

WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE

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WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH IN CANADA.

QUARTERLY TICKET FOR MAY, 1862.

Considerable obscurity rests on the origin of the Wesleyan plan of giving to the membership of the Church a ticket, at each quarterly visitation of the classes. About the year 1699, Dr. Woodward published an account of a number of religious societies, which had their origin in 1667, principally in the ministrations of the pious Dr. Horneck and Mr. Smithies, of London. These societies were in the habit of holding weekly meetings, and similar tokens, it is supposed, were given to the members.

Several of these societies Mr. Wesley found existing in London, and in Bristol, when he began his career. And to them he makes frequent reference in the first part of his journals. They were exceedingly useful for some time—but had greatly declined in religious vigour and zeal. About the time Mr. Wesley commenced his labours in London, one of these societies at St. Ives, in Cornwall, gave proof of renewed religious vitality and power, and when the Methodist preachers visited St. Ives, they were cordially received by its members. In Smith's "History of Wesleyan Methodism," we have a copy of a ticket dated Sept. 4th, 1739, given near Penance, most likely by this or some similar society, to one of its members, and this was before any Methodist minister had visited the west of England. The first Methodist Society was formed in the latter end of the year 1739, and consisted of twelve persons. In Mr. Wesley's Sermon "On God's Vineyard" he says, "Twelve came the first Thursday night, forty the second, and soon after a hundred."

The year 1742 forms an important period in the history of Methodism; the division of the society into classes shows the wisdom and foresight of its founder, as it brought the whole of his rapidly-increasing societies under order and watchful discipline, and furnished opportunity for that individual religious instruction so essential to spiritual progress and efficiency, while

it gave compactness and combination to the body, enlisted and sanctified the social feelings, and rendered them subservient to the service of religion. The quarterly visitation and renewal of tickets by the senior minister brought the society under pastoral inspection, and gave a completeness and efficiency to the whole that would have been difficult to attain by any other means. Referring to this matter in the sermon above quoted, Mr. W. says, "Once a quarter the principal preacher in every circuit examines every member of the societies therein. When it is necessary to exclude any disorderly members out of the society, it is done by not renewing his ticket at the quarterly visitation." The visitation of the classes was very frequently attended to by Mr. W. himself, and were seasons of great spiritual profit.

Up to the Conference of 1765, the tickets were very diversified in form, size, and style; some were plain, others pictorial; but at this Conference uniformity in the ticket was adopted; a simple form was introduced which has continued, and has at last reached the Church in this province. A diversity of opinion exists as to which is best—our old plan or the present—whether every purpose would not be answered by a variety of scriptural quotations and a uniformity of letter.

The passage for the current quarter is 1 Pet. iv. 18, "And if the righteous scarcely are saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"

"The righteous,"—those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ with a heart unto righteousness; whose hearts are changed; whose wills are rectified, who have become new creatures in Christ Jesus through the power of divine grace, walking in newness of life. Who in the midst of outward exposure and duty maintain a real sense of the abiding presence of Christ—of Christ in them, whose faith leads to such an appreciation of the divine will as the rule of life, as to make it the ruling power within them, making the secular subservient to the sacred, giving the idea of holiness to their entire being.

How great a salvation this—great not only in its procurement as the expression of the love of the infinite and eternal Father towards his offending offspring, but great in its bestowment of life, in its freedom-giving power to our faith, our will, our action, rendering our life in aim and in result one with truth, one with rectitude, one with God. And how great are the means by which these happy results are effected in us. Christ—Christ's blood shed for us—Christ and Christ's intercession—bestowment of the Holy Spirit, its actual operation upon minds—minds in action with it—prayer, penitence, faith, religious ordinances, Church associations and institutions, pastoral oversight, interest and instruction, these are among those blessed and holy agencies by which great and happy results are produced within us. Can it then be a matter of difficulty? Are the righteous scarcely saved? The way is narrow—the obstructions many within us, there is no aptitude to good but a great aptitude to evil—an "evil heart of unbelief." Outside of us—in the world—influences

in variety—all in themselves inimical to our interest and Christian progress—yet let us be thankful—there is no difficulty with Christ.

“All needful grace will he bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too.”

Nor are there any difficulties within us—or in the world around us but what may be overcome—but it must be

“Our sole concern, our single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare.”

Have we found it an easy matter hitherto? Had we no difficulty in our struggle to put off the old man with his deeds—to find our way to the cross? Has it cost us no labour to submit to the discipline of salvation—to train the spirit, the habits—the emotions, and make them tributary to the advancement of righteousness—to eliminate by divine grace those impurities and that admixture of worldliness which we found to be so obstructive to Christian progress? Have we found no embarrassment in our endeavours to purify our hearts by faith—to bring its living active power into the conscience that it might be purified from dead works to serve the living God? Were no exertions required to overcome the repulsiveness of our old nature to a life of faith—such a life as continually apprehends Christ as a living divine personality—the life of the soul, and the motive, and end of all action?

Has it been easy for us to bring out our moral convictions in opposition to the current conventionalities of our circle—to feel a ready sensibility of sin and a quick perception of its incongruity with a life of salvation?

Out in the world of business—in the midst of outward exposure of work of toil—of duty have we no struggle to keep our heart wound up to our duty of “glorifying God in our body and in our spirit which are God’s”—when gladdened with successes, or depressed with reverses—when suffering from excessive anxieties and cares, do we feel no conflict within to keep the mind up to its task, to maintain our spirituality and our hold upon Christ? Those engaged in business who aim at being strictly conscientious have their difficulties greatly increased by the dishonest practices of others; from this source arise many temptations, rendering it necessary to watch continually, to pray earnestly, that the selfishness which is inherent in our nature does not get the mastery over us—and by the appearance of impunity, lead us to swerve from that rectitude which becometh a righteous man. How have we to guard against the spirit of envy at the success of others, and to cultivate the grace of contentment with the place and position which providence has assigned us, and in it “maintain a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man.”

Then there are the difficulties arising from our natural love of pleasure—appearances—the world,—to overcome them will cost many a struggle, many a sigh, many a tear. Then, aided by the influence of our great adversary; form a barrier to our salvation which only faith, strong faith, can overcome. We shall find we have found his devices suited to our constitutional temperament, to our natural ambition, to our dreams of honour and riches, most deceptive and dangerous in times of trial, of care and exigency,

insinuating melancholy thoughts, dark and sombre and terrifying thoughts, gloomy apprehensions and fears. We *wrestle* with spiritual wickedness in high places.

Death is a gloomy thing; to die is a solemn thing. Have we, do we never have any misgiving here? Have we no conflict or times to bring the great salvation in reference to death within the grasp of a victorious faith. Our feelings, our apprehensions become keenly sensitive here, and require a strong, hearty, vigorous confidence in God to enable us to sing with Thomas Olivers—

“ I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace,
For evermore.”

The righteous are scarcely, or with difficulty, saved; but they ARE saved. *Strive* to enter in at the straight gate, for many will *seek* to enter in but shall not be able.

What a consolation to know that in the midst of this struggle and conflict for life it is written, “ My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”

What a motive the text supplies for prayer, watchfulness, and a holy discriminating walk. How solemn the inquiry, how suggestive the appeal. If the righteous are saved with difficulty, what will become of the ungodly and the sinner, where will they appear? If such diligence, and care, and Divine help are needed to secure the salvation of the righteous, what will be the end of those who obey not the Gospel?

“ What shall I do to keep
The blessed hope I feel,
Still let me pray, and watch and weep,
And serve thy pleasure still :
O may I never grieve
My kind, long suffering Lord,
But steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
And answer all his word.”

W.

THE COURTESIES OF LIFE.—William Wirt's letter to his daughter on the “ small sweet courtesies of life ” contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned :—I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, “ who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him.” And the whole world would serve you so if you gave them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them by showing them what Sterne so happily calls the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing.

WONDERS OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

Though the Bible is not a book of science, yet the revelations of science show that the mind which inspired the writers of the Scripture records understood the secrets of nature, and has incidentally revealed some of its laws and effects. The author of the Book of Ecclesiastes has furnished one illustration of this, and most beautifully describes the provision which nature contains for preserving the harmony of its operations. In the first chapter, 6th and 7th verses, he says, "The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits. All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full, unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again." Now, we do not undertake to decide whether or not Solomon understood the theory of atmospheric currents, evaporations, and the precipitation of these vapours in various parts of the earth, as science in its present state of advancement teaches, yet he has most correctly described the true cause by which the rivers are furnished with supplies for their ever-flowing streams, and the oceans and seas are kept within their appointed bounds. The mighty engine which preserves this balance of nature is what Solomon calls "the wind in his circuits."

An oriental philosopher* describes the atmosphere as a "spherical shell" surrounding our planet, and upon its wonderful properties the most important results are dependent. "Softer than the softest down—more impalpable than the finest gossamer—it leaves the cobweb undisturbed, and scarcely stirs the lightest flower that feeds on the dew it supplies; yet it bears the fleets of nations on its wings around the world, and crushes the most refractory substances with its weight. When in motion, its force is sufficient to level the most stately forests and stable buildings with the earth, to raise the waters of the ocean into ridges like mountains, and dash the strongest ships to pieces like toys. It warms and cools by turns the earth and the living creatures that inhabit it. It draws up vapours from the sea and lands, retains them dissolved in itself, or suspended in cisterns of clouds, and throws them down again as rain or dew, when and where they are required." This latter property and office of the atmosphere is the subject of our present exhibition of the various agencies performed by this wonderful machine. To distribute moisture over the surface of the earth, and to temper the climate of different latitudes, appear to be two of the great offices assigned by the Creator to the atmosphere.

When we consider the number of great and small rivers pouring their waters into the sea day after day, and year after year, and yet perceive

* Dr. Buiet, of Bombay.

no increase, or that the sea is not full, we inquire, what becomes of the waters so discharged, and where do they come from? The answer is very simple, "They come from their sources." But how are their sources supplied? for unless the waters which the fountains send forth be returned, they must fail and be dry. Now here the beautiful provision of nature is seen. The springs by which the rivers are fed, are supplied by the rains, and these rains are formed of vapours taken up from the sea "that it be not full," evaporated by heat, and carried up to the mountains by means of the atmosphere. The mechanical power produced by the sun and atmosphere in lifting water from the sea and earth, in transporting it from one place to another, for the purpose of letting it down again in the proper place, is inconceivably great. We admire the machinery of artificial water works which produces only feeble and limited results in comparison with that which is incessantly and silently carrying on its operations around us. The water power that the Falls of Niagara would afford, would present a splendid result if estimated by figures; yet what is the "horse-power" of Niagara, falling only a few feet, in comparison with the power that is required to lift up as high as the clouds, carry thousands of miles all the water that is discharged into the sea, not only all the waters of this river, but of all the other streams of the globe. It has been computed that the force required for producing and lifting the vapour to the height it is carried from each acre of the earth's surface, is equal to the power of thirty horses, and for the whole area of the earth, it is eight hundred greater than all the water-power in Europe.

Some idea may be formed of the work performed by the atmosphere in order to supply the rivers that run into the sea, and prevent the sea from passing its appointed bounds. The water is evaporated in the largest proportion from the torrid zone; and supposing it were all taken from that portion of the earth's surface, there would be a belt encircling the earth three thousand miles in breadth, from which the atmosphere annually takes up a layer sixteen feet in depth. And to lift up as high as the clouds, carry thousands of miles, and let down again in the right place and at the proper time, all the water that would fill a lake twenty-five thousand miles long, three thousand broad, and sixteen feet deep, is the yearly work performed by this invisible machinery. What a powerful engine is the atmosphere, and how nicely adjusted must be all the cogs, and wheels, and springs, and *compensations* of this exquisite piece of machinery, which never wears out, nor breaks down, nor fails to do its work at the right time, and in the right way."*

The currents of the atmosphere by which the transportation of water

is effected, are essential to the performance of its wonderful agencies. These are spoken of by the inspired philosopher, when he says, "The wind goeth towards the south and turneth about unto the north." In the centre of the globe, from about the parallels of 30 degrees north and south, and reaching nearly to the equator, there are two zones or belts of wind-perpetually encircling the earth. With slight variations these winds blow as regular and their currents are as constant as the streams of a river, always moving in the same direction, except when turned by a desert here and there, or as land and sea-breezes. These two main currents come from the poles towards the equator, the air therefore by which the currents are supplied must return by some channel to the poles from which they came. These return currents are in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and in their return to the poles they carry the vapour with which the air becomes saturated while passing over the warm waters of the torrid zone. And in this way "the wind returneth again according to his circuits," and performs the work assigned it in tempering the various climates and supplying waters for the streams.

CHURCH COURTESY TO STRANGERS.

