

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 10X | 12X | 14X | 16X | 18X | 20X | 22X | 24X | 26X | 28X | 30X | 32X |
| | | | | | | ✓ | | | | | |

THE
CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.

VOL. X.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1863.

No. 4.

CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

CORRECT views on this question, are in our opinion necessary to the conscientious and profitable discharge of the duties of membership in a Church. Undoubtedly, there is a confidential and Christian communion of individuals in the private exchange of sentiments and mutual love flowing from the truth sincerely received by the parties. There is, however, according to the New Testament, a *Church fellowship* which it is not well either to ignore or forget. When men believed the gospel they separated themselves from the world, and joined together as disciples. This was the invariable order of proceeding, a fact which is destructive of the theory of Church polity, which makes the ecclesiastical organization the channel of grace and salvation. The association of believers in visible societies, to obey the laws of Christ, followed conversion. In that new position they had duties to discharge, it demanded steadfast continuance in the Apostle's doctrine and *fellowship*, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers. The true nature and design of Church fellowship should be considered. The Apostle John says, "that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us, and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." Fellowship implies oneness. Between an Apostle and the weakest believer there is communion, for they are one in heart and soul on the great essentials of religion. By the Apostolic testimony, cordially embraced, every barrier of caste and animosity is swept away, for there is neither Jew nor Greek, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Sythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all and in all. A Church of Christ must therefore be constituted of material that harmonizes; indeed society among men necessarily involves unity in the great objects for which the body exists: friends and not enemies compose the membership. In religion, oneness of views, of character and of work, forms the fitness for combination. Ceaseless contention and strife would spring up from the amalgamation of parties diametrically opposed, hence the charge to the Corinthian church, 2 Cor. vi. 14, 16, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an Infidel? and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? For ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people."

At the very entrance into fellowship, it becomes needful to furnish such evidences of the experience of the power of religion as will be satisfactory. This touches an important controversy. Is it to be evidence of true conversion to God, or a certain measure of Christian knowledge, and a good moral

character, that is to open the door of admission to the Church? In our view, Scripture and common sense decide that communion must flow from the heartfelt enjoyment of the truth; to put it on any other ground may swell the list of the Church membership, but utterly fails to secure the purity of the Church, and its consequent power to advance the glory of Christ. Some evidence of heartfelt religion ought to be submitted, in order to meet the end of a union—that we may have fellowship one with another. There is a fellowship of *admission*, a joy in the reception of saved souls to the fold of the Church, like that of Barabas when he saw the grace of God. In *covenant* agreement the hand is put to the engagement to walk together as fellow heirs of the grace of life. A visible expression of the fact that they are of one heart and of one soul, appears in giving the *right hand of fellowship*.

Many confine their ideas of fellowship to one great occasion, namely, the observance of the Lord's Supper. Robert Hall, in his "Terms of Communion," has observed—"Nothing is more certain than that the communion of saints is by no means confined to one particular occasion, or limited to one transaction, such as that of assembling around the Lord's table; it extends to all the modes by which believers recognize each other as members of a common Head. Every expression of fraternal regard, every participation in the enjoyment of social worship, every instance of the unity of the Spirit exerted in prayer and supplication, or in acts of Christian sympathy and friendship, as truly belong to the communion of saints, as the celebration of the Eucharist. In truth, if we are strangers to communion with our fellow Christians on other occasions, it is impossible for us to enjoy it there, for the mind is not a piece of mechanism which can be set a going at pleasure, whose movements are obedient to the call of time and place. Nothing short of an habitual sympathy of spirit, springing from the cultivation of benevolent feelings, and the interchange of kind offices, will secure that reciprocal delight, that social pleasure, which is the soul of Christian communion." This witness is true. Admitting then the numerous opportunities of taking sweet council together, we yet see peculiar meaning and excellency in the fellowship of God's people in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. In that time of remembrance there are many truths which crowd on the joyous spirit. Jesus is revealed. His body broken, and his blood shed are brought into view, with the great object he has secured by the sacrifice of himself. But in the very nature of the ordinance, it is social in its character. "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? For we, being many, are one bread, and one body, for we are all partakers of that one bread." 1 Cor. x. 16, 17. On this passage we introduce an extract from a tract on *The nature of Christian fellowship*.

"The word communion or fellowship—for they both mean the same thing—signifies the joint action of a select number of individuals, in giving, receiving, or enjoying, that in which they have fellowship. Partaking of the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper, being the joint action of the whole church, they all had fellowship together in that action. This was admitted; hence it followed by parity of reason, that, when Christians went into the Idol's Temple, and became partakers with idolaters, of the cup and of the table of Devils, (see 1 Cor. viii. 10) they had visible fellowship with them in that social action! This could not be denied, without denying what Paul

assumes as taken for granted; that in the Lord's Supper all the communicants had fellowship together.

"One of the grand expedients by which not a few attempt to quiet their consciences, and to vindicate their conduct in eating the Lord's Supper with visible unbelievers, is to maintain that they have nothing to do with fellow-partakers—that they have to do with God *only*, it being a transaction *entirely* between God and the soul!! This sentiment is found so very convenient, that even public teachers have employed it to quiet the minds of Christ's disciples, when they begin to question the lawfulness of being yoked together in fellowship with unbelievers! The parable of the tares among the wheat, Matt. xiii. 24–31, compare vs. 36–44, has been also wrested, and pressed into this service. It has been employed to teach the disciples of Christ, that it is the will of their Lord that the holy and profane should be united together in religious society, till he comes at last to separate them.* But if, in eating the Lord's Supper, Christians have nothing to do with fellow worshippers, why were the Corinthians reprov'd and punished for eating it *in parties*?—why were they commanded to tarry one for another?—why should we not administer it in public to each individual separately, and in private to the sick and the dying?—why should not the Christian edify himself by eating it in his closet? To these questions no answer can be given, *except that it is an institution entirely social—a fellowship*, that it is not intended for individuals, as such, but for associated bodies. But did the Lord intend that the holy and the profane—his friends and his enemies, should hold fellowship together in this feast of love? Certainly not! The Christian's mind revolts from the idea! What disciple would not shrink with horror from the thought of *holding fellowship* with the open enemies of his Lord in the sacred institution of the Supper! Yet the distinction between joining with the ungodly at the table of the Lord, and having fellowship with them, is of their own, not of God's making! If there be any meaning in the passage under review,—if there be any conclusiveness in the Apostle's reasoning, we hold fellowship with those with whom we eat the Lord's Supper, with those with whom we are associated in church fellowship. It may be thought, however, a matter of complete indifference, to have fellowship, even with unbelievers, in eating a little bread and tasting a little wine. And no doubt, apart from the nature and design of the fellowship, it is so. But it is not fellowship in a common meal. It is the fellowship of the body and blood of the Lord. It is by Christ's appointment, a visible symbolical representation, and on the part of communicants a public declaration of their fellowship together in all the blessings of Redemption by his death. Hence it followed, that when any of the Christians in Corinth went to feast with idolaters in the Idol's Temple, they by their conduct declared, that they had fellowship with them in the participation of those blessings, supposed to be derived from the Idol, through the medium of the sacrifices on which they

* Any one who will take the Redeemer's explanation of his own language will see, that this parable was not intended to prohibit the separation of believers from the world in church fellowship. The field is the world as such, and not the church as distinct from the world. The prohibition refers to the well-known practice of rooting heretics out of the world, in place of simply putting them away from the church. In this view of the subject, the history of the church shews the vast importance of the prohibition. I would ask the reader if he thinks it possible, that Paul, when he says, "Put away from among yourselves that wicked person," meant to overturn the precept of his Lord, when he says, "Let both grow together until harvest."

feasted! On the very same principle, when Christians join in religious fellowship with unbelievers, they by their conduct declare, that they esteem them as fellow-partakers with them in all the blessings of pardon, sanctification, and eternal life! And while this is the language of the Christian's conduct, it is in vain that he attempts, by any other means, to persuade them that it not in his opinion. It is easy to see what a snare this may become to deluded souls, and what a widely extended mischief must result from its general adoption in what are called Christian countries. Unrenewed men love and cherish the deception which helps to keep their consciences easy while living in sin—which says, peace, peace, while there is no peace; and surely of all means of deception, access to what are called church privileges,—fellowship with Christians in church connection, is the most extensively successful and efficacious! It may safely be asserted, indeed, that if profaneness and infidelity have slain their thousands, this snare of the Christian's making has slain its ten thousands. I would, therefore, entreat the Christian reader to inquire seriously, whether he be not found contributing to harden and ruin the souls of his fellow-sinners, by holding religious fellowship with them in this sacred institution, while he knows them to be living without God, and without hope in the world. Is it not deceitful—is it not cruel in the extreme, to contribute, to foster in their minds an opinion which you know is false, which you know will prove ruinous to their souls? You will, perhaps, be disposed to reply, “we are not authorised to judge the heart.” So say I. But *we are required* to judge the life, and from the life to infer the state of the heart. “By their fruits ye shall know them.”

What room there is for thought and solemn action, in connection with the purity of the House of God! Constant and faithful, and self-denying effort is needed to maintain and illustrate that important article of the Apostle's creed, “The communion of saints.”

A CHURCH WHOSE LEAF DOTTH NOT WITHER.

In these days of oft-recurring revivals, a thriving, working church is no rarity. In England and Wales, in Ireland and Scotland, not to mention regions nearer home, there are more of such to-day than ever before. Here and there throughout Germany and Switzerland their presence is being manifested, imparting charms to those lovely regions which, to the eye of a Barnabas, are far more attractive than Nature's richest adornments.

But alas! how much of the goodness of Zion is like that of Ephraim of old, and may be compared to the morning cloud and the early dew, that soon pass away! It is not easy to find churches that for three or four score of years have maintained, without apparent abatement of vigor, their first works. Such evergreen plantations are rare. We invite our readers to accompany us on a visit to one of these—endeared perhaps to a larger number of Christian hearts in heaven and on earth, than any local church now existing, and exemplifying the beautiful ideal of Dr. Watts—

“There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blessed with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these!

“The plants of grace shall ever live;
Nature decays; but grace must thrive:
Time that doth all things else impair
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.”

This charming plantation is in the very heart of the British Metropolis, a short walk from St. Paul's Cathedral, across Blackfriar's Bridge. It being the Sabbath evening we will not avail ourselves of the Omnibus, hundreds of which, crowded outside and in, are threading their way along the densely thronged streets. Soon we arrived at the desired spot—*Surrey Chapel*—more than half an hour before the commencement of the service; but the solemn assembly around the doors of this plain octagonal building, rapidly gathering strength as the time of opening approaches, might awaken the stranger's surprise at the early and eager ways of this congregation. No sooner is the chapel opened, than every pew above and below is rapidly filled up, and the moveable seats in the aisles are raised and appropriated; the pulpit stairs, and every standing place around the entrances are occupied so completely that a nervous visitor would be apt to fear suffocation in such a closely packed assembly, with no way of egress left. Is this some unusual service? or is some famous preacher expected? Not at all. The preacher expected is their own beloved pastor, the Rev. Newman Hall, who for nine years has, from Sabbath to Sabbath, addressed just such a congregation. And before him, these crowds were as eager to hear his predecessor, the late Rev. James Sherman, who labored among this people about twice as long as Mr. Hall has done. His ministry was blessed with remarkable success in gathering souls into the kingdom of God. Under one sermon, preached on a Sabbath evening in 1837, no less than eighty-four persons, according to their own narratives of religious experience, were savingly awakened, and in the same year 257 were added to the church. The same overshadowing Divine presence characterized the previous ministry of the Rev. Rowland Hill, who, for about half a century, preached the Gospel within these walls, the Lord working mightily by him, and "turning multitudes from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." For more than eighty years, with only one brief interval, the Surrey Chapel ministry has been one of the most aggressive local instrumentalities of the age.

Is it asked how the enduring attractiveness of this unpretending sanctuary can be explained?

There is no magic spell drawing the people there; nor are there any sensuous attractions about the building or its services. But there are the same good and sufficient causes still in vigorous operation that fully account for the powerful results of Rowland Hill's first efforts on this spot.

