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# THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1876.

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## YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE recent assembly, in the city of Toronto, of the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association has very strikingly called public attention to this admirable organization. There were assembled in that convention over four hundred delegates from over forty States of the Union and Provinces of the Dominion, as well as several from Great Britain. They represented eight hundred and twenty-one branch associations, possessing property to the amount of over two millions of dollars. From all parts of the continent, from Nova Scotia to Louisiana, from Maine to Oregon, as well as from over the sea, were gathered active, earnest Christian men, to consult as to the best methods of seeking the salvation of young men, and organizing them for Christian work. A movement of such magnitude and importance as this is worthy of our careful study. An examination of its origin and progress may be both of interest and profit.

The peculiar temptations to which young men are exposed in cities make these associations especially desirable. In the great emporia of toil and traffic, the manufacturing and commercial centres of the country, are gathered together a vast number of young men, many of whom are from the country. Cities will

always be the centres where good and evil are manifested in their intensest and most active forms. Like the fabled dragons of old, demanding a daily tribute of human lives, the pitiless vices of the city—its intemperance, its profligacy, and its crime—destroy their hecatombs of victims every year. The cunning Circe, Sin, weaves her web of sophistry and sings her siren song, and flaunts her subtle blandishments; and Pleasure, that Delilah of men's souls, beguiles the conscience into fatal slumber, robs the spirit of its strength, and betrays its victim into the hands of the Philistines. The homeless youth in the solitude of a great city pines for the enjoyment of society. The sort to which he can most readily obtain access is frequently that of the theatre, the billiard parlour, the drinking saloon, the concert hall, or the haunts of still viler resort, whose steps go down to death. After exhausting mental or physical labour he seeks relaxation amid the multiplied seductions on every hand, which have all the charm of novelty, and some of them the additional fascination of being forbidden fruit. He is tempted to procure excitement for his jaded nerves and overtaxed brain in sensual indulgence in the narcotic weed, the wine cup, or the more subtle, enervating, and destructive vices which despoil both soul and body of their purity and strength.

It was for the spiritual and temporal advantage of this class of young men—to shield them from temptation, to rescue them from the toils of evil, to raise them up when fallen, to furnish Christian society, innocent recreation and intellectual stimulus, and for religious fellowship and evangelistic effort—that these associations were formed. They began, like many another important enterprise, in a very quiet, unostentatious manner. The rivers that water the valleys have their springs far off among the mountains, or in some secluded glen; so this stream of hallowed influence had its humble origin in one of the obscure by-ways of life. Some two and thirty years ago, in a drapery house in the heart of the city of London, a few young men assembled in a prayer-meeting for the promotion of personal piety. They heard of a similar meeting in another commercial house, and invited its members to unite with them. A meeting of young men from both houses was, therefore, held at No. 72, St. Paul's Church-yard,

on the 6th of June, 1844, where it was resolved to form a "Society for improving the spiritual condition of young men engaged in the drapery and other trades." Mr. George Williams, the originator of this association, was present at the late convention, and witnessed with devout gratitude to God the remarkable growth of that feeble germ which now brings forth its fruits of holiness in almost every land. To the religious character of the association its members soon added the idea of intellectual improvement, and for that purpose established a library and instituted debates. They also inaugurated the Exeter Hall lectures to young men, which have since become famous throughout the world. These lectures have become a permanent institution, enlisting much of the first literary talent in Great Britain, and attracting thousands to their delivery. In their published form they have reached multitudes throughout the English-speaking portion of the world. In ten years an aggregate of 75,000 volumes was sold, and since that time probably 150,000 more. The Society also instituted Sunday Bible-classes, and employed its members in general Sunday-school and Ragged-school work. It adopted a regular system of tract distribution; and in 1851, the year of the first universal exhibition, its members distributed no less than 352,000 tracts among the visitors to the World's Fair, and held 1,550 public and social religious services in the metropolis.

In December, 1851, the first Young Men's Christian Association in America was established at Montreal, Canada, and on the 29th of the same month the first in the United States in the city of Boston, Mass. Similar societies rapidly sprang up in New York, Buffalo, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, and elsewhere, to the number of twenty-five in two years. The felt necessity of some means for the interchange of thought and opinion led to the calling of the first convention at Buffalo, N. Y., on June 7th, 1854. Thirty-five delegates were present, and a voluntary confederacy was formed, having a central committee and annual conventions, whose functions, however, were to be merely advisory in their character.