The Apostle's exhortation, not to forget to entertain strangers, may be properly applied, not only to domestic hospitality, but also to the attention due to strangers when they visit our churches. This may appear to be a trifling subject, and yet the neglect of it is often attended with important consequences, not only to the strangers themselves, but also to the churches where the matter is overlooked. It is upon the latter reason especially that the Apostle urges the duty; as he says that great and blessed rewards are sometimes obtained from the character of the guests we entertain.—The heart of a stranger in a strange land, is peculiarly susceptible, and it is often the case that the first impression made by new associations are the most permanent, and followed by a train of the most momentous results. How many who are lost to the church and to God, have traced their first steps of religious declension and years of bitter apostacy, not final perdition, to the cold indifference of christian friends or churches with whom they desired to cast in their lot, when removing to a home amongst strangers. How many have been driven from the house of God because the world has apparently offered them more friendly and sociable companions, than they would find among the professed followers of Christ. In these times when strangers are continually reaching our country in search of a home, and many of them exposed to the perils incident to the breaking up of old social and religious associations, it is of the highest

importance that they receive the prompt attention of the churches in the place where they cast their lot. As topics of this nature are sometimes most forcibly illustrated by events of real life, we give the following incident as related by a recent number of the *Congregationalist* :

"Uncle Elam" is a Christian. All who know him admit this, even those very moral people who "never committed a sin in their lives," but who continually inveigh against the faults of "Church members," and affirm their willingness to believe in religion if all its advocates were like Uncle Elam. He is a pillar of the Church with which he is connected, both spiritually and financially. I have not taken my pen to eulogize Uncle Elam, however, but simply to tell one of his stories, for Uncle Elam's stories always have a moral.

This good man was once a stranger in a certain place, and was seeking a Church with which to worship, or, in his words, "wanted to find a home." "Upon enquiry," says Uncle Elam, "I found there were two Churches of my way of thinking within a few miles, so I harnessed up and drove to the nearest one. I tied my horse to the fence and went in. After waiting a little while a sleepy looking man came and said, 'Seat sir.' I bowed, and followed him into the house. The preacher was evidently a spiritual man, and his discourse was edifying. The morning service closed, and the minister followed his congregation out. There seemed to me to be much coldness between pastor and people, and among the people also. There were no pleasant greetings, no cordial hand-shakings; only a few stiff bows, and they separated. No one spoke to me. I walked around a little, stood in the entry a while, and then went back to the seat the sexton had given me. At the close of the afternoon service I went home, feeling that there was no Christian cordiality there, and but precious little Christian courtesy. Still I didn't want to judge hastily, and the next Sabbath I went again, and found the same freezing coldness, only varied by a sharp look from the sexton that plainly said he didn't like to give me a seat every Sabbath. No one noticed me, no one apparently cared whether I loved the Lord or was going down to eternal death. So I went home, saying to myself, 'My heart is too warm to find a home there.'

"Well, the next Sabbath, I drove to the more distant church, hitched my horse, and was just going up the steps when a gentleman, who had observed me from the door, met me with a pleasant 'Good morning, sir,' adding 'it is very windy, and if you will permit me I will tie your horse in a warmer place.' Now 'a merciful man is merciful to his beast,' and that little thoughtfulness for pony's comfort took right hold of me. Two or three gentlemen in the entry spoke to me, making some pleasant remarks upon the weather. The sexton shook my hand heartily, just as if I was a brother sinner, and he was glad I had come to God's house, remarking that he would lead me to a seat. The subject of discourse was vicarious atonement, one that always melts my heart, and my eye too, pretty likely; for after service a man spoke to me, saying, 'I noticed, sir, that you were affected during the sermon; may I enquire if you enjoy Christ's love?'

"Christ's love! how my heart bounded at those dear words: That

as just what I wanted to talk about. I was at home then. The minister came along, shaking hands right and left, and spoke to me, and others spoke, and my heart was glad; for we are all brothers in this world of sickness, and what little we can do to make the way pleasant for each other we should never grudge doing. Strangers need especial notice, and every one who loves our Lord Jesus Christ should be always ready to receive the stranger within our gates, and inquire after the welfare of his soul. If he is the Saviour's disciple he will like to speak of his love; but if he is unrenewed, he may be in just that frame of mind when a word freely spoken may bring him to the Father. I enjoyed the second service and drove along, praising God that I had found a home, and a blessed one it has been to me from that day to this."

MELBOURNE, AND ITS METHODISM.

The Rev. Dr. Jobson, the recent Representative of the British Conference to the Australasian Conference, gives the following interesting particulars respecting Melbourne, and its Methodism:—

Melbourne, for the period of its existence, is, undoubtedly, the most wonderful city in the world. It is the growth of a single generation: a people, mostly of the last ten or twelve years. Earlier, it was only a long, ragged village, or embryo town, with stumps of felled forest trees in the streets. Now it is a large city, extending two and a half miles in length, one and a half in breadth. On all the land-sides, amidst park-like scenery, it is surrounded with thickly-populated and richly-ornamental suburbs. It has at present more than 100,000 inhabitants, and its numbers are constantly increasing. The streets are wide, well paved and well lighted out; and you see in their stores, shops, and houses of good architectural styles; some resemble what are seen at the west-end of London: but for the most part they resemble those of a good second-class city, or an enterprising English town. The city is already rich in public buildings, and these are continually on the increase. Some of them, for Government and Legislative uses, are even sumptuous in their character and decorations. A dark-grey granite is obtained from the hills on which the city is built: it would seem to be all but imperishable in its consolidated hardness; and this with freestone dressings, supplies good materials for massive public works. Many of the shops and warehouses are of grey-white stone, clean and ornamental, as in the best streets of Manchester and Liverpool. The broad footways at the sides of the streets are thronged with busy, enterprising men of all nations, but chiefly of the Anglo-Saxon race, and from the old country; while the macadamized roads between are filled with waggons, carts, bullock-drays, and various vehicles of merchandise. Some of the drivers of these carriages, as well as other passengers on foot and horseback, show by their garb of high-leather boots and "abbage-tree" hats, as also by their sunburnt, unshaven faces, that they come from the interior of the colony, where men have to rough it. But, mingled thickly with these, are gentlemanly-looking merchants and tradesmen, portly and flourishing as in Hull and Bristol; while ladies in gay dresses and equipages move to and fro, at certain hours, for promenade, and for purchases. Indeed, throughout the city there is a

“well-to-do” air with the inhabitants. Rags and beggars are almost unknown. No tattered urchin tips his hat at the crossing, and with a scraggy besom in hand, besieges you for half-pence. All but rakes and profligates are well dressed; for all who *will* work *may* work, and that at wages which would feed and clothe them. The most helpless are perhaps “fast” young men who go there as clerks, accountants, and “editors” and not to work out of doors. These, really glut the market. But those who are willing to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow may do so in Melbourne. Money is not now so plentiful as it was; and wages are not so high; but a common labourer in the field, or breaking stones upon the road, has from seven to ten shillings per day; while a mechanic, or artisan, will have from fifteen to twenty shillings. Rents are not so costly as they were, having fallen, on the average, one-half within the last six years. My host paid at one time as much as £4,000 a year for his house and store; and these were not at all of more than ordinary pretensions. Servants’ wages are still high: a good female servant brings as much as from thirty to forty, and even fifty pounds a year. The circumstances give the inhabitants a free, independent bearing; and it is impossible to go through the streets of Melbourne without perceiving that it is an energetic and flourishing city. It has, lengthwise, nine spacious thoroughfares, or principal streets, which are crossed by streets equally broad and imposing; and these are intersected at right angles by numerous narrower streets, running parallel to the larger streets, and branching out into the outskirts of the city in all directions. The city is disinfected and kept clean by an abundant flow of water brought from a distance, and of such fall and force that in case of fire the part in danger may be immediately deluged. The public buildings are scattered about in various parts, but are chiefly on elevated sites; and to stand in the heart of this young metropolis, and reflect that on this spot, a few years ago, where now more than 100,000 persons have their homes, where merchants and tradesmen exchange millions sterling, where learning has its university and appended colleges, where the press issues its daily and weekly newspapers by thousands and tens of thousands, and where there are orphan homes, hospitals for sick, and asylums for the insane,—to stand here and reflect, that but a very few years ago all this was an uncultivated wilderness where untutored savages and poisonous reptiles had their dwelling,—is creative of no common emotion.

In this crowded metropolis religion is not overlooked or forgotten. As in the “United States,” and as in Canada, there is a general reverence shown to it and to its ministers. The Sabbath, too, is outwardly observed. Nearly all christian communities have their young and flourishing churches here. The first gospel sermon preached in this section of the island-continent was by Joseph Orton, a Wesleyan Missionary; who had accompanied the enterprising Batman from Tasmania across Bass Strait to Port-Philip. It was preached in April, 1836, beneath the shadow of the forest-trees on the crest of Batman’s Hill. The service was attended by the colonist and his household, and by a goodly number of the aborigines; who, attracted by the novel scenes and sounds, crowded near to learn what was meant. The text was, “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;” and the sermon has been described, by one who heard it, as being most powerful and impressive;

at all—including the poor indigent aborigines—were awed and bowed under it. This was the first Methodist seed sown on the virgin soil of this region of Australia, and it has issued already in an abundant harvest. Within the colony of Victoria we have at present 41 Ministers, 240 chapels and preaching-places, 38,932 persons forming our congregations, 320 Local Preacher, 129 day-school teachers, 5,344 day scholars, 1,577 Sabbath-school teachers, 12,249 Sabbath-scholars, 5,424 full and accredited church-members, with 672 on trial for membership. The Wesleyans in the colony also supply £2,400 per year for Missions to the islands of the Pacific. Melbourne has its proportionate share in these Methodist efforts and distinctions. The best and most imposing ecclesiastical structures of Melbourne belonging to the Methodists; and in character and size are like the large gothic chapels recently built by the Wesleyans in London and Liverpool. One of them, a large imposing building in Lonsdale-street, is of grey granite, with freestone dressings: it has a tower and spire, and transepts, and is in appearance the cathedral of the city. This, and some other chapels of Melbourne, were mainly built out of £40,000 realized by the sale of a small piece of land formerly occupied by the Methodist Missionary Society in Collins-Street: a street which has become the principle artery for trade and merchandise in the capital.

My first sermon in Australia was preached in this Lonsdale-street church which was densely crowded. And never shall I forget that wedged mass of living beings, nor the sight of them, when, after the reading of the Liturgy from the desk by the Rev. James Waugh, the resident Superintendent, I went up the spiral staircase of the beautiful cedar pulpit, and, in giving out the verse,—

“ God of my life, through all my days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;
My song shall wake the opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night,”—

looked forth upon that sea of upturned, eager faces, browned with the Australian sun, nearly all of persons in middle life,—many of the men with stiff furze-like beards and long hair, and some of the women worn and subdued by the heat,—with the vast assembly sprinkled all over with countenances familiar to me from preaching to congregations in different parts of our parent country; so that on a careful computation, afterwards made, it was reckoned that I knew one-third of the whole, either in their faces, or in their family-likenesses. The effect of a voice familiar to many of them, and calling up at a moment, as by a single link, a host of home-associations, was indescribably exciting. In all directions eyes were shed full with tears; faces flushed and quivered with emotion; and a sea of deep feeling heaved and swayed the mighty mass, until it waved before and around the Preacher like the swelling billows of a sea. With a poised restraint upon a soul moved to its utmost depths at the sight I reached from the 103d Psalm, on the grateful remembrances of Divine mercies, and found that the spirit and tone of my audience were in full accordance with the theme. In the evening of the Sabbath the large congregation was still more densely crowded; and our subject of meditation was, “The Lamb in the midst of the throne.” The collections proved the strength of gratitude and love influencing the congregations; and it may be humbly hoped that the services of that day in Lonsdale-street church were not in vain.

THE WORSE THE BETTER.

This is a paradox, the universal truth of which I would, of course, no means venture to affirm; but I think that, within rather wide limits it will be found correct. When we contemplate either the ills which are compelled individually to endure, or those by which society at large is afflicted, we feel that we need all the encouragement and consolation that can be derived from any and from every source; and I think that the maxim, "the worse the better," is capable of affording us some relief under a variety of annoying, troublesome, and painful circumstances.

Few of us, I suppose, are very partial to a severe winter. Such a season is, to multitudes, a source of great distress; thousands of workmen are thrown out of employment; the price of coals rises; poor people are half-starved; the number of applicants for parochial relief is augmented; old persons are cut off; weakly and consumptive persons cannot stand before the cold; sheep are buried in the snow; the ties of rain-carriage-wheels snap; and not a few bones are broken by falls upon icy streets. It would be very easy to show that a good many evils attend a severe winter. But, on the other hand, an old proverb reminds us of "a green Yule makes a fat kirk-yard." This may not be quite correct; possibly a severe winter is more fatal than a mild one; still many do feel greatly invigorated by a sharp, cold season; where there remains robust health, such a winter seems to be of great service. And, whatever be the effects of a severe winter upon the human constitution, it is generally believed that, unless it be very severe indeed, it has a good effect upon the land—

"If the grass grow in Janiveer,
It grows the worse for't all the year."

If, however, the physician can prove that a severe winter is detrimental to the public health, and the agriculturist can show that it is injurious to his operations, I will nevertheless draw this consolation from such a season, viz., that it makes the spring all the more welcome. It strikes me that the inhabitants of tropical countries have not much in their climate whereof to glory over us. If they know nothing of the severity of winter, it is impossible for them to experience the exquisite enjoyment which it affords our hearts when we can say—"Lo, the winter is past; the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come." And so the paradox, "the worse the better," may help to cheer us in the cold winter weather.

