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THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1876. /

THE RELATION OF JESUS CHRIST TO THE MIRACLES
OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY THE REV. E. HURLBURT.

THE whole Bible revolves on one central thought, "Christ Jesus." The central idea is the Son of God, as illustrated by the consecutive record of miracles.

Richard Watson says a miracle in the popular sense is a prodigy, or an extraordinary event, which surprises us by its novelty; or, in a more accurate and philosophic sense, a miracle is an effect which does not follow from any of the regular laws of nature, or which is inconsistent with some known law of it, or contrary to the settled constitution and course of things. In a theological sense, a miracle is a work affected in a manner unusual, or different from the common and regular method of providence, by the interposition of God Himself, or of some intelligent agent superior to man, for the proof or evidence of some particular doctrine, or in attestation of the authority of some particular person.

Science teaches us that nature is no respecter of persons, and stands unmoved by fear, or love, or pity. Science says that the course of nature does not turn aside for the benefit of mankind. Christianity, on the contrary, maintains that the course of nature has not only been so turned aside in the past ages, but is so still.

And the evidences which prove to us the existence of a Being of supernatural power, will prove likewise, that He who has all power can, with perfect harmony and right, if He see fit, interfere with the laws of nature, or suspend these laws to accomplish His own glory, the good of the Church, and the nations of the earth. It may be that the suspension of a law of nature is only the coming into operation of a higher law.

The doctrine of universal fatalism is contrary to our immediate sense of reality, and to the common consciousness of the human race. The land of scepticism is a desert.

The men who wrote the New Testament have based the truth of Christianity on a single miracle, viz., the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. This miracle is the very key of the Christian position, and this position is clearly established as an historical fact. *The great purpose of miracles at first was to compel attention to the new system by the glare of grandeur it threw around it.* A finger of heavenly light must touch the head of the God-man, Jesus, and mark Him out to the world.

For more than eighteen hundred years, Jesus of Nazareth has occupied the position, in the faith of myriads of men, of a divinely superhuman person. The Gospel statements on the single subject of the resurrection of Christ do not by any means exist, as the modern sceptics have presumed to treat them, apart by themselves, in the shape of a mere isolated and unsupported literary fragment, but confront the anti-Christian critic as composing an integral portion of the volume called the Bible. The resurrection of Jesus itself is not an isolated supernatural feature in the Gospel history, but merely one of a series of most astounding miracles, with which he stands therein accredited. The historical evidence is overwhelming that the belief in the resurrection of Jesus was the starting-point of the renewed life of the Church.

The Christian Church has existed as a visible institution, without a single break in its continuity, for a period of more than eighteen centuries; and the cause of its renewed existence, after the death of its founder, was the belief in a fact, and that fact was the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. No other theory can account for the renewed life of the Christian

Church, but that the followers of Jesus Christ believed that He rose from the dead. We have in four letters of St. Paul unimpeachable historical evidence of the resurrection of Christ from the dead, and that the very existence of the Church in the world rested upon a belief in this fact as an article of faith. That St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and two Epistles to the Corinthians, and one to the Galatians, were written by himself, and that the latest of them cannot have been written later than twenty-eight years after the crucifixion, is, we think, unquestioned.

Now, let us turn our attention for a moment to these four letters, which are admitted on all hands to be the genuine productions of St. Paul. These letters or documents take us up to the earliest days of Christianity. The very latest date which can be assigned them is twenty-eight years after the crucifixion. We see in these letters what Paul thought, what he did, and what he believed. These four letters were written within that interval of time, which the most rigid criticism must admit to be quite within the period of historical recollection. Can we not test by our own experience the value of historical recollections which are only twenty-eight years old? St. Paul was separated from the crucifixion of Christ, when he wrote these letters, by only a very few years. The facts which can be distinctly proved by these letters, afford the strongest possible evidence of the historical truth of the resurrection of Jesus from the dead; and the writers of the New Testament have directly staked the truth of Christianity on the actual occurrence of that single miracle. Not only did St. Paul believe in the resurrection of Jesus as a historical fact, but he considered it the very foundation on which the Church rested. From what he says in the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians, we infer that if the resurrection of Christ from the dead be not a fact, then Christianity is a delusion.

In the Corinthian Church, party spirit raged fiercely, several parties were more or less opposed to St. Paul. But relative to the fact of the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, St. Paul and his bitterest opponents were agreed.

The Apostle refers to the resurrection of Christ in the most direct terms, as well as incidentally. Nothing in history is more valuable than a series of incidental references to an event. They

show us that both the writer and those to whom he writes know all about them, and are familiar with the facts referred to. In the Galatian Church there was a strong party, who had so far departed from St. Paul's teaching that he called their doctrine "another Gospel." But there was no diversity of belief on the fact of the resurrection. In this letter of the Apostle's we have the testimony of the Great Church at Antioch—the metropolis of Gentile Christianity—and the testimony of the Mother Church of Jerusalem, which brings us up to a much earlier date. The members of these Churches were one with the Apostle in their faith in the resurrection of Christ from the dead, while on lesser points there was a diversity of opinions.

The Church at pagan Rome had been in existence years before St. Paul wrote his letter to them. This was a large and influential Church. Their faith was spoken of throughout the whole world. In this Church there was a large Jewish element, and a variety of Christian thought. But they all held the same views as the Apostle respecting the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, as is strikingly seen in the testimony of the Catacombs. Thus the historical fact is established, that within a period of less than twenty-eight years after the resurrection, three large Christian Churches, separated from each other hundreds of miles, were all of the same mind in believing that Jesus Christ had risen from the dead. Let those who deny or doubt the resurrection of Christ explain to us this historical fact.

If there be any limits to God's power, it is His holiness. He cannot do what is not holy, not necessary and rational, for He cannot will it. But His holiness is the only limit of his power. The power of Christ was an expression of His sympathy and love for men. Everything else tires—love is immortal. There were great resources of power in Christ when on this earth. It is said, "He went about doing good, and *healing all that were oppressed of the devil.*" He did not try to impose on ignorant people. He began his work under the very light of the Shekinah—among the very people whose prophets had heard the voice of God.

The four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles are very definite in their chronology and topography. In the course of the history

we are led through the length and breadth of Palestine. Christ appears in history as the source of all the greatest developments of all social good among mankind. The reform of personal character was His one aim. With Him the man was great—the institution small. There was but one way with Him for renovating society, and that was by the purification of its individual members. This principle is at the root of all reform, because it deals with men individually.

ONONDAGA, Ont.

GOD'S ANVIL.

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

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

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

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

He kindles for my profit purely
 Afflictions glowing, fiery brand,
 And all his heaviest blows are surely
 Inflicted by a master-hand ;
 So I say praying, As God will !
 And hope in Him and suffer still.

FLETCHER OF MADELEY.

BY C. PALMER.

II.

MADELEY, a hundred years ago, was a very busy and populous place, full of collieries and iron-works, and possessing also an extensive china manufactory; the people were lawless, drunken, and devoted to bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and other cruel sports. Fletcher set himself to improve their condition by every means in his power; he held frequent services and prayer-meetings, he made the acquaintance of every one of his parishioners, he personally attended those who were suffering from infectious fevers and who could get no nurse to approach them, he denied himself in all ways in order to be able to relieve their necessities—going without fires, and even giving up many letters to save the considerable expense of postage. His sermons, which, after he was able to speak English with ease, were always extempore, were very powerful and striking, and his delivery so good, that Wesley considered that he had never met his equal as a preacher; but the influence which he gained in Madeley was in a great measure due to the extreme kindness which marked all his actions, and to the ready wit with which he would point a remark or draw a lesson from some passing occurrence; and his active habits, energy of character, and great personal courage were not without their effect on his rough parishioners. A few instances will show the way in which he dealt with the people. To one collier who would not listen to any of his remonstrances or entreaties, he said, "Well, John, you must either turn or burn." To another, just as he was about to register his marriage, he observed, "William, you have had your name entered in our register once before this." "Yes, sir, at my christening." "And now," continued Fletcher, "your name will be entered a second time. You have no doubt thought much about your present step, and made proper preparations for it in a great many different ways?" "Yes, sir." "Recollect, however, that a third entry of your name, the register of your own burial, will sooner or later

be made. Think, then, about death, and make preparation for that also, lest it overtake you as a thief in the night." One man, in consequence of a reproof from Fletcher, vowed that he would never enter the church; and once, coming with a funeral, he remained in the porch during the service. Fletcher came out to him and begged him to leave off his evil ways, and at last, finding him obdurate, he said, "Oh, John, if you will not come to God's house on your own feet, prepare, at any rate, for the time when you must come on your neighbours' shoulders."

Fletcher held stirring services in the open air, and thus attracted many hearers who would not come to church, and on Sunday he would go round his parish with a bell (starting at five A.M. in order to reach the most distant houses), to call those who had excused themselves from morning service because they could not wake in time to get their needful work done before they went. He continually preached against the cruel sports so common in Madeley, and against the evils of the wakes and fairs which were often held there. He was, in consequence, frequently threatened by the rough colliers, who would not give up their amusements, and once some of the most lawless planned a "parson-baiting," as they called it, in which he was to be pulled off his horse and worried by their fierce dogs. But Fletcher's courageous spirit in time commanded their respect, his kindness and tact began to tell, and his church gradually filled. The opposition of the neighbouring clergy and squires, who resented his interference with the established pursuits of the neighbourhood, was more slow to yield, and showed itself in constant petty persecution; but this also in time gave way before the untiring zeal with which Fletcher pursued his object. He wrote to Charles Wesley:—"When I first came to Madeley I was greatly mortified and discouraged by the smallness of my congregation. . . . But now, thank God, things are altered in that respect, and last Sunday I had the pleasure of seeing some in the churchyard who could not get into the church." But in less than a year he had to add:—"My church^{is} begins not to be so well filled as it has been, and I account for it by the following reasons: The curiosity of some of my hearers is satisfied, and others are offended by the word; the roads are worse, and if it shall ever please the Lord

to pour His Spirit upon us, the time is not yet come, for, instead of saying, 'Let us go up together to the house of the Lord,' they exclaim, 'Why should we go and hear a Methodist?' I should lose all patience with my flock if I had not more reason to be satisfied with them than with myself."

Fletcher worked steadily on, adopting the plan of preaching a sermon of Archbishop Ussher's, or of reading one of the homilies, at his afternoo service, and "taking leave to make observations on such passages as confirmed what had been advanced" in his own sermon in the morning; by this plan those persons who only came to find fault were silenced or baffled, and by degrees his church filled with willing hearers. He devoted himself to his work so entirely that he never left Madeley for ten years after his appointment, and declared that a parish was a greater tie than a wife. However, in the spring of 1770, he was persuaded to take a holiday, and travelled for five months with his friend, Mr. Ireland, in the South of France, where he preached to the Protestants in the Cevennes: he ended by visiting his old home in Switzerland.

But Madeley was now an orderly parish, and Fletcher in consequence was not obliged to occupy himself so exclusively in his work there. Lady Huntingdon had never lost sight of him, and on his return to England she asked him to become the head of the college which she had established in 1769 at Trevecca, in South Wales. This college was intended for religious young men of all denominations, and the terms of admission were that "the students should be truly converted to God, and resolved to dedicate themselves to His service." They were boarded, clothed, and taught for three years at Lady Huntingdon's expense, and after that time were to become either clergymen of the Church of England or Dissenting ministers, as they chose. Fletcher declined the governorship of this college, as he would not leave Madeley; but he consented to act as a sort of superior in it, and made frequent visits to it to appoint masters, to admit or exclude students, to judge of their qualifications for the ministry, and to overlook their studies. But very soon the college began to be divided against itself. Fletcher sent in his resignation, saying that as he should always believe that Christ died for all

men, he considered himself to be discharged from his post. Mr. Benson left the college at the same time, and Fletcher thus wrote to him:—"So far as we can, let us keep this matter to ourselves. When you speak of it to others, rather endeavour to palliate than aggravate what has been wrong in your opponents. Remember that that great lady has been an instrument of great good, and that there are inconsistencies attending the greatest and best of men."

But, as was to be expected, the controversy became public and was continued for some time; Wesley passed on his share in it to Fletcher, and he now wrote his "Checks to Antinomianism"—his principal opponents being the Rev. Augustus Toplady (so well known from his hymns), Sir Richard Hill, of Hawkestone, and his brother, the celebrated Rowland Hill, and the Rev. Mr. Berridge. The dispute was carried on with extreme warmth, and the following anecdote will show the almost incredible bitterness of feeling which it called forth:—A person who took the opposite side to Fletcher in the contest came to hear him preach, and, after plainly showing his objection to the discourse during its progress, said at the end, "I do not like your doctrine, sir, because before the sermon you prayed that all men might be saved. That is false doctrine, and if Christ himself came from heaven to preach it I would not believe it."

Fletcher himself deeply regretted the vehemence shown during the controversy, and used to lament that those engaged in it, "though Christians, wished to gore each other." He seems to have confined himself to the purely argumentative side of the matter, and to have drawn back from the personal attacks into which it would have been easy to fall, and he did his best to make friends with all his opponents. To one angry controversialist who refused to shake hands with him, he said, "My dear brother, we serve the same blessed Lord; why then should we disagree because our liveries are not turned up exactly alike?" But the constant worry and distress which such a quarrel could not fail to bring to a man like Fletcher had a bad effect on his health, which was already weakened by his frequent journeys in all weathers to Travecca, and by his unceasing labours at Madeley. He would often be out in his parish or holding services at five

o'clock in the morning; he generally worked for sixteen hours a day and took no regular meals, and he wearied himself by going to preach at places several miles from Madeley. He was offered another living by the King, whose notice he had attracted by his tract in support of Wesley's view of the right England had to tax the American colonies, but he declined it, saying, "I want nothing but more grace."

However, in 1776, he was obliged to leave Madeley for a considerable time, for his health had completely broken down, and he was thought to be in a consumption. He never expected to recover, but he consented to try the Bristol waters, and to give himself complete rest. At Bristol he was visited by a man who, although far gone in decline, refused to believe that he was dying; after some conversation with him, Fletcher laid his hand on his own chest, and said, "God has fixed a loud knocker at my breast and yours. Because we did not regard as we ought the gentle calls of his Holy Spirit, his Word, and his Providences. He has taken fast hold here, and we cannot get out of His hands, Oh, let the knocker waken you!" Fletcher wrote also in a similar strain to Miss Ireland (whose father had taken her abroad in the vain hope of checking the disease of the lungs from which she suffered):—"To see the bridge of life cut off behind us, and have done with all thoughts of repairing it to go back into the world, has a natural tendency to make us venture to the foot of the Cross. Reflect that though your earthly father loves you much—witness the hundreds of miles he has gone for the bare prospect of your health—yet your Heavenly Father loves you a thousand times better, and He is all wisdom as well as all goodness. Allow then such a gracious, loving Father to choose for you, and if He chooses death, acquiesce, and say, as you can, Good is the will of the Lord; His choice *must* be best."

The Bristol waters had no effect on Fletcher's health and he left England, going first to Aix-les-Bains, and then to his old home at Nyon, where he remained for more than three years. The complete rest and pure air did more towards his recovery than could have been expected. At the end of the three years he was able to preach, and on the few occasions that he did so the church at Nyon was far too small for the congregations which

assembled, and ladders were placed against the windows, and covered with listeners. During this time Fletcher wrote his principal work, "The Portrait of St. Paul;" it was written in French, but has been well translated into English.

In April, 1781, he returned to England, and in the autumn of that year he married Miss Bosanquet, a lady with whom he had been acquainted for more than twenty years. With the exception of one short visit to some friends in Ireland, Fletcher and his wife stayed at Madeley during the four remaining years of his life—he working among his people with undiminished energy, and she helping him in every possible way. But he was well aware of his precarious condition. To a friend he wrote:—"God has lately shaken Mr. Wesley over the grave, notwithstanding I think he will survive me. . . . I have been long walking around my grave." To Wesley himself he wrote, later:—"I keep in my sentry-box till Providence removes me; my situation is quite suited to my little strength. I may do as much or as little as I please, according to my weakness; and I have an advantage here which I can have nowhere else in such a degree—my little field of action is just at my door, so that if I happen to overdo myself I have but to step from my pulpit to my bed, and from my bed to my grave. If I had a body full of vigour, and a purse full of money, I should like well enough to travel about as you do, but as Providence did not call me to it, I readily submit. The snail does best in its shell."

Fletcher's last illness was short. In the beginning of August, 1785, many of his parishioners were ill of fever, and one night, after having been among them for more than twelve hours, he complained of extreme fatigue and weakness. He would not, however, take sufficient rest, and on the following Sunday he insisted on doing the whole of the morning service. In the course of his sermon he nearly fainted, and Mrs. Fletcher, pressing through the crowd, entreated him to stop. But he revived a little when a window was opened and a bunch of flowers given him to smell, and went on to the end. Then his strength failed completely, and he was carried from the church to his bed, from which he never rose. During that week he sank gradually; his people were allowed to pass through the passage by the open

door of his room, and he, full of distress at leaving them, often exclaimed, "Oh, my poor, my poor, what will become of my poor! But," he always added, turning to his wife, "God is love." He died on Sunday, August 14th, and was buried at Madeley on the following Wednesday.

Fletcher's labours were carried on in an obscure part of his adopted country, his few books are not now much known, but the energy with which he began and continued the work to which he devoted himself, and the saintliness of his life, fully explain the reverence still felt for his character and example, and thoroughly justify the description given of him by Wesley—"A pattern of holiness scarcely to be paralleled in a century."

HOPE DEFERRED.

His hand at last! By His own fingers writ,
 I catch my name upon the way-worn sheet;
 His hand—oh, reach it to me quick!—and yet
 Scarce can I hold, so fast my pulses beat.

O feast of soul! O banquet richly spread!
 O passion-lettered scroll from o'er the sea!
 Like a fresh burst of life to one long dead,
 Joy, strength, and bright content come back with thee.

Long prayed and waited for through months so drear,
 Each day methought my wasting heart must break;
 Why is it that our loved ones grow more dear,
 The more we suffer for their sweetest sake?

His hand at last! each simple word aglow
 With truthful tenderness and promise sweet.
 Now to my daily tasks I'll singing go,
 Fed by the music of this way-worn sheet.

PIONEER METHODISM.

BY THE REV. EDWARD EGGLESTON, D.D.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CAMP-MEETING.

EARLY on the Sunday morning of a Quarterly Meeting, on Goodwin's circuit, all the roads were crowded with people. Everybody was on horseback, and almost every horse carried "double." At half-past eight o'clock the love-feast began in the large school-house. No one was admitted who did not hold a ticket, and even of those who had tickets some were turned away on account of their naughty curls, their sinful "artificials," or their wicked ear-rings. At the moment when the love-feast began the door was locked, and no tardy member gained admission. Plates, with bread cut into half-inch cubes, were passed round, and after these glasses of water, from which each sipped in turn—this meagre provision standing ideally for a feast. Then the speaking was opened by some of the older brethren, who were particularly careful as to dates, announcing, for instance, that it would be just thirty-seven years ago the twenty-first day of next November since the Lord "spoke peace to my never-dying soul while I was kneeling at the mourner's bench in Logan's school-house, on the banks of the South Fork of the Roanoke River, in Old Virginny." This statement the brethren had heard for many years, with a proper variation in date as the time advanced, but, now, as in duty bound, they greeted it again with pious ejaculations of thanksgiving. There was a sameness in the perorations of these little speeches. Most of the old men wound up by asking an interest in the prayers of the brethren, that their "last days might be their best days," and that their "path might grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." Soon the elder sisters began to speak of their trials and victories, of their "ups and downs," their "many crooked paths," and the religion that "happifies the soul." With their pathetic voices the fire spread, until the whole meeting was at a white-heat, and cries of "Hallelujah!" "Amen!" "Bless the Lord!" "Glory to God!" and so on expressed the fervour of feeling. Perhaps you, sitting

out of the atmosphere of it and judging coldly, laugh at this indecorous fervour, but for my part I cannot. I know too well how deep and vital were the emotions out of which came these utterances of simple and earnest hearts. I find it hard to get over an early prejudice that piety is of more consequence than propriety.

About six weeks after the Quarterly Meeting Morton rode up to the New Canaan camp-ground on a pleasant midsummer afternoon. He found a lodging in the preacher's tent, where one bed, larger, transversely, than that of the giant Og, was provided for the collective repose of the preachers, of whom there were half-a-dozen present. It was always a solemn mystery to me, by what ingenious overlapping of sheets, blankets, and blue coverlets the sisters who made this bed gave a cross-wise continuity to the bed-clothing.

It was customary for all the neighbouring preachers to leave their circuits and lend their help in a camp-meeting. All detached parties were drawn in to make ready for a pitched battle. Morton had, in his ringing voice, earnest delivery, unflinching courage, and quick wit, rare qualifications for the rude campaign, and, as the nearest preacher, he was, of course, expected to help.

