. Always a preacher be thou, O man of God, foraging for the pulpit, in all the provinces of nature and art, storing and preparing at all hours and seasons.

I am quite certain that if we will wait upon God for our sub-

jects, and make it a matter of prayer that we may be rightly directed, we shall be led forth by a right way; but if we are puffed up with the idea that we can very easily choosè for ourselves, we shall find that even in the selection of a subject, without Christ we can do nothing. Wait upon the Lord, hear what He would speak, receive the word direct from God's mouth, and then go forth as an ambassador fresh from the court of heaven. "Wait, I say, on the Lord."

"BE OF GOOD COURAGE."

(*Joshua i. 6.*)

BY JAMES LAWSON.

PILGRIM, cheer thee ! God is near thee,
While you through the desert rove ;
He'll befriend thee, and defend thee,
Trust in Him who rules above.

Round thee, strangers, foes, and dangers
May collect, but cannot harm ;
This content thee—God hath sent thee,
Trust in His almighty arm.

Fear no evil ; man or devil
Cannot harm if God defend ;
All that dwell in earth or hell
On His power alone depend.

Onward speed thee ! God will lead thee,
Where He wills that thou shouldst go ;
He'll direct thee and protect thee,
He will conquer every foe.

Fear no longer ; God is stronger
Than all that can e'er oppose ;
Christian, cheer thee ! God is near thee ;
Thou shalt triumph o'er thy foes !

A S T O R M.

BY P. LE SUEUR, ESQ.

"THE forces of nature," so philosophy periphrases the power of God! But in the presence of a great conflict of the elements "the laws of storms" are not of much account in quieting the apprehensions of the cowering heart. It is God that speaks, and men hear His voice with awe, and perhaps with dread. Then it is that the priceless treasure of an inward peace is fully appreciated. At the foot of Sinai the people were so terror-stricken that they entreated not again to be obliged to witness the heavens on fire, or to hear the heart-appalling thunders; and since then many a stout sinner, under similar circumstances, has been petrified with horror or subdued into abject cowardice.

The city of Ottawa is built upon a plateau rising from the south bank of the "Grand River," as it was formerly called, to a height varying from one hundred to nearly two hundred feet above the water level. The Upper Town commands a very extensive view, and in fine, clear, fall days the spurs of the Laurentian Mountains, which here bend round and approach the noble stream, may be seen with beautiful distinctness. The *coup d'œil* is really magnificent, and, saving from the heights of Quebec, no grander panorama spreads out in the whole Dominion.

In the summer of 1870, when the city was begirt with fire, (the woods at fifty different points, and within a few miles, being for weeks in flames) the sight, after the shades of evening had closed, was something fearfully sublime. But the landscape was usually seen, if seen at all, through a medium of lurid smoke, more or less dense, and its details were, therefore, very seldom discernible. Still the scene was grand in the extreme, for the burning forests, beheld from a safe distance, especially in still nights when the illuminated smoke rose in vast columns directly towards heaven, might easily have been taken for so many volcanoes in full blast; and few persons, who witnessed these sights during the solemn quietude of the anxious watches, will ever forget them; the more especially that day by day news arrived of wide-spread destruction, not of property only, but also of life.

But the eyes of mortal man, in this city, never beheld the Northern landscape under more sublime and terrific lights than the few, who had the courage to look, saw it on the night which ushered in the first day of the month of September, 1876. The sun of the previous day had withdrawn behind a dull red glare and the atmosphere was thick and stifling. Everything one touched was tepid and clammy. The crescent moon, or half-moon, exhibited but a very hazy outline, and what there was of it presented a gory crimson, rather suggestive of a bloody gash in the face of the sullen heavens. Altogether the aspect of nature was anything rather than pleasant or reassuring. It is safe to say that most of the bedroom windows in Ottawa were as widely open as they could be, and that, as a general thing, the citizens retired very late. In fact, going to bed was not very unlike going into steaming ovens. Still, as rest and sleep are imperative to hard-working men, and tired nature will slumber under very disadvantageous circumstances, towards midnight the writer and his household, and the neighbours round, presumably, sought their couches, for the streets, after that hour, ceased to show signs of light or life.

Towards two o'clock a.m., however, a gentle breeze began to stir the curtains at the windows looking North and West, and at the same time there was a waving fire-light in the air. It was as if some great all-embracing punkah was being rapidly raised and depressed, letting down a broad pale glare, hardly to be called a flash, every second, and hiding it in ebony black the next. But these effects very soon became more decided. Still, though the light was becoming more and more intense, there was no sound, and so the brilliant and rapidly successive flashes were pronounced, in the popular manner, "heat lightning." The difference, however, between heat lightning and this phenomena was that, whereas the former is generally seen issuing from between two clouds, this appearance completely enwrapped the whole firmament. It was flame and blackness, both of the extremest intensity, alternating so rapidly, as to suggest a doubt which of the two prevailed most. We were, in effect, being fanned with fire!

But as the lingering hour progressed the scene became some-

thing more than sublime, or rather, something very different, it became terrific, and it did actually carry terror to scores and hundreds of hearts. People took refuge in cellars and rooms which entirely excluded the light, but another evidence of the awful presence and power of the All-powerful was soon manifest. In a moment the wind broke in like a tornado, and it was with great difficulty that many of the open windows were closed, while some were not closed at all. Now the blasts hissed and screamed! On they came, and yet not so much in separate bursts as in a steady continuous rush, which soon turned to a horrible howl, for the lightning was now attended with crashing sounds as continuously as with wind, or with such brief intermissions as to be hardly noticeable in the general uproar. Then "the floods came," and for fifteen minutes rain, hail, fire, and "stormy wind," with deafening explosions as of ten thousand cannon, commingled in such wild fury as utterly to beggar description.

This carnival of flame and terror was too fearful to allow the almost paralysed majority to mark the wonderful magnificence of the spectacle, and so the grand march of heaven's hosts was witnessed by but few daring souls. Here and there, however, one was found courageous enough to brave the blinding glare, and then they saw, as they had never before seen, and probably will never see again, the wide-spread northern landscape in surprisingly minute details. The most distant human habitations were discerned as with microscopic distinctness, and forests miles away might have been catalogued by the character of their trees, with comparative ease. Meanwhile the zig-zag lightnings started out from the fire centres with inconceivable rapidity, and in uncountable squadrons, despatched, as it were, on errands of vengeance. From mountain to mountain the serpents in red, and blue, and green, blazed and leapt and chased each other as if they were the embodiments of frenzied fiends let loose for a brief hour upon a doomed world. The sight, with the stupendous diapason rolling through the firmament, made up a display compared to which the most gorgeous pyrotechnic exhibitions ever produced by human skill, were little more than the combustion of a few friction matches.

Within fifteen minutes after the breaking up of the cloud foun-

tains, and the rush of their torrents, the streets became rivers and the gardens pools, but the waiting earth, long gaping for a copious draught, drank it all up, and was sated ! Within half an hour more the elemental war had ceased, and at dawn the sky was as cloudless as that of Naples—rosy, calm, serene ! But when the sun was fairly up and had had time to mark the change, he saw that his pet planet had received a plentiful bath, for the earth might well be called a *Terra Nova*. The grass was more green, the flowers more blooming and fragrant, and the birds!—why, they seemed to have got a holiday which they intended to devote chiefly to praise ! And so ended the storm of Friday, the first of September, in Ottawa, long to be remembered.

BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE spake on his dying day :
 " I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in Slavery's pay ;
 But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven to free,
 With her children, from the gallows'-stair put up a prayer for me ! "

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to die ;
 And lo ! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed nigh.
 Then the bold blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face grew mild,
 As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the negro's child !

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart,
 And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the loving heart.
 That kiss, from all its guilty means redeemed the good intent,
 And round the grisly fighter's hair the martyr's aureole bent !

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good !
 Long live the generous purpose unstained with human blood !
 Not the raid of human terror, but the thought which underlies ;
 Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Christian's sacrifice.

MR. HORN AND HIS FRIENDS; OR, GIVERS AND GIVING.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

Author of "Daniel Quorm," &c.

CHAPTER VII.—HOW BILL SMITH MANAGED.

OLD Mrs. Catchpole had dropped in to see Widow Hunt.

Life had not many comforts for Widow Hunt, but there was one so richly enjoyed that it made up for all deficiencies in number or variety. It was to sit after dinner, when all was "tidied up," in clean white cap well frilled at the edges, and to hear the news. Her's was the rare gift of listening well; never obtruding an opinion or interrupting any remark she invariably came in like an echo at the end of a sentence, faintly repeating the last two or three words with a serious shake of the head. To-day she sat on a low stool in front of the fireplace, her elbows resting on her knees, the hands exposing the palms to the grate, and her projecting chin turned up towards the speaker. And seeing that it was extremely hot, and that the fireplace was perfectly empty and shone brilliant only with black lead, it was at least creditable to the old lady's strength of imagination that she sought thus to screen her face and to warm her hands.

Her good friend, old Mrs. Catchpole, possessed the more common gift and grace of gossip. A shadow—the faintest murmur—even a fancied whisper could supply her with gossip for a day. The Israelites made bricks without straw,—judging from her gossip old Mrs. Catchpole could have made them without clay. Out of nothing grew amazing secrets, and the most passing glances sufficed to reveal prodigious events.

She had nodded to Bill Smith at Widow Hunt's door, and the lingering image suggested the topic on which Mrs. Catchpole started as soon as she sat down by the frilled white cap, and just got her breath as she said,

"I count, my dear, as Bill Smith must be a-making money."

"A-making money," was the faint reply, as the frilled cap solemnly shook itself.

"Why, you know it a'nt more 'an five year sin' he was a'most the poorest man in the parish—a drinkin' an' a-hidlin' about, as were quite disgraceful, an' his wife lookin' that starved—for all she kep' herself to herself, and thought nobody knowd owt about it, 't were plain as a pikestaff."

Mrs. Catchpole paused for a moment. "As plain as a pikestaff," solemnly observed Widow Hunt.

"An' his children rags and tatters," continued the gossip, before she had fully got her breath once more.

"Rags an' tatters," came in like an echo.

"But now—" and Mrs. Catchpole nodded her head and raised her hands, as if words were much too weak.

Widow Hunt gave a prolonged and solemn shake of the filled cap that did duty at once for itself and the echo.

This silence of the two old ladies fairly expressed the opinions of the village as to Bill Smith. "He must be a-making money," was the summary objection by which Mister Horn was always defeated when he referred to Bill as an instance of *thinking about giving*.

Yet it was so obviously impossible for him to be getting rich or really saving much, that words generally gave way to the convenient vagueness of a nod or a look.

Bill was undoubtedly a prosperous fellow. Everybody had noticed a strange improvement in the look of the man, and of all about him; and when at last he migrated from the free seats and filled one of the dozen pews at Tattingham Chapel, everybody expressed his opinion of Bill's prosperity.

Nor could it be denied that there was much to support the opinion. Everything about him proclaimed it as plainly as could be—himself, his wife, his children, his house, his little front garden, the ringing anvil—all in their own way repeated confidentially Mrs. Catchpole's opinion that Bill Smith must be a-making money. There were airy whisperings of prosperity in the branches of the apple tree; it bent down almost to the ground under its weight of fruit. The vine leaves that peeped in at the window, rustled all day long, gossiping of the good things they saw within. The four grafted rose trees that stood in the corners of the grass-plot grew up stately and flourishing, as if

conscious that they were part of the establishment and prospered accordingly. The tidy little woman that flitted past the open door, and the cheery song that came from within, completed a vision of prosperity. It was repeated in the little shed at the side of the house, where the hammer rang its merry music on the anvil all day long, while the sparks danced to the tune, and the bellows made the sleepy fire wake and leap half up the chimney with white quivering flame. The children, too, that came down the shady lane from school, with rosy cheeks and glad voices, kept up the impression; and the baby! the youngest mother in Tattingham agreed that there never had been so prosperous a child in the place.

No wonder then that people talked of Bill Smith as "a-making money."

Moreover Bill thought himself as prosperous as any man need be, but then he used the word in his own sense.

"You see with most folks prosperin' means *gettin' money*, but I know that it means *usin' money*. Five or ten shillin' a week, or twenty or thirty for that matter, don't make a man prosperous if he can't use it when he's got it. I can remember the time when the more I had the less I prospered—when more money on'y meant more drink and more want." This was Bill's explanation.

The fact was that ever since his conversion Bill was a favourite pupil of Mister Horn's. He had taught his master perhaps as much as he had learned from him, for it was in frequent talk with him that Mister Horn often hit upon the views that he so perpetually advocated. Moreover he presented to Mister Horn precisely the subject that he wanted on which to test his theories. An intelligent, good man, earning about his thirty shillings a-week; here Mister Horn thought he might see how his opinions worked.

It was at the close of a long evening talk with Mister Horn that Bill first began to carry his master's teaching.

"Good advice isn't a thing to be kept on the shelf and on'y looked at like the doctor's medicine when a man's gettin' better," he said to his wife as he sat down with pencil and paper to see how he could "match it."

They had been talking of the scriptural rule—to lay by on the first day of the week, as God prospered one.—“Not that what was best for some folks in other times is always best for everybody in these, but that if a man *can* get Scripture to build upon it's the best and most comfortable foundation we can have,” was Mister Horn's comment on the text.

So Bill sat with a neat little money box before him, turning over the first principles of prosperity—*using money*.

“Now first there's *what I must lay by for*,” he said to himself; “there's the Lord's work—then there's the children—and then there's for old age and a rainy day. That's about all I need lay by for.” So he wrote down the three in large, uneven, crooked lines.

“Now the next thing is *how much* to lay by”—and he lifted himself from the paper and bit the end of his pencil as he turned over this most difficult point.

“I can make thirty shillin' a-week, takin' one week with another,” Bill muttered slowly, and paused again, gnawing at the pencil. “Well, s'pose I say three shillin' a-week,” and Bill figured a large three at the top of his paper.

Once more Bill lifted himself and bit his pencil with the look of a man who was in for a difficulty, but meant to get through with it. *How much of the three shillings to each claim?* This was the perplexing question.

“Religion saved me more than the whole of it,” he said slowly, “and set me in the way o' gettin' as much more; so I'll begin with religion.” So he wrote down—class money—“wife and myself,” he whispered—“two shillin' and twopence a quarter. Then there's the ticket,” he reminded himself, “a shillin' a piece—four shillin' and twopence,” he said, as he added it up. “Well, then there's collections and the poor folk in the place, it will be good always to have a bit for them, so say five shillin' more.

“But stop,” he cried, as hastily he added it all up, and found it came to nine and fourpence a quarter; “I'm going too fast,” and figuring three times thirteen he stared with blank astonishment to find that it came to *thirty-nine shillings a quarter*. “Close upon thirty shillin' left now.”

Bill really was embarrassed with his riches. He could scarcely think of things enough to give to. But Bill's little maiden had a Missionary Box, and as he gnawed at his pencil his eye fell upon it. So another line at once filled up the paper—Foreign Missions, 1d. a week—1s. 1d. a quarter.

This at once suggested the Home Missions. "Can't give to one without the other,"—said Bill; so it filled another line, and another 1s. 1d. was arranged for.

There followed a longer pause than ever, and the pencil could scarcely bear the more vigorous application of the teeth, when Bill remembered that the parson at Tattingham collected for the Bible Society, and called now and then for a trifle. So down went another penny a week, and at the end of another crooked line was "1s. 1d. a quarter."

Now it was that there came the resolution to take a pew in Tattingham Chapel, thinking that he could afford to be comfortable, and so went "another four shillin' a quarter."

He drew a line and counted the expenditure on the page. "Why, it's on'y sixteen shillin' and little. Why, I sha'n't be able," cried Bill bewildered, "to find things enough to give to."

"Let's see—next the children—three of 'em for schooling, twopence a week, that's six shillin' an' sixpence, an' worth it too." Then on the next page Bill had to spell the long word, "Education," and proved his originality in the attempt, and after it was figured 6s. 6d. "Then there's the club, that's sixpence a week," and again 6s. 6d. was entered.

