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THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1876.

THE NEW WESLEYAN HYMN BOOK.

BY THE REV. JOHN LATHERN, HALIFAX, N. S.

In a former paper an attempt was made to indicate some of the most distinctive excellences of Methodist hymnody. The new Wesleyan Hymn Book, published under the direction of the British Conference, now challenges attention; and with the question of a hymn book for the Methodist Church of Canada fairly open, entrusted to the consideration of an influential committee, to be reported upon at the next Quadrennial Conference, this new hymn book of British Methodism cannot but excite profound interest.

We miss, at the first glance, upon opening the volume, the engraving of the venerable founder of Methodism, by which former editions were embellished. This likeness of John Wesley, in childhood days, when a copy of these standard hymns formed an early and much-prized treasure, never failed to inspire feelings of veneration. There must have been in the case of "children of a larger growth" a measure of the same sentiment; for, when at one time this likeness was left out, the *vox populi* compelled its re-insertion. With all the convictions of later life and maturer judgment in favour of the elimination of the human element as

far as possible from standards of worship, the omission of the portrait is accepted with unmingled satisfaction. The old preface, though it has been severely criticised and heartily condemned, contains as much sound sense and sober truth, with as little mawkish sentimentalism, as can be found in any composition of the same kind; but it is questionable whether, having accomplished its object, any good purpose could be served by its continued publication.

The minor improvements, of practical importance, in looking through this volume at once strike the eye. The typography is all that can be desired—clear and distinct, and quite refreshing to weak and weary eyes; where hymns are based upon passages of Scripture, the text is indicated. The number of the page is placed on the lower margin; and the number of the hymns, alone intended for announcement, is printed in bold prominent figures. There cannot be the chance for confusion which sometimes spreads through a congregation when the number of the page and that of the hymn, announced in the same breath, get inextricably mixed together.

The new hymn book contains three sections: the old collection of hymns for the use of the people called Methodists, nearly intact, a number of select psalms, and a supplement greatly enlarged.

The original "collection" comprises 539 hymns. This part of the book has been revised, but not substantially changed. The Conference had determined that it "should undergo no alteration which could affect its substance or impair its identity." In deference to a strongly conservative sentiment, the "collection," consecrated by sacred associations, is to be retained as a historic memorial of early Methodism. This feeling we can all appreciate, and, wherever practicable, would afford to it free and full play; but unquestionably it ought to be subordinate to great and vital and progressive interests of the Church of Christ. To objects rich and rare in antique and historic interest, preserved and paraded in the trophied temple, however musty and faded, there could be no possible objection; but we would never think of turning our homes into museums of relics and dusty mementoes. The home should be fresh and bright and full of life as the open-

ing day, the joyous sunshine, and the dewy flowers; and so with this time-honoured collection of five hundred and thirty-nine hymns. It contains immortal compositions—hymns that have shaped our convictions and moulded our lives—that have supplied words of faith and hope, in life and in death, to thousands and tens of thousands of the people of God. These are historic memorials of the first age of Methodism and of her honoured bard, whose compositions constituted an epoch in the psalmody of the Christian Church. They constitute a memorial grander and more enduring than Egyptian pyramid, or Corinthian brass. But if any number of hymns in that “collection” be defective in composition—striking no responsive chord of sympathy—failing to stand the crucial test of time—let them be replaced by others of tried and acknowledged worth. The Tower of David, we are told, was built for an armoury wherein were hung in thousands the shields of his mighty men. It was the Westminster Abbey of the Hebrew nation. And if inferior hymns must still be conserved as memorials, let them be consigned to the denominational repository for the “shields of the mighty men.” For such mementoes we can at the proper time and place cherish a grateful and reverential respect; but “why seek ye the living among the dead?” In the preparation of a hymn book which should, for a century to come, constitute a standard of worship, the greatest good of the whole Church of God ought to be the first and most imperative consideration.

The example of the Wesleys, to a most extraordinary degree, is in the direction opposite to that of stereotyped psalmody; their poetical publications followed each other in rapid and continued succession. One of these volumes, a “Collection of Psalms and Hymns,” now before me, and for many years used in early Methodist worship, contains many beautiful and eminently Scriptural hymns, which were left out of the book published in 1780, but which reappear in the new hymn book. According to Dr. Osborne, fifty-seven volumes in all were published. Four of these were selections from other authors; six were partly original and partly selected; nine were mainly compilations from their own previously published works; and thirty-eight of these volumes were purely original. “Those who would have no alteration in

the hymn book at all," says Mr. Gregory, in the *City Road Magazine*, "we would remind that Providence has otherwise decreed. You can no more forbid readjustment and expansion in the psalmody of Methodism than in any other part of its high-typed organization. Few things seem to have struck the Shah of Persia, in his European travels, more than a chronometer in the palace of Frederick the Great, at Potsdam, which had been stopped at the moment of the monarch's death, and never suffered to be set in motion since; so that with its elaborate mechanism, it was allowed no further service than to for ever indicate the point to which its hurrying hand had reached when Frederick breathed his last. There are a few friends of Methodism, and many foes, who would destine it to some such funeral office, to signify to all future generations the precise point which it had reached at Wesley's death, or at some more arbitrarily chosen moment. But Wesley left the hour-hand moving, and to arrest it at any time would be not to make it an impressive memorial of the great man whom God employed to construct its exquisite machinery, but a useless monument of the imbecility of his degenerate sons."

The revision of the "Collection" has resulted in the omission of thirteen hymns, the exclusion of some sixteen stanzas of over a hundred lines, and the addition of twenty verses containing a little over a hundred and thirty lines. Two dramatic hymns on the crucifixion: "Ye that pass by behold the Man," and "O thou dear suffering Son of God," have been left out. The lyre of Charles Wesley was consecrated above all to the grand and matchless thoughts and themes of a living, dying, and ever-lastingly exalted Saviour. But the hymns in question, while in "moments rich in blessing, which before the Cross we spend," they might be read with adoring and sympathetic interest, have justly, on account of their literalism and strong language, been deemed unsuitable for purposes of public worship.

The funeral hymn, "Ah! lovely appearance of Death," etc., has been also excluded in the revision. It contains many lines that could scarcely be truthfully uttered even as the language of triumphant faith; but even congregations have been occasionally requested to sing—

“With solemn delight I survey
The corpse when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.”

This hymn has not been replaced. Owing, it is said, to editorial oversight in the year 1807, when the hymn book was subjected to several alterations, two hymns bore the same number. The omission of the 48th has rectified the numerical defect. Hymn 53rd, “On the death of a Widow,” has been replaced by a noble “funeral hymn,” likely to command wide appreciation—chaste in composition and triumphant in tone; but absolutely free alike from sentimentalism and sensationalism.

The beautiful hymn, “Thou, Lord, hast blest my going out,” has been excluded, but upon what principle it would not be easy to determine.

Before a copy of the new hymn book came to hand, a somewhat careful examination of the old one, marking only such hymns and verses as the *minimum* amount of revision would probably exclude, without touching a solitary hymn dear to the Church, or marking a line for erasure which could be looked upon as having any special value, or as at all approaching the average standard of excellence, resulted in the proposed omission of eighteen hymns—these not being considered suitable for purposes of worship nor of any specific value to the book—and of verses, or portions of hymns, not required for thought or unity, containing, in all, a little over two thousand and four hundred lines. This abbreviation, touching nothing valuable and still leaving a good deal that could with advantage be replaced, would afford space, without increasing the bulk, for an addition of one hundred hymns—each of six four line stanzas. But this examination did not certainly contemplate the loss of such hymns as the one alluded to:

“Thou, Lord, hast blest my going out;
O, bless my coming in!
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.”

The loss of such a hymn can only be attributed to some kind of oversight. It has been replaced by a hymn richly expressive of a spirit chastened and purified by sanctified suffering.

The famous Mohammedan hymn has been, for very obvious reasons, excluded. It contains a forcible and truthful delineation of the evils of that apostacy which, as the smoke of the pit, has darkened some of the fairest portions of the earth; and orthodox Christians, contending earnestly and heroically for the faith once delivered to the saints, would no doubt uncompromisingly

“ The Unitarian fiend expel,
And chase his doctrine back to hell ;”

but such sentiments and expressions are anything but congenial and appropriate in strains of sanctuary worship. Hymn 488, in which we acknowledge that, “Cruel as wild beasts we are,” has been superseded by an excellent hymn from the supplement. The prayer for “England” has found a substitute in a strain of energetic supplication for the diffusion and power of gospel ministration :

“ Jesus the Word bestow,
The true immortal seed,” etc.

The stanzas omitted include objectionable lines and phrases of which the words, “If thy *bowels* now are stirred,” may be taken as an example. In one of the earliest hymns of the book the exceedingly offensive line :

“ Nor envy the swine their brutish delight,”

has been unhappily retained. To the 310th hymn, a good verse has been added at the commencement, but we are still at liberty to say :

“ Into a world of ruffians sent,
I walk on hostile ground,
While human bears, on slaughter bent,
And ravening wolves surround.”

The shadowings of the millennium are dim enough in that verse, which brings together within the compass of four lines “ruffians,” and “human bears,” and “ravening wolves.” The hymn on Christian unity, from which some verses of as pure nonsense as ever marred a sacred song have been excluded, has been transferred to the supplement; and in this abbreviated form will be much more highly appreciated. In the hymn for “the Heathen,” the celebrated expression applied to the aborigines of America,

which once as read by the eloquent Dr. Beaumont, on a public occasion, proved grievously offensive to an American gentleman, who did not bear in mind, or understand the distinction between the dusky forest children and the civilized and christianized communities of this Western continent—"dark Americans" has been changed to "deluded votaries."

In some cases the added lines are very beautiful. The well-known hymn: "Jesus, thy blood and righteousness," has one more verse and then closes as it begins:

"Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness."

The exquisite hymn, "O love divine! how sweet thou art," which Handel deemed worthy of being set to noblest music, and which is remarkable for unity of idea and structure, and fulness and exhaustiveness of expression, has, however, gained nothing in value by the addition of two verses of barely average excellence.

The middle section of the new hymn book is composed exclusively of "Select Psalms." "There will be found seventy versions of psalms, or parts of psalms, by means of which it is claimed by the committee, that portion of Holy Scripture, which has supplied so large a share of the devotional exercises of Christians generally, will become more fully available for the use of Methodists than it has been for a long time past." Possibly it is not generally known that long before the publication of the volume which, for nearly a century, has been the standard of Methodist worship, versions of the psalms were published by John and Charles Wesley, for the use of their people in congregational service. This selection, therefore, in effect, takes us back to first principles. The psalms now published number 101. Several of them have been brought together from different parts of the supplement now in use. Twenty of them are additional or alternative versions of the same psalm. Ministers and congregations can have the privilege of choice between the Presbyterian version of the Hundredth Psalm, "All people that on earth do dwell," and the incomparably grander composition of Dr. Watts, as altered by Wesley:

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy."

With all deference to the committee of revision, one cannot but regard the interjection of "Select Psalms" between two sections of hymns, instead of at the commencement or at the close of the volume, as an undesirable and unattractive arrangement.

The "Supplement" contains 368 hymns; amongst them some of the finest compositions of Charles Wesley, now published for the first time, and a "selection from the works of modern hymnologists, as well as from the accumulated treasures of the past." It includes in addition no less than nineteen "Graces before and after meat;" and even these do not comprise the Love Feast lines, "Be present at our table, Lord," and "We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food."

The arrangement of the supplementary part of the volume is vastly superior to that of the "Collection." In the first part of the book we begin with "Exhorting Sinners." From the "Pleasantness of Religion," and the "Goodness of God," as exhibited in Redemption, we are led on to "Death," and "Judgment," and "Heaven" and "Hell." Then after "Praying for a Blessing" and a description of "Formal Religion" we come to "Repentance." Hymns of adoration and other themes eminently suitable for public worship, and most frequently demanded, are scattered through the "Collection," interspersed with various subjects, and sometimes to be found with "Believers Rejoicing," and again with "Believers Fighting." In the new supplement we have in right sequence, Adoration—the Person, Office, and Work of Christ—the Kingdom of Christ—the Holy Spirit—Penitential Hymns—the Experience and Privileges of Believers—Christian Ordinances and Institutions—Death and a Future life—the Lord's Day,—and For Various Occasions. A redistribution of all the hymns in the new book, according to the subjects, after the order and arrangement of the supplement, would greatly increase the value of the volume, as a systematic compendium of theology, afford superior advantages for private perusal, and greatly facilitate the selection of hymns, suitable to special themes, in the public services of the sanctuary.

Amongst the new contributions to the supplementary part of the new hymn book, we find some really superior hymns by Bishop Wordsworth, of Lincoln, the magnificent compositions of Milman, and the lofty themes of Bishop Heber.

Amongst the new contributors are Deans Stanley, Alford, James Montgomery, Lyte, Bonar, Grant, and Kennedy. We are gratified to find, also, the names of modern Methodist poets—the polished and scholarly Ebenezer Jenkins, and the accomplished and brilliant author of “Sabbath Chimes,” Morley Punshon. “The names of authors will help to exemplify the substantial unity existing between all believers in Christ, notwithstanding the many causes which hinder its full manifestation in the world.”

We find in the supplement of the new hymn book, Cowper’s “Fountain filled with blood,” and the noble Coronation Hymn, “All hail the power Jesus’ name,” the production of Peronnett, one of the early Methodist preachers. Both these hymns were contained in the “Collection of Psalms and Hymns” long used in Methodist worship during the ministry of the Wesleys. Heber’s incomparable missionary hymn, the “Mercy Seat” of Canon Stowell, John Keble’s “Sun of my Soul,” and Lyte’s exquisite hymn, “Abide with me,” find here a fitting place. The selection comprises compositions widely apart, as the mediæval hymn *Dies Iræ*, in the fine rendering of Dr. Irons, and the revival production, “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,” which, in recent religious assemblies, has moved thousands of souls more than could have been done by the singing of a Cathedral choir. A fine hymn, in the words of Dr. Neale,

“Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
Come to me, saith One, and coming,
Be at rest,”

carries with it a suggestion of Church ritual, and of elaborate service. It will be all the more appreciated because of the omission of the last stanza.

The Unitarian hymn, “Nearer, my God, to Thee,” has been objected to sometimes; but whatever may have been the original idea of “the Cross that raiseth me,” to a Christian congregation it gets all its meaning from Calvary. We are glad to find that it ranks here with other treasured hymns of the Catholic Church. It may yet be the means of leading Unitarian worshippers, when the veil shall have been removed, to “look upon Him whom they have pierced.” The sweet lines of Miss Elliott, “Thy will be

done," and the still more precious hymn of heart-truths, "Just as I am without one plea," (often used in our social services,) which Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, said contained all his theology, will now be available for the worship of the "great congregation."

This selection also comprises the two treasured hymns of James Montgomery, "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire," and "Forever with the Lord," said to be inscribed on his monument, at Sheffield. It has been objected to the first of these that, while it exquisitely describes prayer, it is not, in itself, with the exception of one verse, either prayer or praise, and therefore unfitted for worship. The canon of "prayer and praise," whilst most excellent, as far as it goes, is not sufficiently comprehensive. It would exclude many most valuable compositions from Methodist hymnody and from the general psalmody of the Christian Church. We find in the apostolic requirements for worship, "singing unto yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs," a more correct and comprehensive canon of sacred psalmody, and one which would sanction the introduction and use of a large class of hymns needed for general edification. Two great departments of Church hymnody are therefore demanded; hymns which supply language of address to God, prayer and praise, litanies and supplication, and strains of lofty adoration; and also hymns which supply language of Christian intercourse, "singing unto yourselves" for comfort, and for edification. The prayer-hymn of Montgomery, and others of the same class, would come legitimately within this range.

The *defect* in the supplementary selection of hymns, as viewed from a different and distant standpoint, is perhaps sufficiently accounted for in a prefatory paragraph; here also will be found some adapted to personal and private rather than to collective worship. Surely the revised "Collection" contains a sufficient number of hymns, meditations, expositions, and lengthy religious poems, for all the purposes of personal and private edification and for praising the Lord "secretly among the faithful." Instead of occupying the space and adding to the bulk of the volume, by additional compositions for secret devotion, ought not the growing necessities and claims of social and sanctuary worship, and of

Christian work, to have been the sole and only consideration in the selection of additional hymns?

What of the general adaptation of this new hymn book to all the requirements of Methodist worship? and what of the proposal to adopt this volume as the Hymn Book of the Methodist Church of Canada? It is a grand selection of hymns unquestionably; and it constitutes a noble and comprehensive standard of worship. Here we have the richest treasures of Wesleyan hymnody; and since the royal psalmist swept his inspired lyre, to the grand and impassioned strains which by the worshippers of the ancient Church were chanted at their magnificent solemnities, never, in the fulness and force of scriptural truth, and in the pure deep glow of devotional feeling, have the sacred lyrics of Charles Wesley been surpassed. The revision and the various additions from the best productions of ancient and modern hymnologists have also greatly increased the value of this new publication. At this point, however, an important question presents itself for consideration. Bearing in mind that probably about two hundred and fifty hymns is the utmost range ever taken in the congregational worship of any Church, and that the hymns most frequently used, and most highly prized, are the condensed compact hymns of not more than four or five verses, therefore occupying limited space; is it necessary that a hymn book sufficiently comprehensive for all requirements should contain over a thousand compositions? or that, instead of a good proportion of hymns of only the requisite length for use in religious service, is it still expedient, with a few exceptions, to retain religious poems of great length, of which only a selection, a half or possibly a third, can be used in one service? For the worship of Methodism in Canada, such a book would probably be too large for convenient use. It has been proposed in connection with the new hymn book to publish the supplement in a distinct volume. The result of such an arrangement would be two books instead of one. In this way the "collection," containing the most distinctively Methodistic hymns, might, by a supplement of five hundred compositions, be gradually displaced, a consequence to be most seriously deprecated.

Apart from financial aspects of the question, not now under consideration,—but of sufficient importance, in the judgment of

the British Conference, to warrant the measures which have been taken for the publication of a new hymn book; and which in our own Conference found distinctive expression, and will have largely to do with the ultimate decision—the adoption of a book, revised and prepared with special view to the requirements of a United Church, would form a noble memorial of denominational union—happily inaugurated and destined, we trust, to embrace all the Methodism of the Dominion.

An ideal hymn book, for “the Methodist Church of Canada,” would be a selection of some eight hundred and fifty hymns with a few select psalms, largely taken from the new hymn book, but also inclusive of several other compositions dear to the whole Church of God. Nearly five hundred of these should be Wesleyan hymns, thoroughly revised, so as to occupy about the space of four hundred in the present volume, and the balance of three hundred and fifty from the “accumulated treasures” of ancient and modern Church song, arranged in somewhat the same order as the new supplement, affording sufficient variety for all occasions, ordinary and extraordinary; and yet, like the volume to which we have been long accustomed, “comprised in so moderate a compass as to be neither cumbersome nor expensive.”

THE BUOY-BELL.

BY THE REV. CHARLES TENNYSON.

How like the leper, with his own sad cry,
 Enforcing his own solitude, it tolls!
 That lonely bell, set in the rushing shoals,
 To warn us from the place of jeopardy!
 O friend of man, sore-vest by ocean's power,
 The changing tides wash o'er thee day by day;
 Thy trembling mouth is filled with bitter spray,
 Yet still thou ringest on from hour to hour.
 High is thy mission though thy lot is wild—
 To be in danger's realm a guardian sound;
 In seamen's dreams a pleasant part to bear,
 And earn their blessing as the year goes round;
 And strike the key-note of each faithful prayer,
 Breathed in their distant homes by wife or child.

THE BIBLE AND THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

PART II.

THE advocates of wine drinking quote, in defence of the system, the accusation brought against our Lord, of being "a man gluttonous and a wine-bibber."* No one supposes that the first of these charges was true, then why the second? The text is as much a sanction of gluttony as of wine drinking, both of which the Scriptures expressly forbid. Our Lord also lent the aid of His own example to the cause of total abstinence. We read that in the agony of His passion, amid the pangs and throes of dissolution, when His exhausted frame was parched with thirst, "They gave Him to drink, wine mingled with myrrh; *but He received it not.*"

The use of fermented wine, even in the celebration of the holy eucharist, is a departure from Scripture precedent, for, as we have already seen, all leaven and ferment were abolished from the celebration of the Jewish passover, and therefore our Lord could not have used intoxicating wine in the institution of His Last Supper.

The passage in Matt. ix. 17, "Neither do men put new wine into old bottles, else the bottles break and the wine runneth out," has been cited as implying the common use of fermented wine. Even if it did, there is here no sanction given to the custom; but Dr. Lees takes the ground that the contrary may be inferred from the passage. He says that fermented wine will burst the strongest bottle, or even iron-bound casks, that new wine if put into old bottles would be the more likely to ferment from the deposits of tartar and gluten on their sides, and that therefore "new wine" was put into "new bottles" to preserve it from fermentation by the complete exclusion of the air.

We sometimes hear the maudlin sentiment that "wine is a good creature of God, and therefore to be received with thanksgiving." Assuredly the wine commended in Scripture is one of

* Matt. xi. 19.

God's best temporal gifts to men, but it is an astounding perversion of Holy Writ to assert the same of the drugged and poisonous liquors in common use, with their abominable adulterations and their demoralizing and soul-destroying results. Or if they are good creatures of God, because they are the result of certain chemical changes in the process of decay, then the putrescent gases which proceed from the continuation of that process are also good creatures of God, and therefore to be received with thanksgiving. So also are arsenic and prussic acid, strychnine and belladonna, or any other virulent poison which may be tortured from nature in the alembic of the chemist.

Paul's advice to Timothy, "Drink no longer water; but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake; and thine other infirmities,"* is often made to do service in defence of the use of intoxicating liquors. The reply of a certain canny Scot to this exhortation would be the dictate of common sense in many cases. "I'm no Timothy," he said, "and there's naething the matter wi' my stomach." But those persons, who thus illogically argue from a particular instance to a universal practice, overlook the fact that this was virtually a medical prescription for the bodily infirmities of Timothy, and by no means a universal precedent. Moreover, the intoxicating wine in common use is very different from the unfermented sort which was common in the East, where this admonition was given, and which is still esteemed the best and most nutritious. It is evident that from even this wine Timothy had been an abstainer, probably in consequence of a Nazarite's vow, and Paul exhorts him to drink no longer water *only*, which had been his previous custom, but to take, for the weakness of his stomach and his manifold infirmities, a *little* wine, and that mingled with water or milk, as the manner of the country was. Would that those who quote the example of Timothy as their precedent for wine drinking, would conform in reality to Timothy's practice in this matter.

But the New Testament, as well as the Old, has distinct warnings against the use of wine, and dissuasives from it. It is employed as the fittest emblem of the anger of the Almighty in the book of the Revelation, as in the old Hebrew prophets, the

* 1 Tim. v. 22.

wine of the wrath of God is spoken of again and again. Can we believe that that which in itself is beneficial or harmless is used as the appropriate type of the direst and most terrible evil? The idea is inconceivable.

