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THE
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SEPTEMBER, 1861.

BIOGRAPHY.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MISS ANNA MARGARET VICTORIA MAGUIRE.

“ Her sun is gone Down while it was yet Day.”

Jeremiah, xv. 9.

BY THE REV. JOHN HUNT.

No department of religious literature has been more highly prized than religious biography. While it is so in every branch of the Church, it has been from the beginning specially so in Methodism. A series of native Canadian religious biographies, is as yet, however, a desideratum. Not that we are wanting in suitable subjects either among our departed Ministers, or in the more private walks of Christian life. There have been several whose self-denying efforts for the cause of Christ, and entire personal consecration to His service, have shown them to be “ pure flames of love;” and accounts of whom, wrought by a skilful hand, would furnish sketches of little, if any, less interest than those of John Smith, Hester Ann Rogers, or Jane Cooper. And surely we can be equally interested by “ whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,” among ourselves, and to which many of us may be able to advert by referring to memory’s page, as by those which have existed at a distance from us, and upon which we set so high a value. It may be truthful that “ distance

lends enchantment to the view;" but ardent piety, and self-sacrificing zeal, need not the enchantment which distance yields to develop their beauty and render them attractive.

It has been thought that something more than a mere obituary of the late Miss Victoria Maguire might be of interest to the general reader. To the mournful but pleasing duty of endeavouring to produce such a sketch, I very cheerfully address myself, humbly trusting that to the young disciple especially it may prove a blessing, by inducing others to emulate her example, and that all, both young and old, may say, "by the grace of God, I'll meet her in the better land." The task which I undertake will consist chiefly of selecting such extracts from her journal as will serve to develop a beautifully attractive character. She has left ample material out of which a volume of more than usual interest might be produced.

I know not that I can in any better way introduce her to the reader than by the following lively and somewhat playful account which I find recorded in her journal, under date of May 10th, 1860. It will be proper to state, that at this time she was at Portsmouth, in the State of Virginia. She had spent the preceding winter there as Teacher in a Lady's Seminary, and with the hope that a southern climate might tend to recruit her already somewhat failing health.

"Was thinking just now about a queer somebody with whom I am acquainted. I have a right to talk to myself about her, but to nobody else; hence I warn everybody to 'keep hands off' my book, or pay the penalty of reading my nonsense. Well, this somebody is a strange compound. She was born far away in the loveliest land beneath the sun—fair Canada—just one year after Canada's (Britain's) beloved Queen began to rule, and consequently took the honourable name 'Victoria'. Well, Victoria's parents were neither rich nor poor, and little 'Vic.' was petted by a pair of doting parents, two ditto of grand-parents, and one ditto of brother and sister, besides a host of other people. My petted friend was early an old-fashioned spoiled child. Change being the order of all sub-unnary things, no deviation was made in respect to my very important personage. Soon two little baby brothers came to usurp her throne, and instead of a place on somebody's knee, a seat in the great old-fashioned cradle, between the two little visitors was appropriated, and where royal fun was enjoyed in swaying to and fro, on creaking rockers, the pretty little sleepers. Ah, what happy hours are those of infancy! No cloud but a smile and kindly word dispersed; no pain but finds its panacea in a mother's kiss. Unspeak-

ably happy the tiny buds gathered to adorn our father's mansion, ere the slightest, faintest breath of earth and sin be felt. * * * My friend was early an ardent lover of nature, of which frequent testimony was given by the aprons full of wild flowers strewn about the house, in search of which no fence was ever found too high to climb, and tattered dress in consequence was ever fashionable. Sometimes, too, her bloated, blistered hand bespoke some unfriendly weed amid her cherished treasures—oftener her bruised and bleeding feet bespoke her 'rose's thorn'. Nothing received a frown amidst nature's tribes, except the snake and spider, these were ever odious; even the little toad has often found a carriage in her apron. * * * * Never a truer proverb written than, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Proverbs, however important, are not always taken as law and abided by. In the case of either sister, certainly not, but the same cause often produces widely different effects. In the first instance, a thoughtful, careful woman was developed before the sands of childhood half were run. The anxiety betrayed at every new household arrangement, for every inmate's comfort, reproofs given to careless servants, when 'Mother' was away; efforts to guide the wilful, heedless sister, all spoke the sad words, "a woman before a child." And how with little Vic.? Rebellious still. Every effort to control from any source too often roused the slumbering will. Though compelled to the discharge of duty, duty became more and yet more intolerable. And this in turn awoke the bitter feeling and prompted the utterance of those words so deeply painful to her recollection in after years. * * * The common school had ever received patronage where the children were always treated as prodigies; *why*, I have never been able to learn. Here were spent, oh! such delightful hours—no matter if the 'sums' were hard, the older girls would always help, and then, 'twas so delightful to hear the 'Master' tell his idle boys how much more diligent were the girls on such a seat. And then at noon, what 'scampering' after lunch. In winter, down the old hill side,—beside, Vic.'s party had a 'cutter,' which commodiously seated five, for the twin boys were old enough now to go to school, and old Blossom was so gentle or stupid that 'any body could drive her.' * * Thus were childhood's early hours spent."

She was born in the township of Cavan, on the 27th of October, 1838. Her early education was not neglected, and on her part there seems to have been an ardent desire, from the first dawns of intelligence, to store her mind with useful knowledge. Recording

her reflections on a certain visit, I find her first teacher was one whom she designates "*our dear Olive,*" and who will be recognised by many under this appellation. Her progress in scholastic attainments seems to have been rapid and ever satisfactory. While very young, she was prepared to engage as a teacher, and gave much more than usual satisfaction to those to whom she was responsible. An ardent love of all that was beautiful, developed at an early period a strong attachment to, and profound admiration of the works of nature. From frequent references in the course of her journalising afterward, it is evident that even in childhood, the goodness, the greatness and glory of that Being who could create and preserve all things, were subjects of wonder and of gratitude. The following extract, which I give at length, refers to that period which is the turning point in every Christian's life, viz.: conversion and union with the Church of Christ :—

"*Sunday Eve, August 3rd, 1856.*—A day has passed never to be forgotten. This morning attended the Quarterly Meeting of the Methodists in this place (Millbrook); Rev. Mr. Young preached. Never did I hear a more touching discourse on the love of Christ. Never was I so powerfully convinced of the sinfulness of my nature; but God has given me faith to believe in his dear Son, and feel that for Christ's sake he has pardoned my sins. Never, never, can I be sufficiently grateful for his loving kindness to so unworthy a creature. I have also received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and covenanted with God that while this life shall last it shall be spent in his service, by the aid of the Holy Spirit. May he increase my faith, and give me strength to resist temptation !

"*Monday.*—I have felt that sweet peace of mind that I never before experienced in the same degree. I feel determined, by the help of God, to press forward in the path of duty, expecting much opposition. * * * I look to God for assistance. Oh, may He cause my faith to brighten, even to the perfect day!

"*August 10th.*—Just one week, to-day, that I consecrated my all to God, and professed to have felt the pardoning blood applied; but I find my heart has been very cold; in my weakness I have wandered and sinned against my kind Heavenly Parent. Truly, I find it impossible to do anything good of myself. Oh, my Father, send thy Spirit down, and let him never depart, that I may grieve thee no more ! Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil Amen !

"This Evening—heard Mr. Young preach delightfully from 'Create

in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Made an engagement to meet him at his own house, to-morrow, for the purpose of uniting with the Church. Oh, may I be enabled to spend my whole life in the service of the Most High!

"Monday, 11th.—Another memorable day has passed. United with the Wesleyan Methodist branch of God's Church, and by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I will be the Lord's for time and eternity."

Immediately after conversion, her mind seems to have been directed to the subject of entire sanctification. She thus records the gift of God's abounding love, and which, to the day of her death, she never lost.

"17th.—I tremble while I write; but I must record what great things God hath done for me. He hath filled my heart with joy and peace in believing, and the moment I came in faith, asking for a clean heart, he heard my prayer, and hath cleansed my heart from *all* unrighteousness. Hallelujah! Glory to God in the highest; a memorable fortnight has passed. Temptation, strong and fearful, has beset me; sometimes I have almost given up my confidence. Met in class to-day for the first time. It was a great cross to speak for my Saviour. Not a single young person in class. I have found a very dear friend in Mrs. Young, the only person to whom I can tell my feelings."

From this time there was no wavering in her Christian course. An ardent desire and strong determination to glorify God was henceforth the controlling principle of her life. To be prepared to engage in some sphere of useful labour was her highest earthly ambition. Though she was still but young, as she designates herself, "a little one," but seventeen years of age, yet in her course of consistent piety she never wavered. Her progress in the attainment of knowledge, under the influence of this stronger stimulus, was exceedingly rapid, and little less worthy of note, than the consistency of her piety. In addition to the common English branches of education, she made considerable progress in obtaining knowledge of the Latin and French languages, but specially did she advance in mathematical studies.

The peculiar feature in Victoria's character was always an earnest desire to understand her real position in the sight of God. This trait is manifest in the double motto inscribed on the fly-leaf of two different volumes of her journal. The first is part of our Saviour's

promise of the Comforter turned into a prayer : " Guide *me* into all truth." The other is from a different source, but very pointedly expresses the desire to fully understand herself :

" Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us,
It wad from mony a folly free us,
And foolish notion."

BURNS.

The consistency of her piety and desire to be useful speedily became manifest to all. The circumstances in which she was placed might have deterred many a one of apparently sterner nature, and caused to shrink from the struggle. She was naturally possessed of a disposition which would lead her to be influenced by, or, in her turn, manifest strong sympathy ; and as she commenced the divine life, and progressed therein, the stern struggles of the spirit at the shrine of duty were evident, but in nothing did she waver. The unreserved consecration of her being to Christ shortly after her conversion, resulted in a complete victory over self and evil. As she had commenced, so she continued to drink at the fountain of goodness, and as she engaged in the conflicts of life, she was ever found on the side of the right and truth. The developments of a heart filled with pure genial love and under the finest feelings, could be no other than pleasing and attractive. Her conscientious attendance to everything she deemed a duty, sometimes was the indirect cause of severe conflict, for duty must be performed. Not long after the dedication of all the powers of body, mind and heart to the Saviour, she set apart every Friday as a day of fasting and special prayer. The following extract will reveal her feelings on the point referred to. She was then at her Uncle's, Aaron Choate Esq., Perrytown :—" *Good Friday*.—Felt it a cross to excuse myself from breakfast. I have already found in many instances the cross serves to humble instead of puff up as some are inclined to think. I still lean entirely upon my precious Saviour, having nothing else to rest upon. What a friend I prove him to be in every time of need, I desire more and more of his mind."