Sometimes this paradox is true of great public calamities. The fire in London, in the year 1666, burned down five-sixths of the city, covered with ruins a space more than a mile long and half a mile broad, and destroyed property worth from ten to twelve millions sterling. To the individuals that catastrophe was commercial destruction; but it is tolerably clear that no piece of good fortune that ever gladdened the hearts of the citizens was of so great and valuable service as that fatal fire. The city was soon re-built, not exactly in the best style possible, but in a style that was a great improvement upon the previous state of things; the streets were not made wide enough, but they were wider than they had been before; and instead of the mean and wretched

els of lath-and-plaster, which had been such ready fuel for the flames, substantial houses of brick were erected, which rendered the occurrence of a thing like so great a calamity all but impossible. But this was not only an advantage; the city, as reconstructed, was much more healthy than it had ever been before. In the very year before the fire the Plague destroyed nearly one-third of the inhabitants; from that time until the present day the Plague has been all but unknown in London. Had no such conflagration occurred, it is difficult to imagine how a great and thorough improvement of the metropolis would ever have been effected; had the fire been confined within a small area no large improvement could have resulted. The fact is, that the great fire of 1666 was just exactly what London wanted to save it from becoming the most inconvenient and most pestilential city in Europe, if not in the world.

And what the great fire has done for London, cholera has done for many other towns. This frightful malady has been a very useful teacher. In many of the places that were almost decimated by it we have learned to adopt sanitary measures, and so have considerably raised the value of life and prolonged its average duration. If the cholera had not been here, and the deaths from it frightfully sudden, as well as very numerous, should have gone on temporizing and dawdling, thinking about expenses, and no great reform would ever have been attempted; the streets would still have remained imperfectly sewered, or not sewered at all; houses would still have been crowded with people from the cellar to the garret. Happily the cholera struck hard, and struck people of every class, and is thoroughly frightened us, and compelled us to make our towns more healthy. The work is not effectually done yet, and therefore it will not be a matter greatly to be deplored if cholera, or some other pestilence, should again give us the admonition that we need, and teach us once more that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

I do not know but that even to a railway accident we might apply this paradox, and say, "the worse it is the better." On the thousands of miles of railway in Great Britain, a fatal accident is unhappily a very common occurrence; and accidents on a small scale, though in the aggregate, fatal to large numbers, do not attract much attention. But if a serious collision or break-down took place, involving the deaths of two or three hundred persons, then the public feeling would be so mightily aroused that inquiries would be stimulated to the most extraordinary extent to make railway travelling as safe as it is expeditious. The more severely the necessity for increased security is felt, the more likely are those inventions which will produce it to be forthcoming.

Of many a political injustice and abuse, we may say, "the worse the better." Things must, generally, become very bad indeed before anything is likely to be done to cure them. It was the Old Sarums that stirred us up to Reform; and it is, to a great extent, the fact that there are no Old Sarums now, that renders it impossible, at all events difficult, to get up a reform agitation at the present time. Small grievances people will endure, without much impatience, from one generation to another; but get a grievance that is a grievance indeed, and then see how things will go! Had the Stuarts been a little more moderate than they were, they might have retained the throne, and prolonged, for some time at least, much of their despotic power. Happily they had not good sense enough to temper

their administration with mildness; happily, James II. was a thoroughgoing tyrant, and to that prince's bad qualities, as much perhaps as to the virtues of the Prince of Orange, we owe the revolution of 1688. Indeed as confirmatory of the paradox which I am endeavouring to illustrate, history reveals cases of which it *must* be said—"the better the worse." "Evil for evil," says John Stuart Mill, in his *Considerations on Representative Government*,—"a good despotism in a country at all advanced in civilization, is more noxious than a bad one; for it is far more relaxing and enervating to the thoughts, feelings and energies of the people. The despotism of Augustus prepared the Romans for the despotism of Tiberius. If the whole tone of their character had not been prostrated by nearly two generations of that mild slavery, they would probably have had spirit enough left to rebel against the more odious one."

Our paradox is illustrated by the Protestant Reformation. It seems almost from improbable that if the Church of Rome had manifested common prudence, if it had checked the multiplication of superstitious rites, if it had not been quite so barefaced in the sale of Indulgences, if its priests and monks had, as a rule, led chaste and sober lives, and if it had dealt mildly and reasonably with heretics, it might have retained its authority and influence longer than it did. Not for a small matter would whole nations have left its communion; not under a light and easy yoke would they have proved restive and unmanageable. But the Papacy was infatuated; it scorned the idea of moderation; it set at defiance common sense by its superstitions, common decency by its licentiousness, common humanity by its cruelties; and so the Reformers found a sympathizing audience, and the Reformation was achieved. Sometimes the last feather breaks the camel's back; but sometimes it causes the top-heavy load to tumble over, and the camel is relieved.

I think that our motto is also applicable to infidelity. If we are to have infidelity at all, I give my vote for a thorough-going, out-and-out infidelity, that halts not in its march until it reaches absolute skepticism; until it doubts everything, denies everything, and can go no further. As long as infidelity pays a dubious respect to Scripture, expresses its admiration of the character of Christ, exhorts men to follow his example, argues for the immortality of the soul, and maintains a theistic belief, so long is it a rather formidable foe to vital Christianity. Happily, however, it cannot, with any show of consistency, act in this moderate manner. The Scriptures demand that they be received as the Word of God, or repudiated as the fabrication of wilful imposters; the character of Christ can be respected only as long as he is recognized as the son of God and the Saviour of men; his death cannot be resolved into a mere martyrdom, nor his life into a mere example; he is what he professes himself to be, a Divine Redeemer of men, or he is a person convicted of dishonesty and the most shameful untruthfulness. Infidelity, if true to itself, must give up every great principle of religion; it must lead us down from one depth of darkness to another, until it leaves us nothing to believe in. "The worse the better;" for from such a state of dark, cold, absolute negation, the human soul instinctively recoils with horror. Therefore, it seems to me that in what is called secularism there is not much that should give uneasiness to the friends of Christian truth. Its bold avowal that it knows nothing, and can know nothing, and need to know nothing of

ture state, is very startling; but by all means let it make this avowal; let it tell men that death is the final extinction of conscious being, that there is nothing to fear, nothing to hope, that there is no God, no heaven, no hell; let the avowal be made—"the worse the better." Give this system rope enough, and it will hang itself; let no man stay it, let no man seek to moderate its tone; let it go on, denying every principle that we hold dear, denouncing every character that we admire, blaspheming every name that we consider sacred; be it so; so much the worse for itself, so much the better for us. The best, the most encouraging fact about skepticism is this—that its logical terminus is Atheism.

Many persons will find, on reflection, that this paradox has been verified in their own experience. For example, if some one has unjustly assailed your character, and slandered you very shamefully, then "the worse the better." If, while you and your friends know that you are an upright, generous man, your detractor has spoken of you as a rogue, a drunkard, or a miser, you need not be in the least annoyed. Had your reply been moderate, had he censured you mildly, then you might find it necessary to adopt active measures of self-defence; but, as the case stands, you are saved the trouble of making reply or taking any notice. The more unjustly you have been treated, the stronger is the reaction in your favour. Indeed, I think that if a cunning fellow wished to rise to popularity, his best plan would be to hire, not some flatterer who should strive to write him up, but some detractor, who should do his best to write him down. Or he might do the thing himself; he might write severe, unflattering, unfair criticisms upon his own sermons, speeches, and books; he might then anonymously hold himself up to scorn and contempt; all the world would then feel interested to know something about him, and finding him undeserving of such treatment, they would deeply sympathize with him. It is to speak seriously; in the great struggle of life our paradox is often amplified. It is not always an advantage to begin the world with enemies in one's pocket, and friends at one's back, and a business ready to one's hand. Favourable as such circumstances may appear, and desirable as they prove to some, they have been the ruin of thousands. Whereas, on the other hand, many men have lived to rejoice in the fact, and thank Divine Providence for the fact, that they commenced their life penniless and friendless. For when a young man is so circumstanced, if he has any pluck in him, the difficulties of his position will be an invaluable stimulus, will call into exercise all his powers. Don't look down upon him; down to a very low degree in the scale of what are called disadvantages, we may safely say, for many men, "the worse the better." And so, my indulgent readers, unless I am much deceived, there is, for many of us, some consolation under the troubles of life, in this paradoxical expression. There are limits beyond which it is not true, and there are cases, of a moral character, in which it is not true at all. Far be it from me to lend the shadow of an encouragement to the utterly vicious man—"Let us continue in sin that grace may abound," which is a perverted application of "the worse the better." No! let us have none of this vile doctrine. I speak not of evils which we bring upon ourselves, but of those which are inflicted upon us, and which are not under our control. Of these, at least of many of them, I am audacious enough to say "the worse the better." I have often found the paradox true. I

have often been greatly helped through difficulties by the paradox, and believe that you my readers, may also find in "the worse the better," motto which will enable you to set some evils at defiance, and to endure others in a patient and a hopeful spirit. Paul says something very like "the worse the better," when he says, "We glory in tribulations also, and when he makes this assertion, "When I am weak, then am I strong." Depend upon it, that great man had learned to say, in his own way, concerning many things, "THE WORSE THE BETTER!"

H. STOWELL BROWN.

SICK BODY, SICK BRAIN.

Occasional illustrations of the superstition of the middle ages have led writers to remark on the great prevalence of insanity, caused in the good old times by the mixture of horrible thoughts and lumps of diseased fancy with the ideas common among the people. Of the wretched position of unhappy lunatics, persecuted, maimed, tortured, and burnt by neighbors and magistrates, who accepted as facts all their delusions, and convinced them by the testimony of their own wild words, illustrations are common. But the region of superstition that remains yet to be sketched is very rich in produce of this kind. I do not mean to pass into that region now, because it was not by superstition only, or only by that and the oppressive forms of a debased church system, that the minds of men were broken down, powerful agencies as they both were. These moral pestilences are upon brains that had been first weakened by the physical plagues which bodies were subject. But we know nothing of the terror of plague as it was terrible in the old times of famine among the poor, war, living and bad housing among the rich, of townships altogether drained of filth, ignorance, and horrible neglect. The ravages made formerly in Europe by the small-pox or measles, the dreadful spread of leprosy, the devastation on the path of the black death and the sweating sickness, have no parallel in our day. Extreme as are the sufferings of our poor in a hungry winter season, we understand but faintly the intensity and extent of the distress which the old poet had often seen who wrote—

Short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace :
 Ah, who shall hide us from the winter's face ?
 Cold doth increase, the sickness will not cease,
 And here we lie, God knows, with little ease.

From winter, plague and pestilence, good Lord deliver

I particularly wish to show how in the good old times men's bodies were wasted, and how there was produced out of such wasting a weakening and wasting of their minds. We can not study rightly sickness of the mind without bringing sickness of the body into question. It is necessary to begin with that.

There was one disease called the black death, the black plague, or great mortality. The most dreadful visitation of it was one that began in China, spread over Asia, and in the year thirteen hundred and forty entered Europe. Europe was then, however, not unused to plagues. Others had made themselves famous during the preceding eight-and-

years. The black plague spread from the south of Europe to the north, occupying about three years in its passage. In two years it had reached Sweden; in three years it had conquered Russia. The fatal influence came among men ripe to receive it. Europe was full of petty war; citizens were immured in cities, in unwholesome houses overlooking filthy streets, as in beleaguered fortresses; for robbers, if not armies, occupied the roads beyond their gates; husbandmen were starving feudal slaves; religion was mainly superstition; ignorance was dense, morals were debased, and little controul was set upon the passions. To such men came the pestilence, which was said to have slain thirteen millions of Chinese, to have depopulated India, to have destroyed in Cairo fifteen thousand lives a day. Those were exaggerated statements, but they were credited, and terrified the people. Certainly vessels with dead crews drifted about in the Mediterranean, and brought corruption and infection to the shores on which they stranded.

In what spirit did the people, superstitious as they were in those old times, meet the calamity? Many committed suicide in frenzy; merchants and rich men, seeking to divert the wrath of Heaven from themselves, carried their treasures to the churches and the monasteries; where, if the monks, fearing to receive infection with it, shut their gates against any such offering, it was desperately thrown to them over their walls. Even sound men, corroded by anxiety, wandered about livid as the dead. Houses quitted by their inhabitants tumbled to ruin. By plague and by the flight of terrified inhabitants, many thousand villages were left absolutely empty, silent as the woods and fields. The Pope, in Avignon, was forced, because all the churchyards were full, to consecrate as a burial place the River Rhone, and assure to the faithful an interment, if not in holy ground, at least in holy water. How the dead were carted out of towns for burial in pits, and how the terror of the people coined the fancy that through indecent haste many were hurried out and thrown into those pits while living, every one knows; it was the incident of plague at all times. Italy was reported to have lost half its inhabitants. The Venetians fled to the islands and forsook their city, losing three men in four; and in Padua, when the plague ceased, two-thirds of the inhabitants were missing. This is the black death which began toward the close of the year thirteen hundred and forty-eight to ravage England; and of which Antony Wood says extravagantly, that, at the close of it, scarcely a tenth part of the people of that country remained living.