The characteristic aim and purpose of his ministry was to arrest the godless multitude—to save the notoriously vicious and abandoned servants of sin. John Berridge, writing to Lady Huntingdon, says—"Dear Rowley is going, with the Lord's help, to erect a standard for the Gospel in the very midst of the Devil's dominions in London. The place fixed upon is one of the worst spots in London. This much is satisfactory; fine soil for ploughing and sowing!" He first unfurled the Gospel banner in the open air, at the very rendezvous of riotous and seditious mobs of half-starved operatives. His weapons proved mighty against the strongholds of the enemy; and though not exempt from opposition and violence, he stood his ground against the rage of the old serpent, and the timid dissuasions of many friends. His motto was "*Go forward.*" He once said, when preaching at Wotton—"Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast. But I am not: mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill; I saw a gravel-pit fall in, and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard in the

town below, at a distance of a mile. Help came, and rescued two of them. No man called me an enthusiast then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrecoverably in eternal woe, and call aloud to them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now?" This was the pervading character and aim of his early ministry, and though its fiery zeal may have somewhat abated with advancing old age, he retained to the last this aggressive aim and purpose. The building is well adapted to its intended use—very spacious—remarkably plain—admirably arranged for hearing and seeing the preacher—with systematic provision for the accommodation of strangers. The *poor* are specially cared for; indeed nowhere have we seen such marked attentions shewn to the poor aged widows as in this congregation. While the nobles of the land have been attracted in numbers to this plain tabernacle, it has always been *the poor man's chapel*, and this is one of the reasons why it has so long retained its multitudinous assemblies. Mr. Hill's successors have, like himself, emulated the distinction of their Master's ministry—"To the *poor* the Gospel is preached." This same characteristic has been a chief attraction of some of the parish churches of England, where faithful men of God draw multitudes by their earnest proclamation of the glad tidings of salvation, which everywhere attracts the common people.

This suggests another cause of the abiding vigor and efficiency of the Surrey Chapel Society. For these eighty years the distinguishing truths of sovereign grace, abounding through Christ to the chief of sinners, have been plainly and fervently exhibited. The three noble men to whom, successively, the Head of the Church has entrusted this great congregation, have been alike in this; they have not known anything in that pulpit but "Christ and Him crucified." With great simplicity and plainness of speech, they have proclaimed to sinners as in condition "wretched and miserable, and poor and blind and naked," "the unsearchable riches of Christ." Of Rowland Hill's preaching this was the all-pervading charm. His quaintness and eccentricity might have gained for him many curious hearers; but their curiosity soon gave place to deep conviction of sin, and they either went away offended, or eagerly listened to the searching, burning truths which, as Sheridan said, "came red-hot from his heart." So Mr. Sherman, without any attempt at lofty rhetoric, or intellectual profundity, or classic brilliance; but with overwhelming unction and subduing tenderness, pressed home upon the hearts of his hearers "the truth as it is in Jesus." The critic was wholly disarmed by his evident singleness of purpose, and intense earnestness of desire to save sinners. As for Mr. Newman Hall's discourse on the evening we heard him, we can conceive of no higher model for "the ministry of reconciliation." With close and logical argument was combined familiar and glowing imagery; with majestic array of the awful verities of judgment and eternity was blended such winning tenderness of persuasion, that we had the feeling that surely no unconverted sinner could resist such honest, sympathizing endeavors to bring him to Jesus. Those who are familiar with the little manuals—"Come to Jesus"—"It is I"—"Grieve not the Spirit," &c. (and who is not familiar with them) might expect that such a writer would be such a preacher. We were told that the sermon we heard was a fair specimen of the ordinary ministrations of Mr. Hall, and the appearance of the congregation confirmed this good report. Our impression of the truths presented was at the time so deep, that comments on the preacher's manner would have seemed impertinent, although such must have been in terms of unqualified admiration.

The reflex influence was to make us feel thoroughly disgusted with all our own attempts at preaching. No wonder the people throng that sanctuary! There they are dealt with in loving earnestness, by one whose passionate desire for their salvation makes him forget everything else. His topics are chosen with this single aim. His language and illustrations, his manner and very tones of voice—so natural and free from the contemptible petty artifices and affectations of the ambitious pulpit declaimer—impress you at once with the conviction that his all-controlling aim is to exalt his Saviour, and, so far as he is concerned, simply “to commend himself to every man’s conscience, as in the sight of God.” *Such preaching must be effective* while human nature remains what it is, and the ‘Comforter’ continues His gracious work of “convincing of sin and of righteousness and of judgment.”

But we must not overlook another element of power that is skilfully used by the pastor and flock of Surrey Chapel—the active engagement of the various gifts and talents of the Lord’s people in work of service. From the first, this congregation has been remarkable for its many schemes of evangelistic and benevolent labour. Soon after the settlement of Rowland Hill, there sprang up a “School of Industry”—a “Benevolent Society for the relief and personal visitation of the sick poor”—a “Doreas Association”—a Society for young Converts—“Social Meetings” for different sexes and ages—“District Prayer Meetings,” and many other systematic efforts, affording scope for the gifts of many male and female leaders, and a host of fellow-workers.

These first works have been perseveringly prosecuted for eighty years, and “the last are more than the first,” as a glance at one of their annual reports abundantly shews. Of the Sabbath services in Surrey Chapel there are six for adults, besides Sunday Schools and Bible Classes for the young. Besides a Monday evening prayer meeting and a Thursday evening lecture, followed by an enquiry meeting for personal conversation, there are frequent meetings of members for friendly intercourse and spiritual improvement, to which as many of the communicants are invited in alphabetical order, as can be accommodated in the church library, to take tea with the ministers and office-bearers, for in Surrey Chapel there is a plurality of ministers after the apostolic order. Then there are regular services on Sabbath and week-days at several mission stations around, under the charge of laymen, with open-air services on Sabbath and every evening during the summer months, weather permitting. There are eleven gatherings every Sabbath evening, under the management of a “Christian Instruction Society”—six “Bible Classes,” severally for young men, young women, and children—four “Maternal Association” meetings in different districts—ten Sunday Schools; and besides these, three Sunday evening Ragged Schools, embracing altogether nearly six thousand scholars and teachers! Then there is the “School of Industry”—several female clothing societies—“Missionary Working Associations”—a “Mission for the Elevation of the Working Classes,” with popular lectures for such on week evenings—a “Young Men’s Christian Association”—“Alms Houses,” where twenty-three christian women are provided with comfortable homes—Tract Distribution Associations—a Temperance Society, with more than 2,000 members—a “Band of Hope,” numbering nearly as many juveniles—the “Benevolent Society,” that in one year has administered relief in more than a thousand cases of distress, with an expenditure of nearly five hundred pounds. But the patience of our readers will fail before we can complete the enumeration. These must suffice; and surely we have here a most comely cedar, spreading out its most ample boughs, still fresh

and green, after three generations have passed away! Such strength and vigor could be attained only by a *working church*. The order of Divine dispensation and blessing is that "he who soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully, and he that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly." "Unto him that hath shall more be given, and he shall have abundantly."

Let not the striking contrast between the field thus occupied and that in which the Canadian pastor has to labor cause us to despise the day of small things; neither let this contrast diminish the force of the lessons which such an example should impress upon us. The same aims and the same kind of ministrations should equally characterize us; and most assuredly, if such were the case, the Lord would work by us, with demonstration of the Holy Ghost and power. Oh! for such a heavenly baptism of power and love and a sound mind!

E. E.

KIDNAPPING OF ISLANDERS IN THE PACIFIC.

Deeds of the most barbarous character, and illustrating the atrocious spirit of slavery, have lately been perpetrated in the South Seas. Our souls revolt from the cruelties of that system, and this fresh outrage on humanity deepens our detestation of men-stealers and their infamous traffic. We, however, allow the following letter, from the *Sydney Morning Herald*, to tell its own tale:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SYDNEY MORNING HERALD.

SIR,—A few days since I sent you the translation of a letter, from a native teacher, relative to the barbarous proceedings of the Peruvian slavers in the Union Group. I have just received by the *Humboldt* letters from the missionary, the Rev. Mr. Lawes, and Samuela, one of the native teachers, labouring in Savage Island, detailing still more atrocious proceedings of these slavers on their once prosperous island. It is only ten years since this native teacher left me to engage in the work of an evangelist on Savage Island, which was then in a state of degraded heathenism. The whole of the people have become Christians, not merely in name, but a very large number evidence the power of the Gospel in a consistent course of conduct, exhibiting many of the sublimest principles of Christianity. The mission on Savage Island was one of the most prosperous and encouraging in the whole Pacific, and it has filled our hearts with joy. But now other sympathies are aroused, and we are called to mourn with these poor people in their lamentations and woe produced by these barbarous slavers.

Mr. Lawes, says, under date April 30, "You will be grieved to hear that we have been so tried by these wretched slavers. We have had four here, taking in all about 160 men. We have lost one deacon, three assistant teachers, and about twenty-five church members. I cannot send you details now, but no African slave tragedies surpass these in cruelty and horror. Two have been shot—one recovered, but one was shot dead on the spot."

Samuela, the native teacher on Savage Island, in a letter to Mr. Murray and myself, after joyously describing the progress of the work of Christianity among them during the past year, turns from those happy scenes to the distressing events which have cast a gloom over the missionary work, and plunged the whole island in woe. He writes:—

"Nine (or Savage Island), March 31, 1863.

"Mr. Ella and Mr. Murray,—This is my account to you of the work of God on Nine, of what is being done by the teachers, and Mr. Lawes, the missionary. Great is our love to you from whom we are now separated. Although we are so widely apart, and cannot see each other's faces, let us continue to meet and feel each other's presence, in our united prayers to Jehovah our God. Pray for us, that our work may be blessed and progress in peace, for there are many evils

springing up in the world to hinder the work of the Lord, by wicked men from strange lands.

[Samuela then relates proceedings in the mission of a most cheering character, but too long to mention here. After this, he narrates the calamities which have come upon them.]

“But other things I have to tell you which have produced many sorrows among this people. Foreign ships of men-stealers have brought distress to this land of Nine. On the 28th of January a ship came off here, said to be a ship of Spain. I do not know whether this is true, or whether we were deceived also in this. The captain said they had come to purchase fowls and pigs. Then our people unsuspectingly went off with their things to sell. When the captain saw that there was a good number of men on board, he made sail, carrying off forty of the people, and moved out of sight of land. Then he fastened the people down in the hold, and went round to the other side of the island to steal more men. There, other natives in their simplicity, went off to the ship to sell. When the men who were fastened down below heard some of their people on deck, they called out to them to help them out of their confinement. Then seven managed to burst from their prison, and the canoes hastened to the shore with these seven men. They were fired upon from the ship. One man was wounded in the neck, and nearly killed; he is still confined with his wound; another man was hacked by a hatchet; his hand is badly cut with one of the strokes. As the canoes reached the shore with these seven, but the ship went off, carrying away thirty-three; among them were twelve church members and six candidates. Great was the lamentation of the people here, because their friends were taken away, for the chiefs and rulers of the land are stolen in that man-stealing ship. To this day, their wives and children continue to weep and mourn; some have nine, some six, others five, and others four children, thus bereaved. This grief is not confined to this people; we all sympathise, too, with those of other lands who are also made slaves by these foreigners. I only tell you these things, for what means have we of ever again getting these men? Alas for them! where are they?”