Two other extracts, selected from different portions of her Journal, will serve to show that no duty was declined. The first will explain itself. " To-night my soul was very much blessed in family prayer. Mr. M. asked me to read and pray. I felt it a cross but did not refuse, much liberty was granted ; my faith claimed a promise and a faithful Promiser appeared. Oh, what infinite conde-

scension on the part of the Great Jehovah, the Lord of Lords, and King of Kings."

The other is of a later date, and relates to a request made by her class leader while at Portsmouth, Virginia. It appears on first going there she found no one who knew anything experimentally of the blessing of entire sanctification. She went twice to her class and yielded to a suggestion of Satan to make no mention of it as her own experience. This was the occasion of a severe conflict, and resulted in a determination to hide it no longer in her heart, but humbly and frankly to glorify God by acknowledging what He had done for her. Thus the snare was broken, and she obtained a powerful spiritual manifestation:—"1859, Nov. 8th. Just returned from my class room, and, oh! so much blessed! feel that it has been one of the most precious meetings I have attended for some time. Felt very strongly tempted to say nothing of that 'perfect love that casteth out fear,' as no other member of the class, not even our beloved leader professed it, thinking that I might be considered *forward*, and thus I felt that I had grieved the Spirit of God by listening to the wicked one; had really been ashamed to own what my precious Saviour had done for me, but resolved to make confession to the class of my sin, and seek my former place in the wounds of Him who was bruised for *me*; did so, and obtained a most glorious victory. My leader has asked me to speak to the class; oh, my Father, search my heart! oh make me *all* thine own! And if thou dost really require this simple little one to speak for thee, *Lo here am I*. Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth. Oh keep me at the Fountain that my vessel may be ever filled! And my every-day life: so much do I fear that it is not consistent with my profession. Saviour teach me. Make me very obedient. I want more gentleness, meekness, more amiability, that I may be enabled to adorn the doctrine of Christ in all things."

In the year 1857-58, a remarkable outpouring of the Spirit took place at Port Hope and surrounding neighbourhoods. During a part of the time she enjoyed the refreshing of those revival influences, and took a very deep interest, and for one in her position, active part in the work of God. Eternity alone will tell the influence of her earnest prayers, and words of kindly admonition, spoken to her youthful associates. She was accustomed to keep a list of names for particular supplication, and as she became acquainted with cases of special interest 'a new name' was frequently added to the list. She had a very dear and worthy friend, Miss Wallace, of

Millbrook, whom she designates, 'my own, and dearest Pamela,' with whom she entered into agreement to keep such a list. This was mutually done, and the 'effectual, fervent prayer' of these two young disciples was daily rising on behalf of many who little thought that any such influence was at work. The following extract of a letter will show the general tone of her correspondence, as it also indicates the state of her feelings in reference to the revival of God's work:—

"PERRYTOWN, Feb. 5th, 1858.

"MY DEAR SISTER,—I have just got home from a precious little prayer meeting, and felt like sitting down to have a good talk with you; and as I might not enjoy that privilege, I will endeavor to avail myself of the next thing to it,—a little talk on paper. I need not say your letter was very welcome, you know that already. But I must say you have achieved a victory in getting— to a Methodist Prayer Meeting. Oh! I fear we do not do our duty to our unconverted friends. I have wept and prayed before God for my loved ones out of Christ; in several cases my prayers have been answered, but I know that if I could but view matters in the light of eternity, I would find myself cold and dead as it were, in regard to perishing souls around me. I believe I have never felt a more longing desire for usefulness than at present, 'Use me where Thou wilt, and as Thou wilt, Oh my Father' is my earnest prayer. I think my prospect brightens daily. The 'terrible time' that I spoke of in my last was after all a precious time: Mrs. Palmer says, 'I know that the trial of my faith is precious,' Oh how sweetly I have proved the truth of that sentiment! I think I never drank more deeply of the sweets of religion than for the few days succeeding that prayer meeting * * * When I was coming home to night, a very pleasing thought entered my mind. I looked up and saw the 'light at home,' as it glimmered from the windows. What a lovely sight to the way-worn traveller, weary and fatigued, as he nears his happy home where loved ones are gathered to greet him with kindly welcomes. I thought of the very many beautiful associations of the 'light at home;' and then my thoughts rested or rather turned to the period when life's weary pilgrimage would be nearly closed, when by an eye of faith we might behold the 'light of our abiding home.' Sweet thought! it awakens joyous emotions even now. No cloud will be there to darken the scene, not even the absence of earth's loved ones will for a moment cast a shade over us, all the dross will be purged away, we will be lost in the depths of infinite love that pervade the sphere. 'And the city had no need of the sun, neither of moon to shine therein, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof' What encouragements are held out to us to work for Christ!

"I am glad to hear of the meetings in Port Hope commencing so favorably. I believe the work of revival has been going on gloriously in various parts. I do hope you will have good times. * * * Please give my love to the girls, and receive the same yourself, from your's in the bonds of Christ,

A. M. V. MAGUIRE.

MISS P. WALLACE.

Soon after this she was in Toronto, where she remained for some months at school. During this time she was a member of Mrs. Dr. Robinson's class,—to whom she on several occasions refers with feelings of delight and gratitude. One brief extract from her Journal while there will be given, which may be regarded as an index of what is still behind:—

"*July 24th.*—I must record, again, blessings too great to be expressed. Oh, how faithful to His promise is our covenant-keeping God ! 'Where two or three are met in my name 'there am I in the midst.' Yes, glory be to thy name forever ! our cup was full and ran over ; not a soul but what felt the current. Oh, what a tide of glory swept over the circle ! and yet our Lord is none the less full ; while He is saying, 'Hitherto ye have asked nothing, receive ye the Holy Ghost.' Blessed be the name of the Lord for the fulness of the gospel ! Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing the riches of his grace !"

"*August 3rd.*—Just two years since, I gave the Lord my poor, sin-stained heart ; since, I vowed to be his for time and for eternity. Oh, how shall I praise him aright ! How shall I begin to praise Him ! My worthless heart He accepted through Christ my precious Saviour : washed it in his blood, filled it with His Holy Spirit ; and notwithstanding my many instances of unfaithfulness, He has never left me. Glory be to His name ! This morning I sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus ; I call him mine, I feel His blood applied, I drink in of the water of life, and my soul is satisfied ; still I thirst, I pant for more. Glory be to God, all things are mine ! This morning I ask a boon in Jesus' name. I feel it will not be refused. I have Jesus' promise ; I rest upon it ; I shall not be disappointed. Ask this day for the powerful influence of the Holy Spirit on the hearts of my loved ones. I feel assured it will be done. Glory, glory to my Heavenly Father !"

Her earnest desire for the salvation of her "loved ones" was a subject which deeply affected her mind and heart. Her yearnings of soul after them, evidently on many occasions, became an agony. May her prayers even yet be answered in their behalf !

The following extract will evince her catholicity, and yet show her sincere and warm attachment to the church of her choice. After giving an outline of the sermon, she says, "To-day I felt it good to worship with my Presbyterian brethren. I could look up and realize my Saviour near. I often think of an expression of a Scotch author, 'He's a churl that cannot warm by his brother's fire ; and yet not half a man who's not loudest in praise of his *own* cannie nook.' Thus I would praise God for my own delightful church privileges, and occasionally enjoy an hour with other brethren, though (speaking to myself) I am something like my good Aunt Mary, I never return from visiting my neighbours but what I enjoy

my own home better than I did before going out. Yes, I praise the Lord with all my heart for Methodism."

Though young and frail, she indulged a strong desire to be engaged, if practicable, as a teacher in the mission field. Her mind and heart had become deeply imbued with the missionary spirit. She felt the life-giving power of the gospel, and her sympathetic nature readily yielded to appeals made on behalf of those who have it not. The following will show the workings of her mind on this subject, as well as the efforts she made for those with whom she was more intimately associated :—

"*March 2nd.*—Attended the missionary anniversary in Port Hope last night. A crowded house and excellent speeches. The Rev. W. Ryerson delighted the audience with a soul-stirring address. The great cause which he so nobly advocated last evening has for some time deeply interested me. Funds are not mine, or I think they would cheerfully be given. May I not do something for my poor benighted brother who sits in deep, deep darkness. My all is in the hands of my God. My Life I would not count dear if I might bring with it a soul to my Saviour. Perhaps, I have no talent to be used in the Mission field ; but, oh, what a great honour I would deem it could I be permitted to point some poor souls to Christ !

"*Wednesday.*—I must record the loving kindness of my heavenly Father. This morning at our Scripture lesson the Holy Spirit came down upon us in a shower. Five scholars promised to give their hearts to God at once. We called Aunt Mary, and prayed, and wept, and talked about an hour. Four say they do trust in the Saviour for pardon. Glory be to the Most High. Hallelujah ! May God preserve the dear children blameless through the slippery paths of youth. Oh, my Saviour hear my feeble prayers, and save these little ones ! Amen."

She addressed a letter to the Rev. Dr. Wood on the subject, who replied to her in the most kindly manner. Nor did she abandon the thought, until compelled to do so by the utter failure of her health. She thus refers to it in a letter, dated

PORTSMOUTH, Virginia, March 1st, 1860.

• • "Something has been whispering to my heart, 'the mission field,' 'the mission field.' I often think it the Holy Spirit,—and oh, if so, I *must* be free and 'obey. Souls are more precious than the enjoyment of domestic life. I would not dare at present to fetter myself in any way. It may not be that God wants me in this capacity. I am waiting for the guidance of the Saviour. Pamela, the struggle to give up all the endearments of life would be fierce, but in grace divine I know I should conquer. Pray earnestly for me, I feel

that should God deign to use me, it would be the highest honor that I could ask. Our dear Mr. Hall (the minister) has been speaking to me about it; he thinks I could be much more useful if thus engaged than I am at present."