Churches were shunned as places of infection, but enriched with mad donations and bequests; what little instruction had before been imparted ceased; covetousness increased, and when health returned men were amazed to observe how largely the proportion of lawyers to the rest of the community had been augmented. So many sudden deaths had begotten endless disputes about inheritance. Brothers deserted brothers; even parents fled from their children, leaving them to die untended. The sick were nursed, when they were nursed at all, by greedy hirelings at enormous charge. The wealthy lady, noble of birth, trained in the best refinement of her time, as pure and modest perhaps as she was beautiful, could sometimes hire no better nurse than a street ruffian to minister to her in her mortal sickness. It appears most probable that this pestilence, which historians often dismiss in a paragraph, destroyed a fourth part of the inhab-

itants of Europe. The curious fact follows, which accords with one of the most mysterious of all the certain laws of nature, that the numbers of the people were in some degree replenished by a very marked increase in the fruitfulness of marriage. We know how the poor, lodged in places dangerous to life, surround themselves with little families, and how births multiply as deaths increase among them. To this natural law the attention of men was strongly forced, even at the time of the black plague.

But lesser local pestilences arose incessantly, and the bodies of multitudes who were not slain were weakened by the influences that destroyed so many, while, at the same time, few minds escaped the influence of superstitious dread, arising out of such calamities. The best physicians ascribed the black plague to the grand conjunction of Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars in the sign of Aquarius, which took place about Lady-day, in the year thirteen hundred and fort-five. Such conjunctions always forebode horrors to men, and every plague in this way was connected with the stars. Many a deed that proved the dignity and beauty of man's nature was done quietly during those days of trial; bands of Sisters of Charity at Paris perished in the work of mercy to the sick, and were supplied with unflinching troops of new recruits; but bigotry and folly had the loudest voices and took possession of the public ear.

Then arose in Hungary, and afterward in Germany, the Brotherhood of the Flagellants—men and even women and children of all ranks entering the order, marched about towns in procession, each flagellant with a red cross on the breast, back, and cap, and carrying a triple scourge, and recommended to attention by the pomp of tapers and superb banners of velvet and cloth of gold. They multiplied so fast, and claimed rights so independent—for they even absolved each other—that they came to be regarded by the Church as dangerous. They were put down at last by persecution, the enthusiasm of the populace in their behalf being converted into a relentless rage against them.

The rage of the populace was felt most severely by the Jews. Pestilence was ascribed usually in those days to poisoned wells, and the wells, it was said commonly, were poisoned by the Jews. So it was at the time of the black plague. The persecution of the Jews began in those days at Chillon, and spread from Switzerland through Europe. Tortured and maddened, many poor Jews confessed all that men would have had confessed by them, and told horrible tales of powdered basilisk, and of the bag of poison sent among the faithful of Israel from the great Rabbi at Toledo. All the Jews in Basle were shut up in a wooden building, and there smothered and burnt alive. The same fate happened to the Jews at Freiburg. In acquiescence with the popular idea, wells had been bricked over and buckets removed. If, therefore, in any town, a man rose to plead for the unhappy children of Israel, the populace asked why it was if they were not guilty, that the authorities had covered up the wells. But there was not wanting other evidence: poison-bags, which Christians had thrown there, were found in springs. At Spire, the Jews withdrew into their houses, and, setting fire to them, burnt themselves and all they had with their own hands. At Strasburg, two thousand Jews were burnt alive in their own burial ground—those who, in frantic terror, broke their bonds and fled, being pursued and murdered in the street. Only in Lithuania this afflicted people found a place of safety. There they were

protected by King Casimir the Great, who loved a Jewish Esther, and the Lithuanian Jews still form a large body of men who have lived in much seclusion, and retained many of the manners of the middle ages.

It was among people weakened physically and mentally by desperate afflictions and emotions, that there arose certain dancing manias, which formed a fresh disease, affecting both the body and the mind. The same generation that had seen the terrors of the black death, saw, some twenty years afterward, men and women dancing in a ring; shrieking, and calling wildly on St. John the Baptist; and at last, as if seized with an epileptic fit, tumbling on the ground, where they desired to be trodden upon and kicked, and were most cheerfully and freely trodden upon and kicked by the by-standers. Their wild ways infected others with diseased bodies and minds, and the disease called St. John's Dance, which was supposed to be a form of demoniacal possession, spread over the Netherlands. The St. John's dancers were exorcised and made wonderful confessions. If they had not put themselves under the patronage of St. John (to whose festival, pagan rites and dances had been transferred by the Germans) they would have been racked and burnt. Their number increased so fast that men were afraid of them; they communicated to each other morbidancies; such as a furious hatred of the red colour, with the bull's desire to tear every red cloth to rags, and a detestation of pointed shoes, against which, and other matters of fashion, the priests had declaimed often from their pulpits. The St. John's dancers became so numerous and so violent that, in Liege, the authorities were intimidated and, in deference to the prejudices of the dancers, an ordinance was issued to the effect that no one could wear any but square-toed shoes. This madness appeared also at Metz, and Cologne, and extended through the cities of the Rhine.

A similar lunacy broke out some time afterward at Strasburg, where the dancers were cared for by the town council, and conducted to the chapel of St. Vitus, a youthful saint, martyred in the time of Diocletian. For this saint, because little was known of him, a legend could be made fitted to the emergency, in evidence that he, and he alone, was able to cure the dancing plague. The plague, however, spread; and, as the physicians regarded it as a purely spiritual question, it was left to the care of the Church, and even a century later, on St. Vitus's day, women went to the chapel of St. Vitus to dance off the fever that had accumulated in them during the past twelvemonth. But at that time the lunacy was near its end, for I need not say that it had little in common with the disease known as St. Vitus's Dance by the physicians of the present day. In the first years it attacked violently people of all ranks, especially those leading sedantary lives, and impelled them to dance even to death sometimes, to dash their brains out against walls, or to plunge into rivers.

Every one has heard of a madness of this kind that arose in Apulia, among people who had been, or fancied that they had been, bitten by a pound spider, called the tarantula. Those who were bitten were said to have become melancholy, very open to the influence of music, given to wild joyous fits of dancing, or to miserable fits of weeping, morbid longings, and fatal paroxysms either of laughter or of sobs. At the close of the fifteenth century the fear of this malady had spread beyond Apulia. The poison of the tarantula, it was believed, could only be worked off by those in whom it begot a violent energy of dancing—it passed out then

with the perspiration; but if any lingered in the blood, the disorder became chronic or intermittent; and the afflicted person would be liable to suffering and melancholy, which, whenever it reached a certain height, would be relieved by dancing. The tarantati, or persons bitten by the tarantula, had various whims, and they also had violent preferences and antipathies to colours. Most of them were wild in love of red, many were excited by green objects, and so forth. They could only dance to music, and to the music of certain tunes which were called tarantellas, and one man's tarantella would not always suit another. Some needed a quick tune, others a melancholy measure, others a suggestion of green fields in the music as well as in the words that always went with it. Nearly all tarantati required some reference to water, were mad in longing for the sea, and would be ecstatic at the sight of water in a pan. Some even would dance with a cup of water in their hands, or plunge their heads after dancing in a tub of water, set for them, and trimmed with rushes. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, the cure of the tarantati was attempted on a grand scale. Bands of musicians were sent among the villages, playing tarantallas; and the women were so especially interested in this way of bringing relief to the afflicted, that the period of tarantella-playing was called "the women's little carnival." The afflicted creatures saved up their spare money to pay for the dances, and deserted their household duties to assist at them. One rich lady, Mita Lupa, spent her whole fortune on these works of charity.

A direction was often given by this little carnival to the thoughts of hysterical women. They sickened as it approached, danced, and were cured a season whole; but the tarantati included quite as many men as women. Even the skeptic could not shake off the influence of general credulity. Gianbatista Quinzato, Bishop of Foligno, suffered himself, in bravado, to be bitten by a tarantula; but, to the shame of his episcopal gravity, he could obtain a cure only by dancing.

When bodies are ill-housed or ill-nourished, or by late sickness or other cause depressed, as most men's bodies were in the middle ages, minds are apt to receive morbid impressions. The examples just given show how rapidly across such tinder the fire of a lunatic fancy spreads. People abounded who were even glad to persuade themselves that they were changed into wolves every night, that they were witches, or that they were possessed by demons.

About fifty years ago, a young woman of strong frame visited a friend in one of the Berlin hospitals. On entering a ward she fell down in a strong convulsion. Six female patients who saw her became at once convulsed in the same way; and, by degrees, eight others passed into the same condition for four months, during which time two of the nurses followed their example. They were all between sixteen and twenty-five years old.

Other madneses of this kind will occur to the minds of many readers. They are contemporary illustrations, each on a small scale, of a kind of mental disorder which was one of the most universal of the sorrows of the middle ages. Men were liable in masses to delusions so absurd, and so sincere, that it is impossible to exclude from a fair study of the social history of our forefathers a constant reference to such unsound conditions of the minds.

Portfolio of Select Literature.

RESULTS OF DUELLING.

In the spring of 1807 the 21st regiment were quartered in the town of Newbury, and the half-yearly inspection of the regiment had been made by General Kerr—when, as is customary, the general and staff were entertained by the Fusileers. The dinner was soon over—the staff retired—the officers went to the play—and none remained in the mess room, excepting Major Campbell and Captain Boyd, the assistant-surgeon, and a lieutenant. Campbell, in right of brevet rank, had commanded the regiment in the absence of the colonel—and an argument took place between him and Captain Boyd, whether a word of command that day used was correctly given. The latter was a person of disagreeable manner—the former a man whose temper was highly excitable—and each personally disliked the other, and were tenacious equally of their own opinions. Campbell repudiated the charge of incorrectness, and Boyd as warmly maintained it.

At last a crisis came, “Heated with wine, and exasperated by what he received a professional insult, Campbell left the table, hastened to his apartments, loaded his pistols, returned, sent for Captain Boyd, brought him to an inner mess-room, closed the door, and without the presence of friend or witness, demanded instant satisfaction. Shots were promptly exchanged, and by the first fire Boyd fell, mortally wounded.”

Before five minutes passed the tornado of wild passion was over, and returning to the room where the dying man was laid, surrounded by his frantic wife and infant family, the homicide knelt at his bed-side, implored forgiveness, and wrung from him a qualified admission that “all was over.” No attempt was made to arrest him, and that night Campbell left the town and remained at Chelsea with his lady and family for several months, under an assumed name. When the summer assizes were approaching, he determined to surrender and stand his trial; and although his legal advisers warned him that the step was most perilous, he would not be dissuaded, and unhappily persevered.

He was, on the 13th of August, 1808, arraigned for “willful murder,” and pleaded “not guilty” in the usual form—the fact of the homicide was admitted—and a number of officers, high in rank, attended, and gave the prisoner the highest character for humanity. I did not hear the evidence, when I came into the court-house the jury for some time had been considering their verdict. The trial had been tedious; twilight had fallen, and the hall of justice, dull at best, was rendered gloomier still in the partial glare of a few candles placed upon the bench, where Judge Fletcher was presiding. A breathless anxiety prevailed throughout the assembly, and the ominous silence that reigned throughout the court was broken by a single whisper. I felt an unusual dread—a sinking of the heart—a difficulty of respiration, and as I looked round the melancholy scene, my eyes rest on the judge. Fletcher was a thin, bilious-looking man, and his cold and marble features had caught an unearthly expression from the shading produced by the accidental disposition of the candles. I shuddered as I gazed upon him, for the fate of a fellow creature was

hanging upon the first words that would issue from the lips of that stern and inflexible old man. From the judge my eyes turn to the criminal and what a subject the contrast offered to the artist's pencil! In the front of the bar, habited in deep mourning, his arms folded and crossed upon his breast, the homicide was waiting the word that would seal his destiny. His noble and commanding figure thrown into an attitude of calm determination, was graceful and dignified; and while on every countenance besides a sickening anxiety was visible, neither the quivering of an eyelash, nor a motion of the lip, betrayed on the prisoner's face the appearance of discomposure or alarm. Just then a slight noise was heard—a door was slowly and softly opened—one by one the jury returned to their seats—the customary question was asked by the clerk of the crown—and—“Guilty” was faintly answered, accompanied with a recommendation to mercy. An agonizing pause succeeded—the court was as silent as the grave—the prisoner bowed respectfully to the jury, then planting his feet firmly on the floor, he drew himself up to his full height and calmly listened to his doom. Slowly Judge Fletcher assumed the fatal cap, and all unmoved, he pronounced, and Campbell listened to, his sentence.