Again the pencil began to add and subtract.—"Why, there's close upon ten shillin' every quarter to put by for a rainy day. Two pounds a year for the Savings Bank."

From that day Bill was a prosperous man. More than his figures showed.

"You see," he told Mister Horn, "it brings a man into such thrifty ways. Many a scrap of iron and many an odd penny finds its way into the box when a man's a savin' method of doin' things."

So it came about that Bill Smith had five pounds in the Savings Bank at the end of a couple of years.

OVER THE SILVER RHINE.

BY MADAME H. SKELTON.

WE sat beside the window,
 We friends and travellers three,
 Journeying through the Old World lands,
 From a country o'er the sea ;
 And the broad fields lay beneath us,
 Hedged with the clustering vine,
 As we glanced from out our window
 Over the silver Rhine.

Along its banks were clustered
 Old towns and hamlets fair ;
 And the sound of the chime-bells ring-
 ing
 Filled far and near the air ;
 And the water danced and sparkled,
 Like gems in the summer-shine.
 As we looked out from our window
 Over the murmuring Rhine.

And we saw the swift boats gliding
 On the golden waves below,
 Or anchored, listlessly swaying
 With the river's ebb and flow ;
 And we marked afar in the distance
 Its current-shining line,
 As we leaned from out our window
 Over the flowing Rhine.

And we talked of the past and the future,
 And the blessed hopes that rise
 In the golden glow of summer,
 To the youthful dreamer's eyes.
 Sweet were our dreams that morning
 Oh early friends of mine !
 As we gazed from out our window
 Over the beautiful Rhine.

Now years have rolled between us ;
 And that morning's golden glow,
 With its picture and its music,
 Are the things of long ago.
 And afar in memory's vista,
 Those blessed visions shine
 More fair than the golden ripples
 Upon the sparkling Rhine.

And still in the gloomy weather,
 That comes with winter's chill,
 When the blast is bleak and bitter,
 And the snow shrouds vale and hill,
 I think of that summer morning,
 And its blessed memories shrine ;
 Like a sacred spot is that window
 Above the peaceful Rhine.

I have stood since then by a river,
 More dark than the ocean tide ;
 And two have crossed cold Jordan,
 And are safe on the other side.
 I have dreamed of the vales they are
 treading,
 Where flowers of amaranth twine,
 More fair than the shining landscape
 That is clasped by the murmur'ing
 Rhine.

And I think when I shall join them
 In that country o'er the sea,
 And we shall sing together
 Once more, we pilgrims three,
 We shall look from heights supernal,
 Where Time's broad river rolls,
 Sweeping away below us,
 With its freight of human souls ;
 Our dreams shall then be real,
 Lived out in the life divine,
 Of a morn more fair than ever shone
 Upon the silver Rhine.

TORONTO, Ont.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BISHOP RICHARDSON.*

BY JOHN CARROLL.

THE Constitutional Act erecting Upper Canada into a separate province, with legislative, executive, and judicial functions of its own, was promulgated in 1791. That year the distinguished John Wesley, founder of Methodism, ended his career, leaving a connexional organization in England, numbering 76,969 members—an organization which had existed a little over fifty years. This connexion had not borne the style of a separate Church, but it possessed all the attributes of one; and Dr. Stevens, the historian of Methodism, maintains that Wesley used the terms *Society* and *Church* interchangeably. Wesley had ordained preachers, who, in his lifetime, dispensed the ordinances in various parts of the British Isles, where he and his associate clergymen could not be present in person. Likewise he executed a poll-deed, empowering the Conference, after his death, to do all that he himself had done. The germ he had deposited developed into the "Wesleyan Church," with all the attributes and functions of an independent ecclesiastical autonomy.

Some years before his death, that is to say, in 1784, the Independence of the United States being recognized, and the English hierarchy which had before existed in the late colonies being overthrown, Mr. Wesley took measures to organize the American Methodist Societies into a Church, and to furnish them with the sacraments and ecclesiastical polity. Being from education partial to the Episcopal form of government, yet thoroughly persuaded that elders and bishops were the same order "in the beginning of Christ's Gospel," although a *primus inter pares* soon obtained among the elders, he ordained the Rev. Dr. Coke, already an elder, to be a "Superintendent" over the American Methodist Church, with instructions to ordain Mr. Francis Asbury, who had been Mr. Wesley's "General Assistant" among the societies in

* Life of Bishop Richardson, a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada. By Thomas Webster, D.D. With introduction by Rev. Bishop Carman, D.D. Toronto: J. B. Magurn; Methodist Book Room.

America, to be joint "Superintendent" along with Dr. Coke. He also provided a Service-book, or Liturgy, which recognized the orders and prescribed the form of ordaining elders and deacons, as well as "Superintendents." This far he went, but, from what afterwards occurred, it is plain he did not contemplate that these "Superintendents" would assume the title of *bishops*, the first assumption of which called forth his remonstrance; nor is there any evidence that he intended the new Church to be called "Episcopal"; that was a style the American brethren assumed themselves. Still, we concede, that he furnished them, substantially, the elements of a Presbyterio-Episcopacy.

The British provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland, were not incorporated in the new organization, although Mr. Wesley, at one time, contemplated a similar government for them, with the Rev. Freeborn Garretson for Superintendent; but they continued to receive preachers from the British Conference, who introduced the discipline which obtained in England. The two Canadas, however, received their first Methodist preachers from the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, then numbering 57,631 members. The first preacher, regularly appointed, came into Upper Canada in the very year of Mr. Wesley's death, some little time after it took place, and the year of the provincial crisis above referred. In the very year the provincial autonomy was inaugurated, and the standard of Methodism officially planted, Bishop Richardson was born. His natural life was destined to bear an important relation to the province whose birth was coincident with his own; and his spiritual or religious life was also destined to bear an important and peculiar relation to the form of Christianity introduced at the time of his nativity. Furthermore, our subject was born in Kingston, in the vicinity of which, namely, in the townships of Fredericksburgh, Adolphustown, Ernestown, and places adjacent, Methodism won some of its earliest provincial triumphs.

Mr. Richardson's descent and parentage, and early experiences, were adapted to produce in him the feelings of a sturdy and ardently loyal British colonist. Both his parents were born and brought up in England, but had experienced, severally, the privations and exposures incident to the first occupancy of the country

in the face of her savage and hereditary European foe, before their interests were identified by marriage.

His father was a native of Lincolnshire, and followed the sea. He served under Admiral Lord Rodney in his splendid victories over the French and Spanish fleets, during the continuance of the Revolutionary War, and shared in that great conflict in the West Indies, on the 12th of April, 1782, in which the French naval armament, under Count de Grasse, was well nigh annihilated." But on his homeward voyage the fleet encountered a fearful storm, by which it was scattered and almost wholly overturned. The *Ramillies*, in which he sailed, went down, but the crew escaped in a merchant vessel, only, however, to be captured by an American frigate, which took him with his compatriots, as prisoners of war, to France, where they were detained until the return of peace. In 1785 he came to Quebec in the service of King George III., and was appointed to office in the marine on the lakes and rivers of these provinces. The nature of his duties led him to locate himself in Kingston, where his son was born, which place continued to be the home of the family until 1815, when both its senior and junior branches settled at Presque Isle.

James Richardson's early circumstances were of a character to develop the stamina of his mental and physical constitution, and to call forth his inborn patriotism. In youth and manhood he was above the average size, robust and healthy, and possessed of great physical courage. Captain Richardson, his father, was fond of the water, and when released from Government duties he sailed his own vessel upon Lake Ontario. In one of his voyages he was shipwrecked, and experienced almost unparalleled hardships. After receiving all the education the best school in the old town of Kingston could give him, up to his thirteenth year, James became at that early age his father's companion and responsible helper on board his vessel. Thus early was he, from cheerfully accepted circumstances, designated to the exposed life of a sailor.

"Five years' apprenticeship had made young Richardson thoroughly conversant with the topography of the lakes and rivers. The dangerous harbour entrances, the rocks, the channels,

and shoals belonging to these waters, were as familiar to him as the streets of his native town are to a landsman. Therefore, desirous of rising in his profession, he, with his father's concurrence, in 1809, entered the provincial marine, being then but eighteen years of age." The war of 1812, in its commencement, coincided with the attainment of his majority, at which time he received a lieutenant's naval commission, and so departed himself as to earn the confidence of his superiors. Lieut. Richardson's sound religious principles as a trained member of the Church of England, his strong natural good sense, his manliness and modesty, his bravery, and knowledge of all that related to his profession, made him a most acceptable acquisition to his branch of the service. He had the honour of being despatched with the gunboat, *Black Snake*, to meet the newly-appointed Admiral, Sir James L. Yeo,¹ with his unarmed flotilla of Canadian batteaux, and to escort him up the River St. Lawrence, along the frontier of the enemy to Kingston, where, with a rear-division under Captain Mulcaster, they arrived unmolested, in the latter part of May, 1813.

By this new arrival, all "provincial" commissions were superseded, although, from their local knowledge, the provincial officers were much needed by the newly-arrived forces. This piece of red tapeism so disgusted the provincials that all who had borne commissions refused to remain in the service, excepting Lieut. Richardson and one other. The former informed the Commodore that if his services were of any avail, he was willing to remain, provided he was not made to rank lower than he had done before. The matter was compromised by making him sailing-master and pilot, by which his superior local knowledge became available, and he took rank in the "gun-room" along with the commissioned officers. This was a position, which, while it gave him less fighting personally, was actually one of the most exposed in the navy.

We have not space to follow our subject through all the exciting and perilous scenes of his war experience: suffice it to say, that had his advice been followed, the attack on Sackett's Harbour would not have been a failure, and many precious lives on both sides would have been saved. Passing several minor

adventures, he distinguished himself at the taking of Oswego, where he piloted the Admiral's ship up the river. The fort was captured, but the pilot had the misfortune to lose his left arm by a red-hot shot, this limb having to be taken out of the shoulder-joint. When his strength was somewhat restored, the Commodore took him on board his flag-ship, the *St. Lawrence*, in order to enjoy the benefit of his skill in piloting that vessel, which required careful handling, as she drew no less than twenty-three feet of water. This position Mr. Richardson held until the end of the war, the close of which was greeted by the truly patriotic on both sides with joy. The Loyal Patriotic Society of the country requested his acceptance of £100; and he was awarded a yearly pension to the same amount, accompanied by language the most complimentary from the Society, and also from the naval authorities.

Mr. Richardson was married during the war to Miss Dennis, the daughter of a colonial patriot, who had served his sovereign in the Revolutionary, as well as the late war. "When wild-war's deadly blast was blown, and gentle peace returning," he was accompanied by his father and brother-in-law, Mr. James Lyons, to Presque Isle, where he was entrusted with the collection of customs, and put in the commission of the peace. From this time, until his becoming a travelling preacher, in 1824, Mr. Richardson's circumstances were easy, his home attractive, and his social position one of the most respectable in the land. For simple dignity, affability, probity, and honesty of purpose and conduct, no man could stand higher, both before and after his conversion, than James Richardson.

We now enter on a new phase of his life; but its right consideration requires some retrospection of ecclesiastical events, and some consideration of his Methodist surroundings. We have already glanced at the introduction of Methodism into Upper Canada, in 1791, by a preacher sent by Bishop Asbury from the New York Conference, in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. That form of Methodism prevailed in the two Canadas up to the war of 1812; while the Wesleyan, or British Conference form, prevailed in Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, from even an earlier period.

At the Genesee Conference (the one with which the Canada work stood connected) for 1811, the last return made before the declaration of war, the membership in the two provinces was *three thousand three hundred and thirty-seven*, among whom there were about twenty-one preachers declaring the word of life. Then came war with its usual blighting effects upon the interests of the country; so that at the Conference of 1815, the first held after the war ended, the membership returned was only 1,765. There may have been a few besides these in the Eastern townships of Lower Canada, connected with the border circuits, whose boundaries comprehended places on both sides of the lines, but there could not have been more than *two thousand* Episcopal Methodists in these two provinces at the return of peace.

In the meantime, however, the other form of Methodism had taken root in some parts of these western provinces. The American preacher appointed to Quebec by the New York Conference, just before the outbreak of hostilities between the two countries, failed to reach his station; or, more strictly speaking, Mr. Bangs, the preacher sent to Montreal, did not go to his appointment, and Mr. Burch, a British-born subject, designated to Quebec, thinking Montreal the more important place, took charge of that appointment, and seldom went to the capital. The two preachers appointed to the St. Francis River, also turned back to their own country. On these accounts, the country, for a time at least, until Elder Ryan had extemporized supplies, was, to a large extent, destitute. In this emergency, the people of Quebec applied to the British Conference, through the Rev. M. Bennett, chairman of the Nova Scotia district, for a minister, and after some delay, received a missionary one year before the end of the war. And before that crisis the majority of the Montreal Methodists also declared for a British missionary, who, when he arrived, by some means was put in possession of the chapel, and the society was divided. Further, by the time Mr. Richardson had become identified with Methodism, in 1817, there were not less than seven representatives or agents of old-country Methodism scattered from Quebec, through Melbourne, the Eastern Townships, Montreal, and Cornwall, with the adjacent townships, up to Kingston, and the neighbourhood around; and the project was

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already conceived, which was soon carried out, of planting missions in Niagara, and in the capital, York, itself.

Now these rivalries not only caused divisions and strifes in provincial Methodism for the time then present, but originated questions hard to solve in after years, when attempts were made to pacify or unify the operations of the denomination. These two bodies were the same in doctrine, in their general rules, and also in their general principles of government; for, although the English Connexion, with its colonial missions, had no bishop, its president, for the time being, had the bishop's administrative powers; and although the Wesleyan body had no presiding elders travelling through the several districts, their chairmen of districts had the same administrative powers as the presiding elders. There was nothing in these diversities to make them otherwise than one people, the essentials of Methodism being acknowledged to be its doctrines, its social means of grace, and its itinerancy. Furthermore, at the time of setting up the episcopal form of Methodism in the United States, its venerable founder declared by letter, "The Methodists are one people in all parts of the world;" and charged Bishop Asbury, saying, "Let not the Methodists in America indulge the thought of separating from their brethren in Europe." They have, consequently, mutually recognized each other by an interchange of fraternal epistles, and of delegates, from that time to this.

Still, there were diversities of operations and of usages in the two bodies, which, when they were placed side by side, were magnified by inferior minds into important, if not essential, differences. These were the following: "The English body never gave ordination to local preachers, nor empowered them to dispense the ordinances, but the American Church, in certain cases, did; when an English travelling-preacher retired from the work into secular life, he might preach, but he was not allowed to dispense the ordinances, unless he remained a supernumerary under the surveillance of the Conference: but in the American Church a minister might locate and still retain his orders and his parchments, and, from the pressure of necessity, these located ministers were very numerous. In attempting to unite, or re-unite these two sections, where they had come into existence side by

side, the one must give up its principle of ministerial separation from the world, or there would be opposition to the amalgamating measure from the located and local preachers on the other side. The section originating in the United States, where there is no Church establishment, might be expected to hold theoretical opinions adverse to any measures of dependence of the Church upon the State; while the other, having had its origin in a country where there was an establishment, and in the midst of the establishment itself, and, for a time, holding even a *quasi* relation to it, it is not to be supposed would entertain any conscientious scruples to any State assistance proffered to it, provided it was not made the occasion of restricting its operations. It has been thought, therefore, well to premise this much, to account for some coming perplexities which were encountered by the subject of the biography we are considering, and which embarrassed the denomination he loved so well.

We have said, that both the English and American types of that form of Christianity which we call Methodism, were in juxtaposition in Upper Canada when Mr. Richardson's attention was directed to it. This loyal retired officer and pensioner of the British crown—this catechumen of the Church of England—was destined to be arrested by the teachings of the American type of Methodism, and to embrace its interests. What might have been the result if the British form had appealed to him for acceptance, it is impossible to say. But while there were no British Wesleyan ministers nearer than Kingston, the extreme western end of the Hallowell Circuit, under the jurisdiction of the Genesee Conference of the M. E. Church, stretched away through the Smith's Creek country, and, of course, comprehended Presque Isle, where Mr. Richardson and his relations resided. The preachers on the circuit were the Reverends Wyatt Chamberlayne and Ezra Adams. The former, a clear, calm, undemonstrative preacher, was destined to be the instrument of Mr. Richardson's awakening.