But all these visions were destined to be eclipsed in her experience, by the brighter realities of another world. The foregoing extracts have been made without regard to the order of time. I must once more go back to record her thoughts relative to her failing health. Frequently she had spoken to her beloved friend, Miss W., of the probably speedy termination of her life. The following bears date :—

Monday, April 26th, 1858.—A Sabbath day's journey nearer home. Praise the Lord, O my soul ! Yesterday was a day of many blessings; I felt my Saviour very precious, both in the sanctuary and in my closet. This morning I feel somewhat depressed. I think I caught cold last evening. I suffer much from headache. I feel at present it will not be long, however, until I sit down beyond the reach of pain or woe. Oh, Father, prepare me fully for an *abundant entrance* into thy kingdom. Amen."

From this she afterwards rallied, but never with any prospect of lengthy life. In the autumn of 1859 she left Canada for Virginia, in company with a younger brother, where she continued until the entire failure of health compelled her to return. Her capabilities of general observation here were called forth more than at any time before ; nor did her zeal for Christ and his cause, as evident by references already made, in any degree abate. Two short extracts will be given, which show she was an observant traveller ; and, also, ardently attached to the land of her birth :—

Saturday, November 12th.—Have enjoyed myself very much to-day. Walked about two miles from home. Observed very much of things new and strange. The appearance of the country I dislike, so different to my idea of a community enjoying prosperity and the advantages of modern civilization and improvement. The soil is poor ; farms very low, and overrun with rank weeds, presenting a marked contrast to our neatly-kept Canadian farms. The houses, also, presented a spectacle of partial delapidation ; the painting being washed off by repeated years of sun and rain ; yards, out-buildings, &c., corresponding. We met several marketing waggons of the more distant farmers ; these also presented a sorry contrast to our noble spans of matched horses, the pride of the Canadian. The drivers were of various colours and constitutions, from the

heavy built son of ebony to the lank pale-faced, carrotty-haired miserable wretch, so very frequently met with in southern markets."

"*May 8th.*—Sat down to a dish of green peas for my dinner, and a dessert of strawberries!! No crowing over me now, dear Canadian friends; you'll not taste the delicious fruit for weeks to come. It would be quite pleasant, indeed, here now, were it only home instead of a *strange, strange* land. Our garden is almost covered with the richest blown roses of almost numberless variety. I can but partially admire them and enjoy their beauty, they lack a charm possessed by the commonest way-side burr or thistle,—the spell of native land was never thrown around them."

Much more of equal, perhaps greater, interest might be given did space permit. The difficulty has been to select. The following letter I cannot refrain from giving entire, which shall close the present selections. I feel persuaded that no Christian can read it without being benefitted thereby:

"PORTSMOUTH, Virginia,
"Sabbath Evening, Dec. 4th, 1859.

"DEAREST PAMELA,—Could I join you this evening in your worship, how I should rejoice! This may not be, however; yet in spirit I feel that we are united. I have heard of the great things God has been doing, and felt that with my whole soul I could praise him. I want to hear more particularly Please tell me all about the Dr.'s conversion. I have entered a new name on from you my list for special prayer.

"Oh dear Pamela, how very precious is our Saviour. I feel that he is drawing me nearer to himself. I am sure I *do* love Him and His cause with *all* my heart. This evening my soul was drawn out almost to agonizing for my unsaved friends. You pray for them, I believe, Oh continue to do so, and please make ——— a special subject . . . Singular that my way is so surrounded by non-professors I think I have added two precious ones to my list of *real* friends, two ladies here who will encourage me very much in spiritual things. I need sympathy so much,—to-night I am telling you my whole heart, because I am confined to my room from the unfavorable weather. . . . I have some difficulties still to encounter, but grace is sufficient, I feel strong in the Holy One to-night Pray for me, pray earnestly, that I may every moment be all that my Saviour would desire. I want my vessel to remain at the fountain that it may every moment overflow. Oh the *fullness of Jesus!* When shall we begin to realize it, all, all, for us. Why should we for an instant remain hungry, or cry 'my leanness.' Wisdom, purity, strength, love, all contained in the precious name of Jesus. Oh how rich is our inheritance. I am lost in the contemplation, and ineffable sweetness prevades my spirit:

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

"I want you to tell me, too, how the Saviour is honoring you by permitting you to labor for Him. I will rejoice with you. Sometimes I *almost* envy those who are chosen by the Saviour to labor especially for Him; it seems so great an honor conferred. Yet I fear that were I counted worthy to labor for my Saviour in any conspicuous way, I should suffer from spiritual pride, should think myself *something*. Only low down in the valley of humility am I safe, 'tis there alone that the river of life flows; there the tree grows whose leaves are

used for the healing of the nations, under whose shade the weary one may safely recline, may take shelter from the mid-day sun, or the wintry blast of affliction. Oh, how secure a refuge! We have both found it so already, have we not? and still we are determined there to abide, it will not seem long, will it? till Jesus call us home, and the way even under the heaviest cross is so delightful! I love to talk about my Saviour to-night. I hope Mr. Whiting will urge the young converts to sanctification, it will be so great a safe-guard. 'Tis just here that so many make shipwreck, unless seeking higher attainments they are certainly losing ground. Holiness should ever be the motto of the Christian. Want you to tell my dear young friends of Millbrook that 'Victoria sends her warmest love, and urges them to give themselves entirely to the Saviour, and trust him to save to the very uttermost.' They will thus honor their Saviour, —it is so inestimably great a blessing to prove that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all defilement. • • • • • Love to all my friends, especially our dear Minister's family.

Your's in sacred friendship,

VICTORIA.

The following June found her again among the friends of her childhood. She returned to her native and much loved Canada to die. Already the disease had made progress enough to warn her of her approaching end. She entertained no expectation of recovery, nor had she any anxiety. She rested quietly and calmly on her Saviour. Religion was to her now doubly precious. But seldom was she able to attend the house of God, but she enjoyed sweet communion with him in private. Frequently she suffered much pain, and at sometimes seemed anxious to get away to the "better land;" but amid all she murmured not, and was ever ready to say, "He doeth all things well." Thus she lingered on till her happy change came, and on *Thursday, June 6th*, she passed "from Calvary to Zion's height."

The following extracts of letters will show how she was regarded by those who had ample opportunities for observation. The first is from the Rev. Richard Whiting:—

"She was certainly favoured with mental endowments of no ordinary degree; these were diligently cultivated and devoutly consecrated to the service of God. She had a heart that intensely loved that which was good and godlike. Her power in prayer, at times, was great. I can call to mind some sweet seasons of gaace while kneeling in the prayer circle by her side; and as she offered up prayer to God with strong cries and tears, we all felt she was in audience with the Deity. • • Her strong attachment to the young was ever manifest; to their welfare her short life was devoted. Her wisdom and sound instructions gained their highest respect; her fervent piety and tender affection won their love,—to them, especially, 'her memory is blessed.' • • I do not wonder that among her last words were these: 'To live is Christ, to die is gain.'"

The other is from her most intimate life-friend, Miss Wallace:—

"It is with pleasing satisfaction that I look back upon my intercourse with the late Miss Victoria Maguire, an intercourse which has existed since childhood, and throughout which she ever manifested a kind and affectionate dispo-

sition, and a desire to give up her own wishes, if by so doing she could add to the happiness of others. As a Christian, she endeavoured to follow closely in the footsteps of her Divine Master. Not one instance can I remember in which she neglected duty; or shunned the 'cross;' but how oft have I been cheered and strengthened by her counsels and prayers; and I think I have never parted with her without having my thoughts directed above earth and earthly things; never, but I have felt that she truly enjoyed a close communion with her Saviour.

"With her intellectual endowments, you, my dear Sir, are acquainted. Few possess a more active mind than she had. Ever ready with her pen, free and easy in style, her letters will be prized as gems by all who may possess them. But she has gone to her rest, to that home she so often longed to see, and we mourn her loss, but not as those without hope, for we know that our loss is her eternal gain."

RADICAL—RADICALISM.

(PHILOLOGICAL.)

The first word of our heading, with its derivative, has become a term of reproach, and is often, employed as a stereotype argument against an opponent, to silence by opprobrium when defeat cannot be accomplished by more forcible logic; and we suspect that the term is often used by those who do not comprehend either its import or proper application. In politics and religion it is now most commonly intended to represent "a pestilent fellow; and a mover of sedition," who profanely disregards the doctrine of the divine right of certain persons to hold the reigns of power, and the duty of all others to an unquestioning submission to the will of their superiors. And though this acceptance of the term is the offspring of the political contests of the last quarter of a century, its use has not been confined to its native clime, but has been transferred to the region of theological discussion, and has attained a standard authority with a certain class in the church. We have watched with some interest the progress of events which has given this term its now common signification and force, and have been intensely amused with the illustrations occasionally occurring of its convenience and power, if not in convincing an opponent, at least in diverting him from his object through fear of incurring a certain kind of odium, more terrible to some honest, sensitive minds, than the unanswerable syllogism of the logician, or the invincible sword of the warrior. Both a natural perception, and, we trust, an honest aversion to wrong, have inclined our attention to the subject indicated by our heading, and our design in this article is to inquire how far the common acceptance of this term is correct, and its application legitimate and fair?

With slight variations, our dictionaries agree in the definition, that

“radical” refers to what is primitive, or implanted in nature, original and fundamental to any complete organization. And the *literati* tell us that “radical” means “what is pertaining to the root,” and therefore is not only essential, but of first importance in all combinations. It is, in reality, the first principle which gives character to every body or compact, whether material, social, civil, religious, or ecclesiastical. A radical, then, is one who adheres to what is primitive, or implanted in nature as the elements of his creed and the basis of his action. He looks well to the root, and is careful that all the conditions which the nature of the thing requires are observed. Hence a radical artist, or artizan, is one who copies from nature; divesting his subject of whatever is artificial or imaginary, he preserves all that is true and correct in the teachings and representations which nature furnishes for imitation. A radical statesman bases his theory upon what is fundamental in human society, and by a proper adjustment of individual rights and interests, provides for the order and security of the body politic. A radical in religion maintains the primitive simplicity of the Christian system, and by discarding the assumptions and devices of men, endeavours to give to the Divine precepts and doctrines their simple power in the renovation of fallen nature. Hence we affirm that the radical is the true conservative, for he maintains what is fundamental in the nature of things, and aims to free the essentials from what is artificial and obstructive of the highest good of society. We are aware that these definitions do not accord with the creed most in favour with those who have given the term its common acceptation, and who find its application in their sense, a necessity as well as a convenience; but we have undertaken the radical work of attempting to restore the term and its application to its true meaning and legitimate use.

