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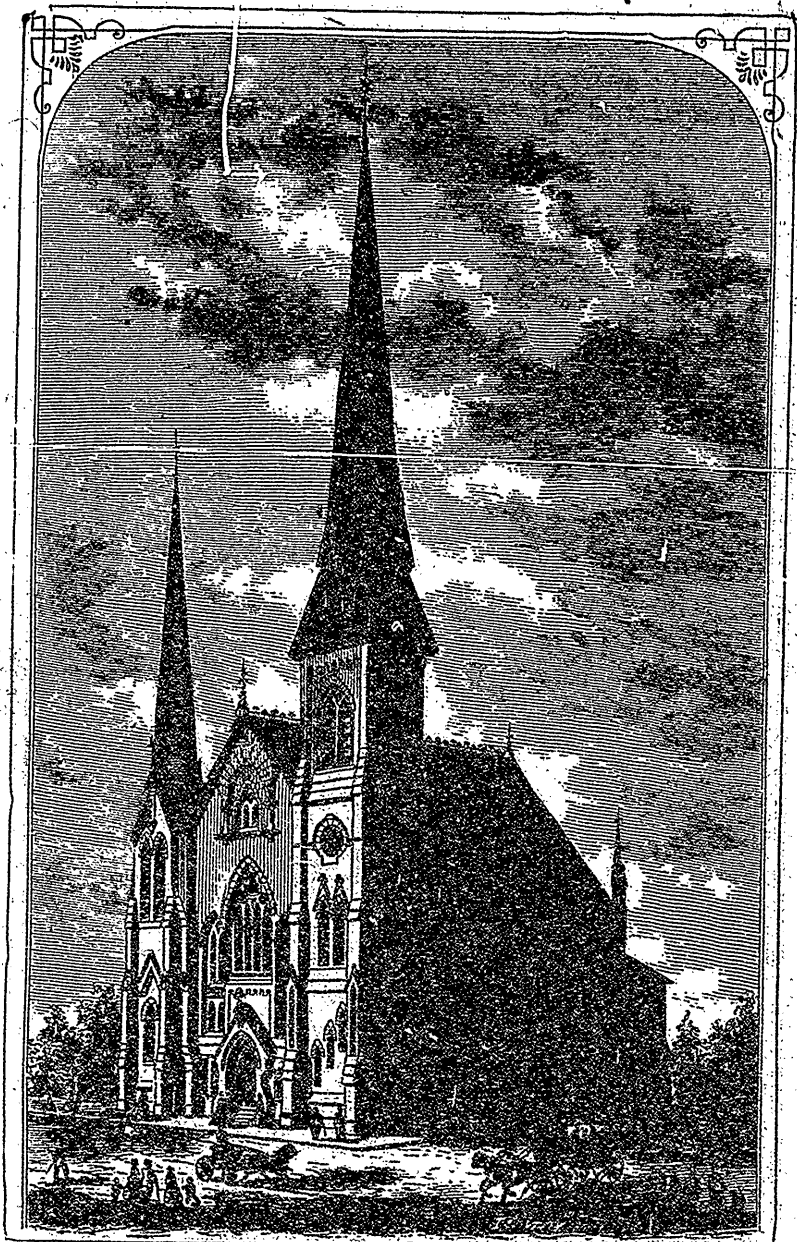
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**WESLEY MONUMENTAL CHURCH, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.**

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# THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

*MARCH, 1876.*

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## CHARACTERISTICS OF EARLY METHODISM.

BY THE REV. JAMES GRAY.

THE system of doctrine and discipline known as Methodism is a little over a century and a quarter old. As to the number of its adherents, and its influence on the religious history and interests of the world, it has outstripped older sections of the Church. It has taken its full share in the work of Christian evangelization, and has stimulated other Churches by its zeal and activity to more vigorous and successful effort in spreading scriptural holiness throughout the world. It bears no marks of decrepitude or decay, but is still strong and willing to labour, and still confident, with divine aid, of success. The efforts of the past have not produced languor or weariness, nor have its triumphs led to supineness or over-confidence. They have rather tended to nerve for fresh conflict, inspire with more ardent hopes, and to gild the future with brighter anticipations. Its actual members are now estimated at between three and four millions, and its adherents at between twelve and fifteen millions. It has lived to see the contempt and violence with which it was treated in its earlier history pass away, and many of its general features—its modes of action, its spirit of aggression, and even some of its peculiar views of gospel

truth—adopted by other Churches. Its early successes and permanent triumphs mark an epoch in the religious history of the world. Its work is not done, and will not be till a redeemed world is brought to the feet of Christ.

In the present day Methodism has increased facilities for carrying on aggressive warfare against ignorance and sin. It has the same doctrine, discipline and usages—all in harmony with themselves and with the inspired records. It has increased intelligence and experience in carrying on its legitimate work, a comparatively perfect organization, a much larger amount of wealth and influence, and a more numerous and better trained human agency. Ought it not then to exert, in proportion to its present numbers, a greater influence for good than it did in its earlier history? It would be foreign to my design to attempt a formal answer to this important question. Such an attempt would render necessary the investigation of some points that would lead me too far away from my present object—as for instance the comparatively simple and unsophisticated tastes and habits of the people in these early times, the novelty of the doctrines taught, and of the modes of action adopted. I am not among those who think “the former times were better than these.” I see in the Christian Churches of our day a unity of purpose and action, an earnestness of effort, a fidelity to the cause of truth—in a word, an intelligent piety which I think has never been surpassed in any age of the world. Who, that will look with an intelligent and unprejudiced eye at the vast and powerful agencies and instrumentalities now in operation, at our liberally supported and widely extended Bible Societies, our numerous and successful Missionary Organizations, our active and useful Tract Societies, our prosperous Young Men’s Christian Associations, our reviving Temperance Cause, our Sabbath School Institutions, our large religious Publishing Houses, our costly and attractive Churches, our noble Seminaries and Colleges of learning, based on Christian principles, who, I say, can look at these evidences of Christian activity and enterprise without being convinced that the Church of to-day is to some extent at least alive to her responsibility! But with this vast and well adapted machinery we want the simple, earnest piety of our fathers, to secure the most glorious present and permanent results. Our

danger is that we may trust to machinery, to organization for success, and if we do, a signal failure awaits us. See that steam-boat lying at the wharf, a huge floating palace! It has been constructed on the very best model, by the most skilful mechanics. Its material is of the best quality, and every part has been thoroughly fitted and finished. Its officers are men of judgment and experience and are all at their appointed stations. Yet the vessel does not move. What is the matter? The motive power is wanting. Now let the steam be applied, and immediately the huge monster begins to snort and move, and ere long is seen majestically ploughing the mighty deep. We have the organization. We must have the motive power—a power inspired, directed, and rendered efficient by the Holy Ghost.

One of the most marked differences between the former times and the present is that our fathers trusted principally to individual effort, while we place our reliance more on organized action—they were content individually to do their duty, we want to unite our agencies and work in a body—they felt their individual responsibility, we want to astonish the world by our achievements. Both classes of effort have their appropriate place in the Church of God. A happy combination is what is needed in this intelligent and stirring age. For the purpose of securing this happy combination let us look at the spirit of the early Methodist members. In estimating the strength of those forces which have produced the astonishing results which have followed in the wake of Methodism, special prominence must be given to Divine agency. God the Holy Spirit has enlightened, prompted, directed, assisted, and sustained in every part of her history, and has given efficiency to all her agencies and instrumentalities. Still there has been an adaptation in the human agency employed. Who will say that the itinerancy, the circuit system, the extemporaneous mode of address has had nothing to do with securing these results? The Methodist Ministry has been a power in the world. But have not her members likewise contributed their full quota to the triumphs that have been achieved? It has been truthfully and beautifully said by a minister of another persuasion that the secret of Methodistic success arose from the fact that "they were all at it, and always at it." When that can be truthfully said of any Church, success is certain.

But how were they qualified for their work—what were the peculiar characteristics which under God enabled them to succeed? I answer: *they possessed a definite religious experience.* Their experience was not a vague hope that they were accepted, nor was it an opinion formed on a train of reasoning which might, or might not be valid. It was to them a certainty, a reality, an assurance. Their convictions for sin were deep and pungent, and often bordered on despair. Many of them were for days or weeks together under the deepest distress of mind. They cried aloud in their anguish or fell down senseless under the weight of guilt which lay on their burdened hearts. As their penitence was deep and heartfelt their conversion was clear and unmistakable. It was an event never to be forgotten. It was a change from darkness—dense darkness—to light, the clear light of God's love shining in their hearts. They had a conscious personal assurance of acceptance—the direct witness of God's Spirit with their spirit that they were the children of God. Now are there not too many in our day who have not that definiteness in religious experience? Their convictions were never very deep—they never felt sin to be an intolerable burden. They desire to be Christians, want to feel happy, but that is about all. Are there not some who have never obtained a conscious pardon, who would hesitate to say that their sins were forgiven, that they have the witness of God's Spirit to this effect in their hearts? Are there not some who once enjoyed this assurance of pardon, who have lost their definite Christian experience, and perhaps now doubt the possibility of enjoying it and even ridicule those who profess it? They hope they are the children of God, they are trying to serve Him, but farther than that they are not willing to go, indeed perhaps ought not to go. No wonder they are powerless for good. The right arm of their strength is paralyzed. What a power for good it gives us when we can say "What we have felt and seen with confidence we tell." Oh! let us never live destitute of an assurance of our acceptance—the direct witness of the Spirit that we are the children of God.

*The constant and intimate intercourse with God of the early Methodists was another element of power.* They were men of ardent piety. The flame of love to God and man was kept constantly and brightly burning. Their hearts were kept aglow by constant

communion with God. What examples of simple and unwavering trust in the naked promise of God are recorded in the annals of early Methodism! How frequent, and how fervent, and how confident, and how expectant were their prayers! They looked for answers and they got them. God honoured their faith. Remarkable and immediate answers to prayer were frequent and inspiring. The worldling saw it, and wondered, and feared, and was convinced, and converted. The formalist saw it, and distrusting his own external performances, became convinced of the power of scriptural Christianity, and embraced it. God saw it and was pleased with their sincerity, and seconded their efforts. Do we still retain, to the same extent, this simple and unaffected piety—do we maintain the same intercourse with God—exercise the same faith in His promises and power? Do we expect and receive immediate and direct answers to prayer? We seldom receive larger spiritual blessings than we expect—"according to your faith so shall it be done unto you." If then our faith is weak is it any wonder that our receipts are small? "If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it." If we restrain prayer is it any wonder that we are spiritually unfruitful, and that we do not see the cause of God more extensively prosperous?

The early Methodists were distinguished for *their love to those who were over them in the Lord*. No one can read attentively the writings of former times without being struck with this peculiarity in their spirit and practice. This trait is characteristic of true piety everywhere, and in all ages. It is commanded in scripture and exemplified in the lives of the pious. The history of the Church universal does not perhaps furnish a more beautiful exhibition of this principle than may be found in the annals of early Methodism. It has often reminded me of the apostle's statement in regard to his spiritual children—"For I bear you record that if it had been possible you would have plucked out your own eyes and given them to me." The early Methodist preachers lived in the affections of their people. What an influence did John Wesley exert over his vast and extended societies during his entire life! Perhaps no man in modern times has gained the esteem and secured the love of so many people as the founder of Methodism. This confidence and love was very largely enjoyed

by his helpers and co-labourers. They were persecuted bitterly and relentlessly by others, but this only drove them closer together. Enshrined in the heart of the Methodist Member, in a place only second to that occupied by God himself, was the faithful and devoted, but persecuted Itinerant of those days. He felt that he had the confidence, the love, the prayers, the sympathies of his own people. The class of "croakers," if it had an existence, was reduced to its minimum. If this had not been the case those early pioneers could not have borne up under the accumulated burdens of toil and privation, of exposure and persecution, which they were called to endure. How discouraging to a sensitive mind to feel that those for whose good he was honestly though imperfectly labouring, do not appreciate his efforts, try to lower his character, and thus curtail his usefulness! Many a faithful labourer for God has been entirely discouraged, and given up his work, or laboured in it without heart, and comparatively without success, for the want of an encouraging word, or of the sympathy and prayers of his people. How it nerves the arm and strengthens the heart of the labourer for God to know that his people are not watching him with an evil eye, in order to find or make faults in his character, or talents, or administration—to know that they sympathize with him, pray for him, and are willing to co-operate with him in his work. These devoted men loved their preachers, and were not afraid of making them proud by letting them know their attachment to them on suitable occasions.

Another peculiarity in the early Methodists was *the sacrifices which they willingly made for the cause of God*. The estimate we place on an object may be very definitely measured by what we are willing to endure to secure it. Our fathers had much to endure. They have left us a rich heritage in their noble example. It was no trifling thing to brave the scorn, the contempt, the nameless and innumerable persecutions of those early times. According to their means they contributed to a cause that was everywhere spoken against. They gave till they felt it, and everyone gave, unless in absolute poverty. The "Penny a week" system was framed especially for the poor. And how patiently did they endure a "great fight of afflictions" from the mobs that almost everywhere assailed their persons and houses! The limits of this



paper will not allow a reference to particular cases, but their houses were shattered, windows broken, furniture destroyed, persons cruelly abused, and even their lives endangered, or taken away. But when did they quail in the hour of peril? When did they complain of their losses? Did they not "take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing that they had in Heaven a better and an enduring substance"? They bore their trials for Christ's sake manfully, persistently, uncomplainingly, triumphantly. Have they not left a noble example for our imitation! We are not required to make the same sacrifices. Our lot has fallen in more auspicious times. May not the word "sacrifice" be almost blotted out of our vocabulary? Are not our offerings thrown into the Lord's treasury comparatively niggardly—how few give till they feel it.

The last point to which I will refer is *the activity in the work of God of the early Methodists*. Without energy of character success in any of the industries of life cannot be achieved. It is not less necessary in religious enterprises. Work—earnest, continuous, unflagging work—is necessary to extensive and permanent usefulness. Our fathers did work. The good of souls was the absorbing topic of thought and conversation. They lived and laboured to bring sinners to God, and to build up the Church in faith and love. This was the atmosphere in which they breathed—an element of their being. They exhorted "all they had any intercourse with" to flee from the wrath to come. Direct appeals were made to their neighbours in regard to personal salvation. It never entered their minds that the preacher was to do all the work—that a prayer meeting could not be carried on in his absence. They expected to see souls saved at their ordinary social meetings, and their expectations were realized. It did not require two or three weeks' preaching to them to get them prepared to take a part in a lively prayer meeting. They were ready at a moment's warning. A shower of rain, or disagreeable roads, or the calling of a friend did not prevent them from attending the house of prayer. It was not difficult to establish or maintain a week-day appointment. They did not feel it to be a very heavy cross to tell their religious experience, or to pray in the social means of grace. It was not often necessary to wait half an hour for the congregation before religious

services could be commenced. Religion was not a secondary consideration. The religion of God was sought first. It was kept uppermost. I leave my readers to judge whether or not there is a coming up, in these respects, to the ancient land-marks. If there is any fear as to the permanent and increasing usefulness of Methodism, it arises from the danger of ignoring individual effort, and trusting too much to organization. As sure as we leave all for ministers, and officers, and machinery, and denude ourselves of personal responsibility, and refuse to work individually for God, and for souls, "Ichabod" may be written on our altars—the glory has departed. May a double portion of the spirit of our fathers fall upon us, their sons and successors.

MILTON, Ontario.

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## THE LAND OF MOAB.\*

BY GERVAS HOLMES, ESQ.

Where each old poetic mountain  
 Inspiration breathed around ;  
 Every shade and hallowed fountain  
 Murmured deep a solemn sound.—Gray.

RITTER has finely remarked that "History does not lie in an adjoining nature, so to speak, but actually within the bosom of nature. History and nature are at one as God looks down upon them from his canopy of stars." Hence the necessity, now generally admitted, of studying history in immediate connection with physical geography. But the philosophic historian at once discovers that other subjects are so intermingled with the study of geography in its bearing upon the history of mankind that they cannot well be separated. The various branches of the tree of knowledge are so "inveterately convolved"—their lines are so continually intersecting, that he who would fully inform himself

\* THE LAND OF MOAB: Travels and Discoveries on the Eastside of the Dead Sea and the Jordan. By H. B. Tristram, M.A., L.L.D., F.R.S., Hon. Canon of Durham. With map and illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

in regard to any one subject must know something of other pursuits—must, in short, “intermeddle with all wisdom.”

The very names of the mountains, rivers, towns, etc., of any country in which men of a bygone age and race have lived and died are often the embodiment of very interesting and important facts illustrative of its past history. The language of a name reveals the race of the men who gave it, and not unfrequently holds in solution the identification of some old historic locality. For “names,” as an able writer has well observed, “have all some meaning when first imposed; and when a place is named for the first time by any people, they apply to it some term descriptive of its natural peculiarities, or something else on account of which it was remarkable, from their own language.” These old substantial appellatives often survive the people—the nation that bestowed them, as well as most other memorials of their occupancy. Like the foot-prints and rain-drops of past geological millenia they endure—fossil poetical memoranda—as though “graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever.” They seem to be “airy nothings,” and yet they

“Syllable men’s names

On sands and shores and desert wildernesses;”

aye, and in crowded cities also. They are heard in the half-buried *castra* of England; they echo among the mountains of Ireland and Scotland; and in our own country they may be heard murmuring in the Otonabee, and thundering down the watery precipice of Niagara.

It is not therefore very surprising that the rocks and mountains of the conservative East should have their peculiar historic secrets to tell to ears properly attuned to hear them; nor yet that in this day of enterprise and research travellers should be found in all respects qualified to interpret the weird voices of the desolate Land of Moab.

The interesting volume before us details the results of an expedition organized in the autumn of 1871, under the auspices of the British Association, for the purpose of making a geographical exploration of the country of Moab and of Reuben. The learned author of the book, the Rev. Canon Tristram, was himself the energetic and well-qualified leader of the exploring party, and very

clearly and pleasantly does he relate the very interesting and valuable discoveries made by him and his able associates.

It is strange to think that so little has hitherto been known of this vestibule of the Land of Promise. For upwards of a thousand years hardly a footstep, save that of the wandering Bedouin, has passed over this wilderness. Yet, to our mind, there is something singularly touching in the history and geographical position itself of this "Land of Moab." Expressly prohibited from "entering the congregation of the Lord"\* the Moabite could, like Moses on Pisgah, view from a distance the sacred soil on which the sleepless eyes of Israel's God rested from the beginning to the end of the year; but a Dead Sea rolled its heavy waves between him and the sacred land of Judah.

With ancestors not very distantly connected, the people of Moab, though possessed, for the most part, with a strong national animosity against the Israelites, were yet at times far from unfriendly.† The beautiful historic idyl in which the graceful form of "Ruth the Moabitess" constitutes the central figure, is a memorable exemplification of this. What a "full reward"—a blessing reaching, like that given by Jacob to Joseph, "to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills," was given to the loving fidelity of this daughter of Moab, who came "from the East" to sit down in the Land of Promise, under the overshadowing wings of the Lord God of Israel. As the great-grand-mother of King David and the far-off ancestress, according to the flesh, of his Son and Lord, she has redeemed Moab from obscurity, and appears herself as a bright roseate cloud heralding the Dayspring from on High to illuminate the world. Thus was Moab, in more than one sense, *toward the sun rising*.

But Moab, as a nation, never forsook the abominations which

\* That is, according to Rabbinical interpretation, prohibited from marrying an Israelitish woman; being regarded, generally, in a state of perpetual ceremonial uncleanness. This did not prevent them from becoming proselytes, and thus enrolling themselves as true servants of the living God.

† Ritter (*Comp. Geog.*) has well shown that the victories of the Israelites over the Amorites, Og and Sihon, would have a tendency to produce a sympathetic feeling between the people of Moab and the Israelites, as the Amorites were the common enemy of both; and the territories won from the Amorites by Israel, had formerly been wrested by them from the Moabites, Jabbok being originally the North border of Moab.

connected her with Chemosh and other lying vanities, until the fire of Divine wrath kindled in her palaces, and, sweeping over the whole land, left it desolate—as the traveller sees it to-day—as the ancient prophets foretold. Viewed as the mournful antiphon of the wailing of Isaiah and Jeremiah under “the burden of Moab,” this volume has to the thoughtful student a pathetic undertone which will not be caught by an ordinary reader, taking it simply as a book of travels. No one can attentively read the utterances of the prophets, to which we have referred, without feeling the strange tenderness of tone with which they pronounce the stern message of judgment committed to them. Did they feel the distant kinship of the nation, as they proclaimed, “even weeping,” the pride and coming punishment of Moab? Or did a consciousness of the equal pride of their own countrymen, combined with a foreshadowing of their future punishment, pass over their spirits? Did the uplifted veil of the future reveal to their troubled second sight, the betrayal and murder of the Just One, who would have redeemed His people from the coming woe, but *they would not*—and, then, the terrible retribution—

“The long long age of guilt and pain,  
The exiles' thousand desperate years,  
The more than groans, the more than tears;  
Jerusalem a vanished name,  
Its tribes, earth's warning, scoff, and shame.”

It might have been so; and Jeremiah might well wish that his eyes were a perennial “fountain of tears,” when he thought how vainly the most exalted privileges had been lavished upon the peculiar people of God; and realized how inexpressibly sad it is for any people, or for any individual to live near the sanctuary—within reach of all its divine, saving, sanctifying influences—and yet, to neglect them, and *remain without*.

But this is a digression. Returning to the work before us, we express our satisfaction in the confirmation by Canon Tristram of the identity of the modern Kerak, or Kerrek, with the Kir-moab, Kirheres, or Kirharaseth of the Bible. In the uncommon natural strength of this place, as well described by Dr. Tristram, we have a vivid realization of the force of the passages in which it is mentioned. In nearly every case there is a reference to the great

strength of the place, which, apart from the assistance of art, was, as the name *Kir* implies, a strong natural "fortress."

"It was," says Dr. Tristram, "the castle 'Kir,' as distinguished from the metropolis, 'Ar,' of the country—*i.e.* Rabbath-moab, the modern Rabba. . . . No wonder, as we look down from the neighbouring heights upon it, that the combined armies of Israel, Judah and Edom could not take it, and that "in Kir-haraseth left they the stones thereof," (2 Kings iii. 25).

The subsequent slinging mentioned by the inspired writer would, in the opinion of our traveller, be "to little purpose."

The platform of the city is, in fact, an elevated triangle standing 3720 feet above the level of the sea, which, though commanded on all sides by neighbouring heights, was, of old, practically inaccessible to an enemy. Even "Ibrahim Pasha, during his conquest of Syria, in A.D. 1844, was never able to take Kerak, whose proud boast is that it yet remains a virgin city." Yet his troops occupied the great castle close by, which was built in the 12th century, and strengthened by the celebrated Godfrey of Bouillon—"the grandest monument of crusading energy now existing." A fine illustration of this interesting structure, now in ruins, is given in the volume, along with other remains, of a still more ancient date, of the fortifications of Kerak.

As we proceed with our author we find spread before us the most vivid description of the present physical aspect of "the Land of Moab," constituting an admirable running commentary upon the fragmentary topographical notices given in the Pentateuch and other parts of Sacred Scripture. Its present desolation echoes mournfully, as we have already said, the wail of the ancient prophets; while there are also interesting hints of past beauty and fertility, which confirm, in a striking manner, the truth of the old records. The following extract will serve as an illustration:—

"In twenty minutes after leaving Dhiban (the Dibon of Scripture, and now remarkable as the place where the celebrated Moabite stone was found), we found ourselves riding up a shallow depression, scarcely to be called a valley, with traces of terraces and walls, now grass-grown ridges, running across it every few hundred yards up the hill sides. Upon enquiring what these meant we could get no explanation, but were told the valley was called 'Kurm Dhiban,' *i.e.*, the Vineyards of Dibon. The depression was about three miles long. The name has been preserved by men who probably never saw a vine in their lives, and who have no idea of the

meaning of the old 'dikes,' as they might be called—an instance of the persistence of Semitic nomenclature. But more, it is an interesting illustration of a trivial expression in the book of Judges. When Jephthah, in his war against the Ammonites, defeated them on this plain, we read (Judges xi. 33), 'He saw <sup>the</sup> men from Aroer, even until thou come to Minnith, even twenty cities, and unto the plain of the vineyards, with a very great slaughter.' Here, then, exactly in the route which it was most likely that a defeated army of Ammonites from the East would take, the struggle having been at Aroer, the name remains, though in another language, identical in signification."