The story is graphically told in the biography: the preacher, a tall, dignified man, attracts the attention of the Richardson family as he passes the window, mounted on his saddle-bag-beladen horse; inquiry is made as to who he is, and whither he is going

—they learn that he is the Methodist preacher, making his way to the residence of rural neighbours on the bay-shore. It is proposed to go and hear him, a proposal which is carried out. The text is, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," etc. Upon this text the doctrine of an inward manifestation of Christ to the soul, and of an after inter-communication between them, is raised—all are pleased, and Mr. Richardson especially is convinced, that if real religion comprehends this inward, personal experience of God's love and grace, he himself has no religion. The preacher is asked home to dinner, and is invited to preach in a barn more centrally situated than the first preaching-place. The next preacher who comes on the circuit forms a class. At the end of a six months' probation, young Richardson is made one of the stewards of the circuit. He gives the preacher and his wife a home in his own house. Next, he writes circulars to all the classes to stir them up about the preacher's salary, and every cent of his claim is made up, something very unusual in that day. He has found the peace of God at a sacramental season, held in a barn, and is soon filled with zeal for the salvation of souls. He is proposed and accepted as an exhorter, then becomes a local preacher, and is so influential among that worthy class of labourers, that he is elected secretary of their lately constituted "District Conference."

About this time, the civil disabilities that the Episcopal Methodists are subject to, because of the foreign ecclesiastical jurisdiction they are under, are felt to be increasingly irksome, and through the influential efforts of the Rev. Henry Ryan, a strong desire for independence of the mother Church in the States, on the part of many, is expressed. Mr. Richardson lends his countenance to it, at the first, but upon an interview with Bishops George and Hedding, at the then newly-organized Canada Annual Conference, in 1824, at *Hallowell*, he is induced to wait until things are in a riper state for the measure, and to use his great influence among his local brethren, to calm their agitation. And not very far on in the Conference year, 1824-25, he is induced by the presiding elder, the Rev. Thomas Madden, who had been one of his first pastors, to leave all and go out into the itinerancy, by supplying a vacancy in the York and Yonge

Street Circuit; a compliance for which he was prepared by a previously fixed conviction in his own mind, that "a dispensation of the Gospel was committed unto him," and by his wife's declaration that she "would not stand in the way of his performing his duty."

Great is the transition from the comforts of his home, at Presque Isle, to the toils and privations he had to undergo in getting settled in his laborious circuit. He removes with his family in a pent-up, cheerless sailing vessel, to the embryo Torouto, then innocent of graded streets, sidewalks, and street lamps. They reach the foot of Yonge Street in a dark night, and plod their way in the mud, the children losing some of their shoes in the journey, to the house of Mrs. Richardson's father, at the corner of King and Yonge Streets. Mr. Richardson's was the first Episcopal Methodist minister's family that ever presumed to pitch their tent in the town. There is no parsonage house, of course, and no circuit funds to pay the rent of one. Mr. Dennis offers his children the free use of an unoccupied house on Bay Street, near the corner of King, which a few dollars make habitable for the ensuing two years. The writer of this article was then a member of the Church, although a mere boy, and, as the youngest in society, he was assigned an office corresponding to his age and importance: which was to split and carry in the stove-wood, to kindle the fires for all meetings, to light the candles: duties which he performed for the honours they yielded. To these were appended the voluntary service of riding the preacher's horse to water, at the Bay, on Sundays, when Mr. Richardson's turn came to preach in the town, which was two Sabbaths out of every four. In this way, the boy somewhat lightened the duties of the minister, whose circuit extended from Lake Ontario to Lake Simcoe, and from the Humber on the west to far beyond the River Rouge on the east. Circumstances made the youthful acolyte better acquainted with Mr. Richardson than with any other minister who laboured in the circuit during the four years which intervened between the youth's conversion and his taking up the insignia of the preacher's office himself, the indispensable saddle-bags; an acquaintance, this, which produced in the neophyte the strongest affection and

respect for his senior friend that he ever entertained for any member of the Conference; respect and affection which experienced no interruption or diminution till the sorrowful day, in 1836, when that friend severed himself from the old Canada Conference. Ay, he has cause to believe, the mutual love and confidence survived the rupture of ecclesiastical ties; and he has the hope that the intimacy and love will be resumed and consummated in heaven, where there will be perfect union and communion between the members of Christ's body to all eternity.

At the next Conference, the one of 1825, Mr. Richardson, with several others, who, like himself, had been labouring one or more years under a presiding elder, was regularly received on trial for the ministry. Nearly all of these fellow-candidates, each in his own way, made their mark in the country, or Connexion at least; such as Egerton Ryerson, Anson Green, and the quaint and loveable John Black. Mr. Richardson remained, now in charge, in the York and Yonge Street Circuit, another year, with the notable Egerton Ryerson for his colleague. In those days, the preachers moved far and often: two years was the longest stay, and often it was only one year. Fort George and Queenston, Credit Indian Mission, Niagara Circuit, and Kingston succeeded to York and Yonge Street; and then, in seven years from his first going there as presiding elder's supply, he comes back to reside in the town, and to be the presiding elder himself. The next Conference year, 1832-33, he filled the editorial chair of the connexional organ, the *Christian Guardian*.

THE UNWITHERING CROWN.

THE warrior round his temple
May twine the laurel wreath,
But a curse is on its greenness,
The curse of blood and death;
A blight will quickly wither
The fairest crown of bay,
But the Christian's crown of glory
Shall never fade away.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

II.

THE noble phalanx of home missionaries, Bible-women, tract distributors, and other labourers for the evangelization of the masses, all bear testimony, in very bitterness of spirit, that the liquor traffic is the greatest barrier to the success of their efforts.

A hundred years ago, when that traffic had not nearly attained the gigantic magnitude it now possesses, John Wesley said, "We verily believe that the single sin of intemperance is destroying more souls than all the ministers in Britain are instrumental in saving."

More recently, Lord Brougham said, "Into whatever path the philanthropist may strike, the drink demon starts up before him and blocks his way."

The ignorant and irreligious masses of the people continue to multiply beyond every effort of the Church to provide evangelistic agency. Underneath the decorous surface of society a great weltering mass of infidelity, drunkenness, profligacy, and vice, continues to seethe and struggle; ever and anon breaking through the thin crust of repression in those volcanic outbursts of appalling wickedness, which are the reproach of our modern civilization. The Helots of Christian England, through the tyranny of the liquor traffic, are held in a more abject bondage than that of ancient Sparta,—a bondage not only of the body, but of soul, heart, brain, and everything that makes the man, to the foul dominion of an animal passion, of a brutal lust.

Under the very shadows of the churches, and surrounded by Christian institutions, hundreds of thousands live in practical heathenism, utterly ignoring God and everything pure, and holy, and divine; or using His sacred name only to blaspheme and to invoke His maledictions on their souls. In the city of London alone,—the great heart of Christendom, from which go forth pulsing tides of holy effort which are felt to the ends of the earth,—are over a million of souls who never enter the house

of God, nay, for most of whom there is no church accommodation even if they desired it. In Glasgow, the great industrial centre of pious, Presbyterian Scotland, one-half, and in Edinburgh one-third of the population, attend no place of worship. Nor are other towns much better; and even throughout the rural districts the plague of irreligion and indifference has spread, till millions live and die heathens in the midst of Christendom. In the words of Dr. Guthrie, that eloquent advocate of the outcast and the poor, "They know no Sabbath, read no Bible, enter no place of worship, and care neither for God nor man; bells might have been mute, and pulpits silent, and church doors shut for them. So far as they cared or were concerned, the cross, with its blessed bleeding burden, might never have stood on Calvary." It has been truly said that many parts of heathen lands, to which missionaries have been sent, are a paradise compared with many places in the very heart of London.

Such a scene is thus vividly described by Professor Kingsley, that champion of the rights of England's poor: "Go, scented Belgavians, and see what London is. Look! there is not a soul down that yard but is either beggar, drunkard, thief, or worse. Write anent that! Say how ye saw the mouth of hell, and the twa pillars thereof at the entry—the pawnbroker's shop o' one side, and the gin-palace at the other—twa monstrous deevils, eating up men and women and bairns, body and soul. Look at the jaws o' the monsters, how they open, and open and swallow in anither victim and anither. Write anent *that!* . . . Are not they a mair damnable, man-devouring idol than any red-hot statue of Moloch, or wicker Magog, wherein the auld Britons burnt their prisoners?"*

Upon God's holy day, with the sacred sound of the Sabbath bells calling to the place of prayer, the vile orgies of drunkenness are celebrated, like a carnival of fiends; and British bacchanals and mœnads wanton in revels, more like those of Gomorrah, than scenes in a Christian land. With heaven-defying impiety, multitudes trample God's commands beneath their feet, profane His day and blaspheme His name. It would seem sometimes as if the seven deadly sins were let loose, the seven last plagues

* "Alton Locke."

poured out, and pandemonium set up on earth. This British idolatry is more loathsome and degrading than that of Juggernaut. If St. Paul walked the streets of London his soul would be moved with deeper indignation at these Christian vices than even at the superstitions of the Athenians.

In the intelligent city of Manchester, every beer, wine, or spirit shop was visited by the Committee of the Manchester and Salford Temperance Society on the Sabbath-day, and the number of those who entered during *legal hours* accurately counted. For though *food* may not be sold on Sunday, this pernicious *drink* is vended under the sanction and protection of the law. The number of houses was 1,437; the number of visitors, men, 120,124; women, 71,609; children, 23,585; total, 215,318; about half of the entire population of Manchester, although many may have made several visits. We shall not pollute these pages with an account of the scenes that were witnessed in that Christian city on the Lord's Day. One district is described as a "perfect hell upon earth." One house, the "Swan Inn," was visited by 1,732 persons during the day. Many of the visitors were of very tender years. What fearful Sabbath desecration is thus caused! Besides this, it is said that there are 40,000 malsters in Great Britain employed all day long every Sunday in the manufacture of the liquor, to say nothing of those who are engaged in its sale.

The clerical testimony as to the effects of the traffic on the work of the Churches, reported by the Committee of the Lower House of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, confirms the truth of the statements above made. The following are specimens of their evidence:—

"No drunkard attends the ordinances of religion."

"Sabbath-breaking, swearing, and drunkenness go together."

"Many dare not face the pulpit."

"Those who drink most worship least."

"Produces practical atheism."

"Causes prodigious immorality."

"The violent and painful deaths of drunkards are no warning. One was roasted to death on a lime-kiln, and the same day his two sons consoled themselves by a drunken debauch."

“Men elect to give up Christ rather than the ale-house.”

Archdeacon Garbitt says, “No organization, no zeal, no piety however devoted, no personal labours however apostolic, will avail to effect any solid amelioration in the presence of the traffic.”

Rev. Canon Stowell, M.A., says, “That dark and damnable traffic has turned the day of God almost into a day of Satan, and has made it questionable whether, for the mass of the people, it would not be better to have no Sunday at all.”

The debauch begins on Saturday night, and frequently lasts all through the Sabbath and far into the week. It is said that 30,000 people go to bed drunk in Glasgow every Saturday night. The ale-house is their church, drinking their worship, and liquor their God. This vice turns the milk of human kindness into the gall of bitterness and hate; and converts the love of wife and child into a demoniac frenzy, impelling the human fiend to their destruction. *This* is the cause of that brutal wife-beating, which on the continent is considered the national characteristics of an Englishman, and not that he is in anywise devoid of the natural affections.

Besides those flagrant crimes, of which intemperance is the fruitful cause, every form of vice and evil is fostered, and stimulated, and often created by the liquor traffic. Especially is this true of that great sin and sorrow of large cities, which is known as pre-eminently the “social evil,”—that hideous vice, which blasts the fairest bloom of beauty, which tramples beneath satyr feet upon the cruel streets those blighted flowers that might have flourished fair in dear home gardens but for the lusts of sinful men;

“That blurs the blush and grace of modesty,
Makes virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers’ oaths.”

These sad waifs of humanity,—of whom there are ten thousand in the awful vortex of London alone,—blasted forever for the sins of the people, at once the victims and the Nemesis of society, are invariably sustained in their death-in-life, and

enabled to ply their loathly trade by the stimulation of liquor ; and among the devotees of the bowl are their guilty partners in debauchery chiefly found. The almost universal testimony of these unhappy daughters of sin and shame is, that they were betrayed to endless infamy when their passions were inflamed, their reason dethroned, and the upbraidings of conscience drowned, through the influence of strong drink.

The most frequent known incentive to the heaven-defying crime of suicide is intemperance ; either as the cause of domestic misery, mental depression, or libertine life ; or, as inflaming the mind and nerving the hand to the immediate commission of the fatal deed. We have also seen that it otherwise destroys the lives of 60,000 persons every year, one hundred and sixty every day, or seven every hour. In view of these appalling facts every lover of his race must share the feeling expressed by the prophet : " O that mine head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people !"

This national vice produces also national degeneracy and degradation, debauches the public conscience, is the facile instrument of bribery and political corruption, and leads British electors to betray their country into the hands of demagogues and social pirates, and to barter their birthright as freemen for a vile mess of pottage. Instances are known where as much as £20,000 have been expended at a single election in thus corrupting the morals of the people, sapping the foundations of the Constitution and destroying the palladium of the public liberty.

Every criminal or economical statistician bears witness that the amount of crime and pauperism is in a direct ratio to the extent of the liquor trade. By some of the highest authorities the proportion of these evils directly attributable to intemperance is placed as high as nine-tenths, or even as ninety-nine hundredths. Irrefutable evidence of the truth of this stupendous assertion will hereafter be adduced.

It will not be denied that intemperance is the mother of ignorance, that fruitful cause of social debasement and crime.

Horace Mann asserts, " Intemperance is a upas tree planted in

the field of education, and before education can flourish this tree must be cut down."

This is also strikingly confirmed by the statistics of Ragged Schools, as given by Dr. Guthrie. Fully ninety-nine hundredths of the scholars in those schools, he asserts, are the children of drunkards. With pathetic eloquence he exclaims: "With respect to them I may put into the mouth of our country the complaint, 'My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.' Ignorance is their sole, sad inheritance. They are punished for it, impoverished for it, imprisoned for it, banished for it, hanged for it. The 'voice heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping' falls on our ears. Rachel is weeping for her children. Herod is dead, yet the innocents are slaughtered. Subjects in the time past only thought of punishment, I call on Justice to sheathe the sword, and lift up her shield, and throw it over the heads of these unhappy children. And next, I call on Religion to leave her temples, and, like a mother seeking a lost child, to go forth to the streets, and gather in those infants for Jesus' arms—save those gems for a Saviour's crown."

We have thus endeavoured to show the sinfulness and immorality of the conversion of the people's food into a liquid poison, which naturally destroys not only their bodies but their souls. In view of the accumulated wickedness and misery caused by that traffic, small wonder that the indignation of that Christian philanthropist just quoted finds expression in this solemn indictment: "Before God and man, before the Church and the world, I impeach Intemperance. I charge it with the murder of innumerable souls. I charge it as the cause of almost all the poverty, and crime, and misery, and ignorance, and irreligion, that disgrace and afflict the land. I do in my conscience believe that these intoxicating stimulants have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in that deluge, which swept over the highest hill-tops, engulfing a world of which but eight were saved." Of other vices, as compared with this, it might be said, "They have slain their thousands, but Intemperance its tens of thousands."

The whole system is accursed. It scorches, scars, and brands all who come nigh it, or have aught to do with it. There is con-

tamination and pollution in its very contact. The drunkard himself is guilty of moral suicide. "This vice," said St. Augustine, fourteen hundred years ago, "is a flattering devil, a sweet poison, a pleasant sin, which, whosoever doth commit, committeth not a single sin, but becomes the slave of all manner of sin."