It is not at all surprising that scheming politicians have perverted language to suit their own purposes, for with many of this class it is a matter of no consequence *how* a desired object is accomplished so that the end is gained; and it is sometimes found easier to intimidate an opponent by opprobrious epithets, than to convince him by sound arguments; but that religious men, and even leaders in the church, should resort to this worldly policy, is by no means commendable to their heads or hearts, and is too much like the means employed by the Egyptian magicians when they attempted to break the force of the evidence which the miracles of Moses and Aaron afforded in support of their divine mission:—“They also did in like manner with their enchantments.” The use of this term in its accommodated application is at variance with the principles and effects of pure Christianity, and therefore a reflection upon Christianity itself. For what

is the design and tendency of the Gospel, but to restore mankind individually to their primitive condition, and to construct the social compact upon those principles which are fundamental to the highest interests of the human race? And as these conditions of society are specially embodied in every scriptural church organization, it follows as a necessary conclusion that Christianity is essentially radical in its spirit and tendency and ultimate results. We are aware that the expression of such a sentiment is venturing upon forbidden ground, and may bring down upon us the double odium of radical, and defender of radicalism. Be it so. We have reckoned this as part of the cost of an effort to redeem a valuable term from a perverted and pernicious signification and use.

Let one illustration set forth our subject in its true light. What is the condition of mankind, whether as individuals or communities, without the guiding and controlling influence of Christianity? Is not the original design of man's being and well-being utterly perverted to place him in a very different condition from that which would result from the legitimate influence of the fundamental principles of his nature? Take for example the kind of government which usually exists amongst uncivilized and barbarous nations. Is not the whole based upon assumption and denial of human rights,—resulting in the wide distinction of lords and slaves,—absolute rulers, and the submissive and helpless subjects of their will? This perversion of human society from its original design, is incidentally set forth by Christ in Matt. xx. 25. "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them;" and in the next verse He represents the radical reform which the counteracting influence of the Gospel was designed to introduce:—"But it shall not be so amongst you, but whoever will be great among you, let him be your minister." The very spirit and tendency of a pure Christianity is to teach, and enforce, and to secure a controlling power to those truths which are fundamental to man's highest interests, and essential to the well-being of society. It gives an authoritative declaration of the dignity and independent responsibility which man's intellectual and moral nature and capabilities involve, and holds him personally accountable for the right use of his faculties in the attainment of the end for which they have been given. In every organization, whether of church or state, the Gospel is essentially a radical system, and is equally opposed to the lordship of the tyrant and the vassalage of the slave. It insists upon the equality of the brotherhood of mankind, while at the same time it recognizes those distinctions of office which by conventional agreement are regarded as necessary: and it develops the various endowments which different orders of mind are found to possess, and secures their

proper use and influence in promoting the general good. It places both rulers and subjects equally under the authority of just and equitable laws, and while it reminds the ruler that he is the minister of God, to serve the people for good, it enforces obedience upon the subject, not for wrath, but for conscience sake, and from an intelligent consideration that law and government are as much for the control and protection of those who administer, as those who obey.

Now in view of the obvious tendency of Christianity to what is "primitive and fundamental," is it not inconsistent in those "defenders of the faith" who profess to glory in the achievements of the Gospel, to brand with a term of intended reproach the instruments employed in securing the very results they delight to proclaim as evidence of the Divinity of the Gospel? In the creed of such persons, Luther was a radical; and so he was, for he brought up from under the rubbish of popish superstition the root and fundamental principle of Christianity, "justification by faith," and gave it an impulse which shook the seat of the beast, and raised millions to the dignity and freedom of their Christian manhood. Wesley, too, was open to the same charge, when he freed the doctrines of religion from the shackles and deadening weight of a lifeless form, and at the risk of questioning the divine and exclusive rights of an ecclesiastical hierarchy, he dared to obey the promptings of a primitive, apostolical zeal; and every person is entitled to the same honourable distinction who labours to correct abuses, and promote the right exercise of power.

The limits of this paper do not allow further amplification of our subject, and, perhaps, we have already proceeded far enough to indicate too plainly the tendencies of our creed. If so, our end has been gained. If the definition of our subject is authoritative, then the radical is the true conservative, and therefore, whether in church or state, he is the real benefactor of his race.

**ORIGINAL LETTER OF MR. WESLEY'S NOT BEFORE
PUBLISHED.**

LONDON
Nov 11 1772

MY DEAR BROTHER

I am glad you visit the people from house to house. This never will be in vain. And exhort them in every house to attend the morning preaching. There we may speak of the deep things

of God. Spreading the Books is an excellent means of spreading the Gospel. You may have the six volumes of ζ Library for Ten shillings.

I know no reason yet why I should not visit Ireland, if I live to the Spring. But let us live to-day.

I am

Your affectionate Brother

J. WESLEY.

To The Books will be sent.

Mr. Bredin
At Mr. Ostlars
In Thirsk
Yorkshire.

A copy of the above we have taken from a friend's Album in which it is pasted, and who received it when in Ireland from Mr. Bredin's niece.

The recommendations of visiting the people and attending early preaching evince Mr. Wesley's wisdom, and show how well he had tested those excellent means of doing good. The former, like the latter mode of usefulness, we fear is falling into general disuetude. The writing of Mr. Wesley of course we could not transcribe, but as we read the original, Wesley's spirit seemed to breathe into our own mind, and his devotion embalm our own spirit.

We have been told by one who knew Mr. Bredin in his old age, and remembers well meeting him in class, that as a leader of a class he was incomparable. So penetrating was he in his questions—so vehement was he in his spirit, and so thorough in this work, as to become unequalled. As a preacher, too, he was excellent. He had read much, and remembered little less. Every sentence was sound doctrine, every word told its tale, and almost every sermon was a blessing.

P—, July, 1861.

B.

REMINISCENCES OF REV. JOHN HICKLING, THE LAST OF WESLEY'S PREACHERS.

It is pleasing to go back to bye-gone days, the days of our boyhood and youth, to mark important events, think of important personages, with all the varied circumstances attending them. When memory recalls those passing scenes and events, we appear to live our past lives over again, to enter again into the stirring events of childhood and youth, and mark our own follies and the mysteries of Divine Providence connected with our history. More especially do we dwell with pleasure upon the images of those, the guardians and friends of our youth, whose watchful eye was upon us, and whose counsel and advice directed and encouraged us.

There is the image of one before me that I can never forget, reminding

me of one of the patriarchs of old, so venerable and dignified is his appearance. I fancy I see him at my father's house, and now he places his hand upon my head, and invokes heaven's blessing upon me. Tall, dignified and solemn, a well-knit frame, hair of silver whiteness, countenance wrinkled by age, and wearing the old-fashioned breeches, buckled at the knee, is the Rev. John Hickling, of precious memory, since gone home to heaven, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest." The dear old man, I love to think of him! He was the guardian spirit and presiding genius of old-fashioned Methodism in the town of my childhood and youth, Newark, Nottinghamshire. People used to regard him with veneration and respect. Boys and girls would be pleased indeed if they could but get his recognition and smile. All denominations would look upon him as they would one of the patriarchs of old, arisen from the dead. And such is the power exerted by peculiar sanctity, that like Milton's angel appearing to the devil, it exerts a peculiar influence of its own—

"Abashed the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape, how lovely; saw and pined
His loss."

To give an instance, I knew an individual, a backslider from God, whose deliberate purpose was to drown himself, deterred from the fatal act on catching a sight of this venerable and apostolic-looking man. In the pulpit he was dignified, grave, and solemn, and would remind you of a man on the borders of the tomb, and about to appear before his Judge. I shall never forget those beautiful lines in Wesley's Hymns, as repeated by the old gentleman :

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find," &c..

And the manner in which he raised his right hand in the pulpit, when uttering something solemn, has always reminded me of good Bishop Cramer, when surrounded by the flames of martyrdom, crying out with upraised hand, "This unworthy hand! this unworthy hand!"

Very different was the regard and esteem paid to Father Hickling by the inhabitants of Newark, to what their forefathers paid to Mr. Wesley when he first went there. The painter's brush was not used to besmear the preacher, but the tongue was employed to bless him. Thank God those days of persecution have gone bye! Methodism is now flourishing in the town, for when the eloquent Punshon last preached there, some ten or a dozen clergymen of the Church of England went to hear him—a thing unpardonable in Wesley's day. I will just name one circumstance more in connection with Father Hickling and I have done:—

The good Methodist people across the Atlantic are very strenuous in promoting the cause of foreign missions, and many are the methods employed to raise the needful. I remember my father in one of his generous moods—for he was very liberal in the cause of God—devise a plan to raise funds for the mission cause. He gave the yearly produce of a certain apple-tree in the orchard; the money raised by the sale of the apples to be devoted to the noble cause. Father Hickling, with eyes upraised to heaven, and arms around the tree, dedicated it to God in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. From the time the tree became the Lord's property, it became exceedingly fruitful, as though the old gentleman's blessing had given it new life and vigour. Quite a yearly sum was raised in the sale of the apples, which were sold at unusually high prices. Surely the blessing of the Lord was there.

Father Hickling now ranks with the illustrious dead. May the mantle of such men fall upon us, their sons and successors in the Gospel!

G. BROWN.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN HUNT, MISSIONARY AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

The path had turned again. Once more God's servant found his face looking toward another world. But now he was to pass over. The last time he walked hard by the way of death he had been unmolested; now he found himself opposed. The evil one from whose kingdom he had been delivered, whose will he had resolutely resisted, and whose power he had beaten down in the scene of its unhindered triumph, now, in time of extreme weakness, met him in mortal strife. Already Mr. Hunt had been thrust at with sore temptation since his partial recovery. While he was magnifying the power of his Saviour, shown forth in all his own unworthiness and sin, the devil, with a masked light, took up the lesson of blessed humbling and poisoned it. He fastened the sufferer's mind with a deadly fascination to that unmixt thought of unworthiness until it seemed incapable of hope. It was the old device to shut out the Saviour, to make a Golgotha with a cross. And for a time a great darkness shrouded the Christian's soul. He thought of his active service on God's behalf, of his diligent studies, his many and earnest preachings, his long and agonizing prayers, and his manifold toil. But not one remembrance comforted him. Each seemed corrupt and the pall of his unworthiness covered the whole. Then came the sting: "My life has been worthless and unprofitable, worse than useless;" and he groaned with the wound. But a voice whispered into his soul: "If I be not an apostle unto others, yet doubtless I am to you; for the seal of my apostleship are ye in the Lord." Then was the spell broken, and he saw the Church of Viwa Christians at prayer; one bright recollection after another came back, of dark cannibals convinced

and converted as he led them to the cross of Jesus; and with the cross light came, and another victory was won, but not the last.