The presiding elder's order to Kike to repair to Jonesville circuit had gone after the zealous itinerant like "an arrow after a wild goose," and he had only received it in season to close his affairs on Pottawottomie Creek circuit and reach this camp-meeting on his way to his new work. His emaciated face smote Morton's heart with terror. The old comrade thought that the death which Kike all but longed for could not be very far away. And even now the zealous and austere young man was so eager to reach his circuit of Peterborough that he would only consent to tarry long enough to preach on the first evening. His voice was weak, and his appeals were often drowned in the uproar of a mob that had come determined to make an end of the meeting.

So violent was the opposition of the rowdies that the brethren were demoralized. After the close of the service they gathered in groups debating whether or not they should give up the meeting. But two invincible men stood in the pulpit looking

out over the scene. Without a thought of surrendering, Magruder and Morton Goodwin were consulting in regard to police arrangements.

"Brother Goodwin," said Magruder, "we shall have the sheriff here in the morning. I am afraid he hasn't got back-bone enough to handle these fellows. Do you know him?"

"Yes; I've known him two or three years."

"Goodwin," continued Magruder, "I don't know how to spare you from preaching and exhorting, but you must take charge of the police and keep order."

"You had better not trust me," said Goodwin.

"Why?"

"If I am in command there'll be a fight. I don't believe in letting rowdies run over you. If you put me in authority, and give me the law to back me, somebody'll be hurt before morning. The rowdies hate me and I am not fond of them. I've wanted such a chance at these fellows ever since I've been on the circuit."

"I wish you *would* clean them out," said the sturdy old elder, the martial fire shining from under his shaggy brows.

Morton soon had the brethren organized into a police. Every man was to carry a heavy club; some were armed with pistols to be used in an emergency. Part of the force was mounted, part marched afoot. Goodwin said that his father had fought King George, and he would not be ruled by a mob. By such fannings of the embers of revolutionary patriotism he managed to infuse into them some of his own courage.

At midnight Morton Goodwin sat in the pulpit and sent out scouts. Platforms of poles, six feet high and covered with earth, stood on each side of the stand or pulpit. On these were bright fires which threw their light over the whole space within the circle of tents. Outside the circle were a multitude of waggons covered with cotton cloth, in which slept people from a distance who had no other shelter. In this outer darkness Morton, as military dictator, had ordered other platforms to be erected, and on these fires were now kindling.

The returning scouts reported at midnight that the ruffians, seeing the completeness of the preparations, had left the campground. Goodwin was the only man who was indisposed to trust

this treacherous truce. He immediately posted his mounted scouts farther away than before on every road leading to the ground, with instructions to let him know instantly, if any body of men should be seen approaching.

From Morton's previous knowledge of the people, he was convinced that in the mob were some men more than suspected of belonging to a gang of thieves. Others were allies of the gang—of that class which hesitates between a lawless disposition and a wholesome fear of the law, but whose protection and assistance is the right foot upon which every form of brigandage stands. Besides these there were the reckless young men who persecuted a camp-meeting from a love of mischief for its own sake; men who were not yet thieves, but from whose ranks the bands of thieves were recruited.

About four o'clock in the morning one of the mounted sentinels who had been posted far down the road came riding in at full speed, with intelligence that the rowdies were coming in force. Goodwin had anticipated this, and he immediately awakened his whole reserve, concentrating the scattered squads and setting them in ambush on either side of the waggon track that led to the camp-ground. With a dozen mounted men, well armed with clubs, he took his own stand at a narrow place where the foliage on either side was thickest, prepared to dispute the passage to the camp. The men in ambush had orders to fall upon the enemy's flanks as soon as the fight should begin in front. It was a simple piece of strategy learned of the Indians.

The marauders rode on two by two until the leaders, coming round a curve, caught sight of Morton and his right hand man. Then there was a surprised reining up on the one hand, and a sudden dashing charge on the other. At the first blow Goodwin felled his man, and the riderless horse ran backward through the ranks. The mob was taken by surprise, and before the ruffians could rally Morton uttered a cry to his men in the bushes, which brought an attack upon both flanks. The rowdies fought hard, but from the beginning the victory of the guard was assured by the advantage of ambush and surprise. The only question to be settled was that of capture, for Morton had ordered the arrest of every man that the guard could bring in. But so sturdy was the

fight that only three were taken. One of the guard received a bad flesh wound from a pistol shot. Goodwin did not give up pursuing the retreating enemy until he saw them dash into the river opposite Jenkinsville. He then rode back, and as it was getting light threw himself upon one side of the great bunk in the preachers' tent, and slept until he was awakened by the horn blown in the pulpit for the eight o'clock preaching.

When Sheriff Burchard arrived on the ground that day he was evidently frightened at the earnestness of Morton's defence. He was one of those politicians who would have endeavoured to patch up a compromise with a typhoon. He was in a strait between his fear of the animosity of the mob and his anxiety to please the Methodists. Goodwin, taking advantage of this latter feeling, got himself appointed a deputy-sheriff, and, going before a magistrate, he secured the issuing of writs for the arrest of those whom he knew to be leaders. Then he summoned his guard as a posse, and, having thus put law on his side, he announced that if the ruffians came again the guard must follow him until they were entirely subdued.

Burchard took him aside, and warned him solemnly that such extreme measures would cost his life. Some of these men belonged to Harp's gang, and he would not be safe if he made enemies of the gang. "Don't throw away your life," entreated Burchard.

"That's what life is for," said Morton. "If a man's life is too good to throw away in fighting the devil, it isn't worth having." Goodwin said this in a way that made Burchard ashamed of his own cowardice.

As there was every sign of an approaching riot during the evening service, and as no man could manage the tempest so well as brother Goodwin, he was appointed to preach. A young theologian of the present day would have drifted helpless on the waves of such a mob. When one has a congregation that listens because it ought to listen, one can afford to be prosy; but an audience that will only listen when it is compelled to listen is the best discipline in the world for an orator. It will teach him methods of homiletic arrangement which learned writers on Sacred Rhetoric have never dreamed of.

The disorder had already begun when Morton Goodwin's tall figure appeared in the stand. Frontier men are very susceptible to physical effects, and there was a clarion-like sound in Morton's voice well calculated to impress them. Goodwin enjoyed battle; every power of his mind and body was at its best in the presence of a storm. He knew better than to take a text. He must surprise the mob into curiosity.

"There is a man standing back in the crowd there," he began, pointing his finger in a certain direction where there was much disorder, and pausing until everybody was still, "who reminds me of a funny story I once heard." At this point the turbulent sons of Belial, who loved nothing so much as a funny story, concluded to postpone their riot until they should have their laugh. Laugh they did, first at one funny story, and then at another—stories with no moral in particular, except the moral there is in a laugh. Brother Mellen, who sat behind Morton, and who had never more than half forgiven him for not coming to a bad end as the result of disturbing a meeting in his wild days, was greatly shocked at Morton's levity in the pulpit, but Magruder, the presiding elder, was delighted. He laughed at each story, and laughed loud enough for Goodwin to hear and appreciate the senior's approval of his drollery. But somehow—the crowd did not know how—at some time in his discourse—the rowdies did not observe when—Morton managed to cease his drollery without detection, and to tell stories that brought tears instead of laughter. The mob was demoralized, and, by keeping their curiosity perpetually excited, Goodwin did not give them time to rally at all. Whenever an interruption was attempted, the preacher would turn the ridicule of the audience upon the interlocutor, and so gain the sympathy of the rough crowd who were habituated to laugh on the side of the winner in all rude tournaments of body or mind. Knowing perfectly well that he would have to fight before the night was over, Morton's mind was stimulated to its utmost. If only he could get the religious interest agoing, he might save some of these men instead of punishing them. His soul yearned over the people. His oratory at last swept out triumphant over everything; there was weeping and sobbing; some fell in uttering

cries of anguish; others ran away in terror. Even Burchard shivered with emotion when Morton described how, step by step, a young man was led from bad to worse, and then recited his own experience. At last there was the utmost excitement. As soon as this hurricane of feeling had reached the point of confusion, the rioter's broke the spell of Morton's speech and began their disturbance. Goodwin immediately invited the penitents into the enclosed pen-like place called the altar, and the whole space was filled with kneeling mourners, whose cries and groans made the woods resound. But at the same moment the rioters increased their noisy demonstrations, and Morton, finding the sheriff inefficient to quell them, descended from the pulpit and took command of his camp-meeting police.

Perhaps the mob would not have secured headway enough to have necessitated the severest measures if it had not been for Mr. Mellen. As soon as he detected the rising storm he felt impelled to try the effect of his stentorian voice in quelling it. He did not ask the permission of the presiding elder, as he was in duty bound to do, but as soon as there was a pause in the singing he began to exhort. His style was violently aggressive, and only served to provoke the mob. He began with the true old Homeric epithets of early Methodism, exploding them like bomb-shells. "You are hair-hung and breeze-shaken over hell," he cried.

"You don't say!" responded one of the rioters, to the infinite amusement of the rest.

For five minutes Mellen proceeded to drop this kind of religious aqua fortis upon the turbulent crowd, which grew more and more turbulent under his inflammatory treatment. Finding himself likely to be defeated, he turned toward Goodwin and demanded that the camp-meeting police should enforce order. But Morton was contemplating a master-stroke that should annihilate the disorder in one battle, and he was not to be hurried into too precipitate an attack.

"They'll get enough of it before daylight," said Goodwin. "Do you get a club and ride by my side to-night, Brother Mellen; I am sure you are a man."

Mellen went for his horse and club, grumbling all the while at Morton's tardiness.

Goodwin had given orders that his scouts should report to him the first attempt at concentration on the part of the rowdies. He had not been deceived by their feints in different parts of the camp, but had drawn his men together. He knew that there was some directing head to the mob, and that the only effectual way to beat it was to beat it in solid form.

At last a young man came running to where Goodwin stood, saying: "They're tearing down a tent."

"The fight will be there," said Morton, mounting deliberately. "Catch all you can. Don't shoot if you can help it. Keep close together. We have got to ride all night."

He had increased his guard by mustering in every able-bodied man, except such as were needed to conduct the meetings. Most of these men were Methodists, but they were all frontiersmen who knew that peace and civilization have often to be won by conflict. By the time this guard started the camp was in extreme confusion; women were running in every direction, children were crying and men were stoutly denouncing Goodwin for his tardiness.

Dividing his mounted guard of thirty men into two parts, he sent one-half round the outside of the camp-ground in one direction, while he rode with the other to attack the mob on the other side. The foot-police were sent through the circle to attack them in a third direction.

As Morton anticipated, his delay tended to throw the mob off their guard. They had demolished one tent, and in great exultation, had begun on another; when Morton's cavalry rode in upon them on two sides, dealing heavy blows with their iron-wood and hickory clubs. Then the foot-men charged them in front, and the mob were forced to scatter and mount their horses as best they could. As Morton had captured some of them, the rest rallied on horseback and attempted a rescue. For two or three minutes the fight was a severe one. The roughs made several rushes upon Morton, and nothing but the savage blows that Mellen laid about him saved the leader from falling into their hands. At last, however, after firing several shots, and wounding

one of the guard, they retreated, Goodwin vigorously persuading his men to continue the charge.

Then they fled, and this time, letting the less guilty rowdies escape, Morton pursued the well-known thieves and their allies through the country, until the hunted fellows abandoned their horses and fled to the woods on foot. For two days more Morton harried them, arresting one of them now and then until he had captured eight or ten. The orderly citizens of the county were so much heartened by this boldness and severity on Morton's part that they combined against the roughs and took the work into their own hands, driving some of the thieves away and terrifying the rest into a sullen submission. The camp-meeting went on in great triumph.

AUTUMN—A SONNET.

BY DAVID M. MOIR.

Now mellow Autumn reigns ; the garden teems
 With golden fruitage, and with fading flowers ;
 The leaves are set among the jasmine bowers,
 And from the west the sun in glory streams
 His crimson radiance on the mossy wall,
 Where netted o'er, and shelter'd from the reach
 Of boy or bird, haug nectarine and peach,
 And plum, and apricot, delicious all.
 Thrice hath the swallow sought wild Obi's shore,
 And bath'd his annual wing in Niger's wave,
 Since last this pebbly walk I traversed o'er,
 Or rested in this flower-enwreathed cave ;
 A thousand images before me rush,
 And o'er my heart-strings like a torrent gush.

—*Blackwood's Magazine*, 1820.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE GRUNDY.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE was born August 24th, 1759. It was one of the many expressions of his gratitude in after life, "that I was not born in less civilized times, when it would have been thought impossible to rear so delicate a child." The child was "father of the man;" for when, at seven years old, he was sent to the Grammar School at Hull, "even then," says one of the masters, "his elocution was so remarkable, that we used to set him upon a table, and make him read aloud, as an example to the other boys."

It is interesting to find that Wilberforce had an early Methodist connection. The death of his father, when he was nine years old, brought him under the roof of an aunt, who was in friendly connection with the early Methodists. So thoroughly did the youthful Wilberforce come under this influence, that he describes himself as having been, when about twelve or thirteen, "completely a Methodist." At this time, however, he returned to his mother's home, where no pains were spared to stifle his religious convictions, amidst a whirl of balls, card-parties, and theatrical amusements; and though at first this mode of life was distressing to him, he gradually became reconciled to it. These worldly influences, however, could not suppress the activity of his mind. He cultivated a taste for literature, committed English poetry to memory for his own amusement, and eventually went up to Cambridge University a very fair scholar. Here he was at once exposed to new temptations. "I was introduced," he says, "on the very first night of my arrival, to as licentious a set of men as can well be conceived. They drank hard, and their conversation was even worse than their lives. Often, indeed, was I horror-struck at their conduct, and after the first year I shook off in great measure my connection with them." We cannot be too thankful for this result of his early Methodist impressions.

From this scene of peril he entered on another when he became Member of Parliament for Hull, at twenty-one years of age. He became at once immersed not only in political, but in fashionable life, connecting himself with five clubs, most luxurious in their style, and in which gambling was prevalent: so that a friend, who knew his inexperience, regarded him as a victim decked out for sacrifice. More than once he lost a hundred pounds; but, strange to say, he was cured of a taste which "seemed too likely to become predominant," by the pain he felt at the annoyance of gentlemen who had to pay large sums which he had won from them. Able to charm the Prince of Wales by his singing, and to set the table in a roar by his powers of mimicry, this was the most critical period of his course.

He was next elected M.P. for Yorkshire, a splendid success under any circumstances, but one which, in those under which it was actually achieved, might well have intoxicated the mind of a young man of twenty-five. On the prorogation of Parliament, he presented himself at York as the "joy" of the races, and spent his twenty-fifth birthday at the top wave of those frivolous amusements which had swallowed up so large a portion of his youth. Here, however, occurred the circumstance which gave a new complexion to his whole life. Failing, to his great surprise, to secure a particular friend as a companion on a continental tour, the invitation was transferred to Isaac Milner, and accepted. Milner, a clergyman, proved more religious in principle than in practice. He defended religion against the raillery of his brilliant companion, and proposed to discuss the subject seriously with him. Just before this journey, Wilberforce took up, casually, Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." Looking hastily over it, he asked Milner its character. "It is one of the best books ever written," was his answer. They read it carefully together. This led him to a study of the Scriptures. His companion and he then read the Greek Testament together. Their conversations on the great subject became more frequent, more serious, and more interesting to him, and issued at length in his decided conversion to God.

The depth and earnestness of his religion were evinced from this time in every possible way. He avowed his change to Pitt,

the great Premier, with whom he was on terms of the closest intimacy, in writing. In his diary he says, "Expect to hear myself soon universally given out to be a Methodist; may God grant that it may be said with truth." He used great effort to stir up the zeal of the bishops; he recommended one of "Wesley's comets," though his biographers are careful to say that in so doing he had no intention of encouraging dissent. It was his suggestion, on a visit to Hannah More, which gave rise to her celebrated Sunday-schools. His greatest service to the cause of spiritual religion, however, was rendered by the publication of his work on "Practical Christianity," a book intended more especially to impress the higher classes of society. "In a devotional rather than a controversial spirit, it brought out clearly and forcibly the great outlines of the revealed Gospel, contrasting them keenly but soberly with the ordinary practice of the day." The circulation of this work was at that time altogether without precedent. In half a year five editions had been called for. In India and America it was eagerly read; it has been translated into the French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, German, and probably other languages; and it would be difficult to overrate its effect in the promotion of earnest piety. Men of the first rank and highest intellect trace to it their serious impressions of religion; and Burke spent much of the last two days of his life in reading it, and derived much comfort from it, sending a message of special thanks to Mr. Wilberforce for having sent such a book into the world.

In this great change, also, we find the key to his zealous labours for the destruction of the slave-trade and slavery. "This," say his biographers, "was the fruit of his religious change; and it is the more necessary distinctly to establish this, because there has gone forth an opinion most injurious to the real spring of all his labours, that he was led by accident to undertake this cause." "The statute, indeed, was framed with an exquisite symmetry, but the ethereal fire was wanting. Personal ambition and generous impulses would have shrunk from the greatness of the undertaking, or grown weary in the protracted struggle, and these had hitherto been the mainsprings of his conduct. 'The first years that I was in Parliament,' he has

said, 'I did nothing—nothing, I mean, to any good purpose; my own distinction was my darling object.' But now he acted upon a new set of principles; his powers of mind, his eloquence of speech, his influence with Mr. Pitt, his general popularity, were now all as talents lent to him by God, and for their due improvement he must render an account. 'God,' he says, in undertaking what became at once a sacred charge,—'God Almighty has set before me two great objects, the suppression of the slave-trade and the reformation of manners.' In this spirit he approached the strife; and let it never be forgotten that it was the fear of God which armed him as the champion of the liberty of man."

His piety was, nevertheless, quite remote from asceticism. Maintaining that close communion with God which was a perpetual fountain of spiritual life and power, he yet entered into a wonderful variety of human interests. During the sittings of Parliament his breakfast and dinner-table were continually *surrounded*. The group in his ante-room was often most amusing, and provoked the wit of Hannah More to liken it to "Noah's Ark, full of beasts, clean and unclean." To name but a portion of the distinguished persons with whom he met in society or corresponded, not only gives us an interesting glimpse of the period through which he lived, but serves to illustrate the many points at which he touched life, and the affinity of his nature for all that was most eminent. Besides an emperor, princes, and all the leading statesmen of his time, we find such a constellation of names as few biographies can boast, including those of Porson, Parr, and Sir W. Jones; Humboldt, Chateaubriand, Talleyrand, and Franklin; the poets Rogers, Wordsworth, Southey, and James Montgomery; Charles Wesley, H. Martyn, John Newton, Leigh Richmond, Rowland Hill, Robert Hall, Edward Irving, and Bishop Heber; with H. More, Mrs. Fry, Joanna Baillie, and Madame de Stael, among the eminent women of his time. Such an array of splendid names of itself suggests the noble order of the life with which they stand associated.

Such being the instrument, let us take a rapid view of the work he accomplished. On May 12th, 1789, he commenced that series of motions in the House of Commons, the fate of which was often sufficiently disheartening, but which issued at length

in the abolition of the slave-trade. He had prepared himself for his work on this occasion by earnest and prolonged examination of evidence on the subject; and his opening speech of three hours and a half in length, judging from its effect on the audience of orators to whom it was addressed, must have been a masterly effort. Burke said "it equalled anything he had heard in modern times, and was not, perhaps, to be surpassed in the remains of Grecian eloquence." Pitt, Fox, Erskine, and others, were equally loud in their eulogies. Yet he says of this speech, which satisfied the greatest orators of his age, that the language was not prepared, "but being well acquainted with the whole subject, I got on!" His vivid description of the horrors of the middle passage, and his forcible appeals, were unsuccessful, but he recorded the case of the friends of abolition in twelve resolutions on the journals of the House. On the 21st of May the discussion was resumed, when the anger of the planters and advocates of the trade displayed itself in violent language, their invectives being, of course, pointed at Mr. Wilberforce. Had the House come to an immediate decision, it might have been in favour of his resolutions; but, at the instance of the planters, it was resolved that counsel should first be heard at the bar of the House. The examination of witnesses consequent upon this lasted until the 23rd of June, when the lateness of the season postponed to another session the decision of the question. Throughout this period his personal attendance in Parliament was incessant; and "House—slave-trade—extremely exhausted," is no unfrequent entry amongst his private memoranda, while outside the House he set in motion as many pens and voices as he could possibly influence for the promotion of the great object he had undertaken, and almost determined to go abroad to further it.

In 1791, having expended much time and an extraordinary amount of labour, in collecting and arranging evidence, he again brought forward his abolition motion. The prospect, however, was now by no means encouraging. When the facts connected with the slave-trade were first made public, such a feeling of indignation was excited against it, that to many there seemed little doubt of its being speedily brought to an end. Sir C.

Middleton, "no sanguine calculator of national virtue," said: "I have little doubt of carrying absolute abolition in the House of Commons, and such restrictions in the House of Lords as will amount to the same thing. Lord H. himself, under such evidence will be ashamed to countenance the trade." A vain anticipation! Self-interest pursues its object with a step steady as time, and an appetite keen as death; and both the Guinea merchants and the West Indian planters—their supposed interests being assailed—not only themselves opposed the abolition movement, but enlisted powerful defenders of the trade. They brought forward witnesses who could paint the convulsions of the fettered negro as "dances," the hold of a slave ship as "redolent with frankincense," the scene of his happiest hours; whilst his landing in the colonies was "an affecting meeting with long parted friends."