While the short address which sealed the prisoner's fate was being delivered, the silence of the court was broken only by smothered sobs; but when the sounds ceased, and, “Lord have mercy on your soul” issued from the ashy lips of the stern old man, a groan of horror burst from the auditory, and the Highland soldiers, who thronged the court, ejaculated a wild “Amen,” while their flashing eyes betrayed how powerfully the fate of their unhappy countryman had afflicted them. He was removed from the bar—a doomed man—but no harsh restrictions were imposed upon him, nor was he conducted to the gloomy apartment to which condemned criminals after sentence were then consigned. From the moment the unfortunate duellist had entered the prison gates, his mild and gentlemanly demeanor had won the commiseration of all within; and the governor, confident in the honor of his prisoner, subjected him to no restraint. He occupied the apartments of the keeper, went over the building as he pleased—received his friends—held unrestricted communication with those that sought him—and, in fact, was a captive but in name.

No man impersonated the grandeur of Byron's beautiful couplet so happily as Campbell: when the hour of trial came,

“He died as sinful man should die
Without parade—without display,”

while, during the painful interval when the seat of mercy was appealed to, and when, as it was generally considered, mercy would have been extended to the most unmoved of all, as post after post brought not the welcome tidings, was Campbell.

One anecdote is too characteristic to be omitted.

The commiseration of all classes was painfully increased by the length of time that elapsed between the trial and death of Major Campbell. In prison he received from his friends the most constant and delicate attentions, and one lady, the wife of captain—, seldom left him. She read to him, prepared his meals, cheered his spirits when he drooped, and performed those gentle offices of kindness, so peculiarly the province of a woman. When intelligence arrived that mercy could not be extended, the

must take its course, she boldly planned an escape from prison; but Campbell, when she mentioned it, recoiled from a proposition that must compromise his honor with the keeper. "What," he exclaimed, when assured that otherwise his case was hopeless, "shall I break my faith with him who trusted it? I know my fate, and am prepared to meet it manfully; but never will I deceive the person who confided in my honor."

Two evenings before he suffered, Mrs. ——— was earnestly urging him to escape. The clock struck twelve, and Campbell hinted that it was time he would retire. As usual he accompanied her to the gate; and on entering the keeper's room, they found him fast asleep. Campbell placed his finger on his lip.

"Poor fellow," he said in a whisper, to his fair companion, "would it not be a pity to disturb him?" then taking the keys softly from the table he unlocked the outer wicket.

"Campbell," said the lady, "this is the crisis of your fate; this is the moment for your deliverance! Horses are in readiness, and—"

The convict put his hand upon her mouth. "Hush," he replied, as he gently forced her out. "Would you have me violate my word of honor?"

Bidding her "good night," he locked the wicket carefully, replaced the keys, and retired to his chamber without awakening the sleeping jailer!

His last hour was passed in prayer, and at noon he was summoned to pass the grand ordeal which concludes the history of the hero and the herdsman.

The drop, as it was called, was, in the Irish jails, attached to the upper story of the building, a large iron-studded door, which hung against the wall, and was only raised to a parallel position with the door from which the criminal made his last exit, when the concluding ceremony of the law was to be performed. Attended by the jail chaplain—one, who, in the last bitter trial, gave to the condemned soldier closer than a brother—he readily mounted the stairs, and entered the execution room. The preliminaries of death were undergone composedly; he bade a long farewell to those around, and stepped firmly on the board. Twenty-thousand smokers-on filled the green in front of the prison; and, strange accident! the Highland regiment with whom, shoulder to shoulder, he had charged the "Invincibles" in Egypt, formed a simicircle round the prison. In the north of Ireland, all is decorously conducted. When he appeared a deep and solemn silence awed the multitude; and until he addressed the Highlanders in Gaelic, a whisper might have been heard in the crowd. The simple request of "Pray for me!" a low deep groan responded and every bonnet was removed. He dropped a cambic handkerchief—down came the iron-bound door—it sounded over the heads of the silent course like a thunder-clap; and, in one minute, as brave a heart as ever beat upon a battle-field, had ceased to throb.

CONSOLATIONS OF ADVERSITY.

The man who has been overtaken by reverses need not look far broad to see that a system of compensation is pretty generally dealt out in this life. Set him adrift in the world with scarcely a dollar; let him walk, almost a beggar, through the streets he once trod, a man of wealth, almost overwhelmed by the force of bitter recollections.

In proportion as other days were happy will these be miserable. As Dante has truly said, the memory of former joys, so far from affording relief to the wretched, serves only to embitter the present, as they feel that these joys have forever passed away. But unless this lot be one of unusual calamity, as time blunts the keenest edge of sorrow, he must be devoid of both philosophy and religion if he does not feel that life with a mere competence still has many joys. It is unquestionably true that one's style of living has not much to do with the sum of his happiness, though this is said with no disposition to undervalue even the luxuries of life. So far from the finest houses in the city having the greatest air of comfort about them, I think rather the reverse is the case. No dwellings have a snugger look than many of the plain two-story houses in all our cities; no children merrier than those who play around their doors; no manlier fathers than those who struggle bravely for their support. One would suppose that Stafford House with its wealth of pictures and furniture, and its beautiful view over Hyde Park, must contain much to add to the pleasure of its possessors; but probably the happiness enjoyed by this noble family has been very little increased by these things. I believe that palaces are more envied by "outsiders" than enjoyed by their owners. In proportion to the number of each, probably far more of those dreadful tragedies that cast ineffaceable gloom over whole families, have occurred in these splendid houses than in plainer ones. Our Fifth Avenue, with all its grandeur, is one of the gloomiest looking streets in the world, as strangers generally remark. But as all preaching is vain against many a besetting sin, so will all the talking in the world do little to convince men that happiness does not lie in externals. One generation does not learn much from another in this respect; it seems to have been intended that each should acquire its own experience. The task of talking beforehand is therefore an unprofitable one: but it is a satisfaction to feel that when much that is thought indispensable has been taken from us there still remains that which can afford us happiness.—*Continental Magazine.*

GOD'S AFFLICTIVE LOVE.

How hard it is for us to learn to apply the same principles to our meditations concerning the dealings of God with us, which we naturally and inevitably apply to our own intercourse with our children! We persuade them to—nay, if need be, push and hold them in the presence of—some great pain, because our love for them decides that, on the whole, that pain is best for them—better than its absence could be. It may be the tearing of some sound and solid tooth from an overcrowded jaw; it may be some sharper and severer surgery. Our hearts never misgive us. We feel that we mean for the best, and that, so far as we can see, it is for the best; and we can calmly wait till, in the improvement of after years, the sufferer of to-day shall thank us most of all for that keenest anguish, as the seed of the clearest, and the largest, and the most unquestionable future good. When our little tender ones are sick, and the reluctant prescription of the physician is a hard and bitter one, how confidently, and with what calm

faith, we urge the timid and tremulous invalid along to the heroism involved in its reception—never doubting that there is more, and more tender and even tearful affection, in the harsh and disagreeable urgency which we make, than in anything else could be. We know that for our dearest ones, we have no love, in depth, and truth, and power, like that which sometimes seems most afflictive to them, in the sharp form in which it touches and shapes their life.

O, why can not we remember more, and apply better, those wonderful words of the Lord which build a cumulative argument upon our parental love, and bid us have faith that, if we, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto our children, how much more shall our Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him!

Why can not we believe and know—in like manner as we find it between our children and ourselves—that God's afflictive love is, oftentimes his deepest, truest, sweetest!

Then we could drink of every cup which which he presses to our lips, and, when it is very bitter, we could still smile and say: I thank thee, dear Father, for the medicine that will heal my soul's mortal distemper, that will nourish me toward everlasting strength.

There is a sweet, quaint hymn—little known—of Julius Storm, which we are minded to insert here, as germane to the thought that is in our heart, and perhaps as edifying to many who may never have seen it in an English dress:—

Pain's furnace-heat within me quivers,
 God's breath upon the flame doth blow;
 And all my heart in anguish shivers
 And trembles at the fiery glow:
 And yet I whisper: As God will!
 And in his hottest fire hold still.

He comes, and lays my heart, all heated,
 On the hard anvil, minded so,
 Into his own fair shape to beat it
 With his great hammer, blow on blow:
 And yet I whisper: As God will!
 And at his heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it;
 The sparks fly off at every blow;
 He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,
 And lets it cool, and makes it glow:
 And yet I whisper: As God will!
 And in his mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
 Thus only longer-lived would be;
 Its end may come, and will to-morrow,
 When God has done his work in me.
 So I say trusting: As God will!
 And trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles, for my profit purely,
 Affliction's glowing, fiery brand;
 And all his heaviest blows are surely
 Inflicted by a Master-hand:
 So I say praising: As God will!
 And hope in him, and suffer still.

REMARKS ON GREATNESS OF CHARACTER.

BY THE REV. JAMES CATTON

Greatness has a reference to some model or standard, and at best is but a "dim miniature of greatness absolute." Character results from uniform conduct. Motive makes the man; actions form the character: and character to be great, must be distinguished by *elevation, energy, and stability*. A person of a low, weak, inconstant mind, is a reed shaken by the wind, and can never succeed in any great enterprise, for he would be led to abandon it at the first blast of opposition, or outbreak of popular fury.

He who builds on the shifting sands of a worldly policy, can never build a great or permanent character. He who is merely negative or passive is still lower; for he seems to have neither will nor power, and is carried down the stream. Such an one is anything those above him would wish him to be; and, like the chameleon, he takes a tinge from every object with which he is associated. Such an individual may be peaceful and conformable, but great he can never be.

The selfish also may bustle about, but he is a stunted and contracted character: he lives only for himself, he absorbs all he receives, and gives back nothing. He eddies round some object of pleasure or interest, but prosecutes no aim of pure benevolence. He has no idea of striving to attain anything which does not immediately tend to his own benefit: property, education, and religion, are sought only so far as they can be useful to him. It seems not to have come into his calculations to strive for these things to benefit others. Selfishness is as much opposed to true greatness of character, as the poles to each other. Universal nature reproveth and frowns upon such a man. The sun, moon, and stars, as they shine, banishing gloom and darkness, teach him they may not shine for themselves. The rivers and streams, as they flow through the valleys, invigorating and beautifying the meadows around them, teach him that they flow not for themselves. The trees, and flowers, and fruits, and fields, all teach him that their beauty and fruitfulness, and odors are not for themselves. Selfishness is not only opposed to religion, but to patriotism, philanthropy, and gallantry, and to all who are under its influence, it gives an uneasy sensation whenever they look upon the models of distinguished virtue.

The first positive feature in greatness of character, is a noble superiority to the errors and prejudices of the times. He evidences a small degree of superiority who shakes off the errors and prejudices in which he was cradled, as a lion shakes off the dew from his mane. Many opinions and discoveries in advance of the age were looked upon at the time as dangerous, or absurd and contemptible. What a mighty effort it required to renounce the false religion of our forefathers! Even those who have broken loose from the ancient systems of philosophy, and blessed the world with mighty discoveries, have had opposition and persecution to contend with. Greatness of character does not arise from birth-right, or chartered privilege; it does not consist in liberation from the supposed degradation of labour,

in struggling into political power. It is deeper, and loftier and vaster than all that: it is elevation, and energy, and nobility of soul.

Another feature of greatness is a power to conquer and reign over ourselves; that is, so to control the desires and passions of the soul as to keep them in subjection to the higher faculties. "I am too noble, and of too high birth," said Seneca, "to be a slave to my body, which I regard as a chain thrown over the liberty of my soul." To be unduly transported with the love of honor and distinction, is incompatible with true greatness; although titles and honors may be moderately received and worn, when not sought inordinately, or valued too highly. Honour is the greatest thing among men; and though titles may seem but great and sounding names, yet they often please noble-spirited men, and may be a passport to spheres of usefulness which could not be reached without them. But since honour is a thing subject to great vicissitude, and comes and goes as it pleaseth, we must seek for some more stable and enduring greatness. Seek to be honourable, whether you are honoured or not; to be praiseworthy, if never praised; to be virtuous, and to be contented with the inward possession of that treasure, without being anxious about any external recognition, lest ye fall into the error of the vain-glorious. By these virtues itself would be slighted, unless it were praised. Praise, however, coming from the populace, rather follows the vain than the virtuous; because the masses perceive not the most excellent virtues, but are led away by external display. Therefore Lord Bacon compares fame to a river, which bears up things light and swollen, but drowns things weighty and solid. Be content to be well-doers, and not over-anxious as to the estimate the world may place upon your doings; for as vice is far worse than the blame that follows, so virtue is far better than any praise or honour. Let, then, pride and ambition be put in chains; and let gentleness, forbearance, and humility be the reigning graces: for these are not only the foundation of all greatness, but its safeguard and glory.