Passing by, however, any further examples of this kind of sacred historical exegesis, we would direct special attention to the singular account of the discovery of the Palace of Mashita given in the 11th chapter of the book. The description of the palace and the circumstances attending its discovery, as simply yet graphically related by Dr. Tristram, reads like a fairy tale; and we almost require the additional testimony afforded by the beautifully engraved details, from photographs taken on the spot, to assure us that the story is sober reality, and not all a dream. For, at first sight, it does seem almost incredible that an architectural gem of such beauty and rarity should have remained absolutely lost and unknown to the world for upwards of a thousand years; wasting its magnificence in the depths of a wilderness, unvisited save by the wandering Bedouin, who coolly used its stately halls as "winter-quarters" for his flocks.\*

The same Arabic indifference to architectural matters in any form, which has so long served at once to preserve and to conceal this remarkable structure, cropped out in Dr. Tristram's guide, and might, under other circumstances, have still longer postponed its discovery. But the party had determined to leave no ruin unvisited, and the assurance that this building, which was at first descried some miles distant, was only "a ruined khan, built by Saladin," did not prevent a closer inspection.

It was at Ziza, itself replete with interest to the archæologist, that Mashita was first noticed, appearing about half-way between the spot where they stood gazing through field glasses, and the long "low limestone range which bounds the Eastern limits of the plains of Moab," just on the further or Eastern side of the

\* From this fact the building received its name, *Mashita*—the Arabic equivalent for winter quarters.

pilgrim road to Mecca, deeply furrowed with the camel tracks of ages. A rapid canter of an hour and a quarter brought the party in front of the building, which astonished them with its unexpected magnificence, "unknown to history and unnamed in the maps." It had "evidently been a palace of some ancient prince."

"We were at first," continues Dr. Tristram, "perfectly bewildered by the variety and magnificence of the architectural decorations. The richness of the arabesque carvings, and their perfect preservation, is not equalled even by those of the Alhambra, though in somewhat the same style. The whole consists of a large square quadrangle, facing due North and South, 170 yards in extent on each face, with round bastions at each angle, and five others, semi-circular, between them, on the east, north and west faces, all, like the wall, built of finely dressed hard stone.

"But it is on the south face that the resources of Eastern art have been most lavishly expended. There are here six bastions besides the corner ones; for the fretted front, which extends for fifty-two yards in the centre of the face, has a bold octagonal bastion on either side of the gateway. This gateway is the only entrance to the palace; and on either side is the most splendid facade imaginable, of which our photographers alone can convey a correct idea. The wall is eighteen feet high, and covered with the most elaborate and beautiful carvings nearly intact, and hardly injured, either by time or man."

The description is continued through several pages, and as our limits are inadequate to any further extension of it, we refer the reader to the book itself. We must also abstain from any detailed exposition of the very interesting problem of the origin of the palace; a problem which remained a perfect mystery to the discoverers themselves, while they remained in the country, but which was afterwards solved for them by that profound student of the architecture of all ages, Mr. Jas. Fergusson, F.R.S. That gentleman, whose authority in such matters is second to none, gives weighty and apparently satisfactory reasons for believing that Chosroes II., of the Sassanian dynasty of Persian despots, is the builder of this sumptuous palace, and he fixes on A.D. 614 as the probable date of its erection. The circumstances of his history as related by Gibbon (*Decline and Fall*, ch. xlvi), combine with the internal evidence afforded by the architectural details of this palace, as pointed out by Mr. Fergusson, to show that at no other period, and by no other person, could such a work have been accomplished.

In our estimation this wonderful discovery is one of the most interesting events of the age in which we live. It is like the



restoration of a page of an illuminated palimpsest—a lost rescript of history to the world, bringing vividly before us the terrible struggle for supremacy between Persia and the Græco-Roman Empire. We see in this superb lithograph a reflection of the brilliant meteoric course of the merciless grandson of Narshiven, who, flushed with conquest, dared to push the conflict with Rome to the utmost, and was crushed by the battle of Nineveh. He ended his days miserably, dying, “a deposed fugitive, in a dungeon, by the hand or the command of his own son.”

The superb memorial he left behind him, as vainly splendid and incomplete as his own life, deserves, and will doubtless receive, the attentive study of future historians, assisted probably by further revelations of a less stupendous character, to be hereafter evoked by the archæological researches of the American Exploration Society; to whom, by special arrangement with the English Palestine Exploration Committee, the whole of the country East of the Jordan has been assigned as their peculiar field of labour.

One of the most important results of the expedition is the identification of Ziara, a ruin-crowned eminence, about six miles from the shore of the Dead Sea, near the North end, with the Zoar of the Bible. It was first observed by our travellers, when on Mount Nebo, viewing the extensive panorama which was the last scene of earthly beauty on which the yet undimmed eyes of Israel's great lawgiver rested, before lying down to awake satisfied with the more glorious vision of the Master he had so long faithfully served. It was due west of the mountain, and was reached after “half an hour's hard riding, without drawing rein.” A magnificent cistern with a vaulted roof, the ruins of a temple and of a Christian church testified of its former importance. The view was superb, though the distant prospect was inferior to that from Mount Nebo. The situation admirably conforms to the *a priori* reasoning of Mr. Grove on the subject in his article in Dr. Smith's Bible Dictionary, to which Dr. Tristram refers, but which he had not examined previous to his journey. This valuable discovery certainly renders lucid a number of passages in the Pentateuch, which seem otherwise inexplicable. Take, for instance, the mention of Zoar in the description of the landscape viewed by Moses from Mount Nebo. It is evident that no place near the Southern extremity of the Dead Sea

could at all come within the range of his vision; and it is to be specially noticed that the eye of the spectator is described as wandering over the valley of Jericho, until it rested on Zoar. But in the light of this discovery all is beautifully clear. To use the words of Dr. Tristram:

“The narrative is describing the panorama from north to south, and ends by the feature nearest the spectator, *i. e.*, the city in front of him. Now we detected these ruins while standing on Nebo. They are the nearest feature in the landscape directly in front, perched on a low brow, almost in a line with Jericho, and the object on which the eye would naturally rest in its survey, next after the Jordan plain.”

We must, before we conclude, make brief reference to the deeply interesting description given in the 14th chapter of the volume, of the Castle of Machærus, the prison where John the Baptist finished his illustrious course—the victim of the subtle vengeance of Herodias. Strange to say, that in spite of its historical interest, (its obstinate resistance in the last desperate war of the Jews with Titus having made it sufficiently notorious, apart from its connection with the Baptist's story), Dr. Tristram's party appear to have been “the first Western travellers, since the Roman times, who ever explored it.” Yet the name is unchanged—M'hkaur, its present local appellation being the exact Arabic transliteration of the Greek *Μαχαλορος* of Josephus.

The old fortress stood on the top of a conical hill, within five or six miles of the Dead Sea. It commanded a town of the same name, which covered a large space of ground, but its ruins present no remarkable feature. The remains of the ancient Herodian stronghold are thus described:

“The citadel was placed on the summit of the cone, which is the apex of a long flat ridge running for more than a mile from west to east. The whole of this ridge appears to have been one extensive fortress, the key of which was the keep on the top of the cone, an isolated and almost impregnable work, but very small, being circular, and exactly one hundred yards in diameter. The wall of circumvallation can be clearly traced, its foundations all standing out for a yard or two above the surface, but the interior remains are few. One well of great depth, a very large and deep oblong cemented cistern, with the vaulting of the roof still remaining, and—most interesting of all—two dungeons, one of them deep, and its sides scarcely broken in, were the only remains clearly to be defined. That these were dungeons and not cisterns is evident from there being no traces of cement, which never perishes from the walls of ancient reservoirs, and from the small holes still visible in the masonry, where staples of wood and iron had once been fixed. One of these must surely have been the prison-house of John the Baptist.”

Here also was enacted the tragedy of his martyrdom—the sacred spot where God's faithful witness to the truth was at once silenced and liberated forever by the headsman's sword,

“And the day-star hid its radiance in the perfect Light of Light.”

Surely we have written enough to induce the reader to make a closer and fuller acquaintance with “The Land of Moab;” and to lead him to rejoice in the sure, irrevocable word—“Yet will I bring again the captivity of Moab in the latter days, saith JEHOVAH.”

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## FRIENDLESS.

BY RUBIE.

Down Time's darkly flowing river  
Floats a frail and tiny barque;  
Tossed by wind and tossed by weather,  
Floats it onward in the dark.

Beacon light? None in the distance.  
Helping hand? There's none to guide,  
Though the human ebb and flowing  
Jostle it on every side.

Proudly ride the swelling waters  
Larger, stronger, happier sails,  
Every passing craft bespeaks them,  
Wishing them more prosperous gales.

Yet, e'en so, with crash and quiver,  
Many a gallant barque goes down,  
In time's darkly flowing river,  
Whose rough shores with rocks are  
strown.

Ah! the ruthless blasts that shiver  
Yon full-sheeted ship that rides,

HAMILTON, Ont.

Bravely manned for wind and weather,  
Watched and steered adown the tide.

Sudden whelms the tiny barque,  
Where no helmsman patient steers—  
Silent, pitiless, in the dark,  
Down too low, alas! for tears.

Weep we for the strong and wary,  
When they perish 'neath the wave;  
Watch them as they speed their sailing,  
Hail them prosperous home, the  
brave.

But, who strives alone and weary,  
Given to life without its hopes;  
Given to life without the knowing,  
Which, who wanteth, blindly gropes.

Chartless, helmless, starless, drifteth,  
Voiceless, tearless, on life's shores,—  
To the whirlpool, to the breakers,  
No one heedeth, none deploras!

## THE BIBLE AND THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

## PART I.

THE advocates of Total Abstinence are sometimes met with the astounding statement that in their condemnation of all intoxicating liquors they are acting in opposition to the Scriptures of Divine Truth, that they, in fact, are contravening the revealed will of God. In support of this amazing assertion a few well-worn texts are adduced, in which something translated wine in our version is spoken of with seeming commendation, and the extremely illogical inference is drawn that therefore modern alcoholic and intoxicating liquors have the Divine sanction and approval. These champions of the liquor traffic are strangely forgetful of the fact that for every text which even apparently commends the use of wine or strong drink there are three that, with the most solemn warning admonitions and threatenings, plainly and emphatically denounce it. This is something, surely, that should somewhat lessen the confidence of those who claim the warrant of Scripture for the drinking usages of society.

Before critically examining the texts of Scripture bearing on this subject it may be well to notice the *a priori* probability, or the reverse, of the Divine commendation and sanction of intoxicating liquor.

It is universally admitted, or if denied by any, it is demonstrated by the amplest and most irrefragable evidence, that the drinking system is the greatest evil of the age, that it ruins the health, wastes the substance, degrades the character, and destroys the life of multitudes of human beings every year; that it withers every moral virtue and stimulates every vice; that it is the fruitful source of nearly all the crime, pauperism and wretchedness, and of a large proportion of the disease, insanity and idiocy of the land. To counterbalance the fearful aggregate of desolated homes, broken hearts, blighted hopes, burning tears, ruined characters, and lost souls, what an infinitesimal amount of benefit, if any at all, can be adduced! And all this misery and woe, past, present, and

to come, was in the mind of God when He spoke those words of alleged commendation of wine. Yet we are asked to believe that the just and holy One, who cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance, who loveth all the creatures He hath made, and who commands us to be pure as He is pure, bestows His blessing and His smile on that which more than anything else frustrates His purposes of grace and work of redemption in the world, rendering even the sacrificial death of Christ of no avail for millions of the race. Perish forever the thought of blasphemy! There must be some fearful mistake in the interpretation of Scripture which leads to such results as these.

Let us therefore carefully examine the teachings of Holy Writ on this momentous subject.

The first thing that strikes us in this examination is the remarkable differences of expression with which wine is mentioned in the sacred writings. The discrimination is not merely between the use and the abuse of wine; but it is the thing itself that is sometimes commended and again so emphatically denounced. This fact instantly suggests the inquiry, is it the *same* thing that is thus so differently spoken of, that "makes glad the heart of man," and is pronounced to be "a mocker" and "raging"—that, to use the words of Professor Miller, "is a symbol of the mercies of salvation and of the outpouring of the wrath of God—that is an emblem of the joys of piety and of the pleasures of sin—that is permitted for use, in a religious observance, and forbidden to be looked on when it 'giveth its colour in the cup' ? Believe this who may," he continues; "we cannot. . . . The conclusion seems to us irresistible, that it is an innocent unfermented wine which the Spirit of God in His Word commends; while it is a deleterious, inebriating wine, which He condemns."

A critical examination of the passages in which wine is mentioned will prove that this is the case. The fact is, there are eleven words used in Holy Scripture for wine, nine in the Old Testament, and two in the New, and they have all differences of meaning, the difference sometimes being very wide indeed. Let not this seem strange, or a mere confusion of language. We have many specific expressions for things that have one generic name. There are many different varieties of the genus *canis*, or dog. The royal

Bengal tiger and the domestic mouser both belong to the *felis*, or cat tribe. There are seventy different sorts of oaks, and nearly as many kinds of pines. The number of different wines are still greater. Cyrus Redding, Esq., the greatest authority on the subject, in his book on wines, enumerates over twelve hundred distinct varieties, besides over eighty kinds of wine known to the ancients. Yet they are all wines. He would be a bold man indeed, but a poor logician, who would assert that everything said of one of these wines was equally applicable to the whole of them.

Let us in the next place examine—it can only be very briefly—the uses and meanings of those different words employed in Scripture for wine. This subject has been exhaustively treated by Dr. F. R. Lees, the Revs. Dr. Nott, Moses Stuart, W. Ritchie and others, to whose writings I would here acknowledge my obligation, and direct the reader for further information on this important subject.

Although nine words are used in the Old Testament for wine, three of these occur most frequently, the others being rarely employed. These words are—*tiros̄h*—*shechar*—and *yayin*.

The first of these—*tiros̄h*—with one single exception (Hosea iv. 1) to be hereafter explained, “is spoken of,” to use the language of Mr. Ritchie, “as a blessing, without one word of disapproval or caution against it. The second—*shechar*—is almost with the same uniformity represented as a curse, and is in every case but one in the early history of the Hebrew people, spoken of as an evil, only evil, and that continually. The third—*yayin*—is spoken of as very doubtful in its character, a possible good, yet generally an evil; hence for *one* text in Scripture which speaks of its use with approval there are *three* which point to it with warning.”\*

The word *tiros̄h* occurs thirty-eight times, and is derived from the root *yarash*, to possess, and is probably used as peculiarly appropriate to an object which was an important part of the national wealth of Palestine. Its proper signification, as Mr. Ritchie remarks, is not wine at all, nor any other liquor. “It means,” he says, “WINE FRUIT, the produce of the vine in the *solid* form of grapes, raisins, etc.”

This is apparent from the manner in which it is used. It occurs in connection with corn and oil nineteen times. It is

\* “Scripture Testimony against Intoxicating Wine,” page 8.

associated *nine* times with the earth, as the produce of it (Gen. xxvii. 28), as suffering by its lack of moisture (Haggai i. 2). It occurs *seven* times with the term denoting first fruits; *ten* times with the words signifying offerings or tithes, which were mainly the first gathered fruits or grain in their natural state. It is also spoken of as the *yielder* of wine, not wine itself. These varied expressions could be properly used only of the solid fruit of the vine.

*Yayin*, on the other hand, is frequently spoken of as a liquid, as being poured out, as being drunk. "We read of 'bottles of *yayin*,' (Josh. ix. 13), of 'pots full of *yayin*,' (Jer. xxxv. 5), of 'washing one's garments in *yayin*,' (Gen. xlix. 11), of 'a drink offering of *yayin*,' (Ex. xxix. 40), of 'drinking *yayin*,' (Job i. 13)."<sup>\*</sup> *Tirosh* is never used in these senses. On the contrary, it is spoken of as "gathered," as "eaten," as "laid up in a *heap*," (2 Chron. xxxv. 5, 6), as withering with the vine, as found in the cluster, as dried up with the corn and orchard fruit by the drought of summer, (Joel i. 10), and as trod and yielding *yayin*, (Micah vi. 15). None of these expressions, it is apparent, could properly be used with reference to that which was itself a liquid.

Two other passages which seem to speak of *tirosh* as a liquid remain to be noticed. One of these is Isaiah lxii. 8, 9, "The sons of the stranger shall not drink thy wine (*tirosh*), for which thou hast laboured, but . . . they that brought it together, shall drink it in the courts of my holiness." The word rendered "drink" here, is elsewhere translated "suck," which is peculiarly appropriate to the usual mode of eating grapes. But several MSS. have an entirely different word, which means they shall eat it, instead of the term which signifies they shall drink it. Indeed, the expression, "brought it together," which is uniformly used of solid things, as of grain, spoil, sheaves, etc., seems to preclude the idea of its being a liquid, and leads Gesenius to interpret *tirosh* as grape fruit.

Again, the expressions in Prov. iii. 10, "Thy presses shall burst forth with new wine," and Joel ii. 24, "The vats shall overflow with wine," are cited in proof of the liquid character of *tirosh*. The verb in the former case, according to Gesenius, means to

\* "Scrip. Test." p. 8.

spread abroad as a people, a flock, to increase like riches, and is as applicable to the heaped-up grapes in the vat as to the wine, and, indeed, conveys in that sense the more striking idea of exuberant plenty. The word overflow is also used by the poets with a similar signification. We find, for instance, in Spencer, the expression, "The Northern nations *overflowed* all Christendom," and Rogers speaks of an "*overflowing* plenty."

The only passage in which *tirosh* is spoken of as liable to abuse is Hosea iv. 11: "Whoredom, and wine, and new wine (*tirosh*) take away the heart." From this it has been inferred that *tirosh* must be an intoxicating liquor. It by no means follows; indeed, the contrary is implied. It is not said, it destroys the reason, but it takes away the heart—*i.e.* turns it from God. The "new wine" here mentioned, is assuredly different from the "wine" first mentioned, for if it is not the language of inspiration is unmeaning tautology. There are three things here spoken of—the first, a flagrant sin; the second, a dangerous indulgence; the third, a permitted enjoyment. The last, if it be made the object of supreme desire, will as assuredly alienate the heart from God as the former.

Let us next briefly examine the word *shechar*. We shall find a remarkable contrast between its use and that of the word *tirosh*. The latter we have seen, in every case but the one just examined, is spoken of as a blessing. The former, in every instance but one, is spoken of as a curse. The word occurs twenty-three times in the Old Testament. It seems to have been a generic term for the juice of the date, grape, or palm. This, while not necessarily intoxicating, had a strong tendency to become so from fermentation, and is generally spoken of in the latter condition, and therefore is properly translated "strong drink."

It was expressly forbidden to the priests (Lev. x. 9), and to those having the Nazarite's vow, (Num. vi. 3). It is said to be "raging," (Prov. xx. i), a woe is denounced against them "that rise up early that they may follow" it, (Isaiah v. 11), "that are men of strength to mingle" it (Isaiah v. 22). "The priest and the prophet have erred, and are out of the way through strong drink," says Isaiah, (xxviii. 7), . . . "they err in vision, they stumble in judg-



ment." It is not for kings to partake of it, "lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted," (Prov. xxxi. 4, 5). It can only be a pernicious and intoxicating liquor, the effects of which are so terrible.

In Deut. xiv. 6, indeed, permission is given to use *shechar* in religious ordinances before the Lord. This, be it observed, was at an early period of Jewish history, seven hundred years before the denunciations of Isaiah, and probably before the word had acquired the evil signification that it afterward obtained. {A similar degradation of modern words in a shorter time than that may be observed. Thus, the expressions "knave," and "villain," three hundred years ago had nothing of the opprobrium they now convey, but simply meant lad or serf. The early use of these words, however, does not prove that knavery or villainy are innocent. The context of the passage referred to will make it plain that intoxicating liquors could not be meant. The Israelite was commanded to tithe all the increase of his seed, and to eat it before the Lord in the house of the Lord. "But if the way be too long for thee," says the preceding context, "so that thou art not able to carry it . . . then shalt thou turn it into money, and thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after . . . for oxen, or for sheep, or for wine (*yayin*), or for strong drink (*shechar*), and thou shalt eat it there before the Lord thy God, and thou shalt rejoice, thou and thy household." Can we believe that God here commands His people to drink in religious ordinance, in the very tabernacle of the Lord, that against the use of which, elsewhere, He denounces a woe and a curse? The supposition is incredible. This *yayin* and *shechar* could only be the innocuous and unfermented juice of the grape, or date, or palm.

The only other passage in which the use of *shechar*, or strong drink, is spoken of with apparent approval is Prov. xxxi. 6, 7: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." The context here shows the true meaning. The 4th and 5th verses say, "It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink; lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted." "There is here an evident

contrast," remarks Mr. Ritchie, "between what is the wisdom of kings and what is the usual course of the miserable among men. This course of the miserable is not referred to for approval, but simply for illustration and warning. 'This,' says the speaker, 'is your wisdom as a king, not to drink wine; give or leave that to those who are ready to perish.' . . . It is implied, indeed, in this text, that the distressed and unhappy do drink, that they may forget their misery; but this conduct is disapproved of, in so far as counsel is given that it should not be followed."\*

The word *yayin*, which we proceed next to notice, is that which is most frequently used in the Scriptures for wine. It occurs no less than one hundred and forty-one times. It is a generic name for all kinds of wine, both the nourishing and unfermented juice of the grape, and that which was intoxicating and pernicious, and even for the solid produce of the vine. Hence we find it spoken of twenty-four times as a permitted indulgence, but seventy-one times it is mentioned in tones of admonition, or warning, or of solemn denunciation. In thirty-four instances it is merely historically mentioned, without reference to its character, and twelve times its use is referred to in connection with a religious ordinance, when in accordance with the ceremonial statute of the Jews it must have been unfermented.

It is apparent, therefore, that there must have been a vast difference in the character of the wines here mentioned. A careful examination of all the passages in which the word is used warrants the assertion that in every instance in which wine is spoken of with approval, it is the sweet and unfermented juice of the grape. Many persons imagine that fermentation must take place before that juice can be called wine, and indeed that it cannot by any means be prevented from taking place. Both of these suppositions are incorrect.† Wine may be kept for any length of time without fermentation, and therefore without the formation of a particle of alcohol. This may be done in a variety of ways. It is frequently effected in the south of Europe by

\* "Scrip. Test." p. 33.

† In Gen. xl. 11, it will be seen that the cup-bearer "took the grapes and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup." "This," says Clarke, "was the *yayin* of the Hebrews, the *oinos* of the Greeks, the *mustum* of the ancient Latins."

"inspissation," or boiling down the must, or original liquor, to two-thirds or one-half the original bulk. It can also be preserved by sealing it up in an air-tight jar, and keeping in a cool vault. A third process is that of exposing the must in a closed vessel to the vapour of sulphur, which seems to neutralize the fermenting principle and preserve the liquor without change. The first two methods, at least, were common in classic times.

"When it was desired," says Professor Anthon, "to preserve a quantity [of the must] in the sweet state, an amphora was coated with pitch, within and without, and corked so as to be perfectly air-tight. It was then immersed in a tank of cold fresh water, or buried in wet sand and allowed to remain for six weeks or two months. The contents after this process were found to remain unchanged for a year, hence the name *αἶ: γλευκος*, i.e. *semper mustum*, or ever sweet. A considerable quantity of must from the best and oldest vines was inspissated by boiling, being then distinguished by the Greeks under the general names of *σφημα* or *γλυξις*, while the Latin writers have various terms, according to the extent to which the evaporation was carried."\*

The same practice is still observed in wine countries.

"When on the south coast of Italy," says Captain Treatt, as quoted by Dr. Lees, "I enquired particularly about the wines in common use, and found that those esteemed the best were sweet and unintoxicating. The boiled juice of the grape is in common use in Sicily. . . . I found that the *unfermented wine* was esteemed the most. It was drunk mixed with water."

The same usage obtained in Syria and Palestine.

"The must," says Dr. Jahn, a distinguished Orientalist, "as is customary in the East at the present day, was preserved in large firkins, which were buried in the earth. Sometimes the must was boiled into a syrup, which was comprehended under the name *Debesh*, although it is commonly rendered *honey*. The must thus boiled till the liquid part of the grape juice was evaporated by the heat, what remained became a thick substance, which might be kept for any length of time; and when again diluted with water or milk, it was used as an innocent refreshing wine."