“After this event, another thing of the same kind took place. On the 9th of March, another vessel stood off this place. Mr. Lawes sent off a letter to the ship to inquire where she was bound, but he did not suspect that this, also, was a slave ship. A small four-seated canoe went off to the vessel to take Mr. Lawes' letter. Then the ship's boat came to shore; but the men who went off with the letter were kept bound on board—they and their canoe were hoisted on board. When the ship's boat came to the shore, only one of the foreigners landed; but the boat kept off at a distance at sea. This foreigner deceived us. He went up to Mr. Lawes, pretending to get medicine for the captain of the ship. The foreigners returned attended by a number of the people, who took him off to the boat. Some canoes also went out to get the men who had gone off to the ship. [The suspicions of the people had been aroused by the four men who took the letter not returning.] Behold, when the boat reached the ship, the ship fired into the nine canoes which went off for the men who were detained on board, and one man, a church-member, was hit—the bullet entering his eye, and he fell dead. The ship continued firing upon them, and some of the canoes were broken up, and whilst the people were swimming, the boats pursued the men, seized them, and dragged them off to the ship. Then the vessel sailed away with nineteen of the people; one also was killed. There were among those taken by the slave ship, three teachers, and a deacon of Mr. Lawes's church, and other church members, and some candidates. A great many children are thus bereaved. The wives and children cease not to weep for their husbands and fathers, not knowing whether they were killed, or where they are taken by these men-stealing ships. It is as if the work of God would be hated here, for some of the people think that these calamities have come upon them, and foreigners have visited them, from having missionaries and teachers living among them; for such things never occurred in former days of heathenism. But these are only words which are uttered in the bitterness of their grief and astonishment on account of the cruelty

of foreigners in these days. Their people have been killed and carried off, and they have done nothing to cause such afflictions. Has any foreigner been killed on Nine? No, indeed. Lo, it is a day of mourning that these doings have brought upon this people. They now weep and mourn for their husbands, their chiefs, and their young men, who are stolen by foreign ships. This is the difficulty with us: we do not know from what country the ships have come, we do not know the names of the ships, nor the names of the captains. But I just tell you these things which have occurred in this land.

"The young men, Mose, and Sualo, and Noa, who came with Mr. Murray from Samoa, are all taken by these men-stealing ships of the foreigners. Their wives and parents do nothing but cry for them. Mose has left two children, the same also Sualo, but Noa had only one child. Great is my compassion for these young men, who were so earnest in the work of God, and who were such helps to me. I cannot finish this letter with more—the ship is going off. Peace to you all.—I am,

"SAMUELA."

Need I call attention to any particular in this narrative? It is too painful—the heart sickens and faints in dwelling upon it. Whilst we sympathise with the poor sufferers and mourn with them, we are not less grieved on account of the wretches who have perpetrated these atrocious deeds. It is astounding and horrifying that men from civilized countries can go forth on such an expedition, and be guilty of such crimes. These revelations only make known to us a part of their doings. We have not heard what has been done in islands where there are none to reveal their deeds. What a dark chapter in the history of this year's events will be supplied by the diabolical proceedings of this expedition of twenty-five vessels fitted out to capture ten thousand slaves. May the God of mercy in His infinite might stay these atrocities, and turn the hearts of these bloody and cruel men.

Well may the poor creatures inquire, What have we done to provoke such cruelties? Why should their helplessness expose them to the ravages and oppression of those who have the heart and power for fitting out such expeditions against them? Why should their homes be violated, their people destroyed or carried off into slavery, and women and children left to mourn in bereavement? In some men the greed of gain has quenched all feelings of humanity, and made them brutes destitute of every spark of compassion.

It is in a tone of despair that the teacher says, "I just mention these things to you; what means have we of ever getting back these men?" But I cannot yield the hope that the few survivors may be restored. Surely no civilized government will ever recognise such atrocities. For the sake of their own honour, the Peruvian Government will, doubtless, repudiate such proceedings, and be induced to take effective steps for restoring these poor people to their homes. We rejoice that the French at Tahiti have been able to give some little check to the expedition, and that they have captured five of the slavers. We may suppose that, from the scale on which the expedition has been fitted out, it is contemplated to accomplish the purpose in one foray, concluding that, after an alarm is sounded, the opportunity for such villainies will cease. Yet this may be but the beginning of evils; and where will the limits be fixed? Who will next be the victims of such piratical expeditions?

Had Savage Island been in the state in which it was eight years ago, probably the missionary and teachers would have fallen sacrifices to the grief and vengeance of the outraged people. We may expect to hear many calamities to arise from these doings in islands where the influence of Christianity and Christian teachers had not extended. These things do not only affect us as Christians, appealing to our human sympathies, but touch us as a commercial people. If such things be suffered, all trading operations and intercourse with the South Sea Islanders will cease.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the zealous notice which you have given to this matter,

I remain, Sir, yours respectfully,

Woollahra, June 9th, 1863.

S. ELLA.

From other sources we learn that these sad scenes are enacted by slavers at many islands. The victims are spoken of as numbering thousands. We fervently hope that the miscreants will be brought to justice, and that the peaceful work of the missionaries of the cross in these lovely islands will not be destroyed and broken up.

Trans-Atlantic Retrospect.

The intelligence from Madagascar, coming through French sources, is calculated to cause great anxiety and apprehension to the friends of the missions in that interesting island. The latest letter from the Rev. W. Ellis was dated June 6th. At that date every thing promised fair for a quiet and peaceful passage out of the throes of the revolution. The new order of things seemed to have been accepted by the nobles and people, and disaffection, if there was any, was not manifested. Under date however of June 10th, from Antanarivo, the *Moniteur* publishes the following :

“Considerable agitation still prevailed in Madagascar, on account of the assassination of King Radama, and the symptoms of insurrection are manifesting themselves. “The sudden transition from a state of almost illimitable liberty,” adds the correspondent of the *Moniteur*, ‘to a situation which betrays all the rigour of a thorough despotism could not fail to excite popular resentment, and it will not be surprising if we are called upon shortly to depict its results.”

Further reports through the same channel state that an engagement had taken place, that 4,000 Hovas had been killed, as also the Prime Minister Rabodo, whose duties Mr. Ellis had taken upon himself, acting in opposition to the Queen.

It is very difficult of course to judge how much, if any, of this is true; it is quite possible that there have been disturbances, quite possible that there has been a battle, but the probabilities are the other way. The story smacks very much of the same manufacturing process through which the French account of the revolution passed. It is no secret that Mr. Lambert is highly chagrined by the frustration of his schemes; all his intrigues—and those who have studied the history of Madagascar for the last few years know that they have been incessant—have been devoted to personal aggrandisement, to the increase of French influence and the spread of the Roman Catholic religion. When this was suddenly brought to an end, it is easily conceivable that he and his friends should picture the state of Madagascar as demanding the strong hand of an European power. We shall soon however know more positively, possibly before these lines are in the hands of our readers we may have letters from Mr. Ellis or Mr. Toye, and we do not fear in receiving them to find that whatever may have happened at Antanarivo, the representatives of the London Missionary Society have acted other than as ministers of the gospel of peace,—as Englishmen, as Christians, and as Christian ministers. With reference to the statement respecting Mr. Ellis, we make the following extract from the *Nonconformist* :

“The statement, is sufficiently improbable to be condemned at once, at least by all who know him, as even surpassing in mischievous absurdity the basest of those falsehoods which it seemed to be the interest of some party to concoct and to circulate respecting him on the occurrence of the King’s death. We do happen to know that about the middle of June, the venerable representative of the London Missionary Society at Madagascar both knew what best became him in that

capacity, and faithfully performed his duty. He sought an interview with the Queen at the palace, and, in the presence of her officers of State and her nobles, he thanked her for the freedom which had been accorded by her first Kabara, or message, to the profession by her subjects of the Christian religion, gave her a public account of all which the Mission had done and contemplated doing, and disclaimed on its behalf any other object than that which it overtly professed and pursued—and, we may add, he was received, listened to, and dismissed with every demonstration of the Sovereign's favour."

We trust that next month we shall be able to state positively that these reports are French Roman Catholic fabrications.

The SLAVE TRADE is once more in full blast. This time, the scene of its abominable cruelties is the South Sea Islands, and the victims, the natives. Many of them are converted Christian men; men who by the preaching of the missionaries have been led to the truth, and have lived lives manifesting the reality of the change that has passed upon them. The accounts, as given in the *Missionary Magazine* for this month, are distressing in the extreme—there is the same tale in every case—the unsuspecting natives enticed on board the slaver, who then sets sail and carries them away from liberty and home. An address has been sent from Adelaide to the Queen on the subject, of which the following is the substance. That vessels have been fitted out in Callao, the port of Lima, capital of the Peruvian Republic, for the purpose of obtaining men by a system of forced emigration, for the mines and plantations of that country. That these vessels have carried off a considerable number of the natives of the Islands of the Pacific. That in one case every male inhabitant, and in others a large proportion of the able-bodied men, have been forcibly abducted. That the capture of 500 or 600 can be clearly proved, while reports from Callao state that from 1,500 to 2,000 have been landed there. That among the natives thus forcibly carried away, not a few were from the various mission stations, who had renounced heathenism, and were living in obedience to the laws of the Bible; and that the result may prove in the highest degree injurious; vessels calling at these islands on lawful trade, or for missionary purposes, may be captured and their crews butchered in revenge for the treachery of these slavers. We are glad to find that the indignant protest of the people of Adelaide, and, we may add, of Australia generally, has been taken up at home, and that there is every probability of such a pressure being brought to bear upon the Peruvian Government as shall compel them not only to give up this villainous traffic, but to restore those who are left to their home, and to compensate them as far as possible for the sufferings they have undergone. We subjoin the following, from Dr. George Turner, on the subject. Writing to a friend, he says—

"We find the public mind stirred just now by that new slave-trade which has commenced on the Pacific. Ere this reaches you, you will no doubt see something in the public papers about it. I hope as I go along in the *John Williams* to ascertain reliable information. We have enough, however, to convince us that there are some thirty of these vessels out in the Pacific kidnapping the natives whenever they can get hold of them, and carrying them off to work as slaves in the mines of Peru. We hear of as many as from 1,000 to 1,500 who have been taken away; and it is reported that of these seventy-five died amid the horrors of the middle passage. Meetings are being held in these colonies, and I am sure that there are tens of thousands of you ready to rise and join in imploring the British Government to put a stop to the diabolical traffic, and to demand also that the Peruvian Government give up those of the poor people who survive, that

they may be taken back to the island from which they have been stolen. If this is not done, you may expect to hear of the ruin of mission-stations, the massacre of missionaries, and the slaughter of traders and shipwrecked mariners. At one of our stations in the Topelau group, all the male population, except six, have been taken away. At another, forty were picked out from a party who were at the mission village, and driven to the boats at the point of the sword and bayonet; and from Samgi Island, one of the most lovely of our mission settlements, 160 have been taken away." The *Echo de l'Ardeche* publishes the following letter from the Abbe Gavet, missionary to the islands of Samoa, on the subject of American piracy in the Pacific:—"March 21, 1863.—We have in our neighbourhood twenty American pirate ships, the crews of which hunt the natives of our islands to make slaves of them, and then sell them for employment in the American armies. They have not succeeded in duping our Christians in Samoa, but they have completely stripped the islands of Nukumano, Takafo and others, of all their male inhabitants. The inhabitants of the island of Nukumano had been converted, and we were on the point of embarking to baptize the poor people when we heard of their forced emigration. Our ships of war at Tahiti have already captured two of these pirate steamers."

A PROTESTANT CHURCH IN JAPAN.—A number of American Christians, of different denominations, have just organised the "First Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in Japan." The movement originated with the United States Minister and Consul, and by their influence most desirable sites have been secured for a church edifice and for missionary residences in the Yokohama bays. The new organisation is spoken of as full of Christian vigour, and as likely to prove an unspeakable blessing to all English-speaking persons in that part of Japan. Of the members, one is a Japanese—an earnest, it is hoped, of a large ingathering hereafter from among the people of that heathen land.—*Evangelical Christendom*.

REV. DR. DUFF.—The *Friend of India* announces the approaching departure of Dr. Duff from Calcutta:—"The Rev. Dr. Duff, having recovered from his serious illness sufficiently to be removed, has left for Singapore and Java. After inspecting the various Free Church missions in India, he will return to Bengal at the close of the year, and then finally bid farewell to India, where he has spent a third of a century in a work of self-denying usefulness, more important and more fruitful of results than any other public or private man can boast of."

