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WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE

OF CANADA.

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

SALVATION OF INFANTS.

Many strange charges have been brought against Mr. Wesley and the Methodist Church during the century, but one of the strangest is to be found in the "*Home and Foreign Record*, of the Canada Presbyterian Church," for August. In an article under the caption of "The Calvinistic System of Doctrine—Misrepresentation exposed," the writer would fain do something for Calvinism, and seeks to fasten upon Mr. Wesley and his followers, the charge of teaching the monstrous dogma, that "there are infants who die in infancy and perish." It is a cause of regret that the old strife could be renewed, but, as we are not the aggressors, we shall not be guilty of breach of christian duty, if we speak for ourselves. The charges of this letter against Wesley, Watson, and all Methodists who deem it prudent to say anything against Calvinism, is very severe. He says they employ "reckless and unhesitating assertions, unaccompanied by any proof," their zeal is only pretence," "blind hatred to Calvinism lies at the root of it all." All this is certainly refreshing, yet not well calculated to give to the readers of the *Record* a very high opinion of either the piety or honesty of their Methodist brethren. Shocking men these anti-Calvinists; yet we do not know how we can help it—for Dr. Barnes "will not undertake to say whether Mr. Wesley could have been a Calvinist, but he can say that Jonathan Edwards could never have been any thing else." It is not an easy thing under all circumstances, for writers to have their principles at hand to fasten them to the pen's nib—so that the writing shall be the expression of the principle—if it were so, many writers would be saved from a great deal of folly and pain. The Calvinists know right well that we perfectly understand them, if they do not comprehend us—and for them to charge us with misrepresentation, is to charge us with superlative wickedness—it must be a very wicked thing to misrepresent Calvinism. It is reasonable enough when it is presented—and worse when it is re-presented—

and had it not been for the pride of intellect, of which it boasts, all that peculiar to it as a system would have gone out of the world long since.

In seeking to fasten the dogma of infant damnation upon the Methodist Church, this writer refers to some passages in Wesley's Sermons, his treatise on Baptism and the Baptismal Service. To all of which it will be sufficient now to say: 1st. That admitting Mr. Wesley did believe baptismal regeneration in common with the ancient Church, and with the Church of England of his day, did he hold that regeneration in baptism was *actual* or only *presumptive*? Clearly *presumptive*; for he says, "It is certain our Church *supposes* that all who are baptised in their infancy are at the same time born again,—and it is allowed that the whole office for the baptism of infants proceeds upon this *supposition*." It is unfair for this writer to say that Mr. Wesley taught that, "By water, then, as a means, we are regenerated or born again." "Herein a principle of grace is infused which will not be wholly taken away, unless we quench the Holy Spirit of God by long continued wickedness." His words are, "By water, then, as a means, the water of baptism, we are regenerated or born again, whence it is called by the Apostle 'the washing of regeneration.'" Our Church therefore ascribes no greater virtue to baptism than Christ himself has done. Nor does she ascribe it to the outward washing, but to the inward grace, which, added thereto, makes it a sacrament." One who complains of misrepresentation should fairly represent others.

2nd. If Mr. Wesley did say that the ordinary way to salvation was through this sacrament, yet there is a very wide margin between him and the Calvinists, for he declares children have a *right* to baptism, being included in the evangelical covenant; "that the second Adam has found a remedy for the disease which came upon all by the offence of the first, and although he does say that God has tied us to one way—by which the benefits of the remedy may be obtained—he also says, as this writer admits, "He may not have tied himself. Indeed, where it cannot be had, the case is different, but extraordinary cases do not make void a standing rule." Most likely it would have been very gratifying to our friend if Mr. Wesley had said, "God has bound himself by a decree as irreversible as his own nature, that none but the elect shall be saved. Great indeed would be the joy if he had followed in the wake of John of Geneva, and declared for electing grace, instead of reiterating the doctrine of John of Patmos, "He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world." Wesley was not the man to compromise the doctrine of universal grace, by binding it down to an accident; for this great doctrine, the grace or love of God, whence cometh our salvation is free *in* and free *for* all, runs through the entire of his teaching, and

the distinctive quality of his theology. If death came by one—Adam,—life came by one—Christ; and were he now living he would endorse the utterance of the sainted Mercier, “It was only by the interposition of a Mediatorial Grace, that the guilty pair were not crushed at once, but simply driven away from the tree of life; yet only by this extension of earthly life did it become possible to gather a family, and initiate a race; so that it is only through the atonement that there has ever been a childhood.”

3rd. It is a matter of thankfulness, that with all Mr. Wesley’s leaning to baptismal regeneration—which, by the way, was not the regeneration of Dr. Pusey—he does admit that all who die in infancy, being baptised, are saved, which is infinitely more satisfactory than the Calvinists’ creed, which declares that, “the efficacy of baptism is not tied to the moment of time when it is administered; yet notwithstanding by the right use of the ordinance, the grace provided is not only offered, but really exhibited and conferred, by the Holy Ghost, to such (whether of age or infants) as that grace belongeth unto, according to the council of his own will, in his appointed time;” (*Confession of Faith, Art. 28.*) So that according to his teaching there are some, even of the baptised, to whom the grace does not belong. Comment is unnecessary here; there is the statement in its own baldness, and so it shall remain.

4th. When Mr. Wesley said “Baptism was the ordinary way through which the benefits of Christ’s death are received by infants, and by which they entered the church, he did not say there was no other way; nor did he affirm there was no salvation without it—if he had he would have leaned a little too much towards Dr. Troiss and Calvinism, which says, “out of the visible Church there is no ordinary possibility of salvation,” and that baptism is ordained by Christ for the solemn admission of the party baptised into the Church, (*Confession of Faith*). Wesley admits the right of infants to membership in Christ’s Church—says they ought to come to Christ—that no man ought to forbid them. But does he ground his right upon baptism? Plainly not; but upon “the free gift which comes upon all men unto justification of life.” He declares “they are under the evangelical covenant—and have a right to baptism, which is the entering seal.”

5th. If the charge against Mr. Wesley could be sustained, it could not be upon the same ground as that upon which it is preferred against Calvinism. That against Wesley is based upon a few terms of equivocal meaning, and is refuted as soon as made, by a bare reference to the general teaching of his theology, whether in prose or verse;—for he does not hesitate to say, nor his followers to sing,

“Thy undistinguishing regard, Was cast on Adam’s helpless race;
For all thou hast in Christ prepared, Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.”

The charge against Calvinism is based upon the positive statements of its creed, and defended by some of the greatest minds that have flourished under its shadow. It has been thought, that as our Calvinistic friends appear to be struck with horror at the charge of holding the horrible decree that they did, in common with most Churches, believe in the universal salvation of those who die in infancy, through the infinite merit of him whose intervention they need, and whose offer they have never rejected. But when we read in the Confession that, "the Holy Ghost confers the efficacy of baptism to such as the grace belongeth unto, whether of age or infancy according to the council of God's own will,"—the thought came what grace?—the grace "*promised*," the grace that is to give efficacy to baptism, the grace of regeneration. Do they then hold that all infants who die in infancy are saved? or, that none die but the elect? No, not if they hold to the Confession of Faith—not if the writers on Calvinism give the views of the Church. Volume after volume is at hand from which we could give quotations from standard authors, among them—men of renown—which would satisfy any unbiassed mind that we utter no slander. From St. Augustin, the father of the dogma, and John Calvin, and Jonathan Edwards, and Bellamy, passing by Dr. Twiss, and coming down to Dr. Barnes, proofs almost without number are presented, which satisfy us that whatever the body of the people may believe, the teachers are true to the Confession and the Catechism—and do not hold as a doctrine, nor teach it as a verity, that all children dying in infancy are saved. Yet it may be proper here for us to give an example or two; and to prevent any difficulty we find it suggested by the list of subjects for examination at Knox's College, that they shall be from standard authors, whose authority in matters theological is admitted. For third years students in Theology the text book is "Calvin." Now what does he say on this subject? "How came it to pass that the fall of Adam, independent of any remedy should involve so many nations, with *their infant children* in *eternal death*? But such was the will of God!! It was a *horrible decree*, I confess; but no one can deny that God foreknew the future state of man before he created him; and *that he did foreknow it because it was appointed by his own decree*;" (Calvin's Ins.—B. iii, chap. xxiii, Sect. 6.) Take another of the text books of the same institution,—Hill—and what is his teaching? In his Lectures, (book iv., chap. 1.) we have the following deliverance: "In what manner the mercy of God will dispose hereafter of those infants who die in consequence of Adam's sin, without having done any evil, the Scriptures have no where declared; and it does not become us to say any more than is said in the excellent words of our Confession of Faith." This then must be taken as the Calvinism of this country, and

right in high places. Mr. Wesley and the Methodists have no difficulty here—have nothing they hesitate to avow.—They know that the disembodied spirits of children, of *all* children, dying before the age in which they are capable of actual sin, “do behold the face of God in heaven, and have a place among the blessed; that the great Shepherd came to save them.” They know that it is “Not the will of our Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.” Nor would they hesitate to say with Bengel, “Infants are objects of God’s care, not that they have not been under the curse, but because they have been rescued from it. The human race was one *lost* mass, in which even infants, even those of the best disposition are included on account of original sin; but the whole of it has been redeemed. If a King declare that he will rebuild a city that has been consumed by fire, he will not have his words understood of a single street.”

6th. The inferences this writer would draw from the wording of the baptismal service—explained by the passage from the sermons—in which it is said, “Our Church” (the Church of England) “supposes”, &c., are of a piece with the rest of the argumentation, and is a further proof, if such were wanting, that he has yet to learn something more of Arminianism and Methodism than he has yet learned. The doctrine of Arminians is simply, That God from all eternity determined to bestow salvation on those whom he foresaw would persevere unto the end in their faith in Christ Jesus; and to inflict everlasting punishment on those who should continue in their unbelief, and resist unto the end his divine succors; so that election was conditional, and reprobation in like manner the result of foreseen infidelity and persevering wickedness.” And as it regards children, “God has taken the whole human race into the grace of reconciliation, and has entered into a covenant of grace with Adam and the whole human family in him; in which he promises the remission of all sins to as many as stand steadfastly, and deal not treacherously with the covenant; and since infants have not transgressed this covenant, they do not seem to be obnoxious to condemnation,”—(Apology 13-14). A Methodist writer or teacher that would be guilty of teaching a dogma such as that charged upon us in the *Record*, would not only find himself in opposition to the general sentiment of the Methodist people, but would, and should, be impeached. From the commencement of our history we have had no debate on this subject, but have borne one uniform testimony, “that all infants, dying before actual sin is committed, are admitted into heaven through the merits of Christ,” and for any one to assert, as the writer in the *Record* does, that the doctrine of Methodism is “that infants dying unbaptised, perish”—without better proof than he furnishes (and he gives the best at hand) enough to convict any man at the bar of conscience of a breach of the

ninth commandment. There is less reason to be surprised at the "mysteriousness of conscience," than at the obtuseness of minds trained under the force of prejudice, so buried in the cast-iron shroud of Calvinistic theology, that they can discover nothing generous, beautiful, nor true, in any other system.

As he stumbled at the first principle of Arminianism, it was not to be expected he would better succeed with the rest. Grace is common to all previous to regeneration—and there is grace peculiar to the regeneration. Does our Calvinistic friend really deny this. John—1—12, "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name;" this Arminians believe and teach, and concerning infants—all infants coming into the world under a gracious constitution, provision is made in the constitution itself for the very defects they inherit by their connection with the guilty pair; and more than an equivalent is secured to them for the evil entailed upon them; the "free gift" secures all; if they die before sin is actualized by acts of their own, irrespective of all other means, they are safe,—this the "free gift" secures. Nor does the prayer at Baptism conflict with our doctrine of free will, as stated in our eighth article. For what is it but a request that God would grant to the child those communications of grace, that through the probation upon which he has entered, he might be assisted and directed to govern his life agreeably to the will of God, and so "remain in the number of his faithful and elect children." Many Methodists do hold that sin may exist when it would not be just to impute it to the sinner, and they hold this in conformity with the Scriptures. It is a doctrine we do not feel disposed to deny, that *responsible* guilt is *actual* guilt, and for this only is there *retribution*, and in the strict sense of the word *punishment*. Guilt—but not personal—is attached to infants—and the punishment which follows, is not so much an infliction as a consequence of the actual sin of Adam, the federal head of the race.