Hence we see the propriety with which Scripture promises, as one of the greatest material blessings, an abundant vintage, and associates the fruit of the vine with corn and other staple supports of life. By a beneficent arrangement of Providence, on gravelly soil and rocky heights, where neither corn or pasturage would grow to furnish food for man or beast, the vine flourished

\* Anthon's edition of Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities; article, *Vinum*.

in greatest profusion. By the wondrous chemic influences of the great laboratory of nature—the sunshine and the shower—her inorganic elements, in marvellous alchemy, were converted into sustenance for man. The miracle of changing water into wine was anticipated on a million vines. God, indeed, commanded stones and they became bread. The purple clusters blushing on the sunny slopes and terraces of Palestine furnished, and still furnish during a large portion of the year, the principal food of the inhabitants, and the pure and unintoxicating juice of the grape was a nutritive and wholesome beverage for ordinary and daily consumption. Thus the Bible in its praise of wine is relieved from the imputation of ever speaking with tolerance, much less of commendation, of the vile and pernicious intoxicating liquors which cause such moral and physical ruin in the world.

It was this innocent and unfermented wine, which it was expressly declared must be used in the service of the sanctuary. No fermented liquor nor leavened bread might be employed in the celebration of the passover, nor in any of those symbolical offerings, which typified the true Passover slain for us.

And this is the only sort of wine whose use is sanctioned in Holy Scripture. It is this that "maketh glad the heart of man," not with drunken merriment, but with gushing gratitude to God. It was this that Melchizedek, "priest of the most high God," brought forth for Abraham and his warriors. It was this that Abigail, the discreet, wife of Nabal, and afterward Ziba, the servant of Mephibosheth, brought to David and his warriors for their sustenance during a severe campaign.

It is this also which is the appropriate figure of spiritual blessings. Divine Wisdom and Love exclaims, "Come eat of my bread and drink of the wine which I have mingled."\* . . . "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved."† . . . "Come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price."‡ Can we conceive that that destructive and pernicious thing so solemnly denounced in Holy Scripture is here set forth as the appropriate symbol of the riches of God's grace and the choicest gifts of God's love?

\* Prov, ix. 25. † Cant. v. 1. ‡ Isaiah lv. 1.

Let us observe now the exceedingly different manner in which such intoxicating wine is really spoken of. As we have remarked, in seventy-one different passages *yayin* is mentioned in tones of solemn admonition, menace, or denunciation. "Of these texts," says Dr. Lees, "twelve denounce it as poisonous and venomous. They describe it as 'the poison of dragons, the venom of asps.' Nine expressly prohibit it in certain cases, and five *totally prohibit it* without any reference to circumstances at all."

We are assured by the voice of Inspiration "that wine is a mocker," not merely excess of wine, but wine itself; "that strong drink is raging," and that "whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."\* In solemn interrogation we are asked, "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?"† and in swift decisive answer we are told, "They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine."‡ We are admonished to "look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour to the cup, when it moveth itself aright," for "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."§ It is merely not against inordinate indulgence that we are cautioned—there were no need of a revelation from heaven for that—but against the mere looking on the seductive danger; nay, the very association with wine bibbers is denounced.||

The pernicious effects of wine are set forth in the inspired counsel of the wise mother of Lemuel,¶ and a woe is denounced against them "that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night till wine inflame them . . . that are mighty to drink wine and men of strength to mingle strong drink. . . . Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure; and their glory and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth shall descend into it. . . . Therefore is the anger of the Lord kindled against His people, and He hath stretched forth His hand against them and smitten them."\*\* The curse of God is pronounced against the drunkards of Ephraim, their "crown of pride shall be

\* Prov. xx. 1. † xxiii. 29. ‡ Prov. xxiii. 30. § Prov. xxiii. 31.

|| Prov. xxiii. 20. ¶ Prov. xxxi. 3, 4. \*\* Is. v. 11, 14, 22, 25.

trodden under foot," and the desolations of the sanctuary caused by wine are vividly portrayed.\*

The wine cup is chosen as the fittest emblem of the destroying wrath of God, "the dregs thereof all the wicked of the earth shall wring them out and drink them,"† and the nations shall be mad with the cup of his fury.‡

Thus God lifts His voice in awful and solemn warning, in earnest and tender entreaty, against this great and terrible evil.

There are six other words occasionally used for wine in Scripture, though but infrequently—none of them more than four or five times. Some of these wines appear to be innocent in character, but one especially—*mesech*, or mixed wine—is regarded as exceedingly virulent. It is the "cup of mixture" which is the emblem of God's wrath toward the wicked, and the "mixed wine" which causes to them who tarry long thereat, sorrow and wounds without cause. None of these give any countenance whatever to the use of intoxicating liquor.

When we examine the New Testament Scriptures we find that neither do they give any greater warrant for the indulgence in fermented wines than the Old Testament.

The word *oinos* (*oinos*) is most frequently used for wine in the New Testament. It occurs thirty-two times, and is, like *yayin*, a generic term, and is, therefore, sometimes spoken of with commendation, but more frequently with unequivocal displeasure.

The remarkable miracle of turning water into wine at Cana of Galilee, is most frequently adduced by modern wine drinkers as an emphatic sanction of their indulgence. They beg the whole question, however, by assuming that the wine that Jesus made was *intoxicating* wine. Till this be *proved* the passage can give no particle of support to their practice. The *a priori* probability on the contrary, we conceive, from the character of our Lord, the purpose of the miracle—to manifest His glory—and the usage of the age and country, to be overwhelming that it was unfermented, and not only harmless, but highly nutritious and beneficial. An examination of the circumstances of the case will establish the moral certainty of the fact.

Assume for a moment that the wine whose exhaustion was the

\* Is. xxviii. 1, 3, 7, 8. † Ps. lxxv. 8. ‡ Jer. xxv. 15, 16.

occasion of the miracle was fermented, and consequently intoxicating, and that our Lord created a fresh supply of a similar character. The guests, it is implied, had already "well drunk" (*μικροθωσι*), which, if the liquor was fermented, must mean that they were well drunken, or at least that their senses were blunted, and that they were partially under its intoxicating influence. At this juncture our Lord, according to the supposition, created a large quantity of wine possessing those qualities in a still higher degree.

"Can we suppose," asks Professor Miller, "that He who declared in His inexorable Law, one jot or tittle of which cannot pass away, that 'no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God,' that He to a party of marriage-guests, either already drunk or on the very brink of becoming so, should give eighty, ninety, or a hundred and twenty gallons of wine, not only as intoxicating as that which they had already used to excess, but more intoxicating still—practically tempting them to complete the act which shall put them in danger of hell, if they repent not? Is that conceivable? Is it not gross blasphemy? practically supposing the Lord of Glory, who tempteth no man, to be like unto Satan and his agents, whose work He came to destroy; nay, worse, practically subjecting Christ to His own terrible anathema against such a tempter: 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also.'"<sup>\*</sup>

On the contrary, the immediate recognition of the superior character of the new wine implies that there was nothing in that which they had been drinking which could blunt the perceptions or intoxicate the brain.

"The inference," continues Professor Miller, "seems inevitable, that the guests had been enjoying themselves with unintoxicating wine, which supposition is all the more natural as 'the Jews' passover being then at hand,' the time was within a month or two of the close of the grape season, when, of course, this kind of wine could with perfect facility be procured—and that their deficient stock was supplied by the Giver of all Good, by a wine of like nature, but of richer and rarer quality. Had it been otherwise, had they been drunk, or in any way approaching thereto, the request for more wine would not have been complied with, but refused with indignant rebuke. He would have done then, as doubtless He could do now, if we can suppose Him personally introduced to a marriage-feast of the present day, loaded with fiery intoxicants, what we are told a few verses on He did in the temple—He would have made a scourge of small cords, and driven them all out, saying, 'Take these things hence.'"<sup>†</sup>

<sup>\*</sup> "Nephalism," p. 160.    <sup>†</sup> "Nephalism," pp. 162-4.

## HYMNUS RESPONSORIOUS.\*

- Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
 Art thou sore distressed?  
 "Come to Me," saith One, "and  
 coming,  
 Be at rest!"
- Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
 If He be my guide?  
 "In His Feet and Hands are wound-  
 prints,  
 And His Side."
- Hath He diademas Monarch  
 That His Brow adorns?  
 "Yea, a Crown, in very surety,  
 But of thorns."
- If I find Him, if I follow,  
 What His guerdon here?  
 "Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
 Many a tear."
- If I still hold closely to Him,  
 What hath He at last?  
 "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,  
 Jordan past."
- If I ask Him to receive me,  
 Will He say me nay?  
 "Not till Earth, and not till Heaven  
 Pass away."
- Finding, following, keeping, strug-  
 gling,  
 Is He sure to bless?  
 "Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,  
 Answer, Yes!"
- "Scis te lassum? scis languentem?  
 Luctu contristaris?  
 Audin' 'Veni, veniensque  
 Pace perfruaris.'"
- Notas, habet, quas agnōrim  
 Istum consecatus?  
 R. "Manus, Plantæ, cruentatæ,  
 Cruentatum Latus."
- Ecquid portat, pro coronâ  
 Quæ Monarchas ornat?  
 R. Diadema, sed spinarum,  
 Frontem Hanc adornat."
- Sin obnitar, sin attingam,  
 Qui remunerabit?  
 R. "Luctûs, fletûs, ac laborum  
 Largitatem dabit."
- Sin obstrictus adhærebo,  
 Quis in fine status?  
 R. "Viæ meta, luctûs fuga,  
 Labor exantlatus."
- Si receptum supplicissim,  
 Votum exandiret?  
 R. Quamquam Terra, quamquam Cœlum  
 In ruinam iret."
- Persistentem, perluctantem  
 Certus est beare?  
 R. "Vates quisque, Martyr, Virgo,  
 Angelus, testare!"
- W. E. GLADSTONE.

Nov. 1875.

\* The English version by Dr. John H. Mason Neale; taken from the Greek of St. Stephen the Sabaitæ. In New Wesleyan Hymn Book.



## SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF CHRIST.\*

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

## II.

AFTER feeding the five thousand, Jesus, in the gathering dusk, gradually and gently succeeded in persuading the multitude to leave Him, and when all but the most enthusiastic had streamed away to their homes or caravans, He suddenly left the rest, and fled from them to the hill-top alone to pray. He was conscious that a solemn and awful crisis of His day on earth was come, and by communing with His heavenly Father, He would nerve His soul for the stern work of the morrow, and the bitter conflict of many coming weeks. Once before he had spent in the mountain solitudes a night of lonely prayer, but then it was before the choice of His beloved Apostles, and the glad tidings of His earliest and happiest ministry. Far different were the feelings with which the Great High Priest now climbed the rocky stairs of that great mountain altar which in His temple of the night seemed to lift Him nearer to the stars of God. The murder of His beloved forerunner brought home to His soul more nearly the thought of death. The storm, which now began to sweep over the barren hills; the winds that rushed howling down the ravines; the lake before Him buffeted into tempestuous foam; the little boat which—as the moonlight struggled through the rifted clouds—He saw tossing beneath Him on the labouring waves, were all too sure an emblem of the altered aspects of His earthly life. But there on the desolate hill-top, in that night of storm, He could gain strength and peace and happiness unspeakable; for there He was alone with God. And so over that figure, bowed in lonely prayer upon the hills, and over those toilers upon the troubled lake, the darkness fell and the great winds blew. . . .

As though to destroy all false and unnatural notions of the exceptional glory of religious virginity, He, among whose earliest

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

acts it had been to bless a marriage festival, made it one of His latest acts to fondle infants in His arms. It seems to have been known in Peræa that the time of His departure was approaching; and conscious, perhaps, of the words which He had just been uttering, there were fathers and mothers and friends who brought to Him the fruits of holy wedlock—young children and even babes—that He might touch them and pray over them. Ere He left them for ever, they would bid Him a solemn farewell; they would win, as it were, the legacy of His special blessing for the generation yet to come. The disciples thought their conduct forward and officious. They did not wish their Master to be needlessly crowded and troubled; they did not like to be disturbed in their high colloquies. They were indignant that a number of mere women and children should come obtruding on more important persons and interests. Women were not honoured, nor children loved in antiquity as now they are; no halo of romance and tenderness encircled them; too often they were subjected to shameful cruelties and hard neglect. But He who came to be the friend of all sinners, and the helper of all the suffering and the sick, came also to elevate woman to her due honour, centuries before the Teutonic element of modern society was dreamt of, and to be the protector and friend of helpless infancy and innocent childhood. Even the unconscious little ones were to be admitted into His Church by His sacrament of baptism, to be made members of Him, and inheritors of His kingdom. He turned the rebuke of the disciples on themselves; He was as much displeased with them as they had been with the parents and children. "Suffer the little children," He said, in words which each of the Synoptists has preserved for us in all their immortal tenderness—"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And when He had folded them in His arms, laid His hands upon them and blessed them, He added once more His constantly needed, and therefore constantly repeated, warning, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, shall not enter therein."

Christ's last entry into Jerusalem was no seditious movement to stir up political enthusiasm, no "insulting vanity" to com-

memorate ambitious triumph. Nay, it was a mere outburst of provincial joy, the simple exultations of poor Galilæans and despised disciples. Jesus rides, not upon a war-horse, but on an animal which was the symbol of peace. The haughty Gentiles, had they witnessed the humble procession, would have utterly derided it, as indeed they did deride the record of it; but the Apostles recalled in after days that it fulfilled the prophecy of Zechariah: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Sion; show O daughter of Jerusalem; behold, thy King cometh unto thee; He is meek, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass." Yes, it was a procession of very lowly pomp, and yet beside it how do the grandest triumphs of aggressive war and unjust conquest sink into utter insignificance and disgrace!

The road slopes by a gradual ascent up the Mount of Olives, through green fields and under shady trees, till it suddenly sweeps round to the northward. It is at this angle of the road that Jerusalem, which hitherto has been hidden by the shoulder of the hill, bursts full upon the view. There, through the clear atmosphere, rising out of the deep umbrageous valleys which surrounded it, the city of ten thousand memories stood clear before Him, and the morning sunlight, as it blazed on the marble pinnacles and gilded roofs of the Temple buildings, was reflected in a very fiery splendour which forced the spectator to avert his glance. Such a glimpse of such a city is at all times affecting, and many a Jewish and Gentile traveller has reined his horse at this spot, and gazed upon the scene in emotion too deep for speech. But the Jerusalem of that day, with "its imperial mantle of proud towers," was regarded as one of the wonders of the world, and was a spectacle incomparably more magnificent than the decayed and crumbling city of to-day. And who can interpret, who can enter into the mighty rush of divine compassion which, at that spectacle, shook the Saviour's soul? As He gazed on that "mass of gold and snow," was there no pride, no exultation in the heart of its true King? Far from it! He had dropped *silent* tears at the grave of Lazarus; here he wept aloud. All the shame of His mockery, all the anguish of His torture, was powerless, five days afterwards, to extort from Him a single groan, or to wet His

eyelids with one trickling tear; but here, all the pity that was within Him overmastered His human spirit, and He not only wept, but broke into a passion of lamentation, in which the choked voice seemed to struggle for its utterance. A strange Messianic triumph! a strange interruption of the festal cries! The Deliverer weeps over the city which it is now too late to save; the King prophesies the utter ruin of the nation which He came to rule! "If thou hadst known," He cried—while the wondering multitudes looked on, and knew not what to think or say—"If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace!"—and there sorrow interrupted the sentence, and, when he found voice to continue He could only add, "but now they are hid from thine eyes." . . .

When they reached the walls the whole city was stirred with powerful excitement and alarm. "Who is this?" they asked, as they leaned out of the lattices and from the roofs, and stood aside in the bazaars and streets to let them pass; and the multitude answered, with something of pride in their great countryman—but already, as it were, with a shadow of distrust falling over their high Messianic hopes, as they came in contact with the contempt and hostility of the capital—"This is Jesus, the Prophet of Nazareth." . . .

Sadly and silently, after Christ's last visit to the Temple, the little band of disciples turned their backs on the sacred building which stood there as an epitome of Jewish history from the days of Solomon onwards. They crossed the valley of Kidron, and climbed the steep footpath that leads over the Mount of Olives to Bethany. At the summit of the hill they paused, and Jesus sat down to rest—perhaps under the green boughs of those two stately cedar-trees which then adorned the summit of the Hill. It was a scene well adapted to inspire most solemn thoughts. Deep on the one side beneath Him lay the Holy City, which had long become a harlot, and which now on this day—the last great day of His public ministry—had shown finally that she knew not the time of her visitation. At His feet were the slopes of Olivet and the Garden of Gethsemane. On the opposite slope rose the city walls, and the broad plateau crowned with the marble colonnades and gilded roofs of the Temple. Turning in

the eastern direction He would look across the bare, desolate hills of the wilderness of Judæa to the purpling line of the mountains of Moab, which glow like a chain of jewels in the sunset light. In the deep, scorched hollows of the Ghor, visible in patches of sullen cobalt, lay the mysterious waters of the Sea of Lot. And thus as he gazed from the brow of the hill, on either side of Him there were visible tokens of God's anger and man's sin. On the one side gloomed the dull lake, whose ghastly and bituminous waves are a perpetual testimony to God's vengeance upon sensual crime; at His feet was the glorious guilty city which had shed the blood of all the prophets, and was doomed to sink through yet deadlier wickedness to yet more awful retribution. And the setting sun of His earthly life flung deeper and more sombre colourings across the whole scene of His earthly pilgrimage. . . .

It may be that the shadows of His thought gave a strange solemnity to His attitude and features as He sat there silent among the silent and saddened band of His few faithful followers. Not without a touch of awe His nearest and most favoured Apostles—Peter, and James, and John, and Andrew—came near to Him, and as they saw His eye fixed upon the Temple, asked Him privately, "When shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the world?" Their "*when?*" remained for the present unanswered. It was the way of Jesus, when some ignorant or irrelevant or inadmissible question was put to Him, to rebuke it not directly, but by passing it over, and by substituting for its answer some great moral lesson which was connected with it, and could alone make it valuable. Accordingly this question of the Apostles drew from Him the great Eschatological Discourse, or Discourse of the Last Things, of which the four moral key-notes are "Beware!" and "Watch!" and "Endure!" and "Pray!" . . .

When that great discourse upon the Mount of Olives was ended, and the sun set, He arose and walked with His Apostles the short remaining road to Bethany. It was the last time that He would ever walk it upon the earth; and after the trials, the weariness, the awful teachings, the terrible agitations of that eventful day, how delicious to him must have been that hour of twilight loveliness and evening calm; how refreshing the peace

and affection which surrounded Him in the quiet village and the holy home. As we have already noticed, Jesus did not love cities, and scarcely ever slept within their precincts. He shrank from their congregated wickednesses, from their glaring publicity, from their feverish excitement, from their featureless monotony, with all the natural and instinctive dislike of delicate minds. An Oriental city is always dirty; the refuse is flung into the streets; there is no pavement; the pariah dog is the sole scavenger; beast and man jostle each other promiscuously in the crowded thoroughfares. And though the necessities of His work compelled Him to visit Jerusalem, and to preach to the vast throngs from every climate and country who were congregated at its yearly festivals, yet He seems to have retired on every possible occasion beyond its gates, partly it may be for safety—partly from poverty—partly because He loved that sweet home at Bethany—and partly, too, perhaps, because He felt the peaceful joy of treading the grass that groweth on the mountains rather than the city stones, and could hold gladder communion with His Father in heaven under the shadow of the olive-tree, where far from all disturbing sights and sounds, He could watch the splendour of the sunset and the falling of the dew.

And surely that last evening walk to Bethany on that Tuesday evening in Passion week, must have breathed deep calm into His soul. The thought, indeed, of the bitter cup which He was so soon to drink was doubtless present to Him, but present only in its aspect of exalted sacrifice, and the highest purpose of love fulfilled. Not the pangs which He would suffer, but the pangs from which He would save; not the power of darkness which would seem to win a short-lived triumph, but the redeeming victory—the full, perfect, and sufficient atonement—these we may well, though reverently, believe to have been the subjects which dominated in His thoughts. The exquisite beauty of the Syrian evening, the tender colours of the spring grass and flowers, the wadys around Him paling into solemn grey, the distant hills bathed in the primrose light of sunset, the coolness and balm of the breeze after the burning glare—what must these have been to Him to whose eye the world of Nature was an open book, on every page of which He read His Father's name! And this was

His native land. Bethany was almost to Him a second Nazareth; those whom He loved were around Him, and He was going to those whom He loved. Can we not imagine Him walking on in silence too deep for words—His disciples around Him or following Him—the gibbous moon beginning to rise and gild the twinkling foliage of the olive-trees with richer silver, and moonlight and twilight blending at each step insensibly with the garish hues of day, like that solemn twilight purple of coming agony into which the noon-day of His happier ministry had long since begun to fade.

Next but one to Jesus at the Last Supper, hearing all His words unmoved, full of spite and hatred, utterly hardening his heart, and leaning the whole weight of his demoniac possession against that door of mercy which even now and even here His Saviour would have opened to him, sat Judas, the false smile of hypocrisy on his face, but rage, and shame, and greed, and anguish, and treachery, in his heart. The near presence of that black iniquity, the failure of even his pathetic lowliness to move or touch the man's hideous purpose, troubled the human heart of Jesus to its inmost depths—wrung from Him His agony of yet plainer prediction, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, that *one of you shall betray Me!*" That night *all*, even the best beloved, were to forsake Him, but it was not *that*; that night even the boldest-hearted was to deny Him with oaths, but it was not *that*; nay, but one of them was to *betray* Him. Their hearts misgave them as they listened. Already a deep unspeakable sadness had fallen over the sacred meal. Like the sombre and threatening crimson that intermingles with the colours of sunset, a dark omen seemed to be overshadowing them—a shapeless presentiment of evil—an unspoken sense of dread. If all their hopes were to be thus blighted—if at this very Passover, He for whom they had given up all, and who had been to them all in all, was indeed to be betrayed by one of themselves to an unpitied and ignominious end—if *this* were possible, *anything* seemed possible. Their hearts were troubled. All their want of nobility, their failure in love, the depth of their selfishness, the weakness of their faith—

"Every evil thought they ever thought,  
And every evil word they ever said,  
And every evil thing they ever did,"

all crowded upon their memories, and made their consciences afraid. *None* of them seemed safe from *anything*, and each read his own self-distrust in his brother-disciple's eye. And hence, at that moment of supreme sadness and almost despair, it was with lips that faltered and cheeks that paled, that each asked the humble question, "Lord, is it I?" Better always that question than "Is it *he*?"—better the penitent watchfulness of a self-condemning humility than the haughty Pharisaism of censorious pride. The very horror that breathed through their question, the very trustfulness which prompted it, involved their acquittal. Jesus only remained silent, in order that even then, if possible, there might be time for Judas to repent.

When the others were questioning among themselves "which was the traitor?" he had remained silent in the defiant hardness of contempt or the sullen gloom of guilt; but now—stung, it may be by some sense of the shuddering horror with which the mere possibility of his guilt was regarded—he nerved himself for the shameful and shameless question. After all the rest had sunk into silence, there grated upon the Saviour's ear that hoarse untimely whisper, in all the bitterness of its defiant mockery—not asking, as the rest had asked, in loving reverence, "Lord, is it I?" but with the cold formal title, "Rabbi, is it I?" Then that low unreproachful answer, "Thou hast said," sealed his guilt. The rest did not hear it; it was probably caught by Peter and John alone; and Judas ate the sop which Jesus had given him, and after the sop Satan entered into him. As all the winds, on some night of storm, riot and howl through the rent walls of some desecrated shrine, so through the ruined life of Judas envy and avarice, and hatred and ingratitude, were rushing all at once. In that bewildering chaos of a soul spotted with mortal guilt, the Satanic had triumphed over the human; in that dark heart earth and hell were henceforth at one; in that lost soul sin had conceived and brought forth death. "What thou art doing do more quickly," said Jesus to him aloud. He knew what the words implied, he knew that they meant, "Thy fell purpose is matured, carry it out with no more of these futile hypocrisies and meaningless delays." Judas rose from the feast. The innocent-hearted Apostles thought that Jesus had bidden him go out and



make purchases for to-morrow's Passover, or give something out of the common store which should enable the poor to buy their Paschal lamb. And so from the lighted room, from the holy banquet, from the blessed company, from the presence of his Lord, he went immediately out, and—as the beloved disciple adds, with a shudder of dread significance, letting the curtain of darkness fall for ever on that appalling figure —“and it was night.”