Outside the House such men as Dr. Parr discountenanced the enterprise as Utopian, and it was opposed by the leading lawyers of the day. Dr. Peckard, writing to Wilberforce, says: "You, sir, will stand in the British Parliament as did Episcopius in the infamous synod of Dort, with the whole force of truth, with every rational argument, and with all the powers of moving eloquence upon your side, and all to no purpose." As the time for his motion drew nearer, he received the following charge from the dying Wesley, February 24th, 1791:—

"My dear sir,—Unless the Divine power has raised you up to be an Athanasius, *contra mundum*, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise, in opposing that execrable villany which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but if God be for you, who can be against you? Are all of them together stronger than God? Oh, be not weary of well doing. Go on in the name of God, and in the power of His might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it! That He who has guided you from your youth up may continue to strengthen you in this and all things, is the prayer of,

"Dear sir,

"Your affectionate servant,

"JOHN WESLEY."

This letter, so characteristic of the venerable writer, was probably one of the last efforts of his pen. On the day after it was written he sunk into that lethargy which continued until his death, on the 2nd of March. "Wesley's last words," as Wilberforce calls them, were worthy of him.

On May 18th, 1791, the motion was brought forward in another powerful speech by Mr. Wilberforce. He closed with a forcible appeal to the religious sympathies of the House. "There will be a day of retribution, when we shall have to give an account of all the talents, faculties, and opportunities which have been entrusted to us. Let it not then appear that our superior power has been employed to oppress our fellow-creatures, and our superior light to darken the creation of God." He was earnestly supported both by Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt. The opposition was described, even by one of themselves, as the war of the pigmies against the giants; but the pigmies were triumphant, leaving the character, talent, and humanity of the House in a minority of eighty-eight to one hundred and sixty-three, and thus ended all attempts to carry the question for that session.

The plan of action adopted by Wilberforce varied with the circumstances in which he was placed. He now devoted his energies to the Sierra Leone Company—a trading company—formed, not with a view to profit, although it was expected to be profitable; but by extending our commerce to Africa, to assist indirectly in the abolition of the slave-trade, and this object it is said to have signally advanced. He then proposed to bring on his annual motion early in 1792, that, being defeated, as he expected to be, an alarm might be sounded through the land, petitions sent up by the people, and something important carried before the session was over. The prospects of the cause had now become clouded by the antagonism of George III. The time had been when the king had whispered at the *levée*, "How go on your black clients, Mr. Wilberforce?" But he had come to associate the abolition cause with ideas of the French revolution with levellers, Jacobins, and disciples of Tom Paine; and from that time became a determined opponent of it, and his opposition was a fatal obstacle to the exercise of any ministerial influence on its behalf.

If the sympathy of the king was lost, that of the country was being gained, and expressed itself in numerous signed petitions. Thus encouraged, he again brought on his motion for immediate abolition. There was an exciting debate, lasting till near seven o'clock in the morning. His motion for immediate abolition was lost, but another motion, for gradual abolition of the trade, was carried by a large majority,—two hundred and thirty-eight to eighty-five. There were great congratulations on even this limited success, but the House of Lords did not ratify this decision of the Commons, and the question was postponed to the following session. By the time the motion of Mr. Wilberforce was renewed, the odium thrown upon the cause by its supposed association with revolutionary politics was such, that even the House of Commons refused to renew its own decision of the preceding year, and the little ground apparently gained was again lost.

In 1795, by a wonderful achievement of personal influence and eloquence, Wilberforce turned the rising tide of disloyalty in the country, and laid the ministry under weighty obligations. Taking advantage of the accession to his influence thus obtained, ever steady to his great purpose, he introduced his abolition motion at the earliest possible moment. To members who pleaded for the postponement of the question till the return of peace, he replied, "There is something not a little provoking in the dry calm way in which gentlemen are apt to speak of the sufferings of others. The question suspended! Is the desolation of wretched Africa suspended? Are all the complicated miseries of this atrocious trade—is the work of death suspended? No, sir, I will not delay this motion; and I call upon the House not to insult the forbearance of Heaven by delaying this tardy act of justice." To his surprise and joy he carried his motion by a majority of twenty-six. In a small House, the second reading also was carried; but on going into committee his heart was sickened and his indignation excited by another defeat. This gleam of success was something like the supposed discovery of land by the sailors of Columbus on his ever memorable voyage. They were still in mid ocean, and the imagined land melts into

mist, dashing their joy with bitter disappointment. Defeat again awaited him the following year. No land in sight!

Repulsed, but not conquered, we find him returning to the charge early in the spring of 1798, when he was supported by the eloquence of Canning, but opposed by Windham. Defeat again befel the cause of abolition; "but, on the whole," says Mr. Wilberforce, "we got ground;" a conviction which encouraged both him and the friends of the cause to untiring exertions. Wilberforce made it his chief business, and on the 1st of March, 1799, he again brought forward his motion for immediate abolition. Canning's wit, with the eloquence of Pitt and Wilberforce, helped to relieve the sameness of a contest which had now lasted for eleven years; but all did not avail. The decision of the House was still against him.

Some minor measures were now attempted. Of these the Slave Limitation Bill was carried in the Commons, but rejected by the Lords. "Never," says Wilberforce, "so disappointed and grieved by any defeat." There was now a change of ministry, and the only circumstance which prevented Mr. Wilberforce joining the government was his decided attitude on the slave-trade. In the prospect of peace in 1802, he addressed a pressing letter to Mr. Addington, now Prime Minister, suggesting a Grand Abolition Convention. This also failed, and the state of affairs, both this and the following year, obliged him to postpone his usual motion. "All this time," he laments, "the wicked abominations of the slave-trade are going on in a greater degree than ever."

At length, however, the prospect began to brighten, for there had been a gradual growth of abolition sentiment in the country. He had still arrayed against him a body formidable for numbers, wealth, and station; but on bringing forward his motion in May, 1804, he carried it in the House of Commons by an overwhelming majority, and from that time regarded the issue as certain. He feared the House of Lords, however, and with reason, for four of the royal family went to the House to vote against his bill; and he was obliged to consent—how reluctantly we may well believe—to the postponement of the question to another year. He was now harrassed by Pitt's delays. A reconciliation be-

tween him and Addington proved something like that between Pilate and Herod, issuing in the Saviour's crucifixion—his motion this year (1805), to his astonishment and dismay, being again thrown out by the Commons. He could only, in these trying circumstances, fall back upon his principles, and upon the justice and mercy of that God, whose work, he felt assured, he was doing.

The death of Pitt, and shortly afterwards of Fox, removed two of those whose great eloquence had been uniformly employed in support of the measures of Mr. Wilberforce. But with the extinction of these great lights came a brighter prospect for the cause. Resolutions, "to abolish the trade with all practicable expediency," were now affirmed by a majority of one hundred to fourteen, and he regarded the days of the traffic as numbered.

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* now wrote—"We rejoice to contemplate this distinguished person, standing on the brink of his final triumph in the greatest battle ever fought by human beings, and an object, we really think, of just envy to the most ambitious of mortals." His triumph was now delayed by a dissolution of parliament, and the most strenuous efforts had still to be made to maintain the abolition fervour. Mr. Wilberforce wrote a book to keep the fire burning. He had yet two Cabinet ministers and the reigning family against him; but so wonderful had been the general change of opinion, that in the House of Lords itself the abolition was carried (Feb. 4, 1807) by one hundred to thirty-four votes; and when the debate came on in the House of Commons, the culmination of the interest was manifest in the eagerness of members to speak, six or eight rising at once, and, *at last*, the issue for which he had so long toiled and waited arrived, in a vote of two hundred and eighty-three against sixteen to abolish the infamous traffic.

Sir S. Romilly, on this great occasion, referring to the position of Mr. Wilberforce, entreated the young members of parliament to let this day's event be a lesson to them—how much the rewards of virtue exceed those of ambition—and then contrasted the feelings of the Emperor of the French, in all his greatness, with those of that honourable individual, who would that day lay his head upon his pillow, and remember that the slave-trade was no more;

and the House burst into unprecedented acclamations, so that the feelings of Wilberforce were quite overcome. As throughout the struggle he had looked upwards for direction and help, so he did now, in devout gratitude. "Oh, what thanks do I owe the Giver of All Good, for bringing me in His gracious providence to this great cause, which, at length, after almost nineteen years' labour, is successful!" This, nevertheless, was only the beginning of the end. There was much work still to be done before the final suppression of this horrible trade; it was a monster not easily destroyed, but Wilberforce thus struck the first great blow, and advanced the anti-slavery cause by a stage of the utmost importance; and he watched and worked without ceasing to render the Acts passed as far as possible effectual.

The last three years of his parliamentary career were spent in giving the first impulse to that movement against slavery itself which resulted in final emancipation. In 1822 we find the old fire flaming out in a speech on this subject; "the best," says Mr. Buxton, "that I ever heard him make." He opened the second act in the great drama by the presentation (March, 1823) of a petition from the Quakers, who, having been the first to protest against the slave-trade, now led the way in the attack on slavery. But the time had now come when he found it necessary to commit the lead to a younger hand. His last words in the House were on this subject, and truly might he say, "*Liberavi meam animam.*" He had, indeed, delivered his soul. He relinquished his parliamentary position in consequence of failing energy, but he grew old without losing any of his youthful freshness of spirit; and just as the calm evening of his well-spent day of life was closing, he was permitted to learn that his brightest hopes were about to be fulfilled, and the grand aim of his life consummated by the liberation of the slaves of our West Indian possessions. It adds little to the lustre of such a life, that at its close the most renowned of the land, with princes of the blood, should attend the form in which it was lived to its resting-place in Westminster Abbey; but it shows that service for humanity commands the homage of mankind; and that a cause resting on the principles of eternal justice, though it may have to struggle through the night and storm of opposition, will have its assured triumph, and its faithful friends their recompense of reward.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF GOD.

BY W. H. C. KERR, M.A.

“ My grace is sufficient for thee.”

*Ἄρκει σοι ἡ χάρις μου· ἡ γὰρ δύναμις
μου ἐν ἀσθενείᾳ τελειοῦται.*

Ad Corinth. Ep. ii. c. xii. v. 9.

WHEN Affliction's chastening rod
Smites at the command of God,
Let these accents, Saviour dear,
Softly whispered, greet my ear,
Soothe my heart and aching brow :
Ἄρκει σοι ἡ χάρις μου.

When by Faith I am made whole,
And sound Health restores my soul,
Every pulse shall throb with joy,
Hope and peace without alloy,
While Thy lips renew the vow :
Ἄρκει σοι ἡ χάρις μου.

When in Mammon's golden light
All earth's winsome scenes are dight,
Guerdon me with wealth divine ;
Oft at Golgotha's sad shrine,
Poor in spirit, let me bow :
Ἄρκει μοι ἡ χάρις σου.

When Adversity's dark day
Scowls on my embarrassed way,
Then Thy consolations strong
I'll recount in cheerful song,
And, exceeding rich, avow :
Ἄρκει μοι ἡ χάρις σου.

On Life's journey as I go,
Sick or well, in weal or woe,
Faith in sickness, Hope in health,
Love in poverty or wealth,
Strength in weakness, perfect Thou !
Ἄρκει μοι ἡ χάρις σου.

SERMONS—THE CHOICE OF A TEXT.

BY CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

I.

I TRUST that we all feel very deeply the importance of conducting every part of divine worship with the utmost possible efficiency. When we remember that the salvation of a soul may hang, instrumentally, upon the choice of a hymn, we should not consider so small a matter as the selection of the psalms and hymns to be a trifle. An ungodly stranger, stepping into one of our services at Exeter Hall, was brought to the cross by the words of Wesley's verse—"Jesu, lover of my soul." "Does Jesus love me?" said he: "then why should I live in enmity to Him?" When we reflect, too, that God may very especially bless an expression in our prayer to the conversion of a wanderer; and that prayer in the unction of the Holy Spirit, may minister greatly to the edification of God's people, and bring unnumbered blessings down upon them, we shall endeavour to pray with the best gift and the highest grace within our reach. Since, also, in the reading of the Scriptures comfort and instruction may be plentifully distributed, we shall pause over our opened Bibles, and devoutly seek to be guided to that portion of Holy Writ which shall be most likely to be made useful.

With regard to the sermon, we shall be most anxious, first of all, respecting the selection of the text. No one amongst us looks upon the sermon in so careless a light as to conceive that a text picked up at random, will be suitable for every, or indeed, for any occasion. We are not all of Sydney Smith's mind, when he recommended a brother at loss for a text, to preach from "Parthians and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia;" as though anything would do for a sermon. I hope we all make it a matter of very earnest and serious consideration, every week, what shall be the subjects upon which we shall address our people on the Sabbath morning and evening; for, although all Scripture is good and profitable, yet it is not all equally appropriate for every occasion. To

everything there is a season ; and everything is the better for being seasonable. A wise householder labours to give to each one of the family his portion of meat in due season ; he does not serve out rations indiscriminately, but suits the viands to the needs of the guests. Only a mere official, the slave of routine, the lifeless automaton of formalism, will be content to snatch at the first subject which comes to hand. The man who plucks topics as children in the meadows gather buttercups and daisies, just as they offer themselves, may act in accordance with his position in a church into which a patron may have thrust him, and out of which the people cannot eject him ; but those who profess to be called of God, and selected to their positions by the free choice of believers, will need to make fuller proof of their ministry than can be found in such carelessness. Among many gems we have to select the jewel most appropriate for the setting of the occasion. We dare not rush into the King's banquet hall with a confusion of provisions as though the entertainment were to be a vulgar scramble, but as well-mannered servitors we pause and ask the great Master of the feast, "Lord, what wouldst thou have us set upon thy table this day?"

Some texts have struck us as most unhappily chosen. We wonder what Mr. Disraeli's rector did with the words, "In my flesh shall I see God," when lately preaching at a village harvest home! Exceedingly unfortunate was the funeral text for a murdered clergyman (Mr. Plow), from "So He giveth His beloved sleep." Most manifestly idiotic was he who selected "Judge not, that ye be not judged," for a sermon before the judges at an assize.

Do not be misled by the sound and seeming fitness of scriptural words. M. Athanase Coquerel confesses to having preached on a third visit to Amsterdam, from the words, "This is the third time I am coming to you," 2 Corinthians xiii. 1—well may he add, that he "found great difficulty in afterwards putting into this discourse what was fitting to the occasion." A parallel case was that of one of the sermons on the death of the Princess Charlotte from, "She was sick and died." It is still much worse to select words out of a miserable facetiousness, as in the case of a sermon on the death of Abraham Lincoln, from the sentence, "Abraham is dead." It is said that a student, who it is to be hoped never emerged from

the shell, preached a sermon in public, before his tutor, Dr. Philip Doddridge. Now the good man was accustomed to place himself immediately in front of the student, and look him full in the face, judge therefore of his surprise, if not indignation, when the text announced ran in these words, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" I pardon the man who preached before that drunken Solomon, James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, from James i. 6, the temptation was too great to be resisted; but let the wretch be for ever execrated, if such a man ever lived, who celebrated the decease of a deacon by a tirade from, "It came to pass that the beggar died."

As we would avoid a careless accidental pitching upon topics, so would we equally *avoid a monotonous regularity*. I have heard of a divine who had fifty-two Sunday sermons, and a few extra ones for holy days, from which he was wont to preach in regular order, year after year. In his case, there would be no need that the people should entreat that the same things should be spoken to them on the next Sabbath-day, nor would there be much wonder if imitators of Eutyclus should be found in other places beside the third loft. It is not very long ago since a clergyman said to a farmer friend of mine, "Do you know, Mr. D——, I was turning over my sermons the other day, and really the parsonage is so damp, especially in my study, that my sermons have become quite musty." My friend, who although he was churchwarden, attended a Dissenting place of worship, was not so rude as to say that *he thought it very likely*; but as the village venerables had frequently heard the aforesaid discourses, it is possible they were musty in more senses than one. There are persons in the ministry who, having accumulated a little stock of sermons, repeat them *ad nauseam*, with horrible regularity. Itinerating brethren must be far more subject to this temptation than those who are stationed for several years in one place. If they fall victims to the habit, it must surely be the end of their usefulness, and send an intolerable death-chill into their hearts, of which their people must soon be conscious while they hear them parroting forth their time-worn productions. The very best invention for promoting spiritual idleness must be the plan of acquiring a two or three years' stock of sermons, and repeating them in order again and again.

Be it then taken for granted, that we all feel it to be most important, not only to preach the truth, but to preach the right truth for each particular occasion ; our effort will be to descant upon such subjects as shall be best adapted to our people's wants, and most likely to prove a channel of grace to their hearts.

Is there any difficulty in obtaining texts? I remember, in my earlier days, reading somewhere in a volume of lectures upon Homiletics, a statement which considerably alarmed me at the time ; it was something to this effect : " If any man shall find a difficulty in selecting a text, he had better at once go back to the grocer's shop, or to the plough, for he evidently has not the capacity required for a minister." Now, as such had been very frequently my cross and burden, I enquired within myself whether I should resort to some form of secular labour, and leave the ministry ; but I have not done so, for I still have the conviction that, although condemned by the sweeping judgment of the lecturer, I follow a call to which God has manifestly set His seal. I was so much in trouble of conscience through the aforesaid severe remark, that I asked my grandfather, who had been in the ministry some fifty years, whether he was ever perplexed in choosing his theme. He told me frankly that this had always been his greatest trouble, compared with which, preaching in itself was no anxiety at all. I remember the venerable man's remark, " The difficulty is not because there are not enough texts, but because there are so many, that I am in a strait betwixt them." Brethren, we are sometimes like the lover of choice flowers, who finds himself surrounded by all the beauties of the garden, with permission to select but one. How long he lingers between the rose and the lily, and how great the difficulty to prefer one among ten thousand blooming lovelinesses !

To me still, I must confess, my text selection is a very great embarrassment—an embarrassment of riches, very different from the bewilderment of poverty—the anxiety of attending to the most pressing of so many truths, all clamouring for a hearing, so many duties all needing enforcing, and so many spiritual needs of the people all demanding supply. I confess that I frequently sit hour after hour praying and waiting for a subject, and that this is the main part of my study ; much hard labour have I spent in

manipulating topics, ruminating upon points of doctrine, making skeletons out of verses and then burying every bone of them in the catacombs of oblivion, sailing on and on over leagues of broken water, till I see the red lights and make sail direct to the desired haven. I believe that almost any Saturday in my life I make enough outlines of sermons, if I felt at liberty to preach them, to last me for a month, but I no more dare to use them than an honest mariner would run to shore a cargo of contraband goods. Themes flit before the mind one after another, like images passing across the photographer's lens, but until the mind is like the sensitive plate, which retains the picture, the subjects are valueless to us.

What is the right text? How do you know it? We know it by the signs of a friend. When a verse gives your mind a hearty grip, from which you cannot release yourself, you will need no further direction as to your proper theme. Like the fish, you nibble at many baits, but when the hook has fairly pierced you, you will wander no more. When the text gets a hold of us, we may be sure that we have a hold of it, and may safely deliver our souls upon it. To use another simile: you get a number of texts in your hand, and try to break them up; you hammer at them with might and main, but your labour is lost; at last you find one which crumbles at the first blow, and sparkles as it falls in pieces, and you perceive jewels of the rarest radiance flashing from within. It grows before your eye like the fabled seed which developed into a tree while the observer watched it. It charms and fascinates you, or it weighs you to your knees and loads you with the burden of the Lord. Know then that this is the message which the Lord would have you deliver; and, feeling this, you will become so bound by that scripture that you will never feel at rest until you have yielded your whole mind to its power, and have spoken upon it as the Lord shall give you utterance. Wait for that elect word, even if you wait till within an hour of the service. This may not be understood by cool, calculating men, who are not moved by impulses as we are, but to some of us these things are a law in our hearts against which we dare not offend. We tarry at Jerusalem till power is given.

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

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARCE.

Author of "Daniel Quorm," etc.

CHAPTER VI.—OLD FRIEND CHAFFER—WHAT HE DID.

Now of all the prosiac folks of this parish of Hill'sam there was none with so little promise in his appearance as our old Friend Chaffer.

A little bent old man, with flat feet that shuffled along uneasily, was what one saw at the first glance. "As tender as old Friend Chaffer's corns," was a well-worn proverb with Mr. Horn, by which he usually summed up his opinion of folk that were easily put out and vexed. As he shuffled nearer there was disclosed a figure quaint in feature, expression, and dress. The hat, that once held the skull of an eminent divine, accommodated itself to this smaller head by lying back until it almost rested upon his shoulders and projected in front immediately above the eyes, just a fringe of flat hair marking the line of separation. Underneath was a pair of as pleasant eyes as ever merry wrinkles played around ; the cheeks and dumpy nose were scorched into a permanent glossy redness ; the mouth, large and sunken, was fixed into an unchangeable smile that seemed to give a twist to all he said, making the husky sentences end in a sort of little laugh. A velveteen coat with sporting buttons hung in folds around the little old man. The trousers might have laid claim to all the privileges of apostolical succession, and like the doctrine itself, had to be much patched from many sources.