When the fatal relapse of disease took place, then the inner conflict was renewed more fiercely than ever. Before it was but an outwork; now it was the citadel that suffered assault. In the midst of his intense pain the dying man saw, prominently thrust forward, sins long repented of and forgiven, and the recollection of his unfaithfulness grew and darkened, till it threatened to hide the cross once more.

At this time Mr. Calvert was at Viwa, and to him Mr. Hunt told his distress. He found sympathy and good counsel, and was strengthened by the prayers of others, so that full deliverance came, and Satan was cast down conquered; as he ever is by that faith which rests on the Almighty Saviour, and realizes that his salvation is altogether and only for sinners. This battle over, the missionary passed on undisturbed toward his reward, saying; "I have a strong desire to depart, if it please the Lord, and to be with Jesus, which would be far better."

A day or two after his last seizure, on the Sunday, he asked Mr. Calvert to read to him the ninth and tenth chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews. He listened intently, and his heart glowed with love to the great high Priest, and trusted joyfully in his atonement. When the reading was over, and some time had been spent in prayer, he said: "Paul gives such a view of the work of the Saviour in those two chapters as fills me with admiration of, and feelings about, the Saviour which I cannot express. I feel him a perfect Saviour. I never had such views and hold of the Saviour as I have in this illness."

Another week of increased feebleness and great pain followed. On the 23rd the more distressing symptoms disappeared, and the sick man had comparative ease, but it was the lull which precedes death.

He spoke calmly and trustfully about his decease. With Mrs. Hunt he reviewed the way in which God had led them, and then, as they looked forth to the coming separation, he said: "Let us leave it all to the Lord. He knows what is best for each of his own."

She replied: "Yes, my dear, we will give ourselves to him for life and for death."

He joyfully answered: "O yes! that is how we began; and that is how we'll finish!"

On the 26th Mr. Calvert read to him John xviii, and then prayed at his bedside. It was evident that Mr. Hunt joined very earnestly in the prayer, and he was observed to weep. When those who had just united in committing their great crushing care to Him who cared for them, stood looking at the dying man, they marked how he kept on silently weeping. In a little while his emotion increased, and he sobbed as though in acute distress. Then, when the pent-up feeling could no longer be withheld, he cried out, "Lord, bless Fiji! save Fiji! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji! my heart has travelled in pain for Fiji!"

It was no sorrow on his own account that made the Christian weep. His own prospect was all unclouded brightness; he had safely stored his last treasures, his wife and children, in heaven. They were in God's keeping. But there was something that clung about his heart more closely than these. That object to which all the energies of his great soul had

been devoted was the last to be left. He had lived for Fiji, and his every thought, and desire, and purpose, and plan, and effort had long gone in this one direction, the conversion of Fiji. For some weeks he had been laid by from his work, his voice hushed and his hand powerless. Yet he had never ceased to pray for the people of the Islands; but now his prayers were also to cease. Never till then did he feel how Fiji had become identified with his very life. And in his utter feebleness the spirit within him strove and struggled with its great burden. Those who stood by feared to see the weak frame so tossed about, and tried to sooth him. Mr. Calvert said:

"The Lord knows you love Fiji. We know it, the Fijian Christians know it; and the heathen of Fiji know it. You have laboured hard for Fiji when you were strong; now you are so weak you must be silent. God will save Fiji. He is saving Fiji."

At this the dying missionary was calmer for a little while; but still he wept. The burden was there yet; and his spirit, strengthened with the powers of an endless life, shook the failing flesh as it rose up and cast the great load down at the cross. He grasped Mr. Calvert with one hand, and lifting the other, mighty in its trembling, he cried aloud:

"O let me pray once more for Fiji! Lord, for Christ's sake, bless Fiji! save Fiji! Save thy servants, save thy people, save the heathen in Fiji!"

After this he gradually quieted down, and his peace was unbroken.

Two days later he said to Mr. Calvert: "For two days I can think of nothing but St. Paul's words: 'I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ; which is far better.'" He then added, with great feeling: "'For me to live is Christ.' If needful for my family and the Church I shall be raised. I have no choice. I am resigned to the will of God. I am more: I *love* the will of God. He rules."

His friend said: "If we ruled we should keep you. But the Lord knows best."

"Yes," he quietly answered, "he is my Ruler, my Proprietor. He will soon make it up in many ways."

The next day was the quarterly fast. Some one told him, "We have had very good meetings to-day. The natives pray earnestly for you; they never forget you in their prayers."

He rejoined: "I have no doubt of it. I feel the benefit of them."

On this day Mr. Hunt received, for the last time, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. His peace was perfect.

The following Sunday found him much weaker, but still more tranquil, and refreshed by a better night's rest. He told Mr. Lyth, in answer to an inquiry about his state of mind:

"That continues the same. I have no anxiety, nor is any temptation permitted to assault me." Yet in all this he said: "I have comfort, constant comfort, but I have not joy. I desire a great manifestation of God's love; but perhaps I could not bear more in my weak state."

On the Monday he said to Mr. Lyth: "I can fully confide in Jesus. Jesus is very precious to me, he is very present with me; I only want more of him."

Tuesday brought a slight return of pain. When Mr. Lyth asked

"Well, Brother Hunt, what do you think the Lord is about to do with you?" Mr. Hunt replied, with a smile, "I don't know, only something very good."

On Wednesday morning, October 4th, Mr. Hunt's face showed that mysterious change, which no one can describe, but which makes those who never saw it before tremble, the change of approaching death. He asked Mr. Lyth to read to him the chapter which so many ask for in their last hours, which has dried so many tears, spoken peace so often in the storms of life, and shed from its immortal brightness a light athwart the great dark of death, and mingling with the excellent glory beyond. The dying saint drank in the strength and comfort and peace that well up in the fourteenth chapter of St. John, and said:

"It is very encouraging and very suitable to me, to Mrs. Hunt, and to you all. Its strain, too is so compassionate and tender; just what we need. There are a thousand things in us needing his forbearance."

He then quoted the verse: "But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." 1 Cor. i, 30. Then he went on in a clear emphatic whisper: "Christ is made unto us of God, our wisdom to enlighten us, our righteousness to atone for us, our sanctification to cleanse us, and our redemption to deliver us from a great many temptations dangers, and difficulties; and he will deliver us in death, and bring us to glory. What a perfect Saviour! God makes Christ such to me. These are the views that support me now. I look to Christ alone. I dare not look at myself, or at anything I have done."

Now the Christian's gaze was all fixed on Christ. Nothing could divert it. He saw nothing but Christ: Christ covering past sin, Christ sheltering his widows and orphans, Christ holding his hand with Almighty love, and Christ filling heaven with glory for him. The pilgrim was not far from home now; and this light of home fell upon him as he drew near, and made the still calm of his peaceful trust sparkle with the gladness for which he had longed, so that he exclaimed, "Now he is my joy!"

On being told that his end must be very near, Mr. Hunt replied: "I do not think the time is come yet; this seems too easy and pleasant for dying." Turning to his mourning wife he said; "If this be dying, praise the Lord!" Then he lay still, as if trying to feel that he was about to depart, and after a time said: "How strange! I cannot realize that I am dying, and yet you all look as if I were."

Noon came swiftly to the watching ones around that bed, and he whom they watched were rapidly getting weaker. An hour after Mr. Lyth said to him, as he lay there often smiling, and always worshipping, "You are very happy, Brother Hunt."

He answered: "Yes. I am getting weaker."

"Yes, you are getting near the port, you are crossing the river, and the Lord Jesus is with you."

A whisper started from the dying lips, "Glory!"

"You see a bright prospect before you," continued his faithful friend.

"I see nothing but Jesus," was his answer.

His mind was perfectly clear, and his words though faint in sound,

had all their wonted vigor. He turned to Mr. Calvert, saying: "It is a solemn thing to die, very solemn."

His friend replied: "Mr. Wesley, in dying, clung to Jesus, and you do."

"Yes," he said, "I cleave to Jesus, and am right; I have nothing else to look to. He is all I have to trust in. If I look from him I am in a vortex; I have doubts and condemnation. But I have full faith in him. I have peace and pardon in him. I have no disturbance at all."

Then they saw how the saint addressed himself afresh to pray to the sinner's Saviour; and for sometime the moving of the white lips and aspect of the face told that he was engaged in intense and silent worship. Presently, as his eyes looked up with a bright joy that defied death, he exclaimed: "I want strength to praise him abundantly. I am very happy!"

Mrs. Hunt, who bent over him in the last effort of helpless love, asked, "Have you had a fresh manifestation of the love of God?"

"Yes," he answered: "Halleluia! praise the Lord Jesus! I do not depend on this," he added emphatically, and shaking his head: "I bless the Lord, I trust in Jesus."

Again there was a pause of silence, and the happy triumphant spirit of the Christian forced the dying flesh to do service of praise once more, "Now he is my joy! I thought I should have entered heaven singing, Jesus and salvation! Now I shall enter singing, Jesus, salvation, and glory, eternal glory!" In his ecstasy he tried to raise himself, but could not, and his head fell back, as he said, "Halleluia! Halleluia!" again and again. He already joined in the praise of paradise. "Halleluia!" he repeated twenty or thirty times, every time fainter, till his voice was hushed.

Presently he spoke again, and left messages to the other missionaries and their wives, to the native Christians and the chiefs, especially Thakombau. Afterward he prayed for his children, and urged them to live according to their mother's teaching and example. He solemnly committed that good and faithful woman to God's holy keeping, and asked heavenly blessing for a devoted native servant. Then he begged Mr. Calvert to pray.

About three in the afternoon his right arm rose, as if convulsively, and, as he turned on his side, grasping his fellow missionary Calvert, who put his arms around him. For a few minutes there was heavy and broken breathing, and then a solemn hush disturbed by the sob of a widow: "Lord comfort my poor heart!" and an earnest "Amen" from those who stood round.

Leaving his body in his brother's arms, John Hunt, the missionary, died.

JAMES ARMINIUS.

No list of Christian worthies, of men that moved the world, would be complete, if it omitted the name of James Arminius; a name destined to be had in remembrance, when christianity shall have attained its fullness and completion.