ADVANCE OF CATHOLIC FEELING.—It seems not unworthy of mention that the Rev. Thomas Binney, of London, during his late visit to Braemar, not only preached and gave addresses in the Free Church there, but also partook of the communion in the Established Church. And more recently, the Secretary of the Congregational Home Mission of England, (our townsman, the Rev. J. H. Wilson) preached in both the Established and Free Churches of Ballater. Such facts indicate an enlightened Christian spirit, which we would wish to see more generally diffused.—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

BISHOP COLENZO AND HIS CLERGY.—The archdeacon and clergy of the diocese of Natal have transmitted the following address to Bishop Colenso, who is still in England:—"To the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Natal. We, the licensed clergy ministering in the diocese of Natal, desire to address your lordship upon a matter of the utmost importance to the Church planted in this colony. We have heard with the deepest pain of a work published by you, in which you state in effect that you no longer hold, believe, or are able to teach, some, at least, of the most vital of the doctrines of the United Church of England and Ireland. We consider that in our relative positions it would have ill-become us to have been the first to draw attention to acts of yours done before the whole world, and therefore we remained silent until those in authority in our Church had publicly marked their sense of your lordship's proceedings. But we understand that, a very large majority of the archbishops and bishops having written to you suggesting the

propriety of your resigning your office, you have answered that it is not your intention to comply with that suggestion. Under these circumstances, we consider that a longer silence on our part would be most culpable. There are, we are aware, legal questions which it belongs to others to decide; but we feel that we have a duty independently of any merely legal proceedings. The various offices which we hold, the emoluments we receive, are held on the faith of our upholding and defending the doctrines of the Church of England, and on that understanding alone could we honestly and conscientiously continue to hold those offices or to receive those emoluments. Unfeignedly believing all the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and bound to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine, contrary to God's Word, we feel compelled in the sight of God and His Church, and more especially before the people committed to our care and charge, to protest most solemnly against the position taken by you in the publication of this book and your determination to retain the office of Bishop, and we think it right to lay this our protest before the ecclesiastical authority to whom, next to your lordship, we must look—the Metropolitan of Cape Town. We are your lordship's faithful servants, C. L. Grubbe, M.A., Archdeacon of Maritzburg; W. H. Cynric Lloyd, Colonial Chaplain and Rector of Durban; James Walter, of Pinetown; A. Tonneson, of Umgababa; W. Banga, of Umbazi; W. A. Elder, of Verulam; Joseph Barker, of Umzinto; A. W. L. Revett, of Addington," and other diocesan clergymen.

Evangelical Christendom has a letter addressed by Dr. Livingstone to the late lamented Sir Culling Eardley, in which he again dwells on the calamitous state of affairs in the district chosen for the Universities' Mission. He says:—

River Shire, Jan. 23, 1863.

I have just been visiting Bishop Mackenzie's grave. At first I thought him wrong in fighting, but don't think so now. He defended his 140 orphan children when there was no human arm besides to invoke. To fight even in self-defence must always be but a sad necessity; but to sit still and let bloodthirsty slave-hunters tear away those orphans who cleave to us for protection, would be suffering martyrdom for our own folly. In coming up the Shire we have met fifteen dead bodies floating down. The whole country on the east of the river is devastated by a half-caste Portuguese, called Marianno, with about 1,000 armed slaves. You would not credit the enormities of which this fellow has been guilty; the poor people fled to the reedy banks of the river, and having left all their grain behind, famine and death (of which we are every now and then compelled to see the sickening evidence) followed, as a matter of course. The same evils have been produced higher up the river by the people of Tette, of whom the Governor is the leader; and besides those carried off into slavery, an untold number perish of hunger. The Tette people put arms into the hands of the Ajawa, to be wielded against a tribe named Manganja. The passions of one body of blacks are employed against another. Both suffer grievously. We have tried, and still try, to stop the evil at its origin in the Portuguese slave-hunter. The greatest evil of all is, this legalised system of slave-hunting has prevented the influences of her Majesty's squadron being felt inland through missionaries. On the West Coast comparative quiet was produced by the presence of the men-of-war. About twenty missions have been established: the means have been brought into play which the Government hoped for, while here the only mission that has been tried is in danger of being worried out by slave-hunting. On the side of the oppressor there is power. Let us hope that ye who have power with the Almighty will let your prayers prevail on behalf of this wretched, trodden-down country.

With Christian salutations, I am, &c.,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Dr. Raffles of Liverpool is dead; we have not space this month to give a sketch of his life—but hope to do so next number.

News of the Churches.

ORDINATION SERVICES AT BROCKVILLE.

On Thursday, the 24th Sept., the Rev. Alexander MacGregor, a graduate of the Congregational College of B. N. A., Toronto, was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church at Brockville, C.W. The Rev. B. Carto, of Brockville, conducted the devotional exercises. The Rev. R. K. Black, of Lanark, gave the introductory discourse, founded on 1 Cor. iv, 17. The Rev. K. M. Fenwick, of Kingston, proposed the usual questions, which were satisfactorily replied to. The Rev. H. Wilkes, D.D., of Montreal, offered the ordination prayer; and the Rev. P. Shanks, of Lanark Village, gave the right hand of fellowship. Prayer being offered by the Rev. Richard Lewis, of Vankleek Hill, and a hymn being sung, this part of the service was concluded by the pastor's pronouncing the benediction.

In the evening the services were resumed, and a most impressive charge delivered to the pastor by the Rev. H. Wilkes, D.D., who was followed by the Rev. K. M. Fenwick, who addressed the people from Phil. ii, 29, "Receive him therefore in the Lord, with all gladness; and hold such in reputation."

Blessed with the presence of the God of Jacob, who turned the rock into a standing water, the flint into a fountain of waters, may this little one become a thousand.

PRESENTATION.

We learn from the *Whitby Chronicle* that the friends of the Rev. J. T. BYRNE have presented him with an elegant tea service. The presentation was held at the house of Mrs. McGillivray, on Thursday evening, the 3rd September, and was of a social and pleasing character. An address, conveying expressions of warm and sincere friendship and esteem, was presented on the occasion to Mr. Byrne.

VANKLEEK HILL.

Mr. ROBERT LEWIS, junior, of the Congregational College B.N.A., has recently accepted a call to become the pastor of the church of our faith in this place, amongst whom he has been laboring for some time past, with manifest tokens of good, and greatly encouraged by the kindness shown to him by all. The brethren are very hopeful as to the future, and others will join with them in the earnest desire that this little hill of Zion may be revived and increased, and that the Divine Spirit may dwell with them, to bless the seed sown, and the united efforts of the brotherhood to advance the cause of Christ there.

HENRY WIGHT.

It was by his labours to arrest the indifferent, and to reclaim the abandoned amongst the lower classes of the population, that Mr. Wight at this time sought chiefly to put his ministry to the proof. In pursuance of this design, he commenced and carried on for a series of years a regular system of street-preaching. For this he was eminently adapted, and few men have pursued it with greater success. His fine manly appearance; his gentlemanly bearing; his perfect self-possession, even under circumstances calculated to distract or intimidate: his clear and powerful voice; his plain good sense, which suffered nothing of cant or extravagance to mingle with his discourse; his imperturbable good humour, which, happen what might, never for a moment deserted him; his earnest and honest seriousness, which never stooped to anything flippant or coarse on the one hand, or was lost in noisy rant and declamation on the other; and, crowning all, the known goodness and perfect disinterestedness of the man—gave a marvellous power over the rude and often lawless multitudes whom he gathered around him in the streets. I entirely agree with the author of an admirable sketch of him which

appeared recently in one of the newspapers of this city, and from which I have already quoted, when he pronounces him the best street-preacher he had ever heard. I have frequently listened to him, and watched the effect of his address upon his audience. A strange scene, a curious assembly, it often was. Poorly-dressed women were there, pallid and careworn, with infants in their arms, or clinging to their dress; working men would be seen sometimes planted sturdily before the speaker, as if determined to give him a fair hearing; others standing sideways towards him, with a kind of odd expression on their countenances, half of shame at being in such a position, half of interest in what the speaker was saying; sometimes there would be a band of disorderly lads, whose attempts to disturb the service had been to their own marrel utterly quashed by the calm self-possession and quiet dignity of the speaker, and who now stood listening with a sort of sheepish curiosity to their vanquisher; here and there, perhaps covering out of view, would be some poor wanderer from the paths of virtue, whom the voice of the speaker had arrested from the outskirts of the crowd, and over whose seared and withered heart his words were beginning to fall as a healing and quickening dew; and scattered about were loungers of various sorts, some attracted by idle curiosity, some who had come to mock, some who had been induced to pause in their course simply because there was a crowd, and one or two from the better classes of society, who had turned aside from a half-acknowledged feeling of interest in the man and in his work. Raised above this motley mass, in a moveable pulpit which he had constructed for the purpose, was to be seen the large and well-proportioned form of the speaker, with his hat on his head, and, if the air was chill, his coat buttoned up to his throat—"a big leisurely man," as the writer before quoted has felicitously described him, "with kind eyes and an open countenance"—holding a simple pocket Bible in his hand, and letting his fine, full, manly voice have scope, so as to carry his plain but pointed sentences to every ear. There was no excitement on the part of the speaker, and no attempt to produce any in the hearers. Truth—solemn, sometimes awful truth—was uttered without reserve; sin was painted in its true colours, and the sinner warned earnestly and affectionately to forsake his ways; and the blessings of a free salvation through a crucified Redeemer were announced and urged on the acceptance of all. But there was no attempt to move the passions or agitate the nerves of the multitude. The speaker never for a moment forgot what was due to his subject as a message of divine truth and love, or what was due to himself as an educated Christian gentleman. He spoke decidedly, earnestly, affectionately; but there was no storm or noise, no lashing of himself into a fury, no hurling of vehement denunciations at his hearers, no affected pathos, no mawkish or maudlin appeals to the feelings of his hearers. Everything bore the stamp of thorough genuineness and sincerity. He spoke in his ordinary natural voice, and his tones rose or fell as his subject required. The effect corresponded. There were no prostrations, no exclamations, seldom even any tears among the crowd. But all stood still, listening to what they could not but feel were the words of truth and soberness addressed to them by the speaker; and when the assembly broke up, many retired mightily convinced by what they had heard; not a few, who had previously treated all religion with indifference, were pricked in their hearts, and made to feel that it was the one thing needful; and to many a sad, and crushed, and sin-scorched heart had come home words of life and healing, the seeds of a life of praise, and purity, and love from that time forward and for evermore. The success which attended these labours was great and gratifying. Week after week the preacher was waited upon by persons under spiritual concern, to whom his preaching had been made useful, in awakening them to attend to the things of God; constant additions were made to the membership of his church, so that the society, which at its commencement numbered only about two dozen members, was now to be counted by hundreds, and at length the place where they had been wont to assemble became too strait for them.

His labours were not at first confined to Edinburgh. He was in the habit of visiting many of the smaller towns and villages in the neighbourhood at stated

intervals, and preaching sometimes in the open air, and sometimes in barns, school-houses, halls, or any building suitable for the purpose, that could be obtained. This was a very exhausting kind of work, involving walks of many miles, both before and after preaching, frequent exposure to the inclemency of the weather and the necessity of lodging at night in circumstances of the utmost discomfort. The writer well remembers hearing him speak of lodging in a room, in a small town where he had been preaching, the roof of which was in so dilapidated a condition, that he was obliged to spread his plaid over the bed as a protection from the rain, which fell incessantly during the night. But of such hardships he made small account. He was blessed with robust health, and a strong constitution; and it was his delight to spend and be spent for God. His visits to the neighbourhood were, however, continued only for a limited period. As his labours in the city were multiplied from year to year, they were made with gradually decreasing frequency and regularity, till at length he felt it to be his duty to give them up altogether.

In 1832, Mr. Wight began to keep a journal, which he continued with tolerable regularity for nearly thirty years. His reason for doing so was, that he believed it to be a useful help in self-examination, and in the education of the mind for eternity. The journal was strictly private, and was seen by no one but her from whom he concealed nothing. Knowing that his wish, in committing it to her care after his death, was, that none but herself should be at liberty to peruse much of its contents, she has proved herself faithful to the trust. The extracts that appear in this volume have been selected by her alone. They will serve to illustrate the character of his mind, and to show how diligently he cultivated personal godliness, even at a period when his life was a constant round of active exertion in preaching the Gospel, and watching over a growing congregation; and how much of faithful dealing with his own heart, of which many who saw him only in public would have no suspicion, lay at the root of his zeal and success as a labourer in the vineyard of God:—

“1st October, 1832.—I desire in the sight of God who searcheth the hearts of all, and of Jesus Christ, who saveth us from our sins, to set down here those things that are true.