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### BUDDHA'S TEMPTATION.\*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

GREAT Buddha, called from life of sensual ease,  
 To love of wisdom, goodness, high emprise,  
 Was sore beset by demons, who assailed  
 His virtue with beguiling lure, to sin,  
 Or sought to terrify his soul with rude  
 Alarms of ire-barbed weapons, keen and fierce,  
 And hurtling rocks that threatened instant doom.  
 But ever as he prayed to Brahma, Lord  
 Of all, the luring forms of sin were changed  
 To loathly monsters, the barbèd shafts  
 And hurtling rocks were suddenly transformed  
 To garlands of bright flowers,—fragrant, fair,—  
 That crowned him glorious victor in the strife.

So, when the servant of a mightier Lord  
 Than Brahma strives to turn from evil ways,  
 To love of all things noble, pure, and good,  
 The lures of Satan and the shafts of sin  
 Assail his soul with ten-fold power and seek  
 To thwart his high design and utterly  
 To wrèck his new resolve. But whensoe'er  
 He prays to God, temptation is disarmèd ;  
 The guiling lures of sin are changed  
 Into the native hideousness of vice,  
 Its rude assaults become transmuted by  
 His Grace to the rewards—fresh, fragrant, fair—  
 Of glorious and eternal victory.

\* A legend from the *Tripitika*, or Sacred Books of the Buddhists. The Thibetan edition of these books consists of 325 folio volumes, each weighing from four to five pounds.

## ALFRED COOKMAN.

BY THE REV. H. F. BLAND.

ALFRED COOKMAN had a godly ancestry. The name, before he bore it, was a fragrant one. His grandfather, George Cookman, of Kingston-upon-Hull, Yorkshire, England, was a fine type of sterling common sense and Christian manliness. His father, the distinguished George Grimston Cookman, was a minister of eminence and usefulness in the United States. His mother, an "elect lady," who "had talents and graces that would have made her useful and famous in any sphere," Christianly fashioned her child with a view to his standing as "a man amongst men." The following memorandum is from the pen of the mother: "Alfred was very correct in all his deportment, obedient to his parents, very truthful and conscientious. He was, of course, watched over with more than ordinary care. Parental vigilance was ever on the alert to detect and correct anything that might mar the little tender plant." No grander sphere need be yearned for, than that of prudently culturing the "justification unto life," which comes upon every youthful one by virtue of the second Adam!

Alfred's conversion took place while attending Dickinson College, Carlisle, in which town his father was then stationed. This germinant event occurred when he was ten years of age. The narrative is given by himself.

"During the month of February, 1838, while a protracted meeting was in progress in Carlisle, I concluded 'now is the accepted time,' 'now is the day of salvation.' One night, when a social meeting was held at the house of a friend, I struggled with my feelings, and, although it was a fearful cross, I urged my way to a bench which was specially appropriated for penitents. My heart was convulsed with penitential sorrow, tears streamed down my cheeks, I said, 'Jesus, Jesus, I give myself away; 'tis all that I can do.' For some hours I sought, without however realizing the desire of my heart. The next evening I renewed the effort. The evening after that the service was held in the church; the altar was crowded with seeking souls, principally students of Dickinson College; there seemed to be no place for me, an agonized child. I remember I found my way into one corner of the church. Kneeling all alone, I said, 'Precious Saviour, Thou art saving others; Oh, wilt Thou not save me?' As I wept and prayed and struggled, a kind hand was laid on my head. I opened

my eyes and found it was a Mr. James Hamilton, a prominent member and an elder in the Presbyterian Church in Carlisle. He had observed my interest, and obeying the promptings of a kind, sympathising Christian heart, he came to encourage and help me. I remember how sweetly he unfolded the nature of faith and the plan of salvation. I said, 'I will believe—I do believe; I now believe that Jesus is my Saviour; that He saves me—yes, even now;' and immediately

‘ The opening heavens did round me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss ;  
And Jesus showed His mercy mine,  
And whispered I am His.’

I love to think of it now ; it fills my heart unutterably full of gratitude, love, and joy. ‘Happy day ; Oh, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away.’”

Thank God for the great kind hearts that notice little children.

In the spring of 1838, a few months after Alfred's conversion, Mr. Cookman, sen., was removed to Washington, the national Capitol. His popularity in this responsible sphere was unprecedented. The proximity of the Church to the Capitol, combined with the ability and attractiveness of the preacher, drew immense audiences. “Men and women of every grade of society, of every station in the government, were equally charmed by his forcible and beautiful eloquence. Senators, heads of departments and their clerks, rich and poor, the literateur and the illiterate man, the slave-holder and the slave, all alike were captured by his magical tongue, and he swayed their hearts as with the wand of a magician—with ‘a warrior's eye beneath a philosopher's brow’ his spell was irresistible.”

The change from the quiet country town to the excitement of this great political centre, somewhat dimmed Alfred's piety. He did not lose his hold of Christ, but his spiritual vitality and joy were feebler.

The father's custom was to make his son a companion, and the latter could not be insensible during the visits which the two paid to the Senate Chamber and elsewhere to the marked and genial attention bestowed on the former. This, however, in the order of Providence was not to be of long continuance. The great shadow which eventually fell upon the household was nearing. On the 11th of March, 1841, the father, then in the

zenith of his fame, embarked in the S. S. *President* at New York for Liverpool. Neither the vessel nor any on board of her was ever heard of again.

Mr. Cookman had been appointed by the American Bible Society as "fraternal delegate" to represent it at the Anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society at the May Meeting in Exeter Hall, and he was also the bearer of dispatches to the British Government from the Administration of General Harrison. His main object, however, was to see his father, and "to drop a tear on the grave of his mother," and his wish was strong that his eldest son should accompany him. Alfred would have been delighted to go, but his great love to his mother and the younger members of the family, combined with his conviction of duty, led him to remain: "I will stay with mother and help her to take care of the children." The son remained to fulfil a noble destiny. The father went alone, and among the last words which he spoke to the family as they sat before the open fire were these: "Now, my boys, if your father sinks in the ocean, his soul will go direct to God, and you must meet him in heaven."

This crushing bereavement had an almost prematurely formative effect upon Alfred's character. At a playful period of life he was placed beneath the pressure of a responsibility from which one much more mature in age and experience might have shrunk. Speaking at this period his mother says: "He was only thirteen years old when his dear father left us on a visit to his native land, the sequel of which proved so disastrous to a large, helpless family: but which, notwithstanding, brought out in all their force and power what had been until now the germs of Alfred's character. He realized his position as the oldest of six children, and faithfully tried to fill up the chasm made by a wise, though inscrutable Providence. Eternity alone will unfold all he was to his family as a son and as a brother in the years of his minority."

A small house was rented in Mulberry Street, Baltimore, and to it the bereaved family removed in the autumn. In superintending the studies of his little brothers in an evening,—in solicitously anticipating the wishes of his mother,—in orderliness of habit, "his little room being a pink of tidiness,"—in regularity

of attendance at class and Sabbath School, first as a scholar and then a teacher,—in developing the elements of manly piety, Alfred was noteworthy. His evangelistic career distinctively commenced in 1845, when in his seventeenth year. He, with a few kindred spirits, formed a Bethel Mission for sailors, watermen, and neglected children. A death occurred in connection with the Mission—a funeral sermon was preached by Alfred, by request. This was his first pulpit effort, and was significant of his future career. Shortly after we find him fully engaged as a local preacher in and around Baltimore. “From this early day until his death there was no minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church who could draw together a larger crowd of ardent, admiring hearers in the city of Baltimore than Alfred Cookman. A halo invested him from the beginning to the end of his career.”

The ministry being palpably Mr. Cookman's designation, he connected himself preferentially with the Philadelphia Conference, his mother having decided to live in that city. On leaving her for Attleboro', his first circuit, the counsel of a sorrowful but noble mother was, “My son, if you would be supremely happy or extremely useful in your work, you must be an entirely sanctified servant of Jesus.” A passing remark possibly, but never forgotten by the youthful evangelist. “My mother's remark followed me like a good angel as I moved to and fro in my first sphere of itinerant life.”

A casual visit of Bishop Hamlin to the Attleboro' circuit instrumentally led for a time to the realisation of the mother's wish.

“One week-day afternoon,” he writes, “after a most delightful discourse, he urged us to seize the opportunity, and *do* what we had often desired and resolved and promised to do, viz., ‘as believers, yield ourselves to God as those who were alive from the dead, and from that hour trust in Jesus as our Saviour from all sin.’ Kneeling by myself, I brought an entire consecration to the altar. But some one will say, ‘Had you not done that at the time of your conversion?’ I answer, Yes! but with this difference: then I brought powers dead in trespasses and sin, now I would consecrate powers permeated with the new life of regeneration, I would offer myself a living sacrifice; then I gave myself away, but now, with the increased illumination of the Spirit, I felt that my surrender was more intelligent and specific and careful—it was my hands, my feet, my senses, my attributes of mind and heart, my hours, my

energies, my reputation, my worldly substance, my everything, without reservation or limitation. Then I was anxious for pardon, but now my desire and faith compassed something more—I wanted the conscious presence of the Sanctifier in my heart. Carefully consecrating everything, I covenanted with my own heart and with my Heavenly Father that this entire but unworthy offering should remain upon the altar, and henceforth I would please God by believing that the altar (Spirit) sanctifieth the gift. Do you ask what was the immediate effect? I answer peace—a broad, deep, full, satisfying, and sacred peace. This proceeded not only from the testimony of a good conscience before God, but likewise from the presence and operation of the Spirit in my heart. Still I could not say that I was entirely sanctified, except as I had sanctified myself to God.”

Shortly after this scene of consecration the Philadelphia Conference met at Wilmington, Delaware, and during its sessions, the unguardedness of a generous and impulsive nature led to a diminution of spiritual life. “Eight weeks transpired—weeks of light, strength, love, and blessing. Conference came on; I found myself in the midst of beloved brethren; forgetting how easily the infinitely Holy Spirit might be grieved, I allowed myself to drift into the spirit of the hour; and, after an indulgence in foolish joking and story-telling, realized that I had suffered serious loss. To my next field of labour I proceeded with consciously diminished spiritual power.”

Delaware City following Attleboro’ was succeeded by Germantown, a very beautiful suburban region of Philadelphia—then, in ’49, by Kensington, being a part of the city proper. Mr. Cookman’s able biographer saw him at this period for the first time. He “was then just passed twenty-two years of age, of very handsome, pleasing personal appearance—slight, erect, with a most engaging countenance, rendered doubly attractive by the massive black hair which fell upon his neck and shoulders.”

In July, 1850, a long cherished wish was gratified,—Mr. Cookman visited England. The description which he gives of his first interview with his father’s relatives is magnetic in its enthusiasm. He visited Hull, Doncaster, Sheffield, Bristol, London, the English Conference, back again to Hull with its family gatherings and large chapels, in which the youthful stranger preached to overflowing congregations and with marked success.

A few weeks after Mr. Cookman’s return to his charge in Philadelphia he married, and as an illustration of the character

of his home after that event, on the tenth anniversary of his marriage he sent a congratulatory note to his wife abounding with the warmest expressions of attachment and esteem :

“Our life, made up of fidelity and love, has been like a deepening and widening stream, upon which we have floated together in delightful harmony. Our home, with its five little buds of beauty and promise, has been an Eden-spot, where our Infinite Father, who dwelt with the first pair in Paradise, has vouchsafed us His constant presence. Oh how much of pure love and true joy have been compressed within these ten years—the happiest ten years of my life ! Accept, my precious Annie, this humble but sincere testimony to your thoughtful care, constant kindness, unsullied goodness, untiring fidelity, and uninterrupted eye, increasing devotion.”

Mr. Cookman's subsequent ministry at West Chester, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York, as army chaplain, Wilmington and Newark, was characterized by great earnestness, harmony, and power. Especially may his ministrations in Green Street Church, Philadelphia, in '57 and '58 be particularized. The experience of his first appointment was here reproduced in a complete and more influential form. Heart purity was regained, and became the master principle of his life and the great secret of his subsequent success. “It absorbed his best thoughts; it was the burden of his ablest sermons; his whole being was permeated with its unction; at home or abroad, in the pulpit or the social circle, in the study or by the sea-shore, at the altar of prayer or by the sick-bed, the instinct of his soul, the atmosphere of his life, was ‘Holiness to the Lord.’”

From this time his sun shone from mid heaven unclouded. In wise and skilful administration,—in catholicity of spirit,—in camp-meeting toil, and in living affection for the young, he was conspicuous. “In him,” said George H. Stuart, “the old fire that burned in the hearts of Whitfield and Summerfield glowed with all the fervour of the first and Pentecostal days of Methodism.”

In the autumn of '71 the strength of the labourer began to fail. A constitution naturally wiry had been overtaken. “The bow, strung too long, had lost its spring, and when the string was loosed there was no rebound.” He continued gradually to decline during the months of September and October. Significantly his last text was, “We all do fade as a leaf.” Days of

increasing weakness and intense pain, but lustrous with the triumphs of grace, followed each other. On the 13th November the last day of his too brief, but eventful life, he said to a friend, "This is the sickest day of my life, but all is well; I am so glad I have preached a full salvation: what should I do without it now? If you forget everything else, remember my testimony—*washed in the blood of the Lamb!* Jesus is drawing me closer and closer to His great heart of infinite love." To his wife he said, "I am Christ's little infant; just as you fold your little babe to your bosom, so I am nestling close to the heart of Jesus." Shortly afterwards, his eldest son, George, returning from New York, came into the room; looking up to him, he said, "My son, your pa has been all day long *sweeping close by the gates of death.*"

Thus passed Alfred Cookman triumphantly to his rest in the forty-fourth year of his age. Prematurely we are disposed to think. Had he conserved his strength, and allowed himself suitable periods of recuperation, the oriflamme of his evangelism might yet have been waving inspiringly on the breeze. Still, though short in years, the life lamented was long in labours and success.

Alfred Cookman was many-sided. Not perhaps the multiformity of genius but that of ministerial and pastoral efficiency. Equally at home in the cottage as in the mansion,—pastoral in his habits, following the impressed one to his home,—clear, arrestive, forcible in the pulpit,—tenderly loving his home, yet strong and wide in his friendships,—pre-eminently a man consecrated to Christ, the secret of his strength being that of Barnabas, "full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

Dr. Ridgaway, in describing his friend, has done good service,—his pen has been wielded with a loving and tasteful hand.

QUEBEC.

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WHEN by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire,  
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus Truth silences the liar.

—Frederick Von Logan.



## DANIEL QUORM ON WINNING SOULS.\*

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

STRANGELY enough, it was Widow Pascoe who most commonly suggested this topic. Partly by the selfishness of her sentiments, partly by her dismal looks and tones, but still more by the impression that all about her made on one's mind. Though she never said it in so many words, there were a hundred things about her that kept saying it over and over again—"The Lord's people are a *peculiar* people, a *little* flock. You only know that the way leads to Heaven if a very few there be that find it. Therefore receive all new comers with cold suspicion. Most likely they are hypocrites, and if not, they will probably be back in the world again in a month. Keep the way as much as you possibly can to yourself."

In her thinking, the road to Heaven was not only as gloomy and uncomfortable as you could make it, but it was walled up like the cities of Anak; and plenty of broken glass on the top of the walls would have been a real consolation to her mind. She would have had the entrance gate covered with spikes, and surrounded with notices of spring-guns and man-traps, and warnings that trespassers would be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. As for "the grave and beautiful damsel, named Discretion," whom Pilgrim found at the gate, Widow Pascoe would have given that fair maiden "notice," and have improved matters very much, in her own estimation, by installing herself as doorkeeper. Dan'el was constantly provoked by it into plain speaking, and nobody else in the class had a particle of sympathy with a nature so ice-bound and narrow. But *that* was Widow Pascoe's comfort. To be misunderstood, to find that nobody agreed with her, to have no encouragement and no sympathy, was "a good time" to Widow Pascoe; all this was the most satisfactory evidence of her religion. It was meal-time to

\* From "Daniel Quorm and his Religious Notions." On sale at the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

her when she could come hither and *dip her parched corn in the vinegar*—then “she did eat, and was sufficed, and left.”

Dan’el listened with a sigh, and spoke slowly and sadly,—“Well, if we don’t take care, I’m afraid some of us ’ll never get to Heaven.”

This was threatening: it even disturbed Widow Pascoe’s composure for a moment.

Dan’el continued, as if explaining what had gone before,—“Or if we get there it won’t be as the Lord Jesus went. You remember that Jesus wouldn’t go to Heaven alone, even He took a soul with Him, and said: ‘To-day shalt thou be with Mr in Paradise.’ An’ the only safe way for us is to go like the Blessed Master went.”

Another pause followed, in which the little eye regained its humorous expression, and a ripple of playful roguishness came over Dan’el’s face.

“You know, my dear sister, you’ll never get anybody to go along such a dismal old road as you make of it never. An’ what’ll you do if you get up to the golden gate all by yourself? You know the Lord wouldn’t let the beasts go into the ark one by one—not even the unclean beasts; not a cat or a dog could go in by itself. An’ if ’tis anything like that, what will folks do who’ve never got a soul to go to Heaven with ’em. Besides, it would be a’most impudence to knock at the door an’ ask the glorious great Archangel to open it just to let in one. When I was up to Exeter once, I went in to see the Cathedral; and the man came up with a bunch of big keys, and says he, ‘You must wait a bit till somebody else come, for we don’t show it to less than two at a time—it ben’t worth while.’ An’ then when there was two of us, he opened all the doors, an’ took us upon top o’ the tower, and showed us about everywhere. Now seemin’ to me ’twould serve us ’zactly right if we was to go up an’ knock at the golden gate o’ the celestial city, an’ the Archangel was to say, ‘You should ha’ found somebody else to come in with ’e’,—an’ if he was to keep us waitin’ outside till somebody else come up.

“An’ it isn’t a matter that we can please ourselves about either. The Lord Jesus tells us that we are *the lights of the world*, an’ if that do mean anything at all, it do mean that somewhere some-

body in the world is bein' cheered an' guided an' helped to see things out there in the dark, by what we are a doin' of, or by how we are livin'. And the Lord tells us that we are *the salt o' the earth*. An' if we are not helpin' to keep some soul sweet an' clean, an' to preserve it unto everlastin' life, why I can't see much difference between that an' salt that has lost its savour: one doesn't do any good, and the other is good for nothing. And like everything else in God's world that is good for nothing, it shall be cast forth and 'trodden under foot.'

"Why I meet lots o' the Lord's people who think it don't matter a bit how they let their lights shine, so long as they shine somehow. Some of 'em 'll flash it out and frighten anybody with it, like the glare of a policeman's bull's eye. I can mind an' old gentleman who use to come and see my father; he'd take hold o' me by the collar o' my coat an' frown at me, an' say in a great gruff voice, 'Now be a good boy and do what you're told, or you'll go to the devil.' That never did me any good; I don't believe it would do anybody any good. And then there are others of 'em—why you might think they had to pay for it, an' was always afeared o' wastin' the gas. They'll turn it up 'pon a Sunday an' 'pon the prayer meetin' night, an' they'll have ever so big a glare then; but so soon as ever they do get home, they'll turn it down so low that the children and the neighbours think it be gone out altogether. Now seemin' to me to be the only kind o' light that'll do the world any good is a *burnin'* light—'a burnin' an' a shinin' light.' Some folks be like glow-worms, that shine without burnin'; but *they* won't do much good. We must *burn*, friends, *burn*, an' then we shall shine. Let's long to win souls, an' feel the longin' burnin' in us, an' then we shall do it. Only let our hearts catch fire, then the world 'll see the light an' feel the warmth, an' some poor perishin' mortal or other 'll be sure to come up to get a bit o' life. But if we don't burn, we shan't shine. That be the only kind o' light that's worth anything, 'a *burnin'* and a shinin' light.'

"An' the beauty of it is that every one of us can do it, whether we got one talent or whether we got two. Furze bushes, and brambles ben't no good for buildin' o' the Lord's House,—you must have great cedars o' Lebanon for that,—nor yet for a makin'

the furniture out of; but set 'em a-fire, an' they'll light up the country for miles an' miles. Never mind though you be reckoned nothin' in God's world but weed an' rubbish, you can burn so as to give light in the dark. Dear old granny here can't do much, but 'pon a dark night she can begin to think about the folks that have got to come across the moors, an' that may be strayin' away an' gettin' down some old shaft or other; an' she can tell 'em to sweep up the hearth an' get a nice bright fire an' pull up the blind, an' let the candle shine right out 'pon the road. Somebody 'll be guided a bit, an' get a bit o' warmth and cheerfulness out there in the dark. An' I often think about it when I rake out the fire just afore goin' to bed. This here fire do burn away like that, an' come to nothin' but ashes; but they that begin to burn an' shine, tryin' to 'turn many to righteousness,' shall never go out—they shall shine like 'the stars for ever and ever.' 'T isn't enough to be called the light o' the world an' the salt o' the earth, my friends. We must set about it the right way to do it. Folks may be the salt o' the earth: but they won't do much good if they come to you with a great mouthful of it that'll be a sickener for many a day, an' perhaps spoil your relish for it altogether. There's lots o' people who want to save souls, but 'tis *'they that be wise,'* that 'shall shine as the brightness of the firmament.'

"Now seemin' to me that the first thing *is to set ourselves to do it.* 'Tis just like everything else,—it wants doin'. It won't do to be always talkin' about it, an' desirin' it, an' prayin' that we may be useful. We must get up an' do it. Simon said, '*I go a-fishin'.*' And he might have talked about it, and prayed about it all his life,—he never would have caught anything until he went. We keep sayin', 'Dear brethren, let us go a-fishin';' or, 'You know we must really go a-fishin'.' We talk of how very right an' proper it is, an' how we desire to do it, an' we go prayin' that we may be stirred up to go a-fishin'. But Simon gets out his bait-box an' his cross-lines, an' he shoulders the oars an' he shoves off the boat, and settlin' down he calls out to the rest o' 'em, '*I go a-fishin'.*' Then the rest, who perhaps had been talkin' about it, shoved off their boats too, an' said 'We also go with thee.' An' that's the way in fishin' for souls, you must set about

it. Why we stand in on the shore lounging about the quay with our hands in our pockets, thinkin' that if the fish are to be caught the Lord will send 'em to us. If we want them, we must go a-fishin'.

"And there's another thing I like about Simon—he *didn't mind goin' alone*. I'm afraid a good many of us would have seen Simon goin' out in his boat, an' never have said what the rest did. We should have kept our hands in our pockets, and have said, 'Quite right an' proper: he's called to 'he work; or we should have said, 'Oh, he's a leader; he ought to go!'—or we should have said—'There goes Simon again: what a gift he has got for it!' Pack o' stuff an' nonsense. A gift for it! Why he had a hook an' a line an' a bit o' bait; an' so he went out to do what he could. That was his gift for it, an' that was his callin' too. I want for every one of us to say, '*I go*.'

"I was down to St. Ives once when the pilchards was about, an' the man that was on the look-out up on top o' the cliffs saw the school o' pilchards a-ruffin' the water, so he puts up a great speakin' trumpet to 'his mouth, and holloas out so loud as ever he could, '*Heva, heva, heva*.' All the people knew what he meant, an' the place was all in a stir in a minute. The big boats put up sail, and went out to shoot their nets; and then when they'd got them all shut in everybody got in a boat and pulled out to lend a hand, an' the water was all covered with boats. Everybody went a-fishin' then. Now that's just like 'tis when the Lord sends a great revival, and everybody wakes up an' goes a-fishin'. But la! my friends, there be fish in the sea all the year round. There's souls to be caught all the year round; summer an' winter; hot or cold; rain or fine. 'Tis never too rough to put your boat off to catch souls, an' 'tis never too calm. Don't let us wait till we can put out with the great nets—we can always go hookin'—catchin' 'em one by one. Every one of us can catch a soul here an' there, if we'll only try. I do dearly love that '*I go*': like as if he said, 'You others may please yourselves, but as for me, I'm off'

"There's something about Andrew too that is almost as good as what Peter said. 'He first findeth his own brother Simon.' Now I'm sure that 'tis a good plan to go hookin' after one soul. Any-

thing is fair play, I do count, 'pon the devil's ground. Every soul in the world do belong to our Lord. He made 'em every one, and He bought 'em every one with His precious blood. They're His every way; and the devil is a thief. I've very often thought o' what a poor master the devil's servants have got. Why, when he come up to tempt our mother Eve in Paradise he hadn't got any bit o' a little thing to bribe her with, an' all he could do was to tempt her to steal her Master's apples. He haven't got anything at all of his own, an' I am sure he hadn't got any souls belongin' to him. So I think 'tis quite fair to go catchin' souls any way you've got a mind to, an' whichever way you can. He isn't so very partic'lar about it, his own self: he's always a-comin' up poachin' 'pon our preserves, so bold as a lion; an' I don't see why we should mind how we can get back the souls that he has stolen, so long as we can get 'em back somehow.