But the most solemn and awful responsibility rests upon the manufacturers and dealers connected with this vile traffic. "I would rather," says John B. Gough, "be what I have been as a drunkard, than I would be the man to stand behind the counter and give him the drink that made him drunk." The purest moralists of every age agree in the denunciation of this traffic in blood. "I never see the sign 'Licensed to sell spirits,' " says McCheyne, "without thinking it a license to ruin souls. Wretched men, do you not know that every penny that rings on your counter shall eat your flesh as if it were fire; that every drop of liquid poison swallowed in your gas-lit palaces, will only serve to kindle up the flame of the fire that is not quenched."

Lord Viscount Lonsdale, in the debate on the Gin Bill, in 1743, said: "I must look upon every man who takes out a license as a sort of devil set up to tempt men to get drunk."

The Rev. Albert Barnes writes: "The great principles of the Bible, the spirit of the Bible and a thousand texts of the Bible, are pointed against it; and every step the trafficker takes he infringes on the spirit and bearing of some declaration of God."

We have over and over again seen the stern vehemence with which John Wesley denounces this godless traffic.

Even the publicans themselves have not the approval of their conscience in the wretched trade. "There is no hope for me," said one in a dying hour, "for I have been making a living at the mouth of hell." Another who had spent years in the traffic remarked, "It is the most damnable business in which a man ever engaged." Another, who had abandoned the traffic, was asked why he gave up such a lucrative business, and replied as follows:—

"In looking over my account book one day I counted up the names of forty-four men who had been regular customers of mine, most of them for years. Thirty-two of these men, to my certain knowledge, had gone down to a drunkard's grave, and ten

of the remaining twelve were then living, confirmed sots! I was appalled and horrified. To remain in such a dreadful, degrading, and murderous trade, I could not; hence I abandoned it."

It is not merely the retail dealer, or low tavern-keeper on whom the responsibility of the traffic, and the curse that ever accompanies it, shall rest. The great manufacturers, the wholesale dealers, the respectable wine and spirit merchants, the men of vast wealth, gotten by wrong, the great landlords and owners of vast estates, the members of parliament and great capitalists who are regarded as the bulwarks of the country, these are equally guilty with the vulgar publican, who is their mere factor for the performance of the ignoble work, of which they are ashamed. Nay, as the prime agents and chief supporters of the ungodly traffic are they not much *more* guilty than he?

"It is the capital of the rich," wrote Rev. W. E. Channing, "which surrounds men with temptation to self-murder. The retailer takes shelter under the wholesale dealer, from whom he purchases the pernicious draught, and has he not a right to do so? Can we expect *him* to be sensitive, when he treads in the steps of men of reputation?"

No morbid sympathy with the agents of the traffic should prevent our arriving at just conclusions as to its enormity. No garments of respectability can hide its horrid loathsomeness. Wrap it in silk, clothe it in purple, bedeck it with the ermine of the law, it is still the same grinning skeleton, fetid with the odour of the grave. Wrong is wrong for ever, and no sanctions of the law can make it right. The whole business is essentially dishonest. It gives no worthy equivalent for the hard-won earnings of its victims. It is a crying fraud. Its factors are the chief agents and allies of Satan in beguiling men to their everlasting ruin. Like human ghouls, they batten on the blood and lives of their fellow-men. They heap up colossal fortunes by the ruin of others. They rear their houses on a pile of their victim's bones. Their gold and their silver is cankered. The rust of them shall be a witness against them. Gouts of blood are on every coin. The palaces they build are haunted with the spectres of the souls they wreck. Let them get some honest calling; nor bring the wolf of want howling at their neighbour's door, that

they may live in luxury. Let them bethink them of the fact that they are every year sending down sixty thousand hapless victims—fathers, husbands, brothers, wives—to a drunkard's grave and to a drunkard's hell.

A hundred years ago, that stern iconoclast of wrong, John Wesley, wrote thus of the unholy trade: "The men who traffic in ardent spirit, and sell to all who will buy, are poisoners-general; they are murderers of His Majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity or spare. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is on their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood, is there; the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood. And canst thou hope, O man of blood, though thou art clothed in scarlet, and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day, canst thou hope to deliver down the field of blood to the third generation? Not so; there is a God in heaven; therefore thy name shall be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed, both body and soul, thy memorial shall perish with thee."

It is no defence to quote the authority of the law, the license of the Government. No man, nor body of men, have any moral right to issue or to receive such a license as that. "Licensed," to scatter firebrands, arrows and death; "Licensed" to set men's souls on fire with fire of hell;

"Licensed to make the strong man weak,
Licensed to lay the brave man low;
Licensed, the wife's fond heart to break
And make the orphan's tears to flow.

"Licensed to do thy neighbour harm,
Licensed to kindle hate and strife;
Licensed to nerve the robber's arm,
Licensed to whet the murderer's knife.

"Licensed, where peace and quiet dwell,
To bring disease, and want, and woe;
Licensed to make this world a hell,
And fit man for a hell below."

Of what avail will be such a "license" as that when the Righteous Judge shall make inquisition for blood?

TWO VISIONS.

BY JOHN MACDONALD, M.P.

A TIRED and wearied worker,
So tired he longed for rest,
Yet felt he could not find it
Till plenty he possessed.

He had one day a vision
That his resting-time was near,
And that his means were ample
To save from anxious fear.

But with that dream so pleasing
A shudder o'er him ran—
“What if this be a vision—
I still a toiling man !

“And what, if distant ever,
The means I dreamt I had !”
And the vision lost its charm,
And the wearied man was sad.

But there came another vision,
It filled him first with fears—
A house all draped in mourning,
And sad ones shedding tears ;

Till an angel entered gently,
Then bright the house as day,
He calmed the weeping mourners,
And wiped their tears away.

Then on his heavenly mission
The angel gladly sped,
Beneath his loving touches
Sorrow and suffering fled.

He whispered to the sleeper—
“If you, too, would be blest,
Go, find in works of mercy
Your treasure and your rest.

“ True riches these for ever ;
 Gold, all must leave behind—
 Better than all earth’s treasure
 Are loving words and kind.”

The wearied man awakened,
 But his weariness was past ;
 One vision nigh misled him,
 But the lessons of the last

Brought him to pray thus earnest,
 “ To me, let strength be given,
 Father, to do Thy will on earth,
 And find my rest in Heaven.”

OAKLANDS, Sept., 1876.

MEMORIALS OF TRISTRAM BICKLE, ESQ., OF HAMILTON, CANADA.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.

ON Friday morning, April 23rd, 1875, in the city of Hamilton, a venerable and saintly man passed from the kingdom of grace into the kingdom of glory. He was deservedly held in high esteem by all who knew him, and many of the readers of the *METHODIST MAGAZINE* will peruse with deep interest a sketch of the life of Tristram Bickle.

This paper has not been written to eulogize the dead, but to edify the living. Extravagant eulogiums of departed friends are exceedingly unseemly and distasteful; but it is surely in accord with the Divine Word to set before men a manly and truthful outline of the prominent traits in the life and character of the deceased servants of God, and to glorify that grace by which, alone, they have been made holy in life and victorious in death.

The task which I have undertaken is simply to compile from Mr. Bickle’s manuscripts and diaries, some of the leading

incidents of his life. My chief difficulty lies in making the best selections out of so much valuable material, in order to keep within the prescribed limit of the obituary pages of this Magazine.

He says, in the opening of his journal,—

“I have thought it right to make a few notes respecting my life and Christian experience, which my friends may peruse with some interest after I am no more.

“ ‘Where shall my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeemed from death and sin;
A brand plucked from eternal fire;
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer’s praise?’ ”

“I was born in the parish of Northlew, in the county of Devon, England, January 6th, 1801, at a beautiful farm called Whyddon, which my father owned in fee. My father was a man of scrupulous honesty, sound judgment, steady habits, of good natural disposition, kind and benevolent, and respected by all who knew him. My mother was an active, intelligent woman, delighting to be useful and to do good to others, a liberal and kind friend to the poor and needy. I was educated in schools where the outward form of the Christian religion was taught, and was easily impressed with good feelings and desires; but the evil example that surrounded me, and the depravity of my heart, led me into sin. I was of a cheerful disposition, fond of singing songs and of pleasant company.”

Thus was he brought up, under strict family discipline, and in regular attendance on the services of the Church of England; and at fifteen we find him an active, intelligent lad, buoyant in spirit, cheerful, and fond of company; often led into sin, and a stranger to the power of godliness. About this time, he went to hear a Methodist preacher. On entering the meeting, the congregation were singing the hymn: “Let earth and heaven agree” etc. The words of the hymn, the earnestness of the preacher, and his remarks upon the text, affected him deeply. He says, “The Word came home to me like a hammer. The preacher described my condition to the life. I had tried, sometimes,

praying and resolving to serve God, but when provoked or tempted I again sinned as before. Now I saw my sad condition in the sight of God, and cried to Him for mercy and help. I went home, with my conscience tormented with guilt, and my soul oppressed with sorrow. I cried to the Lord for deliverance, but knew nothing of the way of salvation. I sought the company of pious persons, but there were few within my reach. Methodism had just begun its God-like work in a neighbourhood where the people were nearly as ignorant as the heathen about God's plan of salvation. The next Sabbath, I gladly went to meeting, and was somewhat comforted by the sermon. I determined not to rest until I had found peace of mind; and gave up my old companions, resolved to serve the Lord with all my heart. My father and friends were prejudiced against the Methodists, and thought them the false prophets spoken of by Christ. Totally ignorant of true religion or Christian experience, they laughed at me, and did all they could to hinder me. They were alarmed at the change in my conduct; and my father insisted on my leaving the meetings, and threatened to disinherit me if I did not quit the Methodists. I believe my father and mother were afraid that my character and habits would be injured by mixing with those people; and their fears were more excited by the circumstance, that some had lately joined Society whose previous character had been immoral. I cannot describe the trials I underwent. I did not like to displease my parents, but was determined to save my soul at any price."

Here we see the influences which contributed to the formation of his character, and which served to develop the qualities by which he became conspicuous in the service of the Master. He is in the midst of unfavourable surroundings. His parents are utterly hostile to Methodism, and try to take from him the only religious help he can get. But he is fully resolved upon a change of life. His convictions of sin are so deep and pungent that he will not rest until he has found peace with God. A compromise was effected, by which he was permitted to attend another congregation, about three miles from his home; and gladly he walked that distance twice a week, because he had less opposition from his parents. Indeed, his mother would occasionally go

with him, and began to feel much interested in true religion, and then became his staunch friend in the good way. He had not yet found the pearl of forgiveness, but sought to know the will of God. On this all-important change, which lay at the foundation of his future Christian usefulness, he writes :—

“ About this time, at a class-meeting, when I happened to be absent, two were set at liberty. The next week I was at class, and was greatly encouraged and comforted by hearing their testimony of having received pardon and the witness of adoption. I felt my faith increased, but could not believe to salvation. After class-meeting I went to a friend’s house, where a few who had found peace were praying. They continued in prayer until midnight, and there the Lord poured out His Spirit upon me, and filled me with His love. We met again at five, next morning, after which I returned home rejoicing.”

The long-sought peace was at last bestowed ; the load and the darkness were taken away ; his soul did magnify the Lord, and his spirit rejoiced in God his Saviour.

Shortly after, the new convert was taken with typhoid fever ; and with the prospect of death before him, fears and doubts began to enter, troubling his new-found rest. But looking to the Lord, and praying for a clear sense of acceptance, He graciously heard and answered his prayer, and filled his soul with peace and joy in believing. He recovered, however, from the fever, although its effects were never entirely eradicated from his system. While in a weak state, his mother sickened, and died of the same fever ; and he lost his faithful friend who sought to cherish the work of God in his soul. Shortly after, his father also died. He then removed to Holsworthy, where he lived with his brother-in-law, who also opposed the sect “ everywhere spoken against.” But while his decision and firmness in religious things brought him persecution, he faltered not in his convictions of duty, and chose “ rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.” God honoured his decision and self-denial, and gave him inward peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

An apt scholar in the school of Christ, his profiting appeared unto all. He was invited to hold prayer-meetings, and was soon,

without his knowledge, put on the plan of the circuit as an exhorter. In August, 1819, he received his first appointment as a local preacher. He writes:—

“I had now such peace and power as lifted me above my trials. While learning my business as chemist and druggist, I laboured hard on Sabbath, walking great distances, and preaching two or three times a day. I had to study hard, by night and day, to learn what was necessary for my business, and to prepare sermons and matter for them. I culled from all the sources at my command. I had the use of a good library, and the Lord wonderfully assisted me. I was planned on two circuits at once, and preached often on week-nights besides. I enjoyed much of the Holy Ghost, destroying the corruptions of my heart, producing deadness to the world and much peace and joy.”

Thus, while “diligent in business” he was “fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.” “To do good and to communicate,” he did not “forget.” Divinely illumined himself, he was soon engaged in efforts for the spiritual enlightenment of others. He became a diligent student of the Holy Scriptures, and sought assiduously for new gems of divine truth in their depths of ever-brightening lustre. He studied carefully the Methodist system of doctrine, and the character of his preaching was devout, forcible, logical, and thoroughly Scriptural in tone.

For more than fifty years he held the office of a local preacher. The last Sabbath he was ever out of his house, was to fill an appointment on the plan of the Hannah Street Church, Hamilton, preaching with great unction and acceptability; and the foundations of that thorough acquaintance with Methodist theology and Bible doctrine, that so eminently characterized him, were laid while as a young man he was preparing for commercial life.

In August, 1822, he was united in marriage to Miss Higgs, a lady, in every respect, worthy of his choice. By this union his happiness and usefulness were greatly increased.

Concerning this important event, he makes the following entry in his journal:—“Our’s was a Christian courtship; we were married in the fear of the Lord, and His blessing was upon us. I was very thankful to God for a good wife. Being the youngest

of the family, my father and mother dead, and my brother and sisters married, the comfort to me of a bosom friend and wise counsellor was very great."

Shortly after this he was appointed the leader of the class, an office, the duties of which he faithfully discharged to the very close of his valued life. He fulfilled the duties of a class-leader with exemplary diligence and fidelity, and ministered to the comfort and edification of the members of his class. No one, who ever enjoyed his kind and watchful care, can forget his judicious counsels, faithful admonitions, and earnest exhortations.

Mr. Bickle was now fairly launched in business, and actively engaged in Church-work; being a local preacher, leader, trustee, and recording steward. He enjoyed his home; his affection for his wife, who was devoted to the welfare of her household, was strong. Children were born unto them. Of his first-born, he writes, "My feelings on the occasion of his birth cannot be described. I rejoiced with great joy and thankfulness to God. I called him John Wesley. Soon God gave us another pledge of our love: a fine little girl, and I called her Eliza, after her mother. In October, 1828, my son, William Jordan, was born. My gratitude to God was very great for His preserving mercy."

Then came days of darkness: personal and family affliction, the visit of the dreadful cholera, stagnation of business, and losses on every side. But in the midst of business reverses and anxieties, as well as heavy family affliction, he was sustained by the consoling and elevating power of godliness. In the fall of 1833 he made up his mind to dispose of his goods and emigrate to America; and spent the winter in winding up his affairs and preparing to cross the Atlantic. He writes, "How thankful I am that God, in His kind providence, so over-ruled events that I had left, after all my losses, something comfortable to go to Canada with, and begin the world again."

On the 15th of March, 1834, the family set sail from Plymouth, on board the "Minerva," bound for New York. The passage was a quick one for those days, but they suffered shipwreck. He records, "On the 7th of April the vessel struck on a bar of sand, off Rockaway Beach, Long Island, about half a mile from the shore; and there she was wrecked. The horrors of that

awful night I shall never forget. The vessel broke, and soon filled to the cabin. The air was rent with the shrieks and cries and prayers of the passengers, who expected every moment to be launched into eternity. But the Lord so ordered it, that in the place where the vessel struck there was no rock. She got embedded in the sand; and although broken in two, and the sea washing over her, she kept together until we were taken off. We remained on the wreck till the next day, about two o'clock, before any assistance could be rendered; owing to the strong wind that blew towards the shore. When the wind ceased a little, it was with great difficulty that we were saved, through the exertions of the wreck-master and his men; but everything we had, except the clothing upon us, was left in the wreck. I shall never forget the gratitude we felt when we were all safely landed. I believe that the Lord, in answer to prayer, saved every one on board."