His life had been spent as a farm labourer. On ten shillings a week he and his good wife had brought up a family of eleven children, and now at seventy years of age he found his hard work rewarded with a parish allowance of five shillings a week.

Look well at him, for he is a hero. Ay, look well at him, as Mister Horn would often say, look well at him in this world, for he will be too high up for most of us to see him in the next.

If the very many thousands whose names fill the Annual Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society were to pass before us, a vaster, perhaps a more imposing procession had never been beheld. Crowned heads and robes of royalty would swell its pomp; generous merchants and devoted ladies would testify that giving doth not impoverish; chieftains decked with feathers and wild beasts' skins would lead on their tribes; furred wanderers from the North would march beside the negro and the stately Brahmin—almost every nation would lend its variety of costume and appearance, and send its pledges that all the kingdoms of the earth should become the kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ. But first and foremost should be none of these. Not the king with splendid gift in stately chariot—not the chief enthroned with barbaric pomp upon the glittering elephant—not the stalwart leader of a once savage tribe now bringing the weapons of cruelty to lay at the feet of the Prince of Peace—not the merchant-prince whose vast munificence has made his name a household word throughout the world. Heading the mighty host should be a little stature and quaint figure hurrying on with shuffling feet—first and foremost would be our old Friend Chaffer!

With five shillings a week to live on—five shillings for rent and food, for firing and clothes, with class money never forgotten—he appears in this year's report *for one pound and twelve shillings!*

One pound twelve! It sets one thinking of the Report, and of what some of those entries mean that look so unimportant and are so quickly read—what stories of self-denial are locked up in them—what schemings to save, what struggles to spare! Ay, and more commonly forgotten, what system beginning thus has unconsciously spread itself throughout all the management, and wrought more than its own supply!

This one pound twelve was the result of a year's hard and painful work. Miles were shuffled over to collect a shilling and very often for less. Little bits of garden produce were lovingly worked at, and eagerly sold for a few pence. How warily the conversation would be turned round when any one dropped in, how cunningly led up to a certain point until suddenly the box made its appearance, explaining and applying all that had gone

before! The philosophy of that Scripture, "A liberal man *deviseth* liberal things," could find no better illustration than in old Friend Chaffer. With no such restless thought did ever genius seek to apply a new principle or to produce the new machine; with no such uneasy watchfulness did ambition ever try to turn advantages to its own account as that with which old Friend Chaffer sought to fill his box. Like the woman of Bible story, he had but "a precious box" to bring for his Master's acceptance and service, and to fill it richly full each year was his dream, his ambition, and his toil.

Picture the large hat, the glossy face, the loose coat, shuffling up the hill with the missionary box under his arm, tied up in a coloured cotton handkerchief. In this sweltering heat and with his painful steps it will be an hour's hard work to get to the farmhouse to which he is going. At length he reaches it, and stands amid the sheds. And now, making the pigeons fly disturbed from the barn roof and making the old dog moan in dismal concert, the little husky voice sings to the traditional tune the familiar hymn:—

" Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound :
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home."

Then panting with the effort, and pausing to recover breath and to stroke the little fringe of flat hair over his eyes, he sang the second and other verses of the hymn.

At once the news spread that old Friend Chaffer had arrived. All knew him, and all were compelled to like him if it were only for his simple, cheery face. The master came across the yard from the stock to lean upon his spade with an amused attention, and to roll in a few bass notes when it came to the last two lines; the "missis" and eager children crowded the old porch; the servants looked out from the windows, and boys, in little smocks and gaiters, gathered round him with a customary grin. When the hymn was gone through, the box was carefully

untied and handed to the master, and thence throughout the house. Everybody gave something. As it came back again it was a picture worthy of any pencil to see the little old head hung on one side as the box was lifted to try its increased weight, the face glowing with contentment, and the mouth and cheeks and eyes all puckered up into a hundred quaint wrinkles that seemed to vie with each other in expression of merry gratitude. Then came a verse or two of the hymn :—

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
 Doth His successive journey run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more."

Again the box was carefully wrapt up, and the little bent figure shuffled homeward, past all work for himself, but thankful, most thankful, that he could still do something for his beloved Master.

Once he boldly proposed to call upon the parson of the parish, who had not more kindly regard for the Methodists than one could expect ; they were a sort of poachers who trespassed and poached upon his preserves with impunity. When old Friend Chaffer suggested it to his wife she was almost alarmed, and tried to talk him out of it. The matter soon dropped, and the good wife triumphantly concluded that he had given up so wild a notion ; but, unknown to her, he shuffled away one day to the rectory.

The good clergyman received him kindly, and heard his request, and, indeed, handled with some curiosity the treasured box. But putting it down, as old Friend Chaffer finished his appeal, he reminded him that he knew nothing of the Wesleyan Missions, and must have some information first. At once the old man promised to bring him a Report. Six weary miles he trudged to fetch it from the Superintendent at Gippington, and six miles back, and the next day stole away quietly again to the parson.

"He did stare when he saw so much readin'," the old man told us afterward ; "he looked quite frightened when I said I 'ud leave it with him to *read it through*."

A week after old Friend Chaffer went once more. The good clergyman was amazed and much interested.

"Why, I thought you Methodists were a feeble folk, but I find that you do even more than we do." (It was a treat to see old Friend Chaffer's face as he told of that!) "I really can't give you less than five shillings. Come for it yourself every year, and lend me the Annual Report of your Society."

"I was comin' out o' the passage," the old man went on, "and 'twas darkish, and I did'n' know anybody was near by, and I was sayin' to myself, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul,' when the door was opened for me, and I saw the parson's good lady, and she say, 'You mustn't tell any one; but here's another half-crown for you, Chaffer, and I wish I could give you more;'—and the way she said it was as good as five shillings, 'twas so kind and pretty spoken."

But it was not his skill as a missionary collector only that gained for him the title of "a wonder." There was a story that old Friend Chaffer would but seldom allude to, but which Mister Horn delighted to tell to every one.

From the time of his conversion Chaffer had determined to devote something regularly to the work of God. It was no easy task, with an additional mouth to be filled each year, while the wages kept at the same hard line.

"I al'us carried my class penny in my waistcoat pocket till the Sunday meetin'," the old man has told us, "so that it was sure whatever come. But then there was the Missions; I loved them very much, and al'us read the 'Notices;' an' there was a collection or two, an' one thing an' another, so as I wanted three or four pennies more sometimes. My neighbours 'ud say to me as it wa'n't needed for me to do so much; but I say to them, 'If I was an archangel, I'd try to sing my very best to the Lord, but seein' as I a'n't, well, the on'y thing is to do the best thing as I can 'pon ten shillin' a-week and 'leven children. Why, bless ye, it's wholly the same if *we do our best!*'"

Here, too, the liberal mind devised liberal things. The little garden around his cottage grew a few vegetables, and two or three fruit trees sent a few baskets during the year to market. Choosing the sunniest corner, in which grew his choicest apple tree, he christened that "the Lord's bit." Whatever he could make out of that was to be given away. Love is satisfied only when it

gives its best. This corner received of all the most careful labour, this was the first to be dug up and planted, and for this was reserved the pick of roots and seeds. Here the depredations of the frost and earliest sign of blight were most jealously traced, and here the promise of the spring and the summer were most joyfully anticipated.

But once there came a time when the garden began to grow neglected. The weeds stood thick and tall. The unpruned trees were tangled with wild creepers. Chaffer's familiar face was missed from the Sunday services. He had been brought home from his work with an injured leg, and lay upon his bed without a prospect of leaving it for months. Then sore want slowly stripped the house. The little savings put by for some such rainy day were soon gone through—one by one disappeared the less needed things about the house. Again the wolf was at the door, and there seemed nothing left with which to drive him away. The children were coming again, and there was not a crust in the house.

The anxious wife bethought her of something that would scare the wolf. Laid by in a box, carefully wrapt in a piece of paper, were four shillings—four precious shillings!—the produce of "the Lord's bit." Taking them in her hand, she came to her husband—they were starving—could they not take this money, or at least borrow it and pay it back when times were better? Little Chaffer, burdened as he was with bitter wants, had hitherto borne up bravely. But now he burst into tears. "What," he cried, "play Ananias and Sapphira, and rob our only Friend! O no, no lass!" he went on as the tears streamed down his cheeks, "if it is the Lord's will we can starve and die and go home to heaven, but we ma'nt do this, come what will."

The poor wife turned in despair to the lingering herbs in the garden, and gathering what little there was, went off to Gippington to pick up what she could for them.

Chaffer lay in the lonely place thinking of the Lord and of His ways. "Well, we're come to the last pinch now," he sighed, "and may be it is the turnin' point. The doctor tell me I ma'nt set my foot to ground, but I'll try, happen the Lord 'll help me."

Painful and stiff the leg was, and it was with much difficulty

that he hobbled to the door. He crept along to "the Lord's bit," and looked at it with such a grief as that with which one would look for the first time at the grave of some most beloved friend.

"Well, I ma'n't let this be, if I never do anything else. I'm up now, and may never be up agen, and it 'll comfort me to know as my last bit o' work was for Him."

And the withered hands clung to the spade, and he struggled slowly to turn over the earth. It was hard work, but done with a desperateness as if it were love's last effort. He was in the midst of his work when his wife was coming down the hill toward their cottage. She had sold her herbs and was returning with at least one day's supply, when she caught sight of her husband in the garden. She could scarcely believe her eyes at first, but soon surprise gave way to grief and vexation, and as she appeared at the gate poor Chaffer hobbled in before the coming storm, and crept back again to his couch.

The storm of course soon blew over, for it was only the anger of anxious affection, especially as Chaffer found himself only wearied by his effort. The next day he crept out again, and finished "the bit." Strength rapidly returned, and in a few days he went back to his work, nor ever felt anything more of the injury.

"Eh, wife," he whispered, when he brought home his wages, "I should be on my back yet, if we'd touched the money o' 'the Lord's bit.'"

So old Friend Chaffer came to be called "a wonder."

CONSECRATION.

"Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken, an empty vessel,
For the Master's use made meet;
Empty, that He might fill me,
As forth to His service I go,
Broken, that so unhindered
His life through me might go."

RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. CHALMERS.

BY JOHN SINCLAIR.

I HAD scarcely any personal intercourse with this great and good man until the year 1828, when he exchanged the chair of moral philosophy at St. Andrews for the professorship of divinity at Edinburgh. I was at that time assistant minister of St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel, York Place, Edinburgh, and having long admired the character and attainments of the new professor, I resolved to attend his first course of lectures. My expectations were high, and they were not disappointed. He was always instructive, always earnest, and often brilliantly eloquent. It was interesting to observe the never-failing attention of his class. From the commencement to the close of his lecture they maintained a breathless silence; during his more impassioned flights of oratory they eagerly bent forward, and sometimes those that were in the back rows stood up. On one remarkable occasion, when he was powerfully demonstrating the impossibility of order arising out of chaos without the agency of an intelligent Creator, I observed that, by degrees, not merely the front rows, but nearly the whole class had risen. I am not sure that I was not myself among those who instinctively gave this evidence of excitement.

In Dr. Chalmers's delivery there was a happy peculiarity, which tended greatly to keep alive attention. When he reached a climax, he would pause for a few moments, and give his auditory opportunity to cough, change their posture, and prepare to follow him in another flight. He resumed his lecture in a slow, familiar style, approaching to conversation, from which he gradually rose to rapid and vehement declamation.

As a clergyman of the Church of England, I was gratified to find that the three text-books he selected for the use of his students were all by Anglican divines, namely: Butler's *Analogy*, Paley's *Evidences*, and Horne's *Introduction to the Scriptures*.

He did ample justice to Bishop Butler, and was never weary of praising him, both as a moralist and a divine. He once re-

lated an anecdote of David Hume, to show how highly even that prince of skeptics estimated Butler's great work. "Mr. Arbutnot," he said, "father of our Lord Provost, met Mr. Hume soon after the publication of the *Analogy*, and asked him what he thought of it. 'It is a wonderful book,' says Mr. Hume; 'it has all the force of demonstration.' Startled at this acknowledgment, Mr. Arbutnot exclaimed: 'How I wish that you would only make this admission public! Pardon me, but I think it would do more good than all your writings put together.' 'You are in a hurry,' replied Hume; 'I was about to add, "granting the premises," in other words, admitting that there is a Natural Governor of the world.'" Certainly, the acknowledgment that the *Analogy* ought to make every man a Christian who is not an atheist, was a remarkable concession to extort from a philosopher who had the *Dialogues on Natural Religion* in his desk, ready for publication after his decease.

One of the divines whom the Doctor most admired was Jonathan Edwards, with whom he cordially agreed as to absolute predestination, and the bondage of the will. I do not recollect, however, to have heard him advert to an anecdote of David Hume, related to me by a staunch Arminian, which would have formed no inappropriate sequel to the one just related. When Edwards published his celebrated *Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will*, some one asked Hume what he thought of it. He replied, "I entirely agree with Edwards: his divinity is in perfect accordance with my philosophy; only I do not think that he has gone far enough." "How so?" "When he had disproved the freedom of the will, he ought to have considered that he thereby disproved also responsibility and retribution." Edwards, being informed of this criticism, engaged to answer Hume, and to reconcile responsibility with the bondage of the will; but when Hume read the answer, he pronounced it the only feeble part of Edwards's great work.

While Dr. Chalmers was discharging his professional duties with marvellous energy and ability, he received a miserably scanty remuneration. The endowment of his professorship amounted only to £200 a year, and he was not entitled to fees from the students. In the case of the enrolled students, who,

preparatory to ordination, were compelled to attend his class, this exemption was intelligible; but there was no reason why it should be extended to voluntary students, to whom he gave tickets of admission as a favour. I felt this so strongly that I took an active part in prevailing upon the voluntary students to pay a voluntary fee. The sum thus collected was £200—a tribute of respect and gratitude which, small as it was, the professor did us the favour to accept in terms which afforded us the highest gratification.

The presence of unenrolled students in the divinity class gave additional suitableness to the professor's often repeated remarks on what he termed a "theological public." "I do not wish," he would say, "that you should all be *writers* on theology, but I do most earnestly wish that you should all be *readers* of theology. For if learned books are to be written, there must be readers sufficiently learned to appreciate them, and not only readers, but *purchasers*. I would, therefore, most emphatically urge you to form the nucleus of a theological public, in order that a sound theological literature may be called forth, and spread throughout the land."

Among the many eloquent speeches I have heard in the course of my long life, the most eloquent was delivered by Dr. Chalmers in the Assembly-Rooms at Edinburgh in 1829, on Roman Catholic Emancipation. Although decidedly adverse to the object of the meeting, I resolved to attend; but I soon found reason to repent, for not only the assembly-room itself, but all the passages and staircases leading to it were thronged with persons determined at all hazards to gain admittance; it seemed as if two persons were resolved to squeeze into the space which was only capable of holding one. I was in imminent personal danger. It is a great mistake to suppose that in a dense crowd height is an advantage. My pliant, yielding ribs were well-nigh stove in by the pressure of the hard, unyielding shoulders of shorter men. But there was no escape. I was, in pain as well as peril, until I found shelter in an obscure corner. At length the grandees of the platform presented themselves, and the proceedings commenced. No one received much attention, and the tumult still continued, when Dr. Chalmers rose. He

stretched forth his hand as a signal for silence, but a thousand voices simultaneously cried out, "Gallery! gallery!" referring to an orchestra half-way down the side of the room, from which it was supposed he would be better heard. The Doctor did not like so theatrical an exhibition, and repeatedly renewed his signal for silence; but he was always saluted with the cry of "Gallery! gallery!" At length, coming forward to the edge of the platform, and straining to the utmost his powerful voice, he roared out, "Gentlemen, if you will only be silent for one moment, I pledge myself to make you hear on both sides of your heads." Immediately there was a deathlike stillness. Every one now felt that the Doctor must be audible. It was under these stirring circumstances that he began his memorable speech. I can not refrain from inserting part of his magnificent peroration:—

"It is not because I hold popery to be innocent that I want the removal of these disabilities; but because I hold that if these be taken out of the way, she would be tenfold more assailable. It is not because I am indifferent to the good of Protestantism that I want to displace these artificial crutches from under her; but because I want that, freed from every symptom of decrepitude and decay, she should stand forth in her own native strength, and make manifest to all men how firm a support she has in the goodness of her cause, and on the basis of her orderly and well-laid arguments. It is because I count so much—and will any Protestant here present say that I count too much?—on her Bible, and her evidences, and the blessing of God upon her Churches, and the force of her resistless appeals to the conscience and understandings of men; it is because of her strength and sufficiency in these that I would disclaim the aids of the statute-book, and own no dependence or obligation whatever on a system of intolerance. These were enough for her in the days of her sufferings, and should be more than enough for her in the days of her comparative safety. It is not by our fears and our false alarms that we do honour to Protestantism. A far more befitting honour to the great cause is the homage of our confidence; for what Sheridan said of the liberty of the press, admits of most emphatic application to this religion of truth and liberty. 'Give,' says that great orator, 'give to ministers a corrupt House of Commons;

give them a pliant and a servile House of Lords ; give them the keys of the treasury, and the patronage of the crown ; and give me the liberty of the press, and with this mighty engine I will overthrow the fabric of corruption, and establish upon its ruins the rights and privileges of the people.' In like manner give the Catholics of Ireland their emancipation ; give them a seat in the parliament of their country ; give them a free and equal participation in the politics of the realm ; give them a place at the right ear of majesty, and a voice in his counsels ; and give me the circulation of the Bible, and with this mighty engine I will overthrow the tyranny of antichrist, and establish the fair and original form of Christianity on its ruins."

These heart-stirring words, pronounced with corresponding force, called forth a burst of applause so enthusiastic that the effect was overpowering. The shouts and huzzas were thrice renewed, and it was with difficulty that the orator could proceed. At the conclusion a voice not far from me exclaimed, "That *was* a speech!" "What a sensation!" said another. "Sensation!" cried Lord Jeffrey ; "I still feel it tingling at my finger-ends." He added afterward, "I am persuaded that neither ancient nor modern eloquence ever produced a greater effect upon a popular assembly than that which we have now seen and heard."

The occasion on which I had especially the privilege of cultivating the friendship of Dr. Chalmers was in 1830, when I was residing at Leamington, under the care of Dr. Jephson. Walking one day along the main street, I felt an arm introduced within mine, and a well-known voice addressed me, "Mr. Sinclair, I am delighted to see a *kent face* in this land of the stranger." It was Dr. Chalmers ; and, fortunately for me, having just arrived, he had not yet fixed upon a residence ; and I easily persuaded him to come with Mrs. Chalmers to an excellent boarding-house, in which I had taken up my quarters. We spent a fortnight under the same roof, taking our meals and making various expeditions together.

On the evening of Dr. Chalmers' arrival, I was seated quietly alone, when I heard a knock at the door. To my great satisfaction the Doctor entered. "I am ordered," he said, "to be quiet after dinner, and to avoid company and excitement ; but not liking

this kind of *ostracism*, I have come to enjoy a chat with you." We conversed on every kind of subject for above an hour, and the Doctor then said, "I must now be going; Mrs. Chalmers will be alarmed, and pronounce me a refractory patient of the Leamington Hippocrates."

He frequently returned, and I anticipated his arrival as the great event of the day.

The description he gave me of the origin of his illness was characteristic. "I have been obliged," he said, "to come here in consequence of doing two things at once, which I usually do separately; I mean the *composition* and the *delivery* of a speech." He had spoken extempore at some length in the Presbytery of Edinburgh, and had suffered immediately afterward a kind of paralytic attack.

I was much amused one evening at the graphic account he gave me of what he saw and heard when, as a young man, he stood among the mob in front of the hustings, at Covent Garden, to hear Sheridan badgered as candidate for Westminster. "His readiness in reply," said the Doctor, "was marvellous. An ugly fellow, raised on the shoulders of the mob, addressed him: 'Mr. Sheridan, unless you mend your ways, I shal' withdraw my countenance from you.' 'I am glad to hear it,' replied Sheridan, 'for an uglier countenance I never saw.' Shouts of laughter followed; and then a stupid-looking creature put the question, 'Mr. Sheridan, I wish to know the reason why you dropped the Begum cause?' 'I understood,' replied Sheridan, 'that you were ready to take it up, and I knew that it would then be in better hands.' Shouts of laughter were repeatedly called forth by similar repartees."

The best anecdote of Dr. Johnson, not to be found in Boswell, was related to me by Dr. Chalmers. The circumstance that the Doctor made the great English lexicographer speak in broad Scotch added greatly to the effect of the story. "Dr. Johnson," he said, "on his arrival at St. Andrews, was taken by the college authorities to see the ruins. He afterward dined with them in the college hall; but he had not got over his indignation at the vandalism which had wantonly destroyed some of the oldest and finest remains of ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland. He was

so rude and overhearing that at last the conversation dropped. After a pause one of the younger and more adventurous professors addressed him: "Dr. Johnson, I hope that you have not been disappointed in your visit to Scotland." "Sir," replied the Doctor, "I came here to see savage men and savage manners, and I have not been disappointed."