Everywhere in Scripture the brand of God's displeasure is placed upon the use of that which is intoxicating. "Be not drunk with wine," says the voice of inspiration, "wherein is excess," (*ασωτια*—*asotia*) which may be translated—debauchery, profligacy, perdition—"but be filled with the Spirit." What a broad and striking contrast is here drawn between the "cup of the Lord" and the "cup of devils!"

In 1 Peter iv, 3, believers are exhorted to abstain from "excess of wine, revellings, banquetings, *αινοφλυγαις, κομιδς, ποτοις*, literally—*from revellings, feasting, drinkings*,—not only from excess but from the thing itself. Bishops, we read,* "must not be given to wine"—literally "not near wine"—*παροιος*. "Likewise must deacons be, grave, not given to much wine."† Some have imagined from this that it was only excess of wine which was condemned, and that a licence is here given to moderate indulgence. As well assert that because men are commanded to lay aside all superfluity of naughtiness, they may therefore indulge in a certain moderate amount of it. Small need were there for an inspired apostle to teach men merely not to be guilty of excess and drunkenness. But he also exhorts men to "watch and be sober"—*νηφουμεν*, literally to "drink not," (1 Thess. v. 6.)—He draws a broad and striking contrast between the heather wine-bibber and the Christian abstainer. "They that be drunken are drunken in the night, but let us who are of the day be sober,"—again *νηφουμεν*, "drink not," ver. 7 and 8.

There is one other word—*gleukos*—used for wine in the new Testament. It occurs only once—in Acts ii: 13—and is translated "new wine." It is derived from the word *glukus*—sweet. The meaning given in Grove's Lexicon is, the fresh juice, and in Bagster the unfermented juice of the grape. In the passage referred to it seems to have attributed to it intoxicating effects, but whatever may be its signification in this particular instance, it offers no countenance to the use of intoxicating liquor.

* 1 Tim. iii. 3; Titus i. 7.

† 1 Tim. iii. 8.

Moreover, besides the precepts of Scripture on this subject we have many illustrious examples of total abstainers among the Bible worthies, who signally enjoyed the favour of the Almighty. For forty years His own people in the wilderness "drank neither wine nor strong drink." The whole class of Nazarites, the family of Rachab, Daniel and his companions at the luxurious court of Nebuchadnezzar, Samson and Samuel, and, in the New Testament, John the Baptist, all vowed to abstain from all intoxicating drink. We have, too, the warning examples of Noah, Lot, Nadab and Abihu, and kingly Solomon, and of the crimes into which the use of strong drink led the Corinthian Christians.

I have thus endeavored to give the testimony of Scripture on this important subject, not shrinking from the candid examination of those passages on which the greatest stress is laid as favoring the use of intoxicating liquors. It is hoped that every one who has followed the argument, or who will examine the evidence for himself, will admit that in no single clause or verse are intoxicating wines recommended, sanctioned or commanded in Holy Scripture, but that, on the contrary, they are everywhere emphatically denounced and forbidden.

We have found one hundred and thirty warnings against wine as an unmixed evil, as a dreadful curse, and as a fitting emblem of the wrath of God. On the other hand there are not more than a score of distinct instances of commendation or approval of its use—less than one sixth of those opposed to it. Even if it, were the same thing which was spoken of, this vast disproportion between its praise and blame would certainly prove that entire abstinence from wine is safer than the most moderate indulgence in so insidious and seductive a temptation.

But we have seen from a careful examination of the passages which throw any light on the subject that it cannot be the same thing which is so diversely spoken of; that the wine which is commended was an unfermented, healthful, and nutritious beverage, the pure juice of the grape, the like of which cannot now be obtained except in vine-growing countries. That which was condemned was a fermented and intoxicating liquor which must have contained, in order to insure its preservation, twelve or fourteen per cent. of alcohol. If this wine—the only fermented sort known

to the ancients—called down such dreadful denunciations of the wrath of God, what language would be strong enough to condemn the vile and deleterious wines of modern commerce, which must contain, to endure transportation, twenty per cent., and often have as much as fifty-five per cent. of pure alcohol, to say nothing of their disgusting and poisonous adulterations.

As for the different varieties of ardent spirit, the vile product of distillation, against which the Temperance Reform is chiefly directed, there is not a word said in either Old or New Testament about them. The fact is, the manufacture of alcohol by distillation was unknown till the tenth century of the Christian era, when it was discovered by an Arabian alchemist. The fiery spirit, which has been profanely called *agua vita*—the water of life—but for which the more appropriate name were *agua mortis*, or water of death, was the result of an unhallowed attempt to discover some subtle elixir which would enable men to bid defiance to the laws of nature, and live forever. But, like the primal temptation of our first parents—"ye shall not surely die!"—this glozing of the devil has proved a most atrocious lie; and instead of lengthening the duration of human life, nothing has ever so greatly abridged it as this fatal discovery. How much more terrible would have been the curse pronounced against all intoxicating liquors had these ardent spirits then been known! and how much severer would have been those threatenings against their use, if drunkenness, instead of being the exceptional vice of the heathen, or of those who followed their example, were, as it now is, the great sin of the age, extending its ravages in high places and in low, impoverishing the masses, sapping the national health, the fertile source of every crime and misery, and woe, and destroying its multitudes of human beings every year.

Apart from any specific directions contained in Holy Scripture for the guidance of our conduct, there are certain great general principles, which are, in the absence of any distinct command, designed for the whole race and for all time.

The apostle beseeches us, by the mercies of God, that we present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service.* The undue indulgence of even the

* Rom. xiii. 1.

natural bodily appetites has an injurious moral effect, from the subordination of the spiritual to the animal, much more such an unnatural craving as that for strong drink, which ruins the body and debases the mind.

“Know ye that ye are the temple of God,” saith the Scripture. “If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy.”* And a goodly temple this house of our body is, nobly built and cunningly contrived, curiously and wonderfully made, a temple where the incense of prayer and praise should evermore ascend to God. But intemperance, by stimulating the animal nature, kindles unhallowed passions in the heart, and is the greatest incentive to lust and impurity in the world. It overthrows the altar of God in the soul, and extinguishes the flame of Christian devotion. It builds an alien altar there and offers strange fire thereon. It desecrates the temple of the Holy Ghost, pollutes the house of the body, and makes it the hold of every foul and unclean thing, where sinful passions prowl, and festering lusts abide.

We are commanded to “Watch and pray, that we enter not into temptation,”† but does not he who partakes of alcoholic stimulus welcome temptation to his soul, and “put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brain?”

We are to “abstain from all appearance of evil,”‡ and if dram-drinking, even in the greatest moderation, is not evil and a fearful one, too, it certainly has remarkably the appearance of evil.

We are to love our neighbour as ourselves, to watch over one another as they that must give an account. We are to put no stumbling-block, or occasion to fall, in the way of any. And does not he disobey this command, is he not guilty of this offence, who, by his example, and influence, lays a snare in his brother's way and becomes a stumbling-block in his path, over which he may fall into perdition?

On the contrary we are commanded to “make straight paths for our feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way, but let it rather be healed.” We are to make paths, in which whose walks cannot be mistaken; not the perilous and difficult road of, so-called, “moderate drinking,” where only men of strong will, firm nerve, and cool brain can walk at all; but the plain path of

* 1 Cor. iii. 16, 17. † Matt. xxvi. 41. ‡ 1 Thess. v. 22.

total abstinence, where the weak, the wayward, and the erring may not stumble; where the victims of passion and of appetite, infirm of purpose and of will, beguiled by fleshly lusts, may not fall into perdition. "Lest that which is lame be turned out of the way." Lest the halting and the lame from evil habit, hereditary, or acquired propensity, the young, the thoughtless, the unwary, be by our example led astray, to their everlasting ruin. "But let it rather be healed," restored to the path of virtue and sobriety by the exhibition of our self-denial, consistent walk, and entire abstinence from all that can intoxicate.

We are exhorted to "abstain from fleshly lusts that war against the soul," to "exercise ourselves unto godliness," and "whatsoever we do, to do it to the glory of God." And can he who selfishly indulges in that which is the cause of temporal and eternal misery to millions of his fellow men claim, in any degree, to fulfil these holy requirements of the law of God?

We are commanded to "give no offence to the Church of God," yet what has ever so retarded the progress of religion, or given offence to the Church of God, demanding the exercise of its discipline and the expulsion of its fallen members, like the vice of intemperance?

At least twenty thousand members of the Christian Church, says the Rev. William Tarrant, of Leeds, are lost yearly through drink, and thrice that number prevented by the same cause from entering its ranks. On the moderate estimate of the Rev. Wm. Reed, that only one member is lost to each society in a year, which every pastor will acknowledge to be far below the average, there are thirty thousand thus lost every year, most of whom it is to be feared are lost forever, and go down from the praises of the sanctuary to the wailings of endless despair. Nor is this confined to the laity alone; even the constant ministering at God's altar, the perpetual handling of holy things, the solemn restraints and obligations of the divine office, are no safeguard against temptation.

Says Dr. Guthrie, "I have seen no less than ten clergymen with whom I have sat down at the Lord's table deposed through drink."

"In one month," says the Rev. Wm. Jay, of Bath, "seven dissenting ministers came under my notice, deposed through drink."

"We have one church," says Dr. B. Parsons, "from which three clergymen died from drinking, one of whom hung himself, and in the same locality four dissenting ministers sank into oblivion from the same cause."

The Rev. J. R. Barbour, of Newbury, Mass., states that in one hundred and thirty-five churches, out of sixteen hundred and thirty-four causes of discipline, eight hundred and five were caused by indulgence in intoxicating liquor.

Thus the abomination of desolation is set up in the holy place. The sanctuary of God is defiled; it is stained with the blood of souls. It echoes with the wails of the lost victims of the traffic.

Moreover, the enormous waste of money in alcoholic drinks is inconsistent with a faithful stewardship of God's bounty. While the cause of God in many places is languishing for lack of material support, and while both home and foreign missions are crippled for the same reason, the money which is so urgently needed for these Christian and philanthropic objects is poured out like water for that which retards the progress of religion, and often more than neutralizes all the Christian effort that is made.

The Rev. Newman Hall estimates that the Christian Church spends four times as much in alcoholic liquors as in the conversion of the world.

The Rev. Thos. Frazer computes the malappropriation of the Lord's money at a still higher figure. "We spend eight times as much in Great Britain," he says, "in destroying souls as in saving them."

The Rev. Wm. Bickersteth asserts that the aggregate for all the religious institutions of the United Kingdom was only sixpence a year for each individual, while the bare duties on spirits amounted to thirteen times as much.

Dr. John Campbell estimates the disproportion to be still more flagrant. He says, "Protestant and pious Britain is annually spending half a million of money on the world's salvation, and sixty-five millions on strong drink."

Is there not reason, therefore, to complain of the guilty apathy which so largely obtains on this most momentous subject!

But even supposing that the moderate use of intoxicating liquors were harmless and innocent, in itself, which we are by no

means prepared to admit, still if it be an injury, a temptation, or a stumbling-block in the way of others, Christian expediency and brotherly charity require that we deny ourselves that indulgence for the sake of others.

The apostle Paul strongly confirms this duty in Rom. xiv. 21 : "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." The same doctrine is still more strongly asserted in the parallel passage, 1 Cor. viii. 13. Both of these passages have reference, primarily, to the eating of meat offered to idols, but they apply, *a fortiori*, to the use of alcoholic liquors.

Verse fifteenth of Romans xiv. proclaims very plainly the duty of abstinence from that which in itself is harmless, if it be a cause of offence : "But if thy brother be grieved with thy meat then walkest thou not charitably. Destroy not him with meat for whom Christ died." It is a solemn consideration that our example, our influence, or our indulgence in that which we may think harmless, or beneficial, or even indispensably necessary, may cause the eternal destruction of our brother for whom Christ also died.

Let us therefore follow the things that make for peace, denying ourselves not only ungodliness and worldly lusts, but even the natural appetites and life's innocent enjoyments, if these be stumbling-blocks over which any soul may fall into perdition, for thus only can we keep a conscience void of offence toward God and man. We may not wrap ourselves in the garment of selfishness and say, "We are not our brother's keeper. Let our brother look out for himself. If he is weak and foolish, and chooses to be offended at our innocent indulgence, we cannot help that. We are not going to give up our rights because he may stumble or fall." Ah! not the spirit of Christ but the spirit of Cain, the primal murderer, is this. We *are* our brother's keeper, and if, through our example, or influence, he perish, the voice of his blood shall cry unto God from the ground, and verily we shall not be guiltless concerning our brother. And if, through any act of ours, one of the feeblest of Christ's little ones should stumble or fall, it were better for us that a millstone were hanged about our neck and we cast into the depths of the sea. For,

"when we so sin against the brethren we sin against Christ." Suppose a man to have the strength of will, the firm self-control, that prevents his moderation from ever degenerating into excess, and suppose, too, that he may always preserve that control of his appetite, which is not often the case, for the nature of the habit is such that it, unawares, fastens its fetters on the man till he is powerless, as though bound in fetters of iron; yet in this hypothetical case we conceive that it is his solemn duty before God to abstain entirely from intoxicating liquor. Indeed the stronger may be his self-control, and the higher may be his moral character, the more dangerous is his influence. It is the pious and respectable drinkers, those who are regarded as the standards of morality and virtue, who are the most perilous stumbling-blocks in the pathway of the unwary. Because their cooler brain and stronger nerves can endure twice the stress beneath which the weaker will and feebler self-restraint of others fail, are they therefore justified in setting the example of habitual indulgence in intoxicating liquors? What saith the Scripture? "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification, for even Christ pleased not himself."*

Should not all who name the name of Christ rise in the strength of a Christian manhood to the height of the apostle's sublime resolve: "Wherefore if *meat* make my brother to offend I will eat no more meat while the world standeth lest I make my brother to offend."† And if the apostle would thus deny himself for the sake of others, what most men think an absolute necessity of life, how much more should we abjure that which is hurtful and pernicious and the cause of such unparalleled sufferings in the world?

We are commanded to let our light shine that men may glorify our Father who is in heaven. But shall we, instead of warning human souls of their danger, act the part of moral wreckers, alluring men by our example of moderate drinking to the awful ledge of perdition? Shall we thus lead them to think that there is no danger till upon the rock of sensual indulgence their souls are wrecked and lost forever?

* Rom. xv. 1, 2, 3.

† 1 Cor. viii. 13.

Can a man take coals in his bosom and not be burned? or handle pitch and not be defiled? And can we cherish the burning coals of temptation and handle this polluting defilement and expect to be unscathed and unstained.

The Christian Church, as a whole, has not yet given that clear, unflinching, and ringing testimony on this subject that she should have given. Nay, has she not sometimes been guilty of complicity in the traffic of souls and been bribed by the price of blood? Instead of preserving her spotless purity as the bride of heaven and being true to her sacred espousals, has she not sometimes been guilty of adulterous fellowship with Belial, and open alliance with the crying sin of intemperance. The stately fane of St. Patrick's, in Dublin,* rears its lofty walls, built with the price of souls, above the squalid abodes of crime and misery, created by the very traffic whose profits "restored" the old cathedral. Surely more acceptable in the sight of that God who will have mercy and not sacrifice were the uprearing and restoring of those human temples so desecrated and despoiled by the vice of intemperance, than the piling up at the cost of their virtue, happiness, and lives, of any mass of marble, however costly, or the celebration of any ritual, however gorgeous. There are other churches, which, if not so literally, are not less truly founded upon the traffic and supported by it. Their deacons, wardens, stewards, or trustees, are actually engaged in the manufacture or sale of this bane of society. Some of these Churches, with a delightful consistency, exclude from the privileges of Christian communion the retail vendor of intoxicating liquor, while they receive with open arms the man who works the deadly ruin by wholesale, through its manufacture in large quantities. Small wonder that such Churches are barren of conversions, arid and sterile, like the mountains of Gilboa, on which there was neither rain nor dew, or like Gideon's fleece, unwatered still and dry, while showers of blessings are falling all around.

It is a cause of devout congratulation that the Methodist Church, in all its branches, has from its beginning been a Temperance Church. By the very terms of its constitution, the "Rules of Society," its members are forbidden the buying, selling, or drinking intoxicating liquors "unless in cases of extreme necessity."

* Restored by Guinness & Co., the celebrated brewers of that city.

Its venerable founder in characterizing the evils of intemperance was as far ahead of his age as he was in many other respects. In solemn condemnation of the liquor traffic he rises into unwonted vehemence of denunciation. "All who sell these liquors to any that will buy are poisoners-general. They murder his Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither do they ever pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep; and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who then would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them; the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves—a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there, the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood, though thou art 'clothed in scarlet and fine linen and farest sumptuously every day,'—canst thou hope to deliver down the fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven, therefore thy name shall be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed body and soul, 'Thy memorial shall perish with thee.'"

Let us as a Church continue to take the same bold, uncompromising attitude toward the evils of intemperance as did he.

Sometimes it may be feared that Christian ministers shrink from the denunciation of the traffic because the men of position and influence in their Churches, the men who hold the purse-strings or control its board, are affiliated with the liquor trade, or actively engaged therein. Shame upon such men! dumb dogs that dare not bark, craven spirits who contaminate their palms with bribes and sell their sacred office for a bit of bread. Oh for the spirit of an Elijah to denounce these troublers of Israel, who by their unhallowed traffic make God's house a den of thieves, or for that of the Master, to drive them from its sacred precincts, or for that of Paul to preach of temperance, and of judgment to come, as did he before the Royal debauchee, at whose bar he stood accused, till like that guilty monarch they tremble at the burning words.

Some Christian ministers even set before their flocks the evil example of partaking of intoxicating liquors, although the demon of intemperance lays waste the pleasant places of the land.

Although this boar out of the woods devours the vineyard of the Lord, yet these keepers of the vineyard have been faithless to their solemn trust, and even their own vineyard they have not kept, and the foxes, the little foxes of refined and elegant and social drinking have spoiled the tender vines. Although this enemy of all righteousness assails the battlements of Zion, yet these watchmen on the walls have slumbered at their post, and lifted not the standard nor blown the trumpet of alarm, nay, have even traitorously introduced the foe themselves within the gate. Therefore the inhabitants have fallen in multitudes, by the hand of the enemy, they have perished in their iniquity, "but their blood will I require at the watchman's hand," saith the Lord.

Should not they, who are especially set for the defence of the truth, be the foremost advocates of total abstinence? Should not they, who are ordained to stand between the living and the dead, continue to warn the people till this terrible plague of intemperance, whose ravages desolate even the camp of the Lord's host, be stayed. Did they realize this evil as they ought they would exclaim with the prophet, "Oh, that mine head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."* The connivance at the drinking usages of society, or their active encouragement by the teachers of religion, is one of the chief incentives to drinking. The old adage is verified, "Like priest, like people." A tippling parson will make a tippling Church.

We have a right to expect that the Church of Christ should lead the van, and that Christian ministers should be the captains of the host of God in this holy war—a crusade to rescue from perdition the souls of men, more glorious than that of old to wrest from the infidel the sepulchre of Christ. The trophies of this warfare are not brazen helms, all battle-stained and dented, and garments rolled in blood, but a world redeemed and disenthralled from the dominion of intemperance, and restored to the service of Christ. The march of this army is not marked by burning villages and devastated plains, by widows' wails and orphans' cries, but by glad homes and happy hearts, by peace and prosperity, by righteousness and temperance.

* Jer. ix. 1.

As the huge icebergs of the North melt rapidly away before the tepid washings of the Gulf Stream, so this giant *sin*-berg of society is being undermined by the resistless washings of the sea of Christian public opinion; and whoso feels a single heart-throb for the sorrows of mankind, whoso puts forth a single holy effort, or utters a single earnest prayer for the welfare of his fellow-creatures, hastens the day when this dire curse and evil shall pass away for ever and be remembered only as a hideous dream.

If this fair vision, this consummation so devoutly to be wished, is to be realized, it will be by the active co-operation of the Christian Church. The Church is not stepping out of her sphere when she braces her energies to this great work. Temperance is not religion, but it is a very important part of it. It is not Christ, but it is John the Baptist preparing the way for His approach. Temperance alone will not save a man, but for many a man it is the first step toward salvation. We can conceive of no greater auxiliary to the spiritual prosperity of any Church than a vigorously conducted temperance organization connected therewith. Such an organization will often lure men from the taverns, and bring them under the sound of the gospel. The adoption of total abstinence will, in many cases, sweep and garnish the house for the entrance of the Heavenly Guest, and banish therefrom the evil spirits of intemperance and vice that held riot there. It will cast out the vile weeds that preoccupy the ground, and prepare the soul for the seeds of divine truth.

The temperance reform ought to be an essential part of the organization of the Church, rather than something foreign to it. If thus identified with the Church it will secure its moral support and receive the sympathy of the religious community. It will enlist more directly the co-operation of pastors and influential persons. It will educate and develop a temperance conscience in the community. It will train up the children in the principles of total abstinence. The Sunday-school will become a juvenile Temperance Society, and the rising generation will be imbued with an abhorrence of strong drink.

Already this reform has made great progress in the Church. No less than three thousand six hundred and seventy-two Christian ministers in Great Britain are pledged abstainers. The

influence of this principle has penetrated even into the high places of the land, and the advocacy of its claims has been heard amid the cloistered stalls of its great cathedrals, and temperance sermons have been preached even in the venerable Westminster Abbey. But every advantage gained must be but the incentive to still further effort, till the principles of total abstinence universally prevail. We have seen their accordance with Holy Scripture. We have carefully consulted the sacred oracles and found there no sanction or commendation of intoxicating liquor, but on the contrary uniform and emphatic denunciation. We appeal, therefore, to the Christian men and women of our land, the readers of God's Holy Word, and especially to those who are called of God to the solemn duty of expounding the sacred text, by the holy hopes therein set forth, by the awful warnings against the intoxicating bowl, by the earnest remonstrances which it contains against indulgence in the accursed thing, and by the infinite compassions of Him who gave Himself a ransom for many, to lend not their aid, their influence, their example to that which God doth curse, but rather to give their sympathies and energies to the great work of freeing the world from the dire evil and woe of the liquor traffic.

THE SEASONS.

A BLUE-EYED child that sits amid the noon,
 O'erhung with a laburnum's drooping sprays,
 Singing her little song, while softly round
 Along the grass the chequered sunshine plays.

All beauty that is throned in womanhood,
 Facing a summer garden's fountained walks,
 That stoops to smooth a glossy spaniel down,
 To hide her flushing cheeks from one who talks.

A happy mother with her fair-faced girls,
 In whose sweet spring her youth again she sees,
 With shout, and dance, and laugh, and bound, and song,
 Stripping an autumn's orchard-laden trees.

An aged woman in a wintry room—
 Frost on the pane, without the whirling snow—
 Reading old letters of her far-off youth,
 Of sorrows past, and joys of long ago.

THE PASSION OF OUR LORD.*

BY FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

GUILT often breaks into excuses where perfect innocence is dumb. Jesus arraigned at the bar of Caiaphas simply suffered His false accusers and their false listeners to entangle themselves in the hideous coil of their own malignant lies, and the silence of the innocent Jesus atoned for the excuses of the guilty Adam.