“I was tempted to angry thoughts against C——. How precious is His grace to restrain the corruption of our nature!

“Preached in the Hall in the evening, concerning the privileges of God’s children to be corrected for their faults, from Psalm lxxxix. I feel Satan has been trying to damp my zeal in every way for preaching the gospel, by employing and harassing my mind with other things, to distract me; but I must break through. Found a useful hint in a tract of Ebenezer Erskine’s, who says our duty is to bring the sacrifice and gather the wood, and the Lord sends the fire. We keep back from sacrificing to the Lord, because we do not first see the fire. Went down to the Cholera Hospital among the patients. Went out and preached in the street, at Queensferry, to a good number of people. After preaching, a woman asked me if I took baubees.”

Referring to the urgent request of the people to whom he preached in the Hall, that they might be formed into a church, and observe ordinances under his pastoral superintendence, he writes:—

“My mind has been a good deal exercised on this subject. I see plainly, if I am called of God to preach the Gospel, He may call me to this also. It (the dispensing of the ordinance of the Lord’s Supper) is part of the preaching of the word. If I am a minister of Christ, it must be to minister in those things He calls me to; and having His sanction, I need no other. My general failing, I think, is rashness; and I believe my fear of falling into it has kept me back from this longer than it ought to have done. All my desire is, that the Lord may bless it to knit us together, and make us one to His glory.”

Having acceded to the wish of the people, and dispensed the Lord’s Supper for the first time, he writes:—

"December, 1832. This has been a comfortable day to me. I have been led to see how much we must always be looking to the death of Christ, in order to discover the love of God. In this was manifested the love of God, because He laid down his life *for us*. I preached in the Hall, from 1 Cor. xv. 1-4; and, in the afternoon, from 'Do this in remembrance of Me.' I saw much more of the use of the ordinance, as being for the *keeping* the death of Christ *in memory*.

"I see that I need to pray much to the Lord for wisdom to guide me, and strength to be faithful.....Went to hear A. S.; was annoyed, during the time of his expounding, with evil thoughts against L — and D —, who were sitting there, saying in my heart, 'This is a word for you,' and thus keeping it away from myself. Oh, what a power in us works against God; but His mercy endureth for ever, and His arm, like His love, is never wearied in doing good.

"Called on Mrs. —, who said she really believed her daughter E — was turned to the Lord. I found her husband in, and spoke a great deal to him, bringing him two or three times, by his own reasonings, to answer the question, 'What place does Christ hold in the work of your salvation?'.....Mrs. —'s heart was running over. She told me that yesterday the fruits of my conversation with her husband were, that he bowed his knee in prayer, which she had never seen him do before, although they had been married twelve years."

During the whole period of his connection with the church in Edinburgh, it was distinguished for the large number of its members who were systematically engaged in efforts to spread the Gospel, both in various parts of the city and in the neighbouring villages. He writes :

"I am confirmed in the necessity of the diligent use of means. There is a prayer meeting in this house every Wednesday evening, hitherto well attended. Feeling we ought to do more, and that the men in the Hall should learn to labour, I have settled two prayer meetings for Sabbath evening at eight, one at R —, and another in Mr. E —'s house. I trust the Lord may strengthen me to go on, and that in the midst of all, my own soul may grow in self-abasement. Sloth in every way is a great hindrance, and has been so to me to a great extent. What activity Christ had! and I never read of any man who was honoured to do much good to his fellow creatures, who did not redeem his time. Lord, grant me to know what I am, and save me from ever living satisfied with anything but real personal communion with Thyself. I see, if I had made a regular practice of self-examination, three or four years ago, I would have been saved from doing many foolish things. Read a part of Henry Martyn, from which I saw the good of a journal, for the sake of self-examination.

"Before going out to preach, I spent some time in prayer. I was tempted to think evil of men, that they would despise me for preaching on the street (for, indeed, I feel I must look for little countenance from man in it), and I was inclined to despise them. I prayed to have this taken away, and that I might completely lose self. I felt much joy, mixed with a good deal of trepidation. I preached to a numerous collection of people, from 'He died for *all*, that they which live,' etc. I am now more than ever persuaded of the need of our own souls being in a good state in order to do good to others. I hope I will be led to seek and prize a sober, persevering spirit, not aiming at more than what I am able for.

"Preached at the Pleasance to a goodly congregation, and had a very full prayer meeting. Surely the Lord will bless these meetings. Had a good deal of conversation on the way home with B —. How various are men's opinions, and how differently they will form their opinions,—one seeing one part of a transaction, and another another part. It is our duty diligently to search into everything before we form an opinion. Called on C —. Oh! how I feel I want that tenderness of love which *beseches*, and does not *command*. I have little knowledge of the true value of a soul, which would enable me to seek its good more earnestly. Went in the evening to the Pleasance; and after I had preached awhile, a policeman came and whispered to me, that a number of vagabonds collected always to work mischief. I told him, they were the people who needed

it most. He did not stop me, so I continued a little while longer. Impatience is the mother of unbelief: "He that believeth shall not make haste."

After three services, and a prayer meeting, he writes:

"After all my work to-day, I am not the least tired. I find this is regulated a good deal by the state of my stomach, of which I ought to take the greatest care, it being so great a help or hindrance, as the case may be with it.

"I feel glad the Lord is giving me the affections of those whom He made me the instrument of converting. Of all who have applied for admission (to the church), I have not asked one, but they have come of their own accord. Stewart mentioned a saying of Rowland Hill's—that dogs were sometimes seen barking at one another, but it would be an unseemly thing for sheep to be seen doing this. I see very plainly we ought never to speak an evil word of anybody and we ought to reprove every one that does it to us, for it is the seed of all displeasure."

Of the quiet yet powerful influence which Mr. Wight was enabled to exert at once by his character, his preaching, and his conversation, many instances might be related. Two will afford a sufficient illustration—one belonging to the time of his residence in Carlisle, and the other to an earlier period.

John G—was a man in middle life. Though the son of a godly father, yet, having been left an orphan in childhood, he had never enjoyed the advantage of religious instruction and guardianship; and like too many of the class to which he belonged, he was a non-attender at the house of God. For some time after Mr. Wight came to Carlisle, he had never heard him preach either in the chapel or on the streets. He frequently heard him spoken of; but, curiously enough, he had conceived such a dread of seeing or hearing him, that if he had reason to believe there was any chance of meeting him he would turn aside and go down another street. Though not a drunkard, he was in the habit of frequenting a certain public-house, in which he regularly spent the Saturday night and a large part of the Sabbath. It happened that as he walked with a companion to this public-house on Sabbath morning he picked up a fragment of a religious tract, on which he found these words—'I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' He immediately said to himself, 'I am determined to be one of those spoken of in these words.' No sooner had he been led to form this resolution, then he determined to go and hear the man from whose presence he had previously fled. On the following Sabbath he entered the chapel, trembling with fear lest he should be observed, and seated himself in a distant and dark corner. On looking round, he saw only three men whom he knew, and it greatly surprised him to see one of the three. This was a young man who had not long before acted as watcher for him and his companions, to give them timely notice of the approach of the police when they were assembled at illegal hours in the public-house. One of his companions in sin, then, had preceded him in the new course of life on which he was determined to enter. He was glad of it. He was much impressed by the sermon. Another of the three whom he recognised invited him to attend the Saturday night prayer meeting, which he at once agreed to do, as he thought it would be a means of keeping him away from the public-house. He continued attending the chapel regularly, still sitting in his dark corner, and always making his escape before the congregation dismissed, lest any one should speak to him. He never left the place, however, without feeling that he had heard something specially appropriate to the state of his own mind. During the week his thoughts were constantly occupied with the subject of religion, and particularly of conversion. Many were the difficulties with which he tried to grapple; but he has repeatedly assured the writer, that, as regularly as the Sabbath came round, the difficulties that had perplexed him during the week were taken up and disposed of in the sermon.

One Sabbath evening Mr. Wight announced that he would be in the vestry at a certain hour of the following evening to converse with inquirers. John thought he would go, but when the hour came his heart failed him. The next Sabbath evening the same announcement was made and again he resolved; but still he could not summon sufficient courage for the purpose. On the third Sabbath Mr.

Wight announced that, as no one had come to him, in obedience to the invitation he did not intend to repeat it. 'Now' thought John, 'I am done for; I have lost my chance.' He only became more anxious than ever; and at length, at the close of a Saturday evening prayer-meeting, he asked his friend who had first invited him to attend the meeting, if he thought Mr. Wight would allow him an opportunity of conversation with him. His wish was immediately communicated to Mr. Wight, who appointed an hour on the following afternoon—the Sabbath afternoon—at his own house. At the appointed time John set out, but when he reached the house something whispered to him, 'Don't go in;' so he passed the door. He turned, and again something seemed to whisper to him, 'Somebody is looking at you;' so he passed the door a second time. He became thoroughly ashamed of himself, and at length marched boldly up to the door and knocked. When ushered into the study he was trembling: but it was not long before he was put perfectly at his ease by the free and kindly manner in which he was received. He was gradually drawn into conversation, first about things that were familiar to him, such as his work, his fellow-workmen and their habits; and by degrees the great subject was approached of the state of his own mind. His difficulties were explained, instruction was given to him in a plain and familiar manner, and he was encouraged to go on. When he took his leave, he felt that he had made not a little progress towards an understanding of the way of salvation. This was the first of a series of conversations with Mr. Wight, the result of which and of the preaching was, that John became shortly after a decidedly changed man. He has held on his way now for many years, and is one of the most decided and happy Christians in the writer's congregation. When he heard of Mr. Wight's death, he said, 'I thank God, I have now two fathers in heaven my natural father and my spiritual father.'

The other case referred to occurred in Hawick. R—T—was a respectable man, but a man of the world. On one occasion, when Mr. Wight was preaching in Hawick, he went to hear him; and at the close of the service, as the congregation was dismissing, he found himself standing close to him. This he disliked exceedingly, as he had heard that he was accustomed frequently to speak to people personally about their souls. He would have made his escape if possible, but could not. Mr. Wight did speak to him, and he with the view of preventing the conversation becoming too personal, replied by asking his opinion on the subject of election. Mr. Wight said, 'The word for you and me is—"Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."' The word thus spoken took fast hold of his mind. He could not forget it; and shortly after, when on a journey, it exerted so powerful an influence that he determined he would go on his knees and pray for mercy as soon as he reached his journey's end. When he did reach his destination, however, other things came in the way, and his resolution was not at that time fulfilled. But some time later, while sitting at night by the bedside of one of his children, whom he believed to be dying, the word came back upon him with such power, that he immediately went down on his knees, and giving himself up to the Saviour, prayed for mercy. He was enabled then to lay hold of the promise, and from that time forth enjoyed peace in believing on Christ. Such is the value of a word fitly spoken. No one seemed more fully to understand the value of this than Mr. WIGHT.—*From Memoir of Henry Wight, by his Son.*

PRAYER.

"Prayer is a retirement from earth, to attend on God, and hold correspondence with Him that dwells in heaven. The things of the world, therefore, must be commanded to stand by for a season, and to abide at the foot of the mount, while we walk up higher to offer our sacrifices as Abraham did, and to meet our God."

WATTS.

"In every storm that either frowns or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in prayer."

YOUNG.

"A little girl about four years of age, being asked, 'Why do you pray to God?' replied, 'Because I know he hears me, and I love to pray to him.' 'But how do you know he hears you?' Putting the little hand to her heart, she said, 'I know he does, because there is something *here* that tells me so.'"

ARVINE'S CYCLOPEDIA.

"Angels are round the good man, to catch the incense of his prayers; and fly to minister kindness to those for whom he pleadeth."