James Arminius, was born in Oudwater, a small town near Utrecht, in Holland, in the year 1560. The year in which the constitution of the states of Holland was violated, by Phillip the Second, in the appointment of Anthony Perrenot, Arch-bishop of Mecllin, to a position in the civic government, which increased the dissatisfaction already existing, and was one among the numerous causes from which issued the Dutch Republic.

His father, who was a cutler, died shortly after the birth of Arminius, leaving him with a brother and sister to the care of their widowed mother. A pious clergyman of Utrecht, took the charge of his education until he was in his thirteenth year, when death deprived him of his patron. At this early age he exhibited traits of uncommon genius and piety; he had made some proficiency in the sciences, and excelled in the rudiments of the Latin and Greek languages. In a short time after the death of his first friend, he secured the regard and favor of Rudolph Snellus, a native of Oudwater, but at that time a resident of Marpurj in Hesse, at whose invitation and under whose patronage Arminius repaired to the University in that town. This place had already become famous in church history as the scene of a Conference, to which, Phillip Landgrave, of Hesse, had invited Luther and Zuingle in the expectation that a compromise might be effected, which would settle their disputes.

He had been there but a short time, when his studies were interrupted by the news of the sack of Oudwater, by the Spaniards. This occurred on the 19th July, 1575. The town, after a resistance of eighteen days, was carried by assault, and the usual results followed; men, women and children were murdered in cold blood, and almost every house in the town was burnt to the ground. Arminius now returned to Holland, only to find his worst fears realized; his mother, sister and brethren, were among the victims of the indiscriminate slaughter which had taken place. He was now in his sixteenth year; with a heavy heart he returned to Marpurj, performing the journey on foot.

Shortly after his return to his patron, he learned that the new University, at Leyden, was formed under the auspices of William I, Prince of Orange. He at once prepared to return to Holland, and enter as a student. He remained at Leyden six years, and acquired such a high reputation, that the merchants of Amsterdam adopted him as their foster-pupil, and undertook to bear the expenses of his further studies, upon the condition that he would devote himself to the service of the church in that city. He accepted the offer, and gave a bond to the magistrates to the effect, that, he considered himself bound to them during the rest of his life, and that he could devote himself to no other church, in any city, or town, without their consent.

In 1582, he went to Geneva, to perfect his studies in the colleges of that city. The College of Geneva, was founded by John Calvin, about thirty years previous, with a view to make Geneva the mother,—the seminary of all the Reformed churches—as Rothenburg was of all the Lutheran communities; and in this design he was very successful. Men from England, France, Italy and Germany, repaired to Geneva, being attracted by the fame of Calvin and Beza, with other distinguished masters of science and theology. Here, as in all the public schools, the doctrines of Christianity were reduced to the form of a Peripatetic science, and placed

in subjugation to the Empire of Aristotle, yet there were to be found a few who were not willing to submit to this control, nor to be trammelled with the phraseology, and subtle distinctions of that philosophy, and favored a system better adapted to the use of rhetoric, and the improvement of eloquence. Peter Ramus, a distinguished and ingenious French philosopher, and professor of Eloquence, at Paris, was the leader in this new school of dialectics. He separated philosophy from all idle speculations which are useless in common life, and rejected all metaphysics. From France this new system spread into Germany, and made its appearance at Geneva as the opponent of Aristotle; but here it found no favor, but at Basle it was in high repute. While Arminius was at Geneva, he embraced this system; privately taught it, and publicly upheld it; for which, he fell into disrepute, which induced him to leave Geneva and repair to Basle, where Ramism, as it was called, found more favor. In this city he was received with much applause. He read public lectures and acquired such repute that the Faculty of Divinity would have given him the degree of doctor without any expense, this he modestly declined.

The feeling that had existed against him in Geneva having declined, he returned to that city and remained for three years engaged in the study of divinity. His zeal, industry, and genius, so far gained the favor of Beza, that he furnished him with this very honorable testimony to Martin Lydius, the pastor of Amsterdam. "That you may know all in a few words; from the time in which Arminius returned to us from Basle, both his erudition and his life has been so commendable among us, that should he continue on in the same course, which we think he will do by the blessing of God, we may hope everything that is best for him; for God hath conferred upon him, among other things, a felicitous genius for perceiving and discriminating, to which if his piety of which he shows himself zealous be regulated accordingly, it cannot be but that his great power of genius, confirmed as well by age as by experience, shall produce the richest fruit."

Shortly after leaving Geneva, in company with several of his fellow students, he made a tour through Italy; his principle object being to hear Zabarella, a distinguished philosopher, in the University of Padua. This tour, though beneficial to himself, was the occasion of much displeasure on the part of his patrons, originating in the efforts of some mischievous persons, who misrepresented both his motives and conduct in visiting Italy. But this feeling on the part of the magistrates, was only temporary; for upon his return in 1587, he fully vindicated himself, and early in the following year he received license to preach, and with such success did he discharge his duties in the pulpit, that a unanimous call was presented to him to become the pastor of the Dutch church in Amsterdam. This call he accepted, and was ordained in August, 1580.

About two years after his settlement in the city, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Real, a young lady of accomplishments and piety, a daughter of Laurence Jacobson Real, a Judge and Senator of Amsterdam. The domestic life of Arminius was one of comfort and felicity, and in the bosom of his family he found that solace and sympathy which so often relieved him amid the bitterness and rancour with which he was assailed. Shortly after his assumption of the ministry, an event occurred which in the end was to give prominence and perpetuity to his name, and his teach-

ings. A dispute having arisen between some ministers of Delft, on the subject of Divine Predestination, he was requested by the Presbytery of Amsterdam, to refute the tract of Coornhertus, who had written on the subject of conditional election. To this work he was also commended by Martin Lydius, as a defence of his former tutor Beza, whose theory, as well as Calvin's, had been assailed. Although the influence of Calvin was very extensive, and his system of theology almost everywhere received by the "Reformed churches," without questioning, yet, no one was compelled not to teach differently for this same system of Calvin, respecting predestination, and the doctrinal consequences flowing from it, were unknown in the early church, for many hundred years.

The Bishop of Hippo, in the seventy-third year of his age, was the first to avow the doctrine of absolute unconditional election. Great as had been the service he rendered to the church, in developing the scriptural doctrine of the moral ruin of man, in opposition to Pelagius, it is to be regretted that, in his senility he should have left a blot upon his fame, in the absurdity, that "God wills because he wills to will." For more than four hundred years, the teachings of the church might be summed up in the statement given by Neander, when describing the system of Hilary, of Poitiers. "Hilary considered it very important to set forth distinctly, that all the operations of divine grace are conditional upon man's free will, to repel everything which might favor the notion of natural necessity, or of unconditional Divine predestination." Previous to the days of St. Augustine, no one had advocated the doctrine of a "Motiveless divine violation respecting the immortal destinies of man." Four hundred years more, rolled by, before another man was found bold enough to advocate the natural concomitant of Augustine's dogma, absolute and unconditional reprobation. That man was Godechall or Gortschalk, a monk of Orbais. Yet so far were his doctrines from being received, that in a council held in Mentz, in 848, they were denounced as heretical, and in the next year he was arraigned before a council held in Quievey, as a corrupter of religion, and his doctrine was again condemned. The unmerciful treatment he received, by being imprisoned, created a sympathy in his favour, and caused some contention concerning his doctrine, yet it was far from being favorably received in the church, nor had it assumed that logical shape and compactness necessary to secure its perpetuity. It not been as yet woven into a theological system, nor could any great names be gathered from the rolls of the church, to give it character, save only, Augustine.

The Reformation introduced the era of free thought in reference to doctrine, though there can be no doubt that the early reformers embraced the sentiments of Augustine. An examination of his writings led Luther to embrace the doctrine of justification by faith; and it is most likely, that, being a monk of the Augustine order, he embraced the error of that "Father," respecting predestination, which doctrine he is said to have defended in some remarks made to Erasmus. Melancthon, in 1621, did not scruple to say, "Since all things which happen necessarily, happen according to Divine predestination, there is no liberty of our will." Yet, we infer that great changes took place in the minds of both of these great men. Although we have no

evidence that Luther ever retracted the statement made to Erasmus, yet, the church which bears his name has strenuously advocated the universality of the atonement, and the conditionality of the decrees; and indeed such was the change in the mind of Melancthon, that he went so far as to expurgate his famous "Loci Communes," striking out every passage which could favour the error of absolute predestination, either as respects the elect or the reprobate. The "Augsburg Confession," the product of his elegant and accurate pen, is silent on the doctrine of predestination.

Such, then, was the position of the dogma, when John Calvin disinterred the Augustinian and Gootschalkian doctrine, and constructed it into a theological system, with all its consequences, to the elucidation and propagation of which, he devoted his life. His relation to the college at Geneva, and his influence upon its teaching, tended to infuse his peculiar sentiments throughout the Protestant churches of the continent of Europe. Under this influence Arminius had been educated at the very feet of Beza, yet the fallacies of the system could not be concealed from his keen strong intellect; and, when after much study and examination, his mind was fully made up, and his system of theology, compared with the scriptures and the writings of the early church, "he found to his satisfaction everything peculiar to Calvin was but an innovation upon the long established faith of the church, a mere human interpolation, a galvanic revivification of a defunct monkish notion which had many a year before disturbed the French church for a few months, but which had not found a single unequivocal advocate for seven hundred years."

To the work assigned him by his Presbytery, Arminius now devoted himself. He commenced the examination of the tract, but soon found so many difficulties in the way from which he was not able to extricate himself, that he relinquished the refutation, and betook himself to the careful inspection of the dogma in the light of holy scripture. Slowly and cautiously he proceeded to give expression to his enlarged views of the Divine economy in the salvation of sinners, enjoying much success and popularity in his ministry,—but at the same time meeting with opposition, and reproach from many,—and to such an extent was the opposition carried, that very often an accusation was brought against him in the council concerning the sense he gave to some passages in the Epistle to the Romans; but these he always silenced, by contending that he held forth nothing contrary to the sacred Scriptures, and the confessions of the church. About this time, another work was assigned him by the Synod of Southern Holland,—the refutation of the Anabaptists; but having discovered the intention of those who were most urgent in the request to be—not so much a refutation of their errors, as that they might draw out of his refutation his opinion concerning other dogmas, and especially be able to criminate him on the views he set forth on predestination and free-will, he proceeded slowly with the work, and finally abandoned it.