But that majestic silence troubled, thwarted, confounded, maddened them. It weighed them down for the moment, with an incubus of intolerable self-condemnation. They felt, before that silence, as if *they* were the culprits, He the judge. And as every poisoned arrow of their carefully-provided perjuries fell harmless at His feet, as though blunted on the diamond shield of His white innocence, they began to fear lest, after all, their thirst for His blood would go unslaked, and their whole plot fail. Were they thus to be conquered by the feebleness of their own weapons, without His stirring a finger, or uttering a word? Was this Prophet of Nazareth to prevail against *them*, merely for lack of a few consistent lies? Was His life charmed even against calumny confirmed by oaths? It was intolerable.

Then Caiaphas was overcome with a paroxysm of fear and anger. Starting up from his judgment-seat, and striding into the midst—with what a voice, with what an attitude we may well imagine—"Answerest Thou NOTHING?" he exclaimed. "What is it that these witness against thee?" Had not Jesus been aware that these His judges were wilfully feeding on ashes, and seeking lies, He might have answered; but now His awful silence remained unbroken.

Then, reduced to utter despair and fury, this false High Priest—with marvellous inconsistency, with disgraceful illegality—still standing as it were with a threatening attitude over his prisoner, exclaimed, "I adjure Thee by the living God to tell us"—what? whether Thou art a malefactor? whether Thou *hast*

* From Farrar's "Life of Christ." E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

secretly taught sedition? whether Thou hast openly uttered blasphemy?—no but (and surely the question showed the dread misgiving which lay under all their deadly conspiracy against Him)—“WHETHER THOU ART THE CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD?”

Strange question to a bound, defenceless, condemned criminal; and strange question from such a questioner—a High Priest of His people! Strange question from the judge who was hounding on his false witnesses against the prisoner! Yet so adjured, and to such a question, Jesus could not be silent; on such a point He could not leave Himself open to misinterpretation. In the days of His happier ministry, when they would have taken Him by force to make Him a King—in the days when to claim the Messiahship in *their* sense would have been to meet all their passionate prejudices half way, and to place Himself upon the topmost pinnacle of their adoring homage—in *those* days He had kept His title of Messiah utterly in the background: but now, at this awful decisive moment, when death was near—when, humanly speaking, nothing could be gained, everything *must* be lost, by the avowal—there thrilled through all the ages—thrilled through that Eternity, which is the synchronism of all the future, and all the present, and all the past—the solemn answer—“I AM; and ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming with the clouds of heaven.” In that answer the thunder rolled—a thunder louder than at Sinai, though the ears of the cynic and the Sadducee heard it not then, nor hear it now. In overacted and ill-omened horror, the unjust judge who had thus supplemented the failure of the perjuries which he had vainly sought—the false High Priest rending his linen robes before the True—demanded of the assembly His instant condemnation.

“BLASPHEMY!” he exclaimed; “what further need have we of witnesses? See, *now* ye *heard* his blasphemy! What is your decision?” And with the confused tumultuous cry, “He is *ish maveth*,” “A man of death,” “Guilty of death,” the dark conclave was broken up. And this was how the Jews at last received their promised Messiah, longed for with passionate hopes during two thousand years; since then regretted in bitter agony for well nigh two thousand more!

As Jesus was led past the fire kindled in the court, He heard—what was to Him a more deadly bitterness than any which His brutal persecutors could pour into His cup of anguish—He heard His boldest Apostle denying Him with oaths.

At that fatal moment, which might well have been for Peter the moment of an apostasy as fatal and final as had been that of Judas—at that fatal moment, while those shameless curses still quivered on the air—first the cock crew in the cold grey dusk, and at the same moment, catching the last accents of those perjured oaths, either through the open portal of the judgment-hall, or as He was led past the group at the fireside through the open court, with rude pushing and ribald jeers, and blows and spitting—the Lord—the Lord in the agony of His humiliation, in the Majesty of His silence—“*the Lord turned and looked upon Peter.*” Blessed are those on whom, when He looks in sorrow, the Lord looks also with love! It was enough. Like an arrow through his inmost soul, shot the mute eloquent anguish of that reproachful glance. As the sunbeam smites the last hold of snow upon the rock, ere it rushes in avalanche down the tormented hill, so the false self of the fallen Apostle slipped away. It was enough: “he saw no more enemies, he knew no more danger, he feared no more death.” Flinging the fold of his mantle over his head, he too, like Judas, rushed forth into the night. Into the night, but not as Judas; into the unsunned outer darkness of miserable self-condemnation, but not into the midnight of remorse and of despair; into the night, but as has been beautifully said, it was “to meet the morning dawn.” If the angel of Innocence had left him, the angel of Repentance took him gently by the hand. Sternly, yet tenderly, the spirit of grace led up this broken-hearted penitent before the tribunal of his own-conscience, and there his old life, his old shame, his old weakness, his old self was doomed to that death of godly sorrow which was to issue in a new and nobler birth.

Jesus, though not “in soft clothing,” though not a denizen of kings’ houses, had been led up the noble flight of stairs, over the floors of agate and lazuli, under the gilded roofs, ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion, which adorned but one abandoned palace of a great king of the Jews. There, amid those

voluptuous splendours, Pilate—already interested, already feeling in this prisoner before him some nobleness which touched his Roman nature—asked Him in pitying wonder, “Art thou the King of the Jews?”—thou poor, worn, tear-stained outcast in this hour of thy bitter need—oh, pale, lonely, friendless, wasted man, in thy poor peasant garments, with thy tied hands, and the foul traces of the insults of thine enemies on thy face, and on thy robes—thou, so unlike the fierce magnificent Herod, whom this multitude which thirsts for thy blood acknowledged as their sovereign—art thou the King of the Jews? There is a royalty which Pilate, and men like Pilate, cannot understand—a royalty of holiness, a supremacy of self-sacrifice. To say “No” would have been to belie the truth; to say “Yes” would have been to mislead the questioner. “Sayest thou this of thyself?” He answered with gentle dignity, “or did others tell it thee of me?” “Am I a Jew?” is the disdainful answer. “Thy own nation and the chief priests delivered thee unto me. What hast thou *done*?” Done?—works of wonder, and mercy, and power, and innocence, and these alone. But Jesus reverts to the first question, now that He has prepared Pilate to understand the answer: “Yes, He is a king; but not of this world; not from hence; not one for whom His servants would fight.” “Thou art a king, then?” said Pilate to Him in astonishment. Yes! but a king not in this region of falsities and shadows, but one born to bear witness unto the truth, and one whom all who were of the truth should hear. “Truth,” said Pilate impatiently, “what is *truth*?” What had he—a busy, practical Roman governor—to do with such dim abstractions? what bearing had they on the question of life and death? what unpractical hallucination, what fairyland of dreaming phantasy was this? Yet, though he contemptuously put the discussion aside, he was touched and moved. A judicial mind, a forensic training, familiarity with human nature which had given him some insight into the characters of men, showed him that Jesus was not only wholly innocent, but infinitely nobler and better than his raving sanctimonious accusers. He wholly set aside the floating idea of an unearthly royalty; he saw in the prisoner before his tribunal an innocent and high-souled dreamer, nothing

more. And so, leaving Jesus there, he went out again to the Jews, and pronounced his first emphatic and unhesitating acquittal: **I FIND IN HIM NO FAULT AT ALL.**"

Utterly brutal and revolting as was the punishment of crucifixion, which has now for fifteen hundred years been abolished by the common pity and abhorrence of mankind, there was one custom in Judæa, which reveals some touch of passing humanity. It consisted in giving to the condemned, immediately before his execution, a draught of wine medicated with some powerful opiate. It had been the custom of wealthy ladies in Jerusalem to provide this stupefying potion at their own expense, and they did so quite irrespectively of their sympathy for any individual criminal. It was probably taken freely by the two malefactors, but when they offered it to Jesus He would not take it. The refusal was an act of sublimest heroism. The effect of the draught was to dull the nerves, to cloud the intellect, to provide an anæsthetic against some part, at least, of the lingering agonies of that dreadful death. But He, whom some modern skeptics have been base enough to accuse of feminine feebleness and cowardly despair, preferred rather "to look Death in the face"—to meet the King of Terrors without striving to deaden the force of one agonising anticipation, or to still the throbbing of one lacerated nerve.

The three crosses were laid on the ground—that of Jesus, which was doubtless taller than the other two, being placed in bitter scorn in the midst. Perhaps the cross-beam was now nailed to the upright, and certainly the title, which had either been borne by Jesus fastened round His neck, or carried by one of the soldiers in front of Him, was now nailed to the summit of His cross. Then He was stripped naked of all His clothes, and then followed the most awful moment of all. He was laid down upon the implement of torture. His arms were stretched along the cross-beams, and at the centre of the open palms the point of a huge iron nail was placed, which, by the blow of a mallet, was driven home into the wood. Then through either foot separately, or possibly through both together as they were placed one over the other, another huge nail tore its way through the quivering flesh.

It was probably at this moment of inconceivable horror that

the voice of the Son of Man was heard uplifted, not in a scream of natural agony at that fearful torture, but calmly praying in Divine compassion for His brutal and pitiless murderers—aye, and for all who in their sinful ignorance crucify Him afresh for ever—“FATHER, FORGIVE THEM, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.”

And then the accursed tree—with its living human burden hanging upon it in helpless agony, and suffering fresh tortures as every movement irritated the fresh rents in hands and feet—was slowly heaved up by strong arms, and the end of it fixed firmly in a hole dug deep in the ground for that purpose. The feet were but a little raised above the earth. The victim was in full reach of every hand that might choose to strike, in close proximity to every gesture of insult and hatred. He might hang for hours to be abused, outraged, even tortured by the ever-moving multitude who, with that desire to see what is horrible which always characterises the coarsest hearts, had thronged to gaze upon a sight which should rather have made them weep tears of blood.

And there, in tortures which grew ever more insupportable, ever more maddening as time flowed on, the unhappy victims might linger in a living death so cruelly intolerable, that often they were driven to entreat and implore the spectators, or the executioners, for dear pity's sake, to put an end to anguish too awful for man to bear—conscious to the last, and often, with tears of abject misery, beseeching from their enemies the priceless boon of death.

For indeed a death by crucifixion seems to include all that pain and death *can* have of horrible and ghastly—dizziness, cramp, thirst, starvation, sleeplessness, traumatic fever, tetanus, publicity of shame, long continuance of torment, horror of anticipation, mortification of untended wounds—all intensified just up to the point at which they can be endured at all, but all stopping just short of the point which would give to the sufferer the relief of unconsciousness. The unnatural position made every movement painful; the lacerated veins and crushed tendons throbbed with incessant anguish; the wounds, enflamed by exposure, gradually gangrened; the arteries—especially of the head and stomach—

became swollen and oppressed with surcharged blood; and while each variety of misery went on gradually increasing, there was added to them the intolerable pang of a burning and raging thirst; and all these physical complications caused an internal excitement and anxiety, which made the prospect of death itself—of death, the awful unknown enemy, at whose approach man usually shudders most—bear the aspect of a delicious and exquisite release.

Such was the death to which Christ was doomed; and though for Him it was happily shortened by all that He had previously endured, yet He hung from soon after noon until nearly sunset, before "He gave up His soul to death."

It was a scene of tumult. The great body of the people seem to have stood silently at gaze; but some few of them as they passed by the cross—perhaps some of the many false witnesses and other conspirators of the previous night—mocked at Jesus with insulting noises and furious taunts, especially bidding Him come down from the cross and save Himself, since He could destroy the Temple and build it in three days. And the chief priests, and scribes, and elders, less awestruck, less compassionate than the mass of the people, were not ashamed to disgrace their grey-haired dignity and lofty reputation by adding their heartless reproaches to those of the evil few. Unrestrained by the noble patience of the Sufferer, unsated by the accomplishment of their wicked vengeance, unmoved by the sight of helpless anguish and the look of eyes that began to glaze in death, they congratulated one another under His cross with scornful insolence—"He saved others, Himself He cannot save." "Let this Christ, this King of Israel, descend now from the cross, that we may see and believe." No wonder then that the ignorant soldiers took their share of mockery with these shameless and unvenerable hierarchs; no wonder that, at their midday meal, they pledged in mock hilarity the dying man, cruelly holding up towards His burning lips their cups of sour wine, and echoing the Jewish taunts against the weakness of the King whose throne was a cross, whose crown was thorns. Nay, even the poor wretches who were crucified with Him caught the hideous infection; comrades, perhaps, of the respitee Bar-Abbas—heirs of the rebellious fury of a Judas the

Gaulonite—trained to recognise no Messiah but a Messiah of the sword, they reproachfully bade Him, if His claims were true, to save Himself and them. So *all* the voices about Him rang with blasphemy and spite, and in that long, slow, agony His dying ear caught no accent of gratitude, of pity or of love. Baseness, falsehood, savagery, stupidity—such were the characteristics of the world which thrust itself into hideous prominence before the Saviour's last consciousness—such the muddy and miserable stream that rolled under the cross before His dying eyes. But amid this chorus of infamy Jesus spoke not.

But that silence, joined to His patient majesty and the divine holiness and innocence which radiated from Him like a halo, was more eloquent than any words. It told earliest on one of the crucified robbers. At first this "bonus latro" of the Apocryphal Gospel seems to have faintly joined in the reproaches uttered by his fellow-sinner; but when those reproaches merged into deeper blasphemy, he spoke out his inmost thought. It is probable that he had met Jesus before, and heard Him, and perhaps been one of those thousands who had seen His miracles. There is indeed no authority for the legend which assigns to him the name of Dysmas, or for the beautiful story of his having saved the life of the Virgin and her child during their flight into Egypt. But on the plains of Gennesareth, perhaps from some robber's cave in the wild ravines of the Valley of the Doves, he may well have approached His presence—he may well have been one of those publicans and sinners who drew near to Him for to hear Him. And the words of Jesus had found some room in the good ground of his heart; they had not all fallen upon stony places. Even at this hour of shame and death, when he was suffering the just consequence of his past evil deeds, faith triumphed. As a flame sometimes leaps up among dying embers, so amid the white ashes of a sinful life which lay so thick upon his heart, the flame of love towards his God and his Saviour was not quite quenched. Under the hellish outcries which had broken loose around the cross of Jesus, there had lain a deep misgiving. Half of them seem to have been instigated by doubt and fear. Even in the self-congratulations of the priests we catch an undertone of dread. Suppose that even now some imposing miracle should be wrought?

Suppose that even now that martyr-form should burst indeed into Messianic splendour, and the King, who seemed to be in the slow misery of death, should suddenly with a great voice summon His legions of angels, and springing from His cross upon the rolling clouds of heaven, come in flaming fire to take vengeance upon His enemies? And the air seemed to be full of signs. There was a gloom of gathering darkness in the sky, a thrill and tremor in the solid earth, a haunting presence as of ghostly visitants who chilled the heart and hovered in awful witness above that scene. The dying robber had joined at first in the half-taunting, half-despairing appeal to a defeat and weakness which contradicted all that he had hoped; but now this defeat seemed to be greater than victory, and this weakness more irresistible than strength. As he looked, the faith in his heart dawned more and more into the perfect day. He had long ceased to utter any reproachful words; he now rebuked his comrade's blasphemies. Ought not the suffering innocence of Him who hung between them, to shame into silence their just punishment and flagrant guilt? And so, turning his head to Jesus, he uttered the intense appeal, "O Jesus, remember me when Thou comest in Thy kingdom." Then He, who had been mute amid invectives, spake at once in surpassing answer to that humble prayer, "VERILY, I SAY TO THEE, TO-DAY SHALT THOU BE WITH ME IN PARADISE." . . .

And now the end was come. Once more, in the words of the sweet Psalmist of Israel (Psa. xxxi. 5), but adding to them that title of trustful love which, through Him, is permitted to the use of all mankind, "FATHER," He said, "INTO THY HANDS I COMMEND MY SPIRIT." Then with one great effort He uttered the last cry—the one victorious word, "IT IS FINISHED." It may be that that great cry ruptured some of the vessels of His heart; for no sooner had it been uttered than He bowed His head upon His breast, and yielded His life, "a ransom for many"—a willing sacrifice to His Heavenly Father. "Finished was His holy life; with His life His struggle, with His struggle His work, with His work the redemption, with the redemption the foundation of the new world." At that moment the vail of the Temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom. An earthquake shook the earth and split the rocks, and as it rolled away from their places

the great stones which closed and covered the cavern sepulchres of the Jews, so it seemed to the imagination of many to have disimprisoned the spirits of the dead, and to have filled the air with ghostly visitants, who after Christ had risen appeared to linger in the Holy City. These circumstances of amazement, joined to all they had observed in the bearing of the Crucified, cowed even the cruel and gay indifference of the Roman soldiers. On the centurion, who was in command of them, the whole scene had exercised a yet deeper influence. As he stood opposite to the cross and saw the Saviour die, he glorified God, and exclaimed, "This Man was in truth righteous"—nay more, "This Man was a Son of God." Even the multitude, utterly sobered from their furious excitement and frantic rage, began to be weighed down with a guilty consciousness that the scene which they had witnessed had in it something more awful than they could have conceived, and as they returned to Jerusalem, they wailed, and beat upon their breasts. Well might they do so! This was the last drop in a full cup of wickedness: this was the beginning of the end of their city, and name, and race.

And in truth that scene was more awful than they, or even we can know. The secular historian, be he ever so skeptical, cannot fail to see in it the central point of the world's history. Whether he be a believer in Christ or not, he cannot refuse to admit that this new religion grew from the smallest of all seeds to be a mighty tree, so that the birds of the air took refuge in its branches; that it was the little stone cut without hands which dashed into pieces the colossal image of heathen greatness, and grew till it became a great mountain and filled the earth. Alike to the infidel and to the believer the crucifixion is the boundary instant between ancient and modern days. Morally and physically, no less than spiritually, the Faith of Christ was the Palingenesia of the world. It came like the dawn of a new spring to nations "effete with the drunkenness of crime." The struggle was long and hard, but from the hour when Christ died began the death-knell to every Satanic tyranny and every tolerated abomination. From that hour Holiness became the universal ideal of all who name the name of Christ as their Lord, and the attainment of

that ideal the common heritage of souls in which His Spirit dwells.

The effects, then, of the work of Christ are even to the unbeliever indisputable and historical: It expelled cruelty; it curbed passion; it branded suicide; it punished and repressed an execrable infanticide; it drew the shameless impurities of heathendom into a congenial darkness. There was hardly a class whose wrongs it did not remedy. It rescued the gladiator; it freed the slave; it protected the captive; it nursed the sick; it sheltered the orphan; it elevated the woman; it shrouded as with a halo of sacred innocence the tender years of the child. In every region of life its ameliorating influence was felt. It changed pity from a vice into a virtue. It elevated poverty from a curse into a beatitude. It ennobled labour from a vulgarity into a dignity and a duty. It sanctified marriage from little more than a burdensome convention into little less than a blessed sacrament. It revealed for the first time the angelic beauty of a Purity of which men had despaired and of a Meekness at which they had utterly scoffed. It created the very conception of charity, and broadened the limits of its obligation from the narrow circle of a neighbourhood to the widest horizons of the race. And while it thus evolved the idea of Humanity as a common brotherhood, even where its tidings were *not* believed—all over the world, wherever its tidings *were* believed, it cleansed the life and elevated the soul of each individual man. And in all lands where it has moulded the characters of its true believers, it has created hearts so pure, and lives so peaceful, and homes so sweet, that it might seem as though those angels who had heralded its advent had also whispered to every depressed and despairing sufferer among the sons of men, "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, that is covered with silver wings, and her feathers like gold."

BRITISH FAME.

BY THE REV. THOMAS CLEWORTH.

A land there is, of many lands the glory,
 Whose records glitter on the scroll of fame.
 The world stands wondering at the thrilling story,
 How Britain won her grand, enduring name.

Behold her banner rising still more glorious,
 Its red cross flashing 'mid the white and blue!
 A thousand years have seen its folds victorious,
 Upborne by heroes ever firm and true.

The thunder of her power is leagued with reason
 When she the sword in stern defence must draw.
 She stands in firm resistance 'gainst all treason,
 To guard the throne, humanity, and law.

Her Senate voice the tyrant host is turning;
 The nations brighten through her generous care;
 In many lands her freedom-fires are burning,
 And light mankind to further conquests there.

Her grand Reformers stand in matchless splendour,
 Gracing her history with their lines of light;
 To sacred truth her ancient wrongs surrender,
 They win her freedom from the sons of might.

Her sons of poesy, with raptures thrilling,
 Burning with thoughts inspired at freedom's shrine,
 Fresh with the dews from Calliôp's fount distilling,
 Have tuned her speech with harmonies divine.

While mad apostates lit the funeral pyre,
 Her martyr souls in flames have firmly stood;
 Passing to heaven in chariots of fire,
 They purchased freedom with the price of blood!

Her pilot hearts have searched the distant seas,
 And planted seeds which flourish strong and fair.
 From vast Columbia to the Antipodes
 Her tongue is speaking and her life is there.

O'er the round earth her Mission sons are speaking
 The word of mercy in a Saviour's name!
 While thousands turn from idol worship, seeking
 Rescue from error, misery, and shame.

Out from her ports ten thousand sails are speeding
 To pour her light and commerce through the world !
 Foremost of nations, she is ever leading
 With freedom's flag o'er wider realms unfurled.

Go forth to further conquests ! ever feeding
 The fire that envious tyrants hate to see.
 Go ! till oppression, from thy strength receding,
 Shall leave the earth to liberty and thee.

THORNBURY, Ont.

GEORGE PEABODY.

BY THE REV. STEPHEN BOND.

THE name of George Peabody has obtained a world-wide fame, by the generosity with which he distributed his immense wealth. There is something worthy of notice in the history of a man who beginning the world without money and without friends who can help him, rises to wealth and distinction. Young men who are ambitious to be wealthy wish to know the secret of his success, and perhaps when they know it have not the courage to follow his steps. Such a lesson is of no great value if it comprehends nothing more than the art of acquiring riches. But George Peabody's career has something in it much nobler. He is one, who after he had amassed millions, gave the greater portion of it away to promote the wellbeing of his fellow-men—enjoying the rare luxury of distributing it with his own hands and according to his own plans. The world has seen many instances of men bequeathing large sums of money to good objects, to be distributed after they are dead, but the instances have been too rare of men giving their money in their lifetime and receiving in return the benedictions of those whom they have benefited. By giving more than eight millions of dollars, George Peabody teaches both *how* and *when* to give.

He was born of humble parentage in South Danvers, Mass., in the year 1795, and in youth enjoyed only very ordinary educational advantages. At the age of eleven he entered a country

store as a clerk, and remained in this position four years, displaying the elements of character that lead to success in all that exercise them—diligence, honesty, promptness, courtesy. After this he spent about a year with his maternal grandfather in Vermont, and then entered the store of his brother David at Newburyport, where he remained only a short time, owing to the burning of his brother's premises. He was at this time ambitious to engage in a wider sphere of action, and went South to his uncle at Georgetown, D. C., where he became his commercial assistant, and though yet in his teens, he managed the greater portion of a large business with singular success. At the very time of life that young men most dislike restraint, he was fully absorbed in business, winning golden opinions for his integrity, enterprise, and ability. He cultivated his social qualities, and was noted for his geniality and affability. After some time spent in this position, a Mr. Riggs, of Georgetown, offered him a partnership in his business—supplying all the capital and young Peabody managing the business. And though he was yet in his minority, the shrewd man of business, seeing in him the elements of success, was not deterred. This was a position suited to his tastes and talents. He displayed his indomitable courage and perseverance in the conduct of the business, and was crowned with success.