It would be well for this expositor of Methodism to read up a little Wesleyan theology, for at present he is evidently in a fog. Methodist Ministers understand themselves and the theology of the Bible,—and have no leaning to Baptismal regeneration; nor do they hold to infant damnation—nor to *adult* damnation but for *actual* sin. Nor do they believe that the salvation of infants is based upon the immutability of the decree of election, but upon the mercy of God in Christ, who restores them to relationship with himself,

"And looks and loves His image there."

The last part of the article is not to be touched—the writer flies to

great where he may remain—it is a safe retreat—but not the most honorable.

Calvinists may still go on with their dogmas—and lash themselves into a foam; we shall go on our way—singing as we go—

“The love of God for all is free;
For him who forged the dire decree,
For every reprobate and me.”

Milton, August, 1862.

W.

REFLECTIONS ON THE FORTY-FIRST HYMN, SIXTH VERSE

BY THE REV. DR. COONEY.

I see venerable, hoary-headed history, the chronicler of public events, sitting down by the stream that represents the progress of time. The course of this stream is often disturbed by stirring vicissitudes, and popular commotions, so that the surface becomes agitated and troubled. At other times its clear bright waters are darkened by tradition, while wars and tumults excite them to such a degree, that they overflow their banks, and in their impetuous and devastating course spread universal ruin; and sweep into forgetfulness the names and exploits of heroes and sages, great men, and mighty men of renown. This is expressed in language alike credible and poetical in the 41st. Hymn of our Connexional Psalter:

“Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.”

The dead are soon, very soon forgotten. Scarcely have the dull and solemn echoes of “The Funeral Bell” ceased to reverberate, when the death of friends and acquaintances begin to fade from the memory, and lose its distinctness in the imperfect recollection of general occurrences. And yet this is not the age of either BRASS, BRONZE, or IRON. No! The periods designated by these peculiarities have passed away; and the mediæval age has been carried back to THE HEPTARCHY, by the force of its own ignorance. Still to the distinguishing traits of our own time, rather than to the decline of either sympathy or friendship, are we to look for the fact that the dead are soon forgotten.

Ours is an age of progress—of hard thinking—of deep research—an age of active brains, and busy hands—of steady nerves, and swift feet. And this ceaseless activity—this wondrous energy—this exciting march

these perhaps, are the reasons why we have to deplore a fact that cannot be either denied or doubted.

Shakspeare alluding to the rapid transition of grief for the dead, to an entire forgetfulness of them, says in his own epigrammatic way—"The funeral baked meats served for the wedding dinner." And Napoleon, chasing the vanquished Austrians over the plains of Marengo, declared, as he galloped past the dead body of his friend Desaix, that he had not time to weep. Commerce, politics, and law are often discussed by the cortege that follows the hearse—the touching threnodies, of "The Dead March in Saul," are succeeded by the most lively strains—and the Necropolis is often the scene of heartless merriment and Sabbath desecration.

Circe's charmed cup changed all who drank of it into grovelling swine—a draught of the fabled waters or Lethe, washed out all recollection of the past—and we repeat it, "the dead are soon forgotten." This is the general rule, and the exception is enjoyed by those who experienced very little favour while living. This was the case with the great epic poet of Greece; and the posthumous gratitude of his countrymen is keenly satirized, in this quaint, but pithy couplet:

"A thousand cities claim Homer dead,
In which the living Homer begg'd his bread."

The great dramatist says, "The good deeds of men are often interred with their bones, while their imperfections and failings live after them." And one greater than any bard of either classic Greece, or "merrie England;" one who drank deeply, not at the fountain of Helicon, or of Arethusa, but at the source of divine inspiration, compared his lonely and deserted condition, to that of a dead man forgotten by his friends. "*My life is spent with grief; my strength faileth; and I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind.*" This is the wailing and mourning of an aged pilgrim, wearied by his long sojourning—of a mighty man of war, enfeebled by his numerous campaigns—of a great monarch, exhausted by the cares of state—of a liberal patron, and indulgent father, forsaken by his followers, and persecuted by his children.

Our adorable Saviour evidently wished to live in the memory of his followers. He was desirous that a lively and grateful recollection of his passion and death should be transmitted from age to age; and to realize this end, he instituted the christian passover. It is true, higher and holier objects were contemplated, but a devout remembrance of the mysterious transaction, was one end which our Lord desired to secure; and hence he substantially said:

"In memory of my dying love do this;"—Do this in remembrance of me.

These words, few and simple, form the true RUBRIC; they are replete with all the tenderness of entreaty—imbued with all the urgency of important request—fraught with all the pathos of a touching and powerful appeal—and invested with all the authority of a divine precept. But although “*the dead, generally speaking, are soon forgotten,*” various and hastily expedients are adopted to preserve the remembrance of eminent men, and of great national events. All the resources of sculpture, of painting, and architecture are laid under contribution for this purpose. Equestrian and pedestrian statues—the exquisite creations of the pencil—magnificent bridges—graceful arches—stately columns—arcades—cenotaphs, &c., are ostensibly erected with this view; but in reality to ornament the squares of large cities and towns; and to multiply the number of public edifices.

The polished marble of Italy—the glowing brass of Corinth—iron from the bowels of the earth—the rough mountain granite—all these are moulded into various shapes and forms, constituting as it were, a kind of monumental biography; but not withstanding the public taste, commendable spirit, and expense involved in these efforts, the dead are soon, very soon forgotten.

“Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.”

This truly affecting passage would form an appropriate epitaph for all mankind: and if adopted, would endue every tombstone and cenotaph with a warning and instructive voice. The efforts of the chisel would then promote the enterprise of the pulpit; and the Sculptor and the Preacher would be co-workers together in the Lord. Were these words, or appropriate texts from the sacred scriptures, more generally used in our burying places, “THE LIVELY ORACLES” would be lithographed in the abodes of the dead—words which the Holy Ghost uttered would be written on TABLES OF STONE—and the various symbols which grief and love employ to perpetuate the remembrance of their loss, would address THEM in the plaintive language of the mysterious voice that cried, “*All flesh is grass: and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field.*” In short, this whole hymn is full of elegiac tenderness and beauty, hallowed by devotional simplicity and fervour. And the analogy it insinuates is so just—the admonition it conveys so impressive—the appeal it addresses so touching, that we are unable to say which most deeply affects us—the elegance of the similitudes—the importance of the lessons—or the power of the exhortation.

"OUR BACKSLIDERS."

An article which appeared in a late number of the Magazine under the heading, has suggested some thoughts to my mind, which I desire, with the permission of the Editors, to put on record. Upon a subject of this kind it is but reasonable to expect that there should be a considerable diversity of opinion; it is only right, therefore, that in its discussion considerable latitude should be allowed. Persons of different temperaments, different habits of thought and action, and who have been providentially placed in widely different circumstances, viewing it from different points of observation, will naturally see the matter in various lights, and come to diverse conclusions, and it is only by the comparison of these different results that a comprehensive and correct view of the whole subject can be secured.

The article referred to pleases me no less because some of the views which it expresses are opposed to my own; and I doubt not anything I may write will be no less welcome to the editors, because it may contain opinions which do not completely harmonize with theirs. In regard to the fact that backsliders do exist in considerable numbers both inside and outside of the Church, that is too palpable to admit of any diversity of opinion. On that point we are all agreed. The question is, how is the melancholy fact to be accounted for. The question is important; for the effect will be likely to continue until the cause is removed; whatever, therefore, tends to throw light upon the cause of these frequent defections must be regarded as important. Certainly then, it is both interesting and useful to have an opportunity of placing side by side the opinions, independently formed, of brethren who, differing from each other vastly in other respects, are equally interested in the prosperity of the Church, and the salvation of souls.

It may be that it was not the intention of the writer of the article which has appeared on this subject, to convey the impression that Methodism had a larger number of backsliders in proportion to the number of its converts than other churches; and yet I think it was liable to be understood as conveying this idea, and further, that this fact was to be attributed chiefly to certain means which are more frequently resorted to by us than by others, for the conversion of souls. The latter of these propositions is so expressed as to appear to imply the former. If these may be taken as the sentiments of the writer, I confess I am not quite satisfied with the correctness of either of them. It might be, if we knew as much about other communions as we do of our own, we would find upon examination of the result of their labours, that with them the chaff bears as large a proportion to the wheat as with ourselves; and then as to the comparative stability of persons converted through the instrumentality of what are called ordinary, and extraordinary means, unfortunately the number of the latter so far exceed that of the former, it is not easy to make the comparison.

When a large quantity of grain is produced there will generally be a proportionate quantity of chaff; where there are large accessions of members to the church, there will generally be a considerable number, who though they may run well for a season, will grow weary in the race, and under the power of temptation turn aside from the path of life. This may

account for the difference between Methodism and some other of the Churches, and also, in some measure, for the difference between those particular congregations in which extraordinary means for the conversion of sinners have been resorted to, and those in which there has been no departure from the ordinary routine. If Methodism is producing a larger number of backsliders than other Churches, we are inclined to think it is because it is producing more genuine converts than all the other Churches put together; and if there are larger numbers of backsliders to be found in those particular places where Protracted-meetings have been held, it is most improbable that a careful examination would show, that their number were no greater proportion to the whole number of converts there than in other places.

There are no churches or congregations that are absolutely secure against declension, backsliding, and apostacy, except those in which no conversions take place; if, therefore, there were no greater evil to be dreaded than backsliding, the most effectual means of shielding ourselves from this dreaded evil would be to abstain from putting forth any specific effort for the salvation of souls. A man must be converted, that is, pardoned and regenerated, before he can—at least in the sense in which we use the term—backslide. But there are evils more to be dreaded than the multiplication of backsliders in the Church; it is a more tremendous evil to allow the dead mass around us to remain asleep in their sins until they wake up in perdition; and if the Church has not attained to that state of efficiency which would render the ordinary means sufficient for this purpose, the dread of declensions in the future should not deter us from resorting to even extraordinary means for the awakening and conversion of sinners.

This I conceive, was the idea in which Methodism originated. It has been an extraordinary system from the beginning; and its history is the record of a series of extraordinary efforts put forth for the accomplishment of the grand end of the Church's existence—the salvation of perishing sinners. It has been all things to all men that *by all means* it might do some. To this principle of operation it has adhered in seasons of adversity as well as in seasons of prosperity. We see even Wesley himself cutting off hundreds of backsliders from his Societies at a single stroke—on one occasion a full half of a numerous Society; but none of these things moved him; he was just as ready still to resort to any means however novel or extraordinary, which offered the slightest prospect of leading sinners to the Saviour. When one set of tactics would not answer his purpose, he had recourse to another; and in this respect he only obeyed the instructions he had received from the Captain of our Salvation. Surely it was a novel and extraordinary mode of procuring guests for a royal wedding to go out into the high ways and hedges and compel the dwellers in these obscure and out-of-the-way places to come in; but these were precisely the means which were to be resorted to when the ordinary and more orderly mode of invitation failed.

I am not quite sure that I understand what is meant by what is sometimes called the hot-bed process of conversion, which in the judgment of some should be held responsible for much of the backsliding in the Church, I confess I have been wont to look upon the hot-bed with considerable respect, as a very useful institution, especially in this frigid

climate of ours. It is true, not being a gardener either in theory or practice, I may have an erroneous idea of the nature and use of the hot-bed; but if I am not entirely mistaken, the design of it is two-fold, first to bring the rays of the sun to bear more directly upon the plants, and secondly to protect them from adverse influence, until they have acquired sufficient strength, and the atmosphere has become so far modified by the advance of the season, as to enable them to live and grow independent of artificial means. The hot-bed process then in its application to the salvation of souls, I suppose means that process by which the rays of the Sun of Righteousness are brought to bear most directly and concentratedly upon them,—and thus they are not only rapidly quickened into spiritual life, but also attain to a growth in a few days which in less favourable circumstances might not have been reached in an equal number of months, or even as many years.