"I can mind when I was a boy seein' the big folks come up to Carwinnin' with their fine rods an' lines an' wonderful turn out, an' they'd go all day an' never catch a fish. But we boys would see a fish go dartin' in under a stone; then we should get in an' go gropin' round the stone an' catch 'em like that. Well, I b'lieve in gropin' for souls. And seemin' to me that Andrew did too. He didn't say 'I'll try to do all the good I can,' an' then do nothing because he couldn't find any to do. But he says—'There's Simon. I'll go an' catch him.' That's the way. Pick out one soul, an' set your heart 'pon it,—begin to pray for that one an' try to catch that one, an' go on tryin' till you've got it; an' then try for another. We might do a deal o' good in the world, if we didn't try to do so much. I've heard folks a-singin'—an' meanin' it too—

'Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small.'

An' because the 'realm o' nature' wasn't theirs, they didn't give anything at all. But if they said, 'I've got five-an'-twenty shilling' a week; how much can I manage to screw out o' that?' then they'd have done something. And that's the way with folks who want to go catchin' souls. They'll sing—

'O that the world might taste and see  
The riches of His grace!'

they want to convert the world, but because they can't do that, they won't try to save their next door neighbour.

"Now all that's cured if we'll just pick out one soul an' try to catch that. Let us do it, my friends. Let us begin this very day. There's somebody in your family, or there's a neighbour o' yours, or there's somebody that works up to your mine, or there's somebody that you often meet with going along your road. Pick out that one, and say—'Now, the Lord helpin' me, I'll try an' catch that there soul.' Pray that the Lord'll give you a chance o' gettin' at 'em, an' keep on prayin': an' when you get the chance make a down-right good use of it. There isn't a door in this world but prayer'll batter it down, if you'll keep hard at it. Bolts an' bars haven't got a chance against prayer. It can pick a lock that a London sharper could do nothing with. Great gates and draw-bridges, like them down to Pendennis Castle, can't help theirselves against it. Only pray in downright earnest, an' the door will open before long, an' then when 'tis open, go in an' take possession in the name o' the King of kings. Depend 'pon it, that's how the world has got to be converted. Everybody who loves the Lord Jesus Christ must try, for His sake, to win somebody else, and must stick to it till they do.

"Then there's just one thing more about this catchin' souls. *'Tis a'most so good for ourselves as 'tis for those we try to save.* There's nothing else, I believe, that'll make a man so watchful an' so careful about all he says an' does, as this will. When I used to go fishin' with a rod and line an' caught sight of a big fish under the bank, why I could keep so still as a mouse for half a day. Other times we might run about on the bank, an' jump about so much as we liked. But now a shadow mustn't fall 'pon the water; there mustn't be a sound; only just letting the bait drop in, so gentle and quiet. Ah, you go an' try to catch a soul if you want to be watchful! No hasty words then; that would scare the soul away in a minute. No bit o' quick temper or angry ways; that would spoil it all.

"Pick out your soul, an' begin to pray for it; set to work to catch it, an' we shall do it. Only set to work the right way. It isn't those who try, but those who try the right way—the wise—that shall shine as the stars. An' as for wisdom, for all it is the

rarest thing in the world, bless the Lord we can get so much of it as ever we mind to, and all for nothing. 'If any of you;' never mind how dull a scholar he is, or how big a fool; 'if any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.' So let us all say as Simon did, an' mean it too, by the Lord's help, 'I go a-fishin'.'"

## THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.\*

BY SAMUEL JAMES WATSON.

I SAW the wondrous Prophet at the tomb,  
 Drawn thither by that strange and God-like feeling  
 Which ever leads Him to a scene of suffering.  
 Silent, a space, the mighty Prophet stood,  
 Gazing upon the weepers and the grave,  
 And then toward heaven, which, looking on His face,  
 Saw a diviner heaven reflected there.  
 The Prophet went up close unto the tomb;  
 And, unto the dead friend who slept within,  
 Whom He had loved in life and now in death,  
 He spake this marvel: "Lazarus, come forth!"  
 These words, which, on the ears of those who heard,  
 Fell soft as summer dew upon a rose,  
 Thundered with life, and flashed like lightning  
 O'er the abysm betwixt the quick and dead,  
 And shook all Hades with a might ungiven  
 Unto ten thousand thunder-bolts. A bird  
 Pluming herself upon the tomb, ne'er fluttered;  
 Not one blade of the brown grass where we stood  
 Was moved aside at these soft words. But he  
 Who for four suns and watches of the stars,  
 Lay locked in granite, heard them, for they drove  
 Through the deaf stone and reached the dead man's ear,  
 And he walked forth into the light and sight,  
 A trophy won from death. And then he made  
 Obeisance to the soul-recalling Prophet,  
 Who led him by the hand unto his sisters,  
 And gave him back to their sweet welcomings.

\* From "The Legend of Roses." Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Company.



## EARL RUSSELL.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM M'CULLOUGH.

THE name of Lord John Russell is familiar to all who are acquainted with English history in later times, and he is especially well known to all who are familiar with the history of the great Reform Movement in England in 1832. He is the third son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, and was born in Hertford Street, London, August 18th, 1792. He is now in the 84th year of his age. His mother was the daughter of the fourth Viscount of Torrington. He was liberally educated at Westminster School, where he distinguished himself by his extraordinary progress and early attainments, and was generally known as the "universal scholar," and proverbially spoken of as the "book worm." He afterwards matriculated at the University of Edinburgh, where he attended the lectures of the great philosopher, Dugald Stewart; and at a later period, the lectures of the no less distinguished scholar and metaphysician, Thomas Brown. He was a diligent and successful student, and, at an early age, became an author, having devoted his leisure hours to literary and mental culture. Had he devoted himself to literary pursuits alone, he would have ranked among the first of English aristocratic authors. But he was early thrown into the arena of political life, and politics became his study, and finally his profession, and thus diverted his attention from those subjects of a literary character which were more in accordance with his cultured taste.

As early as 1819, when only twenty-seven years of age, and amidst the toil and drudgery of parliamentary life, he published, in quarto form, "The Life of William, Lord Russell," with some account of the times in which he lived. This work was pronounced by the critics of the time to be one of great merit, and attracted considerable attention, and was even highly spoken of by his political opponents. In 1821, two years afterwards, he published a very popular work on the "History of the English Government and Constitution," from the reign of Henry VIII.

until the close of the reigns of the Georges. This is a work of deep research and great merit. It was well received by the statesmen of England, and most favourably spoken of by the critics and reviewers. This work was soon followed by a production in verse, entitled, "Don Carlos, or Persecution;" a Tragedy in five acts. It became exceedingly popular, and passed through several editions within a year. Among his other literary labours are "Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht;" "A Selection from the Correspondence of John, fourth Duke of Bedford;" and "Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox." He also wrote the "Life, Diary, and Letters of Thomas Moore, the Irish Poet." This work was favourably received at the time, and is still spoken of as a work of great interest, especially by those who are the admirers of the erratic poet.

Lord John Russell is a man of uncommon industry and great versatility of talent. He has served his country faithfully, has maintained a spotless character, and pursued a consistent career through life. As an acknowledgment of his great and valuable services, he was raised to the peerage in 1861, with the title of "Earl Russell." While he was thus honoured by his Sovereign and the Government of the day, he was an honour to the House of Lords, and added weight, influence, and talent to that noble branch of the English Legislature. His eldest son, by his second marriage, Lord Amberley, was for some years a member of the House of Commons, and represented Nottingham.\*

Notwithstanding the position which he occupied as an English nobleman, and the multifarious duties which he has faithfully and satisfactorily discharged as a member of Her Majesty's Government at different times, he comes down to the level of the common people, addressing Mechanics' Institutes, Young Men's Christian Associations, and numerous other Associations for the popular good. His abilities and virtues as a private gentleman, and as a Christian, together with his eminent services as a statesman, have shed a lustre around the aristocratic house of Bedford.

\* As these pages pass through the press we learn the death of this worthy son of a noble sire.—Ed.

Even the sarcastic Sydney Smith, who was so severe in his criticism, could not but admit that he was a religious as well as a great man.

The celebrated "Junius" made a severe attack upon the then Duke of Bedford, and he found some vulnerable points which he assailed with venom, to his own political advantage, but to the great annoyance of the noble Duke and his estimable family. But were "Junius" now living and disposed to attack private and public characters, as he then was, he would find more difficulty in discovering a single vulnerable point of attack in the character of the present head of that noble house.

Soon after Lord John Russell had completed his studies at the University of Edinburgh, he made a tour of Europe. From personal observation and intercourse with the statesmen, and access to the archives of the different nations and governments which he visited, he eminently qualified himself, thus early in life, to take an active part in the affairs of the nation. He made his *debut* in political life by being elected to Parliament for the family borough of Tavistock, then at the disposal of the Duke of Bedford. He was at one time the youngest member of the House of Commons, having entered Parliament in 1813, when he was only twenty-one years of age.

Lord John at once entered the Opposition, advocating the Whig principles of the family, against the Liverpool and Castle-reagh Ministry. He now devoted himself to politics as a profession, and spent much time in the study of the principles of Constitutional Government. His honesty and candour secured him the confidence of his party, and the respect of his opponents. But his great abilities, uncommon industry, courage and perseverance, concurred with the advantages of birth, education, and his very fortunate matrimonial connections in life, to give him a prominent place in the House of Commons, and very soon the position of leader of the Whig party.

He made his first motion in favour of Parliamentary Reform, in 1819, and persevered in the face of powerful opposition, and the deep humiliation of frequent defeat, till, as Minister of the Crown, he stood forward to propose the great Reform Bill in 1831. This important measure finally received the royal sanction, June

4th, 1832, and thus seemed to save the nation from the throes of revolution and civil war, which at one time appeared to be imminent. The country soon settled down into quiet and contentment, and believed that "cheap bread" was as certain as Lord John Russell was successful in the great measure of reform—the crowning act of his life, although he was the author of a great deal of valuable legislation.

Lord John Russell entered into political life at a very opportune period, and he was eminently qualified to improve every favourable circumstance, and early made his mark in society. The cessation of hostilities in Europe, the close of the war that had so long agitated the public mind, and the banishment of Napoleon to the lonely island of St. Helena, left the nation free to return to the consideration of their own affairs, and the study of home politics.

Lord John's parliamentary career was identified with the Whig party until the year 1827, when he saw the success of his toil and study, and the triumph of those principles which he sincerely held and ably advocated. The suppression of rotten boroughs early engaged his attention, for he saw in them a system of corruption, oppression, and extreme unfairness, while some large cities and commercial towns were left without a representation. But he laboured in connection with a noble band of enlightened and liberal-minded statesmen—such men as Henry Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, Earl Grey, and many other stars of the first magnitude. He manifested the honesty of his purpose, the purity of his views, and the correctness of his principles, by resigning his seat for the borough of Tavistock. He would not represent a borough at all. And from 1820 until 1831 he represented the large and important County of Huntingdon.

In 1826, Mr. Canning was Foreign Secretary in the Liverpool Cabinet, as the successor of Lord Castlereagh,—but he was virtually the head of the Government. Canning was an acute politician, and a shrewd observer of public events. He saw that public opinion was fast ripening, and that the Reform Bill, now before the house of Commons, must eventually be carried. The majority against it was fast decreasing, and the pressure from without becoming stronger every day.

Lord John Russell vigorously pressed on his reform measures, including the enfranchisement of commercial cities and large manufacturing towns, and the suppression of nearly all the rotten boroughs. Canning, finding that he could only defeat the Bill by a comparatively small majority, pronounced it virtually carried. He saw the prudence of postponing a change which he could not prevent, but he thus prepared the way for still more sweeping measures. Lord John Russell was a member of the first Whig Ministry, under the leadership of Earl Grey, who succeeded the Duke of Wellington in 1830. The Ministry was formed on the occasion of the death of George IV. and the accession of William IV. Lord John held the position of Paymaster of the Forces, and, although his position in the Government was subordinate, in regard to office, yet his influence was great.

The new Ministry came into power by the voice of the nation, because the country now demanded measures of reform. This was a strong Government, and was composed of men of the first literary and political ability. Lord Durham, Sir James Graham, and Lord Duncannon were some of its members. On the 1st of March, 1831, Lord John Russell introduced into the House of Commons the *Great Reform Bill*—the Bill was agreed upon by his colleagues in office—and although some measure of reform had been expected, yet a Bill so comprehensive in its character was not looked for; indeed it took the nation by surprise. The writer of this article was residing in Scotland at the time when this Bill was brought forward, and remembers the great excitement and joy that prevailed even in that land of steady habits and sober thought. The Bill was received by the great Tory party, then forming Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition, with derision, and it was pronounced impracticable; but the enthusiasm of the nation, and the universal popularity of the Bill, soon changed their derision into alarm.

The Opposition now roused all their energies and mustered all their forces for the contest, for they still regarded close boroughs as an essential part of the English Constitution. Sir Robert Peel took the lead in the Opposition, but he lived long enough to take the other side of the political craft. The debates in the House

of Commons were unusually animated; talent and weight of influence were arrayed on both sides of the House, and the Bill passed the second reading by a majority of only *one*. This was a decided triumph for the Opposition, and on the motion for going into Committee, the Bill was thrown out by a majority of eight. The Ministry must now either resign office or dissolve the House, and they adopted the latter alternative. They knew that the nation was with them, and they appealed to the country on the question at issue; and the voice of the people decided most promptly and vigorously in favour of the Bill. Lord John was returned for the County of Devon; and when the new Parliament met, the progress of the Bill through the House of Commons was speedy and triumphant. The Ministry was now strong, and could command a large majority in the House; yet it did not stand long, owing to internal differences and secessions, and was succeeded by the ministry of Sir Robert Peel. But Sir Robert Peel found that he had undertaken a most difficult task in forming a Conservative Government, while the nation loudly demanded Reform. In April, 1845, he was forced to resign office, and a new Ministry was formed under the leadership of Lord Melbourne.

Lord John Russell was Colonial Minister when the Canadian Rebellion broke out in 1837. In 1839 he sent out Lord Durham, an eminent statesman of the Liberal School, to enquire into the state of affairs in the Colony, and make report of the same. British statesmen knew very little about Canada, and they seemed to take but little interest in Canadian affairs. But the report of Lord Durham had the desired effect. He acknowledged and recommended the right of Canadians to self-government. The right was admitted by the Imperial authorities, and hence we enjoy to-day *Responsible Government*, and the Canadians are now as free an autonomy as any in the world. Lord John Russell favoured and strongly recommended the repeal of the Corn Laws, but he had not the satisfaction of carrying out his design in regard to this important measure. He failed to form a Government, and to Sir Robert Peel accrued the honour of carrying that measure. One soweth and another reapeth. Lord John was again in power in 1847, and we find him at the head of the Government as

Prime Minister. He had now to deal with the deplorable condition of Ireland, for this was the year of the great Irish famine, and never did statesman labour more faithfully, to relieve the thousands of sufferers in that unfortunate country. Ireland has long been a source of anxiety and weakness to England, and will continue to be so, while the majority of the people acknowledge their allegiance to a foreign Pontiff. The late Daniel O'Connell, in his last will, gave his heart to Rome, and his body to Dublin, a type of the divided allegiance of his countrymen.

Lord John Russell formed a part of the Melbourne Government, and held the office of Home Secretary, and with it the dignity of Ministerial Leader in the House of Commons. But the times were peculiar, and party strife was strong both in the House of Commons and in the country. Sir Robert Peel was again called upon to form a Government, and he brought around him a number of strong men. But the pressure from without was such that even he, with all his influence and tact, did not remain long in office, for the rejection of the Irish Coercion Bill forced him and his colleagues to retire from office. The affairs of Ireland have broken up more than one Ministry. The difficulty of endeavouring to rule and please a people under the religious control of a foreign ecclesiastical power, has been the secret cause of much trouble to English Ministers. Lord John was now called to the leadership of the new Whig Ministry, and held office as Prime Minister, and managed the affairs of the Empire for six years, from July 1846, until March 1852, much to the satisfaction of even opposing parties, and very much to the good of the country. The action of the Pope in parcelling out England into Roman Catholic dioceses, drew from him a strong and able protest, first in the form of a letter addressed to the Bishop of Durham, and next in the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill" of 1851. But there was much strong opposition to the Bill; even the Protestant clergy, or many of them, united in opposition to it, and thus roused the fears of the country as if new danger were to be apprehended. The Ministry, in consequence, was not only compelled to abandon the Bill, but also to resign office.

When Lord Palmerston was called to the Premiership for a more vigorous prosecution of the Eastern War, Lord John Russell

consented to serve under him as Colonial Minister. He did not consent to this arrangement from the love of office, but because he was prepared to serve his country in any capacity, either as first Minister of the Crown, or in a subordinate position as now—Colonial Secretary. It has been facetiously said by the sarcastic Sydney Smith that Lord John Russell was the greatest man in England, for he would undertake to perform a delicate surgical operation, or even undertake the command of the Channel Fleet, at thirty minutes' notice. Lord John, it is true, had the courage to undertake what he knew his great abilities and varied talents were able to accomplish. His constant aim and desire were to serve his country and obey his sovereign.

Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston had long been rivals, although they were of the same political school and creed. But they were now united for a particular purpose in the same Government, although their union was not destined long to continue. Lord Palmerston proposed that Lord John should be British Plenipotentiary at the Vienna Conference, appointed with a view to the conclusion of a peace between Russia and the Allied Powers. Lord John accepted the important and responsible appointment. But the course pursued by his Lordship at Vienna, and the issue of his negotiations, did not give general satisfaction, and in June 1855, he resigned his place in the Ministry. He thus left his chief, Lord Palmerston, the burden of carrying on the war, or the responsibility of concluding it, in a manner that the nation would approve. But Lord John was again Premier during 1865 and 1866. We have said that he was raised to the Peerage of England in 1861, but he would not accept of a title that would conceal his family name. Hence he preferred being known as Earl Russell. He is not vain, but he is a man of great courage and firmness; hence the bold stand he made in regard to the "Alabama Claims." He is truly British, and has always aimed at maintaining the honour and dignity of the nation.

Earl Russell has uniformly been calm in the midst of storms of opposition; he is thoughtful and dignified, and when necessary, reticent and retiring. But he can speak, and speak eloquently too, when the importance of the occasion seems to demand it. He



still lives, and although now in the eighty-fourth year of his age, is vigorous and active, and his voice is often heard in the House of Lords. He is still sometimes seen on the public platform on special occasions, addressing the masses on subjects of public interest. He is not elated by praise, nor is he unduly depressed by censure. He has had a large proportion of both, and has maintained, through all the vicissitudes and changes of life, a dignity of deportment becoming his high position. Earl Russell is an honour to his ancient family—a credit to the nation—and a consistent member of the Christian Church.

GRAFTON, Ont.

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### CHRIST AND THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTER.

“EARLY in the morning,  
The Sultan's daughter  
Walked in her father's garden,  
Gathering the bright flowers,  
All full of dew :  
And as she gathered them,  
She wondered more and more  
Who was the master of the flowers,  
And made them grow  
Out of the cold, dark earth.  
'In my heart,' she said,  
'I love him ; and for him  
Would leave my father's palace,  
To labour in his garden.'  
And at night,  
As she lay upon her bed,  
She heard a voice  
Call to her from the garden,  
And looking forth from her window,  
She saw a beautiful youth  
Standing among the flowers :  
And she went down to him,  
And he said to her, 'O maiden !  
Thou hast thought of me with love,  
And for thy sake,

Out of my father's kingdom  
Have I come hither.  
I am the master of the flowers !  
My garden is in Paradise,  
And if thou wilt go with me,  
Thy bridal garland  
Shall be of bright red flowers.'  
And then he took from his finger  
A golden ring,  
And asked the Sultan's daughter  
If she would be his bride ;  
And when she answered him with love  
His wounds began to bleed ;  
And she said to him,  
'O Love ! how red thy heart is,  
And thy hands are full of roses.'  
'For thy sake,' answered he,  
'For thy sake is my heart so red,  
For thy sake I bring these roses ;  
I gathered them at the cross  
Whereon I died for thee !  
Come, for my father calls,  
Thou art my celestial bride !'  
And the Sultan's daughter  
Followed him to his father's garden.”

—*The Golden Legend.*

## THE GREAT REASONER.

BY LE ROY HOOKER.

"How do you prove the doctrine of eternal punishment?" said a young preacher to one of ripe age and experience.

"I don't prove it, I preach it," the veteran replied.

That wise old man must have derived the inspiration of his answer from Paul where he says, "my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

Mark, neither Paul, nor his venerable disciple, admits that he has preached irrational things. They both knew of another, and for the purposes of grace, a better demonstration than a mere persuasion of the intellect by human argument. They knew that a faith which could overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil, must be born, not of the wisdom of men, but of the power of God. Human demonstration, as far as it can go, may silence the gainsaying of the intellect; but it leaves the heart, out of which come the issues of life, as dark and dead as ever. The Spirit has a Divine method of His own, which makes short work with doubt, and drives the conviction deeper than the intellect. You carry a light into a dark room, and straightway the darkness is not—the light has annihilated it. So is the demonstration of the Spirit. When He commends the truth to a man's *conscience*, it goes crashing through headworks and breastworks, straight to the mark; and, when that man becomes a convert he can render a reason. He has had a demonstration never to be forgotten.

Many of God's ways are utterly unsearchable, but we think we can see some of the reasons why the preaching of truth is left to man, and the proving reserved to the Spirit. There are many things in the sum of Christian faith which lie, necessarily, above the plane of human reason, and, therefore, cannot be demonstrated by it. The great doctrines of religion include in their scope the mysteries of the spiritual man, of an unseen an

eternal world, and of the Infinite God. Now, while reason is limited to physical means of communication with all outside of itself, it is in no way disparaged when we say that these higher matters of which religion treats are, mostly, above its present plane of operation. If these truths are to be known at all they must come to us by means of revelation and Divine conviction, and reason may, without compromising any degree of its proper dignity, consent to be informed and convinced by the Holy Spirit. Nor should it complain of outrage, simply because it hears of things which lie beyond the range of its vision.

Again, if all the doctrines in the Christian system were in the scope of human demonstration, and were never to be believed until each man had reasoned them out for himself, then the benefits, moral and eternal, resulting from Christian faith and practice, would be limited to the few gifted and cultivated minds in each generation; and, even in these cases, the results would be slow and uncertain. Witness the different conclusions reached by minds of the highest culture in matters of mere physical science. John Stuart Mill died without ever feeling certain that he lived; and, not quite sure but that, in some other possible state of things, a circle might have the properties of a square; and two and two make five. For more than fifteen centuries the world waited for a Columbus to demonstrate that the earth is round, and a Harvey to discover the circulation of the blood. Can anyone think it possible that the all-important results of believing and obeying the Gospel must wait for the slow and uncertain demonstrations of reason? Or, that these results are to be confined to the few? And what of the multitude? Are they never to believe at all? Oh, yes, some man will say;—let the cultivated think for them and teach them. Indeed! You would, then, have a faith; but its author and finisher shall be man! Nay, rather let God reveal, in human language, the truth needful for faith and practice; and, with the preaching of that truth give the demonstration of the Spirit. Then our faith shall stand in the power of God.

Once more: if heathen nations never receive the Gospel until they are capable, we will not say of demonstrating for themselves

its truthfulness, but of understanding and appreciating the successive steps of such a demonstration by others, then they will never receive it at all. The mental culture necessary for such an exercise is not the forerunner but the product of Christianity.

Behold the mercy and the wisdom of God! Men must know certain truths that lie out of the reach of their reason, and so know them as to act upon them, if they are ever to escape from the dominion of sin and inherit glory in the future life. The good and wise God does not leave it to the erring reason of either hearer or preacher to demonstrate the truthfulness of the Gospel message. He says to the preacher, "Preach the word,—assert and apply the things you find in revelation, and leave the proving to me. I will commend the truth to every man's conscience."

Will the Churches ever learn that their strength lies, not in "apologies" and "defences," but in the logic of the Holy Ghost? Brethren in this holy ministry, let me lay myself at your feet and entreat you to preach, not prove, the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

COATICOOK, Que.

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## LIFE.

"Gedenke zu leben."—*Wolfgang von Goethe.*

SOLEMN before us,  
Veiled the dark portal,  
Goal of all mortal—  
Stars silent rest o'er us,  
Graves under us silent.