TUPPER.

"Prayer is not eloquence but earnestness; not the definition of helplessness, but the feeling of it; not figures of speech, but compunction of soul."

HANNAH MORE.

"O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way:
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord teach us how to pray!"

MONTGOMERY.

"Lip labour, though it be ever so well laboured if it be all, is lost labour."

M. HENRY.

"Is any among you afflicted? let him pray."—James v. 13.

SELECT SENTENCES.

1.—That is true happiness below, which conscience cannot turn to woe.
—*Montgomery*.

2.—Work hard for God, and let not pride blow upon it when you have done.
—*Flavel*.

3.—He that changes his party by his humor, is not more virtuous than he that changes it by his interest: he loves *himself* rather than truth.—*Johnson*.

4.—We cannot hope to raise others to a higher level, except as we first occupy it ourselves.—*Dr. Reed*.

5.—Convicts may be all alive to a

sense of their reciprocal obligations.—*Chalmers*.

6.—A prophet or apostle inspired by the Deity, can alone exercise a lawful dominion over the faith of mankind.
—*Gibbon*.

7.—A solemn deed, which transfers our momentary interest in the things of time, reminds us that they are not our chief good. I have determined whose all these shall be, but *what is my portion?*—*Dr. Charters*.

8.—A good conscience is the ark where God puts the hidden manna.—*T. Watson*.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE REV. JAMES SHERMAN.

The following facts are from the life of this eminent servant of Christ, lately published by the Rev. Henry Allon, and throw an interesting light upon his settlement at Surrey Chapel. It is in his own words.

"Now came such a test of obedience to the will of God as I did not expect. Two sisters had come to Reading, possessed of considerable private property, who for some years had shewn me and my family great attentions, and had administered largely to our comforts. One of them died; but the elder survived, and resided in the house next to mine. A private entrance permitted both families to meet at morning and evening prayer. For this service she presented me with £100 per annum; to me a very valuable addition to my income. She had somehow conceived the idea that I had promised that as long as she lived I would not leave Reading. No protestations of mine availed to shake that conviction. Nor would she for a moment listen to any plans for a joint residence in the suburbs of London, where she had formerly resided. No arguments about the superior claims of so large a congregation as that at Surrey Chapel, and the probability

under the circumstances, of the congregation at Reading becoming less numerous, and by the absence of leading men, less influential, would she receive or try to comprehend. She shewed me her will, in which she had bequeathed £1500 to each of my three children, and £2000 to myself, besides making me residuary legatee, which would put into my possession much more than that sum. She had passed her eighty-second year, and was afflicted with a disease which rendered it impossible that her life could be long protracted. Every plea and argument that I could urge, was met by her simply taking this will, which she carried in her pocket, holding it up to me, and saying 'you know how you are interested in this document: the moment that you decide on leaving Reading, I will cancel this will.'

"Relations and friends whom I consulted urged upon me the interests of my children, and that as it was probable that her life would be short, I had better remain where I was, especially as I was so useful there, and Surrey Chapel was untried ground. I confess that for a short time the struggle was great, but when I considered that the inducement was merely an increase of wealth, and that so far as I could judge, the voice of God called me to Surrey, I dared not hesitate. Moreover, I considered that the bequest was founded upon a misapprehension, and that after all she might alter her mind, and dispose of her property in another way. On the one hand I conscientiously thought that by removing I should be obeying the will of God: while on the other, whatever I might gain by pleasing my old friend, I should possess it with a sting and a curse. After commending the whole case to God, therefore, I went to her to shew her the grounds upon which I had arrived at the decision to leave Reading. She heard me for a little while, and then said—'Then I am to understand that you have made up your mind to go to 'Surrey.' There is my will; I have no further use for it—and putting it in the fire she added—'There now, I do not want to see your face any more until the day of judgment!' Nor will she; for although I offered her my hand at parting, which she would not take, and made two efforts to bid her farewell, she steadfastly refused to see me, and about sixteen months afterwards she died at Bath, unhappy, and unsubdued in her resentment."

Poetry.

HOLD ON! HOLD IN! HOLD OUT!

Hold on, my heart in thy believing!
 The steadfast only wins the crown.
 He who, when stormy waves are heaving,
 Parts with his anchor, shall go down;
 But he who Jesus holds through all
 Shall stand, though earth and heaven should fall.

Hold in thy murmurs, Heaven arraigning!
 The patient sees God's loving face;
 Who bear their burdens uncomplaining.
 'Tis they that win the Father's grace;
 He wounds himself who braves the rod,
 And sets himself to fight with God.

Hold out! There comes an end to sorrow:
 Hope from the dust shall conquering rise;
 The storm foretells a sunnier morrow;
 The cross points on to Paradise.
 The Father reigneth; cease all doubt;
 Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out!

From the German of Benjamin Schmolck.

THE WITHERED FIG TREE;

BY JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., OF CAVENDISH CHAPEL, MANCHESTER.

“And when He saw a fig-tree in the way, He came to it, and found nothing thereon but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever. And presently the fig-tree withered away.—Matt. xxi., 19.

It has been customary to allege that this event presents a marked exception to the usual course of Christ's life. Every other display of His power has been immediately and obviously associated with the highest interests of humanity. Christ employed the miracle, so to speak, as a chariot of fire in which He rode forth to accomplish a mission of benevolence. Christ never used His power merely for the sake of using it. Power was an instrument, not an end. It was displayed rather in the service of man, than in attestation of His own personal Godhead. The quieted sea, the rent grave, the loosened tongue, the unsealed eyelid, all show that when Christ put forth His power it was to ameliorate, to redeem, to save mankind. Yet here is an apparent exception to His beneficent course. A fig-tree is blasted by the lightning of His disappointed eye! That fig-tree is transformed into a melancholy exception to the surrounding vegetation. Spring is forbidden to awaken that branded root from its sleep, & death, winter is to sit on its desolated branches all through the shining, singing summer, and for ever it is to be spoken of as the tree that disappointed the hungering Messiah!

We shall see how little we are fitted to determine what are really exceptions in a great life. We are not yet equal to the straightforward, unstumbling reading of this profoundest human history. We stand aghast before the scathed tree, and as the withered leaves crunch under our feet, we ignorantly exclaim, “This is an exception: this is not in harmony with the gentleness of Jesus; this must have been a mischievous prank of the demon-gods that loathe all beauty; this hideous patch does not suit the prevailing pattern of the Saviour's life; it is the interpolation of an enemy.” This is how man talks when the reading is not all straightforward; when the ink is not all one colour; when the type is not all one size. What can we possibly know of what are essentially exceptions in a life so profound, so many-sided, so mysterious, so divine as Christ's? It is but a word here and there that we can bring within the circle of our twilight intelligence; and yet, as though we could read the stars, we hand in a blurred and self-stultifying bill of exceptions to that wondrous life! Can the less contain the greater? Can the primrose, a plaything of the joyous summer, interpret all the voices that ring out from the oak, or can it read the storied struggles with the storm that are treasured in the gnarls of that king of trees? What can the butterfly tell of the landscape over which it flits for a moment? What can to-day hold of the ages that have built the history of creation? We mistake the seeming for the reality. We think there is nothing in the epistle but the address which brought it to our door. My object is to show that this is no exception to the Saviour's life. This note is in tune with the whole melody. It may be a variation indeed, but it rises out of the main current, and, after an expression strikingly peculiar to itself, rejoins the great line and swells it into sublimer bursts!

This little story is a great symbol. It is set up in the ages as a warning for ever. The story itself is written in fire, but the moral is penned with the immortal ink of tears.

1. What can be more decisive, for example, than its method of conveying Christ's view of *uselessness*? Christ is never found approving of uselessness; but contrariwise, altogether condemning and reprobating it. He shuts the door in the very face of sluggish virgins, and orders off into darkness the man who wrapped up his possibilities in a napkin. I ever find him calling sloth wickedness, and declaring that the man who will not walk into heaven shall be thrown into hell.

Let us be clear about this matter of uselessness. Apart from definitions and distinctions, we shall flounder. Error in definition has set fire to nations, and roused idiot kings to arms! Deadlier still has been its result in moral considerations; it has flung brilliant minds off the pivotal centres, and sent them plunging through the darkness of despair. Let me suggest a definition of usefulness that may rid us of encumbering difficulties: that only is useful which fulfils the Divine idea of its creation; in other words, that only is useful which is what it was *meant* to be. I submit that all the issues of the case are more or less involved in this definition. You do not deem a watch useless because it will not give you your latitude and longitude at sea. You do not say that a rose is useless because you cannot cook it, and bring it to the test of your knife and fork. Everything must be judged by the idea it was intended to represent or fulfil. The purpose determines everything. A principle so simple as this, one would think could never be forgotten; yet hardly a sun sets without seeing it disregarded or miserably perverted. Every man carries his own favourite idea of usefulness, and with that he makes short work of all the questions which engage human consideration. One of man's merriest pastimes is to determine the usefulness of his neighbours. It is no business of his to deal with varieties of temperament, to balance idiosyncracies, and to interpret special purposes; but with the fool's philosophy, that huddles into indiscriminate masses all orders and conditions of things, he settles business in the bulk, and under one lock keeps families, and even nations in charge. I protest against this blind judgment. Read everything, I repeat, in the light of the purpose it was intended to subserve. The most influential newspaper would make a poor breast-plate in the day of battle. A sermon orthodox as a Pauline epistle would make a singular Act of Parliament. The fleetest hound that ever sped across the mountains would present a very humble figure in attempting to soar with the eagle. You see, then, through such grotesque illustrations, how everything must be viewed with special reference to the purpose it was meant to realise; and how careful we should be in coming to conclusions respecting the usefulness of any man, any preacher, any author, any worker, or any object whatsoever.

Take the case in hand. This tree was meant to grow figs. It had a distinct and well known object to realise. Its form might be faultless; its leaves might be abundant, healthy and beautiful; but the ultimate purpose of the Creator was that it should grow figs: and whatever else it grew, was not to be valued in the absence of the fruit. The fruit! The fruit alone was everything! Christ did not say, "This tree is an ornament to the fig-yard or the landscape, a shelter for the wandering bird, or a shade for the worn traveller." Not so. Christ looked for figs. What is the great principle involved? Is it not clearly this, that *God seeks His own idea in every man?* In this fact we find the profoundest solemnity of human life. Every man is intended to subserve a special end in life; though part of a whole, he is a distinct part, and has a work to do with his own hand. "So, then, every one of us must give account of himself to God." As we look for figs on one

tree, and grapes on another, and so on through all the fruits grown on earth, so God comes and searches every man to know how far each has realised the peculiar intent of the Creator. The arithmetician is not expected to formulate poetry any more than the poet is expected to dream arithmetic. Every man in his own order, and God the judge of all. I like to dwell upon the reflection that each man, each family, each nation, has a peculiar and special function to fulfil. Otherwise, I should be confounded by the world's mile on mile of brushwood; I should not know what to make of the den-population of leviathan cities; but I remember that there is one true Judge, whose smile is heaven, whose frown is hell. He will show by-and-by what the smallest as well as the greatest was meant for, and until then we must leave many a problem. It is not enough to be a man; the responsibilities of manhood must be discharged. The foot must do the foot's work, and leave the eye to look after its own business. A flower is useful, though it does not grow fruit. Gladly I proclaim the usefulness of beauty. A flower has many a time opened the very heavens to my aching heart. It has spoken to me of purity, and simplicity, and frailty, and mortality, and dependence. Was it useless because it gave me neither corn nor wine? Truly not. It did its work, and no angel could do more. Christ did not blast this tree because no music issued from its branches; a thousand birds might have shaken it with music of unequalled sweetness, or a silence blank as the dumbness of the grave might have reigned there. This was not the question; that tree had a distinct end to realise; it did not realise it, and, therefore, premature and everlasting winter settled upon it, and thus it was made to the ages a warning against appearances without reality, against pretence without usefulness.