The firm soon removed to Baltimore, and in seven years its growth was such as to justify its opening branches in New York and Philadelphia. During the earlier years of this partnership, Mr. Peabody travelled exclusively in the adjoining States in the prosecution of his business, and became extensively acquainted with the country and people. He kept himself aloof from all political parties and discussions, and devoted himself exclusively to the prosecution of his business and to personal improvement. All classes of persons reposed the utmost confidence in him as a man of the highest honour and integrity. About the year 1830, Mr. Riggs retired from the firm, and Mr. Peabody became the senior partner and chief director of its extensive business. But prior to this he had visited London, and frequently repeated the journey in succeeding years. Always a man of enterprise and ambitious to do business on a large scale, these visits revealed to

him the possibility of doing a more extensive and profitable business in the great metropolis. He decided to remove to London and establish himself as a merchant and money broker. He became a banker in the American sense, and held deposits for customers, discounted bills, negotiated loans, and bought and sold stocks. What his capital was at the beginning is unknown, but it rapidly increased, and the firm of George Peabody & Co., of Warrford Court, City, had a high reputation, and the extent of its business was not often exceeded. In this position the greater portion of his wealth was made—made without the violation of any principle of justice or truth. Peabody lived in a very simple way in London as a bachelor—his expenses never exceeding three thousand dollars in any one year. Nor was he a miser, avoiding every possible expenditure of money, for his hospitality was exercised toward his countryman who came with proper recommendations, with a very liberal hand. Occasionally, also, he gave some great dinner, to which were invited some of the most distinguished men of the nation, together with prominent Americans present in England. He thus brought into association many leading minds of both nations, by which, no doubt, many asperities were removed and much good feeling was cultivated. In all his success and honours he remained the true friend of his country, and in times when the credit of some of her States was seriously endangered, he came to the rescue with his purse, and thus became the benefactor of his nation. In 1851, when the great Exhibition was held, he earned especially the gratitude of all Americans by advancing a large sum of money to enable the products of American industry to be exhibited. For this no provision had been made, and the whole nation was in danger of being dishonoured for want of funds to meet the expense of the display. This act brought him into greater prominence than he had yet possessed. It was but the beginning of a series of acts of benevolence of the most remarkable character and far-reaching effects. When the town of Danvers, Mass., held its centennial he was invited to the celebration, but unable to be present, he sent a gift of twenty thousand dollars for the promotion of education and morality. In the same year, when Henry Grinnel had offered a vessel—"the Advance"—for Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition, and

Congress had failed to make a grant of money to fit out the expedition, Mr. Peabody provided the means.

After an absence of more than twenty years he returned to America in 1856. New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, all wanted to give him a public reception, but he declined all except that of Danvers, his native town. Whatever honours flowed in upon him he evidently did not seek. The reception at Danvers was of the most imposing and enthusiastic kind. At this time his gifts to the town for an Institute amounted to \$50,000; Baltimore also shared his liberality at this time. An Institute was projected by Mr. Peabody, to which he ultimately gave more than a million of dollars. But these were but the beginning of his munificent liberality. In 1859 he returned to London, and soon after gave his first contribution for the erection of houses for the labouring poor of London. From this time, in rapid succession, gift followed gift in increasing volume, till the list creates amazement. We here give the larger of his donations without detailing the history of each:

The Peabody Institute, Peabody, Mass.....	\$250,000
The Peabody Institute, Baltimore, Md.....	1,500,000
Southern Educational Fund.....	3,000,000
Yale College.....	150,000
Harvard College.....	150,000
Peabody Academy, Mass.....	140,000
Phillips' Academy, Mass.....	25,000
Kenyon College, Ohio.....	25,000
Memorial Church, Georgetown, Mass.....	100,000
Homes for the Poor in London.....	3,000,000
Libraries in Georgetown, Mass., and Thelford, Vt.....	10,000
Kane's Arctic Expedition.....	10,000
Different Sanitary Fairs.....	10,000
Unpaid moneys advanced to uphold credit of States.....	40,000
The State of Maryland for negotiating loan of \$8,000,000.....	60,000
Total.....	\$8,470,000

Some will say it is an easy matter to give money when you have it; but the indications are against such a conclusion. If we are to judge of this matter by the conduct of most men in the enjoyment of wealth, it is a most difficult matter to give money away. To be willing to give, and to do it wisely, is indeed a great achievement. To have given so large a sum as the above

without exercising the utmost care in its distribution, would greatly depreciate its value. Caution and wisdom, even in the smaller givings of comparatively poor men, become a duty to prevent a good act resulting in more evil than good. Mr. Peabody did not give at random to every applicant, nor even to every good object. He studied to make the money he gave permanently useful. Most of it was given, not to relieve want, but to prevent it—not to reform the vicious, but to prevent vice. He gave to objects that required large sums of money, to be of any special service, and that are therefore likely to be neglected. It is plain that he studied out his plans, and at the same time revealed the independence of his mind in the choice of objects he sought to promote. His gifts to education were largely to particular branches of science, or to help in altogether exceptional circumstances, in the ordinary branches of elementary education—as in the case of the \$3,000,000 for education in the Southern States. The institute he founded in Baltimore at a cost of \$1,500,000, comprised a large free library, the periodical delivery of lectures by eminent literary and scientific men, an academy of music, a gallery of art, and kindred objects. The gift to education in the South, regardless of class or race, met a most pressing want when four millions of slaves became free, and were thrown upon the nation to educate, that they might be fit to enjoy their liberty. That work was so great and beset with so many difficulties, and the time of undertaking it so altogether exceptional, that it seemed more than the nation could perform. Mr. Peabody's gift was doubly valuable when all these facts are remembered. It was a national benefit, and will go on benefiting the class for whom it was intended for generations to come.

Perhaps the most remarkable and original of all these donations was that of the \$3,000,000 for houses for the labouring poor of London. It recognized a need that no efforts had been made to supply. It was far-reaching and comprehensive in its designs. None but those who have seen it fully know the evils produced and sufferings endured by the poor house-accommodation available to even the industrious poor of the city of London. Comfort is unknown. Though virtuous themselves, their children are placed in circumstances that almost inevitably lead to vice. From the

poverty, discomfort, and exposure to vice, come with ever-increasing volume pauperism and crime. Mr. Peabody knew this, and sought in some degree to mitigate it by his munificent donation. It is undoubtedly a most difficult task. In the execution of the purpose houses are not supplied free, so as to destroy self-respect, but at such a rate, when the quality is considered, as to make them available to the poorest labourer. After a description of the Spitalfields and the Islington squares, Col. Forney, in 1867, wrote: "There are four other squares, two of which have already received occupants, and the others will soon be completed. The main buildings are of stone, five stories high, four being occupied by the families, and the last or upper range used for the purpose of a laundry for drying clothes, where fine baths are provided for general use. I conversed with many of the inmates; they were all clean, healthy, and happy. The men were off at work, and the women seemed to be industrious and tidy. The contrast between their condition and that of the poor in the miserable houses around us was painful in the extreme."

Another writer testifies "Their condition is much improved by the arrangements made for them; and any drunkenness or fighting in the building is never known. I saw, in many of the rooms, the men at home, evidently enjoying the society of their families, instead of swilling beer at the public house. I should give my testimony in favour of the success of Mr. Peabody's money as a most practical beneficence." The fund is under the management of most reliable men, and will go on accumulating by rents, so that the number of such houses will be continually increasing, and thus ever multiplying their benefits.

It is not strange that such a man, however simple his manners, after making two nations his debtors, should be honoured. His success in amassing wealth had not made him vain, and its possession had not cramped nor shrivelled his soul. The world saw in him a noble example of wisdom and generosity in the use of money, and it hastened to testify its appreciation. The freedom of the city of London was given him, a statue of himself was placed in one of its public squares and unveiled by the hands of royalty. When he was about leaving England to visit America in 1866, the Queen of England sought to do him honour, and

offered to confer on him a baronetcy or the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, but he declined them both. He was asked *what* gift he would accept, and replied, "A letter from the Queen of England, which I may carry across the Atlantic and deposit as a memorial of one of her most faithful sons." The Queen gladly sent him the letter, and asked his acceptance of her miniature portrait, which he was pleased to receive. It is in enamel in the highest style of the art by Tilb, a London artist, and is said to have cost \$30,000. The Queen was evidently determined to speak the gratitude of the nation!

This second visit to his native land was of considerable length. Immense sums of money were given to various objects, and the sums given in former years to found several institutes were largely increased. Wherever he went the people hastened to do him honour. While on this visit his health began to fail, and he hastened to London, intending to go to the South of France at his physician's advice. But his strength failed too rapidly. He died in London on the fourth of November, 1869.

Of his religious character not much is said by his biographer. He was a man of spotless integrity and stainless virtue, fearing God and working righteousness. His success in money-making did not make him any better, but it is saying much to say it did not make him worse; and the conscientious and cheerful way of distributing it, after making each of his immediate relatives rich, argues the operation of something higher than dwells in unregenerate man.

As he had wished to be buried in Danvers, Mass., he could only have a temporary resting-place in England; but, that was in Westminster Abbey, after a funeral service attended by the most distinguished of the nation. When his remains were to cross the ocean the Queen sent one of the noblest ships of her navy—the *Monarch*—to perform the service. It was accompanied by an American and a French ship as convoys. On their arrival in Portland, every mark of respect that could well be shown was given. He was buried in his native town, and his grave may be said to have been wet with a nation's tears. But why all this demonstration over a private citizen? It was not because he had been successful in amassing wealth. Many are equally successful

of whom little is known, and of whom little can be said beyond the fact that they are millionaires. But George Peabody was no ordinary rich man; he was one of the few who had comprehended the responsibilities and privileges of riches. He had upheld the nation's honour and the nation's credit when both were in danger. He had done much as a private citizen to save it from war. He had founded colleges; he had endowed universities; he had established public libraries; he had remembered the ignorant of a large portion of the nation and given them schools; he had provided for the domestic comfort of the poor of a foreign land on a gigantic scale. In a word, he had used his wealth for the good of mankind. The record of such a life is a blessing to humanity. It commends honesty and persevering industry; it rebukes the vanity that is often the product of success; it illustrates the blessedness of giving.

KEMPVILLE, Ont.

EASTER HYMN.

Jesus lives! no longer now	Pure in heart may we abide,
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;	Glory to our Saviour giving.
Jesus lives! by this we know	
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us;	Jesus lives! our hearts know well
	Naught from us His love shall sever;
Jesus lives! henceforth is death	Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
But the gate of life immortal;	Tear us from His keeping ever.
This shall calm our trembling breath	
When we pass its gloomy portal.	Jesus lives! to Him the throne
	Over all the world is given;
Jesus lives! for us He died;	May we go where He is gone,
Then, alone to Jesus living,	Rest and reign with Him in heaven.

MY FIRST SERMON.

BY J. G. W.

I WAS but a young man, when God graciously pardoned my sins. My parents deserted me when a baby, and I was brought up at a Charitable Institution in Yorkshire. From this place I was taken, when old enough, by a farmer as an indoor apprentice, and he, being a hard master, made me work more like a slave than anything else. I had plenty to eat and drink, but a kind, encouraging word from him I never got. For the least offence I was cruelly flogged, and I have to this day the marks upon my shoulder of that man's cruelty. But the most remarkable thing was, he professed to be a Christian, and in order not to chastise me in anger when he thought I deserved it, he would cut a willow from the brook and place it in the duck-pond to soak, so that when used it would not break upon my back. As I was always doing wrong, the willows were always soaking, and I rarely knew what it was to enter the house without the fear of a good flogging, unless my master was away from home. Often have I fallen asleep with the pillow wet with tears, wondering why I was left without parents while other children had happy homes.

Sometimes my young soul would boil with indignation, and I would curse and swear, and writhe under the cruel bondage. Several times I ran away from the farm,—determined to be a sailor, or anything, rather than endure my master's cruelties; but I always returned, after suffering cold and hunger, sleeping under hedges, in barns, and such like places, for however bad my master was, I had a good friend in my mistress, who was a sincere Christian. She would talk to me with tears in her eyes, and beg of me to pray to God to make me a better lad. I remember once saying to her,—“Why doesn't God make master a better man?” but the pain and anguish it caused her made me careful ever after how I spoke to her. I loved her as a mother, and could have done anything for her. She, like myself, had to suffer by her husband's harsh treatment, for try as she would, she could not please him.

I will pass over a year or two of my life, and come to the time of my conversion. My master always insisted on my attendance at the chapel. In after life I respected him for this: Had I been allowed to use the Sabbath in my own way it would have been wickedly spent in rambling the lanes and fields with bad companions, and I might have been forever ruined. At that time, however, I detested the chapel, and longed to get out from the time I entered. Often have I been flogged for sleeping during the sermon.

One Sunday night when I entered the chapel there was a venerable old man in the pulpit, whose appearance at once arrested my attention. He had a ruddy, happy-looking face, and silvery locks hung in clusters round his head. I shall never forget that dear, good man, who is now gone to his eternal rest. I joined in singing the hymn, which I had rarely done before; I knelt down during prayer and listened to every word the preacher said, and somehow they sounded different from any I had ever heard. I felt how nice it must be to be able to pray to God as this good man prayed; and when he repeated the Lord's prayer I repeated it too, and as I did so tears came into my eyes, for I thought God would not listen to a wicked person like me. During the sermon I became more and more convinced of my lost and ruined state, and when it was over I was suffering awful torments in my mind in consequence of my wickedness. O how wretched I was! I would have given all the world, if I had it to give, to be as happy as the preacher. I stayed at the prayer-meeting, but felt no better; I went home, but could not eat my supper; I retired to my chamber and fell on my knees, but could not pray. All was dark; God was surely going to send me to hell, and I knew I deserved the worst at His hands. Thus I continued through the night, never sleeping; indeed I never took off my clothes. Morning came in all its summer splendour. The glorious sun, the song of the birds, the happiness of everything around but increased my misery. I went into the barn, and on my knees told God I could not live in so wretched a condition. Suddenly a ray of light seemed to flow into my dark mind; so sudden was it that I could not speak, but lay on the ground as one dead. Then came the words used as a text by the

preacher the night before,—“I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.” I said, “O Lord, I am a sinner; I repent; do forgive me.” Then the words came, “I will, be thou clean.”

I have often wondered how a prisoner condemned to die would feel if presented with a pardon, and told his life was spared. The joy which came into my soul when the Saviour spoke to me words of peace is beyond my power to describe—it must be felt to be understood; suffice it to say, I was unspeakably happy.

From this time the house of God was to me the happiest place on earth. I could now endure my master's unkindness patiently, for I thought of Him who was “a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,” and who “when He was reviled reviled not again;” and I knew He sympathized with me in my affliction.

Time went on. I became a Sunday-school teacher, an assistant Class Leader, and once or twice officiated at the prayer-meeting. I was happy in the work and willing to do anything, however lowly, for Him who had done so much for me.

The friends, however, were not content to let me alone in my labours in our little chapel and school. They said I ought to begin to preach the Gospel, the very mention of which made me tremble; for it seemed an awful thing to attempt to expound God's will and word—to stand between Him and the people. I declined again and again, feeling too unworthy to take upon myself so sacred a duty. An official meeting, however, appointed me to go along with one of the local preachers, who was to gradually initiate me into the duties, and let me exhort the people in several village chapels. I received the intelligence with astonishment; my limbs shook so that I could scarcely stand; but I dare not say nay. I had not sought the office, and was afraid if I did not do as my brethren in the Church had appointed, I should be sinning against God. O the prayers and tears I offered up to Him without whose assistance I knew I was helpless. Day and night, in the field, the barn, while riding in the cart, wherever I chanced to be, I was calling upon God to enlighten my dark mind and fill my soul more full of His divine love. I read the Bible much while on my knees in my chamber, for I was forcibly impressed with that passage which says, “if any man lack wisdom let him ask of God.”

The Sunday on which I was to accompany my Christian brother for the first time was a beautiful morning in June. When I arrived at his house I found him seriously ill, and unable to rise from his bed. He told me I must go to Risely (the village where we were appointed to preach) and conduct the service without him, for the people must not be disappointed.

"Go myself! Go myself," I repeated again and again, as I passed out of the house. "Go myself," I said as I stood in the road; but this time there was a reply, "I will be with thee; my rod and my staff shall comfort thee." I started forward on my journey at once. I had six miles to go, and only about an hour and a quarter to do it in. As I passed along the road under the leafy trees the birds trilled forth their songs of praise; the hedges were covered with blossom, which filled the air with sweet perfume; flowers grew luxuriantly on every hand; the fields smiled in the abundance of their crops, telling of rich harvests and bursting storehouses. All nature was singing the praises of God. This surrounding beauty made me contemplate God's character. "God is love," I said, "and this is a manifestation of it. He is beautiful, too, for out of His Divine mind He has fashioned all these beautiful things. He is merciful; for although man is so wicked, God still pours forth on him the abundance of His treasures." O what a glorious idea of God's wonderful nature I got that Sabbath morning; love, beauty and mercy, all blended.

At length I reached the chapel, and found it but a small building, surrounded by a graveyard, enclosed by iron railings. The sides of the chapel were almost entirely covered with honeysuckles and white roses; flowers grew on the graves, and the bee and butterfly flitted here and there in search of the distilled nectar upon which they live; while on the eaves of the chapel a dozen or more sparrows chirped merrily. On entering the graveyard I met a man without coat, with a straw hat on his head, to whom I told my errand. He looked at me from head to foot, and then pointing his right thumb over his shoulder, said,—*"Goo in."*

As I entered the chapel a sense of deep awe came over me, and my whole body trembled. I walked straight to the pulpit, and there fell on my knees in prayer, the tears streaming down my cheeks the while. On rising I ventured to look round. There

were about thirty persons present,—men, women, and children. Most of the men were without coats, and the women without bonnets, but they were remarkably clean. Right in front of me sat a man about fifty years of age. He had a square-looking, solemn face, and grey, dull eyes, which I noticed fixed on me. Somehow from the first look of the man I dreaded him. There was a sinister expression about his mouth I did not like. I gave out the hymn :—

“ Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.”

The people sang heartily. During prayer I felt the presence of God, and many a hearty “Amen” told me others felt it good to be there. I read the lesson, and we sang another hymn, and then came the most trying moments I ever experienced.

I had chosen as my text, “He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.” For a few minutes I continued all right, but chancing to look at the square-faced man, I thought he was sneering at me, and immediately all my ideas vanished, perfect blank took possession of my mind, and if I might have received a fortune, I could not have uttered another word. There I stood, a cold chill running through my body, and a cold sweat standing on my face in large drops. Some one shouted “Glory!” then all was quiet. The sparrows chirped on the eaves, the bees came humming in at the open door, and I wished I were a bird or bee that I could fly away.

How long I stood I cannot tell, but I saw the square-faced man rise from his seat, and fixing his eyes upon me, in a loud voice he exclaimed :—

“ Well, young man, if tha’s done, tha’s done ; sit thee deawn.”

I sat me down, and covered my face with my hands, and soon the flood-gates of my soul were opened, and I wept like a child. I was aroused from my grief by a touch on the arm, and looking up I saw an aged woman, who in a kindly voice said :—

“ Come, my lad, come wi’ me for a bit o’ dinner.”

“ I had rather go back home,” I tremblingly replied.

“ Nay, nay, my lad,” said the good woman, “ that’ll never do ; the devil would laugh if thou ran hoam. Come, here’s thee hat, come along wi’ me.”

I rose from my seat, and was astonished to find the chapel quite empty; all the people, excepting ourselves, having gone away. I was glad of this, for I felt afraid of meeting their gaze. We passed out of the chapel and wended our way along the lanes. Several groups of men and women were standing at various points on the way, evidently talking about me. I heard one man say,—

“That’s him; that’s him. Owd Betty’s gotten him eawt at last.”

“Ay, poor chap,” said another, “he’d better a-stopt at hoam.”

“He’s but young,” pleaded a woman’s voice, “happen when he gets owder he’ll do better. I’m sure he shaped very weel at first.”

“Some folks will put theirselves i’ places they’re noan fit for,” said another, whose voice I at once recognized as the square-faced man’s; “yo’ can’t get apples to grow eawt of a dry stump.”

“Nor a empty bag to stand up,” chimed in another, which caused a general laugh.

I felt those remarks keenly, and old Betty, as my friend was called, understanding my feelings, said,—

“Never heed um, lad; they’d make a sorry mess on it theirsels if they tried their hand.”

At length we reached old Betty’s cottage, which was prettily situated in a neat garden. The old woman was very poor and lived alone, her husband having been dead many years. But though she was poor in this world’s goods she was rich in Christ, and this is worth more than all the gold and silver in the world. Bless the dear soul, whenever I think of her my heart grows warm.

“I’ve nothing extra for dinner, my lad; but thou’rt welcome,” said Betty, putting a basin of new milk and some brown, home-made bread before me on the table. “I never cook on Sunday; I think Sundays belong to God.”

“It will do very nicely, thank you,” I replied, and asking God’s blessing we began our dinner.

After a while old Betty stopped eating and said,—

“What made thee break down so suddenly in thy sermon this morning? I know there was summat, for thou was goin’ on very nicely,”—and she looked at me with a smile.

"Well, to tell you the truth, that man who sat by himself right in front of me frightened me."

"What, old Amos?" she asked.

"I don't know his name, but he has something about his face which I don't like, and being the first time I have tried to preach I suppose I was a bit timid."

"Thou wasn't preaching to *please him*, I hope, my lad."

"No, no; I was preaching to please God," I said.

"That's just the sort o' preaching we want. Well, I durst say thou would feel timid; but bless thee, my lad, as soon as ever I heard thee speak I felt fain, for summat within me said, 'God has sent him, God has sent him,' and I was praying for thee all the time. The devil has all macks o' ways o' balking folks as are trying to do good, and may-be he did sneer out o' old Amos's face; but I'll tell thee what thou mun do to-night."

"What?" I asked, feeling pleased at old Betty's earnestness.

"Why, my lad, *just knock the devil off his perch*. Get the word of God and throw it straight at him. Jesus said, 'Get thee behind me Satan,' and thou mun pray to God to give thee a word in season. I'll pray, too, and if we don't shift the old lad from his seat it will be our fault and not God's."

The afternoon passed away pleasantly and profitably in conversation, reading God's word, and prayer. Old Betty said, "Pray a good deal, lad, and then thou'll preach well."

When the time arrived for the evening service old Betty and I were at the chapel. The whole village had congregated to hear me preach, or rather break down, for the news of my failure in the morning had spread far and wide, and people who never came to chapel had come on this occasion. It was with some difficulty I reached the pulpit, for every part of the little chapel was packed, and several men were flattening their noses on the windows outside to get a look at me.