The next feature is superiority to the fear of man, and indeed superiority to the fear of any evil. "Fear not them which kill the body." The Psalmist says, "I will fear no evil." Cowardice and greatness are the antithesis of each other. The fear of man bringeth a snare. But few are to be found who dare to strike out for themselves a path of bold and original thinking, and of zealous and extraordinary action, for Christian and manly enterprise. They must, therefore, not fear what people will think or say of them, nor be content to be copyists, but to be still and do nothing. Fear fills the genial current of the soul. It saps energy, and maims enterprise. "Have any of our rulers believed on Him?" was the inquiry of the men-fearing Jews, when they were rejecting Christ. Wilberforce, amidst the scoffs of the House of Commons, boldly declared his religious sentiments, and amidst roars of laughter exclaimed, "I believe Africa will never be fully discovered until it is traversed by Christian Missionaries." When Martin Luther was asked whether he would go to Worms, to be tried before the council to which he was cited, he said, "Yes, if all the tiles on the houses were devils, and all the stones in the streets infernal spirits, I would go." I once asked one of the Wesleyan Missionaries what he

felt when the key was turned, that locked him up in one of the West-Indian dungeons. "Did you not feel fear and trembling come upon you?" He answered, "*No : I never knew fear.*"

Another feature is superiority to the power of temptation. What is a greater proof of strength than this?—or of weakness, than to be overcome by every assault? Both prosperity and adversity have their peculiar temptations; and so have the great and the little, the honorable and obscure; indeed, all classes and all ages. Temptation is often specious in its pretences—difficult to vanquish, and disgraceful if yielded to; but, if overcome, it yields vast advantages, and leads on to great honors. Look at Moses and Joseph, who, trampling upon the honors and pleasures of the world, attained a greatness far beyond that of all the Ptolemies that ever sat upon the throne of Egypt.

The next feature is sympathy,—enlarged, strong, tender, undecaying sympathy. Greatness of character does not isolate an individual from all below and around him, but binds him faster and closer. That which binds man to man, is not mere instinct or interest, but mutual respect, tender compassion,—the growing, never-failing love which weeps with the sorrowful, rejoices with the prosperous and happy, bears the burdens of the weak, while it is ever pitiful and courteous. It has been observed that greatness of the highest order, far from being repulsive and discouraging, is singularly accessible and imitable; and instead of severing a being from others, fits him to be their friend and model. A man who stands apart from his race, who has few points of contact with other men, who has a style and manner which strike awe and keep others far from him, whatever rank he may hold in his own and others' eyes, wants, after all, true grandeur. Greatness is not a secret, solitary principle, working by itself, and refusing participation; but frank, open-hearted, large in its views, liberal in its feelings, extensive in its purposes, and so beneficent in its labours as naturally and necessarily to attract sympathy and co-operation. So far from being imprisoned in private interest, it covets nothing which it may not impart; looks not upon its own things, but upon the things of others; and aims at nothing so much as to call forth in others what is noble in sentiment, divine of feeling, and benevolent in action.

The last feature in the analysis of greatness of character, is action,—great, self-denying, benevolent, untiring action. By this we not only mean activity, but the sublime power of conceiving bold and extensive plans, or constructing and bringing to bear on a mighty object an adequate machinery of means, energies and arrangements, and of accomplishing great outward effects. The course such an one adopts, is to select some field of enterprise and benevolent activity, suited to his talents, station, and adopt all truth, however it may war with his pride or pre-conceived opinions; to do justice to all, however it may conflict with his interests; and to love all that is beautiful, and good, and happy, in whatever beings it may be found. A great man declines not the greatest and most difficult exertions, when duty, patriotism, or philanthropy demands them; for no man must expect to be great that is not a PATRIOT, a PHILANTHROPIST, and a CHRISTIAN.

This character belongs not to one who boasts of being great, or one who puts on stilts to elevate himself, but to one who possesses lowly

ness and gentleness, with firmness and vigour of soul which no obstacle can restrain, which no danger can deter, which no resistance can weary out or discourage; one that looks before him that sleeps not at his post, nor faints in his duty. To sum up greatness of character: It is incompatible with weakness and inconstancy, with selfishness, apathy, and indifference. It will rise superior to the errors and superstitions of the age, and to all outward disadvantages. It will rise superior to passion, and fear and resist temptation. While overflowing with sympathy, it will be active and laborious for personal, public, and universal good; increasing, and abounding, and brightening more and more until the perfect day. Of the great man Blair thus speaks: "He is the same in adversity as prosperity, whom no bribe can seduce, no terror ever awe; neither by pleasures melted in effeminacy, nor by distress sunk into dejection: such is the mind which forms the distinction and eminence of men. Faithful to his friend, generous to his enemies. Warm with compassion to the unfortunate. Self-denying in matters of private interest or pleasure, but zealous for the public interest and happiness. Magnanimous without being proud; humble without being mean; just without being harsh; simple in his manners, but manly in his feelings; on whose word you can entirely rely; whose countenance never deceives you. He is one whom you would choose as a superior, trust as a friend, and love as a brother. This is the man whom your heart must honor as GREAT."

EDUCATION IN CHINA.

Education is cheap in the empire. Such stereotyped knowledge as rote-learning retains in the Central Land, unchanged and unimproved, is widely diffused; and where there are so many to teach, it cannot be very costly to be taught. China swarms with schoolmasters. Most hamlets in the south, and every large village in the ruder north, have a school of primary instruction. These village schools are not at the charge of government. The masters lead rather a precarious life, boarding alternately with the different farmers and substantial householders, and bartering lessons for rice and samshu. The viceroy may, if he sees fit, bestow some small subsidy out of the provincial treasury upon the village schools, and sometimes an endowed pagoda serves for the seminary, in which case the Buddhist priests undertake the duty of rudimentary teaching, receiving a money payment, seldom exceeding a few sapecks, from the parents of each little scholar. Poorly paid as these schoolmasters are, they are not useless, since a surprising number of even the poorest Chinese are competent to read and write. Then comes the normal school, the expenses of which government defrays, and in which the *curriculum* turns entirely upon the studies requisite for passing the official examination. Every *prefecture*, or capital of a province, called "Fou" by the Chinese, has a large seminary of this nature, where many masters are employed, under the vigilance of an inspector of education. In second-class towns, called technically "teheou," there is a smaller school, presided over by a sub-inspector. The third order of walled cities, classed under the head of "shien," contain a minor establishment, with two or more tutors, who are due time promoted to the central schools. To these normal institutions

resort the prize pupils of the village instructors, as well as those luckier Chinese whose parents have been able to hire private teachers of more extensive attainments. The normal schools impart a knowledge of the sacred books, the rites, as they style the ceremonial rules which regulate every action from the cradle to the coffin, the Confucian Apophthegms, the history of all the dynasties, and the polite art of writing. It is perfectly possible for a diligent youth to go straight from the normal school to the board of examiners, to pass creditably, and come forth qualified for the petty posts under the imperial system, for tide-waiterships, and collectorships of salt excise, and such small deer of office. But if he wishes to mount the higher rounds of the gilded ladder—if he cherishes visions of gold and silver dragons flashing from his embroidered vest, of peacock plumage and gaudy silken banderols drooping on his brocaded shoulder—if he hopes that the proud button of plain red coral will sprout one day on his silken cap—he must go further afield. Peking contains a kind of university, in which a student may go through a course of the sciences gratuitously, or nearly so, and if he hopes to be a viceroy, a criminal inspector, a prefect or a censor, he must take another journey, and repair to the university of Moukden, in Montehooria, where he must devote himself to the acquisition of Tartar speech and the careful study of Mongol peculiarities. He then returns to China Proper, and puts himself under the tutelage of a poet. He has never far to seek for one. There are plenty of lazy or disappointed sons of song, who have failed to pass their own “great go” or second examination, and who are willing to earn a few silver ounces by teaching the way to the Pierian spring. To write sonnets, odes, epithalamiums, elegies, and so forth, is absolutely necessary in China, at least to one who aspires to the highest grades of the literary aristocracy.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

MORNING.

The best part of the day for most purposes, is in a great measure lost by most persons. There is no question of it. It is either lost in sleep—between sleeping and waking—feeble efforts to rise—buttoning up the toilet, or in a state of trifling indecision what to take hold of first. The habit have its due influence in the case, and there can be no doubt that that early morning is the most advantageous time for effort of any kind, physical or mental. What an important part of most people's lives is lost! So Walter Scott's evidence to anything which relates to experienced great performance will be taken without reserve. He says, “When I get over any knotty difficulty in a story, or have had in former times a passage in a poem, it has always been when I first opened my eyes that the desired ideas thronged upon me. This is so much the case, that I am in the habit of relying upon it, and saying to myself when I am at a loss—‘we shall have it at six o'clock to-morrow morning.’ If I have forgotten a circumstance, or a name, or a copy of verses, it is the same thing. I think the first hour of the morning is favourable to bodily strength. And other feats, when I was a young man I was able to lift a smith's anvil what is called the horn; but I could only do this before breakfast, and required my whole strength undiminished by the least exertion.”—*Knobbs*

Religious Intelligence.

BRITISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

THE OLDEST METHODIST.—The *Methodist Recorder* notes the decease of a venerable member of the Wesleyan Church in the Birmingham East Circuit, who was doubtless the oldest Methodist in the world. His name was John Sanders, and he was a member of the Church for the long period of eighty-six years: one of the few remaining links that connected the Methodism of the present age with that of its venerated founder. "He began to meet in class when twelve years of age, and continued doing so until near his death. He witnessed the growth of Methodism in Birmingham and neighborhood from almost its very commencement, and on several occasions had the honor of being in company with and listening to the preaching of its venerable founder. He was once present when Wesley was surrounded and insulted by a rough and persecuting mob. He saw him pelted with stones, and his life otherwise endangered, until a big burly fellow went to Wesley and threatened to give him a ducking in a stream close by. He requested some of the mob to put a log on his back, to which Wesley assented, believing it to be a providential interference, notwithstanding the apparent intentions of the man. Instead of dropping him into the water, as was expected, he carried him over to the other side, and Wesley was delivered from the hand of the enemies and made his escape."

NEW CHAPEL IN GUERNSEY.—About twenty years ago English preaching was commenced at Rohais, a small village on this island. God owned the labors of his servants, sinners were converted, the room (neither wind-proof nor fire-proof) used for preaching became too small, and to accommodate the hearers a beautiful little sanctuary in the Gothic style has been built, which was dedicated on Sunday, March, 1844. A gracious influence attended the opening service.

THEOLOGICAL CLASS FOR YOUNG MEN.—In Barnstable, England, about six months ago, an attempt was made to meet a long-felt want of the Church by the formation of a class where the young men connected with this society might have the advantage of obtaining a clearer perception of the cardinal doctrines of our holy religion, more particularly those which serve to convince of the scriptural nature of Wesleyan theology. At the request of twenty-five young men Mr. Alexander Lauder undertook the formation of such a class, and the result has been highly gratifying. A short time since he invited the members of his several classes, who number about eighty, to tea. In the evening a public meeting was held, and after the devotional exercises, selections from the essays which had been written by the members of the classes were read, and the interesting services closed with an address by the preacher in charge.

WESLEYAN SCHOOL STATISTICS.—The Annual Report of the Wesleyan Education Committee sums up the Wesleyan school statistics of Great Britain as follow: Day-schools, 560, in which are 73,163 scholars. Sunday-schools 4,617, in which 494,489 scholars are instructed by 89,418 teachers. This shows an increase over the returns of the preceding year of 43 day-schools, and 4,538 day-scholars, and 154 Sunday-schools, 3,887 teachers, and 19,585 scholars. The training institution at Westminster has already sent out 538 male and female teachers to various parts of Great Britain, and to not a few stations in the colonies and the foreign missions; and its halls were filled at the beginning of this year with 129 students.

ENGLAND.—In reference to the special services held in London and other parts of the country to reach that class of the population who will not come to the regular places of worship, the *London Review* says: "Strange transformations distinguish the days in which our lot is cast. Had any one pre-

dicted a dozen years ago that the Bishop of London would preach in an omnibus yard; the Rev. Lord Wriothlesley Russell in a potato, fruit, and cabbage market; the Bishop of Oxford at a railway station, amid the hissing of steam and rolling of locomotives; and last, but not least, that every Sunday afternoon and evening ministers of all denominations—rector, vicar, curate, Wesleyan preacher, and Independent minister—would take up their places in succession on the stage, and preach divine lessons to crowded audiences, he would have been set down as a fanatic or a dreamer. Yet these are the weekly scenes and the recurring acts of a drama, earnest, real and full of instruction, and rich in fruits."

FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the *News of the Churches*, says that "the progress of Protestantism in France is so obvious and decided as to excite alarm amongst the emissaries of Rome. The Ultramontanists are vehement in their imprecations against it, and their deprecation of the lukewarmness of their party in the matter. It is obtaining more self-knowledge, interest, and activity in its own concerns. It has acquainted itself with its rights, and makes use of them. It no longer hides its head, but shows itself openly in face of Catholicism. Many serious Catholics cast looks of hope towards it; and in many places, as in Paris, the masses, too trifling to study it, and too indifferent to adopt it—having only seen it over an open grave in the cemetery, or in a church casually visited—go about repeating, "It is a better religion than ours." The week of prayer was well attended to in Paris. All denominations met, and the blessing promised to united brethren was vouchsafed. Similar accounts are coming in from various parts of the empire. Nimes, in particular, Saint Sauvant, Anduze, etc., seem to have received much blessing; and now we rejoice in hope of the glory of God. There is certainly an increasing preparation of heart among the people. They are more and more willing to listen to the Gospel when clearly and boldly put to them. An impulse has been given to the formation of popular and religious libraries in different Churches; and the efforts of the Toulouse Book Society, the Paris Tract Society, and the Sunday-School Society,

united to those of increased private energy, have furnished our Protestant population, of every rank of intellect with a daily improving supply of literature. Tracts are quietly distributed in larger numbers than ever. New plans of reaching the masses by unobtrusive means—such as simple systematic visits, paid by loving, earnest Christians, something in the persevering style of the admirable London Billingsgate women—are being tried. Much can be done quietly in Paris, while the least noise of publicity would stop work. Our rulers will have outward peace."

PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL IN FRANCE.—The *Archives du Christianisme* of the 20th inst., gives the following view of the progress of the Gospel in France. In 1819 the Lutheran and Reformed Churches had in Paris six pastors and three places of worship. Now, there are 48 pastors of different denominations, and 31 places of worship. The first Protestant Sunday-school was opened at Paris in 1822 with from 10 to 20 scholars. The number of Protestant Sunday-schools in Paris is now from 25 to 30, with from 2,500 to 3,000 scholars. In 1807 there were the whole of France 227 pastors of the Reformed Church, and 224 of the Lutheran Church. In 1861 the number of Reformed Church pastors amounted to 653, and of Lutheran and other Protestant denominations of 405,—making altogether 1,058 Protestant pastors against 451 in 1807.

RUSSIA.—The *London Christian World* reports the contents of a letter received from a Russian lady of the highest rank, confirming the statement the Emperor had been induced to encourage the translation of the Scriptures into the Modern Russian, the vernacular of the many millions of Russians who belong to the National Church, and of the two or three millions of Dissenters, such as the Melchizedekians and others. The translation of the entire New Testament has been finished, the publication of all the Gospels and of the Acts of the Apostles has been made, and many thousands have already been put into circulation. The publication of the Epistles and the Book of Revelation will soon follow. A few months ago we could scarcely have hoped to hear such good news from

great empire. The Lord be praised for it, for, after all, it is a part of "his doings" who is King in Zion, and in whose hand is the government of the earth, with its many rulers and its nations.

ITALY.—The pope has issued a circular summoning all the Catholic bishops throughout the world to a council to be held at Rome in May. The avowed object of the meeting is the canonization of certain martyrs, but the real design is supposed to be to obtain a declaration respecting the temporal power of the Pope. This order is likely to be the cause of some trouble to the Romish bishops in France, and will place them in the difficult position of those who owe obedience to their masters whose interests and commands conflict with each other. It seems that Louis Napoleon suspecting that the council of the Pope is designed for some other than purely spiritual matters, has intimated to the bishops that there is a law by which he can prevent them leaving France without permission, and more than hints that any who go to Rome without leave of the proper authority will be called to account.

MADAGASCAR.—The "London Missionary Society" has lost no time in taking advantage of the auspicious change in the government of Madagascar. The veteran missionary, Rev. William Ellis, who has already thrice visited the island, left London in the middle of December on the fourth expedition, for the purpose of exploring the ground. The Rev. J. J. LeBrun has already reached the capital, where he received a cordial welcome, and has been preaching in the private chapel of the royal palace. A school of the King's is under him. The Christian societies began to meet for open public worship on September 29, 1861. Roman Catholic priests were also at work.

BIBLE CIRCULATION.—The following statistics are from a German periodical: In the year 1524 the bookseller Herr Hut was executed at Leipzig, at the command of Duke George of Saxony, because he had sold a Bible. Another doctor had his eyes pierced for the same offence. At the present day 5,000 societies are busy to spread the Bible among the Christians and and heath-

ens. The number of Bibles now current is estimated at 32,000,000 in 200 different languages, while only five years ago, the number did not exceed 4,000,000 in fifty different languages.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH UNITED STATES.

VOTE ON LAY REPRESENTATION.—The following table comprises the votes of the several conferences, so far as reported :

| CONFERENCES. | MINISTERS. | | PEOPLE. | |
|----------------|------------|----------|---------|----------|
| | For. | Against. | For. | Against. |
| Missouri | 5 | 16 | 3 | 3 |
| Baltimore | 22 | 34 | | |
| East Baltimore | 42 | 123 | | |
| West Virginia | 11 | 57 | 204 | 881 |
| Philadelphia | 169 | 102 | 2,659 | 2,024 |
| New Jersey | 32 | 76 | 961 | 974 |
| Newark | 31 | 77 | 729 | 822 |
| Pittsburgh | 35 | 142 | 1,930 | 4,257 |
| Providence | 18 | 53 | 416 | 215 |
| New England | 42 | 65 | 747 | 392 |
| New Hampshire | 31 | 46 | | |
| Vermont | 13 | 78 | 146 | 367 |
| New York | 58 | 149 | 1,458 | 1,417 |
| New York East | 55 | 61 | 694 | 521 |
| Troy | 39 | 83 | 560 | 791 |
| Oneida | 54 | 64 | | |
| Wyoming | 37 | 9 | 713 | 531 |
| North Indiana | 11 | 77 | 582 | 1,831 |

The Rev. D. Dorchester has an article in *Zion's Herald* in reference to the apparent discord between the vote of the ministry and that of the laity in the New England Conference, the former giving a majority against lay representation and the latter in its favor. He shows that the interest of the laity in the question was so small that of the 169 charges in the Conference 69 did not vote at all, and six others made no report; and that the whole number who voted was less than one third of those who were entitled to do so. The fact that the great majority of the members care nothing about it "was so palpable that many of the members of the Conference cast their vote against it, deeming it in expedient to cast their influence in favor of such an important change in the constitution of our Church for which there is so little popular desire. Hence, in reality, the action of the Conference, so far from being adverse to that of the laity, harmonizes with it." Of the preachers entitled to vote

one fourth gave their ballot in favor of the measure, while only one fifth of the membership did so. The same reasoning holds good in reference to other conferences. Thus, in the New York East Conference, one third of the preachers voted in favor of lay representation, while less than one sixth of the laity cast their votes on that side. The voting thus far has demonstrated, what was pretty well known before, that the proposed change is regarded with more favour by the ministry than by the membership. That a larger proportion of the preachers than the laity vote in the negative arises from the fact of their votes being taken at the session of their conferences, when they are nearly all present, and consequently vote. Of the laity, thus far, more than two thirds have declined to vote, and of those who did vote a majority have cast their ballots "against lay representation."

INDIA.—The Rev. S. Hobbs, of the English Church Missionary Society, writing from the south of India, says: Of all the interesting things I saw and heard here I have time to mention one, and that very briefly: it respects the late revival. I went to several of the villages where this influence had been felt, and saw many of the people who had been the subjects of it. All extraordinary excitement has long since ceased, but the solid effects remain to this day in the renewed life of many who had been notorious evil livers, but are now, through grace, consistent and exemplary Christians. I am of opinion that we heard more about the extravagances and excitement than these things deserved; that the work itself was of God, and does and will remain.

The *Madras Christian Observer* notices the annual examination of the male schools of the Free Church of Scotland. The Chief Justice presided on the occasion, when a very large number of visitors were present, and apparently a good sprinkling of na-

tives. There were 769 scholars present out of a role of 908. The total number in attendance in the schools amounts to 1,690, and this, with 783 girls, makes a total of 2,473 of the youth of this part of India receiving a sound Christian education in connection with the Free Church Mission.

The Madras Auxiliary Bible Society has published versions of the Scriptures which meet the wants of 335,313 square miles of territory, embracing a population of 42,958,506 souls.

RETIREMENT OF DR. REED.—The Rev. Fitch Reed, D.D., formerly a member of the New York Conference, but lately connected with the Oneida Conference, has been compelled by growing infirmities to retire from the effective ranks. When his name was called at the late session of his conference he gave a brief relation of his connection with the itinerancy, which had been continued without interruption in the effective work for forty-seven years. During that time he had travelled 70,000 miles, preached 8,000 sermons, and had witnessed 4,000 conversions. In closing he said: "If it were possible to be granted, I would ask of God that I might be made young again. I would mount my horse and commence once more the work of an itinerant Methodist Minister." As he retired to his seat the conference sang, "Only Methodist ministers can sing."

Happy, if with my latest breath

I may but gasp his name;

Preach Him to all, and cry in death

Behold! behold the Lamb.

At his own request, the venerated doctor was granted a superannuation relation, and by a rising vote.

JEWS.—An article in the *London Jewish Intelligencer* for February discusses the various and conflicting statements as to the number of Jews in the world. The writer concludes that the present total exceeds ten millions.

Science and Art.

METEOROLOGICAL REVIEW OF 1861.—

The year 1861, with respect to temperature, exhibited nothing extraordinary. The mean temperature of the year differed from the mean temperature of 22 years of one-tenth of a degree in excess. The mean temperature of 22 years was $44^{\circ} 12$; that of 1861 was $44^{\circ} 22$. The greatest mean temperature of any year during the period in which observations have been made was $46^{\circ} 06$ in 1846; and the least $42^{\circ} 16$ in 1856. The warmest month of 1861 was August, when the mean temperature of the month was $65^{\circ} 48$. The warmest month on an average of 22 years, has been July, with a mean temperature of $66^{\circ} 85$. The warmest month during the whole period was July, 1854, its mean temperature being $67^{\circ} 47$. The lowest mean temperature of the warmest month in a year was $46^{\circ} 46$, which was in August, 1860. The coldest month of 1861 was January, its mean temperature being $19^{\circ} 07$. The coldest month, on an average of 22 years, was February, with a mean temperature of $22^{\circ} 98$. The coldest month during the whole period was January, 1857, with a mean temperature of $12^{\circ} 75$. The highest mean temperature of the coldest month in a year was $26^{\circ} 60$, which was in February, 1848. The warmest day in 1861, was the 3rd August, its mean temperature being $74^{\circ} 20$. On an average of 22 years, the warmest day would fall on the 20th July, with a mean temperature of $77^{\circ} 28$. The warmest day during the whole period was July 12, 1855, which had a mean temperature of $82^{\circ} 32$. The lowest mean temperature of the warmest day in a year was $75^{\circ} 75$, which was on the 31st July, 1854. The coldest day of 1861 was the 7th February, its mean temperature being $-7^{\circ} 7$. On an average of 22 years, the coldest day would fall on the 24th January, with a mean temperature of $-0^{\circ} 87$. The coldest day during the whole period was the 6th February, 1855, which had a mean temperature of $-14^{\circ} 38$. The highest mean temperature of the coldest day

in a year was $9^{\circ} 57$, which was on the 22nd December, 1842. The highest temperature recorded during 1861 was $87^{\circ} 8$, on the 9th of June. The average highest temperature of 22 years was $90^{\circ} 4$, falling on the 22nd July. The highest temperature recorded during the whole period was $99^{\circ} 2$, on the 24th August, 1854. The lowest extreme heat of any one year was $82^{\circ} 04$, on the 19th August, 1840. The lowest temperature recorded in 1861 was $-20^{\circ} 8$, which was on the 8th February. The average of lowest temperatures for 22 years was $-1^{\circ} 3$, falling on the 25th January. The greatest cold during the whole period was $-26^{\circ} 5$, on the 26th Jan, 1859. The least extreme cold of any one year was $1^{\circ} 9$, which was on the 2nd January, 1842. The average range of temperature for a period of 22 years was $102^{\circ} 7$. The greatest range of temperature in a year during the whole period was $118^{\circ} 2$, which was in 1855; the least was $87^{\circ} 0$, which was in 1847.

One of the most remarkable days, with respect to weather, 1861, was the 7th February, the coldest day, when a heavy snow storm occurred, accompanied by a strong gale and intense cold. At one part of the day when the thermometer was $14^{\circ} 3$ below zero, the wind was blowing with a velocity of more than 33 miles an hour, with heavy falling and drifting snow. A greater depth of snow fell on this day than on any other in the year.

The total fall of rain in 1861 was 26.99 inches. The average fall of 21 years was 30.32 inches. The highest yearly fall during the whole period was 43.55 inches in 1843, and the lowest 21.50 in 1856. The number of days in 1861 on which rain fell, was 136, being the greatest number in any year during the whole period. The average number of days on which rain fell in a year, was 106. The smallest number of days on which rain fell, in a year, was 86, in the year 1841. The month, in which there was the greatest rain fall was November, when

there fell 4 29 inches. The average of greatest monthly rain falls in a year was 3.97 inches, falling in September. The greatest rain-fall in any one month during the period was 9.76 inches in September, 1843. Of the greatest monthly rainfalls in 21 years, the lowest was 2.11 inches in September, 1848. In 1861 rainy days were most frequent in September, when their number was seventeen. The average of the greatest number of rainy days in a month was 12, the month being June. The extremes were June, 1857, when there were 21 rainy days, and May, 18'1, when there were 11. The greatest depth of rain in one day was 3.13 inches, which fell on the 2nd November. The average for 21 years of the greatest depth of rain in one day was 2 14 inches. The greatest rain fall observed in one day was 3 36 inches, on the 6th October, 1849. The greatest depth of rain in one hour in 1851 was 0 41 inches, which fell between 1 and 2 a.m., on the 21st August.