They gathered up the few things saved from the wreck, and started for Upper Canada, reaching St. Thomas early in May. He had been advised to settle there; but when he arrived he was greatly disappointed, everything appeared so rough and new. There was no opening for his business, and he scarcely knew what to do. However, he purchased a farm on Talbot Road, determined to do the best he could, until something more suitable, in the providence of God, should appear. He felt the absence of religious privileges. There were no Wesleyan Methodists near. He was cordially attached to the Church of his choice. By its ministry he had been brought to a knowledge of the truth; its ordinances and social means of grace were to him as "wells of salvation." With characteristic zeal and energy he published for a service in the school-house on the next Sabbath, and preached to a large congregation. He states, "After service I invited the people to assist me in beginning a Sabbath-school, which they readily did, and in a short time we had sixty scholars. I preached every Sabbath for five weeks before I saw a Wesleyan minister; and when the Rev. Samuel Rose came from Conference, he was surprised and delighted to find preaching established, and a Sabbath-school."

The unwearied zeal and labour and devotion of such men in

the new settlements of Canada, have largely contributed to make Methodism what it is to-day.

Mr. Bickle dwells with delight upon his first interview with the Rev. Wm. Ryerson, who advised him to go to Hamilton as a good place to enter upon his own business, and in the following year he settled in that town. By his integrity, close attention, and perseverance, he soon succeeded in establishing a good business.

In August 31st, 1835, he makes the following entry: "I thank and praise the Lord for all His mercies to me, and to my dear wife and children. I have good health and spirits, my mind is happy, and I am blessed with religious privileges and a comfortable society once more. There is a fine prospect of doing well if times are good and the town prospers."

Here we find him soon actively engaged as a local preacher, Sunday-school superintendent, class-leader, and discharging various other duties in connection with the Church, and he says, "The more I do for the Lord's cause and Church, the happier I am." He could not be idle; and in his new relations and surroundings he found a sphere of usefulness and development.

In February, 1840, Mr. Bickle chronicles a gracious revival in the city. "On the 18th, John and Eliza are both seeking the Lord, William is also under conviction. Oh, how I praise the Lord for His mercies. If He had given me thousands upon thousands of wealth, it would sink into insignificance when compared with this blessing. This answer to my earnest prayer relieves my anxieties and eases my heart respecting them." Oh, that Christian parents, instead of seeking to make their children conspicuous in circles of wealth or fashion, would labour earnestly for the spiritual welfare of their offspring, and rest not until they have found the "pearl of great price!"

Referring to his own spiritual state, he says, "My soul has been much blessed; I have felt the cleansing power of Jesus, and have been filled with His love. I have enjoyed much of the presence of God, but have been sometimes much tempted, and would feel the risings of my old besetting sin, *i.e.*, irritability, as sudden as lightning, so that I have had to watch in humbleness and fear lest I should grieve the Holy Spirit."

Here we have laid open to us the "sin which did so easily

beset him," and against which he struggled. How true it is that sometimes some of God's dear children are surpassed naturally in good qualities and dispositions by others who make no pretensions to the Christian character. And yet the struggling child of God has had a better fight for spiritual life than the one whose heart has been open to all the sweet and generous influences of natural goodness. Oh, the power of grace to subdue evil habits and change passions that like tigers pace to and fro in the soul and would rise up and rend us!

From 1853 to 1857, his journal is filled with references to the labours of that "blessed man of God, James Caughey," and to the "precious seasons" enjoyed during the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. In January, 1860, he writes, "I am fifty-nine years old to-day. I bless the Lord for His sparing mercy. I begin this year with happy feelings. New Year's day was one of the most blessed in my life. Oh, how my soul was filled with love, with heaven, with God."

In the summer of 1868, it pleased the Lord to bereave the aged couple of their only daughter, a lady who, in filial affection, sisterly graces, cultivation of mind, strength and tenderness of friendship, devoted piety, pity for the poor, and love for the young, was a pattern to her sex. Her life for many years had been wholly consecrated to the Lord, and during her illness she embraced every opportunity to draw others to the Saviour, saying, "I must speak for Jesus while I breathe." Her death was triumphant. The last words, uttered by her in a low tone, were, "The angels are come." Though the hearts of the parents were wrung with anguish, they were enabled to bow in chastened submission. Yet the loss was keenly felt, as the following record will show:—

"If the Lord had not supported me and my dear wife in a very especial manner, we could not have borne it. Her sufferings and death seemed too much to bear, it seemed as if our hearts would break, but the Lord had mercy on us. Our loss is very great. She was the light and comfort of the house. She took everything off her mother's shoulders, and everything that could be done to contribute to our happiness she did. We shall soon join her in yonder heaven."

Two little ones had gone before, and now their hearts were linked to heaven by an additional tie of love. Grace triumphed, but nature shook beneath the heavy blow; and the daughter's death sensibly told on the health of each of the parents. The mother became more and more feeble, and he writes, "August 31st, 1872. This is our fiftieth wedding day, but instead of keeping a golden wedding feast, I am nursing my poor dear wife, who is very ill. The ways of God are mysterious, but always just and right."

On the 22nd day of the same month, in the following year, Mrs. Bickle, after enduring a long and painful illness, entered into rest. To the aged Christian, so pure-hearted, and simple, and upright, and affectionate, and self-sacrificing, death was gain; to the bereaved husband her removal was an irreparable loss. But he was sustained by the power of Christ, and was found urging his way to the heavenly abode. His words are, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

Here the entries in his diary cease. But the last few months of his life were marked by a rich experience of Divine things. He was becoming more and more meet for the heavenly inheritance. He shared largely in the sanctifying influences which attended the labours of the Rev. J. S. Inskip and Rev. Wm. McDonald in the Centenary Church during the month of January, 1875. One of the last public acts of his life was to preside at the Anniversary of the Hamilton Branch Bible Society. He was for many years the senior Vice-President of the Society. In 1856, he was chosen President, and worthily filled the office for nineteen years. Possessed of excellent understanding and a clear judgment, of great zeal and catholicity of spirit, of strong convictions and firm principles, of intelligent piety and large experience, loving earnestly the Word of God, and giving his best energies to its diffusion, he was just the man for the office, and always discharged his duties as President with dignity and godly sincerity. At the meeting he remarked that this was probably the last anniversary he should have the privilege of attending: his references to himself were prophetic, for a few days after he was seized with fatal illness. Through weeks of suffering, when disease pressed heavily upon him, and when wearisome days and nights were appointed unto him, entire resignation ruled his

spirit. His sufferings were most intense and excruciating, although everything that medical skill could suggest was done for him, and he was watched over and cared for with a filial tenderness, such as is seldom witnessed. The Word of God greatly consoled him. He would ask for the promises, and when read to him, they ministered greatly to the confirmation of his hope and the increase of his joy. Dwelling on the "border land," he longed for a full release, and would say, "I want to be at rest—I want to go home."

On the morning of the 23rd of April, 1875, he resigned his spirit into the hands of his Redeemer, and passed to his great and glorious recompense, leaving us the assured hope that he is numbered among those of whom it is said, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

HAMILTON, Ont.

THE ARTIST'S CREED.

BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

(*Written in his eighty-third year, A.D. 1557.*)

TIME, my frail bark o'er a rough ocean guides
 Swift to that Port, where all must touch that live,
 And of their actions, good or evil, give
 A strict account, where Truth supreme presides.
 As to fond Fancy, in which Art confides,
 And even her idol and her monarch makes,
 Full well I know how largely it partakes
 Of Error; but frail man in error prides;
 My thoughts once prompt round hurtful things to twine,
 What are they now, when two dread paths are near?
 The one impends, the other shakes his spear.
 Painting and Sculpture's aid in vain I crave:
 My only refuge is that Love Divine
 Which from the Cross stretched forth its power to save..

BROTHER HARKLISS ; OR, THE HIGHER LIFE
EXEMPLIFIED.

BY MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

AN aged negro, most of whose life had been spent in bondage, but who was now rejoicing in liberty, appeared one day at the study of an eminent minister and introduced himself as "Brother Harkliss Jones, from Sou' Caliny."

The good minister shivered at the thought of another clerical beggar for church money, to be spent, as so much of it usually is, in the travelling expenses of the applicant. "Well, Brother Harkliss," he asked with patient kindness, "what can I do for you?"

"You can *listen to me*, brudder," replied Harkliss with a princely air.

"I'll do that if you'll be short; but my time is very precious, brother," answered the pastor.

"So is mine, brudder!" exclaimed the visitor with a dignity which almost startled the minister. "You and I's both servants of de King, and His business always 'quires haste."

"Yes; and your church wants a little help, I suppose, after the war. Well, I'm glad they sent a sensible man for it."

"No, sir. My church is de Church Universal, and dat has got de Mighty One of Jacob for her help, and needn't go beggin' of nobody! I come to *give* and not to *ax*, sir."

"Then you've got some money for my church, I suppose," said the minister, smiling.

"No, sir; what I've got to give will come closer home to you than to your church."

"Well, what have you to give me then?"

"A little advice and a heap of comfort. I come up from my old home 'cause my chil'n and gran' chil'n was bound for to come. I was as near de Lord onde banks of de Great Pedee as I ever 'spects to be up here; and dere was as many souls for to save down dere; as dere is up here. But young folks, you know, is songunery (sanguine) in dere views, and mighty 'strob'lous in carryin' on

'em out. Dey got a notion—poor things—that every foot o' land up North was sanctified by Mr. Lincoln's sperit, and that the arth yielded like it did afore the cuss fell on it—without labour or sweat! Dey thought de North was a little heaven whar no man had to say to his neighbour, 'Love ye de Lord,' 'kase dey all love Him a'ready. I told 'em dere was work and poverty and sin up here, like dere was down home; for I've seen Northern folks plenty in my young days, and mighty hard ones dey was too! But my chil'n dey 'phoo'd' at me, and said 'mong demsel's, 'Daddy, he's 'hind de times. If we goes he'll soon foller.' Now dey was right dere, for nex' to de Lord, I loves my chil'n and gran' chil'n. When I see dey was comin', I packed up my bundle and come too. It 'peared like I saw a great shinin' finger in de dark cloud one night pointin' due north. 'Den,' says I, 'dat's my pillar o' fire, and wher I'm sent I'll go, and de Lord will have my work all laid out ready for me.' So here I be, sir."

"And you want me to set you to work?"

"Not a bit o' it, sir; on de contr'y, I wants to set *you* to work! Dat's what I'm comed here for dis mornin'."

The cool composure of the sable guest fairly astonished the gentleman used to so much deference and respect; and he asked, in a tone of surprise, "What do you mean, brother?"

"Well, I've been to hear you preach two Sundays, and I've made up my mind dat you're off de track! You talks like it was a chance anyhow, whether we saints gets to heaven after all. Dere was too many 'ifs' in your sermons. De Master hadn't no 'ifs' in His preachin'. His gospel is 'Him dat believes *shall* be saved.' 'Him dat comes *I will in no wise* cast out.' 'Come unto Me, you dat is tired and heavy laden, and *I will* give you rest.' '*Der is no condemnation* to dem dat are in Christ Jesus.' 'Whar I am, dere *shall* My people be also.' 'I give eternal life unto as many as My Father give Me, and *none shall* pluck dem out of My hands.' Isn't dat good gospel, sir?"

"Yes, and I believe every word of it," replied the minister.

"Is dere any chance, think you, for Satan to slip in by a trick and upset de great work of redemption?"

"No."

"Den why don't you tell people so? One sarmon o' your'n was

tellin' all 'bout de doubts Satan pushes into de hearts of de Lord's people. Why dat sarmon was mor'n half 'devil,' all through! and another was tellin' de saints dat dey must do dis and dat and t'other, to get peace and comfort here and heaven beyont. If you believe dat Christ died and rose again, and dat 'kase He lives we shall live also, why don't you comfort God's people wid dese words? Let de devil alone for awhile in your preachin' (you'll get 'nuff o' him widout makin' so much on him), and just preach Christ, Christ, Christ! 'Pears like I don't want to hear nothin' else but just only dat dear name, while I stays here in de flesh. I rises every mornin' in Christ, and I walks and talks wid Him all day. When night comes I lies down and sleeps wid Him, like it was my last sleep, and I mought wake next morning wid Him in glory! I'm black and poor and old to de eyes of de world; but I'm fair and rich and fresh in His sight, 'kase *I'm in Him*. All dat He has got is mine, and dere ain't a king on arth dat old Harkliss would change places wid. No, no, no!"

"But while you never doubt God's power to save, you sometimes have doubts of your acceptance with Him, haven't you?" asked the minister, who was, by this time, seated meekly taking his lesson.

"No, never; why should I? Dere was a night once, long time ago, when my soul was 'ceeding sorrowful, like de Master's when He was in de garden. I felt like I was helpless for dis life, and I had no light on de world beyont. I hated my hard massa, and I most hated God too, for not givin' me a better lot. I was out in de cane-brake all alone, a mile away from any livin' cretur.' I felt like I wanted to kill myself 'kase my massa he done gone and sold my wife and baby! Dat ar night I got a hiint in my soul what hell was; and as I sat dere a thought come into me and I spoke it out. 'Dere isn't no God,' says I. And dem words skeart me so't I sprung right off de ground whar I was lyin'! I was bewildered, I reckons; for all of a suddent I see a great white hand sweep back de dark night, and a light shined all 'roun' 'bout me. I didn't see nobody, but I felt strong arms about me, and in a minute my poor, aching head was leaning on somebody's breast; and, oh, what a place dat was to rest on! Den a

voice said, 'Come unto Me, poor, tired, and heavy-laden soul, and I will give you rest.' Den I knowed dere was a God, and dat it was de voice of His Son in my soul. I've been a new man since dat night; but half de time I been only a common sort of a Christian, *like you*, risin' and fallin', hopin' and doubtin'; such a Christian as puzzles de world to know whether dere is any good in 'ligion or not!

"I was a waiter in dem days, and was a good deal with de white folks, and it was fash'nable 'mong dem for to doubt, and mourn, and whine, when dey talked 'ligion; and I used to forget dat night in de canebrake, and fell into de fashion of de gran' folks. But it didn't work with me, and I got into darkness. Den I'd try to fight my own way out of de swamp; but de more I tried de faster I stuck. Den I would try to hire de Lord to lift me out of de horrible pit and de miry clay, by good works. helpin' de weak field hands, or givin' away my pocket money, But we never made a bargain—de Lord and me! He always brung me low till I was glad to get peace free; and to take away all chance o' braggin' from me. He generally brought de peace when I was asleep and doin' no good works. Den I would wake wid glory in my soul, and I would run on mighty peart for a spell. I didn't know what Christ was den. He was in me; but dere was plenty else in me besides Him."

"Come here and sit in this large chair, brother; it is more comfortable than that one," said the minister in a subdued voice, as if addressing a superior. "I want to hear how you got clear of the tempter, and filled with Christ at last."

"Oh, well, it isn't no great story, but here it is:—Dere was an old col'd sister dey used to call Gimsey, a sort of a preacher like 'mong de field hands. Well, when she come down to her death-bed, she done call all massa's people and de neighbourin' black folks 'round her, 'kase she said she'd been in heaven a whole hour, and come back to give us a word of comfort. We gathered 'bout her, and she lift up her two hands and pray dis way: 'Lor' Jesus, answer dis one pra'er of mine, for dy own name sake. It is old Gimsey's last pra'er: de next word wid me will be praise and hallelujahs. Bring dese poor chil'n into de light, like You bring me into de light fifty year ago. Don't let Brudder-

Harkliss cast contempt no longer on dy blessed name by doubtin of dy word which is truth! Humble proud Jenny, and in massy (mercy) punish drunk Dose, and comfort lone Polly, and cure sick Abe, and bring all the rest to dy feet here, and to dy house up dere by-an'-by!' Den she open her eyes and begun for to preach, and she give each one a separate little sarmon all to hisself. She den call me. 'Come here, Brudder Harkliss, and take my cold hand in yourn.' I went, and she said, 'Oh Harkliss, Harkliss! you's worse den an onprofitable sarvant! You's half de time barrin' false witness agin de Lord dat bought you, and tellin' de world dat His Word ain't for to be trusted,—dat He don't always speak truth!'