But heard are the voices,  
Heard are the sages,  
The worlds and the ages—

"Choose well, thy choice is  
Brief and yet endless.

"Here eyes do regard you  
In eternity's stillness,  
Here is all fullness  
Ye brave to reward you;  
Work and despair not.

—*Goethe.*

## ITALIAN PICTURES FROM CAR WINDOWS.

BY JOHN CAMERON, LONDON, ONT.

BIDDING good-bye to Paris, queen of gayety and fashion, we take train southward, past cities and villages—through loamy meadows and fruit orchards—over rivers and purling brooks—and past country roads, whose contented vistas seem wistfully to beckon the beholder. Near Cannes may be seen great rose-farms, owned by the proprietors of Lubin's celebrated perfumes. The rose, orange-flower, jessamine, violet and tube-rose display masses of gorgeous colour, and diffuse a charming fragrance far and near.

We are now nearing Italy. Across our pathway, dividing France from Italy, stretches a lofty chain of Alpine mountains—a rampart of colossal rocks whose sterile grandeur has an instantly imposing effect on the mind. The various peaks outline themselves against a back-ground of blue, while one snow-crested monarch recalls the lines of Goldsmith :

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

But how shall we get to the other side? Shall we have to turn back? Or undertake a toilsome journey by zig-zag paths up one side of the mountain and down the other? Human determination and engineering skill, backed by money, have made an easier matter of it than *that*. Keep your seat in the railway-carriage, and in a few minutes the train will have run, *under the mountain*, into Italy, through the celebrated Mount Cenis tunnel. This tunnel is nearly eight miles long, through solid rock, and is twenty feet high and thirty-three feet wide. What a lesson is here, especially for the young men of our age and country, as to what may be achieved by resolute determination and judicious application! Where there is a will there is generally a way.

Turin, the first Italian city at which we stop, is picturesquely surrounded by mountains not far distant. We are on classic ground. This handsome city, recently the capital of Italy, was destroyed by Hannibal in the year 218 before Christ. How this throws us into the past! Of its population of 200,000 persons,

only some 1,500 are Protestants. Over the door of one of its imposing Roman Catholic churches I noted these words:—  
*Indulgenze plenaria quotidiana perpetua.*

The little town of Pisa, within sight of the Mediterranean, and divided by the river Arno, is one of the most delightful places of residence in Italy. The air is balmy and salubrious, and tempered by the sea breezes in the hottest weather. Its hotels are clean and cozy. Like Genoa and Florence and Venice, it was once an independent republic, and boasted its armies and fleets; but these have long vanished, and it has to content itself with memories of mediæval greatness. A climb up the celebrated tower—"Pisa's leaning miracle"—round and round and round its spiral stair, is a good test of the tourist's breath, but he is repaid by a delightful view from the summit, of orange-orchards, fig-gardens, waving meadows, distant mountain ranges, and the silver-tinted ripples of the Mediterranean. Hard by the tower stands the baptistery. A complete group of Italian ecclesiastical architecture in the olden time consisted of cathedral, baptistery, and bell-tower—separate structures, yet all close together. In the baptistery of Pisa is to be heard a singularly sweet echo. Standing beneath the lofty dome, and singing, say the scale, the echo begins presently to repeat the notes in one's ears, but much softened and sweetened.

On our way to Milan, seated in comfortable compartment cars, the time is whiled away by discussing what we have seen and what we expect to see, and in getting out at country stations, observing the people, and buying freshly-picked oranges, blackberries, cold roast-chickens, hard-boiled eggs, and, according to taste, lemonade or light wine—a franc (about twenty cents, Canadian) going a long way as a purchasing medium.

The great sight of Milan is the Cathedral. The Milanese call it the eighth wonder of the world. After St. Peter's in Rome, towards which we are *en route*, it is the largest church in Italy or Europe, being nearly 500 feet long, by 200 wide, with a nave 158 feet in height. It is built almost altogether of marble. For wealth of elaboration it has no rival.

Parvis and portal bloom like trelliss'd bowers,  
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers.

The roof is adorned with fully a hundred Gothic turrets, and the exterior by no fewer than 4,500 statues in marble. These statues are for the most part figures of saints, and each a masterpiece. There are many of the statues of which only a portion, from their position, can be seen; yet, it is said that those parts which were not likely to be seen are as perfectly finished as those which strike the eye of the tourist. Perhaps the olden artists believed that whatever was worth doing at all was worth doing well. "The gods see everywhere."

The Milan Cathedral is a poem in marble. It is a perpetual summons to religious service painted against the sky. It towers above every other building. Its graceful yet massive outline is the first object to strike the eye as the traveller approaches the city: it is the last to be seen as he looks back. Once imprinted on the mind and memory, it can never be forgotten.

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### TRUTH THE HIGHEST BEAUTY.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!  
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,  
As the perfumèd tincture of the roses,  
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
When summer's breath their maskèd buds discloses;  
But, for their virtue only is their show,  
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;  
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odour made;  
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

—Shakespeare.

## EDITORIAL.

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### OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTERESTS.

THE importance of the Sunday-school interests of our church can scarcely be exaggerated. It is from this source that its ranks must be recruited when its present membership has passed away. Those who are now the children of our Sunday-schools must in a few years largely carry on God's work in the world and grasp the standard of the Gospel as it falls from the failing hands of those whose warfare is ending. And those who enter the ranks of the militant Church from the classes of the Sunday-school are more likely to prove valiant and faithful soldiers of Christ than those who are rescued from the service of Satan after years of rebellion against God have enfeebled their moral powers and confirmed them in habits which must for ever impair their usefulness.

The teaching in the Sunday-schools of the world was never so thorough, so efficient, so systematic, as it is to-day. This is largely owing to the adoption of the International Scheme of Uniform Lessons. It is only a little more than three years ago that this scheme was recommended, after considerable opposition and discussion, by the Indianapolis Sunday-school Convention, and already it has belted the globe. In India, in China, in Japan, in Australia, in the islands of the southern seas, in parts of Africa, in Syria, in Germany and other parts of Continental Europe, throughout the British Isles, all over this vast continent, from Nova Scotia to California, from the gulf of Mexico to the remote mission stations of the far North, the same portions of Holy Scripture are diligently studied in many tongues by a vast army of not less than a million of Sunday-school teachers and six millions of Sunday-school scholars. The world never saw anything like it before. The effect on the coming generation must be incalculable. This is the best antidote to the skeptica



tendencies and abounding iniquity of the times. If the young are thoroughly grounded in the oracles divine, if they have an experimental knowledge of the grace of God, they will be fully armed to resist the soul-destroying influence of an infidel philosophy, of a skeptical science, falsely so called. Having tasted and seen that the Lord is good, they can oppose the demonstrations of consciousness to the visionary theorizings that would beguile them from the truth.

One of the principal advantages of the International Uniform Lesson Scheme is that it brings to bear on the selected portions of Scripture the best critical scholarship of the age, and makes it accessible to millions in the simplest possible form and at an almost infinitesimal cost. The Sunday-school literature of the world—the teaching literature, notes and comments on the lessons—has increased in volume during the last few years almost beyond computation. Nor is its excellence less remarkable than its volume. The best talent of the Church is employed in this work, and the different Church publishing houses vie with each other in the elegance of style and cheapness of cost with which the result is furnished to the people. The Lesson Notes for teachers, by Dr. Vincent and his able coadjutors, published by the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States—those used by our own Schools as well as in Germany, India, China and elsewhere—have a circulation in the States alone of 115,000. Of the *Berean Leaves* for scholars, an aggregate of over 4,000,000 copies are published; and the *S. S. Advocate*, sumptuously illustrated, has a circulation of about 350,000. The other Churches are not behind-hand in providing aids to the study of the Bible, from the picture leaflets for the infant classes to the Greek and Hebrew lessons for teachers.

All the religious and many of the secular newspapers publish the lesson notes. Weekly gatherings of teachers assemble in many of the towns and cities for study of the lessons under the ablest professorial instruction, and not unfrequently the whole Church is turned into a great Bible class for the same purpose. Never before was such an amount of consecrated enthusiasm brought to bear upon the world's best boon—the Word of God.

It was an inspiration to the soul to stand in the great Masonic

Hall at Baltimore, at the International Sunday-school Convention of 1875, and to behold the great army of active Sunday-school workers from the different parts of the land, from Maine to Nebraska, from Nova Scotia to Georgia—men of almost every Protestant denomination, of almost every rank in life, and of every age, from the white-haired veteran to the smooth-cheeked boy in the glow of his fresh enthusiasm—from city and hamlet, from factory and farm, from counting-house and prairie, gathered from a broad continent to promote one common work. Almost all classes of society had their representatives—Ex-Generals, Ex-Colonels, Judges, Senators, Planters, Bankers, Merchants, Manufacturers, Doctors of Divinity, of Medicine, and of Law, all engaged in loving zeal in promoting the study of the Word of God.

The Sunday-school Bazaar, in which the different publishers exhibited an ample assortment of Sunday-school apparatus—maps, pictures, illuminated cards, text books, furniture and the like, showed the hold that this great work has taken on the Church, and the complete provision that is made for its prosecution.

One of the most remarkable gatherings of the times is the annual meeting of Sunday-school workers at Chautauqua Lake, where, at a cost of many thousands of dollars, has been constructed a large model of Palestine, an oriental house and museum, and where, for two weeks, thousands of teachers sedulously study the best methods of religious instruction.

Nor are these improved facilities for biblical study unproductive of important practical results. In the London Conference of our own Church, during the last ecclesiastical year, over two thousand conversions to God are reported from our Sunday-schools; and there is no reason to suppose that the proportion in the other Conferences is less. But never shall be fully known till the great day shall declare it, the vast amount of work done for God in our Sunday-schools; the number who are saved from a life of sin and become useful teachers, preachers, and active Christian workers; the number who go home in triumph to the skies; and the amount of good wrought through the missionary beneficence of our Schools. These schools are the hope of the Church, the

hope of the world. They should be sedulously fostered, and all their material wants liberally met by the Church. We are glad to notice the more adequate provision made in all our newly erected churches for the accommodation of our Sunday-Schools. It is no longer thought permissible to thrust them away down into dark, damp, unventilated and unwholesome basements, as was till comparatively recently the almost universal practice. The new school-rooms are for the most part large, light, airy, cheerful and healthful structures above ground, and the furnishing and general seating arrangements are made to conduce as much as possible to the comfort, and convenience and efficiency of the school. This is as it should be; and is the wisest possible financial expenditure of the Church. The libraries should also be well supplied with wholesome and attractive literature, and each teacher and scholar furnished with the Lesson Notes or other necessary helps to the study of the Scriptures.

The Schools should not be starved by neglect, or ignored by the Church, nor should those who give their time and toil for the instruction of the children be also required to defray the constant expenses incurred thereby. We begrudge no reasonable expense for the secular education of our children. Should we not be equally anxious to provide liberally for their instruction in the most important of all knowledge—the knowledge of the way of salvation?

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## MARRIAGE

As unto the bow the chord is,  
So unto the man is woman,  
Though she bends him she obeys him,  
Though she draws him, yet she follows,  
Useless each without the other.

—Longfellow.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

## THE PLAN OF CREATION.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

ONE of the most beautiful generalizations of modern science, is that which discovers amid the manifold diversities of nature striking evidences of a unity of design. We recognize, under great varieties of form, the common type or plan after which the Divine Architect seems to have constructed the work of His hands. The special modifications of the common type are among the most striking illustrations of the flexibility, as it were, of the Divine method, in meeting special needs while adhering to a general design. The téléologic argument founded thereon, which is too frequently ignored by modern science, is well elaborated by Dr. McCosh and Prof. Dickie in the admirable volume before us.\* They show, in the first place, the need of these special adjustments for the beneficent operation of the forces of nature, and then by a mathematical calculation they demonstrate that the probability is practically infinite against these adjustments being casual or accidental instead of being designed.

These principles are illustrated by a series of interesting examples from nature. The special modifications of the common typical cell in the woody, vascular, muscular, nervous, fatty, or bony tissue of plants and animals are striking illustrations of this principle.

The discovery that the different parts of the flower and fruit are but

modifications of the leaf or typical appendage of the plant, or rather that they are all constructed on the same plan, which was made independently by Linnæus, Wolff, Goethe, and De Candolle—has thrown a flood of light upon structural botany. However incredible this theory may sometimes appear, it is amply demonstrated in the text. The striking and invariable analogy between the form and venation of the leaf, and the shape and ramification of the tree is also very felicitously shown.

The definite numerical arrangement of leaves, petals, and branches around their central axis, is a wonderful example of the unity of design of the Divine Geometrician, and is utterly irreconcilable with any mere doctrine of chances.

It is in the animal kingdom, and especially in the vertebrate subkingdom, that the analogies of structure, or more correctly homologies of type, are most manifest. The study of comparative anatomy abundantly proves this. "More than ninety per cent. of the bones of the human skeleton," says Professor Owen, "have their homologies (or namesakes) recognized by common consent in skeletons of all vertebrata." It is this fact that enabled the Professor from a single bone to reconstruct the skeleton of extinct animals. But it can also be shown that the human skeleton consists of a series of similar segments. The German naturalist Oken, walking one day in the Hartz Forest, saw the bleached skull of a deer, and exclaimed, "It is a vertebral column." This is fully

\**Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation.* By the REV. JAS. MCCOSH, LL.D., and GEORGE DICKIE, A.M., M.D. 8vo. Pp. 559, illustrated. Carter and Brothers, New York.

shown in the text by diagrams and comparative descriptions. The homology of type of the diverging appendages or limbs is also strikingly exhibited. Under such varying forms as the wing of a bird or bat, the flipper of a seal, the legs of a horse, cow, goat, sheep, or hog, and even in the fins of a fish, and in the aborted organs beneath the skin of the serpent, the common type may be recognized. It is seemingly difficult at first sight to trace the analogy between that wondrous instrument, the human hand, and the solid hoof of the horse or the foot of the elephant, but their special adaptation for special ends cannot conceal their common type.

The same homotypal unity is shown to obtain in the molluscous, articulate, radiate, and protozoan subkingdoms. Amid countless varieties of form and modification for special ends, the same wonderful simplicity of type is seen, calling forth the devout exclamation—"O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all."

The same principle reaches back into the by-gone geologic ages. From the very dawn of life we may trace a progressive and "prophetic" plan. The same grand unity everywhere prevails throughout animated nature. Nay, our authors trace it also in the inorganic world, in the regular forms of crystals and in the definite chemical proportions of matter; nor is the special adaptation of the inorganic objects to the welfare of plants and animals a less wonderful illustration of design.

From the earliest times the harmony and sublime order of the heavenly bodies awoke the adoring wonder of mankind. In the hush of the midnight heavens the grey fathers of the world caught soft whispering, the music of the spheres; and ancient philosophy found, in number and relation, the first cause of all things. But looking beyond the veil of matter, we behold in the Supreme Wisdom also the Infinite

Love—we feel the heart-throbs of the yearning Father of mankind who numbers the very hairs of our head, and without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground.

Thus far we have followed Drs. McCosh and Dickie. We are not aware that the following classification of the Animal Kingdom has ever been published. It is taken from our MSS. notes of the late Professor Hincks' lectures on zoology.

There are manifested throughout the animal kingdom, five distinct tendencies. Those tendencies are especially marked in the vertebrate sub-kingdom, from which our examples shall be taken.

The first tendency is that toward strength and ferocity, as seen in carnivorous mammals and birds of prey.

The second tendency is toward nervous activity, frequently accompanied in land animals by climbing habits, as seen in monkeys, bats, fruit-eating marsupials, and incesorial or perching birds—finches, and the like.

The third tendency is toward nutritivity with large and sluggish forms, as seen in the ox and other ruminant animals, in the kangaroo, and in the rasesores or scratching birds, as turkeys, barn-yard fowls, etc.

The fourth tendency is toward elongated forms, occasionally with amphibious habits, as among the pachydermata (the hog, tapir, etc.), in burrowing animals, and in the long-legged, long-necked wading birds.

The fifth tendency is toward aquatic habits, as seen in the whales, seals, edentate or toothless quadrupeds, and the water fowl (divers, etc.).

These tendencies may be traced in each division and sub-division of the great animal kingdom. For instance, beginning with the highest, though somewhat obscured by broad general characteristics, they correspond, in order as given above, with I, the Vertebrates; II, the Articulates; III, the Mollusks; IV, the Radiates; and V, the Protozoa. More clearly

among the vertebrates they correspond with the, (1) mammals, (2) birds, (3) reptiles, (4) amphibia, (5) fishes.

In the minor sub-divisions these tendencies can be traced even down to families and sub-families. We can only give a few examples.

Among the *quadrumana*, for instance, are (1) the ferocious gorilla and ape, (2) the active monkey, (3) the sluggish baboon, and the inferior types, (4) cebidæ, and (5) lemurs.

Among the *conirostres*, or cone-beaked birds, the five tendencies are illustrated by (1) the crow, (2) the tropical plantain eater, (3) the pigeon, (4) the bird of paradise, and (5) the starling.

Among the *ophidia*, or serpents, we have (1) the poisonous and virulent rattlesnake, (2) the lithe and graceful colubra, (3) the huge and sluggish boa, and (4) and (5) the amphibious and aquatic types.

Among the fishes, the typical

examples of these tendencies are, (1) the shark, (2) the perch, (3) the salmon, (4) the reptilean forms, and (5) the degraded lamprey.

Even among the different families of finches, falcons, owls, etc., the same tendencies may be traced. Sometimes, however, they are obscured or even wanting, but these gaps are frequently filled up by extinct or fossil species. In some cases future discoveries may supply the missing link in the wonderful chain of creation.

This insight into the plan of the Creator and glimpse of the unity of His design, varied by endless modifications, strikes, it seems to us, a death blow at the Spencerian and Darwinian theories of evolution and natural selection, and substitutes for the blind working of chance, the intelligent purpose of omniscient wisdom and omnipotent power.

## CHRISTIANITY AND SCIENCE.\*

"THERE is no Scriptural type oftener reproduced than that of Uzzah, who thought the ark of the Lord would be overturned because the oxen shook the cart. Good men, in every age of unfettered thought and bold investigation, have been afraid for the truth, and afraid of the truth; unwilling that enquiry and research should have free course, lest their results should unsettle verities which they yet profess to believe eternal, or throw discredit on records which they yet maintain to have been written by the inspiration of God. Apprehensions of this kind are virtue and fidelity. They who entertain them have not the firm belief

which they profess, and their fears do more injury to their cause than can be done by open and bitter enmity. While they mean to be loyal, they play the part of Judas, and betray the Master whom they love."

With these pregnant words, Dr. Peabody opens the argument of this important book. The lofty religious faith which they exhibit should be the characteristic of every believer in divine revelation. There can be no conflict, in the true sense, between science and Christianity. God has put His signature on His creation no less than on His written Word. The hieroglyphs of nature

\* *Christianity and Science: A Series of Lectures at the Union Theological Seminary.* By ANDREW PEABODY, D.D., LL.D., Professor in Harvard University. 12mo. Pp. 287. Robert Carter and Brothers, New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

must correspond, when rightly understood, with revelation, and can never contradict it.

But what is science? Not mere speculation, but knowledge; not half truths, but whole truths; not unproven hypotheses, but verified principles. Such science there is, and it in no wise conflicts with revealed truth. But much that is called science is not so, and unlawfully usurps the name.

Nor is Christianity responsible for the absurd physical theories and interpretations that enthusiasts or bigots have claimed as inseparable from its essence. Our author does not regard the theory of development or evolution as necessarily hostile to religious faith, but it is as yet a mere hypothesis which has not complied with the first condition of science—the production of evidence which points conclusively in its favour. The purpose of this book is not merely negative, but is positive and constructive—to demonstrate the genuineness of the divine mission of Jesus Christ—the Christ of history, of the Gospels, of the Church. This demonstration our author carries on under three heads: Testimony, Experiment, and Intuition. Under the first head he proves the antiquity, genuineness, and authenticity of the Gospels from the testimony of Fathers, of heretics, and of enemies; also by the internal evidence from the human virtues, religious teachings, moral influence, and mighty works of Christ. The objections to miracles are met and confuted, the testimony as to the resurrection of Christ examined, and

the silences of the Gospel are shown to be eloquent of its divinity.

Under the head of experiment the author treats of Christianity as a factor in the formation of character, as a source of moral energy, as a support in trial and a hope in death, and as a renovating power in society. In illustration of the last he cites its rapid progress from weakness to triumph against gigantic opposition, moral, political, and physical. He shows its infinite superiority to every other religion in its power over public sentiment, its agency in domestic life, its effect on slavery, on the theory and practice of Government, and in its passionate charity for the relief of human suffering. We find here agreeable corroboration of our own treatment of this important subject elsewhere.

But the highest demonstration of Christianity is that of intuition: "If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God."

From this skeleton may be conceived the value of the argument, instinct with life and clothed with eloquent diction. It is an infinitely nobler and truer philosophy of God's providential dealings with the race than that of Lecky's "Rationalism," Buckle's "History of Civilization," Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe," or Spencer's "Sociology." We had marked several passages for special comment, but space forbids. The careful study of this work cannot fail more fully to establish in the faith of the Gospel every thoughtful reader.

## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

## THE ENVELOPE SYSTEM.

THE financial economy of Methodism has been one important element in its prosperity. We think that no people in the same average condition of life, with the exception of the small community of the Hernhutt Moravians, have ever raised such large sums for the support of its ministry, and of the gospel at home and abroad. This has largely been owing to the system of weekly contributions introduced by its wise and judicious founder. He did not leave the maintenance of the temporal economy of the Societies which he organized to the impulses of spasmodic charity. He enjoined conformity to the method having apostolic sanction of weekly contributions, according as the Lord had prospered every man. Thus did the small but frequent and regular contributions of the poor provide for the financial needs of the great religious revival of the 18th century.

With the changed condition of the times, however, this prudent arrangement has largely fallen into abeyance, both in the Old World and the New. The wealth of the community of "people called Methodists" has greatly increased, and their givings are second in munificence to those of no other section of the Church. The organization of Christian beneficence, however, is not yet complete, nor are the privilege and obligation of systematic giving—systematic as to regularity and due proportion—fully realized as they might be and should be.

To promote this grace of Christian charity, which "blesseth him that gives and him that takes," the introduction of the envelope system is designed.

It is found that the regular weekly givings of the congregation amount in the aggregate to far more than the quarterly contributions in the classes. In one of our smaller city churches, during the first quarter after the introduction of this system, the envelope contributions were \$170 more than both the Sunday collections and class monies of the previous quarter. A large number of persons who are faithful attendants upon our public services, and warm friends of our institutions, but who do not contribute to their support through the classes, have thus the opportunity of regularly doing so—an opportunity of which very many would gladly and liberally avail themselves.

This system also furnishes the means of superseding the renting of the pews, which is by many regarded as extremely objectionable. Seats may still be allocated to families or individuals, but instead of there being a fixed rent therefor, the amount of weekly contribution for all the interests of the Church will be a matter of conscience according to each person's ability, and will generally be much beyond any fixed rental that might be imposed. This plan, moreover, is analogous to the usage of the Primitive Church. Tertullian describes the practice of the Christian community in the second century as follows: "Every one offers a small contribution on a certain day in the month, or when he chooses, or when he is able, for no one is compelled; it is a voluntary offering. This is our common fund for piety; for it is not expended in feasting and drinking, but in feeding and burying the poor, in supporting orphans, aged persons and such as are shipwrecked, or such as languish in



mines, in exile or in prison."\* In this, as in some other respects, we might with advantage revert to the simplicity of primitive methods.

#### SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

THE report of Mr. Buchan, the Inspector of High Schools for Ontario, on the condition of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools, which he had officially visited, proves the utter inefficiency of those institutions. "The pupils," he says, "do not begin to compare, in point of scholarship and mental training with pupils of the same age in average town public schools," and he gives abundant details in proof of this statement. The majority of teachers were utterly incompetent. He gives specimens of "the peculiar views of the proper ways of spelling" entertained by one of them—e.g. "Timothy, Georg, and Henry," for the names which popular prejudice requires to be spelt "Timothy, George and Henry." This being the character of the teachers we may conceive that of the taught. It is found, in fact, that so gross has been the dereliction of duty in the management of these schools, that the City Treasurer of Toronto has been notified not to pay over any money on their behalf for the year 1875. If this be the case in the Separate Schools in the chief city of Ontario, of which His Grace Archbishop Lynch is official superintendent, how deplorable must be the condition of those beyond the sphere of his benign influence! What a gross malversation of the funds and abuse of the important trust committed to them by a too confiding public is this. It earnestly behoves us to see that those unfortunate children be not allowed under the fostering care of (step)-mother Church, to grow up in vicious ignorance and to swell the

criminal and dangerous classes of the community. This is a suicidal policy for the Church itself. By its criminal neglect of those children, whom she will neither educate herself; nor allow our public schools to educate, she consigns them to ignorance and social inferiority, and stamps upon their brow the brand of servitude, and of moral as well as intellectual degradation. If Romanists were wise they would insist on their children sharing the superior advantages of our public schools and obtaining that sound and solid education which is the stepping-stone to even the highest social eminence. Their religious rights will be intact. Even their prejudices will be respected. They are amply represented in the educational councils of the country, and if report be true, an extraordinary solicitude is manifested in expurgating the public text books of any word or phrase offensive to their tender susceptibilities. Is not this enough? Is unsectarian arithmetic and grammar so perilous that Roman Catholic children must be guarded, even though by the barriers of densest ignorance, against the deadly heresy that may lurk under a Protestant Rule of Three or conjugation of a verb?

#### RELIGION AND POLITICS.

THE decided sensation of the present session of the Dominion Parliament was Mr. Holton's inquiry with reference to the Postmaster General's now celebrated Agenteuil speech. The vehemence with which the Ultramontane members denounced what appear to us the rational and constitutional principles of that speech,—that in a mixed community like ours no Church may arrogate to itself the right to coerce by spiritual censures the political acts of its members; as the Romish Church notoriously has done,—proves the aggressive purpose and the morbid sensitiveness to criticism of that

\* *Modicam unusquisque stipem mensura die, vel quum velit, et si modo velit, et si modo possit, opponit: nam nemo compellitur, sed sponte confert; et seq.—Tert., Apol., Cap. 39.*

Church. Mr. Huntington publicly explained that in his speech he referred, not to loyal and patriotic Roman Catholics, who place their allegiance to their sovereign and their country before their allegiance to a foreign potentate, but to those who do precisely the reverse; who are Catholics first, subservient sons of the Church, whose interests they will by every means in their power steadily advance, and then, so far as may happen to jump with their former relation, are Canadians afterward.

However opinions may differ as to the political sagacity or otherwise of Mr. Huntington's frank and outspoken utterances, all Protestants must admit the serious danger that menaces the common weal if the old phalanx of the Romish hierarchy throw itself into the political contests of the Dominion. Its power over the conduct of the Roman Catholic population is almost omnipotent. That power would, we may be sure, be always employed for the aggrandizement of the Church, and its spiritual benedictions or censures are infinitely more subtle and potent influences than any bribery of the purse, or any coercive intimidation can possibly be. However it may suit Archbishop Lynch to declare that the Roman Catholic clergy have strict instructions never to interfere in the political contests of the country, the history of his Church, in this and in every other and, by no means corroborates that statement, but decidedly contradicts it. The late pastoral of Bishop Bourget, with its violent invective against all religious and political liberalism, more truly represents the actual and inevitable reactionary attitude of Romanism toward the spirit of the age.

#### DR. RYERSON'S RETIREMENT.

AFTER more than thirty years of arduous and successful toil, the Rev. Dr. Ryerson has earned an honour-

able discharge from the onerous duties of office. To him Canada owes the proud pre-eminence of having probably the best organized and best equipped school system of any country in the world. He has thus helped to lay broad and deep the foundations of the future greatness of our country and to impress his influence on generations yet unborn. We trust the well-earned leisure of the venerable Doctor will enable him to render still more distinguished services to the Church, with whose progress his whole life has been so intimately connected, and to crown the labours of a long and busy life with a noble literary achievement—a historic defence of the principles of constitutional and religious liberty, with a specimen of which our readers have been favoured in these pages, and of which we shall have the pleasure of submitting a further portion.

The generation now growing up has learned only from history or tradition the strenuous conflict for popular rights in which in his youth the Doctor struck such vigorous blows, and in which he won his first literary laurels; but to them we largely owe the religious freedom and equality of all the Churches of the land to-day. He has been permitted to realize for his native province, John Knox's wish for Scotland, a school in every hamlet where the avenues to knowledge shall be open to the poorest in the land. Of him, as of Sir Christopher Wren, we may say, "If you seek his monument, look round." In our free schools, the bulwarks of freedom and truth, he has erected a monument more noble than marble, more lasting than brass.

#### THE NEW LICENSE LAW.

SINCE the editorial article on the Temperance Movement in our last issue was written, the Government brought forward an Amended License Bill which superceded that of Dr. Clarke, and proved generally accept-

able to the Legislature. Though not all that the advocates of prohibition would wish, it is a great improvement on the law previously in force. If it be firmly sustained by the moral sentiment of the community; and if its provisions be rigidly enforced, it will be an important boon to society, and will be a step, let us hope, towards the complete suppression of the liquor traffic.

We are glad to observe that in several towns and villages throughout the country, the municipal councils have greatly increased the license fee, and lessened the number of licenses to be issued; and in some cases have altogether refused to issue shop licenses for the sale of liquor. We hope that their example will be widely followed, and that the temperance community will heartily sustain them in this effort to abate the evils of intemperance. They will thus prevent the reproach which has sometimes been hurled against them, that while demanding absolute prohibition of the traffic they refuse to avail themselves of the means for its legal restriction which are within their reach.

#### RECENT DEATHS.

SINCE our last issue, the amiable and pious Rev. B. Frankland, M.A., the accomplished editor of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, has died at his post of duty. At his funeral, the Rev. B. Gregory, his editorial colleague, who had been intimate with him as boy and man for over forty years, paid a touching tribute to the piety, modesty, simplicity, and eminent worth of his character. Dr. Williams will probably assist in the editorial depart-

ment, and the Rev. C. Kelly take exclusive charge of the Sunday School literature.

The Rev. Charles New, of the Methodist Free Church, had just recommenced his work in Africa, when the Master called him home. His death caused profound regret, and evoked expressions of sympathy from several sister societies. The following is taken from Mr. New's journals: "All honour to the brave men who have dared so much for science! Where are the men who will dare so much for Christ? I DARE! Only, O Lord, my God and Saviour, let it be for Christ! Let me never think of merging the missionary in the traveller! Let me not be the discoverer of lands unknown, except as it may be necessary to the salvation of souls! Not ambition be my guide, but only Thy glory!"

The Rev. John Wilson, D.D., was forty-eight years a missionary of the Presbyterian Church in India. He was one of the most able and finished oriental scholars of the day. Thoroughly acquainted with the languages, habits, and customs of the various peoples of the great Indian peninsula, he was interested in all that pertained to their welfare, but was especially concerned about their spiritual state. He possessed great influence among all classes, and was a trusted adviser of the Indian Government. A few years ago he visited Britain, where he was greeted by all classes as he justly deserved. He soon returned to his adopted land, and pursued his beloved labours with unabated vigour until quite recently, when he was called to the rest of heaven.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

## WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Though the relationship between the Methodist Church in Canada and the parent body in England is not what it was a few years ago, we are sure that our fathers are still deeply interested in the welfare of Canadian Methodism. Dr. Punshon, when recently addressing a missionary meeting near Birmingham, dwelt on the history of the mission at Oka, from its beginning until the perpetrating of that act of vandalism, the destruction of the Methodist Church.

A new church has been presented to the Connexion by Alderman Carlisle, of Belfast; it is said there is nothing like it in English Methodism, nor is it equalled by any denomination in Belfast, or the north of Ireland. Another munificent gift in the shape of a church has been built at Ivybridge, the "garden of Devonshire." The cost is near \$40,000, and has been defrayed by Messrs. Allen & Son, who own the paper mills in the village. Dr. Punshon had the honour of dedicating this beautiful edifice for Divine worship.

There is often great difficulty experienced in obtaining suitable sites for churches. The London *Methodist* says,—“The time is at hand when the attention of the country must be drawn to certain peers and other land-owners, who refuse to let Non-conformists have any land on their estates on which to build places of worship. In one town of considerable size, within thirty miles of London, the Wesleyans cannot obtain a site, simply because the landowner, a peer of the realm, will not permit the erection of a Methodist chapel on his estate; and this is only one of several cases existing at this moment.” If public opinion is not strong enough to bring these unjust stewards

to a sense of right, it is much to be hoped that as railway companies can obtain parliamentary powers to compel the sale of land, the Methodist Church may obtain them also.

According to the testimony of the Rev. Gervase Smith, President of the Methodist Conference, there are, in various parts of the world, no fewer than 23,750 ministers, 84,000 local preachers, and 3,900,000 members. In England alone there are 750,000, or nearly 3,000,000 of hearers. He did not mention these figures in a boastful spirit, but Methodists were forced to stand on their own position, and to claim their religious privileges and liberty. There are 3,900,000 of Methodists in the world, but allowing four persons as hearers to one member of the Church, there are between fifteen and sixteen millions of people listening to Methodist preachers from Sabbath to Sabbath.

## REVIVALS.

Methodism has long been designated, “Christianity in earnest.” Its normal condition is revivalism. Conventions, confined to Christian workers in a town or district are still being held, and are conducted solely with a view to promote a deeper tone of piety, and increasing the earnestness of all who take part in them. Essays are read, and addresses delivered on given topics; and a good deal of time is spent in prayer and reading the Scriptures. The results are invariably good.

Reports of special services in London are very encouraging. The “Mission” movement in Methodism is one of the finest movements of the times; and the earnestness with which many ministers and laymen have thrown themselves into the work is producing great results, and

promises much for the future prosperity of God's cause in the land.

A glorious work has been in progress for several months in Ireland. In the west the only drawback seemed to be the want of halls sufficiently large to receive the people. In Ballina, upwards of two hundred professed conversion. In the county of Cavan, still greater results followed; while in the county Donegal, the meetings were almost overwhelming, people came for miles round. Upwards of a thousand persons have remained as anxious enquirers in the after meetings. In the town of Donegal two supplementary meetings had to be organized at the same time. Praying bands have been everywhere established. The children's meetings were of peculiar interest.

In Belfast, the several Protestant denominations have been directing their energies to mission services and special evangelistic work. The Protestant Episcopal Church held special services for a week. Many of the churches were crowded; brief, stirring sermons were preached, followed by prayer-meetings. The Presbyterians held similar services in all their churches, which were very successful. The Methodists held some delightful services in the mother church of Belfast Methodism. Revival missions are to be held in all the other circuits, so that no church will be without its special service.

It is very gratifying to find that revivals are not confined to any country nor to any denomination. From all parts of the United States, as well as the Dominion of Canada, it seems as though people are everywhere turning to the Lord. In Cincinnati, twenty-one Methodist ministers were engaged simultaneously at revival services. In Schuyler county, Illinois, extraordinary scenes are being witnessed. The workers are principally ladies of the "Holiness Association," who go about the streets singing and praying with the people. Now and then, short, earnest addresses are delivered. At one

small place, at least one-third of the adult population have been converted.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have been very successful in their labours in Philadelphia. The expenses connected with their campaign in the city of brotherly love amounted to \$30,000, and at the last meeting which they held a collection was taken on behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association, which actually amounted to \$100,000. They have now gone to New York, where great preparations have been made to render their labours there eminently successful.

*Wesleyan Seamen's Mission.*—This mission is established in the east of London, and is doing a good work among the immense number of seafaring persons who crowd that seaport, from all parts of the world. A place of worship and reading-rooms are established, in which various social gatherings are held, for the purpose of saving the sailors from the scenes of vice which everywhere surround them. Agents are employed who visit ships, and distribute tracts, and hold meetings on board. A Bible-woman is also employed, who visits the lodging-houses in the vicinity of the docks, and her labours are much approved. It is no unusual thing to see in one congregation a Zulu negro, natives of the East and West Indies, Germans, Norwegians, Danes, Swedes, French, Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, and Chinese, all of whom hear of Jesus and the way to heaven.

*Fiji.*—The statistics furnished at the annual district meeting at Levuka, Fiji, in October last, state that the losses by the epidemic are as follows, viz.—9 native ministers, nearly 200 catechists, 200 local preachers, 700 class-leaders, 8,000 members of the Church, and a large number of attendants on public worship, making a total of 35,000, or about one-half

the entire membership and congregation.

Intelligence has been received from Rev. George Brown, who went forth last summer accompanied by eight natives from Fiji and Samoa, to the new Polynesian mission, known as New Britain and New Ireland. As soon as the "John Wesley" arrived in the vicinity, a hundred canoes filled with natives sailed from the shore, and appeared very friendly. The mission party landed and purchased a piece of ground for mission purposes, and all hands went to work and erected the first mission house; and shortly afterwards the "John Wesley" returned to Australia, leaving the missionaries surrounded by savages who have never heard the Gospel until now.

Delightful news also comes from New Zealand. "A week of prayer" was observed, which, in some circuits, was protracted to two and even three weeks, with great success. In Christchurch circuit this was especially the case, where one hundred and fifty persons professed conversion.

*The Tombstone Case.*—We are pleased to record the fact that the intolerant vicar and bigoted bishop who refused to allow the tombstone, erected at the grave of a Wesleyan minister's child, to have the prefix "Rev." inscribed on it, have at last been defeated. The highest court of the land, Her Majesty's Privy Council, have ordered the court below to issue a faculty for the erection of the tombstone bearing the word "Rev." as applied to Mr. Keet. We agree with a contemporary who says, that the Wesleyan Body deserves the thanks of the Nonconformists of England for the victory they have gained against bigoted intolerance.—Dr. Punshon, with his usual catholicity, has agreed to preach one of the sermons before the London Missionary Society, at the anniversary next May. Dr. Mullens, of the said Society, will reciprocate by attending the Wesleyan missionary anniversary in the same month.

**METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.**—As it is just fifty years since the Missionary Society in connection with this branch of the Methodist family was established, it is proposed that during this jubilee year, special contributions should be made as a thank-offering for the blessings received during the past half-century, to be devoted to the extension of the mission in China.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—All the annual conferences (eighty in number) have held their meetings for this year. The statistics show an aggregate lay-membership of 1,580,559, an increase for the year of 17,038, though 20,000 were lost by death. The number of ministers is 10,923, increase 78; local preachers 12,881, increase 300. The increase in church edifices is 634, the total number being 15,633. There are also 19,287 Sunday-schools, with 1,406,168 scholars. The Conference collections reach the large sum of \$1,052,710.

**THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH,** has come to be a strong and prosperous body. Its total membership, including 3,435 travelling preachers, 261 superannuated, and 5,356 local preachers, is 712,765, being an increase of 37,375. Infant baptisms 2, 909, adult baptisms 49,358. Surely the last item indicates much spirituality. If we put the numbers of the two Methodisms together we shall not err by supposing the congregations to be on the same proportions to the membership as in our own country, and hence, at least five millions of the population of the United States, being one-eighth of the whole, belong to the Methodist body.

A joint session of the Louisiana Annual and Lay Electoral Conferences was held in January, and unanimously resolved to ask the General Conference, which meets in May, to elect to the general superintendency a minister of African descent.

—The *Western Advocate* makes honourable mention of Rev. Joseph Tarkington, one of the Methodist veterans of Indiana. He entered the ministry in 1825, and was stationed to a circuit which embraced seven counties, and all he received from the whole was nine dollars and a pair of pantaloons. He still lives, however, and carries joy in his heart and sunshine in his countenance.

—A mute called at the Mission Rooms, New York, and wanted to be sent as a missionary to Japan, to teach Jesus to those of like infirmity.

—Rev. M. M. Parkhurst has lately had a trip around the world, and he says, "In all my travels I never saw a new heathen temple. All the pagan worship I witnessed was in an old dilapidated temple. 'Now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away.'"

—Rev. F. M. Wheeler and company landed in Bombay just seven weeks after leaving New York. The Bombay Methodists gave them a royal greeting, holding a "Welcome Meeting." They were wonderfully refreshed by what they heard. English, Eurasians, Negroes, Parsees, Jews, Armenians, and others, were all sitting together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

—The publishing house of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, located at Nashville, since 1866 has increased its capital from \$87,165 70 to \$306,701 55. The house has passed safely through the financial crisis with its credit unimpaired.

—Rev. George Scott was the first missionary sent to Sweden, and now the American Methodists have over 100 ministers and 5,000 communicants, and these are petitioning to have a separate Conference.

#### CITY MISSIONS.

Large centres of population usually contain great numbers of persons who neither fear God nor regard man. In the Old World such persons have long been regarded as "the dangerous

classes." In the colonies it would be well to prevent the cities and towns becoming such noted places of crime. We feel assured that no better plan can be adopted than employing suitable agents to go amongst the neglected and seek those who are perishing for lack of knowledge. We are glad that the Methodists, who have always to "go to those who need them most," are not behind other Churches in this work.

At Halifax, Nova Scotia, there is a Methodist City Mission, which employs a missionary who organizes and sustains religious services, Sabbath-schools, temperance meetings, and bands of hope. He has three stations. Two others have been organized into churches. The annual meeting was one of unusual interest. The missionary related several pleasing incidents connected with his labours, and spoke of intoxicating drink as being the great obstacle to piety and ally of vice.

In Montreal there is a band of men "whose hearts God hath touched," and they have entered upon a vigorous course of city mission labour. They have fifteen preaching appointments and sixty-two workers. They meet with many discouragements, but are not without tokens of success. Several children have been gathered into Sunday-school, and a considerable number of people have been induced to attend public worship. It is hoped that some of the stations thus occupied may, before long, become fields of labour where ministers will be stationed. Such enterprises deserve encouragement, and we believe that other cities might profitably copy the examples of Halifax and Montreal.

A few years since a Metropolitan Methodist Lay Mission was organized in London, and at the late annual meeting it was stated, that besides a large number of voluntary workers, thirteen deaconesses and nine lay agents are employed; and during the year, 84,971 visits had been paid, 3,352 meetings had been held in

halls and rooms attended by 112,000 persons, and 150 open-air services at which were 17,000 persons present. Several thousand copies of illustrated publications and tracts had been distributed, and a large number of persons had been induced to attend places of worship.

In London there are 12,000 cabins for whose special benefit a mission has been established. A building has been erected in a suitable locality for public worship and social meetings. The missionary says that more than 1,000 of the cabins have become total abstainers, and are now useful members of Christian churches. A Sunday-school is established; the services on the Sabbath and during the week are well attended. During the summer, open-air services are held and thousands of tracts and sheet hymns are distributed.

An underground church has been constructed in London to accommodate the crowded fishing population in one quarter of the city. It is built underground because land is so dear, and will cost \$40,000. The floor is thirty feet below the street level.

#### METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

Great efforts are being made in all the Conferences to increase the missionary income. We are glad that in some places, at least, there is an increase, but not in proportion to the requirements of the case. The Committee or Consultation and Finance have, however, resolved to send an additional missionary to Japan. It is to be regretted, that seeing our Church was the first to enter Japan, we are now the weakest in that empire. It has occurred to us, and we believe to many others, that some missions should be compelled to assume an independent position. Some who read the *Missionary Report* very carefully have said, that in some instances at least, too much expense is incurred in connection with missionary deputations. A writer in

one of the weekly journals suggests that for some years to come, care will be requisite about taking candidates into the ministry; and urges the Stationing Committee to avoid removing ministers great distances, as not only great inconvenience but expense is incurred both by circuits and ministers.

It is gratifying to find that in all the Conferences there are so many new churches being erected. The President of the London Conference, Rev. J. A. Williams, has been described as "ubiquitous," and is reported to have dedicated six churches, costing \$31,000, in a few weeks. In the Montreal Conference there has been great activity in the same department. In Kingston District alone, thirteen churches have recently been erected, at an aggregate cost of \$45,000; so that nearly every neighbourhood possesses its substantial and comfortable sanctuary. A church in the city of Montreal, bearing the honoured name of "Douglas," in honour of Rev. Dr. Douglas, and another in Guelph, are perhaps the most costly edifices which have been dedicated since our last issue. Rev. Dr. Ives, from New York, was present at both dedications, as also at the opening of new churches at Brampton and Paris, where large sums were raised and the churches left free of debt. This gentleman is famed for his financial skill, and has been set apart to this especial work.

St. Catharines has had to bear a calamity in the loss of a beautiful church by fire, but the friends are exerting themselves to recover the loss. Carlton Street friends, Toronto, have built a handsome Sabbath-school hall, which will be dedicated by the time our readers peruse these lines. They are also making additions to their church. Of all the cities in the West, London appears to be the most active in church enterprise. May their zeal inspire others. In Woodstock, Port Hope and Whitby, sanctuaries of great beauty and taste are in course of erection.



**ANNIVERSARY WEEK, MONTREAL.**—The last week in January is always a season of great religious enjoyment in Montreal. Five evenings are occupied with anniversary meetings. Those of the Bible Society and French Canadian Missionary Society are always the most numerously attended. This year the interest has increased to an unparalleled degree. No doubt this arose, in a great measure, from the Oka outrage and the marvellous work now carried on by the labours of the Rev. C.

Chiniquy and others. This energetic man has published the names of several hundreds of persons who have recently withdrawn from the Romish Church. We behold with no ordinary interest what is transpiring in the Province of Quebec, and are pleased that the Methodist missions there are becoming more and more important. Our little band of French missionaries are prosecuting their work in the midst of great discouragements, and should be prayed for that their faith fail not.

## THE WESLEY MONUMENTAL CHURCH,

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

EARLY in his ministry, John Wesley, with his brother Charles, came with Governor Oglethorpe to the colony of Georgia as missionaries, and for nearly two years he lived, preached, and laboured most zealously in and around the city of Savannah, the *only place in America* thus honoured with his regular labours. Through the blessing of God, his visit to Savannah, with the circumstances attending his voyage and stay here, led his mind and heart, as he always believed, from the darkness and bondage of asceticism, ritualism and formalism, into the glorious light, liberty and experience of justification by faith, and the witness of the Spirit. How much the Church and the world are indebted to his coming and stay in Savannah, can never be estimated.

It is thought, therefore, eminently fitting that the adherents of Methodism throughout the world, forgetting all non-essential and minor differences, rejoicing in their wonderful and divinely preserved unity of doctrine and experience, should *unite* to honour him, and to embalm and perpetuate the memory of his name, in mutual love and fraternity,

by the erection of some suitable monument or memorial in the city of Savannah, the scene of his labours, trials and discipline in America, which led to such glorious results.

It is now proposed to erect such a monument, in the form of a beautiful and commodious church edifice, to be called **WESLEY MONUMENTAL CHURCH.**

Mr. Stevens, in his history of Georgia, says, "As a part of John Wesley's parochial labours, he established a school of thirty or forty children, which he placed under the care of Mr. Delamotté, a man of good education, who endeavoured to blend religious instruction with secular learning; and on Sunday afternoon Wesley met them in the church before evening service, heard the children recite their catechism, questioned them as to what they had heard from the pulpit, instructed them still further in the Bible, endeavouring to fix the truth in their understandings as well as in their memories." This was a regular part of his Sunday duties, and it shows that John Wesley, in the parish of Savannah, had established a Sunday school fifty years before Robert

Raikes originated his noble scheme of Sunday instruction in Gloucester, England, and eight years before the first school in America on Mr. Raikes' plan was established in the city of New York."

It is intended to make the Sunday-school rooms in Wesley Monumental Church, a monument, commemorative of the above stated facts, which are taken from Mr. Wesley's own journal, and thus help to secure to him the honour he deserves, of being the originator, in modern times, of the Sunday-school system. "We would be glad," writes the Rev. M. A. Wynn, M.A., the pastor of the church, "to have each Methodist Sunday-school give something to aid in this good work. There is in the building a Memorial Room, where will be placed books, pictures, relics, etc., of Wesley and Methodism; and a large memorial book in which will be inscribed the name and residence of each donor. We greatly desire to have our Canadian brethren represented in the monumental edifice, and when the dedication services occur we hope to have some of your representative men present. We are now putting on the roof, and the

brick-work is almost complete. The building is 126 feet long, 70 feet wide, on thirteen feet basement all above ground. It will cost between sixty and seventy thousand dollars, according to the style of finish we may be able to put upon the interior. And yet, when done it will be more commodious, comfortable, and beautiful than most churches costing three or even four times as much.

"We intend to have as many of the windows as possible Memorial Windows. The lower windows are valued at \$1000 each, and those in the main audience room at \$2,000, and the large front window at \$5,000. Any individual, church, or conference giving either of these sums, will have a window inscribed to them as they may elect. I hope Canada will have one or more. Dr. W. M. Punshon, of England, has written me a most Christian and brotherly letter, approving and commending it in the highest terms."