Our conversation turned one evening on postprandial oratory, "There is nothing," said Dr. Chalmers, "that I dread more than being called upon to make an after-dinner speech," and he assigned this reason: "Every thing depends upon a good thing occurring to you just as you are rising; and if nothing occurs, what is to become of you?" Some years after, I introduced this saying of Chalmers into a speech at a marriage *dejeuner*. It was well received; and when the party broke up, the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Wilberforce), to my great amusement, whispered to me, "Archdeacon, do repeat to me that story of Dr. Chalmers; it will help me greatly in an emergency."

My second expedition with the Doctor to Warwick was on a week-day, when we ascended the tower of the great parish church, and beheld on all sides from the roof a magnificent panorama of thoroughly English scenery, with the spires and steeples of countless churches, as far as the eye could reach. I was pointing out the most interesting among them, and adding some historical recollections, when the Doctor interrupted me, "Did you ever read Knox's *Correspondence with Jebb*?"* I was at a loss to conceive what train of thought could have suggested this irrelevant inquiry; but he proceeded, "I advise you to read it; you will find in it *the salt, yes, the essential salt of episcopacy*." Such was the advice given from the top of Warwick Tower, by a Presbyterian professor of divinity, to the author of *Dissertations Vindicating the Apostolical Succession*.

Dr. Chalmers called upon me in Edinburgh before setting out for London to deliver his course of lectures on endowments. I remarked that he would have a great advantage over other lecturers, because the highest expectations had been raised, and he might reckon on a large attendance of the very persons whom he most wished to influence. He said he always felt misgivings as

* Dr. Jebb, Bishop of Limerick.

to the effect of a broad Scotch accent on the fastidious ears of the London aristocracy. I reminded him that Londoners were more accustomed than other people to provincial accents of all kinds; adding that in the fervour of delivery he would himself be unconscious of his accent, and no one else would be cool enough to think of it. He then said, "My real difficulty is, that having lectured repeatedly in various places on the subject of endowments, I have nothing new to say, and it is not easy to repeat the same thing a fourth or fifth time in different words as powerfully as at first." I told him that, since nothing was known in London of his previous lectures, he need not scruple to make what use of them he pleased. The result was all that could be wished. The lectures were a splendid success. The *elite* of London attended them, and were delighted; and the Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield), while listening such a man on such a subject, so far from thinking about accent, declared that he could hardly find terms strong enough to express his admiration.—*Harper's Weekly*.

FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
 Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
 So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
 One summer Sabbath-day I strolled among
 The green mounds of the village burial-place,
 Where, pondering how all-human love and hate
 Find one sad level, and how, soon or late,
 Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
 And cold hands folded over a still heart,
 Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
 Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart.
 Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
 One common sorrow like a mighty wave
 Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave!

—Whittier:

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

“The men who traffic in ardent spirit, and sell to all who will buy, are poisoners general; they murder his Majesty’s subjects by wholesale; neither do their eyes pity or spare.”—*John Wesley.*

“ Round about the caldron go ;
In the poisoned contrails throw.
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble—
Double, double, toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, caldron, bubble.”

—*Macbeth.*

NOTHING so effectually counter-works God’s purposes of grace, bans the souls that He would bless, and destroys the bodies of mankind as the giant evil—Intemperance.

It is the ally of the devil, the enemy of all righteousness, the incentive to every lust and sin, to every crime and violence, to every cruelty and wrong. Like the dread apocalyptic vials of wrath poured out upon the earth, this fiery curse has spread with the virulence of no other plague that ever blasted the world, and has burnt over the earth with its scoriac rivers of fire. No land has been unscathed, from frozen sea to tropic strand; from insular Britain to its far antipodes. Entire races have melted away at the breath of this pestilence like snow before the summer’s sun. But the most dreadful darkness of this shadow of death, its deepest and most dire eclipse of woe has been in so-called Christian lands. There the air has been

Full of farewells for the dying
And weeping for the dead,

for, as in the last great and terrible plague of Egypt, in almost every house has lain some slain victim of the traffic. Yet still the work of death goes on; still this wine-press of wrath is trodden out by “Christian” feet; still the Moloch fires of the distilleries redden the midnight heavens. “Their worm dieth not on the holy Sabbath; on that hallowed day when all other things with any

quality of goodness or salvation in them rest—the still-worm, twin reptile of the worm that never dies, works on with all the infernal energy of its kind. It works on while the people who live by its profits are singing psalms in the house of God! That still-worm works on like sin, and for the wages of sin. It works when all honest things are still and night hangs heavy on the world. It works on to feed the appetites it has kindled to life—appetites which ever become more imperious, crying out like the grave, ‘Give! give!’”*

Therefore, God who is forever and implacably opposed to sin, and wages eternal war against it, especially menaces with the most terrible maledictions of His wrath, this direst of all sins. The seven-fold curse of His eternal indignation is denounced against the agents, aiders, or abettors of this red traffic in blood—in the bodies and the souls of men. “Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink” sounds the prophetic thunder of His Holy Word.

This pernicious traffic, more than anything else, retards the progress of the gospel, and erects a kingdom of darkness in the midst of Christendom, consigning millions of baptized men to a life of sin and misery and ignorance far worse than any in the realms of darkest paganism. It excludes men from the kingdom of heaven and makes them the heirs of wrath and death eternal. It everywhere creates and fosters crime and pauperism, irreligion and vice; causes physical and mental disease; shortens life, and often sends the soul into the presence of its Maker by an act of self-slaughter, or crimsoned with the guilt of murder. It is the cause of much of the Sabbath desecration, profanity, and abounding wickedness that are the reproach of Christian civilization. By its malign influence, many who might be useful members of society and ornaments of the community, become its moral lepers and lazars, disseminating pollution and misery all around them. It makes of the streets of a Christian metropolis, reeking with their “immortal sewerage”† of sinful souls, with their vile orgies, their haunts of vice and traps for virtue, a very pandemonium of profligacy and crime.

* *Thos. Begg's "World's Temperance Convention."*—Introduction, p. x.

† The expression is the Rev. Sidney Godolphin Osborne's.

The waste of food, and its conversion into liquid poison caused by the liquor traffic, we contend, is contrary to the will of God, and is therefore sinful and immoral. It needs no laboured argument to demonstrate this truth. It surely is self-evident to every candid mind. God created every herb and every tree, in all their vast variety and manifold excellence, to be food for man—to minister to the necessities and the enjoyment of the creatures He hath made. The great staples of human existence—the cereal grains and fruits and vegetables of the earth—contain all the elements which are necessary for the upbuilding of the body and for its maintenance in a condition of health and vigour. Yet there is hardly a single production of the soil, which is fit for food, that man has not perverted from its proper use, to the manufacture of poisonous and intoxicating liquors, which are injurious in the highest degree to both body and soul.

In this process all the food-making elements are destroyed. The process of fermentation is literally one of putrefaction, by which the wholesome grain or luscious grape is changed from healthful food to death-dealing poison. Hence the hackneyed assertion that wine is a good creature of God, and therefore to be received with thanksgiving is as false as it is common. The corn, in its golden gleaming, and the grape in its purple bloom, are indeed His good creatures which make glad the heart of man; but the alcoholic principle, which perverted ingenuity has tortured from them in the process of their putrefaction, and which is not found in the universe except as the offspring of corruption and decay, is in no sense a good creature of God, any more than the fetid gases by which its evolution is accompanied, or than the opium, strychnine, prussic acid, or arsenic, which man is able, chemically, to isolate from the vegetable or mineral substances with which they are held in innocent combination.

The immense waste of food caused by the manufacture of alcoholic beverages is perfectly appalling. According to a statement of the United Kingdom Alliance, in a single year there were destroyed in the manufacture of beer and spirits, in the United Kingdom, 52,659,000 bushels of grain. This would, as food, supply nearly six millions of people with bread.

“In consequence of this great destruction of grain,” says the

Report, "we have to buy every year from other countries from 20 to 30 millions of pounds' worth of food, which drains this country of capital that might be spent on our own manufactures, and thereby greatly improve our trade and commerce."

It has been computed that there are in England 1,093,741 acres of land devoted to the growth of barley for malting, besides 56,000 acres of the best land devoted to the growth of hops, a weed which contains not the least nourishment, and which, when used habitually, is positively injurious. Thus, there are, not including 350,000 acres more, devoted to raising the materials for cider and perry, 1,149,741 acres of land, which, notwithstanding the increasing pressure of the population on the means of subsistence, are perverted from the production of food to the production of pernicious and poisonous beverages, which are sapping the strength and destroying the industrial habits and moral principles of the people.

This land would produce, on a low average, $3\frac{1}{2}$ quarters of wheat per acre, or 4,024,093 $\frac{1}{2}$ quarters of wheat altogether, from the land now growing malt and hops. Now, a quarter of wheat yields about 350lbs. of flour; therefore, this land would yield no less than 1,408,432,725lbs. of flour. Flour increases about one-third in being made bread; so this quantity would produce 1,877,910,300lbs. of bread, or sufficient to maintain 5,144,937 persons—or nearly the entire population of the kingdom of Ireland, or over one-sixth of that of the whole of Great Britain—for a full year. Better far that this immense amount of food should be gathered into heaps and burned rather than that it should be converted into that noxious draught that ruins the health, degrades the character, and impoverishes the nation.

At 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per pound this quantity of bread, thus worse than wasted, would amount to £11,736,937 7s. 6d., a sum sufficient to pay the entire poor rate for nearly two years.

On careful computation of the comparative expenditure on liquor and on bread, it is estimated that fully as much is thrown away on those injurious beverages as is expended in the purchase of the staff of life by the entire population. Nearly a hundred years ago John Wesley, in a pamphlet on "The Present Scarcity of Provisions," inquires, "Why is food so dear?" and

asserts the grand cause to have been the immense consumption of grain in distilling. "Have we not reason to believe," he says, "that little less than half the corn produced in the kingdom is every year consumed, not by so harmless a way as throwing it into the sea, but by converting it into deadly poison; poison that not only destroys the life, but the morals of our countrymen? Tell it not in Constantinople," he exclaims in patriotic shame, "that the English raise the royal revenue by selling the flesh and blood of their countrymen!"

The immense disproportion between the consumption of wholesome food and baneful liquor, is shown by the following statistics of the London provision supply: To 3,000 grocers, 2,500 bakers, 1,700 butchers, and 3,500 other provision dealers, making an aggregate of 10,700 engaged in the supply of food, there were no less than 11,000 public-houses dealing out disease and death, both bodily and spiritual, to the people.

In Scotland the statistics of forty towns—a good sample of the whole country—show a still more deplorable state of things. While it requires 981 of the population to support a baker, 1,067 to keep a butcher, and 2,281 to sustain a bookseller, every 149 support a dram-shop. This reminds one of Falstaff's "ha'penny worth of bread and intolerable deal of sack," and is a sad comment on the social condition of one of the most Christian and enlightened countries on the face of the earth.

Even in the Dominion of Canada, with its population of only 4,000,000, there were destroyed in a single year over 2,000,000 bushels of grain in the manufacture of liquor, besides 380,787lbs. of sugar and syrup. From this was manufactured 11,513,732 gallons of intoxicating liquor, or nearly four gallons each for every man, woman, and child in the Dominion. This fact is indeed an augury of ill omen for its future prosperity. A worm—the worm of the still—is already gnawing at its heart and destroying its very vitals.

In the United States, in a single year, there were consumed 540,000,000 gallons of intoxicating liquor, or the enormous quantity of thirteen and a-half gallons to every living soul in the nation, or two and a-half gallons of proof spirit. In the manufacture of this deluge of strong drink there were destroyed

62,000,000 bushels of grain and fruit, or nearly two bushels to each individual in the land.

Had we the complete statistics of the destruction of food in the manufacture of intoxicating drinks throughout Christendom, we would be overwhelmed with astonishment and dismay.

Thus does this hideous traffic take the food from the mouths of millions, and by an infernal alchemy transmute it into a loathsome draught which maddens and destroys mankind. This is no mere rhetorical figure, but a sober literal fact. During the horrors of the famine-year of 1847-8 in Ireland—that dread carnival of death, when hunger-bitten men and women were literally dying of starvation in the streets—the grain which God gave to supply the wants of His children was borne by waggon loads into the vast distilleries and breweries of Belfast (we have the testimony of an eye-witness to the fact), and there, for all the purposes of food, destroyed; nay, as if to aid the task of famine and of fever in their work of death, it was changed into a deadly curse, which swept away more human lives than both those fatal agencies together.

Dr. Lees thus eloquently describes the horrors of that famine-year: "Mobs of hungry, and often dissipated poor, paraded the streets, headed by drunken and infuriated women crying for bread. Was there at that period a natural and inevitable famine? No such thing! It was distinctly proved that we had an ample supply of food for all the natural wants of the people; and that the impending horrors of starvation might be averted by stopping the breweries and distilleries in their work of destruction. Wasted and wailing children wandered through the streets; yet appetite went on to the next tavern and drank the bread of those innocents dissolved in gin. Famished mothers walked the village lanes, where briery scents and blossoms mocked their hunger. Respectability cast the hungered one a copper and passed on to drink its beer. The publican, while the voice of hunger and suffering ascended to the skies, still went on dispensing the pernicious product; above all, sanctioning all, waved the banner of the mistaken law: '*Licensed to destroy food and create famine.*' That period of indifference is a blot upon our history—an indelible stain upon our patriotism and humanity.

The work of waste and wickedness went on. Half a million of souls were sacrificed to the traffic." *

It needs no lengthened argument to demonstrate that such unhallowed destruction of the staff of life of God's great family of the poor awakens His most intense displeasure. The whole spirit of the beneficent legislation of the Hebrew commonwealth, the denunciation of the oppressors of the poor, and the express declaration of Holy Writ, "He that withholdeth the corn, the people shall curse him," all attest the loving care for the creatures of His hand of the great All-Father who giveth us all things richly to enjoy.

Even where starvation does not ensue from this wicked destruction of grain, the increased difficulty of obtaining a sufficient amount of food for the sustenance of life—always difficult enough, God knows, to thousands—makes their lives bitter unto them, abridges their comforts, impairs their health, shortens their existence, and makes it, instead of a period of enjoyment, one long and hopeless conflict with hunger, want and woe, the only refuge from which is the refuge of the grave. Such iniquitous waste and abuse of God's bounties is contrary to the entire spirit and letter, scope, tenor, and design of His gospel of good-will to men. So abhorrent in His sight is all waste of human food, that, after a stupendous miracle of its creation, He gave the command, "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." What words, therefore, shall fittingly describe their guilt, who diligently gather immense stores of necessary food, for lack of which vast multitudes must suffer, for the very purpose of its wholesale destruction and perversion to the vilest ends!

Even the *Times* newspaper, speaking of this waste of food, says: "It is far too favourable a view to treat the money spent on it as if it were cast into the sea. It would have been better if the corn had mildewed in the ear. . . No way so rapid to increase the wealth of nations and the morality of society, as the utter annihilation of the manufacture of ardent spirits, constituting as they do an infinite waste and an unmixed evil."

No man has a right to burn his corn stacks and then appeal to

* "Argument for Prohibition," pp. 127-8.

his neighbour for bread. Yet, practically, the manufacture of liquor produces precisely similar results. Never was there a more gigantic illustration of the adage, that "Wilful waste makes woeful want," than the results of the liquor traffic, for nowhere do poverty and misery so abound as where spirituous liquors are most largely manufactured. Much of the agricultural distress of Britain and other countries is directly caused in this way.

In the island of Mull, in Scotland, some years since, £3,000 were contributed to keep the people from starvation, yet more than twice that amount was spent on whisky. During the Lancashire cotton famine, when money flowed in from all English-speaking lands to relieve the starving operatives, the breweries were in full blast destroying the food of the people, and more money was spent in liquor in the famine district than would have maintained the entire population in comfort during the entire period of depression in trade. If any Government, at a time when the wail of famine rose upon the air, and gaunt-eyed hunger clamoured for bread, were to authorize the gathering of immense heaps of grain and its consumption to ashes, it would be hurled by an indignant people with execration from its place; yet it may permit the change of the same food to a death-dealing poison—a crime a thousand-fold worse—not only with impunity, but with applause.

The table of imports into Ireland during a period of scarcity, when the distilleries were closed, show that there was a greatly increased consumption of excisable articles; so we see that a year of famine, *with prohibition*, is better than a year of plenty without it.

Moreover, nothing so prevents the progress of religion in the world, and frustrates God's gracious purposes for the salvation of the race, as the traffic in strong drink, and its inevitable consequence, intemperance. For this reason also that traffic is especially obnoxious in His sight. It leads men to waste upon their lusts the material wealth, of which they are but His stewards, instead of promoting therewith the great policy for which the Son of God became incarnate. It is asserted by Dr. John Campbell that Protestant and pious Britain annually spends *thirty times* as much for strong drink as she spends for the world's

salvation. During the last year the expenditure of the British and Foreign Bible Society was £217,390 19s. 10d., and the number of copies of the Scriptures circulated was 2,619,427. Even at this gigantic scale of operations it would take over three hundred years to supply every poor heathen in the world with a copy of the Word of God. In the same year there was spent in Great Britain alone £100,000,000 on intoxicating drinks. This money, thus worse than wasted, would give a copy of God's Word, in his own mother tongue, to every son and daughter of Adam on the face of the earth in less than one year!

Even in the Mission field itself the evil effects of the traffic and its dread concomitants make themselves felt; marring the efforts and frustrating the toils of the agents of the Churches.

In consequence of the prevalence of drinking habits among European residents in India, we are told on the authority of a returned Missionary that the word drunkard and Christian have become synonymous terms among the native castes. When the pagan Hindoo wishes to represent the Christian Englishman, he begins to stagger in his gait to counterfeit inebriation.

"The very ships," says Mr. Thos. Begg,* "that bore the Missionaries and messengers of salvation to heathen lands were often freighted with intoxicating liquors, which, like some of the plagues, unvalled in the apocalypse, were let loose to drown in their burning deluge every grain of Christianity before it could germinate in the heart of the half-enlightened heathen. They fired his nature with lusts foreign to the brute, and which never raged in his appetites, nor infuriated his passions before his contact with the vices of civilization. The spirit of intemperance, malignant ghost of the bottomless pit, slew its tens of thousands; and one sweeping fiery curse followed in the wake of Christian commerce."

The liquor traffic, too, was the chief support of the slave trade, that foulest crime, in the history of Great Britain, that trailed her meteor flag, dishonoured, through the dust. English merchants and English sailors, beneath the redcross banner of freedom, plied their nefarious calling of slave-stealers and slave-traders,

* "Report of World's Temperance Convention."—Introd. viii.

and made that badge of liberty the livery of disgrace. And rum, fiery rum, was the instrument of barter for the bodies and the souls of men. "It was," writes Mr. Begg, "at a premium over minted gold in the slave-factories of the African coast. It fired the fierce lusts of the natives with a craving which their own slow liquors could not kindle."

Thank God, that blot, at least, is removed from the escutcheon of our country. The Nemesis of the people's wrath descended, and smote this direful curse from British soil for ever. But still, its twin-crime, the liquor traffic, continues to enslave the bodies and the souls of men in a bondage more galling than even African servitude. Oh, that the people, in the majesty of their might, would arise and banish it from the face of the earth forever!

Nothing so counterworks the evangelistic agencies in operation, at home as well as abroad, as the vice of intemperance. It hardens the heart, steels the conscience, and deadens the soul to every religious feeling, and thus prevents the due influence of gospel truth on the community. Not only does this evil beast, lying ever in wait for the unwary, prevent men entering the Church of Christ; it also prowls around the fold, and snatches thousands yearly from its sheltering embrace. As "when the sons of God came together, Satan came also with them," so even among the ministrants at God's altar, ordained to the perpetual handling of holy things, this hideous vice appears, and the abomination of desolation is set up, even in the sacred places of the sanctuary. Universal testimony asserts that this is the most frequent cause of apostasy, both in the pulpit and the pew, the foul stain upon the snowy robe of Christianity, the chiefest blight upon her bloom. This vice seizes the children of our Sunday-schools, effaces the holy lessons written on their hearts, and changes them to a foul palimpsest, inscribed all over with the vile characters of sin. Many of them find their way to prison, and figure in the annals of crime. Of 1,050 boys in the Salford prison-school, 977 had attended Sunday-school. Of 10,361 inmates of the principal prisons and penitentiaries of Great Britain, no fewer than 6,572 had previously received instruction in Sabbath-schools.

“Give me the little children,”
 Cries Crime, with a wolfish grin,
 “Let me train up the children
 In the pleasant paths of sin!”