"'No, no,' says I, 'auntie, I never done dat; I trust Him wid all my heart.'

"'Mebby you do, right here on de varge o' heaven; but quick's you gets out you'll say, "Dere's no tellin' whether I'll ever reach heaven or not.'" 'Harkliss,' says she, '*do ye believe* de Lord has writ yer name on de palms of His hans, and His name on your forehead?'

"I bowed down my head in shame, for I see my sin. And den de truth of God shone out like a great sun, as I never see it afore. My soul was full of glory, such like as de world never sees, and I says, 'Yes, auntie, He has told me time and again dat He is mine and dat I am His.' 'Do you believe He speak de truth, Harkliss?' says she. 'Yes, auntie,' says I, 'I *know* now He does. I sees His word like fire.' 'Den you quit a doubtin' afore de world,' says she. 'Harkliss, if you'd been as disrespectful to your owner as you've been to de great Master, and if you'd gone round sayin', he's promised me such and such, but I doubt he'll not keep his word—he'd sold you into de rice swamps a hundred times in dese years! Better cut off yer right hand and pluck out yer right eye dan to doubt the truth of His Word. You is His, for He bought you wid His own precious blood; and as sure as He's in heaven you shall go dere too! I'm tired, chil'n, and must go to sleep. Good night.'

"Dere, sir, dem was old Gimsey's last words on earth; de next one she spoke was 'Glory' fore de trone.

"Well, dere was a great light all through my soul den dat has

never gave out sence. 'Pears like de Lord is in de midst of it, where I can feel His presence, and when de 'ifs' and 'may-bes' comes round trying to break my peace, I shouts out, no matter who hears me, 'De Lord says dat I am His, and dat whar He am, dar I shall be also; and His Word endureth for ever.' Den the 'ifs' all fly off like they were unclean birds, and leave me in de light! Why, sir, I's got de world so under my feet dat nothin' in it can worry me, only de sin I sees; and dat will be cleared off some day. De Lord's chil'n got a good right to glory; and nobody—no, not de devil, dat you make such 'count on—can't take it 'way from 'em! Now my errant's done here. You stick to de gospel—Christ, Christ—and you'll see de glory come down on yer people, and soon see them a tramplin' on de world. Good-bye, sir."

The minister rose and took the hand of his guest, kindly saying, "Let me write your name down, brother; for I want to see you again and to know you better. How do you spell Harkliss?"

"Her-c-less—I don't guess I can 'member it, for it's nigh unto forty years since I larnt how to spell it from my young master. He said I was named after one of dem heathen goddishes dat dey used to make believe dey had in old times. He's 'mong dat nonsense dey teaches in college. He's de fellow dat killed lions and monsters and such-like wid his club. You's been to college, so you must know 'bout him, de strongest goddish of all—Harkliss."

"I know him," replied the minister. "Well, brother Hercules, come and see me again very soon. Good-bye."

When the old negro had closed the door behind him, the minister read over the few pages he had already written of his next Sunday's sermon. It was cold and lifeless—there was no Christ in it. He tore the sheets into atoms, and sat down before the fire to meditate on the words of his poor visitor. He never thought so little of himself before. Taking up his hat, he went out to visit some of the poor hidden ones of his flock whom he knew to be great in the kingdom of heaven.

EDITORIAL.

OUR EDUCATIONAL WORK.

WE purpose to write at present of the preparation of candidates for the ministry of our Church, for the duties of their sacred calling; leaving for future treatment the secular education of our young people of both sexes.

The very nature of a minister's work explains the necessity for special ministerial training. He is, above all things, to be a preacher of the Gospel. It is his great duty to expound the oracles of God—to unfold, explain, and enforce the teachings of Holy Scripture. The Bible is his text-book. In it he must be thoroughly versed. Now let us think for a moment of the nature of that book. It consists of no less than sixty-six separate treatises, written by about forty different persons. They were written at different periods during some sixteen hundred years,—from about three thousand four hundred years ago to about eighteen hundred years ago. They were written in many different countries, from Assyria and Palestine on the east to the Grecian islands and Italy on the west. They were subject to all the various influences of these distant and different times, places, and circumstances. They were affected in their form by the surroundings of civilizations long since extinct, and were written in languages which have for ages ceased to be spoken among men. The grammatical forms of those extinct languages are often complex and obscure, and their rich copiousness it is often difficult to express in modern speech. They abound in allusions to unfamiliar surroundings, customs, and conditions of society, and in many bold and striking figures of Oriental poetry. They interlace, in many places, with profane history, and find much support and illustration in ancient secular writings, monuments, medals, inscriptions, and ruins. They go back to the early dawn of time, and reach forward to the final consummation of all things. They

treat of the most profound and important problems of the universe—our relations to the infinite and the eternal—on which depend our everlasting happiness. They treat, also, the great questions which in all ages have engaged the minds of men—the origin, constitution, and government of the universe; the nature of man, his duties, responsibilities, and destiny. And around these books have been fought, through the ages, the fiercest wars of controversy, and never fiercer than at the present time.

It is the study, the comprehension, the exposition, the defence of these books that is the especial work of the Christian minister. Can any preparation be too great for this important task? Can any aids be rejected? May any labour be spared in seeking its accomplishment? We presuppose, of course, the moral qualifications for this work—that the man has felt the power of this Divine revelation in his own soul, that he has bowed his heart to its teachings, that he has ordered his life in accordance therewith, that he feels himself called of God to the sacred office of preaching His Holy Word. We speak now of the intellectual and educational qualifications for that work.

In the first place, the preacher should have as full a knowledge as it is possible for him to obtain, of the original languages in which the Bible was written. Our English translation, it is true, is admirable; and commentators and Biblical critics, learned and able, have given the result of their profoundest studies and researches to the world. Their labours are of immense advantage to him who would wisely expound the sacred text. But no aid from others can supersede the advantage of a personal acquaintance with the original tongues of Scripture. They throw a light on many passages that nothing else can give. And this knowledge is often necessary to enable the student to receive the full advantage even of the comments and exegeses to which he may have access.

A Professor, whose duty it was to lecture on the philosophy of Plato or of Aristotle, of Descartes or of Comte, would think himself ill-equipped for his task unless he could read the very words of the author he was to expound, and become saturated with his thoughts, and thoroughly understand the genius of the language in which they were uttered. And is not at least equally

careful preparation necessary for the man who is set for the defence of the Gospel as its public teacher and expositor ?

God gloriously owns and honours holy evangelists, like Moody and many another of lesser fame, who understand no language but their own ; but these evangelists, however holy and successful, would feel that an immense advantage was given them could they read the original language of that Bible which they so profoundly study and so dearly love. The Gospel of God's grace, it is true, is so simple that a child may understand it, that wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. All things necessary to salvation are level to the comprehension of the most lowly and illiterate. But there are in the Scriptures, nevertheless, some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction. There are deep mysteries, there are dark sayings, there are hidden things which only he who profoundly ponders those Scriptures can fully understand.

The study of formal and systematic theology, the symmetrical arrangement and grouping of Scripture truth, for its clearer apprehension and communication, is an important part of ministerial education. So also is the history of doctrine and Church polity, of the rise and growth of heresy, the arguments by which it may be met and confuted, and the defence of our grand Arminian theology as opposed to the elaborate systems which are supported by some of the greatest names in the history of the Church. Nor should the laws of the human mind and of its processes of thought, the abstract and difficult subjects of metaphysics and logic, be neglected by him who would seek to convince the judgment, to arouse the conscience, to move the feelings, and to reason of temperance, righteousness, and a judgment to come. The study of homiletics and of the correct principles of Scripture interpretation ; and the laws of rhetoric, the secret of convincing speech, of the art of persuasion, and of the physical act of public speaking with pleasure and profit to his hearers, and with ease and comfort to himself, is an important part of the training even of the man most richly endowed with intellectual abilities and Christian graces.

Then, there are false teachers abroad, teachers of strange doc-

trines and dangerous heresies, who profess to derive their doctrines from the Word of God. They get the ear of the people; they make a show of learning; they often beguile many to their ruin. We need, therefore, to try the spirits whether they are of God. We must try them by the touch-stone of His Word. We must controvert their false interpretations by the demonstration of the true meaning of that Word. Shall the scoffer, and the skeptic, and the false teacher be learned in the Scriptures for the purpose of their subversion, and shall not the Christian minister, if Providence but grant the opportunity, be equally learned for their defence, for the refutation of error, for the establishment of the truth?

Moreover, the religious teacher should possess all that he can of that secular knowledge which illustrates and confirms the Holy Scriptures¹; the history of the ancient world and the vanished civilizations amid which the Bible was cradled, and from which it derived much of its local colouring and character—Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome. He should study the geography of these Bible lands; the institutions, beliefs, and customs of their inhabitants; their physical aspect, climate, soil, and productions—animal and vegetable. These all throw light upon the sacred text, confirm its truth, and often explain difficulties and settle doubts.

Then, he should not be ignorant of the wonderful revelations and discoveries of modern science. If he ignore or scoff at these, some of which are as well established as any branch of human knowledge can be, need he wonder if the scientific skeptic will ignore or scoff at the inspired basis of Christian belief? Unhappily, the Church and its public teachers have often opposed the revelations of science, and have been worsted in the encounter with its truths. Thus a disastrous divorce has taken place between those whom God would make one—religious and scientific truth—twin revelations of the same great Father of Lights. Hence science has often become arrogant and infidel, and has been found fighting against God, instead of on His side, where its true allegiance lies. The preacher of the Gospel can not be expected to be the scientific *savant*, but he should at least have an intelligent apprehension of scientific theories before he attempts

to confute them. Sometimes the pulpit has been guilty of caricatures and attempted refutations of Spencer, Tyndall, Darwin, and Huxley, which were calculated to produce only shame and sorrow, or disgust and indignation. They betrayed either gross ignorance or flagrant dishonesty—ignorance of the real teaching of the men denounced, or dishonest perversion of those teachings. More intimate mutual acquaintance, and greater candour and fairness, can alone bridge the abyss between the two divisions of the great army of truth—religion and science—can alone enable them to advance, side by side, for the dispelling of darkness and overthrow of error, instead of engaging in fratricidal conflict with each other—for are they not both sons of the God and Father of truth?

The Christian minister, therefore, so far as he has opportunity, should “intermeddle with all wisdom,” giving due prominence, of course, to that more immediately affecting his own proper work—the saving of souls. Few, perhaps none, can attain this high ideal; but all should none the less earnestly strive after it.

“But,” it is sometimes objected, “the pioneer heroes of Methodism, the saddle-bag preachers, who were like John the Baptist, a voice crying in the wilderness, and were yet clothed with the spirit and power of Elias—the glorious men who endured toil and travail and trial, and won grand triumphs for the cause of God—these were not learned men, yet never were more powerful preachers or more successful men in the work of the ministry.”

True it is, these heroic souls had fewer advantages than we now possess; but we are inclined to think that they often made better use of those that they possessed. Many of them had an eager thirst for knowledge. They read much, pondered deeply, and used wisely what they read.* And in the early years of

* A notable example of this among Wesley's lay helpers was Thomas Walsh, an Irish Romanist, who, though dying young, acquired a critical knowledge of English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. “He could tell,” says Wesley, “not only how often any word occurred in the Bible, but what it meant in every place.” Hebrew was his especial delight, as the language in which God first spoke to man. He rose at four, till the close of his life, to read it upon his knees. “How worthy a study,” he exclaims, “whereby a man is enabled to converse with God, to unfold to men the mind of God, from the language of God.” His

Methodism in this land, when the fountains of knowledge were a sealed spring to all except the adherents of a dominant Church, though poor in this world's goods, yet rich in faith, they evinced their love of sound learning, by founding and supporting, out of their narrow means, the infant University of Victoria College, which has rendered incalculable service to our Church and to the country from that day to this. They had no jealousy of learning, these noble-hearted men; but laboured earnestly to procure for their successors in the ministry the advantages which, with a godly avarice, they coveted on their behalf.

So also the wisest and most thoughtful men of Methodism, in all its branches, and of nearly every other Church in the Old World and the New, have endeavoured to establish "schools of the prophets," institutions for the training of young men for the important and responsible work of the Christian ministry.

And if this necessity has long been felt in the Church, it is more than ever felt now. The growing intelligence of the times, the increased diffusion of knowledge, the critical, if not skeptical, spirit of the age, demand that the standard of ministerial education be not lowered, but that, if possible, it be raised still higher. The very highest culture that can be given young men will not unfit them, as is sometimes feared, for the roughest and hardest fields of labour. In our own work it will be found that a very large proportion of the volunteers for the most arduous fields of missionary toil are from the students in our theological institutions, and none are more devoted labourers in those fields than they. Our young men are anxious, eager, to avail themselves of the advantages of our institutions. They are willing to endure privations, to exercise self-denial, in order to do so. They feel that one very important condition of success in their life-labour is an ample preparation for the discharge of its duties. They feel that the broadest and most liberal culture that they can receive is not in excess of the requirements of the sacred task—is necessary to command the confidence and respect of the public, and to prevent a painful feeling of ignorance of many important branches of human knowledge, and of self-distrust before the adversaries

memory was a concordance of the entire Bible. Such a master of Biblical knowledge, says Wesley, he never saw before, and never expected to see again.

of the truth. Shall the Church, to whose service these young men offer their lives, send them forth to the conflict with error and sin, ill-equipped for the warfare, crippled by a humbling sense of inferiority in the presence of the highly-cultured and well-educated men and women to whom, as well as to the lowly and unlearned, they shall be called to minister ?

We are persuaded that the reverse of this is the case, and that our people desire that those who minister to them in holy things, their religious teachers and the teachers of their households, the men who are to interpret and expound to them the life-lessons of God's Word, shall be men fully qualified for their sacred office. They require in the lawyer who attends to their worldly affairs, in the physician who seeks to cure their bodily ailments, in the teacher who instructs in secular knowledge their children, a special and adequate preparation for the functions they are to perform. Still less, we are persuaded, will they commit the very highest interests of the Church of God to untrained and unqualified men, and jeopardize thereby its future welfare. Our Church has provided in its theological institution the means for the training of the candidates for its ministry. It asks the hearty co-operation and support of its entire laity in this important work. Let the educational meetings, soon to be held on all our circuits, be a grand success. Let them have the presence, the prayers, the sympathy, the earnest efforts of all our people. A much greater interest than has hitherto, in some places, been manifested in these meetings, and an income at least double that which has as yet been received, are necessary, in order to sustain, in any proper degree of efficiency, these institutions.*

* Professor Burwash, the Secretary of the Educational Society, writes, that the net income of the Society for 1875-76, was \$7,039 83, and its expenditure over ten thousand dollars, chiefly in assisting young men sent by the Conference to College, and grants to the Theological Institutes at Cobourg, Montreal, and Sackville, leaving a debt of three thousand dollars. The estimate for the current expenses of this year, cut down to the lowest figure consistent with reasonable efficiency, is \$12,000, which, with the debt, makes the sum of \$15,000. Unless this be raised the work of the Society in the important department of ministerial education must be greatly curtailed, as the Society certainly cannot venture on any accumulation of debt.

We have confined ourself in these remarks to the human side of the preparation for the work of the ministry. We do not forget that the preparation of the heart is from the Lord. That Divine call and holy anointing are recognized as the great prerequisite—without which the richest mental endowments, the highest literary attainments, the broadest and most liberal culture are but profitless and vain. Though the man speak with the tongues of men and of angels, though he have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, yet without the Divine and consecrating gift of charity, the burning love of God and Christ constraining him, he is but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. But having bestowed this Heavenly gift, God expects His Church to furnish the special training and intellectual culture necessary to prepare those labourers, whom the Lord of the harvest sends forth into the fields whitening on every side, that they may bring in rich sheaves into the garner at the day of His coming.