Now, in all this, I confess I can see nothing to be particularly dreaded. Indeed, it appears to me the Church of God was intended by its divine Author to be, in this sense, one great hot-bed; and that particular branch of it in which the vitalizing and saving influences of the gospel are brought to bare most directly, concentratedly, and powerfully upon the souls of men, and where in consequence their transition from death unto life, and from spiritual infancy to the stature of men and women in Christ is most rapid, most fully answers the end of its being. This has been and still is the distinguishing glory of Methodism. While others are in many instances looking for a gradual and ill-defined change, to be wrought by a kind of educational process, Methodism looks for both the conversion of sinners, and the entire sanctification of believers as distinct and instantaneous changes, wrought by the direct power of the Holy Spirit. If the change wrought in the soul were accomplished by education—by the application of merely natural means—the longer way might be preferable; the shorter; for if education means the development of the powers and faculties of the soul, its effectual accomplishment must necessarily require considerable time; but if it be a resurrection, a metamorphosis, a translation, a new creation,—a supernatural work performed immediately by the mighty power of God—it can really make no difference whether it is performed in a few minutes or in as many years. What God does is always well done. When he either converts or sanctifies a man the work is genuine, whether the process by which it has been accomplished is a long or short one. It is true salvation in all its stages is accomplished by the instrumentality of divine truth, and it generally takes a considerable length of time to secure a lodgment for it in the mind; but it may be reasonably supposed that a very large portion of those who attend the ministry of our church, know and believe all the truth essential to salvation, long before their awakening and conversion; and truth which has lain dormant in the mind for years may be quickened into life and power in a moment by the agency of the Spirit.

I should not be inclined, then, to conclude *a priori* that the stimulating process would tend to produce backsliding, except so far as that may be implied in the multiplication of converts; but the *a posteriori* argument is, to my mind, still more convincing. It has been my privilege to witness the conversion of some hundreds of souls; these with few exceptions were brought to God through the instrumentality of extraordinary means.

to adopt the figure which has been adverted to above, they were hot-plant; I have watched the course of many of them subsequent to their conversion with something like paternal solicitude, and though now then a straggling sheep has strayed, considering the adverse influences which they have been exposed, it is not only a matter of devout gratitude but of wonder, that so few of them have been wrecked. But it is necessary to appeal to the observation of any individual upon this point; the fruits of our protracted-meetings and camp-meetings are found in every position of influence and usefulness in the Church. They have added us a host of ministers and preachers, leaders and teachers. There is coming doubtless when these means will be no longer necessary; has not arrived yet, however; and it is not improbable that they shall be able to perform an important *role* yet in bringing about that state of things which will make it safe to dispense with them.

Before I pass from this topic, upon which I have already dwelt at too great a length, allow me to bear a most emphatic testimony in favour of what I conceive to be most essential to the security of the converts who come in such large numbers brought into the Church through the instrumentality of these extraordinary means. I give it not only as the result of my own observation, but as a sentiment firmly held and strongly inculcated upon by Wesley, Fletcher, and all the most devoted and successful, each of their coadjutors and successors, that from the very hour of his conversion the convert should be exhorted to go on unto perfection. Let him be instructed to seek the blessing of entire sanctification at once; let it be set before him on the privilege of every believer, whether he be old or young; let him be earnestly and affectionately exhorted to expect as he is, to expect it by faith, to expect it now. Mr. Wesley found in his experience that those converts who choose at the beginning of their religious life, what he calls the higher path, who sought and obtained the blessing of perfect love, seldom fell away, while of those who were contented to walk in the lower path, and aspired to nothing higher than a merely justified state, a considerable proportion went back into the world. What was true in Mr. Wesley's day is equally true at present. Wordsworth uttered a profound truth when he said "the child is father to the man;" and this is no less true of spiritual than of intellectual childhood. As the first few years of natural life gives colouring to the whole future, so the first few months of our religious life often determines in a great measure what sort of Christians we are to be in all subsequent stages of life. It is a remarkable and an admonitory fact, that of those who do not attain to a state of entire sanctification in a comparatively short time after their conversion, they do not attain to it till near death.

It is recorded of the devoted John Welch, that he used to keep a cord laid upon his bed, that he might wrap himself in it when he rose during the night for prayer. Sometimes his wife found him upon the bed weeping. When she complained, he would say, "O woman! I have the souls of three thousand to answer for, and I know not how I am with many of them."

Portfolio of Select Literature.

ETERNITY OF GOD—A MEDITATION.

The eternal existence of God is a subject which absorbs and exceeds the thoughts of the most capacious and intellectual minds. A God must be; and if he is, it is equally certain that he must be uncaused and eternal in his own nature. Yet none but the Being who, in the sublime language of inspiration, "inhabits eternity," can comprehend the vast, the inexhaustible import of *eternal existence*.

He who was first in being must be God—the cause of all other being. But I feel my mind utterly powerless to realize the proposition that the glorious Being is without beginning. Reason compels me to admit the truth as a necessary one, yet my imagination cannot help me to this high conception of his eternal existence.

This is a fact which I feel happy in believing,—a fact which revelation affirms and reason approves, yet a fact which I am, and perhaps ever shall be, incapable of comprehending. I glory in it as a mystery in its own right.

God is first and chief in existence. His name, *Jehovah*, speaks his un-derived, independent, eternal being. All things and creatures of him "are left to be." Here the boldest metaphor, the most brilliant figures utterly fail. They possess, and can impart no full idea upon this subject. How should they? The finite cannot, from a necessity of nature, comprehend the infinite.

Whatever we are acquainted with had a beginning in time. God has none. He is before all time. Our mind exerts itself to the utmost, and branches forth in the investigation. It endeavors to ascend to the eternity which has been—the unmeasured duration that is past. It soon reaches the days of Noah—runs back to the day of creation—the origin of the first man; and further back still—to the first angel who sung the praise of the Creator in the morning of time. It still flies back through millions of ages before the first and brightest of the angelic host lifted up his adoring thought to contemplate the glorious Being who called him into existence. It realized God alone, without one creature to witness his glory, to feel his goodness. Laboring still with the unmanageable thought of eternal existence, the soul proceeds with the endless calculation, adds age to age, and receiving what no language can express, and yet conscious that infinite ages lie beyond its reach—beyond its loftiest conception, it returns wearied and exhausted to its rest. Confounded in the hopeless effort to comprehend the infinite Being, yet lost in admiration and reverence, it exclaims, "Behold! God is great, and we know him not, neither can the number of his years be searched out." "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me. It is high: I cannot attain unto it." "Who, by searching, can find out God? Who can find out the Almighty to perfection? Surely none could be before him, and there shall be none after him!" "I am the first and the last," that is his claim; and "there is none beside me. A first there must have been. That we are constrained to admit. The God of the Scriptures is worthy of that highest designation. He claims

that is involved in that title, and fully demonstrates his exclusive right to it by the works of nature, providence and grace.

The most comprehensive and powerful language appears inexpressibly poor whenever it is employed to describe the infinite and eternal perfections of God. It may portray excellencies which exist in creation, or such as no creature ever displayed. Imagination may even surpass, in its conceptions and combinations, all the forms of actual existence, as we are acquainted with them in created beings; but it cannot approach to the glory of the supreme and eternal Lord of all. The Holy Spirit has selected in the Scripture the grandest images which nature and language can supply, to exhibit the perfection of the eternal Lord and author of all. But what language or what pencil can fully portray the only perfect character in the universe? Greatest of beings! thy illimitable grandeur defies not only words, but even our thoughts, and leaves our laboring mind to express itself in the borrowed terms and strains of thy own wonderful book, owning that "thy greatness is unsearchable," and "thy dominion throughout all generations."

What, then,—shall the ineffable greatness and glory of God be a terror to me, or prevent me from offering the homage of my heart and my affections to him? No; but blending these awful splendors of his majesty with the beams of his mercy, a creature, yea, a sinner may approach his incomprehensible glory with hope. *Hope*, did I say? Yea, with joy and triumph. For, if in one view the contemplation of this glorious Being inspires awful astonishment and perplexing wonder in the soul of a sinful creature, and impels him to exclaim, "Who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord?" Yet in another view, he presents to us the aspect of the tenderest love and most considerate mercy, saying, "Come, and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool; though they be red like crimson they shall become white as snow." Verily, then, there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared, and with thee is plenteous redemption."

Reconciliation and consequent communion with the glorious and ever-blessed God, is a privilege which must be accounted among the first and highest honors an intelligent creature can enjoy. It raises him to a dignity immeasurably above his own conceptions, and frequently beyond his power to realize. It confers so real a greatness on every rational mind, as to make it forget every earthly distinction; and when made sensible of the imparted and inexpressible eminence, it loses itself in the devoutest veneration and humblest admiration of the unparalleled condescension of the Most High. Will God indeed dwell with, and commune with man upon the earth?

"In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never raised so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm."

Our primitive qualification for communion with God is gone. God's image is defaced, and man's soul is removed to a vast moral distance from the purity and glory of the eternal mind. Moreover, man is in a desperate and dark league with God's enemy, the fallen angel of light; and his enmity against God is against the whole of his nature. Adam betrayed this as soon as he had lost his friendship and fellowship, by fleeing

to hide himself from the face of his Maker. Fellowship with Satan and with sinners is man's deplorable propensity. It stamps his condition as degraded and accursed. With a mind so unlike God, so full of malignant enmity against his moral perfection, and in friendship with the infernal foe of all goodness and purity, what fellowship can he have with light, and purity, and blessedness? Surely none, while he remains in a state of guilt, under the power of sin. Yet, as this communion with God is honorable in the highest degree, so it is essentially necessary to man's happiness. Such is his constitution, his present condition and temper, that no external advantage whatever can render him blessed, without reconciliation to God. He tries the creatures, but he can only commune with them as creatures, and as creatures vastly inferior to himself. They can communicate only to his lower nature. His ignorance, guilt, wickedness, trouble, disappointment and mortality prove the necessity of communion with a being who can remove them all, or remove some, and give support under the others. Man's enemies, too, are so numerous, subtle, powerful and experienced, that none but the Being who is almighty and all-wise can afford sufficient aid against them. Besides, his duties are so numerous, various, and spiritual, that he requires to feed and refresh his strength by the constant contemplation of an almighty supporter and friend. All this he finds in the mediation of the Son of God.

How pleasant, too, is fellowship with God in Christ! What joy can for a moment be put in competition with that of communion with the ever blessed God? To feel no want which God cannot remove, or has not promised to supply; no fear but he can remove—yields a felicity untasted by all that are in such a case. Well may such a one exclaim, "It is good for me to draw near to God." Ah, ye poor deceived mortals, fond of earthly things, satisfied with carnal delights, and living without God in the world, your condition is pitiable in the extreme! Your best pleasures are mere dreams and shadows, and will prove in the end, exquisite tortures, when you come to know what you have despised and lost, and when you are brought into that world where you will compare them with the joys of a mind communing with the great and blessed Lord of the universe.

A WRETCHED END.

The descriptions given by the Holy Spirit of the state of those who have known the favor and grace of God, and who have departed from his fellowship and service, are truly appalling and alarming. The salt losing its savor, the tree plucked up by its roots, twice dead, and nigh unto crushing, and all statements of their case which show its misery and danger. Such temptations frequently are found to be capable of degrees of vice which were formerly unknown to them: as the stone raised from the vale to the brow of the hill, when allowed to descend, bounds further into the plain, so they run to greater excesses in the ways of transgression, and by so doing manifest that not only the light within them has become darkness, but that more and fouler spirits have entered the heart which previously had been emptied, swept, and garnished; thus proving the Scripture statement, that the state before they knew, or were known of God, was far superior to the

estate condition. The history of the church, from the days of Judas to the present period, abounds with facts confirmatory of the deplored state. It has also been found that the higher the state of grace which had been attained, and the more exalted the office in the church to which they had been raised, the lower and viler they have become. It was not the feeble, private disciple of the Lord, that found a heart wicked enough to betray his Master, but the chosen Minister of that Master, that fell so as to sell him into the hands of his foes. The greater the triumph of the Master, the deeper the wound of the Redeemer. One of this station in the church was well known to the writer; and his history cannot be reviewed without pain, and is recorded as a warning beacon to others, in confirmation of the declaration of the divine word, that the last end of such faithless ones is worse than their beginning. In early life he was brought to a saving knowledge of the grace of God, and departed himself with a unanimity that gained for him the esteem of the christian church to which he was united. His natural talents were good, and to some extent cultivated and improved by laudable application to reading and study, so that he was encouraged to become a candidate for the ministry. Having passed the examinations to which he was subjected, regarding his personal piety and qualifications to preach the Gospel, he was accepted and set apart for the holy vocation. For years he conducted himself consistently with his christian profession and sacred office, in which he was honored with approbation and usefulness. But, alas! too soon it was evident that there was a declension of the life of real religion in his soul, and his conduct and conversation became lax and unprofitable, so as to excite the serious fears of those that loved him, and the too well-founded suspicion that he was a fallen man. He was informed of the opinions in circulation about him, and faithfully warned by his co-pastor. This was not received kindly; he was met with angry threats, which at least proved that the heart was not the meek, humble, holy temple of God. Secret, if not public, intemperance, brought on by excessive addiction to smoking, was laid to his charge; but direct evidence of the fact could not be produced, or was withheld by those who could have produced it. And thus for a season he escaped conviction, and his heart became more and more wicked, until some of the most flagrant character were reported to be committed by him. Investigation was instituted, guilt was established, and he was deposed from the office of the ministry, and excluded from the Christian church. Thus freed beyond all restraint, he became a public profligate, a profane swearing, reeling drunkard, and street-fighter. His amiable, Christian wife died beneath her sorrows, and died broken-hearted. He opened a low beer-shop, in which he soon expended the little property he possessed. He was then reduced to work in the clay-pit, to obtain scanty support for himself and children. In these circumstances, instead of allowing his sufferings to be sanctified, everything seemed done to drown his afflictions which, whenever they did force themselves upon him, must have been most painful to endure. In the house of God he was occasionally seen; but no repentance for his sin was manifested. He became an evil example of the truth, that "it is an evil thing and bitter that thou forsaken the Lord thy God." And his end was as fearful as his life was wicked. Sustaining injury in his employment, the part afflicted rapidly mortified, and he expired in great agony of mind, without giving any

evidence of spiritual safety. Thus, in every respect, the last end of man was worse than the first. The first was comparatively moral, the deeply defiled with transgression. The first was an attainment to life and happiness; the end was degradation and misery. The first, comfort and plenty; the end, wretchedness and beggary. The first was cheered with the prospect of a useful life and blessed death; the end, gloomy and fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation. Surely the end speaks in solemn warning, in affectionate caution, in faithful admonition, and necessary exhortation, saying, "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall;" for no station in the church can be a substitute for personal piety, and no piety can be retained without watchfulness and prayer.