In 1602, upon the death of Francis Junius, the theological professor in the University of Leyden, an invitation was extended to Arminius to occupy the position. This proposal met with a good deal of opposition from some of the ministers of Amsterdam, and especially from Gomarus, professor of theology, and Richlinus, regent of the theological college.

Objections were also raised by the magistrates of Amsterdam, but upon different grounds from those on which the professor and rector based their objections; they had been at the expense of his education, and they wished to retain his services for the benefit of their own city. At length matters were so arranged that he accepted the chair of theology, and received the degree of doctor. On the 11th July, 1603, he entered upon the work of professor, at which time he delivered his famous oration "On the Priesthood of Christ."

Previous to the death of Junius, the former Professor, a friendly correspondence had been conducted between himself and Arminius upon certain points connected with the Calvinian controversy, which, after the death of Junius, fell into the hands of Gomarus, and led to a dispute between the professors. A conference, as was usual in those times, was held, in which Arminius defended himself, and the meeting ended amicably; yet having once encroached upon the teaching of Geneva, every occasion was taken by Gomarus to show his dissatisfaction, and render the situation of Arminius uncomfortable. After having endured much opposition on account of his opinions for over five years, he at length ventured to defend himself and his doctrine, which he did, first in an apologetic answer to thirty-one articles which had been put in circulation against him; and in a letter to the Legate of the Court Palatine; and in a declaration of sentiments which he delivered before the States of Holland at the Hague on the 30th October, 1603, in which he set forth those points of doctrine in which he differed from Calvin denying, that election is absolute and unconditional; arguing that an election of this kind is inconsistent with the character of God, that it destroys the liberty of the human will; that it contradicts the language of Scripture. He contended "that God had elected those only, who, according, not to his decrees, but to his foreknowledge, and in the exercise of their natural powers of self-determination, acting under the influence of his grace, would possess that faith and holiness to which salvation is annexed in the gospel scheme; and those who are *not* elected are allowed to perish, not because they are not elected, but merely and solely in consequence of their infidelity and disobedience; on account of which infidelity and disobedience being foreseen by God their election did not take place. Further, that Christ died for *all* men, that the atonement is able; both from its own merit, and from the intention of him that appointed it, to expiate the guilt of every individual; that every individual is invited to partake of the benefits which it has procured; that the grace of God is offered to make the will comply with this invitation, but that this grace may be resisted and rendered ineffectual by the sinner's perversity." (*Watson's Theological Dictionary*.—*Article Arminius*.)

This declaration of sentiments failed to produce peace, and in the following year the "States" again summoned Gomarus and Arminius before them, that in their hearing they might institute a conference, that if possible the peace of the church might be preserved; but the conference was soon broken off, on account of the infirm health of Arminius. A bilious disorder, contracted by constant labour and study, and the disquietude and grief produced in his mind by the malevolence of his enemies, became so violent that it was with great difficulty he continued his labours. His

public labours in the University ended on the 25th July, 1609, with a disputation on "The Vocation of men to Salvation" About noon on the 19th October following, while his friends were praying round his bed, he calmly rendered up his soul to God.

Bagnell thus sums up his character, "He was distinguished among men for the virtue and amiability of his private, domestic, and social character among christians, for his charity toward those who differed from him in opinion; among preachers for his zeal, eloquence and success; and among divines for his acute, yet enlarged and comprehensive views in theology, his skill in argument, his candour and courtesy in controversy."

During the two hundred and fifty years that have transpired since his death, various opinions have been uttered concerning Arminius and his system, and although some church writers, as Dr. Murdock and others, have shown not a little ill-nature, when writing of him and his adherents, it is gratifying to know that those who substantially accept the theology of Arminius are counted by millions, whose piety, zeal and success, will compare at least favourably with those who still adhere to the innovation upon the scheme of salvation, which Arminius so vigorously and successfully opposed. Even those who a century ago heard his name with great suspicion are now embracing his doctrine of the universality of the atonement, and the signs are hopeful that other parts of his system, equally scriptural and logical, will yet be adopted, and through the entire Protestant church there will be but one utterance,—

"His pardoning grace for ALL is free,—
For him who forged the dire decree,—
For every reprobate,—and me."

When that period arrives it will be seen that James Arminius is worthy of a place in the calendar of the church—for his zeal and consistency in developing the Christian doctrine of the relation of man to God. While Athanasius opened and sustained the christian doctrine of the nature of God, and Augustine, in his teaching, has laid down the christian and scriptural statement of the nature of man; Arminius takes his own place in the history of theology, and gives us the christian views of the relation of man to God, and his name shall endure as long as the sun and moon.

W.

Poetry.

LOVE.

"THE GREATEST OF ALL IS CHARITY."

Love! Immortal love! Heaven's richest feast,
 Fairest of Eden's fruits! Essence divine!
 No tongue can tell thy length, and breadth, and depth.
 Unfathomable and exhaustless spring,
 Of joys supernal, and of peace divine.
 Bright light! thou dost kindle the light of heaven,
 And glow in every breast that burns above.
 For want of thee, hell is a hell indeed;
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love. Thy bonds
 Are ties, which link all angel bands, and men,
 Firm and secure in holy brotherhood.
 Harmonious concord! gift of God to man.
 Thy mild benignant sway, to heaven extends;
 And renders earth as beautiful as heaven.
 A golden chain, fast by the throne of God;
 Connecting earth to heaven. The mystic steps,
 By which we do ascend, and gain the skies.
 The voice divine that hushes angry storms,
 Sweeping in fury o'er the tender heart.
 The music sweet of peace, for thou art peace.
 The sunshine bright of heaven, for thou art heaven.
 The golden day of bliss, for thou art bliss.
 Heaven's all disposed to man, and that is *love*.
 The fairest scenes of earth resemble heaven;
 When love is found to harmonize and bless.
 The strongest, dearest, tend'rest ties of earth
 Are bound by love—it tames the fiercest spirits;
 'Tis mightiest power to subjugate the soul,
 And bring to earth the joys of heaven above.
 Fountain of blessedness, perennial stream,
 'Tis thine to give which none can take away,
 And thine to bless when none can bless besides.
 That heart is rich, where thou dost surely dwell,
 And poor indeed if unpossess'd of thee.
 Faith! Hope! Love! triune gifts divine,
 The last, the noblest, greatest, and the best.
 The tongue shall find no utterance in the grave;
 The wisdom of the wise shall be no more;

The earth shall be dissolved with fervent heat
 And all its glories shall soon fade away ;
 But love shall never change or die—'tis life—
 Life most resembling God ; for God is *love*.

G. BROWN.

THE DREAMER.

Behold yon dreamer on the rocky isle,
 Placid and serene ; his face betokens joy,
 Lit by the smiles as angel-spirits wear ;
 The angry storm in fury spends its strength,
 And wave o'er wave now sweeps along the coast ;
 But neither wave nor storm disturbs his peace ;—
 He sleepeth on. Bright visions now appear ;
 He enters holy ground, and hears the sounds
 That come from angel-harps—sweet voices hears,
 That swell in notes of praise a Saviour's love—
 Beholds the mount serene, and on its front
 A Lamb as it was slain—emblem of joy ;
 For lo ! a multitude of voices now
 Swell notes of praise, and sing on sweetest strains,
 Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us ;
 Worthy all power to have, and glory, too,
 Dominion, might, and majesty divine ;
 For by his blood redemption has been wrought,
 And captive souls releas'd ; and now the throng
 In prostrate homage fall, and all the choir
 In one harmonious song, proclaim him blest,
 And heaven rings jubilant.

Sleep on thou saint of God ; I, too, with thee
 Would tread the courts above, when to my sight
 Bright visions now arise ; faith's eagle eye
 Can pierce the veil ; when opened to the gaze,
 The mystic Lamb appears, emblem divine ;
 And as I gaze, emotions seize my breast ;
 I feel the holy fire, and now would sing
 Redemption's hallowed song. All praise to Him,
 Who by his blood redemption now has wrought,
 And paved the way for man's return to God.
 This wond'rous theme shall ever prompt to praise,
 Inspiring lips with eloquence divine.

O for an angel tongue his love to tell !
 An angel mind to fathom all its depths !
 Mysterious love ! the love of God to man ;
 Blest source of joy and source of heavenly love.

G. BROWN.

Varieties.

THE CHILD IS DEAD.

It is hard to believe it: we shall no more hear the glad voice, nor meet the merry laugh that burst so often from its glad heart.

Child as it was, it was a pleasant child; and to the partial parent there are traits of loveliness that no other eye may see. It was a wise ordering of Providence that we should love our own children as no one else loves them, and as we love the children of none beside. And ours was a lovely child.

But the child is dead! You may put away its playthings. Put them where they will be safe. I would not like to have them broken or lost; and you need not lend them to other children when they come to see us. It would pain me to see them in their hands, much as I love to see children happy with their toys.

Its clothes you may lay aside: I shall often look them over, and each of the colours that he wore will remind me of him as he looked when he was here. I shall weep often when I think of him; but there is a luxury in thinking of the one that is gone, which I would not part with for the world. I think of my child now, a child always, though an angel among angels.

The child is dead! The eye has lost its lustre. The hand is still and cold. The little heart is not beating now. How pale it looks! Yet the very form is dear to me. Every lock of its hair, every feature of its face, is a treasure that I shall prize the more, as the months of my sorrow come and go.

Lay the little one in his coffin. He was never in so cold and bare a bed; but he will feel it not. He would not know it, if he had been laid in the cradle, or in his mother's arms. Throw a flower or two by his side: like them he withereth.

Carry him out to the grave. Gently! It's a hard road this to the grave. Every jar seems to disturb the infant sleeper. Here we are at the brink of the sepulchro. O, how damp, and dark, and cold! But the dead do not feel it:

there is no pain, no fear, no weeping there. "Sleep on now, and take your rest!"

Fill it up! Ashes to ashes; dust to dust! Every clod seems to fall on my heart. Every sound from the grave is saying, "Gone, gone, gone!" It is full: now lay the turf gently o'er the dead child; plant a myrtle among the sods, and let the little one sleep among the trees and flowers. Our child is not there. His dust—precious dust indeed—is there; but our child is in heaven. "He is not here; he is risen."

I shall think of the form that is mouldering here among the dead; and it will be a mournful comfort to come at times, and think of the child that was once the light of our house, and the idol—ah! that I must own the secret of this sorrow!—the idol of my heart.