THE SOLDIER OF CHRIST.

SERVANT of God, well done !
 Rest from thy loved employ ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy.
 The voice at midnight came ;
 He started up to hear ;
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
 He fell, but felt no fear.

The pains of death are past ;
 Labour and sorrow cease ;
 And life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.
 Soldier of Christ, well done !
 Praise be thy new employ ;
 And while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

—*Montgomery*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE CENTRAL MISSIONARY BOARD.

THE Annual Meeting of the Board at St. John, N. B., was an occasion of great interest. The public services were crowded, and the addresses by the Revs. Dr. Wood, Dr. Douglas, A. Sutherland, R. A. Temple, J. A. Williams, and W. Willoughby, and Messrs. Judge Deacon, J. Ferrier, and John Macdonald were very effective and soul-stirring. The entire mission field, both home and foreign, from Japan to Labrador, from Bermuda, in the sunny South, to Norway House, in the frozen North, passed under careful review. In the absence of Dr. Ryerson, Dr. Douglas presided at the meetings of the committee, with his well-known ability and courtesy. A most excellent religious influence pervaded the meetings of the Board; even in adjusting the numerous and sometimes conflicting interests claiming its attention. While the wise principle was adopted of stimulating local effort for the self-support of hitherto dependant domestic missions, it was resolved to sustain to the very utmost those which are incapable of self-support.

A recapitulation of all the missions, including Japan, shows the following exhibit:—Missions, 422; missionaries, 458; members, 40,937. There are 30 day schools, with teachers, and 21 interpreters, the total number of the paid agents of the Missionary Board being 515.

The treasurer's report for the year was as follows:—*Income*.—Subscriptions and collections, \$118,269 29; juvenile offerings, \$19,750 56; legacies, \$10,209; grant from Wesleyan Missionary Society, \$4,866 67; miscellaneous income, \$9,544 21; total, \$162,639 73. *Expenditure*.—Appropriations, \$133,687 49; special appropriations, \$4,414 58; circuit expenses, \$3,115 65; salaries, \$5,100;

annuities, \$800 28; office charges, \$526 63; publication account, \$4,228 37; interest, \$4,539 47; contingent charges, \$842 51; travelling expenses, \$1,422 66; balance, being excess of income over expenditure for the year, \$3,962 09; total, \$162,639 73.

The actual debt over the income of last year is \$25,300. To meet the expenses of the year, and to reduce this debt, will require a very strenuous effort. But we are confident that the utmost zeal and liberality will be exhibited by our generous-hearted people to accomplish these important results. One suggestive feature in the above report is the fact, that nearly \$20,000, about one-sixth of the entire income from ordinary sources, consists of the Juvenile Offerings, chiefly in connection with our Sunday-schools. Here is another reason for fostering, extending, and strengthening, to the utmost, our school organization. The revenue from this source is capable of being very greatly increased. The legacies from deceased friends of the Society amount to over \$10,000. This source of income is one on which no definite calculation can be made. We are thankful that God puts it into the hearts of His children to remember in this manner His cause in their final disposition of their worldly effects. The main dependance of the Society, however, must be those who are the living almoners of His bounty.

We are glad to learn that the reinforcement of the Japanese mission—Brothers Meacham and Eby—have safely reached their far-off destination, having enjoyed a prosperous voyage. Shortly after their arrival a District Meeting was held, and three young native converts were recommended for the work of the ministry. This, we hope, is the nucleus of a strong and flourishing Japanese Conference.

The Missionary Board decided to extend their operations in the Bermudas, where a most encouraging field of labour exists.

The signal manifestation of spiritual blessing on our missions, during the past, is the surest attestation of Divine approval, and augury of continued and still more abundant prosperity. Let us as a Church, while we thank God for the past, take courage for the future, and in the name of the Lord go forward.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

FOR the purpose of reorganizing and unifying the Sunday-school work of our Church, and of communicating as high a degree of efficiency as possible to its operations, the General Conference of 1874 appointed a Board of Management, consisting of some of our most active and intelligent laymen and ministers, to take the general oversight of that work. It has sometimes happened that the schools were organizations almost independent of the Church, not recognizing its authority, and not as fully as might be enjoying its moral support. The new movement is intended to intimately incorporate the schools with the Church, to bring their modes of operation and government into complete harmony with the Church, and to give them in the fullest degree the aid and moral influence of the Church. The Superintendent of the circuit and at least three members of the Quarterly Board are to be members of the committee of management of the school, whose superintendent must be a member of the Methodist Church, and who is by virtue of his office a member of the Quarterly Board. These principles were adopted, not to restrict the liberties of the School, but to strengthen and establish it as a most important agency of the Church.

In the District Meetings the Sunday-school work is also to be brought under review, and as far as possible, stimulated and encouraged. It is directed that conventions shall be

held, composed of all the ministers and preachers on the District, all superintendents of schools, and two or more delegates from each school. These conventions are to discuss Sunday-school topics, the best modes of instruction, government, financial support, and the like; and each District is to appoint one member of the Annual Conference Sabbath-school Committee. It is the duty of this committee to collect the statistics of all the schools within its bounds, as returned by the District Secretary, and to prepare therefrom the Conference Report; and each Conference shall appoint a corresponding member of the Central Board. The duty of that Board is to superintend the selection, examination, and recommendation of suitable books for our Sunday-school libraries, and to publish and circulate catalogues of the same. It shall also make grants of books under proper guarantees and restrictions, so soon, and to such extent, as its financial ability shall allow. In order to raise a fund for the carrying out of these desirable objects, it was directed by the General Conference that "an annual collection in aid of the Sunday-school work shall be taken up in the Sunday-schools."*

The bringing into successful operation of such a comprehensive organization, much of which was quite novel, is, of course, a work of time. Already very encouraging progress has been made. The statistics of the schools have been collated and tabulated from the Conference returns by the Rev. Alfred Andrews, the indefatigable Secretary of the Central Board, from which some idea of the work to be done may be gathered. It is found that, while there are 2,971 preaching places, there are only 1,585, at which there are Sunday-schools, leaving the large number of 1,386 appointments of our Church where there is no Methodist

* For fuller details of Sunday-school organization, see Journals of General Conference, pp. 88-94.

Sunday-school. For the children of these appointments, the lambs of Christ's flock whom He has especially committed to the care of His Church, that Church is directly responsible, and our bounden duty in this respect we may not ignore nor neglect. One object of the new organization is to endeavour so to stimulate and assist local effort, that Methodist schools may be established at all those appointments.

The increase in the number of scholars reported is very gratifying, that number being 109,916 against 107,314 last year, showing an increase of 2,602. It is an inspiring thought, that we have in training for Christian usefulness and duty, from Sunday to Sunday, such an army of children, most of whom will, we trust, in the providence of God, in a few years take their places in His Church and carry on its operations when the present generation shall have passed into the unseen world. These schools are carried on by a noble band of Sunday-school workers numbering 14,678. Not only are these devoted men and women, young men and maidens, unpaid workers, who give their time and toil, but they give also large amounts of money, annually, to promote the efficiency of these schools. Of these teachers and officers no less than 12,148 are members of our Church. Would that they *all* were themselves taught of God before they attempt to teach others the way of salvation! That their labours are not in vain in the Lord, but are gloriously owned of Him, is seen by the report of the Secretary, that the number of conversions in the Schools during the year is 6,121. *Laus Deo!* What an important nursery of the Church are these schools! what a grand recruiting ground for the future teachers, officers, ministers, and members of our Church! And those who thus graduate into the Church from the ranks of our Sunday-schools, will make far more intelligent and efficient Christians than those gathered

from the world after years of sin have enfeebled their moral powers and confirmed intellectual and social habits, which shall forever impair their usefulness.

In the matter of Sunday-school libraries, the Committee have procured and sent out to ministers of our Church, for their careful reading and judgment, several hundreds of volumes, and a "Winnowed List" has been prepared which will soon be greatly extended, from which may be ordered books for our School libraries, which shall, so far as human guarantees can secure that object, be free from anything objectionable in doctrine, morals, literary style, and in other respects. This provision, only partial as it is as yet, is already hailed with gratitude by those whose duty it is to select books for School libraries, and will, we hope, before long cause the rejection from our Schools of much, now on their shelves, that is unworthy of a place in the libraries, if it be not absolutely pernicious.

In consequence of the limited means at its disposal, the Board has not been able to respond as it would like, and as the necessities of the case demand, to appeals for help on behalf of poor and struggling schools in new or sparsely settled portions of the connexion. At its late meeting at Toronto, in the month of October, grants of books and catechisms were made for the schools in the fishing villages of Newfoundland and on the Island of Anticosti, and also in the backwoods of the Province of Ontario, where these moral lighthouses have been established, from which rays of spiritual illumination are streaming forth into the surrounding moral darkness. The divine principle which animates this organization is, that "we that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak,"—that the wealthy schools in the cities, towns, and villages ought to stretch out the hand of help to the poor and feeble ones in

the wilderness places of the land. The collection for this purpose enjoined by the General Conference has been only very partially observed. In *two* years the Treasurer of the Fund, Warring Kennedy, Esq., has received only \$740. If each child in our Schools would give but two cents a year, the income of the Board would be \$2,200. If they would give five cents a year, the income would be \$5,500. *This sum is wanted!* With its aid the number of our schools could soon be doubled and their efficiency greatly increased. So important has the Central Sunday-school Board felt this work to be, that they have recommended the appointment of a travelling Sunday-school agent, to advance its interests. One of the first pre-requisites for the carrying out of that recommendation is a very large increase in the annual income of the Sunday-school Board.

FRIENDS ABROAD.

THE numerous friends of the Rev. Dr. Taylor will be glad to learn that we may soon expect the pleasure of welcoming his genial presence once more among us. During his residence in Great Britain he has been able to render very great service to the Dominion by his eloquent descriptions of its magnificent natural resources, and of its many inducements as a field for immigration. From

the files of English papers we have observed that his services have been in frequent request for sermons and lectures on behalf of important religious interests. We noticed, also, that during Her Majesty's late visit to Edinburgh, on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of H. R. H. the late Prince Consort, Dr. Taylor was one of the invited guests at the banquet given in honour of the event. He will, we doubt not, by means of his popular eloquence and special gifts, render important service to the cause of God in connection with our Church in this land.

The Rev. Dr. Ryerson is protracting his stay in Great Britain. A private letter informs us that he is lodging near the British Museum in order to avail himself of its magnificent library for the purpose of historical investigations in connection with his important work on "English Puritanism in Relation to Protestant Unity and Religious Liberty." This book, when published, as we hope it shortly will be, will create a sensation in some quarters: as it strongly disputes the claims of the Calvinistic Puritans to be the founders of religious liberty either in England or America. That claim, however, is allowed the Pilgrim Fathers of New Plymouth, who learned the principles of religious toleration during their sojourn in Holland.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

METHODIST CHURCHES.

TEN years ago there was not a Methodist Church in Sweden. Now there are seventy societies, fifty-six preachers, and forty local preachers. There are 5,000 members, and thirty-one churches, which have a seating capacity of twelve thousand.

The English Methodists in Naples have started a periodical to enlighten the Romanists as to the teachings of the Gospel. Strange to say, the Roman Catholics, realizing the power of the press, have followed their example for a contrary purpose.

Bishop Andrews, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held the Confer-

ence for Germany and Switzerland, in Zurich, July 19th, and finds a gratifying increase in the number of members, churches, parsonages, and Sunday-schools. The Church is prospering in Fatherland.

The Bishop next proceeded to Christiana, in Norway, and presided at the first Methodist Conference ever held in that country. He preached several times, through an interpreter of course, and greatly cheered the missionaries in their lonely and self-denying work. He expresses himself as greatly pleased with his visit. There are more than two thousand members, two hundred of whom were added during the last year.

Dr. Butler, of Mexico, has been on a visit to the United States collecting money to aid in the publication of valuable books in the Spanish language, such as the *Life of the Rev. A. Cookman*, the *Autobiography of the Rev. L. Beaudry*, our French missionary in Montreal, who was himself formerly a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and the lives of Bramwell, Carvosso, and others. No doubt the visit of Dr. Butler will give a great impetus to the mission of which he is the founder.

CANADA.

A GENTLEMAN of Nova Scotia recently visited St. John's, Newfoundland, and says that Methodism is making rapid strides in that ancient colony. Our readers are probably aware that Newfoundland was the first place on the American continent where Methodism was planted.

Our friends in the east are becoming more interested in camp-meetings. Associations are being formed with a view to secure sites, and erect suitable buildings. Some generous contributions have been promised towards the expenses necessarily connected with the feast of tabernacles.

At a financial District Meeting which was held in the Cumberland

District, Nova Scotia, there was a lengthened conversation on financial matters, the result of which was, that three circuits, which hitherto had been depending on the Missionary Fund, resolved, that henceforth they would forego all claim on the said fund. Some other circuits, also, resolved soon to follow. Noble conduct! May many circuits in other Districts and in other Conferences, do likewise!

Rev. A. Nicolson, Ex-President of the Nova Scotia Conference, has lately visited Bermuda, where he was busily employed in various ministerial and official duties, including the ordination of two young men for the ministry, and, no doubt, acquired much valuable information respecting Methodism in that island. He thinks that more should be done for the coloured people of Bermuda, and also for the military stationed there. He also suggests, as a field for Methodist missions, Venezuela, South America, where there is a population of 1,785,000 and not one Protestant minister.

A new church is being erected at Sackville at an estimated cost of \$13,000: another is contemplated at Moncton, to cost \$10,000. In all the Conferences, both east and west, several new churches have recently been dedicated, at Whitby, Granby, Bolton, and several other places. The Dominion Church, in Ottawa, which was dedicated in October, marks an era in Methodist history in that city. Such a number of services, by such a variety of eminent ministers, is rarely held in connection with any dedication.

Our Episcopal Methodist friends recently dedicated their beautiful sanctuary in Belleville, which is pronounced an ornament to the town.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

PRINCETON COLLEGE received last year gifts to the amount of \$300,000, making one million and a-half received since Dr. McCosh has been connected with the institution.

The friends of Madison University, Hamilton, N. Y., have just completed the raising a library fund of \$20,000 for that institution. With this gift the Centennial fund of \$100,000, which the University undertook to raise on its own account, is completed. The University has now an endowment of \$404,444.

Victoria College reopened with most encouraging prospects, for the ensuing session. The class of matriculants numbers nearly forty, the largest number the institution ever received at one time. The lecture rooms are becoming inconveniently small. Faraday Hall is presenting a fine appearance. In spite of "hard times," the agent, Rev. J. H. Johnson, M.A., meets with encouraging success.

The educational institutions at Sackville are in a prosperous condition. The attendance is large—that in the College remarkably so.

We are pleased to learn that the Ladies' Colleges at Hamilton and Whitby have a large attendance. The latter can accommodate very few more, so that an enlargement will soon become a necessity. Mr. Demill's College, at Oshawa, has an attendance of more than seventy young ladies. The College, so far, exceeds expectations.

EVANGELISTIC MOVEMENTS.

MESSRS. MOODY & SANKEY have commenced their labours in Chicago. Good arrangements were made in fitting up a suitable place at a cost of \$21,000, a choir of five hundred persons was organized, and the ministers of the various evangelical Churches promised their co-operation.

In New York, Dr. Tyng, jun., has laboured hard in connection with his Gospel-tent, and now, during the fall and winter, arrangements have been made for holding a series of services in Chickering Hall. Ministers of various denominations have engaged to preach: a few gentlemen have pledged themselves to provide all

the money that may be requisite.

A few years ago a young Congregational minister, Rev. R. M'All, being in France, was impressed with the need of missionary effort in Paris, and at once gave up his English Church, and located in that gay capital. The work has spread with marvellous rapidity. He has now eighteen preaching places, some of which are attended by four hundred people weekly: the average weekly attendance at all the services, including prayer-meetings, Sabbath-schools, singing-classes, &c., is five thousand adults, and one thousand children. A correspondent says "Men and women who have never heard the name of Jesus Christ, or who have only heard religion derided, have been touched to the heart, instructed and converted. Several of the converts have begun to preach, and Mr. M'All says he could open fifty places in Paris if he had the requisite funds.