Much rather let me cease to be,
 Let mortal being have its end;
 Much rather take me now to thee,
 Than live against thee to offend.
 But thou canst keep. My Helper, thou,
 For ever save, and save me now!

- *English Periodic*

A MAGISTRATE OUTWITTED.

The following anecdote is related of the eminent Richard Baxter, who sets off his natural shrewdness and knowledge of human nature to advantage:

Several of the ministers ejected by the act of uniformity, in 1662, were united with Mr. Baxter in establishing a lecture in a private house. The time of worship being at a very early hour, Mr. Baxter one evening went home with a view of being there ready for the morning. The night, however being dark, he lost his way, and after wandering for a long time came to a gentleman's house, where he asked directions. The servant informed his master of this fact, who thinking it unsafe that so respectable a looking man should be wandering on the common at so late an hour, invited him to stay. Mr. Baxter readily accepted the invitation, and was treated with great hospitality. His conversation gave his host a high opinion of his good sense and extensive information. The gentleman, wishing to know the quality of his guest, after supper said:

"As most persons have some employment or profession in life, I have no doubt, sir, that you have yours."

Mr. Baxter replied, with a smile, "yes, sir, I am a man-catcher."

"A man-catcher, are you?" said the gentleman; "I am very glad to hear you say so, for you are the very person I want. I am a justice of the peace for this district, and I am commissioned to secure the person of Dick Baxter, who is expected to preach at a conventicle in this neighborhood early to-morrow morning; you shall go with me, and I doubt we shall easily apprehend the rogue."

Mr. Baxter very prudently consented to accompany him. Accordingly the gentleman, the following morning, took Mr. Baxter to the place where the meeting was to be held. When they arrived there a considerable number of people were hovering about, but on seeing the justice,

spected his intentions, and were afraid to enter the house. The justice intimating to Mr. Baxter his fears that Baxter had been apprised of his intentions, and would disappoint them, and proposed to extend their time, that the people might be encouraged to assemble, and give them an opportunity of fulfilling their commission. They did so; but on their return they still found the people unwilling to assemble. The magistrate supposing he would be disappointed of his object, said to Mr. Baxter, that as these people were much disaffected to the government, he would be obliged to him if he would address them on the subject of loyalty and good behaviour. Mr. Baxter replied that, as they met for worship it was probable that such an address would not satisfy the people; but that if the justice would engage in prayer, he would endeavor to say something to them. The gentleman replied, that he had not his prayer-book with him, but he would readily comply with the proposal; but expressed his persuasion that Mr. Baxter was able to pray with them, as well as talk with them; and requested him to begin with prayer.

They entered the house, followed by the people; Mr. Baxter prayed with great devotion and fervor; the magistrate, standing by, was soon melted into tears. The good divine then preached in his usual faithful and zealous manner; and when he had concluded, he turned to the justice and said—"Sir, I am the very Dick Baxter of whom you are in pursuit. I am entirely at your disposal."

The Magistrate, however, had felt so much during the service, and saw things so differently to what he had done before, that his enmity was changed into love, and ever afterwards he became the friend and advocate of the persecuted, and it is believed also a sincere Christian.

THE EARLY BIBLE-HISTORY OF THE SABBATH.

The first notice of the Sabbath in the Bible is as early as the record of creation. The antiquity of its appointment is not inferior to that of the human race. The occasion and purpose of its institution had respect not only to any portion of mankind, as for instance, the particular family of the Jews; but to man as man, and to the whole race of man. When "the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them," says the Spirit of God in his own word, in Genesis ii, 1-3, "on the seventh day he ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." In these words you have the precise time when the seventh day was set apart for a Sabbath as distinctly stated by any other historical fact announced in the first or second chapter of Genesis. It followed the sixth day, when the work of creation was completed.

Man had now been formed. God had "breathed" into him "the breath of life," and he had become a living soul." There he was, in the possession of true "knowledge," "righteousness," and "holiness." And on the first day that dawned upon him as he thus stood before his Creator, that Creator's own image, was a Sabbath-day. In Eden, then, before

sin entered man, the institution of the Sabbath took place. Had man never yielded to temptation, and never fallen, but continued sinless, he would have had a Sabbath. Its existence forms a part of the reminiscence Adam still retains of the brief period of his primeval innocence.

The Sabbath, thus begun in Paradise, was observed after Adam was driven thence in God's righteous anger. True, we have no mention of the manner in which our first parents spent the Sabbaths which came round after their expulsion from the garden, or of any other Sabbaths for many, many years, in the short notices given in the Bible of the early history of our race. But this silence proves nothing. No one who reads and believes the word of God, doubts that circumcision was appointed by God as an ordinance binding on the Jews; and as little can any one doubt that it was observed by them from the conquest of Canaan to the captivity of Babylon. And yet, during the whole of that time, a period about hundred years, no mention is made in the Bible of that rite although the history given during those years is narrated at far greater length than that of the world in the earlier ages. Amidst the frequent backslidings of the Jews which disgrace the sacred annals of this period, we never find the people reprov'd for neglecting circumcision; nor, at other times, are they ever commended for its observance. Now suppose there were no mention in the Old Testament of the Sabbath for many generations after its first appointment in Eden, that circumstance would no more prove that it was attended to, than the silence of scripture respecting circumcision for many centuries would prove that during all that time it was not observed.

But it would not be strictly correct to say that in the history of the patriarchs there is no trace of the existence of the Sabbath. The "evening of the days," when Cain and Able offered sacrifices, and the day, also in the book of Job, when the sons of God came together, have been supposed to be Sabbath-days. It is plain, from the history both of Noah and Jacob, (Gen. viii, 10-12; xxix, 27,) that they counted time by weeks. Now the question arises, how came this division of time into weeks? There was no aspect of nature, like days, and months, and years, in the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, to indicate such a period. It was entirely arbitrary, and cannot be otherwise accounted for than by the previous institution of the weekly Sabbath. The creation was finished in six days, and the seventh was then sanctified; and so time came to be divided by seven days, rather than by six, or eight, or ten.

Continuing to trace the Bible-history of the Sabbath, the reader comes next to its observance by the people of God in the wilderness, after they had been brought out of Egypt, and before they arrived at Mount Sinai. When the rulers of the congregation told Moses that on the sixth day the people had gathered twice as much manna as on the other days, he replied, "This is that which the Lord hath said, To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord:" on that day "ye shall not find it in the field;" for "the Lord hath given you the Sabbath, therefore he give you on the sixth day the bread of two days." (Exodus xvi, 23, 25, 26.) Before the publication of the Decalogue, the Sabbath is thus spoken of not as being new, but as an institution already perfectly well known:—"To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath." If the Sabbath had then been instituted for the first time, Moses would naturally have informed the people of its duties; whereas he confines himself to the simple subject

the manna, forewarning them, not to expect it on that day, and directing them therefore, to collect on the day before as much as would suffice till the Sabbath was past.

Moreover, it has been thought that the word with which the fourth commandment begins, so dissimilar to the commencement of each of the other nine, supposes a prior acquaintance with the law, and the grounds on which its observance was founded. "*Remember* the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." It was an institution with which they were already acquainted; and they are called to keep in mind the sacredness of the day. It is very probable that, amidst the evils to which they had been exposed in their state of slavery in Egypt, the people had been deprived of the Sabbath by their heathen task-masters. Thus, through circumstances beyond their own control, and, it may have been, also, through their own difference, the observance of the Sabbath might come to be suspended; and this may be the reason why the moral law on this subject was inculcated in this particular form: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

It has been proved from Scripture that the Sabbath did not come into existence with the Jewish religion, but existed long prior to the institution of Judaism. Attempts, it is true have been made to get rid of the argument of the perpetual obligation of the Sabbath arising out of the ascertained fact that in Eden one day in seven was sanctified or set apart. One says that, "to impress the greater reverence for the day, Moses seemed to make it coeval with the creation." Another, that "it only seems to impress that the Sabbath was then instituted;" but that it is simply to be understood as stating "the reason of that particular day being chosen; not that it was then appointed and set apart." But all this is nothing less than solemn trifling with the plain words of inspiration. Of what use can it be to hold any dispute with persons who feel at liberty to handle God's word in such a manner; for, in this way, there is not one explicit statement or commandment in the whole Bible which may not be aside, by being resolved into *seeming* declarations. But the Bible speaks for itself. Before Abraham was born, or Moses lived,—before ever there was a Jew in the world, there was a Sabbath: and so long as there are men who give obedience to God and his laws, a Sabbath will continue to be observed in our world.

SINS IN LIQUOR-SELLING NOT TO BE REPENTED OF.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Suppose I should preach the Gospel in some gambling-saloon in New York, and suppose a man should come out convicted of his wickedness and confess it before God, and pray that he might be forgiven. Forgiveness might be granted to him, so far as he was individually concerned. But suppose he should say, "O God! not only restore me the joys of salvation, but give me back the mischief that I have done, that I may rule it out." Why, there was one man that shot himself; what are you going to do for him? A young man came to Indianapolis, when I was pastor there, in this way to settle in the West. He was young, callow, and very self-indulgent. While there he was robbed in a gambling-saloon of 1,500 dol-

lars—all that he had. He begged to be allowed to keep enough to take him home to his father's house, and he was kicked into the street. It led to his suicide. I knew the man that committed the foul deed. He used to walk up and down the street. Oh, how my soul felt thunder when I met him. If anything lifts me up to the top of Mount Sinai, it is to see one man wrong another. Now, suppose this man should repent. Can he ever call back that suicide? Can he ever carry balm to the heart of the father and mother, and brothers and sisters of his unfortunate victim? Can he ever wipe off the taint and disgrace that he has brought on the escutcheon of that family? No repentance can spread over that. And yet how many men there are that are keeping up such transgressions! There are in our boarding-houses, there are in our "best" places men that in their secreted rooms, and the enjoyment of their own rights, as they call them, are gathering in the young, and firing them with the almost fatal passion of gaming. Fermented hope—for gambling is hope gone to fermentation—is one of the most unconquerable of the human passions.