Any contributions to this laudable object sent to the Rev. A. M. Wynn, M.A., Pastor, Wesley Church, Savannah, Georgia, will be thankfully received and suitably acknowledged.

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## BOOK NOTICES.

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*Bible Lands; their Modern Customs and Manners illustrative of Scripture.* By the REV. HENRY J. VAN-LENNEP, D.D. 8vo. pp. 832, with maps and woodcuts. Harper & Brothers, New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price \$5.

MANY Canadians will remember Dr. Van-Lennep as the courteous *cicerone* of the Palestine Park, at Chautauqua, and many more will remember with pleasure his lectures

in Canada on the Lands and Customs of the Bible. Himself an Oriental-born, we think, in Damascus—and having spent almost a life-time in the East, the Doctor is unusually well qualified to present us with full details of life in Bible Lands. A knowledge of these customs throws a flood of light on Holy Scripture and is often the only key which can unlock the secret of many important texts. This work is admirably classified for reference. It gives a full account of the physical geography

and ethnology of Bible Lands, illustrated by coloured maps. It also treats fully the following wide range of subjects: water, wells, fountains, etc., and life on the water; boats, rafts, sailing, etc.; agriculture, irrigation, vineyards and orchards, fruits and flowers; domestic animals, beasts of burden, and beasts of prey; birds of passage and birds of prey; reptiles and insects, with their countless illustrations of the language of Scripture. The second and still more interesting part treats of customs having a historical origin; as oral and written language; tent and nomad life; permanent habitations, the house and the town; the furniture of the house, its inmates, family life; social life, government and military affairs; the religions and religious institutions and practices of the East; commerce and the mechanic arts. This immense variety of topics is illustrated by over 350 engravings, many of them full page size. A collection of Oriental proverbs, and an index of one thousand passages of Scripture and six hundred subjects elucidated by the text enhance the value of the volume. We hesitate not to affirm that it is the best possible commentary on many passages of Scripture. It will be invaluable for ministers, Sunday-school teachers, and all Bible students. Dr. Van-Lennep has laid the Church under great obligation for these admirable illustrations of the Sacred Text.

*The Thrones and Palaces of Babylon and Nineveh from Sea to Sea.*  
By JOHN P. NEWMAN, D.D., 8vo. pp. 445, illustrated. Harper and Brothers, New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

WHEN we were in Washington last spring, Dr. Newman courteously exhibited the contents of his private museum of oriental curiosities. Among them was a Babylonish brick, a foot square, bearing a cuneiform

inscription, which he had brought on horseback a thousand miles through the Euphrates valley. In this volume he gives an account of the remarkable excursion he then made. It is one of the most interesting books of travel which we have read. Possessing a quasi-official character, as representing the United States Government, the Dr. had unusual facilities for exploration in little-trodden tracks. He is a keen observer, and a piquant narrator. His impressions of the cradle lands of empire and of the historic sites of Babylon and Nineveh are a wonderful corroboration of the inspired prophecy concerning their present desolation. The book is enriched with eighty excellent engravings of the more striking scenes and incidents of travel, and especially of the mounds, excavations, galleries and exhumed objects, sculptured tablets, etc., of those ruined cities, with elucidations of their striking commentary on Holy Writ. Mrs. Newman, his companion in travel, has the honour of being the first lady of modern times who has traversed this difficult and dangerous route. The Doctor informed us that if this work was successful he contemplated publishing one on Japan. We think we may count pretty confidently upon the pleasure of having a companion volume on that strange wonder-land with which we have, as a Church, such interesting missionary association.

*Norse Mythology: or the Religion of our Forefathers; containing all the Myths of the Eddas, systematized and interpreted.* By R. B. ANDERSON, M.A., Professor of Scandinavian Languages in the University of Wisconsin. 2nd edition. 8vo. pp. 473. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.; London: Trubner & Co.

It is especially befitting that the sons of "that true North" of which the English laureate has sung, should be familiar with the heroic traditions

and religious mythology of our Scandinavian ancestors. In the very names of the days of the week, the memories of Thor and Woden, of Friga and Tuesco, are perpetuated. Many elements of our character and history, of our popular belief and folk-lore, have their roots far back in the old Norse antiquity. Yet, till the publication of Prof. Anderson's excellent manual, there was for English readers no easily accessible and satisfactory treatise on this subject. This old Mythology was of an essentially noble character. In its genesis, like all mythologies, it was an impersonation of nature. But the stern and savage scenery of the Scandinavian mountains and meres, desolate fiords, sombre forests, and swirling maelstroms, gave to the northern superstitions a peculiarly weird and awful character. The gods were incarnations of savage force and waged incessant war with the *Jotuns*, or giants, Frost, Fire, and Tempest. Yet Balder, the beautiful, the Sun god, that quickens with his smile the dead world to life, is a nobler conception than Phœbus Apollo, and the stern virtues of Odin and Thor shame the vices of Jupiter and Mars. The religion of the North seems to us to have been instinct with a profounder ethical spirit and purer morality than the sensuous worship of beauty of the soft and sunny Isles of Greece. Hence, in the providence of God, the uncorrupt and vigorous Gothic races were chosen to supplant the effete civilization of the South and to become the fathers of modern Europe. The noble Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic civilization of the world to-day, the foster parent of social order, stable government, and religious liberty, is the result of the religion of the Bible grafted upon the sturdy stock of that old Norse ancestry, whose honest blood flows in all our veins to-day.

The first part of Prof. Anderson's valuable work consists of a disquisition, historical and critical, upon

the Norse mythology; and the second part, of his analysis and interpretation of it, illustrated by copious translations of its Eddas and Sagas, and strange legends and traditions.

Under the latter head we have the mythological account of the creation and preservation of the world, of the life and exploits of the gods, fates, giants, and heroes; of the elves, trolls, nixies, and gnomes—spirits of the earth and air and sea; of the banquetings of Valhalla, the sacred hall of Asgard; of the development of evil, the destruction of the earth, the death of the ancient powers, and the regeneration of both gods and men under the mild and beneficent sway of Balder the beautiful. For the details of this august religious drama of the ages, the belief which moulded the characters of our forefathers, and in no small degree shaped the destiny of their descendants, we must refer our readers to this volume.

The publishers are to be congratulated on the elegant style in which they have gotten up this book. The heavy paper, clear type, symbolic engraving, and gilt device on back and side, are in admirable keeping with the intrinsic value of the work.

*The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature.* To which are added Two Brief Dissertations on Personal Identity, and the Nature of Virtue. By JOSEPH BUTLER, LL.D., Lord Bishop of Durham. With a Life of the Author, Copious Notes, and an Ample Index. The whole edited by REV. JOSEPH CUMMINGS, D.D., LL.D., President of Wesleyan University. 12mo., pp. 395. New York: Nelson and Phillips; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

IT is an epoch in the intellectual history of any man when he first masters the argument of Butler's analogy. This immortal treatise is

an admirable mental whetstone on which to sharpen one's wits when they become dulled. It is a pity that this profound and original work is not written in a more perspicuous and elegant style. In this new edition, Dr. Cummings still further elucidates the subject by copious notes. The marginal readings are of great assistance in "getting up" or reviewing the work. This will be a favourite edition, we doubt not, with our own theological students. The excellent biographical sketch of Butler is from the graceful pen of Henry Rogers, author of "The Eclipse of Faith."

*Infant Baptism Briefly Considered.*

By REV. N. DOANE, of the Oregon Conference. 16mo., pp. 157. Nelson & Phillips, New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

MR. DOANE'S discussion of the important question of the relation of children to the Christian Church is eminently judicious, and is condensed into very small space. The historic evidence from the early Christian Fathers is succinctly given. It strikingly illustrates the wide diffusion of Christian scholarship to find the Oregon Methodist preacher citing the testimony of Egyptian Origen and his Eastern contemporaries on this practice. We have elsewhere shown that the testimony of the Roman Catacombs corroborates the fact of infant baptism in the primitive ages.

*Every Inch a King.* A Story Illustrating the Reigns of David and Solomon, Kings of Israel. By CELIA E. GARDNER. Six illustrations. 16mo., pp. 288. Nelson & Phillips, New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

THIS book is designed to bring vividly before the mind of the reader

the life and times of David and Solomon, by filling up the details of the Scripture narrative with incidents drawn, not entirely from imagination, but based upon the best works descriptive of oriental life and character. It covers the subjects of the first and third quarters of the International Lessons for 1876, and has been written at the suggestion and under the eye of Dr. Vincent—a guarantee of the accuracy and Scripturalness of their treatment by the accomplished author. It will prove useful to both the teacher and scholar in giving more vivid conceptions of the stirring events of the Hebrew monarchy in those old centuries so long ago.

*Little Graves.* Choice selections of Poetry and Prose, with an introduction by J. G. HOLLAND. 16mo. pp. 288. Nelson & Phillips, New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

In this dainty, gilt-edged volume, Mrs. Wilder has gathered with the tender sympathy of one who has herself wept over a tiny coffin, the choicest flowers of poesy to deck the little graves in which are buried such a world of hope and love and grief. Many a stricken mother's heart that yearns and aches with a sense of its bitter loss will be touched to tears by these sweet, sad, soothing verses. "In this book," to quote the introductory words of Dr. Holland, "Rachel, who mourns for her children because they are not, will find the companionship and commiseration of some of the loveliest men and women who ever poured the burdens of their heart in song." There are few parents who have not their sacred memories of a little mound, beneath which the heart seems buried. All such will feel the truth of these words:

Only a baby's grave!  
Some foot or two at the most  
Of star-daisied sod, yet I think that God  
Knows what that little grave cost.

*Daniel Ostrom and his Religious Notions.* By the REV. MARK GUY PEARSE. 12mo., pp. 202. Illustrated. Nelson & Phillips, New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

THIS is a *fac simile*, engravings and all, of the English edition of this remarkable work previously noticed in these pages. Of its racy style our readers have had a specimen in the chapters reprinted in this Magazine. We are sure that they will whet their appetite for the feast of good things in the volume itself. The English sale of this book has averaged a thousand a month since its issue—a very remarkable literary success. It is the best presentation extant of Cornish Methodism, with its homely shrewdness, its pathos, its picturesquequeness, and its spiritual fervour.

*Discourses Illustrative of Sacred Truths.* By WILLIAM COOKE, D.D. Crown 8vo., pp. 534. Hamilton & Adams, London; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.—\$1.65.

THE readers of this Magazine do not need to be told of Dr. Cooke's distinguished ability in the illustration of sacred truth. In this volume that ability is no less conspicuous than it has been exhibited in contributions to these pages. It contains nineteen important discourses which have been, for the most part, preached on special occasions—many of them before the Conferences of the New Connexion Church in Great Britain. These discourses are characterized by the same luminous treatment, vigorous diction, and practical purpose of religious instruction and edification that mark all his writings. They are not as well known in Canada as their superior merit deserves. The volume contains the first published sermon of the author, preached in 1836; and now, after an interval of forty years, the veteran

divine, after a long active life of missionary and literary labour, in his seventieth year has charge of an important London circuit. May he long be spared to bless the world by both tongue and pen.

*The Legend of the Roses; A Poem: Ravlan; A Drama.* By SAMUEL JAMES WATSON. 12mo., pp. 228. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto.

WORKS of Canadian authorship, especially poetical works, are sufficiently rare to make one regard with especial interest each successive addition to our national literature. It is therefore an unfeigned pleasure to be able to pass such a favourable verdict as we feel that it deserves upon the present volume. Mr. Watson has shown himself to possess the true poetical spirit—the keen, quick sympathy, the musical ear, the artistic touch, without which a man may write verses, but not poetry. The first and shorter poem is a sweet mediæval legend, taken from the quaint old "Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundeville." An orphan Jewish maiden was condemned to death on the accusation of idolatry by her covetous uncle. But as the flames rose around her form they changed to red and white roses, and Christ the Healer and Friend of the people delivered her from her peril. "And these weren the first roses, both white and rede, that ever ony man saughe." The characters of the bigot priests and skeptic Sadducee, of the Jewish Sanhedrim, of the Roman soldiers, and of the Greek who had witnessed the miracles of Christ are well limned. The account by the latter of the resurrection of Lazarus is intensely realistic. See extract on page 246.

Ravlan is a powerfully written tragedy, whose scene is laid in Britain in the time of the Druids. The plot is too complex to indicate, but the drama gives evidence of the careful study of the best of all poetic

models—Shakespeare. The unrelenting hatred and revenge of the chief Druidess make her akin to the unwomaned Lady Macbeth; the incantations of the witches embody the dread superstitions of the age and recall the weird and awful sisters of the blasted heath of Fores; and Kloof, the demented monarch clad in fool's motley, reminds us of Edgar in *King Lear*. But they are all vigorous creations, not mere shadowy reflections. The whole poem is full of life and movement, and instinct with deep and strong human feeling. We had marked several passages for quotation, but dislocated from their connection they lose half their charm, like jewels torn from the living brow of beauty which they so fittingly adorn. We beg to refer our readers, therefore, to Mr. Watson's volume, the external elegance of which is a fitting setting of the gem-like poem.

*The New Poems of Jean Ingelow, J. G. Whittier, and H. W. Longfellow.* 12mo., pp. 161. Toronto: Belford Brothers; Methodist Book Rooms.

IN this dainty volume the enterprising young publishing firm of Belford Brothers has brought together the contents of three recent and somewhat costly books. Longfellow's new poems prove that he has lost none of the sweet and tender grace that charmed the world well-nigh half a century ago. The *Masque of Pandora* is a beautiful rendering of the poetic Greek myth—a reflex perhaps of the fall in Eden—of the ruin caused by the fatal curiosity of the fair All-Gifted bride of Epimetheus. But, with a beautiful significance, Hope, the best friend of man, is spared to cheer his misery. The sweet idyl of *The Hanging of the Crane*; the noble *Moriturus Salutamus*, read at the fiftieth anniversary of his graduating class at Bowdoin College; and a *Fourth Flight of Birds of Passage*, are included in the collection.

Whittier's *Mabel Martin* is a tender and pathetic story of an orphaned girl whose mother, albeit a godly woman, was hanged during the witchcraft mania of Salem. Despised and persecuted in her bitter loneliness, she is bravely championed and at length happily wedded by the noble-souled Quaker, Esek Harden. The theme is eminently congenial to the grave and loving-hearted Quaker poet, and worthily has he treated it.

The sheaf of new poems by Jean Ingelow, we think, do not sustain the reputation of the author of the *High Tide*, *The Letter L*, *Songs of Seven*, and *Songs of the Night Watches*. The poem of reconciliation, entitled *At One Again*, however, is noble, pure, and true.

*Farm Legends.* By WILL CARLETON. 12mo., pp. 164. Eight illustrations. Toronto: Belford Brothers; Methodist Book Room.

WE have all of us laughed and some of us have cried over Carleton's *Farm Ballads*, "*Betsey and I Are Out*," and "*How Betsey and I Made Up*," whose wholesome moral is of especial value in the neighbouring land of facile divorce. In the other poems of this volume he equally proves his power to touch the sources of mirth and of tears. The truth of the satire of "*The School-master's Guests*" will be felt by many a rural pedagogue. The pathos of "*Three Links in a Life*," "*Rob the Pauper*," "*The Key to Thomas's Heart*," a story of the Temperance Crusade, and "*Cover them Over*," "*Gone Before*," and "*The Little Sleeper*,"—hymns to the dead—will touch a responsive chord in many a heart. "*The Railroad Holocaust*," exhibits vivid descriptive power, which the onomatopœia of the rhythm assists. The modern railway train, however, is susceptible of far grander poetic treatment than it has yet received. A rich vein of humour is struck in "*The Three Lovers*," "*Run off with the Show*," and other poems. The

elegant binding with the emblematic device is the best Canadian specimen of the kind that we have seen. The engravings are also creditable to Canadian art.

*The Popular Science Monthly.* Conducted by E. L. YOU Mans. Illustrated. 8vo., 120 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$5 per year.

THE inauguration of the International Scientific Series, and the establishment of the *Popular Scientific Monthly* by the Messrs. Appleton & Co., have met an exigent public need. The wonderful discoveries of modern science have created a wide and intense interest in scientific subjects and a demand for their popular exposition. That demand this Monthly is especially designed to gratify. Among its contributors are some of the leading scientists of the age. The evolutionist opinions of the editor are well known, but he admits discussion from what may be called the orthodox point of view. The February number, for instance, contains an article by the Rev. Dr. Deems, on "Science and Religion," in which he stoutly maintains the impregnability of the latter, and yet claims substantial identity with the views also expressed by Dr. White, the distinguished President of Cornell, an eminent scientific authority. Among the contents in the numbers before us are illustrated articles on the Sand Blast, the Formation of Sand Dunes, the Horse-Shoe Nebula in Sagittarius, Flying Machines, the Kangaroo, Lace-Making, Lessons on Electricity, by Prof. Tyndall; and biographical sketches with portraits of Sir Charles Wheatstone, Prof. Sterry Hunt, and Herbert Spencer. Other important articles are, The Ownership of the Dead, an exhaustive legal examination of this question; The Relation of Women to Crime; The Comparative Psychology of Man, by Herbert Spencer; Are the Elements Elementary? answered in the negative; Modern Philosophical

Biology; and Fallacies of Testimony respecting the Supernatural. In the last, Prof. Carpenter, of London University, who has so successfully examined the phenomena of mesmerism, spiritualism, and similar delusions, proposes the application of similar tests to the miracles of the New Testament. But the difference is essential and world-wide between the juggling imbecilities of a Home or of the Davenport Brothers, and the sublime miracles of the Resurrection and Ascension. Dr. Carpenter does not question the possibility of miracles if there be only adequate testimony of them, which condition is certainly amply fulfilled in the case of those cited.

*The True Christian Religion: Containing the Universal Theology of the New Church.* By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, Servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. From the Amsterdam Latin Edition of 1771. Royal 8vo. 613 pp.

*The Apocalypse Revealed; wherein are disclosed the Arcana there foretold.* From the Latin of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. Crown 8vo. 1,002 pp.

*Heaven and its Wonders, and Hell.* By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. From the London Latin Edition of 1758. Crown 8vo. 453 pp. All published by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE life-story of Emanuel Swedenborg is one of the strangest mental phenomena of the seventeenth century. The blending of shrewdness and credulity, of practical wisdom and mental hallucination, of profound learning and child-like simplicity, of devoutness and irreverence, of sublimity and littleness, make his character one of the most remarkable of modern times. From the books above mentioned, although they are only a small part of his voluminous works, may be gathered some idea of his rather incoherent religious system. Although it is not



without its attractions to minds of a mystic temperament, and was the subject of profound study by the saintly Fletcher, it is not adapted to make converts nor to arouse enthusiasm. His exposition of Scripture, while evidencing much learning, an elevated spirit, and not a little wise suggestion, is vitiated by puerilities of interpretation and a delusive, though fascinating, theory, which had previously beguiled even such an acute mind as that of Origen—viz., that of minute correspondences between things earthly and things in heaven. Many of these interpretations are so extraordinary as to compel the opinion that the Swedish sage, at times at least, was subject to mental aberration. We have not space at present to give any account of his theological system, which is not unworthy of somewhat careful study. Through the liberality of F. Jungerich, Esq., the facilities for that study are placed at the command of those interested in the subject. It would be well if some wealthy Methodist layman would place the works of Wesley, a far greater religious teacher, in our public libraries, and at the command of the critical student.

*Common Sense in the Household: a Manual of Practical Housewifery.* by MARION HARLAND. 12mo., 322 pp. Toronto: Belford Brothers; Methodist Book Room.

THIS book, we confess, is beyond our critical judgment; but we have submitted it to an accomplished priestess of the Eleusinian mysteries of the *cuisine*, and she has pronounced it admirable. None of us are sufficiently angelic to be altogether indifferent to creature comforts, and often health as well as both purse and temper are affected by the economy of the dining table. Besides all manner of domestic receipts, the perusal of which is quite appetising, the book gives ample directions for the preparation of delicacies for the sick room and nursery.

*The Arctic World: Its Plants, Animals, and Natural Phenomena, with a Sketch of Arctic Discovery.* 4to. 276 pp. 118 engravings. London: T. Nelson & Son; Toronto: S. Rose. \$3 25.

THIS sumptuous volume gives an admirable summary of Arctic discovery down to 1875, and a graphic account of the physical geography and natural history of the Polar world. Its chief attraction, however, is the magnificent series of engravings, many of them of large quarto size, drawn and executed by French artists, of the weird wild scenery of those mysterious regions. It will be read with interest in connection with the present British expedition, of which so graphic an account has been given in late numbers of this magazine.

*Hope Raymond; or, What is Truth?* 16mo. pp. 229. By Mrs. E. J. RICHMOND. Nelson & Phillips, New York.

THIS is a beautiful heart-history, the story of an earnest human soul grappling with the gravest problems in the universe, asking, like Pilate, "What is truth?" and receiving the different and unsatisfying answers that high Calvinism, Universalism, Unitarianism, and skepticism give. The guidance of a kind Providence, and the teachings of her cherished Bible, lead at last to the peace of believing, the joy of perfect love. The human interest of the story is very tender and touching, and its whole lesson most salutary.

*The London Quarterly Review (Wesleyan).*—Professor Pope's fifty pages of keen and critical notices of recent books will be of great value to the student. The paper on the revision of the New Testament exhibits excellent Greek scholarship; but we think the emendations in Matt. v. 18. "Under no circumstance" for "in no wise;" and in John i. 12. "He came unto His own

creation and His own creatures received Him not," no improvements on the authorized version. A very distinct bird's eye view is given of recent exploration in Palestine, and a sympathetic review of the new Methodist Hymn Book, which seems to be, on the whole, the best ever published. The Prince of Wales and his advisers come in for some wholesome criticism in connection with the royal visit to India. A masterly

paper traces the term "elders" through the New Testament, and establishes the actual and relative importance of the office indicated. A review of Robinson's "Mother of Jesus, not the Papal Mary," traces with skill the growth of Mariolatry. An article of great beauty and fine artistic discrimination, discusses Leonardo da Vinci, his works, and the wonderful age in which he lived.

## Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUITS.	AGE	DATE.
George Moore .....	Charlottetown	Charlottetown	59	Dec. 1, 1875
Hon. John Wright ..	Searltown ...	Bedique, P.E.I.	87	" 2, "
Elizabeth Magar ....	Roseway .....	.....	78	" 3, "
Eliza Jane Penty ....	Jordan River ..	.....	62	" 7, "
Edward Starr .....	Richmond Hill	Yonge St. North	71	" 12, "
Anna Lee .....	Stony Creek ..	Grimsby, O. ..	85	" 13, "
Amelia Ray .....	St. John .....	St. John, N.B. .	78	" 15, "
Sarah Greeno .....	Avondale .....	Avondale, N.S.	83	" 18, "
Sarah Davis .....	Lakeville .....	Sheffield, N.B.	34	" 22, "
Elizabeth Sturgeon ..	Lanark .....	Carlton Place, O.	86	" 23, "
Levida Masters .....	Avondale .....	Avondale, N.S.	83	" 26, "
Thomas Curran .....	Windsor .....	Windsor, N.S.	71	" 28, "
Major John Lawrence	Edwardsburg	Edwardsburg, O.	90	Jan. 2, 1876
Mary Speight .....	Markham .....	Markham, O. .	42	" 5, "
Freeman Nickerson ..	Jordan Falls ..	.....	47	" 5, "
James Chechock (Ind.)	New Credit ..	New Credit, O.	69	" 7, "
Susannah Harriss ....	Lower Horton	Horton, N.S. .	63	" 13, "
Catherine Sinclair ....	Wallace .....	Wallace, N.S. .	49	" 13, "
Victoria Black .....	Pugwash .....	Pugwash, N.S.	38	" 14, "
Rev. W. W. Graham	.....	Merritton, O. .	..	" 14, "
Malium Swaze .....	Welland .....	Welland, O. .	74	" 18, "
Daniel Fulton .....	Little River ..	.....	72	" 19, "
Mrs. Allison .....	Newport .....	Newport, N. S.	..	" 19, "
Margaret Bell Lake ..	Ernestown .....	Odessa, O. ....	88	" 25, "
Anne Cryssler .....	Morrisburgh ..	Morrisburgh, O.	..	" 26, "
Mary Jane Gordon ..	Dresden .....	Dresden, O. .	..	" 28, "
David Torrance, Esq.	Montreal .....	Montreal 1st PQ	72	" 29, "
Thomas B. Ripes ....	Nappan .....	Nappan, N.S. .	24	Feb. 1, "
Anthony Washington	Darlington ..	Darlington, O.	62	" 11, "

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.