As I passed old Amos, he with a grin whispered, "Doesn't thee heart beat pit-a-pat?" but I took no notice of his question. I commenced the service with the hymn, "Rock of ages," which was sung heartily. Rarely indeed had the little chapel held so large a congregation, and as the hymn rose up to heaven on that lovely Sabbath evening, I felt the blessing of the Lord descend

into my soul, and I saw old Betty in the corner behind the chapel door with her eyes closed and her hands uplifted, and I knew she was pleading with God on my behalf.

I took the same text I had taken in the morning, and as I read it over, I saw the people look at each other and smile, as much as to say, "Now for it." And it came, but not in the manner they expected. By the aid of the Holy Spirit the Word was opened to my understanding, and I preached with the greatest ease. I took no thought what I should say, but fast as I could utter the words they were given to me to speak. Several persons began to weep tears of repentance, and it was indeed a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. At the prayer-meeting after service about forty were present. Some were weeping, some were praying, some were singing. I went to the penitent ones and pointed them to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. Several found peace, and like the man among the tombs, began to glorify God. One man was prostrated full length before a form. I touched him on the shoulder and asked him whether he was saved. He raised his face, and what was my astonishment to see old Amos. In a choking voice he cried,—

"Eh, lad, tha's done it to-neet, Aw cannot live i' this state. Tell me what aw mun do?"

"What's amiss, Amos?"

"Amiss, amiss," he said, the big tears coursing down his cheeks, "why, lad, everything's amiss; aw feel as if all the sins at ever aw did were up a top o' me; and aw cannot bear um."

"Well, Amos, Jesus died for you, and is now waiting to take all your sins away. Trust Him; believe on Him; throw your burden at the foot of the cross, and He will accept you, and save you."

For some time he wrestled, and I wrestled, and old Betty came and knelt down close by, and our united prayers prevailed, and old Amos became a child of God.

When I shook hands with old Betty that night she said, with tears in her eyes—tears of Christian joy,—“Didn't aw tell thee God had sent thee? He only let thee fail this morning so as to get more sinners at chapel to-night. The Lord bless thee, lad.”

C A N A D A .

BY JAMES S. ROSS, B.A.

THREE hundred and forty-two years ago Jacques Cartier, fearless of the untried ocean, set sail from St. Malo to obtain glory for his royal master. Soon the erected cross, surmounted by the *fleur-de-lis*, told the tale of Canada's discovery, and France's new glory. Not by diplomacy, nor through the strife of war, but silently, and unconsciously, was Canada thus incorporated into a mighty empire. From the scattered wigwams of the dusky Indian, and from the silence of dense forests broken only by the warbling of birds and the cry of ferocious beasts, who could then have predicted the brilliant future that awaited our country? It is true, we may have no myths reaching back into the hazy past, to soften the rugged outlines of our early history; no legends to tempt the curiosity of literati; nor narratives of mighty conquests to arrest the attention of the world; but if greatness consists in sacrifices borne, hardships overcome, and brave deeds conceived and performed, our claim to permanent fame equals that of many of the lauded nations of history.

Nature's gifts have been lavished upon us. How vast our possessions, reaching from ocean to ocean! how extensive our water-ways! how exhaustless our fisheries, forests, and mines! how fruitful our soil, and how invigorating our climate!

Yet the restless activity of man, ever striving to supplement nature, has ramified the country with electric nerves, woven a net-work of rail, launched the magnificent steamer, delved the danger-avoiding canal, and erected the school,—the foe of the tyrant and the church,—the hope of the world.

Our land is young; no ivy-crested towers or storied castles are hers. She invokes not the aid of proud historic names, nor deeds of knightly chivalry to procure her fame. She is young! but her robes are unsullied, and the flush of health is on her cheek. How stately her steps as she goes forth to take rank among her peers! Behind her lies the darkness of night; before her, the growing brightness of the spring-tide day.

Consider a few of the elements of her greatness! Her climate is salubrious and invigorating, and though she boasts not of a temperature where summer flowers flourish in perpetual bloom, nor where spicy breezes breathe through the live-long year, yet she possesses a clime in which man attains the greatest vigour of body and mind, and under which the conquering nations of the world have developed. Her winters, so much dreaded by the European, are seasons of business prosperity, whilst the merry jingle of the sleigh-bell betokens enjoyment. The abundant snow proves a beneficial covering for the plant, frosts pulverize the soil, and the melting of the snow supplies moisture to the needy earth. Our summers, though short, are sufficiently long and warm for the maturing of the crops. Wheat ripens as far north as Great Slave Lake, and lands hundreds of miles farther north, abound in the coarser grains and grasses. Most of the fruits brought to perfection in Spain or Italy may also be produced to advantage in the southern portions of our Province. Maize, that will not ripen in England, and seldom in the vicinity of Paris, is here a field crop; and the beautiful and useful sugar-maple, which cannot grow in England, owing to the lowness of temperature, attains here to a height of from sixty to one hundred feet. The productiveness of the maple has induced Canadians to adopt its leaf as a national emblem. As one of our native poets has sung:—

“ Let older nations proudly praise the emblems of their fame,
That sounding down thro’ ages long have won immortal name;
Let Britain, greatest of them all, loud praise her glorious three,
That like her sons are joined in one in Canada the Free.

“ But there’s another emblem yet, dearer to us than all,
That tells of happy hearts and homes and Freedom’s joyous call;
A magic light—a beacon, bright—to myriads o’er the sea,
Our Emblem chief, the Maple Leaf, of Canada the Free.

“ It breathes no tale of ancient feuds, betrays no barren soil,
But welcomes to our grand old woods the honest sons of toil;
Gives equal rights and equals laws to all, whoe’er they be,
Our Emblem chief, the Maple Leaf, of Canada the Free.

“ Then while we prize, with children’s love, the Shamrock and the Rose,
The Thistle and the Fleur-de-Lis, forget not that there grows
Upon our broad and fertile soil a noble forest tree,
With graceful leaf, the emblem chief of Canada the Free.”

Our natural resources are rich and varied. How stately the stalwart monarchs of our woodland appear! How richly clothed is every slope! The commercial value of our forests is simply inestimable. With care, the supply is unlimited for centuries to come, and the influence they exert upon the climate is both powerful and favourable. Our forests are, at once, the envy and the admiration of the world.

The development of our mineral resources is, as yet, in an embryonic state, but sufficient is known to prove the existence of a vast amount of national wealth, lying locked in the dark chambers of the earth. Iron is found in abundance at Marmora and St. Maurice, copper at Bruce Mines, silver at Silver Islet, gold in British Columbia, gypsum in Nova Scotia, petroleum in Enniskillen, coal in Nova Scotia, in the Saskatchewan valley, and in Vancouver's Island, salt, of almost perfect purity, at Goderich, peat beds in various parts of Ontario and Quebec, and marble equal to Carrara or Vermont.

Our fisheries are, and will continue to be, a great source of wealth. From the banks of Newfoundland over the Gulf of St. Lawrence, around the three great oceans to Vancouver, through innumerable straits, seas, and inlets, we possess eleven thousand miles of sea-coast, swarming with most prolific fisheries. They yield at the present time seventeen millions of dollars annually, while yet only one-third of them is developed. When the Hudson's Bay, Arctic and Pacific fisheries, rich as those of the Atlantic, are reached, their value may be estimated at fifty millions annually. Already eighty thousand hardy mariners are sailing our waters. Thus, independent of their commercial value, the importance of our fisheries as nurseries for seamen is beyond all price, and especially so to Britain, whose hopes of supremacy are all based on being "mistress of the sea."

The facilities we possess respecting natural and artificial means of communication, will be apparent from a consideration of our lakes and rivers, our railways and canals. From Belle Isle to the head of Lake Superior, a distance of twenty-four hundred miles, there are only seventy-two miles of canal; and from Belle Isle to Montreal, a distance of seven hundred miles, there is navigation for the largest ocean steamers. As recently as 1815, the first

steamboat was built on Lake Ontario. Now, Canada takes rank as the third maritime power in the world, and proudly claims as her citizen Sir Hugh Allan; the largest ship-owner of the age. Even the most casual observer must have been struck with the thousands of lakes in the interior of Canada, besides that giant chain connected with the St. Lawrence, which contains more than half the fresh water on the globe. These vast inland seas prove of great climatic value in tempering the heat of summer, and the cold of winter; and thus the advantages of an insular and continental position are combined. Nor is the landscape uninviting, for scattered over our country's expanse hundreds of lovely lakes lie embosomed, like mirrors of silver, in hills of beautiful green; and innumerable rivers sparkling in the sunlight as they hasten on to kiss the ocean's lip, present a never-ending variety of charming and magnificent scenery; while the loud-thundering cataract of Niagara, exultingly claims her place among the wonders of the world. Thus, while our lakes and rivers charm the painter by the splendour of their scenery, and thrill the historian as they call up many an olden tale, swarming also with vessels borne on their bosom, they gracefully carry the commerce of a nation.

Our artificial means of communication are also extensive, and constantly increasing. Our canal system is the most complete in the world, having cost twenty millions of dollars. In 1851, Canada had but fifty-five miles of railway,—to-day there are three thousand in operation; and already a scheme is projected to clasp with an iron band the Atlantic and Pacific, which, by giving a route between England and Japan, eleven hundred miles shorter than by New York and San Francisco, will constitute our country the grand emporium of the Eastern and Western worlds.

Our financial position, compared with that of our neighbours, also places us in a favourable light. The public debt of the United States is nearly sixty-one dollars per head, while that of Canada is twenty. The annual expenditure of Canada is four dollars per head, while that of New York State is nearly twenty-two.

Notwithstanding her extensive frontier, the military position of Canada for defence is undoubtedly strong. With her north inaccessible, Labrador on the east, and the Rocky Mountains

on the west, Canada never could be approached, even by the strongest nations, except from the south. While Britain remains "mistress of the sea," Canada need fear no danger from the sea-board; the land frontier only, needs protection. But with the best harbours on the Canada side, with some of the strongest strategic positions for defence, and with a vigorous and manly population peculiarly fitted for sustained and patriotic efforts, we never will tamely submit to a foreign invader.

"If ever foeman's hostile tread
Should stain Canadian strand,
Our enemies shall learn with dread,
How freely will our blood be shed
To guard our native land."

Though side by side with a powerful nation, have Canada's sons ever trembled at the approach of danger? Ask the battle-fields of Chrysler's Farm, and Lundy's Lane; and Queenston Heights, and what a tale of noble chivalry will they tell! The names of De Salaberry, Drummond and Brock, will never be effaced from our memories. And coming to later times, did the flower of our youth for a moment hesitate in repelling a wanton and unprovoked invasion? No. "Our loyalty, like the everlasting fire on the altar, gave forth a steady light, its flame never brighter or more pure than in the hour of national peril." With such protection encircling life and property, with such a popular form of government, and above all, with such a noble Queen, how could even one be found disloyal?

Though the labours of our forefathers in providing for their physical wants were long and severe, they never overlooked the necessity of a sound education, as being the basis of a nation's greatness. And now, through the wise forethought and administrative skill of Dr. Ryerson, we possess a system of primary education which, without boasting, is excelled by none other in the world. In addition to High Schools and Academies, there are several Colleges where any young man of industry and intelligence may obtain a classical, scientific, technical, or general education of the highest grade. Though in a young country "learned leisure" must, of necessity, be comparatively rare; yet Canada has reason to be proud that she possesses names in literature and science on

which the world's renown has fallen. The discoveries of the late Sir William Logan have placed him among the great geologists of the day. Sir Duncan Gibb is one of the foremost in medical science. Mr. Todd supplies the most complete and useful text-book on the British Constitution that has ever appeared. J. F. Kirk, of New Brunswick, is entitled to be classed among the first historians. Dr. A. M. Ross, of Toronto, has won distinction in natural history. Mr. Sproat, of British Columbia, has gained the first position in a recent literary contest with some of the best essayists of the British Empire; and Charles Heavyside has written a dramatic poem which, according to a British Quarterly, "is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable ever produced out of Britain."

But the page of history teaches, that "no combination of circumstances—fertility of soil, extent of dominion, legacy of thought, commercial prosperity, or bannered armies in their conquering might, give any sure pledge to futurity of true national greatness. Without the conserving salt of a vital Christianity; all our blessings and advantages may be sacrificed on the altar of selfish ambition, and thus only accelerate our national decay." Therefore to every patriot the "inner moral life" of our country is a cause of great congratulation. The press exhibits a high tone of morality, political sins are speedily punished, the fountain of justice is untainted, the Sabbath is generally observed, and the people are God-fearing in their lives.

We are agitated by no political discords, torn by no factions, and exempt from the horrors of war. "While many of the older nations of Europe are enslaved by ignorance, and crushed by despotic power, we have a birthright of free constitutional government, and of civil and religious liberty, the noblest ever bequeathed to a youthful nation." As a consequence, from the bleak and sterile shores of Labrador to the gold-bearing regions of British Columbia, in the wigwam of the Indian and in the palace of the rich, the people are contented, loyal and free.

With an invigorating climate; inexhaustible mines and fisheries; millions of fertile acres waiting for the coming of the husbandman; a vast natural system of water communication; a strong military position; an enlightened and liberal educational

policy; religious freedom in its most perfect form; an impartial judiciary, alike independent of popular favour and of political influence; a form of government speedily giving expression to the popular will; and with institutions of stability and order, attracting population and capital to our shores; what earth-born power can rob us of our destined glory? How encouraging the auguries of future greatness! The busy hand of toil is seen everywhere. The whole country is astir. The myriad sounds of cities respond to the farmer's voice and the herdsman's call. The water courses are vexed with innumerable keels. The valleys are vocal with the din of manufactures. The mountains tremble at the miner's blasts. The woodsman's axe resounds through the dense forests, and boundless prairies are soon to be solitary no more. Canada thus sets out on her career, with as bright a future before her as any state whose craft has been launched upon the stream of time. Then,—

“Sail on Dominion, strong and great!
 Humanity with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
 In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee,—are all with thee!”

CHRIST IS RISEN.

No longer must the mourners weep,
 Nor call departed Christians dead;
 For death is hallowed into sleep,
 And every grave becomes a bed.
 Now once more,
 Eden's door
 Open stands to mortal eyes;
 For Christ has risen, and men shall rise:
 Now at last,
 Old things past,
 Hope and joy and peace begin;
 For Christ hath won, and men shall win.

It is not exile, rest on high;
 It is not sadness, peace from strife;
 To fall asleep is not to die;
 To dwell with Christ is better life.
 Where our banner leads us,
 We may safely go;
 Where our Chief precedes us,
 We may face the foe.
 His right arm is o'er us,
 He will guide us through;
 Christ hath gone before us;
 Christians! follow you!

LESSONS FROM LANGUAGE.*

BY JOHN CARROLL.

COMPARATIVE grammar opens a very wide field for inquiry and remark—too wide to be comprised in a single magazine article—involving details too minute and dry to constitute the materials for popular reading. In the present essay, therefore, we propose to give rather the result than the process of induction by which Professor Max Müller, slowly, yet surely, feels his way to the conclusions which we will endeavour to set down.

Müller uses the analytical method; as far as we have any, ours shall be synthetical: he ascends to his conclusions, we descend from the eminence whither he had borne us; he gives the data and the illustrations, and we endeavour to record the lessons we have learned from him.

1. *The origin of language*, and its bearing on questions of the day. The truth on this interesting subject seems to lie between two extreme views: namely, what he would call the "Bow-wow" theory, that language is developed from wise animal cries, or mimicry of the sounds emitted by the things we would designate and describe, on the one hand; and the extreme miraculous theory, on the other. According to this latter theory, God gave man a complete vocabulary of words and taught him the use of them at once; so that he strode forth over the earth immediately with a complete and well-defined assortment of vocables to suit all emergencies.

The *via mediâ* between these two extremes seems to be the following, and to involve the truth:—Man was endowed at his creation with the faculty of language, which has given birth to articulate speech. This is a mental faculty, to which is conjoined the physical powers of uttering and modifying articulate sounds. A parrot may be taught, after a fashion, to utter every elementary sound in human language, but it is incapable of originating a single one when left to itself, or of making an intelligent use of

* It is, but just to say, that our data, and much of the phraseology of this article, are taken from the lectures of Professor Max Müller on "The Science of Language."

those words which it may have been taught to utter. That is to say, it can never be taught, to use its list of words and phrases in asking for what it wants, in making needed inquiries, or in giving intelligent answers: in a word, its command of words can never become the means of its getting or giving information, especially among its fellow parrots.

Language in man, therefore, does not lie in the physical organs of speech alone, but in a certain mental faculty, which empowers their intelligent use.

This position does not deny the lower animals, necessarily, the possession of mind, a measure of reason, or even of immortality. "Animals have sensation, perception, memory, will, and intellect, only we must not restrict intellect to comparing, or interlacing single perceptions." "Brutes see, hear, taste, smell, and feel; that is to say, they have five senses, just like ourselves, neither less nor more." They have perception as well as sensation, a point which has been illustrated by interesting experiments. "If the roots of the optic nerve are removed, the retina of the eye of a bird ceases to be excitable, the iris is no longer dilatable; the animal is blind, because it has lost the organ of sensation. If, on the contrary, the cerebral lobes are removed, the eye remains clear and sound, the retina excitable, the iris is dilatable, the eye is preserved; yet the animal cannot see, because it has lost the organs of perception." "Brutes have sensations of pleasure and pain. A dog that is beaten behaves exactly like a child that is chastised; and a dog that is fed and fondled exhibits the same signs of satisfaction as a boy under the same circumstances." "Brutes have memory; they know their own masters, they know their own homes; they evince joy on recognizing those who have been kind to them, and they bear malice for years to those by whom they have been insulted and ill-treated." Animals can compare and distinguish: a parrot will throw down a light nut without attempting to crack it. This comes of comparing the weight of good nuts with those that are bad. The process is syllogistic: thus, "All light nuts are hollow; this is a light nut, therefore, this nut is hollow." So, also, we may go on to demonstrate, that brutes show signs of will or wilfulness, of shame, and pride, and love, and hate.

Some think that they have explained everything, if they ascribe to brutes, instinct, instead of intellect; but these do not exclude each other. "There are instincts in man as well as in brutes: a child takes its mother's breast by instinct; the spider weaves its net by instinct; the bee builds her cell by instinct. No one would ascribe to the child a knowledge of physiology because it employs the exact muscles which are required for sucking; nor shall we claim for the spider a knowledge of mechanics, or for the bee an acquaintance with geometry, because we could not do what they do without a knowledge of these sciences. But let the spider's web be torn, the conclusion to which he comes, after examining the mischief done, whether to try and mend it, or to give it up in despair, indicates that his instinct is controlled by a measure of observation, comparison, and reflection, and judgment. Instinct is more prominent in brutes than in men, and intellect is more prominent in men than brutes; but both these qualities, or instincts, are shared by both in different proportions." Nor does it 'follow,' says our author, "that brutes have *no souls*, because they have not human souls. It does not follow that human souls are not immortal, because the souls of brutes are not immortal; nor has the *major premiss* ever been proved by any philosopher, namely, that the souls of brutes must necessarily be destroyed and annihilated by death." Leibnitz, who has defended immortality of the human soul with stronger arguments than even Des Cartes, concludes that "nothing serves better to establish our natural immortality than to believe that all souls are imperishable." John Wesley evidently believed in the resurrection of the brute creation, in support of which he adduced some very plausible arguments.

The question, therefore, arises, "What is the difference between brute and man? What is it that man can do, of which we find no signs, no rudiments, in the whole brute world?" "The one great barrier between brute and man is language. Man speaks, and no brute has ever uttered a word except the miraculous utterance of Baalam's ass. Language is our Rubicon, and no brute will dare to cross it." This is the great matter-of-fact argument against the delusion of development, the folly of those who think they discover at least "the rudiments of human

faculties in apes, and who keep open the possibility that man is only a more favoured beast." "Language is something more palpable than a fold in the brain, or an angle in the skull. It admits of no cavilling; and no process of natural selection will ever distil significant words out of the notes of birds, or the cries of beasts." And it need not alarm us to be told of all and every capacity of birds and beasts. Sidney Smith, in his usual humorous vein, hits off a deliverance which constitutes the best answer to those who would drag human nature down to the level of brute nature: Says the reverend humourist, "I feel myself so much at ease about the superiority of mankind—I have such a marked and decided contempt for every baboon I have ever seen—I feel that the blue ape without a tail will never rival us in poetry, painting, or music—that I see no reason whatever that justice may not be done to the few fragments of soul and tatters of understanding they may really possess."

According to Muller, the faculty of language consists in this: the power to coin, or utter syllabic, articulate sounds, either pronominal, or predicative, and that these constitute the roots of all other words. Primitive roots consist (1) of one vowel: for instance, *i*, to go (the examples are taken from the Sanscrit); (2) of one vowel and one consonant: for instance, *ad*, to eat; or (3) one consonant, vowel, consonant: for instance, *tud*, to strike. Secondary roots are those which consist of (1) one consonant, consonant, and vowel: as *plu*, to flow; (2) of vowel, consonant, and consonant: as *ard*, to hurt; (3) of consonant, consonant, vowel, consonant, and consonant: as *spand*, to tremble. Our author shows that roots, in many cases, would be either noun, or verb, or adjective, according to position: thus, to give examples from the Chinese, "which retains the primitive form of language," *ta*, without any change of form, means great, greatness, and to be great. If *ta* stands before a substantive, it has the meaning of an adjective: thus, *ta jin* means a great man. If *ta* stands after a substantive, it is a predicate, or, as we would say, a verb. Thus, *jin ta* (or *jin ta ye*), would mean the man is great. Thus we see an adjective is distinguished from a verb merely by its position in a sentence.

We advance another stage; there are at least three great lingu-

istic families; namely, Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian. Under the first term are included the following Indo-European languages: Greek, Latin, (including Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, etc.) Celtic, Teutonic and Slavonic, each of which three has its dialectic sub-divisions. The Turanian comprises the dialects of the nomad races scattered over Central and Northern Asia—the Tongusic, Mongolic, Turkic, Saymoyedic and Finnic, all radii from one common centre of speech. Now if you trace any word, say in any one of all the Aryan languages to its radix, you will find it to end, substantially, in the same root, or radical word. And the same, no doubt, would be found true of each of the several families of languages if we could have all the necessary data for conducting the inquiry. The majestic stream of language rolling on through the centuries in these three mighty parallel currents, may be traced to a common source, proving the unity of the human race, and the truthfulness of Scripture, namely, that there was a time when “the whole earth was of one language (Hebrew, *lip*) and one speech,” (or one vocabulary of words). Gen. xi. 1.

Another fact is learned from this science of languages: Instead of being amended in its structural completeness by the lapse of time and human art, it is most complete in its resources of word-painting, and consequent expressiveness, the nearer it is to its source. Its growth is rather arrested than stimulated by literary interference. Language lives in man, and everything in language had originally a meaning, easily comprehended by the listener. This is still the case in some languages, the Chinese for instance. The result is, if you wish to discover the real, natural life of a language, study its dialects. “Among the tribes of Central Asia, Africa, America and Polynesia, language still lives in the natural state, a state of continual construction; and it is there we must go, if we wish to gain an insight into the growth of human speech, previous to its being arrested by any literary interference.”