There are thousands of men that are said to be well-meaning men, who gain their livelihood by retailing spirituous liquors. I do not wish to say anything disrespectful of them, but I must say that the business in which they are engaged is very wicked and mischievous. It seems to me that if a man would allow himself one moment's thought, if the incubus of money could be taken away from him, if that whispering devil could get away long enough to let him say to himself, "I have power to inoculate men with intemperance, but I have no medicine that can cure them after they are once inoculated," he never would consent to become a dealer in intoxicating drinks. Of all piteous things in this world, the most piteous is to see a noble nature touched with intemperance. His struggles, his longings, his endeavours, his short reformations, and his downward plunging again, cannot but excite the deepest sympathy of every feeling heart. Such a one is like men in the surging billows of the sea, striving to get to the land, who, as often as they succeed in reaching shore are struck by the reflux waves, and swept back. And yet men in this very business of selling intoxicating drinks, make money, heap up thousands upon thousands, roll up treasure, and invest it in lands; and then, when they are immensely rich, they say to themselves, "I know this is a rather bad business, and I think I will quit it, and go to church and be converted and become respectable." So they shut up shop, and sell out at a good profit, and go to a revival, and get to be Christians, and unite themselves with the people of God, and sing and pray and feel very happy! I do not wish to be understood as saying that these men are not converted; I believe some of them are. What I mean to say is this, that while their personal sins may be repented of as between their souls and God, yet there remains a gigantic mischief that has been let loose, which they cannot overturn.

They have kindled fires which their tears cannot quench, though they pour like rain and flow like a river. It is a terrible thing for a man to sin thinking that he will repent of his transgression after it is committed.

Often and often, under such circumstances, you may seek a place of repentance carefully with tears, and not find it. It is a terrible thing to sin, but it is thrice terrible to have a manufactory of sinners, and turn them out by the whole-ale. Crime is bad; but crime-makers—what do you think of them?

TAUGHT BY A DREAM.

It has been well observed that we may place too little, as well as too much, dependence upon dreams. For while many foolishly regard every trifling imagination of the thought in sleep to be either the prognostication or the revelation of an important event, there are others who believe that all dreams should be entirely disregarded, and look it a mark of profound ignorance and superstition, if not of sin, to suppose that dreams can have any connection with our line of duty. Our own experience, and the testimony of many men of sound judgment, extensive learning and deep piety, sufficiently confute the latter opinion. In the Holy Scriptures, we are informed of people having been warned of God in dreams : (Gen. xx, 3 ; Matt. ii, 22, &c. ;) and if we deny that any spiritual agency is in operation, do we not deny the truth of divine revelation ? How such communications are made, we know not ; but that they have been made, even in our own days, we know full well. We hear the sound caused by the wind, but cannot tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth :” so are all the communications of the Spirit of God. The following fact not only establishes the truth of our position, but manifests the care of Divine providence towards his helpless creatures.

Some years ago, Ann Jane M——, then about fourteen years of age, residing with her parents at L——, near Belfast, received a slight injury to one of her toes. Little attention was paid to the wound at first ; and, as was customary for children in that country, she wore no shoes. As might have been expected, the injury became worse, the swelling increased, and extended rapidly to the foot and leg. The tumor afterwards broke, and discharged, giving excessive pain, and exhibiting an alarming appearance. The nail of the toe dropped off ; and the sufferings of the little girl became so violent, that surgical advice was resorted to. When the doctor examined it he said it was then too late to apply any remedy for the purpose of attempting to heal it ; that the inflammation was so great, that its progress could only be arrested by amputation, and if that were not immediately done, the consequence would soon be fatal. This step, generally so repugnant to our feelings, the parents were unwilling to allow, and applied to another surgeon. Poulticing was then tried, but without success : the whole limb became inflamed, and the swelling increased. A consultation of surgeons took place on the matter, and they unanimously agreed that nothing could save the poor sufferer’s life but the amputation of the toe. It was then decided that the operation should take place upon an appointed day, when the girl was to be brought to town, and a car provided to take her home again.

The patient had passed a sleepless night : the agony she suffered was so excruciating that she could not obtain a moment’s repose. Tired nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep,” came not to her relief ; how true the words of the poet :

“ The wretched he forsakes !”

She was prepared for the journey, and sat waiting the arrival of the car, holding her limb with her hands, attempting to allay her torture.

While in this position she dropped asleep, and seemed to enjoy a short cessation from pain. In about an hour she awoke, and with a happy smile said, "O, I dreamed that my leg was well! I thought that was taken to Dr. B——, in Belfast; that when we went to his house I saw him standing in his room, with coat off, and his shirt-sleeve rolled up. He had red hair, and wore a black apron. I thought he cured me without cutting off my toe." The fond parents were puzzled how to act: the child's dream appeared remarkable, for she had never heard of Dr. B——; yet in the anxious hope that there might be such a person, and that he could heal the sore, they went to Belfast and enquired for him. After some search they found there was a surgeon of that name attending the dispensary of —— Lane. Thither they repaired, and on entering the room, were astonished to see a man answering precisely the description in the child's dream. He examined the toe, and immediately applied a remedy, putting a tight bandage on the seat of pain. She was ordered to return again to have it dressed. She did so, and the third visit was her last. Restoration rapidly took place, in less than a month the pain and sore were completely gone; and she has continued well to this day.—*English Periodical.*

THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

Idol of the household! 'Twas in the autumn that she came like a warm, bright ray of sunshine. Many were the fervent thanksgivings sent up from grateful hearts, as day by day she grew more and more beautiful. Like a pure white rose-bud which slowly unfolds its leaves one by one, beneath the genial rays of the summer's sun, were her beauties developed, and she bade fair in the course of time to become a being of superior excellence and loveliness. Day after day, and week after week, they watched her as she glided down the bright golden tinted stream of life, carefully guarding every movement, and anticipating every want. In this happy manner passed the first year of her short life. Friends began to look upon her stay among them as a matter-of-course; having no idea that death's angel was so near, not knowing that his dart was already aimed, and would soon, alas! too soon for their happiness, reach its mark. The grim monster came and breathed his poisonous breath upon her cheek, and as a flower withereth in the noonday sun, so she drooped and *died*. What a trial to break the cords which had been twining themselves around the hearts! But the decree of heaven is infallible, and weak mortals must bow in penitence and submission. How mournful was it when we all took one last look of that angel face! What could be more beautiful than that little form, as it lay there in its peaceful stillness shrouded in pure white, with its little hands clasped upon its pulseless breast, its fair hair parted smoothly above a brow which rivalled the snowy marble both in whiteness and coldness? Her once ruby lips were parted with the last long lingering smile. The blue-veined lips were closed over those soul-speaking eyes. How like a piece of sculptured marble did she seem! Nothing of the rigidity of death

upon that face or form. She lay in all her childish gracefulness upon the snowy curtained couch; her shroud falling in light folds around those chiselled limbs; her face wore a peaceful expression, which almost deluded us into the belief that 'twas a gentle slumber from which she would soon arise to bless us with her smiles. Around her are strewn flowers in luxuriant profusion; there mingle the pure rose-bud and delicate snow-drop, types alike of her purity and childish beauty. No colours mingle there, all is white, pure and spotless as the young spirit which has taken its flight, and is now joining with the infant angelic choir in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

Weep not, bereaved ones—look up to heaven—there behold with the eye of faith your beloved child a glorified spirit. Mourn not that she has left this cold world and gone to that bright land, and is forever free from the trials, from which even your love could not have shielded her. Your loving eye could not pierce into the future which awaited your darling. Your love could not have exempted her from the trials which it is the lot of all to bear. A loving hand hath kindly removed her from this dark trial-ful and sin-stricken world, to one of light, and love, and liberty. Then dry your tears, fond parents, raise your eye of faith above, and say, thy will, not mine, be done." Believe me, your babe has only been transplanted to a richer soil and a more congenial atmosphere, where she will bloom in new beauty, and when death shall lay his icy hand upon you, you will go to join her in singing the praises of the Lamb.—*Methodist Magazine.*

THE WAY TO SPEAK TO BOYS.

Many years ago a certain minister was going one Sunday morning from his house to his school-room. He walked through a number of streets, and as he turned a corner he saw assembled around a pump a party of little boys, who were playing at marbles. On seeing him approach they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow, not having seen him as soon as the rest, could not accomplish this so soon; and before he had succeeded in gathering up his marbles the minister closed upon him, and placed his hand upon his shoulder. There they were face to face—the minister of God and the poor little ragged boy who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? for that is what I want you to observe. He might have said to the boy: "What are you doing here? You are breaking the Sabbath! Don't you deserve to be punished for breaking the command of God?" But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said, "Have you found all your marbles?" "No," said the little boy, "I have not." "Then," said the minister, "I will help you to find them." Whereupon he knelt down and helped him look for the marbles; and as he did so he remarked, "I liked to play at marbles when I was a little boy very much, and I think I can beat you; but," added he, "I never played marbles on Sunday."

The little boy's attention was arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. Then the minister said: "I am

going to a place where I think you would like to be—will you come with me?" Said the boy, "Where do you live?" "In such and such a place," was the reply, "Why, that is the minister's house!" exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that a kind man and the minister of the Gospel could be the same person. "Why," said the man, "I am the minister myself, and if you will come with me I think I can do you some good." Said the boy, "My hands are dirty; I cannot go." Said the minister, "Here is a pump—why not wash?" Said the boy, "I am so little that I can't wash and pump at the same time." Said the minister, "If you'll wash, I'll pump," he at once set to work, and pumped, and pumped, and pumped; and as he pumped the little boy washed his hands and face till they were quite clean. Said the boy, "My hands are wringing wet, and I don't know how to dry them." The minister pulled out of his pocket a clean pocket-handkerchief and offered it to the boy. Said the little boy "But it is clean," "Yes," was the reply, "but was made to be dirtied." The little boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday-school.

Twenty years after the minister was walking in the street of a large city, when a tall gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and looking into his face, said: "You don't remember me?" "No," said the minister, "I don't." "Do you remember, twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing marbles round a pump? Do you remember that boy's being too dirty to go to school, and your pumping for him, and your speaking kindly to him, and taking him to the school?" "Oh!" said the minister, "I do remember." "Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy. I rose in business, and became a leading man. I have attained a good position in society, and on seeing you to-day in the street I felt bound to come to you and tell you that it is to your kindness and wisdom and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me lovingly, gently, and kindly, at the same time that you dealt with me aggressively, that I owe, under God, all that I have attained, and all that I am at the present day."—*J. C. Ryle.*

SABBATH MORNING.

"Awake, psaltery and harp; I myself will awake early."

David uttered this divine soliloquy in reference, probably, to the approaching Sabbath. He intended to prevent the morning light with his song of praise, and to usher in the day of rest with the melodies of psaltery and harp. Oh, that every Christian would imitate this devotional man, and charge himself to awake early and begin the day with God!

There is now an additional motive to summon us early at dawn to the work of prayer and praise. When the king of Israel sang his morning orisons, the strain was kindled by glorious events which were in prospect; but "now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." The seal of the sepulchre which inclosed the Saviour's body has been broken; his triumphant resurrection has been announced to his disciples and chanted on the harps of heaven. Can the

Christian think of this, and not feel moved to holy activity as the morning of Sabbath comes round and invites the soul to its devotions? Alas, that we should suffer any part of the hallowed season to pass neglected or unimproved! But the melancholy fact is, that by the indulgence of the body, the soul is in many instances, robbed of that portion of the day which is all-important as a season of prayer and meditation. It seems to be considered by many, sufficient, if they can rise in time to dispatch necessities and be ready to go up to the great congregation. Very little, if any, time is allowed for private devotion. Can we, thus acting, reasonably hope to avail ourselves of the blessings of the day? Shall we not be in danger of appearing before the King of Zion without the appropriate habiliments, and of exposing ourselves to the cutting rebuke, "Friend, how camest thou in hither not having on the wedding garment?"

The early days of the Sabbath is all important as a reason of private devotion. Who has not felt its tranquilizing influence? Nature even seems to sympathize with the moral associations of the scene. On other days her voice is almost drowned amid the din and bustle of the world, but when the wheels of Mammon's cars are arrested, and their thunder is not heard, then comes forth her soothing language which falls on the heart like *Æolian music*, to subdue its passions and to awaken its finer sensibilities. The voice of nature is the voice of God. He who speaks in the sanctuary of redemption by the blood of Jesus, speaks from the bush and fragrance of the morning, of the vast and varied gifts of his providence. To commune with nature and with God, we must imitate David and awake early.

The resurrection of our Lord took place before the dawn. Ere the sun was up, one of his followers repaired to the sepulchre. She came in the morning twilight to look upon the tomb of Jesus. She found it unsealed and empty, and wondered what had become of the body of her Lord. As she wept, a voice addressed her—at first in a stranger's accents, lest under the excitement, a too sudden revelation might overpower her mind; then that voice was changed, and the well-remembered tones told her that it was indeed her risen Master. Did Mary find her Redeemer at early dawn, and shall we presume to expect his presence, if we doze away in guilty slumbers this portion of sacred time? No, let us rather fly to the sepulchre and see amid the shadows of the morning the breaking beam of the Sun of righteousness. Let us gather the spiritual manna before the sun is up, and feed upon it ere we refresh ourselves with the food that perisheth.