Many are thus prevented from entering the Sunday-school at all. In forbidding the little children, the tender lambs of Christ, who are especially included in the covenant of grace, and for whom such careful provision is made in the Christian economy—to come to Christ, the traffic especially excites the indignation of the blessed Saviour who rebuked His own disciples for the same offence, saying, “Suffer the children to come unto me, and forbid them not.” Yet it is estimated from the statistics of intemperance, that an average of one boy in eight grows up to be a drunkard. Think of it, parents, as you look upon your household darlings—the olive branches around your board. On which of *your* boys shall fall this fearful doom; or, more dreadful still, which of your *girls* will you resign to this death-in-life, far worse than death itself? Would you not rather see them in their graves?

THE TIDES.

I SAW the long line of the vacant shore,
 The seaweed and the shells upon the sand,
 And the brown rocks left bare on every hand,
 As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.
 Then heard I more distinctly than before,
 The ocean breathe and its great breast expand,
 And hurrying came on the defenceless land,
 The insurgent waters and tumultuous roar.
 All thought and feeling and desire, I said,
 Love, laughter, and the exultant joy of song
 Have ebbed from me forever! Suddenly o'er me
 They swept again from their deep ocean bed,
 And in a tumult of delight and strong
 As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore me,

—Longfellow's "Masque of Pandora."

RITUALISM IN GREAT BRITAIN.

BY THE REV. DAVID SAVAGE.

DESIROUS of witnessing an exhibition of full-blown ritualism while in England, I was directed to a Sunday morning service at the church of St. Barnabas, Leeds. Walking about two miles from Woodhouse Moor, I found this church located in what used to be called Frog-land, surrounded by the dwellings of artisans of the humbler class, factory operatives, etc. The last bell was ringing for service as I passed in. The exterior and interior of the building were alike unpretentious. Not many had preceded me to the service, nor when the muster of the congregation was complete was the attendance large, by no means filling the church. I soon heard chanting in some adjacent apartments, which coming nearer, a side door opened, admitting into the chancel a somewhat formidable procession of men and boys robed in various coloured vestments,—black, white, and red. Heading the procession was a common looking fellow with white robing over an underground of red, carrying aloft an *Agnus Dei*. Filing to the right and left, these nondescripts passed into their stalls. The vicar and his curate were more richly caparisoned than their subordinates. Each wore a black cap. Over his surplice the former had a rich silk chasuble, on the back of which was emblazoned a huge cross, the full size of the vestment. The curate had over his cassock a surplice ornamented with a deep border of rich lace, and later in the service an illuminated scarf—perhaps a stole—with a beautiful finish of gold and green fringing, and which, as he received it from the hands of the acolyte, was kissed by the latter.

Around the church were pictures surmounted by the crucifix. Close by me, in one corner, was a folding screen of green baize within which was suspended an *Agnus Dei*. As far as I dared to push enquiry, this was a Confessional. Six tall candles were burning on the altar with, of course, the inevitable crucifix in the centre and a prettily tinted lamp in front of it, together with much ornamen-

tation above and around. The organist was robed in white. The immediate attendants on the vicar, in addition to their vestments of white and red, wore red skull caps. The officiating clergyman had his back to the congregation through much the greater part of the service, displaying to the best advantage his richly decorated silk robe with its large illuminated cross. To describe all the posturings, bowings, genuflexions, turning to the East, waving of hands and such nonsense, would be wearisome, as, indeed, the experience of it evidently was to the participants. One woman in front of me seemed at the last of the performance hardly able to rise from her knees.

The sermon—save the mark!—was assigned to the curate. It occupied about ten minutes in delivery, and was, perhaps, the least harmful part of the ceremony. Its exordium, however, consisted of a very demonstrative use of the sign of the cross with the usual formula, “In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”

My host, who was a Churchman, and who kindly accompanied me to the service, was utterly bewildered by its innovations, and seemed to have almost as little use for his prayer-book as myself. The affair was decidedly nauseating, artistically a failure:—I felt this the more after attending a few weeks previously a very imposing celebration in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, at Quebec, while religiously, the thing was simply a farce—the jerky bows, the side glances of the performers at one another as they awkwardly went through their facings, the air of indifference and levity on their countenances as they anticlockwise about. I saw two hopeful youths,—they of the red skull caps,—laughing most significantly at each other while screened by a crimson curtain, behind which they had passed to fetch the wine for the celebrant to bless—this and much more, as the unnatural monotone in which the lessons were read, with the ludicrous attempt at transition to the “as you were” of ordinary utterance in the announcement of a hymn, etc., led me to think that if this was ritualism it stood a poor chance of aggression except amongst shallow-pated people.

A description of the above service would be very incomplete without the statement that all its exercises were subordinated to

the observance of what it would be fitter to call the "mass" than the "communion." All the details of this un-Protestant performance I cannot pretend to give, the manipulations of the man in the chasuble, the attitudinizing of his attendants, the long chantings, the frequent bowings, the sudden wheeling round of the celebrant when the required point in the presto of his conjurings was reached, the quick elevation of the large wafer after the most approved dramatic and orthodox mannerism, the use of the "sedilia," the "piscina," etc.

I am bound, however, to say that while exceptional to the rest of the service there was considerable artistic impressiveness attending the elevation of the "host." The coloured lamp in front of the altar had been quenched, the fumes of incense, at the proper moment, curled gracefully towards the groined roof of the chancel, and suffused the whole interior of the church with a rich, grateful perfume, while at the same moment, amid the dead silence of the intermitted chantings, with the body of worshippers hushed and prostrate, the bell in the tower of the church intimated to the public without as to the assembly within that the supreme moment of interest and importance had arrived. In all this I felt there was danger, the more so as it claimed the sanction of ecclesiastical law in a so-called Protestant Church.

In the announcements made by the vicar, I quite lost track of the festivals of Saint this and Saint that. There was to be a meeting of the "Confraternity of the blessed Sacrament," some kind of a service in honour of "The Blessed Virgin Mary," the postponement of "even-song," all of which was, as Carlyle would say, "much of a muchness." Your readers will be as much surprised as I was to learn that there were only three communicants at the above celebration of the eucharist, and one of these it struck me was the sexton.

It lies around us like a cloud—
A world we do not see,
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

THE HIGHER LIFE—A COMMUNION WITH GOD.

BY THE REV. JAMES MUDGE.

IN Eden the Lord God talked plainly with men, speaking to them face to face, and supplementing their ignorance by His all wisdom. How often in these later days do the thoughts of His people go back longingly to that time of free communion, wishing that it were their's now. May it not be ?

Few of our needs are more pressing and perpetual than the need of minute guidance in daily affairs. Of ourselves we know so little, we see so short a distance into the future, and we behold around us so many proofs that others are no wiser than we, that we instinctively turn our eyes above and listen for a voice from heaven. And the older we grow, and the more of life's uncertainties and changes we experience, the more deeply we feel that such a voice is an absolute necessity to our peace. Can we hear it? How ?

The answer is not far to seek. In proportion as we approach that Eden state of soul, to that degree we may claim the Eden privilege. We may see and hear our God as He moves among the trees in the cool of the day, as He walks abroad in the noontide glare, or as He rides on the wings of the tempest-laden wind "Blessed are the pure in heart," said Jesus, "for they shall see God." "They shall see the King in His beauty." And the more their likeness to Him increases, the more the glorious vision of His countenance opens on their sight, the more clearly He reveals Himself to their inmost apprehension.

It is the same with hearing. When the purity of the garden became so sadly defiled by "the trail of the serpent," the senses of our first parents grew dull, and they could no longer distinguish the loving accents of their Lord. The harmonious notes of creation became jangled. There was turmoil without and confusion within, where before all was calm. And in the uproar of sinful passion the quiet tones of the Divine Spirit were lost. To recover them, to hear again the gentle whispers of the Holy One, what needs it but to hush the clamour of the heart.

This is not simple theory. Multitudes can testify that the path of duty has become plain to them just so far as they have freed themselves from self-seeking. Other multitudes will say that whereas the way was dark and intricate, now since they have surrendered all without reserve, light has enveloped all the path. There is no more common accompaniment of decided advances in Christian living than correspondingly decided enlargements of spiritual discernment and knowledge of God's will.

God shows us duty in many ways. He speaks a varied language. By special application of passages from His Word, by plain leadings of providence, by clear premonitions and unmistakable impressions from His Spirit—by these and other methods He does undoubtedly open to us the way wherein He would have us walk. But there is one brief, comprehensive rule, in a measure including all others, which we think to be the safest and clearest guide for settling all questions of duty. It is this. The decisions of a fully sanctified judgment are the voice of God in the soul.

He who made man a reasonable being works through the powers with which He has endowed him. And if in rare cases He departs from this rule and seems to work outside of these powers, it is in the nature of a miracle, wholly within His sovereign disposal, not given commonly nor to be expected. Reason is the heaven-sent pilot whose orders we disobey at our peril. That we are fully warranted in expecting the divine messages to be conveyed through this channel needs no proof. It has commended itself to the sound sense of the great body of the best instructed in these things in all ages, and receives from day to day the amplest practical endorsement. Nor does it need argument to show that our judgment correctly represents to us the divine purposes in proportion as it is fully sanctified or freed from sin. The usual cause why men fail to see the will of God is simply that they do not wish to see it. Selfish desires bias their minds. Their decisions are warped from rectitude by heavy bribes from the appetites and passions that clamour for wrongful indulgence. It is only when these are completely hushed that the still small voice of Heaven is heard and heeded.

If the motive be pure, guidance can be sought with certainty of success in finding. If not, it is mere mockery to pretend to pray that

God's will may be fully known. No complete revelation comes except there be a complete determination to comply with all it contains. But when this latter condition is met, we need never mistake as to present duty. The future may be dark, but that is not our concern. We are sure to have "light for one step more." And our duty is done when we have followed implicitly all the light accessible to us, even though the absolutely best and wisest plan has not been pursued. For God, while never leading us into evil, does sometimes lead us into much trouble and into what men consider disastrous and humiliating mistakes. He has lessons to teach us in this way that we can learn by no other method.

So, while we do not become infallible, no matter how complete is our sanctification, and while we should constantly remember that our judgment is not necessarily the voice of God to any of our friends or neighbours, it remains a precious truth that it is the voice of God to us. Having asked for wisdom, let us not dishonour our loving Father by doubting His willingness to give, and so remaining as troubled and anxious as though we had made no request. And especially let us not prevent His perfect giving by clinging to any known sin, or retaining any doubtful indulgence. Let full salvation which brings fulness of rest and joy be our immediate and abiding possession.

CHRIST'S SYMPATHY.

OH Christ !

There is no need of words to tell
 My heart to Thee : Thou needest not to spell,
 As others must, my hidden thoughts and fears,
 From out my broken words, my sobs, or tears ;
 Thou knowest all, knowest far more than I,
 The inner meaning of each tear or sigh,
 Thou mayest smile, perchance, as mothers smile
 On sobbing children, seeing all the while
 How soon will pass away the endless grief,
 How soon will come the gladness and relief ;
 But if thou smilest, yet thy sympathy
 Measures my grief by what it is to me.

HOW MARGARET JONES BROUGHT HER HUSBAND
TO JESUS.

BY THE REV. J. COLWELL.

MARGARET JONES, or "our Margitt," as she was always called at home, belonged to a family in humble circumstances, and lived in a country village. Her early life was hard and rough. Her father was for many years after his marriage a wandering navvy, and a wild, drunken man. Most of his earnings went to the landlord of the "Silent Woman," a public-house that had upon its sign the figure of a headless woman, as though the rude artist intended to say that no woman ever was, or ever could be, silent so long as her head was on. "Margitt's" father, however, did not give much attention to the sign. He patronised the "Silent Woman" because the tap over which she presided was good, and because beneath her shadow he met with companions after his own heart. In consequence of "father's" wastefulness, mother and the children, especially Margaret, who was the oldest, had to work harder than they should have done, and no day-school education could be afforded. The mother, however, retained her love for that which was good, and when the Sunday-school was opened in the vestry of the Methodist chapel in the village of Littlehill, Margaret and her brothers and sisters were among its first scholars. The lessons of Sunday-school, the influences of public worship, and the power of God's Holy Spirit early wrought on her soul. When about seventeen she left home for service, and absence from teachers and others she had loved made her heart peculiarly susceptible of good. One day, while engaged in her ordinary domestic duties, she was thinking of these things, and saying to herself, "O that I could be a Christian!" when the thought occurred, "Why not?" and "Why not now, and here?" Light and help were graciously given, and she there and then grasped the Saviour as her's, and entered into the enjoyment and blessedness of His salvation. She at once wrote home to her

mother, who had herself entered into the rest of faith a little while before, telling her the good news, and mother and daughter rejoiced together.

Shortly after this the father was led to sign the temperance pledge, and attend the house of God, and eventually became a sober, steady, Christian man. Circumstances, it is not needful to detail here, led to Margaret's return home, when she at once joined "class," and led in every way a pious and consistent life. For some years she pursued the "even tenor of her way," but when about twenty-four years of age she became engaged with heart and hand to Will Jones. How it happened we cannot tell. Will was decidedly unchristian and Margaret as decidedly Christian, and we are quite sure she did not meet him in any improper place—but how, when, or where she did meet him we know not. By the laws of religion and philosophy, we could prove that these two never *ought* to have met, but facts are against us, for they *did* meet. It was with them as it is in similar cases, we suppose; it happened "somehow."

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought.
It comes unaided and alone,
To seek the elected one.

And so it came to Margaret. And, as it ended so well, we hardly like to say it ought not to have come to her in the person of Will Jones, lest we should seem to be questioning the ways of Providence, but certainly such a marriage did not promise well, for Will was a thoughtless and godless youth. He had not only no religion himself, but there was none in his family; so far as he knew, he had not, and never had, a godly relative of any kind. His life had been entirely free from religious influence, and had remained altogether untouched and unsoftened by unseen realities. He was not a drunkard, but his heart was hard, and his whole nature steeped in wordliness, callousness, and materialism.

Whether Margaret knew this or not before her marriage, she soon knew it afterwards, and saw that she had a prodigious task before her if she meant to lead her husband to the Saviour. He

did all he could to get the "religious nonsense" out of her, as he used to put it. Coaxing, threatening, ridicule, and all else that promised any hope of success were tried by him for six long, and to the wife, weary years, but all in vain, for Margaret "knew in whom she had believed." He used to say to her sometimes, "I thought this religion was only a bit of nonsense you had in you, and that I should soon get it out, but if I'd thought it would take me so long to do it, I'd never have married you." Not only, however, did Will fail in taking away Margaret's religion, but she succeeded in giving her religion to him. In doing this she owed her success to the grace of God, as she herself would be the first to confess, and to answers to earnest and long-continued prayer; but there were human elements in her success that must not be lost sight of. First, there was her consistency. What a wonderful thing is consistency. No other Christian arsenal can furnish such weapons for the destruction of sin and the removal of obstinate opposition to the truth as this. So it proved in this instance. Will would say to us sometimes after his conversion, "I never knew my wife to tell a lie, I never saw her in a bad temper, I never heard her say a word that was inconsistent with a Christian profession. And *such* patience. I used to do all I could to vex her, but it was no go; with a few quiet words she would soothe me, and somehow she always got the best of it." Margaret's good life was her strongest weapon.

Another important argument in her favour was her determined perseverance in her Christian life. After a long tirade from her husband, she would say, very quietly, "It's no use, Will, I shall never go back." A frail, weakly, delicate woman was she, and to look upon her you would have thought that a very little trial and persecution would have overcome her, but there was a compression of the lips, a quiet decision about the voice, and a general aspect of determination in her entire demeanour that made you think of the old saying, "If a woman will, she will," or of those saintly martyrs' faces that look upon us from the paintings of other days. And so it came to pass that, at the end of six years, Will saw his wife more of a Christian than ever, which made him think that religion could not be nonsense after all.

But Margaret's consistency and determination in her own

Christian life were nobly supported by her earnest and persistent efforts to bring her husband to Jesus. She did not think a silent testimony sufficient. She believed that just as Andrew went after his brother Simon, and did not return until he could bring him with him to the Saviour's feet, so she must make direct, earnest, and indomitable efforts if she would secure her husband's conversion. And, in humble dependence on Christ, she did it.

By means of her influence and constant exhortations she managed to keep Will at the house of God with a fair degree of regularity, but no farther could she move him. At length, however, a circumstance happened which gave her a great advantage, and which she did not fail to use. Her husband had gone to a "wake," and he and his ungodly relatives were keeping it up with a wonderful degree of jollity, Sunday though it was. But as suddenly as the hand that wrote on the wall appeared to Belshazzar, the hand of death appeared to them, for while in the midst of their merriment one of them suddenly died. Taking this for a text, Margaret preached her husband many a sermon, and seeing that he was a little shaken in his opposition to religion, followed up her advantage by urging him to go to class. After much objection and hesitation he consented, and one dark winter night crept into the class-room of brother Stiffman more like a culprit than an honest man. It was rather an unfortunate class for a young beginner, for though the leader and members were consistent and pious people, they were cold and formal in the extreme. When they rose to sing every one turned the face to the wall, the eyes to the ceiling, and the back to the leader—which strange procedure was meant to assist their devotion; but whatever it did in that direction, it provoked Will to laughter, and made him say to himself, "Did ever anybody see the like? let me once get out, I'll never come in again."

The next Wednesday evening being "service night," Margaret got her husband with great difficulty to chapel. On the way he heard her talking to the minister, and rightly judged he was the subject of their conversation. When service closed she said to him, "Now, Will, thou must stay, the minister wants to speak to thee." Standing outside the chapel in a very sulky mood, he heard, rather than saw, the minister coming, and thought, now if

I just back into this hedge he'll never see me, but his manhood got the better of him, and he kept his ground. "O, you want to see me," said the minister. "No," said Will, "I don't; you want to see me, but I'd a deal rather not see you." The conversation so ungraciously begun ended well, however; for the minister went straight at his work, and by God's help did it well. By the time they reached the gate of Will's cottage he felt so uncomfortable that he said to the minister, "You must not leave me like this; you must come in." No sooner said than done, and with the Bible in his hand the minister sat down by Will's side, turning to passage after passage, and pointing him to the "Lamb of God." But Will had many difficulties, and the greatest was this:—In a field behind his garden some trees were being cut down, and a few days before he had gone quietly in the dark and gathered some of the light branches for the purpose of "sticking" his peas, and now, wherever he looked, he could see nothing for this "peawood." It was above the cross, before the cross, around the cross; it obscured the light and shut out the sight of the Saviour's face, and worried him more than enough. At length the minister, not knowing anything of the nature of the conflict within, said, "You must forget the past and not think of the future, and begin *now*; Christ saves *now*." In that moment Will saw it, took Christ as his atonement for the past and his help for the future, his face was lit up with a perfect sunshine of gladness, and minister, husband, and wife wept and rejoiced and prayed and sang together. The "peawood" was taken back next morning before daybreak.

Will continued faithful, in due course became useful, and is now a Methodist local preacher in the Oldringham Circuit.

Not very long after his conversion to God, Will's only child sickened and died. He had just arrived at a most interesting age, the mother's life was bound up in that of the child, and when the little boy was laid to rest she began to sink, and slowly drooped away. But as she lived, so she died—patient, gentle, devoted. For herself she had no fear. With a blending of modest self-depreciation, and jubilant confidence in her Saviour, she passed her last hours, and, if we may say so, seemed to glide into heaven. And at the last—

Not any word did Margaret say,
But closed her eyes and passed away.

The work she did for Christ, however, is living on, and

Her true heart and loving faith,
God saw, and He remembereth.

—*The Methodist.*

OCTOBER.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M. A.

I.

STILL stand the trees in the soft hazy light,
Bathing their branches in the ambient air ;
The hush of beauty breatheth everywhere :
In crimson robes the forests all are dight.
Autumn flings forth his banner in the field,
Blazoned with heraldry of gules and gold ;
In dyes of blood his garments all are rolled,
The gory stains of war are on his shield.
Like some frail, fading girl, her death anear,
On whose fair cheek blooms bright the hectic rose,
So burns the wan cheek of the dying year,
With beauty brighter than the summer knows ;
And, like a martyr, 'mid ensanguined fires,
Enwrapped in robes of flame he now expires.

II.

Like gallant courtiers, the forest trees
Flaunt in their crimson robes with 'broidered gold ;
And, like a king in royal purple's fold,
The oak flings largess to the beggar breeze.
Forever burning, ever unconsumed,
Like the strange portent of the prophet's bush,
The autumn flames amid a sacred hush ;
The forest glory never brighter bloomed.
Upon the lulled and drowsy atmosphere
Fall faint and low the far-off muffled stroke
Of woodman's axe, the school-boy's ringing cheer,
The watch-dog's bay, and crash of falling oak ;
And gleam the apples through the orchard trees,
Like golden fruit of the Hesperides.

THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

BY JAMES C. SEYMOUR

IF there be twenty millions of true Christians now in the world, and each of these, as well as every subsequent convert, were instrumental in bringing one soul to Christ every year, it would not take ten years' time to convert the whole world. One soul for Christ in a year! Where is the follower of Jesus but might accomplish this, by the blessing of God, on a very moderate amount of effort? The fact that the work of the world's evangelization goes on very slowly, shows that while the harvest is great—greater than ever—the labourers are still but few. The great majority of professing Christians, it is to be feared, put forth little or no serious effort to bring their fellow-men to the Saviour. With a glorious baptism of the Holy Ghost would not the Church have a very different record? How many believers filled with the spirit of holiness, and walking closely with God, would be satisfied to pass a single year without seeing one soul brought to God by their direct and faithful efforts?