A proof of the power of the human mind to extemporize, or modify language to suit the current necessities of man in any state of society in which he may be placed, (and the newer the circumstances and the narrower the circle, the more readily the creations and changes arise and find currency) appears in the light of the following facts:—The Missionary Mcffat, in the

account of his South African labours, informs us that the villagers of the desert are compelled to traverse the wilds, often at a great distance from their native village. "On such occasions fathers and mothers, and all who can bear a burden, often set out for weeks at a time, and leave their children to the care of two or three infirm old people. The infant progeny, most of whom are beginning to lisp, while others can just master a whole sentence, and those who are still further advanced romping and playing together, the children of nature, through their live-long day, become habituated to a language of their own. The more voluble condescend to the less precocious; and thus, from this infant Babel proceeds a mongrel dialect of a host of mongrel words and phrases, joined together without rule," (forming, we will undertake to say, a law of their own,) "and in the course of one generation the entire character of the language is changed." Of the truth of this statement the present writer is thoroughly convinced, from what occurred in his own experience when a neglected child, playing with his little twin-brother among a conglomerate of Indian children on the banks of the Grand River, as he might easily show, if it were becoming in this place. The men who held intercourse, whether as missionaries or traders, with the numerous and various tribes of aborigines of this American continent not long after its discovery, or at least at an early day, were struck with the number of dialects, and the rapidity with which they were modified or changed, a proof that the people had never submitted for any great length of time to any powerful political confederacy or concentration. Hardly one village speaks the same language as another; nay, two families do not speak exactly the same language. Their language is changing every day, and this is especially true where schools and books have not been introduced. The ancient Huron language is almost wholly different from the present; but since the languages of the Hurons and the Iroquois have been reduced to writing they have scarcely changed at all, but then the literature produced has been in circulation among the people. "We read of missionaries in Central America who attempted to write down the language of savage tribes, and compiled with great care a dictionary of all the words they could lay hold of. Returning to the same tribe after the lapse of ten

years, they find the dictionary has become antiquated and useless, old words had sunk to the ground, and new ones had risen to the surface; and to all outward appearance the language was completely changed." Hunting parties, which consist of very few families, that go and remain away from the main tribe to which they belong only a short time, begin to differ from them in dialect; and in two or three generations those who settle in another valley become totally unintelligible to their forefathers. Many of the dissertations of the lamented Thomas Hurlburt confirm and illustrate the above statements. The remarks just made hold good, as could be proved and illustrated to almost any extent, of all other savage, or semi-barbarous nations and parts of the world.

The present article must be now closed. The teachings of the study of comparative grammar, as far as we have gone, are to the effect that man is essentially superior to the most sagacious brutes; and show the resources by which his Creator has endowed him to adjust himself to the ever-varying phases of human intercourse and society.

"THE FIRST BEGOTTEN OF THE DEAD."

Come, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,

"He lives, Who once was slain:
Why seek the living 'midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said:
That He would rise again."

O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own Almighty power
He rose and left the grave!
Now let our songs His triumph tell
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;

What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:

O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust.

THE CHARIOT OF FIRE—A NARRATIVE OF FACT.

BY P. LE SUEUR, ESQ.

WE all believe in Heaven, but what do we believe about it? Why, probably that is the *place* beyond conception glorious and beautiful, for

“Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard
What God has for His saints prepared.”

And that it is a *state* of felicity, supreme and unalloyed, where they will be

“With everlasting gladness crowned
And filled with love and lost in praise!”

But as the redeemed, while yet on earth, found a great part of their highest enjoyment in employment, and it is presumable that their spiritual perceptions undergo no change at death other than deliverance from the dead weight of an often ailing and soul-embarrassing body, there seems to be no reason for believing that their sources of happiness will be very diverse from those which constituted here their highest bliss. Pollok makes the history and providential government of the world subjects of intense interest to beatified spirits, and the writer readily accepts the hypothesis of the seraphic poet-youth. Yes, doubtless the recollections of the glorified saints will afford grand themes of conversation under the living trees of Paradise; and among the reminiscences of the unnumbered multitude, I venture to assume that the brief story I have to tell will neither be forgotten nor be told to undelighted auditors.

The time was forty years ago, and the place a Methodist “Chapel”—then so called; the occasion a mighty, majestic revival—one of the first great spiritual tidal waves in the religious history of this country. The cholera had swept through the land like an avenging angel, taking one out of every nine out of the city. In one day, the 5th of July, one hundred and eighty-seven persons had died, out of a population about equal to that of Ottawa, so it may be readily imagined the message was not unremembered. The mourners went about the streets in thou-

sands, for very few households had escaped the scourge. But it was in the temples of God that these evidences were most conspicuous, for the draperies of grief were found almost in every pew. Men's hearts even then failed them for fear, and many a once God-defying sinner covered in the awful shadow. Night after night, for many weeks, the church was filled with persons thrillingly awake to their spiritual needs, and as may be imagined no very earnest or prolonged persuasion was needed to induce the open avowal of penitence or the desire of pardon. The results eternity alone will unfold, for besides the four hundred known converts, scores of transient visitors were saved, and a general time of refreshing was experienced by all the evangelical Churches. Then also, as in the days of dispersion, the believers went everywhere preaching the Word, and the adjacent regions especially shared in the blessing. The converts, however, though of all ages and conditions, were chiefly young and middle-aged persons. Some old sinners were very much shaken, but most of them managed to get rid of their convictions.

But one evening, foremost among the responsive ones, there arose in a distant part of the house, a grandly venerable form; one upon whose head the winters of more than seventy years had shed their snows, and yet his form was not bent, his eye was not dim, and his natural strength was not much abated. There was a moment of solemn silence, for the man had a history, and in full view of the large congregation, many of whom had known him for decades of years, he deliberately left his seat and proceeded to the communion rail, where in the company of young probationers in flush of health, he knelt, and prayed, and wept. The effect was electrical, and moved the audience more than the most powerful sermon could have done; but oh! if the last chapter of that life could then have been foreseen, with what exquisitely intensified emotions would the spectators have witnessed the proceeding! As it was, many a pious tear was shed, and many a yearning prayer uttered on behalf of the sorrow-stricken old man. What *he* told in God's ear that night, a few of his old friends might possibly conjecture, but what God told him was not left long in doubt, for he was too much of a man himself to be ashamed of Christ or afraid of his fellow-men. "God had

healed his blackslidings and he was again a forgiven and adopted son!" Groping his way in sullen pride for twenty years, because of some real or fancied wrong, he had maintained an attitude of defiance towards this very Church, but now, brought back to the gate, he desired restoration to its sacred communion. The writer was present as a youthful disciple, and the memory of the scene will not pass away

" While life, or thought, or being last,
Or immortality endures."

On the morrow the house was even more crowded, for the incident had stirred many hearts; but the interest was much enhanced when, so soon as opportunity served, the white-haired veteran again got up and with him the venerable partner of his long pilgrimage, whom he tenderly escorted to the place where he himself had found healing—the Bethesda to so many sin-sick souls. Was it strange that a congregation largely in sympathy with the glorious work should have dissolved into gracious tears? Something like a great sob seemed to escape the universal heart, and every step of the aged lady to the front was sped with earnest supplications for her restoration to the favour and love of God. The confession of error so frankly and openly made, with humble entreaty for forgiveness, were speedily crowned with the blessed sense of reconciliation, and thenceforth during the last brief stage of their mortal journey the two walked hand in hand to the holy hill of God.

Before relating the final scene it may not be amiss to state that our aged friend had been one of the earliest members, if not one of the founders of the first Methodist Society in the city, and one of the largest contributors towards the erection of a church, standing to this day as a monument of the zeal and liberality of a handful of godly men, every one of whom has gone to his reward. The writer, without being quite sure, has the impression that the subject of this reminiscence had for a long time filled an important official position in the infant Church, but that in an evil hour he had taken offence, and with his wife had withdrawn, keeping aloof, as already stated, not only from that body, but from all other religious communities. But the Good Shepherd had not forgotten the wanderer, and when the Spirit

from on high was outpoured upon the little hill, the impulse—whence communicated think you?—to pay a furtive visit to the hallowed spot, came upon him with irresistible power. The result has been told.

This venerable man was a highly-skilled worker in the precious metals and in precious stones, or what is called a goldsmith and lapidary; and his household consisted of himself, his aged wife, a young man who had served his time with him, an articulated apprentice (both members of our Church) and a female domestic. A more pious and peaceful family, could hardly be found.

Some two or three months only had passed since the reinstatement of the aged couple in the conscious favour and love of God, when after the noon of night the young man awoke, with a sense of suffocation, and found his room, which was in the third story of a tall house upon one of the principal thoroughfares, filled with smoke, while through it all he perceived the flames curling up to his windows. The lad was sleeping in the same bed, and his companion shook him awake, then told him to follow his example. He then threw open the window, and in his night-dress leapt through the flames! He alighted upon the hard ice—for it was in the depth of winter and during a very cold night, but he escaped unhurt—a deliverance little short of miraculous—but the boy, who apparently had relapsed to sleep, the old gentleman, his wife and the servant girl, perished!

The ordeal was sharp, but the transit was swift!

“The fiercer the blast,
The sooner 'tis past,”

and the haven is gained.

And now, dear readers, don't you deem it probable that if the redeemed can converse together when they get to the Father's house—and why not if they can sing the new song?—they will be very apt to tell stories like this.

“What a rapturous song
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join;
Join all the glad choirs
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is Mercy Divine,”

EDITORIAL.

AN EASTER MEDITATION.

"Come see the place where the Lord lay."

It is the dictate of affection to visit the sepulchres of our departed. We feel that there we can call up most vividly the thousand tender associations of their lives. We seem brought nearer to themselves; and our hearts instinctively turn for comfort and consolation to the glorious thought that though their dust lies slumbering there, yet their spirits, their diviner part, their immortal essence, imperishable in its nature, their real selves, in fact, still live and love us somewhere. So in coming in devout meditation to the tomb where Jesus lay, it is not paying homage to an empty sepulchre; it is not with the superstitious reverence of the Crusaders for the cave made sacred evermore by having given shelter to the body of our Lord; it is in loving adoration of the living Christ. For our salvation depends as much upon the resurrection as on the crucifixion of our Lord. If Christ be not risen our faith is vain, our hope also is vain. It is because He liveth that we shall live also. Not the dead Christ, but Christ the risen and glorified,

Who ever lives above

For us to intercede,

His all-redeeming love,

His precious blood to plead,

is the Mediator between God and man, is the hope of our souls and the hope of the world.

But it was not in this lofty faith, in this assured confidence, that the faithful women of the gospel drew near the sepulchre of our Lord. Theirs was a sense of utter desolation and bereavement. They trusted that this was He who would have restored again the kingdom to Israel, but all their trust was gone. They had cherished high hopes of future blessings, but all their hopes

were fled. What anguish keen their loving souls must then have felt. What sinking of the soul, what crushing sense of hope deferred, and disappointment how bitter, how intense! Forgotten all the precious promises, and all the bright assurances of coming glory. Christ the Lord, was dead. He whom they had loved and worshipped, who had dwelt with them, who had healed their sick and raised their dead, Himself was dead; and they had stood beside His cross and seen Him laid in the dark sepulchre. And now coming early in the morning ere it was yet day, in their crushing human sorrow and passionate affection they sought the hillside tomb with balm and myrrh and sweetest spices, that they might perform the last sad offices of devotion to the crucified body of Him whom they had loved so long and so well.

But lo! the object of their search was gone; and at the head and at the foot of the stony couch on which the body of Jesus lay, two shining ones kept watch and ward above the consecrated spot. As in the inner temple, above the Mercy Seat the cherubim with outstretched wings did brood, so now above the place which saw this yet more wondrous exhibition of the God-head hung the rapt seraphim. With tender compassion these angelic beings seek to comfort these grief-stricken women. "Why weep ye?" they ask. "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen. Remember what he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee." And they hasted to tell the eleven the astounding story, but "their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not."

"But as yet," says Dr. Farrar in his beautiful harmony of the various narratives, "as yet no eye had seen Him, and to Mary of Magdala—to her who had loved most because she had been forgiven most, and out of whose soul, now ardent as flame and clear as crystal, He had cast seven devils—was this glorious honour first vouchsafed." From her impassioned soul not even the white-robed visions and angel voices could expel the anguish which she experienced in one haunting thought, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

As she turned away brooding in the bitterness of her soul over this sad thought, lo! Jesus met her. But she knew not that it was Jesus, perhaps because her eyes were dimmed with streaming

tears. Ah! how often in their hours of bitterest anguish and profoundest grief does Jesus appear to His tempted followers; and how often do they cling to their sorrow and refuse to lift their eyes to their Divine Deliverer. Jesus, moved with love and pity, in sympathizing tones addressed the mourning one; "Why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?" Strange that she did not then recognize that voice upon whose lightest word she had so often hung, and that familiar face which so lately looked unutterable love from the cross! Supposing Him to be the gardener and in the eager hope that he can explain to her the secret of that empty and angel-haunted grave, she exclaims in an agony of appeal: "Sir, if thou have borne Him away, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away."

To convince her that He was indeed her crucified Lord, in deep and thrilling tones Jesus utters the familiar salutation, "Mary." What was there in the magic of that word to thrill her entire being; to bring the flush of joy upon her brow, the glow of gladness to her soul-lit eyes? With eager haste she, falling down, doth worship Him, and in ecstasy of joyous recognition exclaims "Raboni! Master, Lord." Oh, thus it is that Jesus ever meets the sorrowing soul that in sincerity is seeking Him, not with the language of rebuke, but of comfort and consolation. Oh that each heart might hear the Saviour's gracious "Hail!" Oh that each soul might respond with eager recognition, "Raboni, Master!" or with Thomas when his protracted incredulity gave way before the tender evidence of his Saviour's love, "My Lord and my God!"

And what is our Lord's injunction to the late sorrowing, but now rejoicing woman? True to His Divine character, His earliest message is one of love and mercy. "Go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." Blessed words! He is not ashamed to call them brethren. It is not "Go, tell those rebels, cowards, traitors," but "Go tell my brethren." Oh! how reassuring to their hearts, trembling between hope and fear, stricken with terror and remorse, to feel that their betrayed, denied, forsaken, crucified, but now risen Lord cherished towards them, not feelings of implacable resentment and indignation, but the yearnings of an

intense and undying affection, of a love that many waters cannot quench, nor floods of sorrow drown.

Another illustration of Christ's gracious manner, is seen in his appearing on this very day to two of His disciples on their way to Emmaus. While discoursing with anxious and sorrowful hearts on the awful tragedy which had crushed their high hopes, and on the strange and incredible rumours of the women concerning the resurrection, Jesus himself joins them, but "their eyes were holden" that they knew Him not. Gently rebuking their slowness of heart to believe that which was written concerning the Messiah, and beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures all the things concerning Himself. Comforting their sorrowing souls, kindling new and loftier hopes, unfolding the glorious plan of God for the salvation, not of Israel alone, but of the whole world, small wonder that their hearts burned within them as He talked with them by the way.

As we meditate on these august and glorious themes, as we obey the angels' admonition to come and see the place where the Lord lay, as we dwell in thought upon His life, and death and resurrection, do they as profoundly affect us as they ought? Do our hearts melt in tears of contrition and of penitential woe? Do we feel that we have a personal and saving interest in that death? Has the risen Saviour met our sorrowing souls and pronounced the thrilling benediction, "Be of good cheer, your sins are forgiven you!" Or are our eyes still holden, our understandings darkened, our hearts unaffected by the tender story of a Saviour's love? Oh! shall we not fall in deepest adoration at His feet, and in joyous recognition cry, "Raboni, Master, gracious Lord!" and love and serve Him faithfully and well all the days of our life, that we too may be partakers of His resurrection and of the glory which He had with the Father, before the worlds were?

RECENT EXPLORATION IN BIBLE LANDS.

ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.*

THIS book is another remarkable illustration of newspaper enterprise. To the London *Daily Telegraph* belongs the honour of having organized the expedition which has rescued from the earth-mounds of Nineveh such striking corroborations of Holy Writ. Mr. George Smith, the distinguished orientalist of the British Museum, was entrusted with its control. He tells the story of his adventures in a clear and interesting style. He suffered great obstruction and annoyance from the petty Turkish officials on his route. The misgovernment and general dilapidation of Turkish Asia is almost incredible. Among the amenities of travel were the company of devout and dirty pilgrims, vermin-infested caravanserais, and a diet of superannuated fowls that "might have remembered the Assyrian Empire." He rode some 500 milés, chiefly by night on account of the heat, through rocky defiles or over sandy plains, by way of Aleppo, a city of half a million of inhabitants, to Mosul. Thence he sailed on a skin-raft down the arrowy Tigris to Bagdad, and crossed to the Euphrates and the ruins of Babylon, 300 miles further. His excavations, however, were chiefly at Nineveh, near Mosul. The natives have for hundreds of years been quarrying the ruins of the buried cities of the Mesopotamian plain for bricks and building slabs. But systematic exploration may yet reveal most important results. They should be conducted, however, under the

auspices of the nation, after the munificent manner of the French exploration of the Roman Catacombs, and not left to individual effort or to the patronage of a newspaper. After two months' digging our explorer started on his return with many boxes of inscribed slabs borne on the backs of camels. At Alexandretta, on the Mediterranean, the Turkish customs officials, after ridiculing the relics as rubbish, finally confiscated them, as contraband. They were afterwards released and sent to England. Mr. Smith subsequently returned to prosecute further his explorations, and at one time had 600 native labourers employed, which changed the desolate ruin-mounds to a scene of unwonted activity.

Over 200 pages of translations of the cuneiform inscriptions are given. The most important series is that descriptive of the Deluge. It presents many points of resemblance to the Mosaic narrative, but as might be expected in a heathen record, offers many minor discrepancies. It exhibits a belief in a Hades, "where light is never seen, from which there is no exit," and in a place of bliss; in an immortal soul, and a supreme God. In its minute details of building and storing the ark, these ancient records, so marvellously preserved, afford a wonderful confirmation of Holy Scripture. A long series of historical inscriptions throw much light on the Book of Kings, and mention several of the Jewish monarchs and their contemporaries. It seems as if the very stones out of the wall cry out in confirmation of the statements of the Bible. "They give us," says the author, "an Assyrian view of the politics of the day." There are also, he says, "inscriptions of all classes, on mythology, astronomy, astrology, geology, natural history, witchcraft,

* *Assyrian Discoveries; an account of Explorations and Discoveries on the site of Nineveh, during 1873 and 1874.* By GEORGE SMITH, of the Department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum. 8vo. Pp., xvi., 461. Map, Engravings, and Photographs. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co., 1875. Toronto: S. R. 2.—Price, 4.00.

evil spirits, laws, contracts, letters, despatches, etc." He gives a translation of a hymn to light reminding one somewhat of Homer's hymn to Apollo. The refrain is, "O goddess, lady of heaven, may thy heart rejoice, may thy liver be satisfied."

An account of creation of a highly interesting character has also been found. The astronomy of the Assyrians was highly developed—one tablet records the observation of an eclipse. There are also records of sales of land, and in one instance of a slave girl. On one contract, written in soft clay, the signers, unable to write, had made their mark by "impressing their finger nails on the document."

In four months Mr. Smith obtained over 3,000 inscriptions. He conjectures that in the "Library of Sennacherib" alone are 20,000 more,

which it would require three years digging and £5,000. to disinter. He found also finely carved marble human-headed winged bulls, and other figures of singularly pleasing expression, of which beautiful photographs give an accurate conception, crystal and bronze thrones, and bronze lamps. An elegant chased fork, glass seals, and a glass bottle, pottery, personal ornaments, rings, beads, bracelets, in gold, silver, and precious stones, some of which, however, are of Greek, Roman, or even Saracenic origin, were also exhumed. The entire series of "finds" is almost like the resurrection of an extinct civilization.

Dr. Smith has since attempted a third exploration, but the disturbed condition of the Turkish Empire has interfered with its prosecution.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE REV. GEORGE MACDOUGALL.

THE numerous friends of this devoted missionary will hear with a thrill of sorrow of his tragical death on the bleak plains of the Saskatchewan. At the time of writing the full details have not been received; but enough has been learned to show that he was in the discharge of duty, on his way to preach to his beloved Indians the Word of Life, when he was overtaken by storm and darkness, and doubtless became bewildered and lost on the pathless prairie. It has been since reported that his body has been found amid the snows.

Thus perished at the post of duty as valiant a man, as faithful a missionary, as ever faced danger or broke the bread of life to the perishing sons of the wilderness. George Macdougall has left the impress of his character and influence on that North-West country as perhaps no

other man has done. The magnitude of the debt which both the Church and the State owe to his labours, it is difficult to estimate. In his recent negotiations with the Crees, Blackfeet, and other tribes of the North West, he has largely contributed to the preservation of peace and the stability of good government in that country. For this duty his intimate acquaintance with the language, character, and disposition of the Plain Indians, admirably qualified him; and their implicit confidence in his integrity and truthfulness led them to accept his advice and obey his counsels as they would probably those of no other man.

But it is his moral heroism that was his crowning dignity. He has raised whole tribes out of paganism into Christianity, out of barbarism into a degree, at least, of civilization. In his zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, he counted not his life dear unto him. When

pestilence wasted the native tribes, he ceased not to minister to the wants, both of their bodies and their souls; and few things in the records of missionary suffering are more pathetic than the tale of his burying, with the assistance of his son, both sick nigh unto death with small-pox, his two daughters, who had fallen victims to that dreadful disease.

But his toils and trials are over. His eternal rest and exceeding great reward have come. It is an inspiration to duty to think of that noble life so bravely lived, so tragically closed. It seems an inscrutable providence of God that on the verge of apparently broader fields of usefulness he should be so suddenly removed. But "though God buries His workmen, He carries on His work." May the mantle of our departed brother fall on some worthy successor to his glorious heritage of toil and triumph. In the future victories of the Gospel among those native tribes whom he first taught the way of salvation, may we realize that he being dead yet speaketh,—that though he rests from his labours, yet his works do follow him.

METHODISM IN JAPAN.