Few would complain of dull Sabbaths, or wandering thoughts, or tedious services were they to secure for purposes of appropriate devotion the morning of the Sabbath. An impulse would thus be given, which like a favoring gale, would waft its soul onward to its rest.

Reader until you value and improve the Sabbath morning, you need not expect to experience the full advantage of this blessed day. If on other days, you can wake early to serve the world, and on this you can take the liberty to indulge the flesh, be assured that the Sabbath will not ordinarily prove to you a delight, nor will it close upon you with peace and with edification.

THE FORTY MARTYRS OF SEBASTE.

Sebaste was a city in the Lesser Armenia, a country of the East, subject to the Emperor Lucinus, A. D., 320. At that period great persecutions were raised by the Roman emperors against the early Christians. Agricola, the governor of the province, published an order directing the army to sacrifice to the pagan deities. Into this army, called the Thundering Legion, a number of Christians had enlisted. Forty of these, in the strength and vigor of youth, had received many rewards for their valor and had been advanced to places of trust. They were equally distinguished for the purity of their lives, and their zealous adherence to the requirements of Christianity. When Agricola published his order, these forty Christian soldiers represented their peculiar situation, and refused to join their comrades in the act of sacrifice. This refusal irritated the governor to whose menaces they returned this heroic answer—that his power did not extend to their will, it only extended to the infliction of corporal pain which they had learned to despise when they became soldiers; and that no tortures which could be inflicted upon them, or which might be threatened, should force them to forsake their religion. Upon this they were cruelly tortured, and then put in prison, and confined there for a week being fastened together by chains.

The governor, highly incensed at their courage, devised for them an extraordinary kind of death. It was near the end of the winter, which is very cold in Armenia, and a strong east wind which blew at that time increased the severity of the cold. Under the walls of the town was a river which was frozen. Agricola ordered the protesting soldiers to be exposed naked on the ice, during the coldest part of the night, till the violence of it should cause their death. A warm bath was placed at a distance, in order that any of them, overcome with pain, and ready to deny their faith, might avail themselves of its virtues.

The whole of this band of forty readily consented to undergo the severe trial, and went cheerfully to their place of punishment. Severe as was their trial, they addressed words of encouragement to each other, and among the prayers that were offered to God was one, that he would preserve their number entire, and that no one of them might prove unfaithful. Their desire was fulfilled, but in a way different from that in which they intended it, and which may remind the reader of the fall of Judas and the election of Mathias. Having for a considerable time endured the thrilling agony of the freezing air, one unhappy sufferer relented, and was carried into the bath to be restored by the warmth. He did not however, save his temporal life by his sad apostacy. While the gates of heaven were just opening to his view; while the hands of angels were preparing his crowns of victory, and saints expected his ascending spirit, the wretched apostate rose from his icy couch, crawled to the seductive bath, and, stooping into the warm emollient water, expired!

The place of this unhappy man was supplied by a soldier who had charge of the bath, and who had been watching the martyrs. He hastened to join them, crying out that he was a Christian. He was bound with chains, and placed among them. At length they all expired from the cold, and their dead bodies were heaped together, and carried away to be

consumed by fire. The youngest of these martyrs, whose name was Meliton, was found alive after all the rest were dead. The executioners brought his mother to him, hoping that she might be able to persuade him to deny his faith and live. She was a poor woman and a widow, but she had brought up her son in the faith of the christian religion. She came to him; his limbs were frozen, his breath was short, and his power of speech gone, he could only look at her and make signs to endeavor to console her. She exhorted him to persevere to the end, and then with her own hands laid him on the chariot where the dead bodies of his companions had been placed, and followed him rejoicing in his victory.

"O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!"

AGAINST PROCRASTINATION.

Felix, alas, is the prototype of many persons in our own day. Thousands, whose understandings are enlightened by the truths of the Bible, whose judgments are convinced, and whose consciences are more or less alarmed, in word, who feel the necessity of a preparation for death and judgment, are in our Christian country deliberately and with their eyes open putting off the day of repentance and salvation to what they deem a more "convenient season." This, perhaps, is the sin of modern times—the sin of multitudes who frequent places for Christian worship. They cannot deny the truths of the gospel—they are not infidel enough for that—they admit the force of those truths; in the prospect of death, they feel uneasy; under the faithful preaching of the word of God they are seriously impressed, and in their hearts know that it is both their duty and their interest to yield themselves to God and obtain the forgiveness of their sins through the propitiatory sacrifice of Christ,—yet they wilfully defer making their peace with God, and thereby risk the loss of their precious souls! Folly, how great—infatuation, how awful! Millions are gone from Christian ordinances down to the regions of eternal pain, simply because they yielded to this dangerous and reckless spirit of procrastination! O could we but read their hearts now, how bitter would we see their self-recriminations—how excruciating would appear their accusations of conscience! Damned, eternally damned, prospects blighted, hope extinguished, black despair felt, souls for ever lost, because the *present* to them was never deemed a *convenient season* for seeking God and securing salvation! And thousands upon thousands more in Christian lands are now pursuing the same course, are living in the same neglect, are passing by *present* for the sake of *future* opportunities! Lord, have mercy on procrastinating sinners! They risk their all for this strange delusion. Every hour, every moment they are in danger of "hell-fire," yet they put off the evil day, or rather the good day of repentance! They will not act on conviction, will not now make up their minds to serve God, but defer all for the sake of a more convenient season! What will be the selections of souls who in this world knew their Master's will, but did it

not, when they awake up in the pit of hell, when they are made to feel that the "door is shut" for ever! O, if the eye of any procrastinating sinner should rest on these words, let me beseech him to halt no longer between two opinions, but now, at once, without one moment's delay, to seek the Lord while he is to be found, and call upon him while he is near—to wrestle, to agonize to enter in at the straight gate, and decide "for God to live and die!"

REV. JOHN FLETCHER'S PREACHING.

On my occasional visits I was struck with several things. Preaching on Noah as a type of Christ, he was in the midst of a most animating description of the terrible day of the Lord, when he suddenly paused, every feature of his expressive countenance was marked with painful feeling; and, striking his forehead with the palm of his hand he exclaimed, "Wretched man that I am! Beloved brethren, it often cuts me to the soul, as it does at this moment, to reflect that, while I have been endeavoring by the force of truth, by the beauties of holiness, and even by the terrors of the Lord, to bring you to walk in the peaceful paths of righteousness, I am, with respect to many of you who reject the gospel, only tying millstones about your neck to sink you deeper into perdition!" The whole church was electrified, and it was some time before he could resume the subject.

On another occasion, after the morning service, he asked if any of the congregation could give him the address of a sick man whom he desired to visit. He was answered, "he is dead, sir." "Dead! dead!" he exclaimed; another soul launched into eternity! What can I do for him now? Why, my friends, will you so frequently serve me in this manner? I am not informed that you are ill till I find you dying, or hear that you are dead!" Then, sitting down, he covered his head with his gown; and when the congregation had retired, he walked home buried in sorrow, as though he had lost a friend or brother.—*Rev. Melville Horne.*

THE BIBLE.

How comes it that this little volume, composed by humble men in a rude age, when art and science were in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the human mind, and on the social system, than all the other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvellous changes in the opinions of mankind; has banished idol-worship; has abolished infanticide; has put down polygamy and divorce; exalted the condition of women; raised the standard of public morality; created for families that blessed thing, a christian home; and effected other triumphs, by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the winds and waves of human passions obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and yet lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried and failed; many codes of jurisprudence have arisen, run their course, and ex-

pired. Empire after empire has been launched on the tide of time, and gone down leaving no trace on the waters. But this Book is still going about doing good, leavening society with its holy principles, cheering the sorrowful with its consolations, strengthening the tempted, encouraging the penitent, calming the troubled spirit, and smoothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of a human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God?—*Dr. M'Cullough.*

THE INFIDEL'S DAUGHTER.

In the city of London there lived a little girl, who attended for three years, and by stealth, the teachings of a Sunday School. Coming under the saving influence of truth, she became concerned for her father—a noted infidel, and active opposer of Christianity. She obtained a Bible, but knew not how to put it into his hands, for she feared his displeasure, and dreaded any prohibition which might deprive her of the prized advantages of the Sunday School. She retired to seek Divine guidance. The father, passing the door of the apartment, heard the voice of his child; it was the voice of prayer—she prayed for him. He became affected, agitated, distressed. After a little while the family assembled at the tea-table; the beverage was handed round, but he could not partake. “Is there a Bible in the house?” he said. “My dear,” replied the wife, apprehensive of the proposed repetition of the act, “did you not burn every Bible that we had, not leaving so much as one?” “Is there any good book, then?” he inquired. His little daughter, thinking God might be answering her prayer, arose, took him by the hand, and asked him to go with her; and, when they had left the room, looking into his face, said: “Father, surely you won't be angry with me; I know you won't be angry with me; come with me and I will get you one.” And she brought him and gave him the Bible, which for this very purpose she had procured. He felt deeply, and trembling while he handed it back to her, said: “My child, I cannot read this book, will you read it for me?” She did so, and then taking her in his arms, he kissed her and said: “Tell me, my child, where did you get this book, and how did you obtain this knowledge of it?” She told him all—how she attended the Sunday School, the effect upon herself, and how she became concerned for his salvation. That very evening he accompanied her to the chapel. As they entered the minister was engaged in prayer; his manner and address made a powerful impression on the father's mind, for he seemed to talk with God; the sermon aided in deepening the impression. It was an interesting sight when, two or three Sundays afterwards, that father appeared in that chapel, with his wife and nine children, and openly renounced his infidelity. That was the Weigh House Chapel—the minister, Thomas Binney; and that infidel, reclaimed through the influence of Sunday School instruction on the heart of his child, was the celebrated author of the “Every Day Book,” William Hone.

ON SPIRITUAL LIGHT.—The natural sun entering upon the polar regions, which have been locked up in the death, and frost, and darkness, of their long winter, and filling all things with life, and light, and warmth, is but a feeble emblem of the entrance of the Sun of Righteousness on the cold, and dead, and dark regions of the human heart. It is a land of darkness, as darkness itself, inhabited by lies and vain imaginations, and lying under the shadow of death. It is chaos, and a terror to itself whenever it can look upon itself. But no sooner does the Sun enter, no sooner does the dead heart drink his quickening beams, but revives; it finds that the light is life; the darkness, and the fear, and the frozen death are past; there is a new principle of life imparted; the cold and torpid heart begins to open its rigid and shrunken veins to receive the life-blood, and the quickening spirit which flows from him who is the heart and the head of the spiritual universe. It finds that the light is love, and that uncreated, embracing and omnipotent love, is its joyful and satisfying portion through all eternity. "Surely the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

P o e t r y

ABSENT FRIENDS.

1. Lonely I sit by the old cherry tree
Which casts a shade o'er the gently flowing brook,
Thinking of friends fondly cherished by me,
Of whom perchance I have caught the last sad look.
2. One a wanderer is in Columbia's land,
Whose shores are washed by the proud ocean wave;
Whom we pray may be guided by God's good hand,
And whom at last through his mercy he may save.
3. One in a golden land has roaming been,
Seeking a fortune which he here could not gain;
Who for eight long, long years, we have not seen,
But hope he may a treasure in Heaven obtain.
4. One more is miss'd from our circle of friends,
Who wishes for deeper researches of lore;
And many a weary day shall we spend,
Ere we pass happy hours, as in days of yore.
5. With many of our dear friends we're striving
To live here below for a sweet rest above;
And through the "Blood of the Lamb" we're hoping
With Jesus to dwell in that "Eden of love."

Narrative Pieces.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD,
OF ST. ANDREWS.