A city camp-meeting was recently held at Mount Carmel church, Philadelphia, U.S. Four services were held daily for one week, one of which was a special meeting for children. Much good has been done.

UNION OF CHURCHES.

A LATE English periodical, which contains an account of Methodism in Hampshire, one of the darkest counties in England, says, that the divisions of Methodism there do much harm, and mentions several places where there are three small Methodist chapels, when one would be ample for all who attend. Yet there are scores of villages in which there is no Methodist preaching; hence, if an amalgamation could be effected, there would be a great saving of both men and money. Alas, that a state of things somewhat similar is often seen in Canada.

"What right," says a late number of the *Missionary Herald*, "has any steward of the Gospel to devote his life or his money to proselytism in Christian communities, in the inte-

rest of his particular sect, while three-fourths of the whole race are absolutely unable to learn the first elements of saving truth, for want of a teacher? And what right has any Church to go into hamlets and places fully occupied by an evangelical ministry, and add another, at great cost and sacrifice?"

THE DEATH ROLL.

THE death of Mr. George Smith, the prince of Assyriologists, is an irreparable loss to the cause of epigraphy. Biblical students, everywhere, have largely profited by his investigations and researches. He died in Turkey, whither he had gone for the purpose of exploration. The conduct of Turkish officials towards him was such as to make the Turkish name a synonyme for infamy. Though but a young man, he had served his generation well.

Scarcely was the grave of the venerable Bishop Janes closed, in the United States, than the Rev. E. H. Myers, D.D., of Savannah, Ga., was suddenly called home. The Doctor was one of the commissioners for making arrangements for fraternal intercourse between the two great branches of American Methodism. His brother commissioners declare that to no one is the amicable arrangement made, more indebted than Dr. Myers. He was entreated to tarry in New York, but when he heard that the yellow fever was raging at Savannah, he said: "I must hasten to my flock." When urged to visit the North again, where he had made so many friends, he replied, "God only knows to what I am going, whether life or death. If I live, I hope to see you again, but, if not, we shall meet above. Good-bye." After witnessing some most harrowing scenes of suffering, and following many of his fellow-citizens to the grave, the Master said, "It is enough, come up higher."

Rev. Wm. Smart has died at Brockville. He was the oldest minister in Canada when he died, having

been ordained October, 1811. For many years he had retired from the active duties of the ministry, but he always took deep interest in all that pertains to the welfare of the Church. It is believed that he established the first Sabbath-school in the Province of Ontario, which was at Brockville, in 1811. The Hon. Billa Flint, of Belleville, was a scholar in the said school.

Two of our ministers in Eastern British America have finished their course. Rev. Thos. H. Davis, one of the fathers, in the Conference of Nova Scotia. In one of his circuits he rode 3,000 miles yearly on horseback over an extent of country now occupied by several circuits. He was fifty-three years in the ministry, and died greatly beloved, aged seventy-three.

Rev. John Dixon, a young minister in the Newfoundland Conference, has also finished his course. He came from England only three years ago, during which time he laboured with great zeal in the cause of his Master.

The Rev. Claudius Byrne, ("Father Byrne," as he was familiarly called), died at his residence, Burford, on Thursday, October 5th, in the 84th year of his age. Mr. Byrne had been a minister of the Methodist Church for over sixty years, having been received on trial at Downpatrick, Ireland, in 1824, and ordained in 1828. He came to Canada in 1848, and laboured on the Brantford, St. Catharines, and Niagara circuits. He was superannuated in 1855. Father Byrne was well known throughout the whole of Western Ontario, and while his demise was not unexpected for some time past, still, many will learn it with sorrow. He was a faithful minister of the New Testament, and, after his lengthened period of labour, has entered his eternal rest.

"The struggle and toil are all past,
The glory and worth live on."

As we go to press we learn that the Rev. A. S. DesBrisay, of the

Nova Scotia Conference, has departed this life. He was a comparatively young man, having entered the work in the year 1864. We have received no particulars of his death. These numerous breaks in our ministerial ranks are emphatic admoni-

tions to redoubled diligence in our calling, for with us, too, life's day will soon be over, and death's solemn curfew shall toll the hour of our release from the blessed task of working for the Master.

BOOK NOTICES.

Their Wedding Journey. By W. D. HOWELLS. Pp. 308. Belford Brothers: Toronto, Canada; and Sydney, New South Wales; Methodist Book Rooms.

THE accomplished Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is one of the best living writers of English. In this charming volume he has imitated the illustrious Madame de Staël's *Corinne*, in stringing a delightful series of experiences of travel, like pearls on a necklace, upon a slender thread of story. The book recounts the adventures of a young couple on their wedding tour from Boston to New York, up the Hudson to Albany, Niagara, and home by way of the St. Lawrence, Montreal, and Quebec. Not much of a plot here; but never has the scenery of our country received more sympathetic recognition or finer treatment. Mr. Howells possesses the artist's eye for beauty, and the poet's pen for felicitous description, as well as the philosopher's keen insight into character. The storied memories of Quebec and Montreal are made to live again, and the kindly criticism and genial *badinage* with which from the Elysian of Boston sentiment he favours us Bœotian provincials is quite a delightful revelation of "ourselves as others see us." The word-painting of Niagara Falls is equal to Ruskin in his best vein. The writer is a wonderfully minute observer, even to the expression of countenance of the canal horses. The charm of travel was never better

expressed. The studies of character at the railway stations, on the trains and steamboats, at hotels, and on the street, are wonderfully subtle; and are pervaded by a delicate humour and lit up with keen, shrewd, incisive criticism. This, with the companion volume describing the Lower St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, present the best literary setting of Canadian scenery that we know. We do not, however, wish to be understood as endorsing everything in the book.

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The Methodist Quarterly Review,
October, 1876.

THE important subject of the antiquity of man is treated by Dr. Andrews, of Chicago, in the opening paper. He adopts the same conservative arguments that we employed in discussing this topic in the January number of 1876, of this Magazine, both articles being a review of Southall's exhaustive work on the Recent Origin of Man. Dr. J. T. Short, of Leipzig, Germany, discusses the symbolism of the pre-Christian Cross. Dr. Whedon, however, takes exception to his theory, and does us the honour of referring to our treatment of the general subject of the Cross in our work on the Catacombs. The Rev. H. Wheeler has a vigorous article on the relation of the M. E. Church to the cause of Temperance, on which we shall have more to say hereafter. Dr. Pilcher, of China, gives an inter-

esting account of Gautama, (Buddha) and Lae-tzu, the great Indian and Chinese Reformers and teachers, who for ages have impressed their religious belief on one-third of the human race—truly an important subject of study. B. P. Bowne, whose brilliant refutation, as we deem it, of the Spencerian philosophy, we reviewed in the first number of this Magazine, now renders the same service to Fiske's "Unseen Universe" that he did in that volume to Spencer. The Rev. B. H. Badley, of India, gives a succinct history of Protestant Missions in that country. The Editor's criticism of recent books, especially his philosophical treatment of the living scientific issues of the day, are very stimulating and suggestive reading. In a few luminous paragraphs he lays bare the very heart of a subject and reveals the merit or defect of an elaborate treatise. This is an excellent Review for Methodist preachers. We can send it post-free, together with this Magazine, for the small sum of \$4.50.

The London Quarterly Review, October, 1876.

ONE of the results, we judge, of the visit to the United States of the Wesleyan delegation to the late General Conference, is the philosophical paper in this Review on America in the Centennial year. It is chiefly taken up with the political and economical condition and prospects of the country, and is to be followed by another on its religious aspects. While highly appreciative of the wonderful progress of the United States, the writer predicates a civil service reform, free trade, and higher social culture as necessities of its future prosperity.

An exceedingly interesting article gives an account of the recent revelations of the microscope. These go to show that there is no definite boundary between the animal and vegetable kingdom; but that be-

tween both and inorganic matter there is a wide gulf, which even the great masters of the doctrine of evolution do not attempt to bridge. Spontaneous generation there is none. All life is the result of a creative fiat.

The other papers are: The Holy Spirit in the Book of Ephesians; The Problem of Human Existence, a refutation of J. S. Mill's objections to Christian theism; The Philosophy of Ancient India, in many respects the analogue of that of Greece; The Prose Works of William Wordsworth; and a discussion of the doctrine of Retribution.

The Book Notices are full and valuable, especially those on Reuss's Synoptic Gospels and Martin's Future Life. The amazing open audacity and covert guile of the Romanizing Ritualists are exposed in a review of Loraine's "Church and Liberties of England"—a note of warning to which it would be well to take heed.

The Earnest Student. By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D. Cr. 8vo., pp. 483. Belford Brothers; Toronto, Canada; and Sydney, New South Wales.

THE enterprising firm of Belford Brothers have opened a branch house in Australia, to supply our English speaking kinsmen at the Antipodes with books of Canadian manufacture. We wish them every success in their venture. The first volume of this intercolonial series is one of sterling worth, to be followed, we hope, by many such. John Mackintosh, whose life-story is here told, was the brother-in-law of Dr. Macleod. He was a man of singularly pure and lovely life, by whose early death was lost to the Free Church of Scotland one who gave promise of a most useful and devoted ministry. His letters from abroad, in their sweetness and devoutness of spirit, their subtle introspection and genial outlook on the world of men and

manners, remind us of those of the sainted McCheyne. Its reading is calculated at once to refine the taste and to promote personal piety. It has already run through twenty editions in Britain, an extraordinary proof of popular appreciation, and has received the testimony of having greatly promoted the spiritual benefit of many of its readers—the highest praise that any book can receive.

The Man Trap, and The Fatal Inheritance. Two Temperance Tales.

By MRS. H. SKELTON. Toronto: J. B. Magurn, Publisher. Methodist Book Room.

THE scope and purpose of these companion stories is indicated in the introduction by the Rev. A. Sutherland as follows: "In the 'MAN TRAP,' light is thrown upon some of the seductive methods by which the liquor traffic ensnares its victims, and a way is suggested by which one of its strongholds may be successfully assailed; while in the 'FATAL INHERITANCE,' a much neglected physiological fact is discussed, viz.: the transmission of a growing appetite for strong drink from one generation to another."

It is stated that the tales are records of facts, the persons and places being veiled under fictitious names. They give a vivid portraiture of the wretchedness and wrong resulting from intemperance. Many of the scenes are of exceeding pathos, but they could all, we doubt not, be paralleled by many in real life. The beautiful verses by the gifted author on page 422, will be proof of her literary skill.

The Laurel Bush. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 8vo., pp. 64. Canadian Copyright Edition. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

THIS is a sweet, pure, pathetic story, by the tender-souled author of "A Noble Life," and "John Halifax,

Gentleman." For many years Miss Mulock's has been to thousands a much loved household name. She has written many books which might all, we judge, be called "Sermons out of Church," and containing, we think, not one line which dying she would wish to blot. "The Laurel Bush" is a story of that unwearying love that hopes, and endures, and is patient, that survives absence and disappointment and misconstruction, and that at last reaches its late fruition here, and looks forward to its full consummation hereafter. It will cause tears to flow from gentle eyes, but the heart will be the better for them, if it but read the lesson of this story aright.

Records of a Vanished Life—Lectures, Addresses, etc., of JAMES COTTON YULE, M.A.; with a *Memoir* by HIS WIFE. Crown 8vo., pp. 174. Toronto: Baptist Publishing Co.

THE life of Professor Yule was one of great moral beauty and of brilliant promise. The story of his eager thirst for knowledge, of his zeal in the cause of his Divine Master, of his deep religious experiences, of his battling with disease, and of his early death, is told briefly, but well, by his wife, a valued contributor to these pages. The lectures and addresses of the deceased impress the reader with a sense of the great loss that our native literature has sustained in his death. For beauty of diction and elevation of moral sentiment, we know few things to surpass them. The comparison of Shelley and Cowper, and of Human gods and the Divine Man, are as noble in conception as they are felicitous in execution. The lesson of his life is an inspiration to duty. As he lay enshrouded in his coffin, his cold finger pointed to the last text in his Greek Testament from which he tried to preach,—“Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be a

propitiation for our sins"—preaching still in death to his beloved students, by whom he was borne to his early grave. With profound sympathy, we join his sorrowing companion in her utterance of trust—

"For good, I deem, the Father's will,
His patient love, His changeless grace;
And, though dull sight may fail to trace
That goodness, faith can trust it still."

Best Thoughts and Discourses of D. L. Moody; with Biographical Sketches and Steel Portraits of Messrs. Moody & Sankey. By ABBIE CLEMENS MORROW. 12mo., pp. 210. Toronto: J. B. Magurn.

THE career of the great evangelists, whose names are household

words throughout the world, possesses a strange fascination. Its story is well told in concise form in this volume. The early years of Dwight L. Moody, his conversion and first missionary efforts, his work in Chicago and in the army, his alliance with Ira D. Sankey, their evangelistic work in the Old World and the New, are all tersely and graphically described. In the greater part of the volume Mr. Moody is allowed to speak for himself, one hundred and seventy pages being taken up with characteristic selections from his sermons. The publisher has done his part well, the volume being well printed and elegantly bound.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUIT.	AGE.	DATE.
Rev. John Dixon	Jackson's Cove.	Trinity, Newfd.	26	Aug. 4, 1876.
William Arnold	Little Harbou	78	" 7, "
Elizabeth Bennett	Fortune Bay . .	Fortune Bay.	57	" 13, "
Eliza McRitchie	Brockville . . .	Brockville, O. . .	39	" 18, "
James B. Allen	Burlington . . .	Burlington, N.S.	77	" 19, "
John Hoidland	Bolton	Bolton, P. Q. . .	68	" 20, "
Caroline Harvey	Applegrove . . .	Klineburg O. . .	58	" 24, "
Robert Cockburn	St. Andrews . .	St. Andrews, N.B	76	" 26, "
Mary B. S. Pridham . . .	Grenville	Grenville, O. . .	73	" 27, "
Robert Logan	Tatamagouche.	Bathurst, N. B. .	53	" 27, "
Rev. Thos. H. Davis . . .	Bridgetown . . .	Canning, N. S. .	78	" 28, "
Andrew Crawford	Portland	Portland, N. B. .	57	" 29, "
Catherine Ann Ham . . .	Carlton	Carlton, N. B. . .	67	" 29, "
Dorcas C. Bannister . . .	Yorkville	Yorkville, O. . .	50	" 29, "
Dr. D. Maclean	Stellarton	Stellarton, N. S. .	..	" 30, "
Susan Brock	Petrolia	Petrolia, O. . . .	68	" 31, "
Ebenezer Doggett	White Point	59	Sept. 7, "
Samuel Langmaid	Deer Island . . .	Deer Island . . .	64	" 10, "
M. F. Lockwood	Scarborough . . .	Scarborough, O. .	60	" 10, "
Jeremiah Langford	Eramosa	Guelph, O.	38	" 12, "

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, M.A., Toronto.

Come, O Sabbath, free from sorrow.

Quartet, with Duet for Soprano and Alto.

WORDS BY V. M. SIMONS.

Moderato.

MUSIC BY EGEN H. BAILEY.

Duet. Soprano & Alto.

QUARTET:

1 Come, O Sabbath, free from sorrow,
Free from shade of earth and sin,
Day from which our Sabbaths borrow
Peace without and joy within.
Heav'nly Sabbath, heav'nly Sabbath,
Sabbath of our God, begin.

DUET:

O the Sabbath, like a fountain
Of refreshing in the sand,
Like the light from Zion's mountain,
Come to bless us where we stand.
Golden Sabbath, golden Sabbath,
Pour thy glory o'er the land.

QUARTET:

2 Thus the rest of God draws nearer,
Rest of God, that's wide and high,
Like a day whose light grows clearer,
Breaks the Sabbath of the day;
Thus delighted, thus delighted,
Let the earthly Sabbaths fly.