THE interesting letter of Dr. McDonald, in the last number of the *Missionary Notices*, records marvelous instances of divine blessing which have accompanied his labours at Shidzuoka. A native gentleman had opened his house for religious service, and at these meetings as many as two hundred and sixty persons have been present, among whom were twenty-eight Buddhist priests. Thirty-five persons have been baptized, and others are candidates for baptism. Two native Christians are excellent helpers as class leaders and local preachers. The civil authorities are very friendly, and an urgent native appeal, strongly seconded by the missionaries, is made for additional reapers in this field waving white for the harvest. The *Notices* also contain reports from the brethren in different

parts of the wide-spread mission field in our own country. We are thus brought into more intimate acquaintance and closer sympathy with these brethren in the trials and triumphs of their work. It is a striking illustration of the vast extent of our country, to know the localities of these various missions, situated respectively about 500, 1,000, 2,000, and 3,000 miles west of Toronto, and yet all in Canada. Truly "no pent-up Utica contracts our powers." Before us is a good land and a large to go up and possess in the name of the Lord. We regret to notice the tardiness in supplying the Missionary treasurers with the funds necessary to carry on this great work. Only \$11,139 have been received from the circuits. Were it not that the credit of the Society is good at the bank, the work must collapse; and the present wants of the missions are met only at the cost of a large amount paid for interest on advances which should be given directly to the work. Says the Latin proverb—"He gives twice who gives quickly." If, therefore, the patrons of the Society would promptly pay their subscriptions they would greatly increase their value. Doubtless many would do so if the collectors would only give them an opportunity. We hope arrangements will be generally made for this purpose, and thus a serious leakage in missionary finances—the amount paid for bank accommodation—be stopped.

OUR FRENCH MISSIONS.

THE time seems to have come in the providence of God for the more vigorous prosecution of our French missionary work. There seems to be an extraordinary awakening and religious movement among the French-speaking population of Quebec. There seems to be a more than usual exhibition of religious intolerance and bigotry, and attempted exercise of ecclesiastical tyranny beyond even their common wont on the part of the Romish hierarchy. Both these causes conspire to the

mental emancipation of the Roman Catholic population and their predisposition to the reception of religious truth. The history of the establishment of the Oka mission and of its persecution by the priests of St. Sulpice, and the remarkable movement in Montreal under the guidance of Father Chiniquy, are striking illustrations of these facts.

In order to take full advantage of this movement, it is necessary that our enterprises among this interesting portion of our population should be strongly reinforced. We are glad to learn that in addition to our zealous and efficient French missionaries already in the field, the services of the Rev. L. N. Beaudry, the author of the very interesting book entitled, "The Spiritual Struggles of a Roman Catholic," are likely to be secured. We are glad, too, to witness the noble efforts made by our liberal, intelligent, and patriot friends in Montreal for the promotion of these missionary enterprises.

We need especially to conserve the results of our labours in this field. We need for this purpose, and also for aggressive measures, an institution for the secular and religious instruction of the children of families converted from Romanism under our ministry, and for the training of those who shall themselves be teachers and preachers among their fellow-countrymen. We have already lost much from the lack of this agency. The Grand Ligne and Point aux Trembles Institutes are doing good work, and are to no inconsiderable extent supported by the contributions of our people; but while we wish them all prosperity, we require an institution of our own which shall help us to carry out our connexional economy under our own control.

We want also, as Brother Syvret has recently strongly urged, mission schools, like that projected on the Roxton Pond Mission, for the primary instruction of day scholars and boarders under Protestant auspices. We owe it to these French Protes-

tant parents that their children be not left to grow up in ignorance, nor consigned to the Romish teaching of the priests' schools. The only way in which we can pull down the colossal system of Popery is by training up, as far as we may, an intelligent Protestant population in its midst.

THE ARMED PEACE IN EUROPE.

A well-informed writer in the last number of the *London Quarterly* estimates that the present military strength of four nations of Europe, Russia, Germany, France, and Austria, amounts to nearly 6,000,000 of men. In all Europe there are probably not less than 7,000,000 of men withdrawn from the productive industries of life, trained in the art of destruction and slaughter, and subsisting on the labours of the tax-ridden industrial populations. This state of things is only less disastrous than one of open war. It does not add to the security of Europe. It is no guarantee of peace, but rather a perpetual menace of war. Governments possessing such costly and powerful enginery of destruction, are strongly tempted to try its efficiency on the slightest provocation. Then the impoverishment of the country caused by its maintenance depletes those financial resources which re-emphatically the sinews of war in all modern conflicts. Russia's 2,000,000 of soldiers would be of little use without the money which would have to be raised by ruinous loans, mortgaging the industry of generations. Better employ nine-tenths of these men and the cost of their maintenance in developing the immense natural resources of the empire. What a millennium almost would a general disarmament of Europe bring about.

Moreover, such immense armies are practically useless in the field. No man can handle such masses. Napoleon's greatest disasters resulted from his largest armies. The greatest victories of the world have been won by comparatively small

bodies of men, well led. The larger the army the greater the difficulty of transport, forage, commissariat, and supply of war materiel; and the greater the chances of disaster, of panic, and of disease.

The soundest principle of defence is a small army in the highest state of efficiency with large reserves in the industrial population. This it is the policy of English authorities to create. The insular position of England has freed her from the burden of a large standing army. Her peaceful industry has accumulated that wealth which makes her to-day the autocrat of the money market of the world. She lends to all nations and borrows of none. The "nation of shop-keepers," with their devotion to duty, have developed a stronger and nobler character than the nation of soldiers with their vain pursuit of *la gloire*. The "military virtues" of a warlike nation are more than neutralized by its military vices.

Here on this continent are four and forty Anglo-Saxon millions living side by side, with scarce 20,000 soldiers among them—hardly enough to garrison their forts. Yet they have given signal proof that they can fight if they must, though they are glad, when they can, to beat the sword into the ploughshare. We cannot be too grateful to that providence of God which permits us in quietude to work out our high destinies, to develop our Christian civilizations, undisturbed by the clash of steel, the hatred and horrors of war, the false and fading glory of arms. *Esto perpetua!* So may it be for ever!

SPAIN.

THE unhappy civil war, which so long has dragged its weary length in Spain, has ceased. Don Carlos, the fugitive pretender to the throne, having laid waste some of the fairest portions of his native country, and caused the death of multitudes of his countrymen, has taken refuge in England, where, it is said, he has immense sums of money invested.

It is to be hoped that Don-Alphonso will have learned lessons of wisdom from misfortune, and that he will temper his recent victory with moderation. If he will but rally the nation around him, call prudent counsellors to his side, and rule as a constitutional sovereign, he may become a blessing to his country, and leave behind him an honourable name and fame. If he throw himself into the hands of the priests and follow the bad example of his mother, he may retard for years the progress of civilization and prosperity. During the war there has been practical religious liberty, which cannot now be restrained. It is to be hoped that the wretched anarchy of Cuba will come to an end, and that peace and prosperity will return to one of the fairest regions of the earth.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE Herzegovinians still continue their brave revolt. The troops of the Sultan have received serious defeats amid the mountain fastnesses. The depleted exchequer of Abdul Aziz prevents vigorous operations, and another Turkish loan would hardly be taken up even at the most usurious interest. Certainly Great Britain will never repeat her mistake of twenty years ago in defending with her treasure and her blood the corrupt and tottering dynasty upon the Dardanelles. This oriental despotism, honey-combed with its own vices, is an incubus on the progress of Europe. The present generation may not improbably see it fall to pieces. Its Christian provinces are in a state of chronic revolt or of practical independence. Egypt acknowledges only a formal allegiance, and may soon discard even that. The recent Egyptian victory over the Abyssinians will extend its authority in the south, and perhaps give it the protectorate of the vast regions of the Upper Nile, explored by Livingstone and Stanley. The increase of British influence, of

British capital, and, let us hope, of British Christianity, in consequence of the purchase of the canal shares, may restore to this ancient cradle of civilization the blessings of good government, social order, and religious prosperity.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

THROUGH the kindness of Dr. Punshon, we receive the Missionary Notices from the Wesleyan Mission House, London. A recent number contained a lengthened account of the voyage of the Mission party to Duke of York's Island, where the new Polynesian Mission has been commenced, to which we alluded in our last. The Rev. Geo. Brown, who has seen much of mission life in Australasia, is at the head of the Mission, and seems to be well qualified for that important station. As soon as the "John Wesley" arrived at the island, Tapula, otherwise King Dick, the principal chief, came on board. His Majesty was not distinguished from any of his subjects by any costly apparel or regal attire; in fact, a bead ornament about his neck, and a rattle of shells hanging over his back, constituted at once the whole of his attire and his insignia of royalty. Mr. Brown is well pleased with the people; the women and children were especially friendly, and many of the latter seemed very bright and intelligent. This important mission will be carried on mainly by the native missionaries, from the older missions in Tonga and Fiji, which is certainly a pleasing fact.

Fiji.—We are sorry to learn that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts has determined to send an Episcopalian Bishop to Fiji, which it is well known has been solely occupied by the Wesleyan Missionaries hitherto.

It is to be regretted that the Fijians will have thus presented to them the evils of division in Protestantism.

West Africa.—News from the Gold Coast is cheering. The mission is likely to be enlarged. The King of Ashanti has sent letters pressing for the restoration of the mission at Kumasi. Mr. Picot, chairman of the district, expresses his intention to visit Kumasi, and hopes to erect a residence for the Missionaries who may be sent thither. Within a short distance from Kumasi, there are several large towns, on the high lands. The climate is almost European, so that hopes are entertained that the work in Western Africa may thus be greatly extended. A missionary writes from Domanasi, that a week of special prayer meetings had been held, during which ninety-three of the members and eighteen of the school children found a clear sense of pardon through faith in Christ. More than forty new members have been added to the society.

South Africa.—The Rev. A. Brigg in making a tour, with a view to settle native missionaries, came to a purely heathen settlement, where he enquired if any Christians resided there, and was told that there was one, a woman, who he afterwards found had removed thither from a mission station three years before. To discover the truth about her Mr. Brigg asked,—"Does she smear her body with fat and red clay?" "No, she wears European clothes." "Does she drink Kafir beer?" "No." "Does she attend the heathen dances?"

"Never." These answers satisfied the missionary that the woman in question was a Christian, and when he found her, she wept for joy as she looked upon a Missionary again.

England.—The Rev. Gervase Smith, and Dr. Punshon, like true yoke-fellows, are often on the same platform, in various parts of England, advocating the cause of missions. A speech which the President lately delivered has produced a great sensation. He states: "To-day there are two thousand villages in England where there is not perfect religious freedom. He knew instances where wealthy and godly men had been nominated for high civic offices, but because they were Methodists their nomination had been cancelled. He knew godly men in farming districts who had been driven from their farms because they were Methodists; in fact he could fill the sixteen pages in the *Times* in small print with accounts of cruelty and oppression which had been shown towards Methodist people in England. He mentioned a case in which a butler to a gentleman had been dismissed because he had associated with the Methodists, and also, a case in which a lady who was distributing presents at a school refused a girl a book because she went to a Methodist chapel, and said these were only a sample of *five thousand* other cases which could be obtained."

Ireland.—Efforts are being made in Belfast to start a weekly Methodist paper. A scheme has also been inaugurated to erect a new church and school-house at Mount Melick, to be called by the honored name of Gideon Ouseley. It was at this place that the famous Missionary preached his last sermon, April 11, 1839, as may be seen in the charming life of Ouseley, by the Rev. Wm. Arthur. Rev. W. G. Campbell, M.A. has lately been engaged at a revival campaign at this place, where he held four services daily, and saw much good done. He preached several times in the open air.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

Most of the missionary meetings have been held. The receipts in some instances are greatly in advance. We are glad to learn that more money has been received at the Mission Rooms than was received at the same date last year. The committee wishes to send two more Missionaries to Japan, where the indications for good are of the most pleasing kind. The Missionaries there believe that the fields are white unto the harvest. We hope that two suitable men will soon be found to join our noble brethren Cochran and McDonald, who are evidently making a favourable impression on the Japanese, as some in high position express a wish for better acquaintance. From Numadzu, a flourishing town, there is a loud call for a Missionary, who would have access to ninety students at the Academy immediately.

French Missions.—All lovers of civil freedom must rejoice at the awakening now in progress in the province of Quebec. The various evangelical denominations are adopting such measures as the circumstances of the case seem to require. We rejoice in all that is being done by others, but are especially glad to learn that the Rev. Louis Beaudry, a native of Quebec—but for some years a minister in the Troy Conference, M. E. Church—has been employed as a Methodist missionary among his countrymen in Montreal. Dr. Douglas stated at a recent missionary meeting, in that city, that he was authorized to say that a gentleman would give \$500 towards the maintenance of such a minister; another gentleman had also promised \$50 towards the French Mission. The Rev. J. Borland, who superintends the French and Indian Missions in the Province of Quebec, writes very hopefully, and thinks that even the outrage at Oka will tend to the furtherance of the good cause. We trust soon to hear of the erection of the Educational In-

stitute at St. Lambert, so that with those already established at Point Aux Trembles and Grand Ligne Mission, there will be additional rays of light shed upon the minds of the people which will be the means of dispelling their darkness.

New Churches.—Recently beautiful and commodious edifices were dedicated at Paris, Streetsville, and Port Hope. Rev. Dr. Ives, from New York, who has attained such wonderful celebrity in raising finances, was present at the latter, and in his usual happy manner induced the people to contribute until the whole debt was provided for, and a reserve of a few thousands additional in case of some failures.

Death.—We are again reminded that we are mortal. Rev. J. H. Dochstader, of Osprey Mission, Ont., has been called to his reward. His illness was brief but very painful. He was in the midst of various projects of usefulness, having just secured a commodious parsonage, at Maxwell, and was contemplating the erection of one or more churches, when the Master said, "It is enough." Our deceased brother had only been married three months. His last words were, "If my friends do not come before I die, tell them I died well."

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The union of the various Presbyterian bodies in Canada under one banner has been of great benefit to the Church at large, though it is to be regretted that a few congregations have resolved to remain isolated from the united body. We behold with pleasure the progress of this community. In Toronto a church extension scheme has been inaugurated, which will do much in the way of raising mission churches in new localities, by means of establishing Sunday-schools, and erecting temporary places of worship. A very fine edifice has lately been dedicated for the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell. The new church is a fine acquisition to the City of Churches.

Much good is being done by Home Missions, one of which is established among the lumbermen and is known as the "Shanty Mission." During the last year, several young men, chiefly from the colleges, were sent out as missionaries, carrying with them Bibles and tracts for distribution and sale, and holding meetings wherever they could, in the shanties or any other place where the men could be collected together. In this way it is believed that at least three thousand persons were brought under the sound of the Gospel.

The work of union advances. It is expected that the United Presbyterian and the English Presbyterian Churches will soon be united in one body. A gentleman has intimated that when the union is consummated he will give £25,000 sterling to start a thanksgiving fund which he hopes will reach to £150,000, or seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The United Presbyterian Church has a strong Presbytery in London, England, and the congregations belonging thereto contributed more than three dollars per member for missions last year.

In some of the colonies Presbyterians are numerous. The minister is still living who preached the first sermon in Australia, and yet in Victoria alone there are 125,000 Presbyterians. Great preparations are being made for the Ecumenical Council which is to meet at Edinburgh, in July. Dr. M'Cosh states that there are fifty different Presbyterian Churches in the world with different organizations, and there are at least 20,000 congregations. Scattered as they are now in every quarter of the globe, it is highly important that there should be a bond of union between them such as the said Council will supply.

Rev. J. Jennings, D.D., one of the oldest Presbyterian ministers in Toronto, was lately called to his reward in heaven. He was a genial friend, and a faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

From the Congregational Year Book of England, we learn that there are, in various parts of the world, 5,026 chapels, including mission, preaching, and evangelistic stations: while there are 3,165 pastors. In England and Wales, there are 305 vacant churches, and 537 ministers without pastorates, (amongst these there are 43 professors and tutors, and 42 officers of public institutions.)

The English Congregational Building Society has existed twenty-one years, during which time it has assisted in the erection of 528 churches. A sum of \$550,000 has been expended by the Society. The entire cost of the churches thus erected has been \$3,500,000, and 200,000 sittings have been provided.

A gentleman lately called at the Congregational House, Boston, and presented a check for \$12,000, which he divided among four societies, one half being contributed to the American Congregational Board of Foreign Missions.

Rev. E. S. Neale, Exeter, recently gave a "Gospel Feast," to seventy aged, infirm, blind, and poor people, who were invited without any regard to their religious views. After the repast the old folks were suitably addressed by several friends, and on separating, a parcel of tea was given to each of the women, and a packet of tobacco (!) to each of the men.

REVIVALS.

From all parts of Christendom the most delightful tidings are sounding forth. Messrs. Moody and Sankey are still holding on their way. The Hippodrome of New York, which has been fitted up at an expense of \$50,000, is at present the place where they daily preach and sing the Gospel. It is stated that Montreal and Toronto are to be the next places they will visit.

Some of the Presbyterians on the Hudson River have inaugurated an excellent plan of special meetings. Several ministers visit a single

church, and hold two or three services in which they all take part, and in which all the addresses are short and pointed. Such meetings are largely attended, and initiate special work which the visited church can afterwards continue. The bands of visiting clergymen are changed frequently, and all churches in the Presbytery are visited in turn. The work answers every purpose of a special revival effort, and yet at an early date commits all the results to the hands of the Church. The plan is practicable, and is easily put into operation.

The Presbytery of Holston, U. S., have decided to send its ministers, and as many of the laity as can join them, upon a horseback excursion through the mountains of North Carolina. The ministers are to go two and two upon their mission, and to hold services wherever there is a prospect of a congregation, carrying two days' provisions with them to be safe from famine. At a certain time the whole expedition is to meet upon a specified mountain, to enjoy good-fellowship and to have a season of religious refreshing.

In St. Louis, special services have been held in the "Rink," by Messrs. Whittle and Bliss. The services are conducted much in the same manner as is done by Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Between two and three thousand persons were present at every service, and much interest was awakened.

In Canada, among all denominations, but chiefly in the various branches of the Methodist family, the winter has been occupied by Revival work. The Young Men's Christian Association have employed a travelling Secretary, who has laboured in various places, but mostly in Montreal and Quebec, in evangelistic labours. Prayer meetings have been held daily, and the services, in the evening especially, have been numerously attended. Great religious feeling has been created, and a goodly number have professed to find the pearl of great price. Mr.

Crombie, who for several years was connected with the Bank of Montreal, has resigned his situation, that he may devote all his time to evangelistic labours.

In the maritime Provinces, there have been some gracious visitations. At Windsor, N. S., there was a marvellous outpouring of the Holy Spirit, which was largely enjoyed by Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists. Shops were closed during the day, and hundreds would be seen at prayer-meetings. The Churches have all had accessions as the result of these delightful services.

At Sydney, N. S., there have been times of refreshing, while in the island of Bermuda many have been seen enquiring their way to Zion. A minister writes from Annapolis of the omens of good which followed the observing of the week of prayer. Several young men and Sabbath-

school children are amongst those who give evidence of a work of grace in their souls.

From England we learn that the committee of the Presbyterian Churches in London made arrangements for eminent ministers in the provinces to attend a mission in the metropolis. Special services were held in the various Scottish places of worship, and elsewhere. The results were eminently good.

At Burton-on-Trent, excellent arrangements were made for a course of special services. The town was divided into districts, and a system of house to house visitation was arranged, when 20,000 hand-bill tracts were distributed, and prayer-meetings were held daily. Some hundreds of persons gave in their names as inquirers. Special services for children were very successful.

BOOK NOTICES.

Methodism and its Methods. By the REV. J. T. CRANE, D.D. 12mo. pp. 395. Nelson & Phillips, New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

IN this volume Dr. Crane discusses, with the insight of a Christian philosopher, some of the most important problems connected with the past history, present condition, and future prospects of Methodism. Among these are the principles of church organization; the itinerancy; the episcopacy, its origin and proposed modifications; the presiding eldership, its origin, value and proposed modifications; the perils of ecclesiastical prosperity and of ecclesiastical organization.

The advantages of the itinerancy are strongly set forth. It secures

every church a pastor; maintains a reasonable independence, yet just responsibility of the pulpit; secures a change of pastorate without friction and without dishonour or injustice; gives each church the benefit of the varied endowments of many ministers; promotes, by its periodical opportunities to begin anew, vigorous action of ministers and people; it secures the minister a pastorate as long as he can work, it permits the more thorough preparation of his discourses, and by relieving him of the intense and prolonged strain of the settled pastorate, conduces to health and long life.

Among its disadvantages are a partial restriction of the people in the choice of their pastors, and of pastors in the choice of a field of labour; it periodically substitutes stran-

gers for friends ; it is apt to make religious effort spasmodic, discontinuous and diverse in manner ; it lessens the cohesive forces of individual societies ; it sometimes works inopportune changes ; it fosters a love of novelty and lessens the sense of individual responsibility for the success of the Gospel ; it keeps a minister among comparative strangers most of his life ; it discourages the growth of permanent attachments ; it prevents the development of pastoral influence as compared with other systems ; it presents temptations to indolence in study, to popularity seeking and sensational preaching ; and it is liable to become burdened with unavailable men.

These points are all illustrated with great force and eloquence, and the balance of advantage demonstrated to be overwhelming.

Among the perils of ecclesiastical prosperity are a formal membership without deep earnestness ; the ministry, as more attractive and lucrative, may allure unworthy men ; and ministers are tempted to preach soft things to wealthy and unspiritual hearers, and to be lax in the administration of discipline among them. The official places in the ministry present temptations to the ambitious, and the Church, as such, may arrogate to itself a regard due only to God and truth. A moral heroism in rebuking sin in high places or low, private and public ; a decentralization of power ; intense spiritual earnestness, and entire consecration to God, will be the safeguards of the Church's future prosperity.

The Martyrs of the Coliseum. Historical Records of the great Amphitheatre of Ancient Rome. By the REV. A. J. O'REILLY. Sixth ed. 12 mo. pp. xv., 447. Toronto ; Hunter, Rose & Co.

THE mighty mass of the Coliseum will ever be one of the most interesting objects of antiquity at Rome. It is invested with a thousand deathless memories of Pagan cruelty and of

Christian heroism. Within its awful circuit, multitudes of martyrs were mangled to death by savage beasts, or still more savage men, surrounded by a sea of pitiless faces, twice eighty thousand hungry eyes gloating on the mortal agony of the confessors of Christ, while not a single thumb was reversed to make the sign of mercy. Even woman's pitiful nature forgot its tenderness, and the honour was reserved for the vestal virgin to give the signal for the mortal stroke that crowned the martyr's brow with fadeless amaranth. Even children imitated the cruel sport in their games ; schools of gladiators were trained for the work of slaughter ; and women fought in the arena, or lay dead and trampled in the sand. But Christianity, soon after it ascended the throne of the Cæsars, suppressed these bloody contests. A Christian monk, at the cost of his life, rushed in to separate the combatants amid the very frenzy of conflict. His heroic martyrdom led to the decree of Honorius which, to use the language of Gibbon, "abolished forever the human sacrifices of the amphitheatre."

All this and much more Mr. O'Reilly tells in his interesting volume, which is chiefly made up of the Acts of the Martyrs. It is pleasanter to praise than to censure ; but we cannot refrain from noting what seems to us the extreme credulity exhibited in accepting all the legendary miracles recorded by the Bollandist Fathers. Nor are we convinced by the ingenious argument of the text that the tomb of Gaudentius, found in the Catacombs, is that of the architect of the Coliseum. As we have shown elsewhere, the dates of the inscriptions are irreconcilable with that theory. Some of these Acts, however, are unquestionably authentic, as, for instance, those of Ignatius, bishop of Antioch. "Suffer me to be the food of wild beasts," he exclaimed, "for I am the wheat of God, and shall be ground by their teeth that I may become the pure

bread of Christ." Soon all that was left of the valiant confessor was a few gnawed bones, which were reverently gathered up and conveyed to Antioch.