Samuel Rutherford was in his day the most popular Preacher in Scotland. He was first Professor of Philosophy in the College of Edinburgh, but was soon afterwards ordained and settled as Minister of the parish of Anwoth, in Galloway. Many of his parishioners here were eminently pious; the revival of Kirkcudbright, under the ministry of John Welsh, having extended to this parish; and under his own ministry many were brought to the true knowledge and practice of religion. The effect of his devotional and affectionate sermons upon the minds of the simple people to whom he ministered was very great. He had a strange singing tone, sometimes rising, like that of our own Benson, almost to a scream; and when he spoke of Jesus Christ his large quick blue eyes were turned upward, and often filled with tears. We can almost imagine that we hear the thrilling tones with which he uttered the following sentences, on a communion-Sabbath, at Kirkcudbright, in 1633, when he preached from the text, "And God shall wipe away all tears." "Here," said he, is Christ's welcome home to poor sinners; for they come all to him with wet faces, and bleared with tears for sin and the manifold troubles of this life; and Christ meets them at the door with a fair soft napkin in His hand, and puts up His hand to their faces, and says, 'Hold your tongues, my dear bairns: ye shall never weep again.' And indeed, in my judgment, it is a speech borrowed from a mother, that has a bairn with a broken face, and it waes her heart to see him so; and she sits down and wipes the tears from his eyes, and lays her hand softly on the wound, and laps his head in her breast, and dights away the blood, and lays her two arms about him, and their is no end of fair words. So, when Christ and we shall meet in Heaven, He will buss† us, and wipe away all tears, and

lay our heads in His bosom, and the voice of weeping shall be no more heard."

In 1636 Rutherford was banished for nonconformity to Aberdeen; where he remained two years. During his banishment he wrote the letters which have been so frequently published since; and of which Richard Baxter has said, "Hold off the Bible, such a book was never published." Ethereal and impassioned, his words fall upon the ear as though he spoke not a dialect of earth, but the language of saints above; like tones of a heavenly harp struck by an angel's hand. Again and again we have the heartfelt entreaties of the faithful Minister, as when he thus writes to his people: "God is my witness, that your heaven would be two heavens to me, and the salvation of you all as two salvations to me."

The General Assembly met at Glasgow in 1638. At this remarkable Assembly the cause which Rutherford had espoused was triumphant. Soon afterwards, he returned to Anwoth, and for a short time resumed his ministry there. In the same year, however, he removed to St. Andrews; where he continued to labour as Professor of Theology, and in the exercise of his ministry, until his death. He was one of the four Scottish Commissioners who were appointed to meet with the Westminster Assembly in 1643.

Rutherford was a man of singular diversity of talents, and of great laboriousness. Patrick Simpson says of him, "He seemed to be always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always catechising, always writing and studying." He rose at three o'clock in the morning, and all his time was spent in the public or private duties of his ministry or professorship. He excelled in controversy, but he never could keep up the controversy to the close of his discourse: it seemed alien to his nature; and he would suddenly break off to commend Christ, or to mourn over the prevailing evils of the times. On one occasion, when preaching on the

* Wipes † Embrace.

disputed points of that day, he suddenly stopped, and after a pause, he broke out thus: "Woe is unto us for these sad divisions, that make us lose the fair scent of the Rose of Sharon;" and then he went on to speak of Christ in his own glowing style and soaring tones; upon which one of his hearers exclaimed, in a loud whisper, "Ay, now you are right, hold you there!"

The restoration of Charles II. took place in 1660, and the Kirk of Scotland was again subjected to much persecution. Rutherford died just in time to avoid an ignominious death. He was cited to appear before the Council at Edinburgh, on a charge of high treason: the summons found him on his death-bed; and when it was read to him, he replied, "Tell them I have got a summons already before a superior Judge and judicatory, and it behoves me to answer my first summons; but before your day arrive, I will be where few kings and great folks come." When the messengers returned, and reported that he was dying, the Parliament with impotent malice, voted him out of the college. There were a few dissenting voices; and when the vote was announced, one of this number nobly and feelingly remarked, "You may vote the good man out of college, but you cannot vote him out of heaven." Some one profanely replied, "He will never win there: hell is too good for him." "I wish," said Lord Burleigh, "I were as sure of heaven as he is: I would think myself happy to get a grip of his sleeve to hand me in."

Rutherford's death-bed was a very blessed one, as we might expect after such a life. On one occasion, addressing Robert Blair, he said, "Now I feel, I believe, I enjoy, I rejoice; I feed on manna, I have angels' food; my eyes shall

see my Redeemer: I know that He shall stand at the latter day on the earth, and I shall be caught up to meet Him in the air." When some one spoke of his laborious ministry, he said, "I disclaim all: the port I would be in at, is redemption and forgiveness of sins through Christ's blood." When near his end, he exclaimed, "I sleep in Christ; and when I awake, I shall be satisfied with His likeness O for arms to embrace him! O for a well-tuned harp! I hear Him saying to me, 'Come up hither!' Overcome with the sensible enjoyment of the Divine favour, he at length breathed out his soul, just after he had uttered the following words, "Glory, glory, dwelleth in Emmanuel's land!" He died on the 28th of February, 1661.

Shortly after his death, his book entitled "Lex Rex," was burnt by the public executioner; first at Edinburgh, and then at the gate of the college of St Andrews. When Charles II. read this book, he remarked it would never be answered. And Wodrow, after giving an account of its being burnt, adds, "It was much easier to burn the book, than to answer it."

The following epitaph was engraved on the tombstone which was erected to his memory at St. Andrews, in 1735.

"What tongue, what pen, what skill of mee,
Can famous Rutherford commend?
His learning justly raised his fame;
True godliness adorn'd his name:
He did converse with things above,
Acquainted with Emmanuel's love,
Most orthodox he was, and sound;
And many errors did confound,
For Zion's King, and Zion's cause,
And Scotland's covenanted laws,
Most earnestly he did contend,
Until his time was at an end,
That he wan* to the full fruition
Of that which he had seen in vision."

* Attained.

Religious Intelligence.

LONDON YEARLY MEETING STATISTICS.—The *Friend's Intelligencer* gives an abstract of the returns of the London Yearly Meeting. The number of members includes 6,463 males and 7,378 females, a total of 13,841, being 18 less than at the end of 1860. The births in 1861 were 288; deaths, 268. 53 joined by conviction, and 45

were disowned; 16 had been re-admitted, and 77 resigned; 34 removed from other yearly meetings; 28 removed to other yearly meetings. The number of meetings for worship in the yearly meeting was 317, of which 143 consisted of less than 20 members. Of the 81 monthly meetings, 16 have less than 50, and 7 upward of 500

members. In 41 of the meetings for worship there is but one Friend in the station of overseer, and in 74 others there is none. The proportion of regular attenders not in membership varies from 5 per cent. to one locality to 56 per cent. in another. As to schools chiefly intended for members, and 330 in the four principally designated for non-members.

JEWS IN ABYSSINIA.—There are about 50,000 Jews in Abyssinia, who bear the name of Fallashes. They are not scattered about the country, but occupy almost exclusively a tract of country to the southeast of Gondar. These Fallashes are mostly in easy circumstances, and enjoy a degree of consideration. M. Stein, a missionary well known among the Jews, visited them last year. He says:

In repairing to Abu Mahri's residence, we anticipated for some time that we might encounter from him some strenuous opposition. What was our joy at finding ourselves cordially welcomed both by high priest and by about forty of hisordinates. As etiquette requires that a stranger should always approach an Abyssinian chief with an offering, I presented Abu Mahri with a Bible and some white robes. He displayed a very satisfaction at receiving these tokens of our esteem. Several minutes had elapsed before we recovered our composure. When every one had returned to his place, we expressed a very sense of gratitude for the marks of affection which we had encountered. We reiterated our assurance that our object in coming to visit the country had been to introduce the word of God there, and to instruct the people in the way of salvation by leading them to a perfect knowledge of their Lord the Saviour. Hereat they all manifested a desire to be immediately in possession of the fundamental truths of our holy faith, and we made haste to satisfy their demands. Many of them declared that our words were an echo of those of Moses and Aaron, (which make up that part of the Bible with which they are best acquainted,) and they would be happy to spend us a long time dwelling among them, in order to go to the bottom of the important subjects with us. Abu Mahri himself, addressed me in a tone of emotion, said, "One of two

things—either you will become one of too things—either you will become one of ours, or we will become one of yours." and to give you a proof of the interest with which our missions inspired him, the worthy chief was so good as to enlarge our suite by a learned Fallash, Dehtarah, who was charged to accompany us into all the places inhabited by Jews, inviting them to receive us as friends and pay attention to our words.

EVANGELICAL THEOLOGY IN GERMANY.—It has long been cause of regret that a revived theology in Germany is so slow in penetrating the masses of the people, and bringing practical fruits. Forty years have brought wondrous changes over the universities. Five and twenty years have produced incredible improvements in the Protestant pulpits of Germany. Still the great body of the people remained unmoved, and even where the Spirit of God, like a mighty wind, has been working, only the surface of the stagnant pool seems to be stirred. Even where the visible body of believers has been growing like the grain of mustard, and extending the branches high and wide, there has been comparatively little of the thorough leavening of the lump. Pious people complain of this state of things in themselves and their families; ministers complain of the want of power in the means of grace in their parishes, and professors in their colleges. But, most of all, strangers who visit us, and see only the surface of Christian society, often go away with the impression that matters stand much worse than they really are. But why should it be otherwise? Long after the risen Saviour had been banished from the universities his name was honoured in the pulpits; and long after many a Mary had mourned in the dim twilight, "They have taken away my Lord out of the pulpit, and I know not where they have laid him;" long, long was family worship kept up, and morning, noon and night the venerable sire laid the open Bible on the family table. And if, by God's blessing, the number of faithful Gospel preachers is now incredibly multiplied, we have need of patience till the living seed takes root, and grows and brings forth fruit.—*News of the Churches.*

NORWAY.—In a religious point of view Norway is one of the most interesting countries in Europe. Inhabited by an extremely simple people, Christianity has naturally found its place in the domestic and social life of the people. Thus, to give only one example, all the newspapers, even the large official ones, insert on Saturday a list of sermons to be preached on the following day, together with the texts; and then on Sunday morning this list is repeated, and accompanied with those of the religious services for the week. Among the advertisements appear those of religious works; and articles are occasionally written on the various religious questions which concern the district. Sunday is almost as strictly observed as in England. No warehouse, or office, not even the post-office, is open; the steamboats, the only means of locomotion, are so arranged as to be, as much as possible, at anchor on that day. In short, private and public life is so organized that religious life may find its place without difficulty. In this domestic and national piety there is, doubtless, much formalism. There is a dark side to the picture. In this thoroughly Protestant country you may often see in farm-houses images of the Holy Virgin and of the sacred heart of Mary. A great number of the churches are even now in the identical condition in which they were found before the Reformation. The church at Bergen, for example, possesses an altar of thoroughly Catholic appearance, surmounted by a large statue of the Virgin, with an immense wax taper on each side. Other older churches resemble pagodas, with suns and dragons.—*Letter in "La Croix."*

FREE CHURCH STATISTICS—The Free Church possesses 800 places of worship, erected at a cost of £734,641. She has laid out £339,000 on 565 manses for her ministers. She has built 620 schools at an outlay of £207,700. Besides these, there are churches, manses, and schools, to the estimated value of £50,000, erected at the expense of private individuals, and not appearing in the public accounts. The

three colleges of the Free Church cost her £52,459; her Normal Schools cost £22,564; her Assembly Hall £8,500; her offices in Mound Place £7,500. The total cost of buildings has been £1,422,364. Besides these, the church is possessed of properties in connection with her various mission stations in India and Africa, a chapel and a mission-house at Malta, and a church at Gibraltar. Finally, she is possessed of investments in securities of various kinds, belonging to the widows' fund, the aged and infirm ministers' fund, and the several schemes, amounting in all to £226,754. All these properties and values may be called the fixed capital of the Free Church. To give life and motion to the whole, she has acquired a yearly income, most remarkable for its steadiness and constancy, which may be stated in round numbers, but quite within the mark, at £264,000. Of this annual revenue, the sum of £112,000 belongs to the sustentation fund; £14,000 to the purpose of education in schools and colleges, and £38,000 to missions.—*Record of the Free Church.*

RUSSIA.—The *London Christian World* has received a letter from a Russian lady of the highest rank, confirming the statement that the Emperor had been induced to encourage the translation of the Scriptures into the modern Russ, the vernacular of the many millions of Russians who belong to the National Church, and of the two or three millions of Dissenters, such as the Molokani and others. The translation of the entire New Testament has been finished, the publication of all the Gospels and of the Acts of the Apostles has been made, and many thousands have already been put in circulation. The publication of the Epistles and the Book of Revelation will soon follow. A few months ago we could scarcely hope to hear such good news from that great empire. The Lord be praised for it, for, after all it is a part of "his doings" who is King in Zion, and in whose hand is the government of the earth, with its many rulers and its nations.

Science and Art.