The following table shows the periods of greatest and most frequent rain-fall in the 24 hours:—

| | Per centage of | |
|-------------------|----------------|------------|
| | Depth. | Frequency. |
| 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. | 9.2 | 14. |
| 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. | 12.7 | 14. |
| 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. | 22.8 | 17. |
| 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. | 23.5 | 17.7 |
| 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. | 17.9 | 18 |
| 2 a.m. to 6 a.m. | 13.9 | 19.3 |
| | 100 | 100 |

The total fall of snow during 1861 was 74.8 inches. The average fall of

22 years was 61.6 inches. The extremes were 99 inches in 1865 and 38 4 inches in 1851. The number of days on which snow fell in a year was 76. The average number of days on which snow fell in a year was 27. The extremes were 87 in 1859 and 33 in 1848. The greatest depth which fell in one month in 1861 was 29 7 inches in February. The average of greatest snow-falls in a month was 19 inches, falling in February. The greatest recorded was 46 1 inches in February, 1846. Days of snow in 1861 were most frequent in January, when their number was 63. The average of greatest number of days of snow-fall in a month was 13, occurring in December. The greatest number recorded was 23 in December, 1859, and January, 1861. The greatest depth which fell in one day in 1861 was 1 1 inches, which fell on the 7th February.

The total depth during the year of rain and snow combined, reckoning 10 inches of snow as equivalent to 1 inch of rain, was 34 47 inches, the average of 21 years being 36.49 inches. The number of days on which rain or snow fell, was 212; the average number in a year being 163. The greatest depth which fell in one month was 4 6 inches, which was in November. On an average of 21 years, September is the month in which there is the greatest depth of agneous precipitation, the average of greatest falls being 3 5 inches. The days of agneous precipitation were most frequent in January when their number was 27. On an average of years, December is the month in which days of agneous precipitation are most frequent, the average of greatest frequency being 18.

Varieties.

GREEK FIRE.—This wonderful projectile, called also "liquid fire," is said to have been invented by one Callinicus, a machinist of Heliopolis, about the seventh century, and it was used with terrific effect by the Greeks long before it became known to other nations. Though its exact elements, and their proportions, can now be a matter of conjecture merely, it is rea-

sonable to suppose that naphtha, pitch and sulphur were some of its principal ingredients. It was usually kept in jars or bottles, and could be propelled in its fluid state, from the bows of ships and from fortifications with much precision as water is now thrown from a fire-engine. The moment it was exposed to the air it ignited, and became a continuous stream of fire.

carrying with it excruciating torture and inevitable destruction. Unlike any other combustible, water increased rather than diminished its power; it could only be extinguished by vinegar, or stifled by sand; while to its other horrors were added a dense smoke, a loud report, and a most disgusting smell. Being thrown on the deck of vessels, and into besieged places, it ignited whatever it came in contact with. Not frequently the heads of arrows, wrapped in tow, were

dipped into this horrid preparation, and became the couriers of lurid fire and death. No wonder that it should always be mentioned with horror, and that results almost incredible should have been attributed to it. Happily for humanity its composition is now unknown; the secret of it appears to have been lost about the same period when gunpowder was discovered; as if God, in mercy, would not allow two such scourges to exist together.—*Boy's Own Magazine.*

SAUGEEEN MISSION.

To the Editor of the Wesleyan Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Thinking friends of the mission work would be pleased to hear how we are progressing in Saugeen, I send these few lines, hoping you will think them worthy of some little nook in your Magazine. We find among the Indians, as well as with the white people that affairs do not always appear bright and shining, but have their cloudy sides at times. At present, thanks be to the Giver of all mercies and religions, we are not very cloudy. Our Camp Meeting last fall, we had a good time. Many were aroused from their cold state. Since that we have had many happy seasons. We have had good congregations. The Indians have built a snug chapel, six miles from the village where they are farming. My papa preaches there every night: pretty hard labour for him some seasons of the year when he is compelled to travel through mud and water; and that on foot. And after clambering over logs, and making his way there as best he can, often without himself without an Interpreter; unfortunately our interpreter is of a very bad disposition, and is frequently on a hunting tour. My papa holds service every Sabbath morning and evening, in the village church. It is quite a large building in an Indian Mission, and is frequently comfortably filled.

Our Missionary Meeting this year was a success. We cannot say it was the best, but one of our best; as we

generally have very good Missionary Meetings. Quite a large sum was subscribed, which we hope to collect. For three years I have taught the Day-school: last year my brother relieved me, but since his departure for British Columbia, it has fallen upon my hands as well as the Sabbath School. I had rather be a pupil in a Sunday School, than a teacher; but to superintend one is almost more than I can do. But by assistance from One who is able to give at all times, we hope to continue it. We have a good number attending. At first several of the young people acted as teachers: but they wished to form themselves into a Bible Class. This is an interesting class; in it we have our Head Chief, and his little daughter. With this we have six or seven classes, all depending upon the Interpreter's son and myself for instruction. We use English Hymn Books, with which they seem pleased. The Sabbath on which we distribute the S. S. Advocate is a pleasant one to them. Bright eyes are unusually bright when they see the papers circulating. Our Day-school is like all schools among the Indians, very irregularly attended. However, friends think we are improving.

This is a sickly season with us. Several adults and children have passed into the Spirit world. May the Lord make us more alive to his work, and may we all meet in heaven!

ANN WILLISTON.

Missionary Department.

To the General Superintendent of Missions.

Stanstead, 2nd April, 1862.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—

I have just received a communication from Brother Charbonnel; and as it is one of pleasing interest, I hasten to forward it to you, satisfied, that if you should judge it expedient to place it before our people it would not fail to excite an increased interest in our French Missions; and secure for our brethren engaged therein, a large amount of prayerful sympathy.

I remain, my dear sir,
Your's very truly,

JOHN BORLAND.

—
REVFREND CHAIRMAN—

You remember that that I wrote you on a former occasion about some of our French members who once lived in the Township of Bolton, but who removed some time ago to the Township of Lambton. I long felt a strong desire to visit these brethren, and see whether they were progressing in the way of truth. And although the distance from my residence at Magog is over 75 miles to where they live, yet I resolved to take an early opportunity of going there. Having recently accomplished my object, I send you a brief account of it.

On the 15th of February, I was in Stukeley and Bolton visiting from house to house. In that part we have ten families under Gospel influence, of whom thirteen persons are members of our church, and five are on trial for membership. On Sunday the 16th, we had our meeting at the house of Brother Brisset; and, thank the Lord! it was a good meeting. I preached from Eph. 2: 8, 9, salvation through faith; after which we held a Class Meeting, and

in the evening a Prayer Meeting. It was a bitter cold day, yet I travelled to Magog that evening which I reached in safety.

Monday being a very stormy, I remained at home. The weather continued stormy, nevertheless, on Tuesday the 18th, I left my house, and started for St. Francis' Lake. I took the road through Hatley and Compton; at which latter place, I spent the night with Brother Philips. The roads were very bad, yet I made three visits at different French houses. One of these was to a man in Hatley, with whom three years ago, I had left a Bible. The man received me with much friendliness of feeling, but had evidently not made much progress in the truth as is in Jesus.

19th.—I left Brother Philips' at Eaton, the roads being still very bad. I could only get as far as Sawyerville where I spent the night.

20th.—Left for Linwick in a very heavy fall of snow. The storm raged so throughout the day, I could not reach the place by the evening, although the distance was but twenty miles.

21st.—I started again for Lambton and owing to the state of the roads had much difficulty in reaching the place in the evening. The early part of the day, I travelled through settlements of English and Scotch people but on reaching Lambton, I was among French settlers entirely. I inquired for my friends; and on mentioning the name of one, they said "Oh! that is the Minister." "Minister," said I, "is he a Minister?" "Yes," the reply was, "for he goes about preaching." From this I felt satisfied that he had kept his light burning; I felt thankful to God for so pleasant fact. Night coming on, I made enquiries for lodgings. Appointments were not at all inviting. Misery

ererty seemed written on the doors of the dwellings all around. Nevertheless, as stop I must somewhere, I asked for permission to stop of the owner of a house I made, which he readily granted. Ere we sat down to the food which was provided for the family and myself, I asked permission to pray. We all knelt down, and I prayed, which it was no sooner concluded, than the man of the house, with no little astonishment at my mode of praying, said: "You are not a Catholic, you do not make the sign of the Cross." I replied, "I am a Catholic, but not a Catholic of Rome. I am a Catholic according to the Bible, but not according to the Roman priests." From this was led to enlarge upon our doctrines and belief: during which time, he and family listened with much attention. I treated me most kindly during my stay; and when, next morning, I tendered pay for my lodgings, he declined taking anything, saying, "Your instructions are sufficient pay, and I am your debtor rather." Ere I left, I loaned him a New Testament, which I pray the Lord may bless to their spiritual advantage.

2nd.—I reached my friend—the teacher's house, in the course of the forenoon. My reception was more than cordial. Soon the tidings of my arrival were sent abroad, and an appointment for the next day (Sunday) was made.

Sabbath.—The house of my friend was pretty well filled at the hour of preaching, most of the persons present being Romanists. I opened and conducted the services in our usual manner: singing, prayer, reading the Scriptures and then preaching. My subject was, Christ our salvation. I spoke to my subject without controversy or opposing errors. After the meeting I invited any person present to put questions to me on the subject of Romanism as they thought proper, and so far as I was able I would answer them. They at once embraced the liberty thus given them, and a lively discussion on various points of Romanism and Protestantism was kept up until five o'clock in the evening. The ques-

tions principally discussed were: Why do you not believe the Roman Catholic Church? Why do you not make crosses and images and use them? Why don't you worship the Virgin Mary: &c., &c. To these questions I answered: I don't believe in the Roman Catholic Church because she has rejected Christ; not conforming herself to the doctrines of Christ, because she does not preach salvation by faith, because she does not believe in the all sufficiency of the atonement by Christ. I further said, as far as crosses are concerned, we do not use them because it is unnatural to do so. Suppose that your father or your brother had been killed with a knife, what would people think, were they to see you carrying a knife hanging from your neck and calling it a blessed knife, a holy knife, &c. would they not think you insane or mad? And then, again, we do not make images, because God prohibits their being made. We do not worship the Virgin Mary because this also is prohibited in the Word of God, we are commanded to worship God *alone*. And as far as the Virgin Mary is concerned, she acknowledged herself a sinner, and needed as much the interest in her sins' atonement as any other person. These points I maintained by appropriate quotations from the Scriptures; and as before intimated the discussion was kept up until five o'clock.

In the evening we had another meeting, and a more encouraging one I have not held in Canada. For more than ten years I have been engaged in Mission work among the French Canadians in different parts of Lower Canada, but I have never attended a meeting in which I felt more encouragement in my work, than in the one of that evening. I cannot but believe and hope that the seed then sown will bear fruit to the glory of God and to the good of many precious souls. I left with them twenty-four New Testaments and twelve Bibles, and I have since learned that they have been well distributed, as would as many more had I possessed them for them.

On the 24th I left Lambton, after having commended the people to the

grace of God, and promised to visit them in the course of the summer, which promise I shall most gladly perform if the Lord permit. I reached home on the 3rd of March, having been absent 13 days, travelled 180 miles, and made 70 visits.

I remain with much affection,
Your's faithfully in the Lord,
T. CHARBONNEL.

I have just received a brief communication from Bro. Parent, of which the following is the substance:—"Since my last communication I have had many opportunities to visit French families in which no protestant Minister has ever entered. They have allowed me to read the Bible to them, to speak to them of its doctrines, and to pray with them. Others, however, have given me different treatment, prohibiting me their houses, and threatening my life should I dare to obtrude myself. But with this I am not frightened. The Lord is with me. The Lord has made His word effectual through me in convincing a few of my countrymen of the errors of Romanism. My health has been good, so that I have been able to attend all my appointments. In one instance, I had a long conversation with a Notary; who, in conclusion, requested the loan of my Bible, which I readi-

ly granted. I wish I had a good supply of Bibles and Testaments. I could distribute quite a number. One evening I was led to pass the night with a rather strange person. He told me he was to sleep with me. But as he was going to bed, he began to swear at a Protestant whom he had met before coming to the house. I feared the consequences might be bad if he knew I was a Protestant, especially as we were in a Roman Catholic house, and in a Roman Catholic village. I, however, thought I must speak to him. I told him I thought he was not a good Catholic, for such would pray for their enemies. And if he thought the man wrong, and likely to be lost, he should pray for him. After a lengthened conversation in which he was much subdued in feeling, I told him I was a Protestant. By this time the wolf had become a lamb, and we passed a very agreeable night together." Thus these brethren, and by others, who, like them are labouring among the Romanist French of Canada, is the Word of Life scattered: and may we not hope through the blessing of the Lord, many breaches may be made in the strong and hitherto impregnable fortification of the enemy? Let all Christians pray for this!

J. B.

DEATH OF MRS. BROOKING.

We regret to announce the death of this estimable woman, who took place at Rama, on Sabbath evening, May 4th, rather unexpectedly notwithstanding her health had been for some time impaired. Her last utterance was confirmatory of Christ being precious, just before she ceased to breathe. She was 46 years of age, and having accompanied her husband as a Missionary to Western Africa and Hudson's Bay, we anticipate an interesting obituary of our departed sister.