Holiness is the great need of the Church. This is the only sufficient breakwater to resist the raging tides of earthly-mindedness, frivolity, formality, pride, and unbelief, which are beating against its spiritual life and power. This alone can fully equip the soldiers of the Cross. By this, each may become a hero, and unlimited spiritual conquests may be won. Nor need we ask as to the high privilege and sacred duty of all believers to become wholly devoted to God, while the blood of Jesus has still infinite power to cleanse, while God commands our holiness, and His promises assure it to us, and while multitudes, whom our consecrated zeal might save, are perishing before our eyes.

The resources of the Church of God at this day, are incalculable—were they but well understood and rightly employed. Look at the power of the truth of God, and the energy of the Holy Spirit's work. Who will measure the results of believing prayer, offered unitedly from millions of earnest hearts, sprinkled with the efficacious blood of Christ? Look at the possibilities of an

united Church—united in vital truth, in ardent love to God and each other, in hearty co-operation, and holy enterprize. Were there but simply the will, there is plenty of money to carry on any work of evangelization, however extensive. Were all Christians but to give even the tenth of their annual income to God's cause, all the existing enterprises of the Church would be well sustained and many more could be undertaken. There is no work the Church has to do, or ever would have, but men could, and would be raised up adapted to perform it. See what a mighty opportunity is presented for revolutionizing the world, through the faithful, godly training of children. Nor is there a single element of all our modern progress—material, intellectual, or moral—but might easily be made tributary to the Church's grand work in spreading the knowledge of salvation all over the earth.

What might be done, may well be inferred from what has been done. The infant Church of the Apostolic and subsequent time triumphed over the rich, learned, popular Pantheism of Greece and Rome. With nothing but spiritual weapons, it carved its way into flourishing existence, in spite of the most deadly hostility of Jews and Pagans. There was no power that human or diabolic ingenuity could exercise, but was tried to the utmost, in those early centuries, to extinguish the Christian faith, and the Christian Church. But it was in vain. It grew and multiplied exceedingly. Then came the internal corrupting of a cause which no external violence could destroy. But the deathless vitality of our holy religion asserted itself in the mighty up-heaving of Europe's Reformation, and the long night of ages passed away under the brightening beams of the old faith set free again, unchanged, and powerful to save as ever. Then succeeded the fossilized formality, the paralyzing scepticism, and abounding ungodliness of the centuries following. But the marvellous spread of the Methodist Revival, and the contemporary spiritual quickening of a large part of Christendom, proclaimed afresh that the Gospel is not only the truth, but the life of God in the souls of men.

But the triumphs of many centuries seem crowded into the brief period since the nineteenth began. Within this short time the Bible has been sent to all nations in their own tongue.

Flourishing missions have been established in almost every part of the world, and whole nations of barbarians Christianized. Sunday-schools have gathered millions of neglected children into the Church and made them its strongest pillars. The cords of love have drawn the scattered Christian brotherhood into closer fellowship, while the number of God's people has increased, probably more than in the previous thousand years. A Christian literature has sprung up, which is hardly second to the most potent agency which the Church can employ in carrying on its work. Old despotisms, political and religious, have become effete; some of them are for ever swept away, and others are trembling to their fall, while the influence of living Christianity is being felt, more or less, in the remotest regions of human activity, and to the farthest parts of the earth. The very quickening of every form of error and evil—the defiant marshalling of the hosts of God's enemies, is evidence that it is felt, that the decisive hour is not far off. These giants of Anak shall fall, and the Church shall yet go up and possess the earth as her inheritance, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. And if these things be so, then how tremendous the responsibilities, how urgent the duty, and how sublime the privilege of the existing followers of Christ. What manner of persons, indeed, ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness ?

LIFE'S EVENTIDE.

THE hour draws nigh, when evening shades
Stretched out shall be in checkered glades,
And earth's familiar landscape fades.
When death around its darkness flings,
Be these mysterious shadowings
The shade of the Almighty's wings !
When the last summons comes to me,
Like angel whispering let it be—
"The Master's come, and calls for thee !"
And friends who final vigils keep,
With this glad thought will cease to weep—
"He giveth His beloveth sleep !"

—*J. R. Macduff.*

THE RICHES OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM M. BUNTING.

“ 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.

SAVIOUR of men ! I know Thee mine,
By God the Father given to me,
And only wait the power Divine,
To fix my heart and hope on Thee.

Now let Thy wisdom's tempering light,
The truth and radiance of Thy grace,
Reflect to faith's undazzled sight
The brightness of Jehovah's face.

Cause me Thy merits to partake,
With all Thy death's fruition bless ;
Absolve me by Thy sufferings ; make
Me righteous through Thy righteousness.

Nor let me, reconciled, remain
Beneath my fallen nature's curse ;
Thy love my nature cleanse, constrain,
And to celestial vigour nurse.

My mind and passions sanctified,
Spare the frail frame,—then bid my dust,
Sealed for redemption, sure abide
The resurrection of the just.

So save me to the uttermost !
And in Thy right and strength secure,
No lesser claim or power I boast,
None other confidence endure.

In God,—who made Thee all to me,
When hope hung trembling on His nod,
And stabilis'd my soul on Thee,—
My soul shall glory in my God.

EDITORIAL.

OUR MISSION WORK.

THE story of her missions has been the most glorious chapter in the history of Methodism. Those missions have, in a special sense, enjoyed the blessing of Providence, and have received the most signal seal of the Divine approval. From feeble beginnings they have so rapidly multiplied and prevailed that there is hardly a portion of the habitable globe where their agents have not been found. Though often poor in this world's goods, yet rich in faith, they have sublimely claimed the world as the field of their operations. Their successes have been fraught with richest blessings to the parent Church. Her zeal has been stimulated, her faith strengthened, her charity thoroughly organized, her converts multiplied, and devising liberal things she has been made to stand.

Such, also, has been the result of the missionary operations of all the scions of the parent stock of Methodism, and notably, of our own Church. The glorious traditions and memories of the missionary zeal and triumphs of the past are an imperishable legacy to the present, and a perpetual inspiration to duty. The missions of Canadian Methodism have been in a large degree the cause of her prosperity. Like the branches of the banyan tree they have struck root deep in the soil and become in turn parent trunks, sources of strength and centres of new and vigorous growth. Many of our most prosperous societies, which are not only self-sustaining, but which contribute largely to the missionary and other funds of the Church, were themselves the offspring of missionary enterprise, and were at no very remote date dependant on missionary support. In a new country like our's, where successive bands of pioneers are continually advancing the frontiers of civilization, it is absolutely imperative that our Church follow with her ministrations those path-finders of empire, or multitudes may perish for lack of knowledge and the

grandest opportunity for occupying the country in the name of the Lord will be lost.

So fully persuaded of this fact have the authorities of our Church been that to the very utmost of their ability, ay, and beyond their ability they have endeavoured to take possession of the new and promising fields of toil on every side calling for their aid. To this ready response to the demands for missionary labour, the present embarrassment of our missionary fund is very largely due.

Our Indian and Japan missions involve a heavy drain upon the funds of the society; but who is there who would advocate retrenchment of that expenditure which God has so signally owned and blessed? The sainted memories of the apostolic Case and Rundle and Evans and McDougall who gave their lives to this best of causes forbid the withdrawal from those fields in which they won such glorious triumphs. The multitudes of our Indian brethren, of whom Providence has made us in an especial sense the guardians, who stretch forth yearning hands for the bread of life, forbid that we should be indifferent to their appeal.

Our Japan mission especially has taken deep hold on the sympathies of our Church. We deem that the increased missionary donations, which have in consequence been contributed, have more than met the increased expenditure incurred. The success vouchsafed to the labours of our missionaries in that far-off land has been most signal, and is an augury of brightest promise for the future.

The work was the offspring of faith in God, and He has not disappointed the prayers and confidence of His people. In the entire history of missions we believe no example occurs of such remarkable results among a pagan community in so short a time. The guiding hand of Providence is evidently seen in the selection of the agents for the founding of this first foreign mission of our Church. The zeal, piety, and scholarly attainments which they possess, command the respect of all classes of the community, and the healing gifts of Dr. McDonald win for him the gratitude and affection of the natives.

If we would make the most of the advantage already gained, it

was essential that our mission staff in that country should be reinforced, and we are sure that the action of the Missionary Board will have the warmest endorsement of our people.

The progress of Japan in all the arts of Christian civilization is marvellous. Her industrial, educational, and scientific exhibits at the Centennial are of remarkable excellence. And one of the most intelligent commissioners, whose acquaintance we made during a recent visit to the great Exhibition—Mr. Tawara—is the religious fruit of our own mission, converted, as he gratefully informed us, under the ministry of the Rev. George Cochran, and baptized by his hands. His joy, on learning that the mission was being reinforced, was very evident and sincere.

But notwithstanding these manifest encouragements, the present time is one of serious embarrassment to the Missionary Society. The expansion of our work, the urgent appeals for missionaries, and increased expenditure, coincident with a period of financial depression, have involved the Society in serious indebtedness. In some cases, we have reason to believe that the brethren on the mission fields have painfully felt the consequences in greatly lessened incomes, from the sheer inability of the Missionary Board to make the grants asked by the District Meetings and necessary for the comfortable maintenance of the missionaries. Hence the urgency of the appeal recently made by the Missionary Secretaries and Treasurer to the Connexion through the columns of our official journals. We hope that our generous-hearted people will rise to the height of their duty and privilege in this crisis, and by an earnest and united effort extricate the Missionary Society from its present embarrassment. The task is not impossible. It is not even difficult. Let each subscriber increase his subscription one-third—where he gave three dollars, let him give four—and it is done. A little self-denial and more faith in God and zeal for His cause will meet all the difficulties of the Society, and give the cause of missions such an impulse among us as it has never received before.

The cause of God is the last cause that should feel the results of financial depression. Let economy and retrenchment begin elsewhere—in cutting off the superfluities or luxuries of life—and there will be ample means to carry on the work of the Lord.

If the membership of our Church would contribute an average amount of two dollars each—no very extravagant sum—there would be an income amply sufficient to extinguish the debt and to meet all the necessities of the Missionary Society.

Our able contemporary, *The Wesleyan*, Halifax, in a late number, makes a valuable suggestion which, we deem, is capable of being adopted with great advantage to our missionary enterprises. It proposes the organization of a Ladies' Aid Missionary Society. The "mothers in Israel" of English Methodism have through their organized efforts long rendered efficient aid to the missionary cause; and the "Womans' Missionary Society" of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States has been an agency of great value in assisting the vast and varied operations of its far-extended missions.

Our own Church and the cause of missions everywhere are under great obligation to the self-denying, devoted, and indefatigable women, who collect the large proportion of the vast sums of money raised for missionary purposes. But we would like to enlist still more fully their loving sympathy and active cooperation. The condition of their sister-women in heathen lands and of the little children exposed to the cruelties and corruptions of paganism strongly appeal to the pitifulness of their woman's heart. There are many channels through which their beneficence might flow to the far-off objects of their sympathy. An ennobling interest in the spread of Christ's Kingdom would tend to elevate their daily lives and furnish a worthy object for the employment of their Christian energies, and far-off thousands would rise up and call them blessed with the benediction, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but ye have excelled them all."

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LITERATURE.

THERE is no agency at work among us so efficient in the circulation in the homes of our people of Christian literature as our Sunday-schools. Of our fifteen hundred and seventy-five schools almost every one has a library of some description, and the aggregate number of volumes is 232,274, or nearly a quarter of a million! These libraries form almost the sole reading of a large proportion of our one hundred and seven thousand scholars in the most plastic and formative period of life, and in many cases of the adult members of the households to which they belong. The character of that reading, therefore, is a subject of great importance. We all wish that it were better than it is; but we must not lose sight of the practicable while striving after the ideal.

This subject has been fully discussed by Professor Wells, of Union College, N.Y., in a late number of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*. We will endeavour briefly to present some of his conclusions. With reference to the exclusion of all works of fiction, and every product of the imagination, which many urge, he thinks that this would set aside many of the most useful and desirable books in the libraries. The imagination of childhood is very vivid, and its reasoning powers are very slightly developed. It may, therefore, be influenced through the imagination as it can no other way, and the development of the understanding, as well as the culture of the heart may be greatly promoted by judicious story books. The child that will turn away in disgust from a book of dry, angular facts, will read with avidity a narrative of stirring or instructive incident. Thus a taste for reading will be created and fos-

tered, and as the reasoning powers unfold, the child may be led to seek instruction and profit in books of a graver and more austere character.

We spoke just now of *judicious* stories; but many that are in our Sunday-schools is of any thing but this sort. We have found mawkish and unnatural sentiment, involved and improbable plot, and feeble or vicious literary style in some very popular books. These should be inflexibly weeded out. Some writers, especially some lady writers, have a genius for writing Sunday-school books. The allegories and stories of A. L. O. E. and the tales of Mrs. Charles and "Miss Lesslie" illustrative of Church history, and of the heroic deeds and achievements inspired by religion, are, we think, models in their way.

It must be remembered that if we do not furnish our young people with interesting reading of an instructive and wholesome character they will be more apt to seek that which is of a pernicious or vicious tendency. And unhappily the latter is often more accessible than the former—the poison is often more plentiful than the food. The story papers and the dime novels, that swarm like an unclean plague of frogs in the land, will creep into our houses and pollute the minds of our youth unless we furnish some counter attraction. Like the gilded and coloured candies that tempt the infant appetite, the garish pictures of this cheap and nasty literature fascinate the taste of the young. Christian parents owe it to their households to supply them with wholesome food for the mind as well as for the body; and in no way can they do this so readily, so economically, as by sustaining in an efficient condition the Sunday-school library. Nor should the external appearance

of the books be a matter of indifference. In this artistic age, the different publishers vie with each other in producing books with elegant and chaste bindings, cheerful pictures, and a clear and legible page. They may cost a little more, but they will cultivate the taste, the head, the heart, and prove an antidote to evil of incalculable value.

There is no need of introducing sensational love stories into Sunday-schools, as we have sometimes seen done. The emotional nature of the young is only too susceptible, and needs no stimulation. Where such books are found in the library they should relentlessly be weeded out. The domestic affections need not be excluded, but will furnish subjects of treatment of purest and most wholesome influence.

The fairy tales of science, as they have been happily called, so much more wonderful and fascinating than those of fiction, are admirably adapted to arrest the youthful attention, to instruct the understanding, to cultivate the powers of observation, to lead to the study of nature, and to lead the mind in adoring love from nature up to nature's God. There are excellent books of this character issued by the various Sunday-school Publishing Houses. With the amplitude of good books to be had, there is no excuse for the presence of inferior books in our libraries, but that of indolence in the search, or the short-sighted preference of the flashy and cheap instead of the wholesome and pure.

We do not recommend a large proportion of books of a purely didactic character. They appeal to more mature understandings than children generally possess. Yet there ought to be some books of that character, such as James' "Anxious Inquirer," Binney's "Best of Both Worlds," Baxter's and Wesley's books of practical piety, and other similar religious classics. The reading of such books often constitutes an epoch in the intellectual and

religious history of the youthful mind.

The Rev. M. Guy Pearse's "Sermons for Children," published at the Wesleyan Conference Office, is as fascinating as it is beautiful, and ought to be in every library.

The better way, we think, of inculcating didactic lessons is by the concrete examples of human experience—and for this purpose our grand Methodist and missionary biography furnishes amplest material. They are stories of imperishable interest, and of strange power to quicken kindred ardour in the soul to that which inspired the heroes of the Methodist chivalry, the saints of the Methodist hagiography.

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

OUR esteemed contributor, the Rev. Mr. Manly, has published an appeal on behalf of the above Society, which we cordially commend to our readers, and from which we make the following extracts :

"The Society is undenominational and uneclesiastical, in order to be the Pioneer and the Auxiliary in the work of French Canadian Evangelization. It is the Pioneer, because it preceded the Mission-work of the Churches among the French Canadians, and because it goes where the Churches have not gone and cannot go. It is the Auxiliary, because it undertakes no Church work, but prepares the ground and sows the seed, that the Churches of Christ may gather fruit unto life eternal. It educates the young who would not be sent to ecclesiastical schools, by combining daily thorough instruction in the Scriptures with a sound secular education ; and its *colportage* reaches adults and families, by reading and distributing the Scriptures and circulating religious books and tracts, where ecclesiastical agencies could find no entrance.

"The small evangelical minority of Québec appeals for sympathy and help to the strong majorities of the

adjoining regions and of Fatherland. We plead for upwards of a million souls, speaking the French language, that know not the Gospel's joyful sound. We plead with the lovers of our Lord Jesus Christ and of souls, of every name, to aid this unsectarian, unselfish work, that is now a generation old, that the Master himself has graciously blessed, and that is crippled for want of funds on account of bereavement and business depression. We plead for help against the great apostacy. We plead for help to a struggling minority. We plead for help to sustain and increase several Schools and *Colporteurs*. We plead for help to teach the young, without any proselytizing zeal or sectarian asperity. We plead for help to circulate the Word of God. We plead for help to diffuse a good religious literature. We plead for help on behalf of a kindly people that is increasing at home and spreading abroad."

This Society has been cordially commended by several of the Conferences to the sympathy of our people. The petty persecution of our own missionary by the priests of the seminary should strengthen our regard for this and all kindred agencies for the evangelization of our French Canadian fellow-countrymen.

THE SUPERANNUATED PREACHERS' FUND.

THE financial depression of the times has been making itself felt in several departments of our Church work—especially in the sustentation of our Missionary and Superannuated Preachers' Funds. It is of the latter that we would speak at present. It must be a matter of deep regret to all our readers that there is a large deficiency in meeting the claims of the veteran ministers, worn out or disabled in the service of the Church, and of the widows and orphan children of those who have fallen

on the field of labour. This deficiency results, not from an actual decrease in the ordinary contributions of the Church, but from the lack of the increase necessary to meet the increased claims, and from the inability of the Missionary Society to make the usual grant to this fund. The new claims upon the fund amount to the very large sum of eleven thousand dollars, and as, by the Constitution of the Society, the expenditure has to be kept within the income of each year, very serious deficiencies occur, which press very heavily upon the several claimants, the whole of whose allowance, were it paid without reduction, would come short of what their necessities oftentimes demand.

The only way to meet this deficiency, and not a difficult way either, is by largely increased subscriptions to the fund. There is no fund of our Church which has stronger claims upon the sympathy and support of our people than this. It is the bounden duty of the Church to endeavour to surround with every comfort it possibly can the last days of those who have spent their health and strength in building up the cause of God in this country—often amid the privations and trials of pioneer Missionary toil. Now many of them "in age and feebleness extreme" are awaiting the summons to their lasting reward. Let our lay friends make a resolute endeavour to largely increase the annual subscription to this fund. A Methodist layman says upon this subject:—

"As the total receipts for this fund last year were only \$14,803.67, and the ministers themselves pay \$7,365,* or nearly one-half of the amount raised, the entire membership, amounting to 90,455,* only pay at the rate of sixteen cents per member to this fund, not to say anything in regard to that portion paid in by persons who do not claim to be members. Now, as a layman,

* The number including those on trial is greater than this.—Ed.

I can write freely to these 90,455 members. Why should we forget those who were really the means of opening up our country and making it what it is? There should be at least \$50,000 raised this year for this fund. It can be done. Where is the member that cannot pay at least fifty cents per year to these heroes? While there are many giving largely to this fund, there must be very many who do not pay a farthing."

We are persuaded that this matter has only to be properly placed before our membership and congregations to call forth such a response as will prevent the recurrence of such a serious deficiency in so important a fund.

TURKEY.

THE British public has at length been roused to an outburst of indignation against the atrocities of our late Turkish ally, wreaked upon the hapless Christian population of Bulgaria. The indifference of the Gov-

ernment to these outrages has very largely alienated from them public sympathy, and outspoken popular assemblies, as well as Mr. Gladstone's powerful pamphlet, demand an assertion of British influence more in accordance with the traditional character of the ancient champion of the victims of unjust oppression. "Oh! for an hour of Cromwell's iron will and Milton's pen of fire," has been, in thought at least, the aspiration of English patriots, as they read of the blood-curdling cruelties wreaked on Christian maids and matrons unparalleled since

"The bloody Piedmontese rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks."

It is a sad comment on the Christian civilization of this nineteenth century that such scenes are possible, and is a demonstration of the ineradicable barbarism of the Turkish horde that so long have tyrannized over some of the fairest portions of Europe.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.