And it is beyond all language to express the joy, in the midst of tears, which I feel, that my sin, in making an idol of the child, has not made that infant less dear to Jesus. Nay, there is even something that tells me the Saviour called the darling from me, that I might love the Saviour more when I had one child less to love. He knoweth our frame; He knoweth the way to win and bind us. Dear Saviour, as Thou hast my lamb, give me, too, a place in Thy bosom. Set me as a seal on Thy heart.

WELLINGTON.

The Duke was well acquainted with his Bible, and valued it. Many years ago, when, before Sir Arthur Wellesley, a brother officer was speaking sneeringly of the Bible, and ridiculing the idea of its being a revelation from God, he abruptly said, "S—, have you read 'Paley's Evidences?' If you have not, I advise you to read them. I once thought as you now think; but I read Paley, and am convinced." The officer afterwards became one of the holiest men in the British army, and thanked the Duke of Wellington for his timely reproof. You may have heard of me speak of my visit to Waf-

mer Castle, and observing that a number of his books in his bedroom library were on divinity, and by the most evangelical writers. On a little round table, close by his plain iron bedstead, were always to be found four apparently well-handled books: one was the book of books, the word of God; another was Leighton's "Commentary on Peter;" a third, Howe's "Living Temple; and the fourth, Baxter's *Saints' Rest*." Who could desire better books for the soul of such a man? and he kept nothing for mere show: the books were for use, not ornament. The following is illustrative of his kindness and humanity:—"Early in the morning, after the battle of Waterloo," says Dr. Hume, "on entering his room, he sat up in his bed while I reported to him the casualties that had come to my knowledge. He grasped my hand, and seemed deeply affected; and I felt the tears falling fast on my hand, and, looking up, I saw them coursing down his dusky cheeks. He suddenly brushed them away with his left hand, and, in a voice tremulous with emotion, exclaimed, 'Well, thank God, I know not what it is to lose a battle; but it is painful to gain one with the loss of so many of one's friends.'"

MEDICAL PRACTICE IN 1625.

Glimpses occur of practices which must have belonged to a period even then past: for example, a peculiar oil of cream is recommended by his Lordship as a cure for "the gout in a hawk's leg."

But the greatest oddity in this book, and in all these books, is the way in which all nature was subjected to the art of the chemist and the physician. The notion seems to have been that everything in the world was endued with some curative power, and strange were the means taken to get at it. Herbs, of course, were universally used; and they were cut, dried, bruised, pounded, ground, stamped, beaten, burned, chopped, and mangled in varieties of ways. Ladies whose ferneries are the delight of their eyes, and not unjustly so, may here learn some of the many healing virtues which their great great-grandmothers are said to

have found in Polypody of the Oak, in Hart's Tongue, and Maiden-hair. But, in truth, when in want of a remedy, nothing seems to have come amiss, whether it was vegetable or animal. "Take," says Lord Ruthven, "two dozen or twenty swallows out of the nest," add rosemary-leaves, lavender, cotton and strawberry leaves, stamp them all together, and fry them all in *May* butter, or salad oil, and you have a sovereign remedy "for all aches." "Worms of the earth" were "good for bruises;" deer's-suet, hen's and duck's grease, the pith of an ox's back, a white flint stone made red-hot and then immersed in ordinary beer, boar's grease, the sole of an old hose, goose-dung, the marrow of an ox's leg, the lungs of a fox, a rotten apple, an ox's paunch, frogs, eyes of crabs, droppings from a candle, snails-shells, and mice-dung are among the articles in Lord Ruthven's pharmacopœia. But snakes, adders, and vipers seem to have been the ultimate resource of his medical science. "Take of the biggest and fairest of them which you can get in June or July, cut off their heads, take off their skins, and unbowel them;" and then having played a variety of other antics with them, you have a medicine of "extraordinary virtue." "It cures the falling-sickness, strengthens the brain, sight, and hearing, and preserveth from grey hairs, reneweth youth, cureth gout and consumption, and is very good in and against pestilential infections." In another place we are assured that oil of snakes and adders, which we are taught to make in the clearest possible way, performs wonderful cures in recovering hearing in those that are deaf. "It's reported," remarks his Lordship, "that some have been cured that were born deaf by using this oil."

There are a good many plague-receipts. One will bear extracting, and shall close our paper:—

"Take a live frog, and lay the belly of it next the plague-sore: if the patient will escape, the frog will burst in a quarter of an hour; then lay on another; and this you shall do till more do burst, for they draw forth the venom. If none of the frogs do burst, the party will not escape. This hath been frequently tried. Some say a dried toad will do it better."—*Notes and Queries.*

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF "MR. THEYSAY."

Few and far between are those who have not heard of the world-renowned "Theysay!" His name is familiar with all men everywhere. The high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, honoured and despised, civilized and barbarian, Protestant and Papist, Musselman and Christian, all nations, kindreds, tribes, and tongues, have heard of Mr. Theysay. His name is almost a household word. But who has ever given the world a history of this eminent personage? Numerous as biographers are, no one has ever written and published the life of Mr. Theysay. Pardon me if I undertake the task of writing a brief history of him.

His Parentage.—His father's name is Slanderer; his mother's, Tattle. Of his genealogy nothing more is known. He was born in the town of Evil Report, in the kingdom of Sin.

His Age.—It is not known in what precise age of the world Mr. Theysay was born. It is my opinion that he was born soon after Adam and Eve were expelled from the garden of Eden. If I am correct in this opinion, he must be very far advanced in life, and we should naturally expect to witness in him all the evidences of feeble old age, grey hairs, sunken eyes, and palsied limbs. But he is really as strong and active, as fresh and fair, and hale and hearty as he ever was. Remarkable old creature!

His Education.—Mr. Theysay's education is very limited. What knowledge he has obtained is principally from hearsay: hence he does not get any correct knowledge of anything. His deficient education has ever been a serious embarrassment to him; for he never dares to make a positive assertion, but guesses it is so, fears it is so, and so on.

His Personal Appearance.—I have spoken of him as being as strong, as active, &c., as he ever was. But who has ever seen Mr. Theysay? Have you? Has any one? If any one has, I know not the man. But we know he exists, because every body is talking about him. And I have come to the paradoxical conclusion that he exists and does not exist; is everywhere and nowhere; is responsible and

irresponsible; a sort of will-o'-the-wisp, Jack-with-the-lantern kind of being, whose personal appearance can never be described.

His Character.—He is distinguished for wickedness:

1. He is a slanderer.
2. A deceiver.
3. A liar.
4. A peace-breaker.
5. Everything that is bad, without one redeeming quality.

Reader! is Mr. Theysay in your family? Drive him thence. Harbour him not a moment. Listen not to his vile slanders. He will involve you in trouble, while he himself will escape.—*Christ. P. Mag.*

EASTERN AFRICA.

From a valuable work entitled "The Lake Regions of Central Africa, a Picture of Explorations," recently published, we make the excerpts subjoined. The author of this volume, Richard F. Burton, is a captain in the British army in India, and is known far and near from his daring and adventurous pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, some years since, whither he went disguised as a Mohammedan fakir.

The volume before us contains the history of journeyings from the autumn of 1856 to the spring of 1859, extending throughout Eastern Africa. Captain Burton discusses the different races of Eastern Africa at great length and with great ability. The condition of the natives contrasts favourably, he thinks, with that of the European peasantry, and is incomparably superior to the ryots of British India.

When the sun has dashed the dew from the grass, the elder boys drive the herd to pasture, and do not return until sunset. The elders, even at this early hour, devote themselves to steady drinking. They talk, laugh, smoke, sleep, gamble. Gambling is a passion. They will sell their property, and then sell themselves. A negro will stake his aged mother against a cow, which appears to be the value attached to the old lady.

At one o'clock dinner, the great event of negro life, comes off. The negro's soul is in his stomach. The meal is his meditation by day, and his dream by night. The human animal is ravenous after flesh. Any living

thing, clean or unclean, will suit his palate. Fish is comparatively despised. Smoked zebra is a favorite dish, and Captain Burton speaks enthusiastically of the flavour. The negroes differ with Swift's islanders in refusing to crack the egg either at the little end or at the big end; this probably arises from a religious prejudice, whether indigenous or imported, it is impossible to say. They cluster like flies round sugar, and if any falls on the ground, they would rather eat an ounce of earth than lose a single grain. Of course the East African cuts himself into a state of torpidity. When he revives, he chats, plays, smokes and chews as before. In the cool sunset the women fetch their water from the wells, and then gather together in little groups.

As for morality, neither the word nor the thing exists among them; the idea of perfect bliss is total intoxication all day, and total insensibility at night. The wants are few and simple; the fertility of the country has cursed them with exemption from labor. Music is their favorite amusement, but their music is at the lowest ebb. Good tunists and admirable timests, they are totally destitute of a creative faculty, and are incapable of advancing a single point; their music always consists of the simplest and most monotonous combinations of sound. The banjo, drum and sounding-board are, of course, their favorite instruments. But the great reliefs of life are the regular drinking-bout and the occasional hunt. The elephant, haunting the low ground of stagnant waters and dense vegetation, is a very valuable and easy prey. The hunt is a most solemn occasion, and is inaugurated by a preliminary week of dancing and intoxication.

CHILDISH RECIPROCITY.

We have heard of two interesting little children, one three and the other five years old, the latter a girl. One day not long since, the girl fell into a box, out of which she could not readily extricate herself. Presently, her little brother came along, and, bracing himself well, and taking his sister's hand, he made a hard pull and helped her out. Fairly recovered in breath, she said to her little brother, "Now you fall in, and I'll help you out." Was there not gratitude combined with a desire to reciprocate in the remark?

THE UNSELFISH GIRL.

In passing up the street the other day, we met two little girls, of some seven or eight summers, who seemed to be enjoying vacation finely, and all to themselves. Passing through the street, unmindful of what was going on, they looked as happy as two larks, and as beautiful as happy.

Stopping at a confectioner's shop, one of them made a purchase of sugar-candy, a large, nice-looking stick, and, breaking it, gave her little companion half; saying, as she did it, with the utmost simplicity imaginable, "Here, Mary, you may have the largest half, as you are the smallest."

Artless child, what a lesson of usefulness was contained in the simple words! God bless you! and enable you through life to manifest the same gentle and sweet spirit. What teachers children sometimes are! "In malice be ye children, but in understanding be ye men."