WHAT A VOLCANO CAN DO—Cotoaxi, in 1738, threw its fiery rockets 900 feet above its crater, while in 1743 the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful noise was heard a distance of more than 600 miles. In 1797 the crater of Parícutin, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud, which dammed up rivers, opened new channels, and in valleys of a thousand feet deep made deposits of 600 feet deep. In 1794, a stream from Vesuvius, which in 1793 passed through Torre del Greco, contained 33,600,000 cubic feet of solid matter; and in 1794, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1679, Ætna disgorged forth a flood which covered 104 square miles of surface, and measured nearly 100,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the sand and gravel formed the Monte Rossi, near Naples, a cone two miles in circumference, and 4000 feet high. The lava thrown out by Ætna in 1810 was in motion at the rate of a yard per hour for nine months after the eruption; on record that the lavas of the mountain, after a terrible eruption, were not thoroughly cooled and consolidated ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the scoriae and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain, while in 1660 Ætna disgorged more than twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has thrown its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt; it has hurled stones eight pounds in weight from Pompeii, a distance of six miles, and similar masses were tossed up 1000 feet above its summit. Cotoaxi projected a block of 169 cubic feet in volume a distance of nine miles, and Sombawa, in 1815, during the most terrible eruption on record, hurled its ashes as far as Java, a distance of 400 miles of surface, and out of a population of 12,000 souls only twenty were saved.—*London Journal.*

PUGNACITY OF HUMMING-BIRDS.—A writer on humming-birds describes their fighting propensities: "It is a most pugnacious bird. Many a time have I thought to secure a fine male, which I had, perhaps, been following from tree to tree, and had at last seen quietly perch on a leafless twig, when my deadly attention has been anticipated by one less so in fact, but to all appearances, equally so in will. Another humming-bird rushes in, knocks the one I court off his perch, and the two go fighting and screaming away at a pace hardly to be followed by the eye. Another time the fighting is sustained in mid-air, the belligerents mounting higher and higher, till the one worsted in the battle darts away, seeking shelter, followed by the victor who never relinquishes the pursuit till the vanquished, by doubling and hiding, succeeds in making his escape. These fierce raids are not waged alone between members of the same species. The exquisite frill-necked coquette and royal blue myrtle-suckers, are greatly addicted to fighting. It is very seldom that two males meet without an aerial battle. The contest commences with a sharp choleric shriek; after which, with dilated throats, the feathers of the whole of their bodies erected on end, and their tails outspread, they begin to fight with their bills and wings, and the least powerful soon falls to the ground or flies away. I have never known one of these battles last longer than about ten seconds; and in the specimens I have had under my notice in cages, their fighting has mostly ended in the splitting of the tongue of one of the two, which then surely dies from being unable to feed."

FROST MUSIC.—I was once belated in Canada on a fine winter day, and was riding over the hard snow on the margin of a wide lake, when the most faint and mournful wail that could break a solemn silence seemed to pass through me like a dream. I stopped my horse and listened. For some time I could

not satisfy myself whether the music was in the air or in my own brain. I thought of the pine forest, which was not far off, but the tone was not harp-like, and there was not a breath of wind. Then it swelled and approached, and then it seemed to be miles away in a moment, and again it moaned as if under my very feet. It was in fact almost under my feet. It was the voice of the winds imprisoned under the pall of ice suddenly cast over them by the peremptory power of the frost. Nobody there had made air-holes, for the place was a wilderness; and there was no escape for the winds, which must moan on till the spring warmth should release them. They were fastened down in silence; but they would come out with an explosion when, in some still night, after a warm spring day, the ice would blow up, and make a crash and a racket from shore to shore. So I was told at my host's that evening, where I arrived with something of the sensation of a haunted man. It had been some time before the true idea struck me, and meanwhile the rising and falling moan made my very heart thrill again.—*Once a Week.*

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.—Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven and afterward put into a large earthenware vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain-water, and a willow-tree, weighing five pounds, was placed therein. During the space of five years the earth was carefully watered with rain-water, or pure water. The willow grew and flourished, and to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, or dust blown into it by the wind, it was covered with a small metal plate, perforated with a great number of small holes, suitable for the free admission of air only. After growing in the earth for five years, the willow-tree was removed, and found to weigh 169 pounds and about three ounces. The leaves which fell from the tree every Autumn were not included in this weight. The earth was then removed from the vessel, again dried in the oven, and afterward weighed; it was afterward discovered to have lost

only about two ounces of its original weight; thus 164 pounds of lignum, woody fiber, bark, roots, etc., were certainly produced, but from what source.—*Griffith's Chemistry of the Seasons.*

TO CURE DIPHThERIA.—A gentleman who has administered the following remedy for diphtheria, informs us that it has always proved effectual in affording speedy relief: take a common tobacco pipe, place a live coal within the bowl, drop a little tar upon the coal and let the patient draw smoke into the mouth and discharge through the nostrils. The remedy is safe and simple, and should be tried whenever occasion may require. Many valuable lives may be saved, our informant confidently believes, by prompt treatment as above.

THE BEECH TREE.—The beech tree is said to be a non-conductor of lightning. So notorious is the fact, that the Indians whenever the sky wears the appearance of a thunder-storm leave their pursuits and take refuge under the nearest beech tree. In Tennessee the people consider it a complete protection. Dr. Beeton in a letter to Dr. Mitchell, states that the beech tree is never known to be struck by atmospheric electricity, while other trees are often shattered into splinters.—May not a knowledge of this afford protection to many when exposed?

A REMEDY FOR SEA SICKNESS.—In all ordinary cases, if in dread of seasickness, lie down on the back at least a quarter of an hour before the vessel starts. No position but that of recumbency on the back will do. Let head, body, and back, become, as it were, part of the vessel, participating in its motion without muscular effort. This precaution is often of itself sufficient. It will be of little use to assume this position after the sickness has commenced. It must be beforehand. Travellers may like to test this counsel. If the result should not be successful, anyhow, the advice will all the same have come to them without fee.—*Dr. Corrigan's Ten Days in Athens.*

Varieties.

CENSUS OF SCOTLAND.—The report which has been issued from the Census Office of Scotland with the population figures, just published, states that it has been ascertained that there have been no less than 787 islands around the Scottish coast, taking as the definition of an island that it shall be of sufficient extent to afford pasture to a sheep. 5.39 per cent. of the population—164,994 persons—were found residing on the 186 of those islands which are inhabited by one or more persons. In all Scotland there are about 190 persons (99.7) to a square mile; 6.41 acres to every person; but the country is so ragged and mountainous that it is very questionable whether more than one-third of it could ever be rendered arable. The county of Edinburgh has 746 persons to a square mile; the county of Sutherland only 1. The natural rate of increase in Scotland in the ten years 1851-61, by excess of births over deaths, is believed to have been 14 per cent.; but the population found there in 1861 was only six per cent more than in 1851. So many are the Scotchmen who go elsewhere to better themselves or to make their fortunes. This large emigration is away more men than women, and the proportion of females to males is greater in 1861 than in 1851, having risen to 111.2 females to 100 males. A greater excess of women probably exists in any European country, and this, as must be prejudicial to the prosperity of the kingdom. In England there were only 105.2 females to 100 males, but Scotland sends out nearly twice as large a proportion of her people as emigrants, and supplies more than twice as large a proportion to the British navy. But by far the most interesting portion of those tables is the statement of the house accommodation of the country. It shows that 7,964 families, or more than 1 per cent. of all the 666,000 families of Scotland, were found living in single rooms which open to the window. 226,723 families were found living in one room, each with one or more windows, but often without an apology for a window. 35 per

cent. of all the families in Scotland—more than one-third—are living in one room. A still greater number, 37 per cent., nearly a quarter of a million of families, live in only two rooms, leaving only 28 per cent. living in houses with three or more rooms. This would have seemed incredible if it had not been ascertained on actual inquiry. From the greater fatality of epidemic and contagious diseases in Scotland than in England, it is thought probable that the proportion of families living in only one or two rooms is considerably less in England. In Scotland the census enumerators found 34,648 families, with four persons in each family, living in one room; 27,519 families, five in a family; 19,503 families, six in a family; 12,136 families, seven in a family; 6,212 families, eight in a family. Glasgow is the greatest city in Scotland. How is the population housed? Only one family in four in that vast city has as many as three rooms to live in; 4,024 families with five persons in each family, have only one room to live in; 2,450 families, with six persons in a family; 1,256 families, with seven persons in a family. Paisley and Dundee offer high-paid work, but comparatively few of the working classes can be expected to be living in four rooms and upwards; yet only eight and a half per cent—one in twelve—of the families in these towns occupy three rooms.—Who could have believed all this? It will certainly be felt to be very startling, this revelation of the enormous numbers of the class by which mainly the empire is increased living in conditions so demoralizing.

THE FIRST NAPOLEON.—The empire had made him old before his time. Gratified ambition, satiated pride, the delights of a palace, a luxurious table, a voluptuous couch, long vigils, sleepless nights, divided between labour and festive pleasure; the habit of riding, which made him corpulent; all tended to deaden his limbs and enervate his faculties. An early obesity overloaded him with flesh. His cheeks, formerly streaked with mus-

cles, and hollowed by the working of genius, were broad, full and overhanging, like those of Otho in the Roman medals of the empire. An excess of bile mingling with the blood, gave a yellow tint to the skin, which at a distance, looked like a varnish of pale gold on his countenance. His lips still preserved their Grecian outline and steady grace, passing easily from a smile to a menace. His solid, bony chin formed an appropriate base for his features. His nose was but a line, thin and transparent. The paleness of his cheeks gave greater brilliancy to the blue of his eyes. His look was searching, unsteady as a wavering flame; an emblem of inquietude. His forehead seemed to have widened, from the scantiness of his thin black hair, which was falling from the moisture of continual thought. It might be said that his head, naturally small, had increased in size, to give ample scope between his temples for the machinery and combinations of a mind, every thought of which was an empire. The map of the world which seemed to be incrustated on the orb of that reflective head. But it was beginning to yield; and he inclined it often on his breast, while crossing his arms like Frederick the Great, an attitude and gesture which he appeared to affect. Unable any longer to seduce his courtiers and his soldiers by the charm of youth, it was evident he wished to fascinate them by the rough, pensive, and disdainful character of himself—of his model in his latter days. He moulded himself, as it were, into the statue of reflection before his troops, who gave him the nick-name of *Father Thoughtful*. He assumed the *pose* of destiny. Something rough, rude, and savage in his movements revealed his southern and insular origin. The man of the Mediterranean broke out constantly through the Frenchman. His nature, too great and too powerful for the part he had to play, overflowed on all occasions. He bore no resemblance to any of the men around him. Superior and altogether different, he was an offspring of the sun, of the sea, and of the battle-field; out of his element even in his own palace, and a stranger even in his own empire.—*Lamartine*.

TAXES UPON DRINKING.—The finance accounts of the British government

show that in the financial year 1860, the tax upon spirits produced £12,600, upon wine £1,104,475, upon and hops £6,191,156, making £19,231 in all. Another £1,000,000 be added for the license duties those who manufacture or sell spirit wine, and beer. On tea, coffee, chocolate, cocoa, and chocolate the taxation the year amounted to £5,993,252. Considerably more than a third of public income was derived from taxation upon beverages.

NEW DISCOVERIES IN CALIFORNIA. Almost every day brings to light a new discovery on the Pacific coast until it is fast becoming apparent that the resources of California are bounded in extent and illimitable character. The gold and silver mines of the Pacific slope have excited wonder of the world, and in the production of the precious metals have no rival. Coal of good quality has been found, and the mines rapidly being developed. Iron and copper are claiming attention, and will soon be regarded as the most plentiful and valuable of our own productions in the aid they will lend to domestic manufactures and the arts. We have been shown a letter recently received from the South coast, announcing the discovery at Santa Barbara of an immense store of coal oil, said to be of the highest quality for illuminating and lighting purposes. The writer says a little labour and slight expense spring can be made to yield between 3,000 and 4,000 gallons per day. The liquid is said to possess at least 10 per cent. of coal oil, and from the amount of inflammable gas given off at a temperature it is believed to be peculiarly adapted to the manufacture of gas for street or other illuminating purposes, instead of the ordinary gas now used. It is gratifyingly able to chronicle such discoveries it shows that while our sisters are plunged in the trials and tribulations of war, California is advancing rapidly in all the elements of progress. A hundred fields are still open to the industrious adventurer, and discovery is fast bringing to light some new source of that most wonderful commodity.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.