2. The story gives us not only Christ's view of uselessness in the abstract, but of uselessness under the most aggravated circumstances. You do not denounce a Hottentot for his barbarism. He has never heard the voice of civilization, has had no opportunity of ameliorating his condition; he answers faithfully to all the influences which have operated upon him. So far all is right. The response has been correct. God will judge him on his own ground. You would not be disappointed with a fig-tree that did not bear fruit in the open climate of England. You would feel a kind of pity for the expatriated plant. Even a leaf would be a joy to you; you would say, "The tree has done its best; a leaf is enough in this ungenial clime." But would you judge a Hottentot and an Englishman by the same standard? Would you be content that a fig-plant on the slopes of Bethany or Bethphage should thrive no better than on the banks of an English river or on the sunniest side of an English hill? No, truly. Your standard of judgment changes with changing circumstances. You have one rule in barbarism and another in civilization. What would delight in England would disappoint on Olivet. Heighten the application of this principle, and you encompass the judicial government of God. In summing up the history of nations, God deals with them differently. There is one law of rectitude, but not one law of measurement, for all. "It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment" than for those who trifled with a fuller civilization or shut their eyes to the noon-blaze of Gospel light.

Recur to the case in hand. This fig-tree had everything in its favour—it was at home, it was in the very land of figs, the sunshine and the air were exactly adapted to their growth; yet the tree failed. It might, so far as fruit was concerned, as well have been standing amid Siberian ice. Is not this vividly symbolical of many a nation, and many a family, and many a man?

Look at the Jews. They lived in close proximity to Heaven. They were like high mountains which receive the first light of the sun and his last baptism of fire. They were God's peculiar people. Around them were the impregnable walls of Divine defence; upon them were shed the splendours of special dignity; among them lived the prophets who cleft the ages, and the singers of hope that charmed the world out of its deepening despair; higher still, in their midst the redeeming God became incarnate. Yet that fig-tree bore no fruit. Jerusalem was as a city of plagues; her princes within her were roaring lions; her judges were ravening wolves; her prophets were light and treacherous persons; her priests polluted the sanctuary and did violence to the law. Here, then, is not mere uselessness, but uselessness under the most aggravated circumstances. The richest influences of Heaven were thrown away upon the treacherous multitude, and they who should have borne the most abundant fruit were barren as the grave.

The field of practical application is immeasurable. The penetrating appeal comes swiftly and irresistibly to every one of us. Take a man who has had every advantage from his youth up. His infant hands were clasped in prayer by the fondest of mothers. Chief among the names he was taught to love was the name of Jesus. His every step in life has been watched and blessed by a yearning solicitude he can little comprehend. In his wisest wandering, the influences of parental intercession were round about him as golden bands. The warmest of summers has brooded over him; the gentlest and purest of breezes have breathed around him; the dew of the morning and the evening has lain thickly upon him;—yet, fruit there is none; leaves, plenty. He can never satisfy a hungry traveller; he never elicits the blessing of gratitude, but continually provokes the malediction of disappointment. He ought to have been a tree of blessing in his family. Hunger should have fed upon his abundant fruit; but the tree is a withered and blackened thing in the midst of a royal and golden summer.

So much have circumstances to do with the formation and employment of character, that I cannot but revert to the caution that we should not dogmatically pronounce upon one another's usefulness. Judging some of you from an external angle, I might conclude that your lives are useless, yet in methods unknown to me you may be most useful. A man is not to be deemed useless simply because we do not see how he works or at what he aims. I have heard godly and earnest men denominate everybody useless who is not in the Sunday-school; and others, intoxicated with the congou of an annual tea-drinking, describe their brethren as indolent because they do not fritter away their time on half a dozen committees. Let me protest against this groundless and thoughtless crimination of one another. There are many shining Christians who are no more qualified to teach in a school than to navigate a squadron or command an army. There are men born to be public teachers; they carry their certificate with them; they are unsealed epistles, known and read of all men. Others are intended to do a work not so demonstrative, but not less profound or essential. Some work best under the stimulus of applauding throngs, and others best in the deep shade of secrecy. Honour to all! Christ knows what He made us for, and, according to His own idea, He will conduct the final adjudication.

3. I say that *He* will conduct the final adjudication, and that leads me to the solemn yet animating fact that the examination and destiny of mankind are in the hands of Christ. It is better to fall into the hands of God than

into the hands of men. This principle holds good throughout our entire social life. In proportion to the wisdom, the integrity, the exaltation of the judge, is the certainty of being treated magnanimously, and pronounced upon with tender justice and just tenderness. Were my life dependent upon the judgment of an assembly upon any single sermon, I should beg to be heard by the princes in Israel, by the ripest sages, the profoundest thinkers, the mightiest orators. I should receive more merciful consideration from them than from unthriving sucklings and beardless tyroes. Carrying this principle forward to its highest development, I call it an animating and consoling fact that our final judgment is with the Almighty. Jesus knows what human life is. "We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." He knows the power of the arch-enemy, the subtlety of his heart, the range of his arm, and the precision of his stroke! "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are but dust." With thrilling tenderness are God's dealings with the Jews set forth—"but He being full of compassion forgave their iniquity, and destroyed them not: yea, many a time turned He His anger away, and did not stir up all His wrath, for He remembered that they were but flesh, a wind that passeth away and cometh not again." I dare not be judged by man. He would be too hard upon me. He would be too eager to show his righteousness. I know, indeed, that Jesus is a lion as well as a lamb. I know that long ere time pealed its hours upon the human world, His frown fell upon the apostate angels, and that ever since they have been withered trees in the garden of the universe. Yet I know the gentleness and patience and tenderness of His deep, deep heart! Did not that heart love me unto death? Was not its blood poured out as an atonement for my sin? Did it not yearn over me as mother never yearned over her first-born? Then, too, I remember how He Himself lived on this fallen globe. He knows how cold it is, how many demons prowl over it, how tempestuous are the storms that beat upon it, how man is the worst enemy of man, how we fight and devour one another! All this He knows; and when He comes to make judgment, it shall not be forgotten.

Am I making all this a ground of presumption? Truly not! I would make the very tenderness of Jesus my most powerful appeal to your fear! Will you grieve one who has done so much for you? Will you smite the heart that emptied itself in sacrifice that you might be saved? Speak! Say, will you? By so much as He loved us, by so much will He avenge our disregard of His mercy. What can the impenitent sinner do when the cross itself is turned into a seat of judgment?

4. In view of all these considerations, you can understand the urgency with which I call for usefulness of life. You can also understand why I plead for caution in denouncing this tree or that. Only yesterday I noticed an instance singularly bearing upon this part of the subject. Dr. Guthrie, most genial and eloquent of men, has actually gone up to a tree and cursed it, and, lo! the tree has *not* withered away! That great preacher, on the occasion referred to, actually cursed the tobacco-plant! Yet, what think you? I should like to tell this in a whisper, but a whisper is impossible in this prodigious edifice,—in the very next sentence he candidly confessed that he himself took snuff. You see what he did? He cursed the tobacco side of the plant, but not the snuff side, and for that reason the plant did not shrivel into a cinder! You see how easy it is to go up and down the world attempting to wither trees that we really do not like, and how easy, as in the case of

the illustrious preacher, to interpose between the axe and our favourite tree, exclaiming, in piteous tones, "Let it alone this year also!" No, Sirs! We must be honest all round. The Church must not be partial in its verdict upon bad things. We must have honesty; and when the church purges herself from iniquity and inconsistency—when she really means what she says—she will, with lightning-eye and thunder-breath, pronounce upon the world's upas, and the upas of the world will wither away! Let us brand all bad trees. Then we shall be truly useful. Can there be a more melancholy object than a useless man—a man of barren intellect, pined heart, fruitless life? Men are so multitudinous now that the very vastness of the number misleads us as to the value of the individual. Reduce the appalling number—reduce it to the least possible degree; and with a solitary man on the face of the globe, what are the higher intelligences to deem of him if no aspiration stir his heart, no impulse excite his hand to labour? It is a fool's plea that there are so many workers that others may well afford to be idle. A philanthropist ever finds a sphere of usefulness in the necessities of the man who stands next to him. In order to be useful, we need not cross perilous seas or encounter the dangers of foreign climes. Begin just where you are. Lift up your home as far towards heaven as far as mortals are permitted to ascend. Throw around the dullness of business the halo of faith in higher transactions. Turn the eye of the orphan towards the great Father, and lay the widow's weak hand on the arm of the all-supporting God. There is sphere enough for the exhaustion of all your energies. So long as iniquity abounds and sorrow weeps, not a man amongst us need stand in the world's marketplace, saying, "No man hath hired me." Christ hires us all, demands us all, and will help us all! He Himself was the greatest worker. Not an idle moment interrupted the urgency of His life; the day-break found Him at labour, the stars beheld Him at prayer! "Let this mind be in you that was also in Christ Jesus." And what is the spring of our usefulness—what is its motive, and what its sustentation? The answer is at hand: "The love of Christ constraineth us." But for this ever-nerving love, our work would degenerate into toil. This love makes us joyous long as the day lasts, and until sleep seals our eyelids it sings to us of more work and more recompense. Vital and enduring philanthropy apart from this constraining love is an impossibility. There may without it be a philanthropy of many leaves but little fruit. There is a leaf-philanthropy; there is, also, a fruit-philanthropy. Christ's life, considered throughout as a mediation, shows us the exact line on which genuine and profound philanthropy must proceed. He worked from the centre to the circumference; and even if He began, as He often did, with the outer man, it was that He might the more effectually penetrate to the core, and do a vital work in the heart. Spring does not work from the branch to the root, but from the root to the branch. So with all true usefulness. The roots of manhood are in the heart, and any work that does not penetrate in that direction can only end in a cumbrous or gorgeous artificialism. Make the tree good and you make the fruit good. I tremble for some of you. Leafage plenty—fruit none! You know not how to appease the world's moral hunger. Many a fainting one has come to you, hoping for the enlivening word, but that word has not been declared. I tremble for you; and I would tell you of my trembling with many tears! He who wastes life's spring and life's summer cannot have anything in life's autumn; and as for the impending winter, no power can avert it, and once come it will never melt and brighten into another probationary spring!

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

A correspondent of the *Times*, who was present at the grand ceremonial of the Greek Church at Jerusalem, gives the following graphic account of what occurred:—

“Sir,—I was a witness, on Friday night, of the great ceremonial of the Greek Church at Jerusalem, and, on Saturday morning, of the still greater ceremonial of the combined Greek, Armenian, and Coptic Churches with respect to the ‘Holy Fire.’ . . . The Greek, the Armenian, the Latin, and the Coptic churches possess the large pile of buildings which, under one roof, enclose the prison of our Lord, the Rock of Calvary, all the circumjacent ground, the cave containing the sepulchre in which our Lord was laid, together with the garden where He appeared after His resurrection to His mother and Mary Magdalene, and the spot where the Cross was found by the Empress Helena. The Georgian Church (another secession from the Greek) originally possessed a part of the ground and buildings. Being in want of funds, they sold their shares to the Armenians; but, having retained the right to rebuy it, they still claim an interest in the Holy Places, and make no little noise and disturbance on the strength of that right, and probably the more noise because it is merely a right. Places were most kindly offered to us by the Greek Consul, and, together with those of the Russian dignitaries in the corresponding balcony, they were the best places in the church. They were between the rotunda, in which the sepulchre itself stands, (the door of which faced us,) and the main portion of the church, in which the centre of the earth is; so that by turning round you saw the entire mass of buildings both ways, a thing which nobody but the eight persons in each of these two balconies could do. At a quarter past eight on Friday evening we went. Preceded by two tall cavasses in red and white dresses, with silver-topped halberds, which they now clinked on the ground in regular cadence, and now used to knock the head of any innocent person who, from not having heard the clink or from the pressure of the crowd, still stood in the way, we entered the church of God among blows ruthlessly given and cringingly received. The sight that met the eye was twofold,—first, the walls and roof enveloped in a blaze of unequalled light, and secondly, the floors covered by families, made up for the night. The families covered the floor far more wondrously than the light covered the walls. Some shady spot on the latter you might have found, but not an inch of the former was untenanted. The galleries were equally occupied, and many were the crates and large square planks projecting from niches in the wall, all full and covered with devotees. We made our way, our bodies sleeping and disposed for sleep, to our places, and then looked around over the vast circumference. Every variety of form was there, every variety of dress, every variety of nation, every variety of ‘get up’ for the night. Here a Greek family, composed of father, mother, grown-up children, and babies, doing their best to retain an enclosure of great privacy and seclusion by the maintenance of bolsters round a square of some five or six feet, and struggling in vain against the pressure, which reduced their square to the actual amount of space covered by their own persons piled one above another. Here a tall Copt, with naked legs and breast and shoulders, lying upon his back, his mantle over him, fast asleep; there half-a-dozen swarthy Russians huddled up, with their heads on each other’s shoulders and knees, unable to find space to lie down; many with no appliances, many with beds and blankets most carefully spread, but all packed so close together that not another child could be introduced, and all determined to bear and suffer for twenty-four hours—ay, and many for forty-eight, rather than sacrifice one inch of the ground which would enable them to partake in the great Fire-worship of the morrow. Alas for human expectations! How was the ceremonial to march over recumbent bodies? A bustle was heard, and in single files there came forth 100 Turkish soldiers, with bayonets fixed, officers, and a colonel. This last is in command of all the troops in Jerusalem. The Turks, disbelieving in the whole thing, have the pleasant duty of keeping the peace among the quarrelling Christians, and for this purpose have a guard