THE Conference of 1876 will be regarded by the future historian as one of the most important ever held. The debate on Lay Representation excited universal attention. Revs. Dr. Punshon, W. Arthur, G. Smith, G. W. Oliver, and Dr. Rigg, were the principal speakers in favour, while Revs. Drs. Osborn, Jobson, J. Bedford, W. B. Pope, and E. E. Jenkins, were most prominent in the opposition. The discussion continued five days, and was decided in the affirmative by a very large majority. Various details are to be considered by Committees and at the

District Meetings, and then again at the next Conference, so that lay representation will not be consummated until 1878. There will then be *two* Conferences, one composed of Ministers alone, who will decide all questions purely ministerial, somewhat analagous to our Annual Conferences; then the Mixed Conference, very similar to our General Conference, will be composed of an equal number of Ministers and Laymen.

There can be no doubt but that the regulations thus made will form a new era in Methodism. Some regard the contemplated change as

too revolutionary; but it is remarkable that it has been effected at a time when there is not the slightest agitation or turmoil in the entire Connexion. The past year is regarded as one of the most prosperous that has ever been witnessed. The increase in the membership exceeds 15,000.

The Book Room. The number of issues during the past year, great and small, was 12,718,000. Of these, 1,389,000 were periodicals, an average of 112,000 per month; 4,000,000 of tracts, and 1,000,000 of catechisms and reward-books had been disposed of; 500,000 of the new hymn-books had been sold, and 40,000 of the supplement; of School Hymn-books, 136,700, and of Gospel Hymns, 259,500. The profits had so far increased, that £500 had been voted to the fund for the benefit of superannuated ministers and widows.

Worn-out Ministers' Fund. Rev. J. Rattenbury reported that he had received, in cash and promises, £70,000, and hoped before next Conference to complete the amount contemplated—£100,000. Such was the state of the fund, that a small additional allowance was made to the aged ministers and widows, and he hoped that soon the increase would be £10 per year. Mr. Rattenbury appealed for *sixpence* per member to be contributed in the classes, and also a collection in each place of worship; besides which, private applications should be made to the rich members, while Trust-boards ought to be solicited for help. He felt quite sure that the income of the fund could thus be very largely increased.

The Chapel Fund Committee. During the past year, sanction had been given for the erection of 393 edifices at a cost of \$1,665,560. Fifty-one of these were to be erected where no Methodist Church had previously been built: and 84 were to supersede others which were deemed unsuitable. The additional accommodation thus provided would

be 26,210 sittings. There had also been expended in erections and reduction of debt \$1,935,895. In 22 years the debts on churches had been reduced \$5,587,385. This is surely a noble proof of Christian liberality. Since the fund was formed it has granted \$250,000.

Education. Reports from Wesley College, Sheffield; Wesleyan Collegiate Institution, Taunton; and of the Leys' School, Cambridge, were all of the most cheering character. Of the latter, Dr. Moulton said that the school was opened with 15 pupils, and would commence next term with 70 or 80. There is an increase of 97 Sabbath schools: 1,348 schools have joined the Sunday-school Union. The number of scholars is 725,313, being an increase of 25,102. Two hundred and thirty-five male and female teachers are being trained for day schools. Twenty new day schools have been opened. The Sunday-schools have raised a large sum of missionary money, and contributed more than \$10,000 towards the Children's Home. The Sunday-school Union has made 570 grants to Sunday-school libraries, valued, at \$15,000.

Lord's Day Committee. The report contained some sad facts. Not less than 6,000 trains are run on the English railways on the Sabbath, which causes 100,000 men to be constantly employed on that holy day. The Committee endeavours by means of petitions to Parliament, and other means, to stop the running of trains, and close public-houses and post-offices on the Lord's Day. During the year 479,766 persons voted for the closing of public-houses, and only 63,847 voted in favour of keeping them open.

Various. It is a matter of regret that there were only 63 candidates for the ministry. Rev. T. B. Stephenson suggested that the necessity of a larger number should form a subject for special prayer. The candidates and those on the President's List of Reserve were allocated to the various

theological colleges. The last time the Stationing Committee retired, there was no specific business before the Conference; the President, therefore, suggested that an hour should be spent in prayer. This was accordingly done. The brethren about to proceed to the mission field were made the subject of special supplication.

Rev. E. Ryerson, D.D., LL.D.

The number of representatives from abroad was unusually large. The Conferences of South Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, and some of the Southern States of America, were all represented. To none was such special attention devoted as to the Canadian delegation. The President desired the Conference to pay special attention to Dr. Ryerson's farewell remarks, which were listened to with marked attention. The Conference rose to their feet while the President, shaking hands with Dr. Ryerson, bade him farewell in the name of the Conference. Dr. Ryerson was the subject of deep emotion, many were moved even to tears, and altogether the scene was the most touching the Conference had produced.

Conference Appointments. Rev. W. B. Boyce, who was Senior Missionary Secretary, and has been in the active work forty-seven years, fifteen of which he has been connected with the Mission House, and the balance as a missionary in Africa and Australasia, has now retired to the supernumerary list, and intends to spend the rest of his days in New South Wales. Rev. J. Kilner, an eminent missionary, was appointed to the vacant post. The President, Rev. A. M'Aulay, was elected Home Missionary Secretary, as successor to the late Rev. Charles Prest. Rev. J. Greeves was also set apart to special service in the same work. Rev. George Fletcher was appointed Governor of Woodhouse Grove School in the place of the Rev. H. Chettle, who retires as supernumerary. Rev. H. J. Pope was

appointed Chapel Secretary instead of Rev. W. Edwards, deceased. Rev. Gervase Smith, ex-President, remains at his post as Secretary of the Metropolitan Chapel Committee; and the Rev. T. Woolmer continues Secretary of the fund for the extension of Wesleyan Methodism in Great Britain. The Mayor and Sheriff of Nottingham invited the Conference to a sumptuous tea-meeting in honour of their first visit to the town, which was responded to most cheerfully, when a very pleasant gathering was held. The clergyman of the Parish Church sent a respectful letter inviting the President, and as many others as could, to attend a service in his church. This invitation was also accepted by a large number of ministers; and after a very profitable service, several of the members of the Conference took tea at the vicarage, where some pleasant speeches were delivered. Dr. Ryerson was one of the guests. The Nonconformist ministers of Nottingham also visited the Conference and presented an address, which breathed a fine spirit. Some of the deputation also addressed the Conference. Rev. Benj. Gregory replied on behalf of the Conference, and thus a most profitable session was held. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Missions. The missions of Methodism have always been regarded as its chief glory. The last acquired colony of Great Britain—Fiji—was rescued from barbarism by Methodist missionaries. The last Missionary Notice which the writer received, contains an interesting account of a tour made by the Governor through a large portion of the colony. His Excellency visited several of the mission schools, with which he was greatly pleased. A large church has been erected at Rewa, for which the Governor most cheerfully offered to provide the pulpit. Accompanied by Lady Gordon, he attended a native missionary meeting, and in a brief

address, he exhorted the people to contribute cheerfully, and not regard their contributions as a tax, but, as a thank-offering for mercies received. On the Sabbath they spent at Rewa, the Government party attended divine service and worshipped with the poor people so recently rescued from paganism. Sir Arthur Gordon in thus acting, has secured the goodwill of all lovers of the Gospel in Fiji. An institution for the training of a native ministry is about to be established at Madras, which has long been a desideratum in India.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

WE have just seen a recapitulation from the Minutes of the several Annual Conferences, of which there are 37. Travelling preachers, 3,271, members, 715,951, increase, 19,187, besides 2,083 coloured members, and 4,335 Indians; Sunday schools, 7,578, increase, 374, scholars, 346,759, increase, 18,125; collected for missions, \$120,128, increase \$18,174. There were 209 preachers admitted on trial.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, North and South, have cause for thankfulness that the points of difference between them are likely to be soon adjusted. The joint commission, consisting of five persons from each church, was in session for ten days, and has made such arrangements as will, it is believed, meet with almost universal approval, so that the churches in future will work in harmony.

UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCHES.

THIS denomination consists of those who separated from the Wesleyans in England in 1835 and 1849. The twentieth assembly met in Sheffield in August. There are 350 ministers, 3,435 local preachers, 71,317 members, increase, 2,665; Sunday-school scholars, 176,592, increase, 5,874. Rev. T. Booth was elected President; on taking the

chair, he said he was glad that all the Methodist Churches were enjoying a season of great prosperity, as far as he could ascertain, the increase in the whole membership was 30,000. During the past year, nearly \$50,000 had been raised for the Home Mission Extension Scheme, and a similar sum for a Connexional school. The Missionary income was \$56,000, being more than \$2,500 increase.

As the Wesleyan Conference was in session at Nottingham, Rev. J. S. Withington moved that an address of greeting should be sent to it; but the Rev. J. Colman bitterly opposed the recommendation. A painful discussion followed, which caused the recommendation to be defeated, so that it would seem the secessionists retain a good deal of the antagonism which was displayed thirty years ago.

METHODIST CHURCH, CANADA.

THE *Missionary Notices* for August contains a portrait of the Rev. G. McDougall, accompanied by a brief biographical sketch, which will be read with painful interest by the thousands of our Israel. Interesting communications from several missionaries, make up the contents of the number, which should be read by all our people.

The secretaries have issued a circular stating the present condition of the Society's funds. The debt of last year—\$38,000—has been very slightly reduced; \$4,000 have, therefore, to be expended on bank interest. The Central Board last year appropriated \$154,000, but even this was only about one-half of what was asked for by the various District Meetings. The secretaries do not see how the claims of the Society can be maintained, unless the income should reach \$200,000, and they call upon all for liberal contributions. Men of Israel, help.

Toronto Conference. The cornerstone of a new church has been laid

at Trenton, by John Macdonald, Esq., M.P. The edifice is to cost \$15,000, more than half of which has been promised. In the same week a new church was dedicated at Whitby, by the Rev. Dr. Wood, ex-President. The venerable Doctor dedicated a former church in the same town, twenty-two years ago. The new church is a chaste structure of the amphitheatre style. A monument is about to be erected in the burial ground at Alderville, to the memory of the Rev. W. Case and John Sunday.

New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference. The ex-President, Rev. D. D. Currie, announces in the *Wesleyan*, a series of meetings which he is about to hold in various circuits, for the purpose of advocating the claims of the Connexional funds, so that better provision may be made for the support of the ministry. Such an example is worthy of imitation.

Newfoundland. Recently three of H. M. S. were in the harbour of St. John's, when the ladies of the Methodist Church, Gower Street, invited the marines to a sumptuous tea, after which a public meeting was held. Several ministers, and the Hon. J. J. Rogerson, delivered suitable addresses. The latter gentle-

man hoped that the time was not far distant when a Sailors' and Fishermans' Home would be established in the city, for the accommodation and comfort of seamen. Some of the marines responded. The meeting was enjoyable and calculated to do much good.

DEATHS.

REV. T. DAVIS, of Nova Scotia Conference, has finished his course. He entered the work in 1824. Rev. W. Taylor, D.D., Montreal, has just entered into rest. He was a prominent minister in that city for forty years. Mrs. M'Ritchie, wife of Rev. G. M'Ritchie, Montreal Conference, has been released from a life of suffering. Just as we go to press we learn the death of Bishop Janes, the senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. He died at his home in New York city, on September 18th, in the seventy-first year of his age. For many years agent of the American Bible Society, he was brought into contact with the whole Church, especially in the South, where his energy and eloquence produced great results. He was for years a patient sufferer of acute pain. His death was one of great peace.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Popular Science Monthly. New York: Appleton & Co.

In a late number, Prof. Crooks illustrates his wonderful discovery of the mechanical action of light. He has constructed a delicate piece of apparatus—the radiometer—which the light of a single candle has made to revolve forty times a second. With the electric light it revolves several hundred times a second. The estimated pressure of the sun-

light on the earth's surface is two cwts. per acre, fifty-seven tons per square mile, or 3,000,000,000 tons on its exposed surface—enough to knock it out of its orbit if it came upon it suddenly. What an exhaustless source of mechanical efficiency is here to be utilized at some future day.

Professor Newberry discusses the causes of the cold of the ice period, which he attributes to extra-mundane

and cosmical rather than to teluric influences.

Prof. Huxley gives his definition of species in an elaborate monograph; the Rev. W. H. Dallinger puts another nail into the coffin of the spontaneous generation theory, and J. H. Beadle demonstrates that the polygamous social experiment in Utah is an economical failure, to say nothing of its moral infamy. The "Apotheosis of Steam" celebrates the wonderful mechanical and scientific triumphs of the century, and a companion paper shows the strange backwardness of the ancients in scientific observation. We utterly dissent from the editor's views on the closing of the Centennial Exhibition on Sunday. We have elsewhere expressed our opinion of this grand national testimony to the sanctity of the Sabbath.

Pater Mundi; or, Modern Science Testifying to the Heavenly Father; and The Doctrine of Evolution. By the REV. E. F. BURR, D.D., Author of "Ecce Cœlum," etc. First and Second Series. Crown 8vo., pp. 284 and 303. Noyes, Holmes & Co., Boston: Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

In these able lectures, which were originally delivered before senior classes in various colleges and theological seminaries, Dr. Burr has fairly grappled with the most salient difficulties in the modern conflict between science and revelation. Of the learned author's scientific attainments, dialectic skill, and eloquent diction, our readers have already had some examples in the review in these pages of his remarkable book, "Ecce Cœlum." These qualities are no less conspicuous in the present volumes, and the fierceness of the battle now waging about the subjects discussed, lends a still profounder interest to their treatment. It is rare that such a rhetorical charm accompanies such accurate scientific knowledge, and is employed in the elucidation of such difficult themes.

The reader finds himself following with keenest interest the most lofty reasoning.

The volume on evolution is the best discussion of the subject from a conservative point of view that we have seen. It points out very lucidly the immense difficulties connected with the theory, the utterly inadequate basis on which it is attempted to rear such a superstructure, and its conflict with the entire circle of the sciences—with ontology, geology, the science of probabilities, and with solar, stellar, and nebular astronomy. Our ministerial readers especially, will find these volumes a rare intellectual treat, and an able discussion of one of the most important questions of the day, a question which the author regards as of vital importance to the interests of Christian theism. In the maintenance of his theses we scarcely know which most to admire, the strength of his argument or the beauty of his style. The popular appreciation of the earlier of these books is seen in the fact that in a comparatively short time it has reached a seventh edition.

Mummies & Moslems. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Crown 8vo., pp. 445. Belford Brothers, Toronto: Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

EVER since Thales and Herodotus sought the fountain of wisdom in the cradle-land of civilization, Egypt has possessed a strange fascination to mankind. More truly than Italy is it the "land of all men's past." Its tombs and monuments, its hieroglyphs and paintings carry us back to the dim dawn of history—to the shadowy ead of time. Its customs and costumes are a perpetual commentary upon the language of Holy Writ. And the strange blending of the present and the past in the conjunction of the railway and the pyramids, the Suez Canal and the immemorial caravan, give to Egyptian travel a strange fascination and con-

stant surprise. By no more genial dragoman can stay-at-home travellers be guided through this wonderland than by the kindly humourist, Charles Dudley Warner. He looks with sympathetic eye on all he sees, and presents to our view the scenes which he beholds with strange vividness and vivacity. Those talismanic names, Alexandria, Cairo, the Nile, Thebes, Karnak, Luxor, and Edfou, are potent spells wherewith to charm, and he makes us weirdly feel their power. For summer travel or winter fireside reading we know of few more pleasant books than this volume which Messrs. Belford Brothers have placed within our reach in so elegant a form at so cheap a price.

The Life of Bishop Richardson. By THOMAS WEBSTER, D.D., with introduction by BISHOP CARMAN. 12mo., pp. 240. Toronto: J. B. Magurn, and Methodist Book Room.

THE death of Bishop Richardson removed one of the most venerable and venerated members of early Canadian society. For sixty years he bore an active part in the history, secular and religious, of his native province. He faithfully served his country and his God, and in his honoured old age few names were held in more affectionate regard. "The good grey head that all men knew," and the armless sleeve telling of the valour of other days, will be missed, not only at the gatherings of his own denomination, but in many assemblies of Christian workers. For Bishop Richardson, through his long connection with the Bible Society, and through his catholicity of spirit, belonged, in a sense, to all the Churches. Assuredly, few men were ever so respected by all denominations. The present volume gives a graphic account of his long and varied career; with reminiscences of the war of 1812-15,

and illustrations of the privations, toils, trials, and triumphs of the early itinerants of this province. We are not sufficiently familiar with all the details of the unhappy controversy that agitated Methodism forty years ago to express a decided opinion on Dr. Webster's treatment of that subject. We have therefore handed the book to our veteran ecclesiologist, the Rev. John Carroll, for fuller review. Of this much we are confident that whatever may have been Bishop Richardson's part in those events, his conduct was always that of the high-souled Christian gentleman.

Strange Tales from Humble Life.

By JOHN ASHWORTH. Published by Samuel Rose at the Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto, pp. 466, cloth 75 cents; paper 60 cents. Per mail, prepaid, for 75 and 90 cents.

THIS is a Canadian reprint of a work which has had a most extraordinary run in England, forty thousand bound volumes, and two millions of copies in tract form having been sold since its issue. It forms a handsome, well printed, and well bound book of nearly five hundred pages, and is sold for the extremely low price of seventy-five cents in cloth, just half the price of the English edition. It contains many an "o'er true tale" of sin and sorrow, of crime and retribution. It tells, also, how the grace of God can raise the most sunken and cleanse the most vile. These "short and simple annals of the poor" are of absorbing interest, and many of them are full of deep and tragic pathos.

Religion never shines so brightly as when surrounded by temptation and sin, like the sparry gem in the darksome mine; and human nature is never so glorified as when its vilest specimens are taken from the

very kennels of society, and polished and wrought to shine as fadeless jewels in the diadem of the Redeemer. Many such triumphs of grace are here recorded, which furnish encouragement to all who work for the elevation of the fallen, that their labour is not in vain in the Lord.

Such tales as these will quicken our sympathies for God's great family of the poor, and will doubtless prompt many to minister to their temporal and especially to their spiritual wants.

We cordially recommend this interesting and valuable work to the attention of the Methodist public. It is admirably adapted for Sabbath Schools and family libraries, and for public readings at socials, etc. These tales—thirty-two in number—strange as some of them may be, are all sober truth, and cannot but quicken the piety and energize the zeal of all who read them.

The Old Lieutenant and his Son.

By NORMAN MACLEOD, DD.
12mo., pp. 401. Toronto: Belford Brothers, 1876.

THIS is a reprint, in the Belford Brothers' characteristic elegant style, of a story which has stood the test of a wide circulation in the pages of *Good Words* Magazine. The genial-hearted Scottish divine had a strong sympathy; with them "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters," and he recounts many brave events and heroic names that stir the old Norse blood in even a landsman's veins. This simple, touching story is vastly more wholesome reading than the sensational novels over which so many waste their time and sympathy. At the same time the devout and practical moral is more strongly enforced than it would be in any mere didactic discourse. Two engravings, and a very elegant emblematic device on the cover, embellish the book.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUIT.	AGE	DATE.
Heman Spafford	Pictou	Pictou, O.	71	July 16, 1876.
Daniel Young	Madoc	Madoc, O.	82	" 28, "
Lucy Sterling	Mangerville	80	Aug. 7, "
James Boyd, Esq.	St. Andrews	St. Andrews	84	" 11, "
Fanny S. Botsford	Fredericton	Fredericton	21	" 11, "
Samuel M'Culley	Portege	Sussex, N. B.	73	" 12, "
Sarah J. Higgenson	Margate	Margate, P. E. I.	22	" 12, "
Mary McCallum Speck	Franklin	Franklin, P. Q.	60	" 14, "
Mary Ann Crawford	St. John	St. John, N. B.	57	" 14, "
G. B. Chapplain	Halifax	Halifax, N. S.	48	" 14, "
Benjamin Smith	Kentville	Kentville, N. S.	34	" 15, "
Jane Smyth	St. John's	St. John's, N. B.	78	" 15, "
B. Packard	Bathurst	Halifax, N. S.	85	" 17, "
Mrs. W. Wharrin	Kingston	Kingston, O.	78	" 30, "

All business communications with reference to this Magazine should be addressed to the Rev. S. ROSE; and all literary communications or contributions to the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Toronto.

"I will Follow Thee."

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY JAMES LAWSON, MALLORYTOWN, ONT.

1. I will fol - low Thee, my Saviour, Where-so - e'er my lot may be ;
2. Tho' the road be rough and thorny, Track-less as the foam-ing sea ;

Where Thou go - est, I will fol - low, Yes, my Lord, I'll fol - low Thee.
Thou hast trod this way be - fore me, And I glad - ly fol - low Thee.

CHORUS.

I will fol - low Thee, my Saviour ; Thou did'st shed Thy blood for me ;

And tho' all men should forsake Thee, By Thy grace I'll fol - low Thee.

3 Thro' 'tis lone, and dark, and dreary,
Cheerless though my path may be ;
If Thy voice I hear before me,
Fearlessly I'll follow Thee.

4 Though I meet with tribulations,
Sorely tempted though I be ;
I remember Thou wast tempted,
And rejoice to follow Thee.

5 Though Thou lead'st me through affliction,
Poor, forsaken, though I be ;
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
And I only follow Thee.

6 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,
Cold and deep, Thou ledest me ;
Thou hast crossed its waves before me,
And I still will follow Thee.