Christian Theology: its Doctrines and Ordinances Explained and Defended. By WILLIAM COOKE, D.D. Crown 8vo. Cloth, pp. 634. Hamilton, Adams & Co., London; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price \$2.

THE distinguished excellence of this volume has been recognized by its adoption as a text book in theology. It might with advantage, we conceive, be included in the course of study for our own probationers. The author has brought to the exposition and defence of the truth a keen critical faculty, sound learning and extensive theological reading and biblical study. It is a book especially adapted for the times, and meets and controverts the prevalent theories of skepticism, rationalism, unitarianism, universalism, and other forms of religious error. The dogma of Purgatory receives critical examination and thorough refutation. The chapters on Entire Sanctification, the Resurrection, Eternal Retribution, the Christian Sabbath, the Christian Ministry, Baptism, the Lord's Supper, Holy and Fallen Angels, receive also luminous and exhaustive treatment. This valuable work had as early as 1869, the date of the copy before us, reached a circulation of fifteen thousand, a remarkable proof of its recognized value, and we know not how largely that circulation has since been increased. It will be found, like everything that the accomplished author writes, interesting reading, not only for the professional theologian, but for the lay Christian. A highly cultured friend of ours—a University gold medalist and prizeman—attributes his conversion to God to the reading of this book. The author, we are sure, desires no nobler mission for his book than this.

Sermons preached before the University of Oxford. By H. P. LIDDON, M.A. 12mo. pp. 291. New York: E. P. Dutton, & Co.]

CANON Liddon is by many regarded as the foremost preacher of the British pulpit. This is not the impression, so far as the elements of popularity are concerned, made by the volume before us. The homely force of Spurgeon, or the polished rhetoric of Punshon, will warm the heart and stir the soul of the multitude more than the calm, high thoughts of Liddon. These sermons are addressed chiefly to the cultured intellect, and assume in the hearer considerable closeness of thought and range of reading. They grapple with the great religious and intellectual problems of the day. They furnish a strong mental stimulus and inspiration to the reader. The subjects treated are: God and the Soul, the Law of Progress, the Freedom of the Spirit, Immortality, Humility and Action, the Conflict of Faith with undue Exaltation of Intellect, the Lessons of the Holy Manger, the Divine Victim, the Risen Life and our Lord's Ascension, the Church's Gain. The style of the author is pure, clear, strong, transparent.

Ideas in Nature Overlooked by Dr. Tyndall. By JAMES McCOSH, D.D., LL.D. New York: Carter and Brothers.

Materialism and its Opponents. By JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S. (*Fortnightly Review.*)

IN these two brochures we have the veteran Christian philosopher and the eminent materialistic savant brought into immediate contrast and comparison. To any mind not warped by the scientific skepticism of the day, we think there can be no doubt as to which of them possesses the greater weight of learning, logic and sound reason. Dr. McCosh points out several blunders into which the hierophant of science has fallen in his historical account and

analysis of the ancient materialistic philosophy, declines to accept his unproved hypotheses, and exposes the fallacies of the argument based thereon. It is a somewhat painful illustration of the philosophical degradation and retrogression of human thought under the domination of purely physical theories, that in this nineteenth century the ante-Christian and virtually Atheistic maunderings of the sensual school of Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius should be adopted by our modern materialists as the last result of time, to the rejection of the sublime spiritual truths concerning the universe of Anaxagoras, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle—the noblest and profoundest thinkers of their age. Dr McCosh points out the imminent danger of the degradation of art, poetry, philosophy, and social morals through the prevalence of this groveling materialism—akin to the degradation into which both Greek and Roman society fell through the prevalence of its ancient counterpart.

Dr. Tyndall's reply to his critics is, as we might expect, clever, witty, sparkling, sometimes satirical and sarcastic, and, we are sorry to say, not altogether ingenuous, and in our judgment at not all conclusive nor satisfactory.

We and Our Neighbours. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. With illustrations. 12mo. pp. 392. Toronto: Belford Brothers.

THOSE who seek in this story the breathless excitement, the headlong rush of incident, the deep mysterious plot of the sensation novel, will be disappointed. But they will find what is better—wise views of life, of its important social problems and relations, of morals, religion, art and literature, interwoven with a pleasant flowing story, and enforced by striking examples. The light satiric touch with which Mrs. Stowe hits off the fashionable follies and foibles of American society is both amusing and instructive. The ritualistic curate, the skeptical doctor, the liter-

ary Bohemian, the noble-minded Bolton, the simple Quaker ladies, and the fashion-worshipping aunt are finely played off against each other, and all are greatly improved by their mutual influence. If we had more of the genial philosophy of this book in society it would be the better for us.

Sermons out of Church. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc., etc. 12mo. pp. 206. Toronto: Belford Brothers.

THESE sermons are better than many of those which we hear in church. Out of a sympathetic heart and wide experience "Miss Mullock" gives her wise counsels on many of the important duties of life. The themes of those lay sermons lie mostly in the sphere of what are called the "minor morals," but these same minor morals greatly affect the happiness of mankind. The mutual duties of parents and children, husbands and wives, neighbours and friends, are judiciously treated. Under a quaint title lessons of profound wisdom are often conveyed. The respective texts are: What is self-sacrifice? which is shown to be sometimes mere selfishness; Our often infirmities, in which a clear testimony is given against wine-drinking, over-eating and money-grubbing; How to train up a Parent in the Way he should go,—most parents can learn something from this as to their duties to their children; Benevolence, or Beneficence, which are shown to be often wide apart; My Brother's Keeper, or the relations of Masters and Servants; and Gather up the Fragments, or how to make the best of wrecked and often shattered lives.

Pausanias the Spartan. By the late LORD LYTTON. Edited by his Son. 12mo., pp. 286. Toronto: Belford Brothers.

FOR fifteen years before his death, Lord Lytton at times gave attention to the MSS. of this book, and yet left it incomplete—a mere torso.

Unfinished work is proverbially exempt from criticism, we shall therefore pass no opinion on this literary fragment further than that it exhibits the painstaking labour of its versatile author. It contains also several charming specimens of versification, chiefly translations or imitations of the Greek poets

Our work in Palestine; being an account of the different Expeditions sent out to the Holy Land by the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. 12mo. 343 pp., with numerous maps and engravings. Adam, Stevenson & Co., Toronto: Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price \$1.00.

THE title of this book sufficiently indicates its character. No commentary on Holy Scripture is like that furnished by the land in which it was given. Often a flood of light is thrown upon obscure passages by the monumental evidence of the past, as well as strongest corroboration given of the divine inspiration of the sacred record. Every Bible student should keep himself abreast of the progress of recent exploration in the Holy Land, in which respect this magazine will endeavour to keep its readers informed. No such compendious and cheap *resume* of this work has been published as in the present work. It discusses fully, with the aid of maps, the topography of Jerusalem, and devotes a chapter each to the Jordan valley and Lebanon; the Moabite stone; Sinaitic survey; the Desert of the Exodus, and the Hamath Inscriptions. The result of the explorations will be more fully pointed out in these pages by another pen.

The Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, (U.S.), for the year 1875. 8vo. pp. 386. New York: Nelson & Phillips.

THIS bulky volume, with its alphabetical list of 11,000 preachers, and

record of 81 annual conferences, comprising 1,580,559 members, is a monument of religious progress such as the world has never seen before. The value of church property is over eighty-one millions of dollars. The money contributions for the year are nearly seventeen millions of dollars. The number of Sunday-schools is 19,287, with an army of 1,613,350 scholars and teachers, being an increase of over 6½ schools per week. The statistical tables are marvellously, and we think needlessly full, occupying nearly two hundred closely printed pages. The preachers' names occupy 35 pages closely printed in columns. There are 41 Adams, 34 Bakers, and 187 Smiths. We think it would give a sense of greater unity to our own Church if the Minutes were included in one volume, and the ministers' names in one alphabetical list.

North Pole Voyages: Embracing Sketches of the important Facts and Incidents in the Latest Efforts to reach the North Pole, from the Second Grinnell Expedition to that of the "Polaris." By REV. Z. A. MUDGE. Five illustrations. 16mo, pp. 390. Nelson & Phillips, New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

THERE is no more thrilling story of heroic adventure in the cause of science than that of arctic discovery. Mr. Mudge has given in this volume a graphic account of the recent exploration of Drs. Kane and Hayes, and of Captains Hall, Buddington, and Tyson, including the wonderful adventures of the hapless crew of the *Polaris*, drifting for months upon a frail ice-floe till rescued by the sealer *Tigress*, of Newfoundland. The substance of several stout octavos is condensed into this volume, which will be found of exceeding interest to all readers, old or young. That stern mysterious North has a strange fascination both to its actual explorers and to the readers of their gallant deeds.

Marion's Mission; or, The Influence of Sunday Schools. By EMMA LESLIE. 16mo., pp. 283.

The Sunshine of Blackpool. By EMMA LESLIE. 16mo., pp. 239.

IN these companion books the accomplished author of the Church History Series proves her ability to treat the social problems of our complex modern civilization with as graphic power as those religious aspects of the past, in the delineation of which she has won such a distinguished reputation. The first gives an account of the sufferings, sometimes rising into tragic pathos, of the Lancashire operatives during the cotton famine, caused by the American civil war. The gloom of those dark days was illumined by the special efforts made for the religious instruction and social elevation of the sufferers. And the sympathies of those toiling thousands never swerved from the cause of liberty, although the anti-slavery war was snatching the bread out of their very mouths.

The second story has its scene among the nail makers of the "Black Country." The material dreariness of the region is a symbol of the moral desolation too prevalent. Child-life in a nailer's village, sent to the forge at eight or nine years of age, must be a very sad experience. Drunkenness, ignorance, and coarseness are their environment. Yet their spiritual interests are not entirely neglected. The story records the success of a young lady in carrying sunshine and religious and secular instruction to those dark abodes of poverty and toil.

These books widen our horizon of human suffering, deepen our sympathies, and are a moral stimulus to effort for the welfare of our fellow-beings.

The Canadian Question. By WILLIAM NORRIS, late Captain of Canadian Volunteers. 8vo., pp. 90. Montreal: Lovell & Co.

IN his estimate of the future of

Canada, Mr. Norris very properly regards its religious character as an important element. He considers that the predominant Church of the future will be, as it already is in the United States, the Methodist Church. Its aggressive character, its firm discipline, its enterprise without recklessness, its piety without fanaticism, its weight without obstinacy, its adaptation to the necessities of the country conspire to produce this result.

Its increase during the last census decade was 27 per cent., that of the Presbyterian Church was 19 per cent., of the Roman Catholic 8.7, and the Church of England only 6.2. Its recent tendency to unification and independence of the mother Church in Great Britain help to cultivate a spirit of Canadian nationalism.

While there is much in Mr. Norris's pamphlet that we approve, we cannot accept his conclusions as to the desirability of Canadian Independence at an early day.

The Devil's Chain. By EDWARD JENKINS. Methodist Book Room, Toronto, Montreal, Halifax.

THIS story, like the prophet's scroll, is full of lamentation and weeping and woe—a tale of sin and sorrow and suffering. He who reads it "sups full of horrors"—horrors, alas! which are but too real around us on every side. It cannot fail to arouse an intenser detestation of the evils of intemperance.

Nature's Power to Heal. By WM. CANNIFF, M.D., M.R.C.S.E. Prepared for the Canadian Medical Association.

IN this interesting pamphlet, Dr. Canniff gives some striking illustrations of the wonderful *Vis mediatrix Naturæ*. He urges strongly trusting more fully to her kindly offices. The conservative surgery of the present is in pleasing contrast to the "heroic" treatment of the not very remote past. The doctor believes that the time will come when his profession will be most frequently

employed in preventing diseases, not by the administration of drugs, but by the application of those sanitary laws which science reveals—in fact, in keeping people well rather than curing them when ill. The distinguished surgical reputation of the author lends great weight to the opinions expressed in this essay.

The Canadian Educational Directory and Year Book for 1876. By ALEXANDER MARLING, LL.B., Chief Clerk, Educational Department, Ontario. 8vo. 224 pp. Toronto: Hunter, Rose, & Co.

THIS useful volume contains an account of the elementary, normal, and secondary schools, and of the universities and colleges, and schools for the deaf, dumb, and blind, etc., of the entire Dominion; together with digests of the School Laws and a vast amount of educational statistics. Where we have tested it we have found it remarkably full and accurate.

Waterloo: a Sequel to the Conscript of 1813. Translated from the French of MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRAIN. 12mo. pp. 368. New York: Scribner & Co.; Toronto: S. Rose.

THE stories of MM. Erckmann-Chatrain constitute a new departure in French literature. Nothing can be a stronger contrast to the morbid and immoral fiction by which that beautiful language is polluted. These stories are simple, sweet, wholesome, pure. They portray the joys and sorrows of peasant-life, and with vivid, tragic power lay bare the hollowness of military glory, and the awful sufferings caused by war. The volume under notice, which is not a recent one, is the narrative, by an old Alsatian peasant, of the part he bore in his youth in the terrible wars of Napoleon. The awful scenes of Waterloo are described with painfully graphic powers. We look not upon a magnificent battle-piece such as is described on the page of history, but we follow the story of this

simple peasant, torn, like thousands of others, from the embrace of his family, and marched through scenes of slaughter by the reckless ambition of one man. We listen to the narration of his sufferings, of his hunger, thirst, wounds, weariness, fear, rage, and despair. We see depicted the cruelty of conquest, the agony and shame of defeat, the wreck and ruin of the pell-mell retreat, and the havoc and devastation caused by the occupation of France by a foreign foe. The moral of the tale, as expressed by the narrator, is one that France needs to ponder well:

"Father Goulden was right when he said that military glory costs very dear. I only hope the Lord will save us from it for ages to come."

The book will give a more vivid conception of the condition of France under the Empire than volumes of stilted history, and cannot fail to convey a more adequate apprehension and intense detestation of the horrors of war.

The Popular Science Monthly for April. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THIS is a very interesting number. The leading article, by Huxley, shows how difficult it is to define the exact limit between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. A full account is given of the proposed project for flooding the African Sahara; also a novel theory about the antarctic Polar glaciers as a counterpoise to the excess of land in the Northern hemisphere. A steel portrait and interesting sketch of Caroline Herschell, the sister and co-worker of the great astronomer, is also given. Perhaps the most important article is that giving an account of Dr. Tyndall's recent investigations on the subject of spontaneous generation. He has just succeeded, after a long and beautiful series of experiments, in demonstrating that Dr. Bastien's cases of so-called spontaneous generation of life resulted from the presence of minute germs in the air or water submitted

to the test. These can be screened out of the air by a layer of cotton wool and destroyed in water by sufficiently elevating the temperature, when these elements may be kept for any length of time without any generation of life.

The Musical Galaxy. Edited by M. H. H. HIRSCHBERG. Toronto. \$3. a year.

THIS is a new monthly journal, designed to give the Canadian reader a review of the principal musical events of this country and Europe, and to furnish a selection of popular music. The number before us contains three well printed pieces of music, which we much prefer to the accompanying letter-press—some of which we think frivolous and unworthy of the journal.

Yayin, or the Bible Wine Question.

Edited by Professor Watts, Belfast. 12mo. pp. 48.

FROM the conclusions of this pamphlet we utterly dissent. Our own opinion will be found fully expressed in another part of this magazine. But even if Professor Watts' conclusions were correct, his would-be-witty and derisive criticism of the advocates of total abstinence strikes us as an undignified and unworthy treatment of a serious and important subject.

We have received from the Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of New York, two exceedingly useful and elegantly illuminated pamphlets, of over 200 pages, on very important subjects. The first is, "Plain Directions for Accidents, Emergencies and Poisons." It is prepared by a Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, and is illustrated by numerous engravings. A knowledge of the valuable information here given would often be the means of saving life in the dangerous emergencies which at least sometimes occur in the experience of most persons.

The other pamphlet is an admirable treatise on the "Care of the Sick," founded on Miss Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing." Often more depends for the recovery of the sick on the nurse than on the physician. The directions here given are characterized by sound sense, professional skill, and great kindness of feeling. We are glad to see that this pamphlet has reached its hundredth thousand. It must, we are confident, have alleviated the suffering in many a sick room. This is the most practically useful mode of advertising that we have seen, and is unusually modest withal.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, &c., &c.

—The Royal Academy has elected Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone Professor of Ancient History.

—A paper, by Mr. Karl Blind, on the "Life and Labours of Francis Deak," appears in the March number of *Fraser*.

—A new weekly Church paper has made its appearance in England—*The Church of England Pulpit and Ecclesiastical Review*.

—Mr. Thorold Rogers has in the press "Epistles, Satires, and Epigrams," the first two adapted from Horace and Juvenal, but entirely modernized.

—Gustav Nieritz, the well-known German writer of "Tales for the Young," died at Dresden on the 16th ult.

—"The Devil's Chain," by Mr. Edward Jenkins, M. P., author of "Gin's

Baby," is in a third edition. Ten thousand copies have been printed of the work.

—Mr. James Colston, treasurer of the city of Edinburgh, and head of the firm of Messrs. Colston & Son, of that city, is engaged on a "History of Printing in Scotland."

—Mr. J. B. Sheppard is about to edit for the Camden Society "Christ Church letters," relating to the domestic affairs of the Priory of Christ Church, Canterbury, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

—A translation of Schleicher's work on the German language, "Die Deutsche Sprache," is being prepared by Mr. T. C. Snow, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, and Mr. E. P. Arnold, Assistant-Master at Clifton College.

—The Rev. Isaac Taylor has in hand materials for another volume on the Etruscan language, showing its non-Aryan character, and its close alliance with the Finnic, Turkic, and other languages of the Altaic stock.

—M. Naville, of Geneva, has been commissioned by the Prussian Government to prepare the text of the Egyptian "Ritual of the Dead," and is at present engaged in an examination of the principal papyri in England.

—Mr. Henry Kingsley has just completed a collection of essays entitled "Fireside Studies." The subjects are Addison, Steele, and other "Spectator" contributors, Eeaumont and Fletcher, Andrew Marvell, Ben Johnson, Sir Philip Sidney, Christopher Marlowe, and others.

—Messrs. Henry S. King & Co. will shortly publish a volume by Captain J. H. Baldwin, F.Z.S., of the Bengal Staff Corps, entitled, "The Large and Small Game of India." According to the *Academy*, it will not be purely a narrative of personal adventure, but will contain much scientific information with reference to the animals of which it treats.

—The *St. James's Magazine* for March contains an original sonnet by Shelley. It is said to be in the poet's own handwriting, and forms

one of a series of Shelley MSS. in the possession of M. Townshend Mayer, many of which he has lent to Mr. Buxton Forman for use in the preparation of his edition of Shelley's Works, to be published by Messrs. Reeves & Turner,—*Athenæum*.

—A relic of the conquest of Great Britain by the Romans has been brought before the Paris Academie des Inscriptions. A Latin Inscription recording the triumph of the Emperor Claudius over the Britons, and the taking of Caractacus, has been found engraved on a stone in the wall of the ancient Cyzicus, in Asia Minor, and the copy brought to France. Claudius is here designated as *Vindex libertatis*.

—M. Wurtz announced to the Academy of Science, Paris, on the 6th ult., that M. Lecoq de Boisbandran had succeeded in isolating the new metal, gallium, the discovery of which was announced in these pages a short time back. It is a white metal, taking a place between zinc and aluminium.

—Among forthcoming works announced for early publication in London, are the concluding volumes of *The Life of Viscount Palmerston*, by the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P.; *Ten Years of My Life*, by the Princess Salm-Salm; and *A Course of Practical Instruction in Elementary Biology*.

—In the new edition of Jowett's Plato, just published, the corrections are considerable and important. The Prefaces to the Dialogues have been enlarged, and essays on subjects of modern philosophy having an affinity to the Platonic Dialogues, namely, Utility, Communism, and the Kantian and Hegelian Philosophies, have been introduced into several of them. The Analyses have been corrected, and innumerable alterations have been made in the text.

—A splendid new astronomical observatory is being erected at Vienna, which is likely to take some years to complete. Messrs. Grubb, the eminent opticians of Dublin, are con-

structing a magnificent refracting telescope for use in the observatory, which will equal, if not exceed, the largest at present in existence, it being intended that the object glass should be 26 or 27 inches in diameter, and its focal length 32 feet. The largest refractor now in existence is that at Washington observatory, of 26 inches aperture.

—Another minor planet was discovered, on the 1st of December, by M. Borelly, at Marseilles. It will reckon as No. 157, and raises the

number of new discoveries during the year to seventeen.

—The demand for Dr. Norman Macleod's memoir was so large that the first edition of 3,000 copies was bought up long before the binders were able to turn them out; and already the publishers have in their hands orders for the larger part of another edition. Her Majesty the Queen, after a perusal of an early copy, ordered one for each of her children.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUITS.	AGE	DATE.
Joseph Holmes	Tiverton	Tiverton, O. ..	67	Dec. 7, 1875
Ernest H. Chambers..	Avondale	Avondale, N. S.	21	" 9, "
Jane Mann	Collingwood ..	Thornbury, O.	34	" 25, "
John P. Cooper	Hastings	Hastings, O. ..	48	" 29, "
Catharine Holdship ..	Collingwood ..	Thornbury, O.		" 31, "
Edward Ford	Winslow Road ..	Cornwall, P.E.I.	53	Jan. 1876
Henry Whedon	Granby	Granby, P. Q. ..	59	" 15, "
John Brown, jun.	Caledon	Albion West, O.		" 18, "
Samuel Smith	Morrisburg	Morrisburg, O.	79	" 22, "
James Johnson	Prince Albert ..	Prince Albert.	76	" 25, "
Sarah Schuyler	Oneida	Oneida, O.		" 29, "
Robert Heele	E. Settlement ..	Miramichi, N.B.	86	Feb. 4, "
Hon. G. Ryan	Millstream		70	" 5, "
Joseph F. Langrell ..	Ottawa	Ottawa, O.	23	" 8, "
Joshua Trenaman	Three Rivers	Three Rivers ..	73	" 8, "
Harriet Smith	Markham	Markham, O. ...	31	" 10, "
Jerh. Vanbriskirk	Wilmot	Wilmot, N. S. ...	88	" 10, "
Mercia Mitchell	Newtonville	Newtonville, O.	18	" 10, "
Anthony Washington ..	Zion Church	Darlington, O.	61	" 11, "
John George Merlin ..	Harrietfield	Sambro, N. S.	90	" 14, "
Mary Ann Jacobs	Lunenburgh	Lunenburgh ..		" 15, "
Mrs. Fehner	Upper Lahave ..	do.	96	
Thomas Robinson	Digby	Digby, N. S. ...	27	" 16, "
Joseph H. Archibald ..	Truro	Truro, N. S. ...	31	" 19, "
Margaret S. Mellish ..	Pownal	Pownal, P. E. I.	61	" 21, "
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All business communications with reference to this Magazine should be addressed to the Rev. S. ROSE, and all literary communications or contributions to the Rev. W. H. WITHEROW Toronto.