inside the church. Any other police would have kept the road clear for the pageant from the first; but, with that incompleteness which is the peculiar characteristic of the Oriental mind, the Turkish commanding officer came to clear the way just before the pageant began. It took him three quarters of an hour, and very hard work, to get a very narrow passage clear just round the sepulchre and up the nave. The time required arose, not from the gentle manner in which it was done, but from the impossibility of compressing human bodies beyond a given amount. As to gentleness in doing it, the colonel did it all with his own hand, and a rough hand it was. He was armed, not only with his sword, but with a far more serious weapon. He had a whip of bull's hide, which reached twice as far as his sword,—just what you read of in the 'Arabian Nights.' He preceded his leading soldier, shrieking at the top of his voice at each recumbent form, and striking at it, if not instantly out of the way, bedding and all, with blows that resounded through the whole church. His oaths and language were dreadful, his blows more noisy still. The scene would have disgraced a gambling hell, and yet it was in the house of Christ. All shrank from him as from an exploding shell. The stricken ones writhed under the fearful blows. If any one made even a cry, they were immediately handed over to the soldiers, and violently thrust out of the church, beaten all the way down the files, and the great fear of ejection kept the majority quiet. When beds had been piled on beds, and the way was cleared, it was held by the soldiers, and the Turkish colonel, who had just knocked a man down with the butt-end of a musket, (he was introduced to us afterwards, and seemed with ladies a very gentle being,) looked complacently around, as if he had done the Christian religion good service. All this time you must not think the church was quiet. It was the most noisy assemblage I ever was in. All who were not asleep were talking, or shrieking, or singing hymns, or quarrelling with each other. You had to bawl to make yourself heard even by the person next to you; and as all were bawling at once, and there were probably five or six thousand people in the church and chapels, and scarcely ten together were bawling the same language, it was rather a tower of confusion than a church of God entering on its most sacred ceremonial. The pageant lasted from nine at night till four in the morning; but we, with great exertion, got away at two. It consisted in nothing more or less than in carrying Jesus Christ all about the place. They carried Him to prison, where He was crowned with thorns. They carried Him from prison to the Stone of Flagellation, where He was scourged. They carried Him upstairs to Calvary, where He was crucified. They parted His garments among them, and cast lots upon His vesture. They took Him down from the Cross, and carried Him to the Stone of Unction, where He was anointed. They carried Him to the sepulchre, where He was buried. They carried a coverlet for the tomb very much like the one I saw leave Cairo for Mecca, to envelope the Holy Prophet (there is a similarity in all these things). Whether He rose again and went through His duty in the other parts of the church, as in the garden where He appears to His mother—whether He vanished out of the church at the spot marked for that event, and whether the true Cross was buried and found three hundred years afterwards in the crypt of Santa Helena, we were too tired to wait and see. As a pageant, it was magnificent. Flags and banners, mitred heads, croziers and diamonds, deep bass voices, three thousand hands armed with the living flame, crosses and genuflexions, incense and blessings, Roman candles and other sweetmeats, all made up a vision which millions have come from the distant parts of the earth to see, and none should on any account omit who are near the Holy Land at Easter tide. The extraordinary devotion of the greater part of the crowd was the most striking element of it all. However violent and quarrelsome before it began, they were hushed and subdued after its commencement. There were two sermons during the performance—one at the stone of unction at half-past eleven, another at the sepulchre at half-past one. During these I worked my way through all the different parts of the church. . . . Every part of the church (other than the Latin church and the Greek nave) is a disgrace in its rottenness and in its filth; while, worse than all, in the very rotunda where the sepulchre stands, one

quarter of the noble dome is completely uncovered and gone, large pieces of the remaining framework are hanging down, the rest is as rotten as the wood in an old barn, and the rain on that night pattered down on the spot where Our Saviour was laid. I stood for a quarter of an hour in a large puddle with an umbrella up, within six feet of the grave which Joseph of Arimathea selected because it had been undefiled by the presence of man. What a mockery was the accumulated defilement before my eyes,—food, excrement, imprecations, blasphemy, dirt and desolation, redolent and resonant around! The next morning rose dark and lowering, but without rain. We were told the Holy Fire would descend from heaven about one; but as I was perfectly certain it would not descend till the Greek Consul was present, I calmed the anxiety of the ladies, and we waited quietly till the cawasses appeared, which they did at half-past one. If getting into church the night before was a difficulty, to-day it was next to an impossibility, and, as the way was cloven for us by sheer force, we thought of the previous evening, when it was comparatively easy work to tread on a carpet of sleeping heads. At last we reached our places. The scene before us was much the same as before, except that the crowd reached to the roof in every direction, and all were standing. Every gallery, every crevice, even the balconies at the top of the lantern were crowded with human heads. Our old friend the colonel was there, whacking about him with his instrument of torture, and every whack sounding like an explosion. The illuminations, of course, were not there, and the dirt, ruin, and desolation came out stronger by comparison. Though there was as yet no artificial light, every arm held, not one single candle, as on the evening before, but thirty-three long candles and one small one, unlit, all bound up into a faggot about as thick as your fist. The number $33\frac{1}{2}$ corresponds to the age of our Saviour at the period of His death. As time drew on, the noise and enthusiasm became tenfold that of yesterday; men seemed to go out of their minds with excitement. The refrain would be taken up by the Armenians, 'Jesus Christ shed His blood for us, for us, for us.' The Greeks and the Copts would continue it in the same words, the staves would get louder and louder—each would dwell on the last 'for us,' as if it meant for us alone, when one of an opposing sect would shriek out, 'That's a lie; it was not for you;' then a fight and a general scrimmage of all who were near the combatants, till the whack, whack, whack of the colonel brought half-a-dozen broken heads and sobered minds to reason. Half-a-dozen of these fights occurred during three-quarters of an hour preceding the ceremonial. They are almost always accompanied by assassination, and to-day was no exception to the rule, for a man was stabbed and died, but we luckily did not see the homicide which was added to the show, among the many defilements of the place. At last, at half-past two the bell sounded and the pageant began. Compared to the one of yesterday it was insignificant indeed. To-day seemed to be regarded as a matter of serious business, and not a matter of show. Again, yesterday's pageant could not have moved in a crowd, where men were standing in numbers on other men's heads, and the intense excitement of the populace would have forbidden any long display. Preceded by his clergy, the Greek Patriarch came forth in gorgeous apparel of white, followed by the Armenian Bishop, in the absence of the Armenian Patriarch. While the deep voices of the clergy sang the special hymn of prayer and praise, he moved slowly three times round the Holy Sepulchre, and then, followed by the Armenian Bishop, and by him alone, he opened and entered the sacred door and passed within. As the door closed on them the excitement of the populace was beyond all belief—shrieks, arms tossed on high, hair and dresses torn, were the external proofs of a tempest that raged within. It was exactly seven minutes that this frenzy lasted before it was gratified by the sight of the heaven-sent flame. The theory is that the Armenian Patriarch stays in the antechapel, where is the stone on which sat the angel at the door of the sepulchre, and that the Greek Patriarch goes into the sepulchre itself, which is only large enough to hold three or four persons, and after prayer receives the flame direct from heaven, which ought then to be carried to the altar in the Greek Holy of Holies, and afterwards communicated to the faithful. I accordingly expected

that all would occur according to the received account—that the patriarch would issue flambeau in hand, and be carried on the shoulders of the people down the nave of his own church. But either he is too old for this operation, or the general excitement of the present day would not be satisfied with so slow a propagation of the flame. However that may be, the fire comes forth in a very different way. During the seven minutes that the Patriarch was closeted with the angel, who, many say, brings the flame, I observed a number of men in white aprons and dresses, and with white scull caps, exactly like cooks. These, I learnt, were ardent devotees, anxious to be the first to seize the living fire, and that the object of the dress was to prevent the burning of their hair and their persons. They crowded round a little low aperture communicating with the angel's ante-room. All of a sudden one of these men gave an unearthly howl, and, springing to his feet, rushed forth with a flambeau, the flame of which was certainly as big as a guardman's bearskin. The noise and the motion, and the figure combined, it seemed to those above much more as if the fire had ascended from below by means of a scullion than that it had descended from above by means of a bishop. The fortunate possessor of the light was immediately knocked down, and half-a dozen flambeaux lit from the Holy One, when he was allowed to proceed, and, not daring to come up the main passage, he went round to the altar by another way, and in less time than I can write the flame was communicated from hand to hand, it spread from circle to circle, it rose from tier to tier, it sprang from mass to mass, it swept from gallery to gallery up to the roof, and in exactly two and a half minutes from its first appearance the entire building was one mass of flame. So close were the people packed, that the flambeaux looked like one continued fire. Then the delight of all was at its highest. Everybody wallowed in the Divine element. Men bared their arms, and necks, and breasts, and bathed themselves all over. Women washed their faces and arms in liquid flame, and passed it round and under their children till the children shrieked again. They said the fire would not hurt though it would burn, and they certainly acted as if their words were true. That it would burn was proved next day by a woman, who produced her child to the authorities with both its eyes out. Messengers were laid on from the door of the church, who carried the sacred fire to all the villages around. When any man wanted to carry his flambeau to another part or to leave the church, he raised himself on the shoulders of those near him, and he actually ran rather than walked over the heads of all. Numbers were constantly running about in this way. Hair was on fire, beards were on fire, dresses on fire, the only wonder is that the whole place is not burnt down. The heat was intense, the smoke and dirt were fearful, the shrieking and the noise the most horrible I have ever heard. It is the Saturnalia revived—a Pandemonium in the name of God. The two Patriarchs skulked out with two flambeaux apiece a quarter of an hour after, and were evidently anxious to get to their altars unseen. The rage was at its highest, and they were unnoticed. After about forty minutes, and just as those who possessed sensitive organs began to appreciate the smell of roast human flesh, the fires began to pale. Everyone put out the flame of their thirty-three candles with a cloth, which is kept to be wrapt round them when dead—a pretty object to keep for life, a napkin covered with the snuff of thirty-three tallow candles. What gave such effect to the show was the extreme darkness of the day. Just as the fires were being put out, the sun shone forth for the first time, and through the broken roof and dome a flood of light poured down on our Saviour's tomb and all around. 'Ah!' said a lady near me, 'what little heed they take of the real fire from Heaven!' It was refreshing to find that the Latins, though they give up their part of the building for the purposes of the show, have no faith in the holy fire. I went to see the Latin Patriarch, a noble specimen of a gentleman and a Christian, if half reported of him be true. After the interview I left with his chancellor, and, as the latter walked with me some way, I mentioned the Greek Fire. He lifted his hands and his eyes to heaven, and uttered these words:—*Per l'anima di San Gennatio!*—by the soul of St. Januarius!—an awful imposture.'"