The great Rebellion, though it threatened the very existence of the confederacy of associations, was really the occasion of marvel-

lously developing its energy and usefulness. The convention had been appointed for St. Louis in the spring of 1861, but the outbreak of the war prevented its meeting. The committee, therefore, called a convention at New York in the month of November to see if the agencies of the association could not in some way come to the aid of the country in that fearful struggle. The result was the formation of that noble organization, the Christian Commission. All the world knows the history of its labours, which gleam like golden embroidery on the ensanguined robe of war—or like the silver lining of the sombre clouds of fate, irradiating the gloom of battle by glimpses of the heavenly light of love and charity. The agents of this Commission carried at once the bread that perishes and the bread of life, and healed the wounds both of the body, and the soul. They nursed the sick back to life, and by their hallowed ministrations quickened in the soul aspirations for that higher life that is undying. The “Christian artillery” of the battle-field—the coffee waggons and supply trains of the Commission—succoured many a wounded warrior, whose bruised body the deadly enginery of war had well-nigh crushed to death. These plumeless heroes of the Christian chivalry exhibited a valour as dauntless often as his who led the victorious charge or covered the disastrous retreat. By their gentle ministrations to the stricken and the dying, amid the carnage of the battle-field and in the hospitals, they have laid the nation under obligations of gratitude which should never be forgotten. From November, 1861, to May, 1866, this Commission disbursed both for the benefit of the patriot soldiers of the Union and for the rebel wounded the sum of \$6,291,107. It employed 4,859 agents, working without recompense an aggregate of 185,562 days. These agents held 136,650 religious services, and wrote 92,321 letters for the soldiers. They gave away 1,466,748 Bibles (whole or in part), 1,370,953 hymn-books, 8,603,434 books or pamphlets, 18,189,863 newspapers and magazines, and 30,338,998 pages of religious tracts. They also greatly assisted the operations of the Sanitary Commission, which expended in the same time \$4,924,048, making an aggregate by the two of \$11,215,155 poured out as a freewill offering by a grateful country for the moral and physical welfare of its brave defenders. The

world had never before seen such an example of colossal liberality.

During the long years of the war, when the nation seemed convulsed with the throes of a mortal agony, the confederacy of associations was weakened by the loss of its Southern members, and by the destruction of several local branches in the North, but has since far more than regained its former strength. The annual conventions are occasions of especial interest. The inhabitants of the city where they are held open their houses in hospitality, the public meetings are densely crowded, and are addressed by representative men from different parts of the country. In the day sessions the addresses are generally confined to three or five minutes, thus insuring variety and vivacity. These conventions concentrate the Christian sympathy of the communities where they are held, and stimulate their zeal for philanthropic effort. Extensive and powerful revivals of religion are frequently the legacies they leave behind, and the lasting souvenirs of their visit.

Besides the numerous associations in Great Britain and her North American colonies, kindred institutions have also been organized in Holland, Belgium, Germany, France, Italy, at Algiers, Alexandria, Beyrout, Smyrna, and Constantinople; at Madras and Calcutta; in Australia, New Zealand, and Ceylon; at the Cape of Good Hope, at Natal, and Sierra Leone; and we believe also in China and Japan.

Thus much must suffice for the history of this movement. We will now notice the scope and tendency of these associations in this country. One effect, we conceive, will be to give a nobler moral tone to business—to prove that it is not a mere selfish game of grab. The reproach of the age, whether deserved or not, is its intense dollar worship; its passionate greed for gain; the eager race for riches, in which all classes of society engage. The tendency of all this is debasing to the intellect and hardening to the heart. The spirit of rash speculation and of reckless extravagance fostered by the Gold Room and Stock Exchange are morally antipodal to religious feeling. But business, when ennobled and dignified by a lofty Christian principle, will become a high and holy calling. This desirable consummation will vastly in-

crease the resources of the Church, and will unseal fountains of liberality which will water the earth with the streams of an almost boundless beneficence. It is young men who now carry on most of the active business of the world, and who will soon control most of the wealth of the world, and it is Christian young men who are the hope of the world. Men who early acquire the habit of Christian activity and of systematic giving, when with the lapse of years their riches increase, will be moved by that second nature, which is stronger than the first, to liberally endow the Christian institutions of the country. The commercial success of Christian men will prove, what seems to be doubted, that religion does not spoil a man for business, nor make him a mere milk-sop in the active relationships of life; and these men will carry their business faculties into the religious enterprises of the Church, and give them a new efficiency and success.

The dissemination of Christian principles among business men would assuredly elevate the political tone of society, and inspire a nobler ethical sentiment in all classes. Legislation would be recognized as the highest function of the patriot-statesman; as a duty to be performed, not in the spirit of blind partisanship, but in a calm, judicial frame, and in humble dependence upon that wisdom which cometh from above, and is profitable to direct and to guide into all truth. So, also, the exercise of the franchise would be apprehended as a solemn trust, which a man would no more sell for gold, or place, or power, than he would sell his wife's affection, his daughter's honour, or his son's integrity.

¶ There are, however, some dangers into which these associations may have a tendency to fall, and against which it will be well to guard. There is, for instance, the danger of their active spirits becoming too self-assertive, and being too strongly pronounced in their opinions. Young men are often rash, and sometimes harsh and censorious, in their judgments; "having a zeal, but not according to knowledge." They have not that mellowness of character, that breadth of view, and largeness of charity, which come from experience and long contact with the world. But this danger may be avoided by retaining the presence and sympathy of those who have outgrown their youth. The wisdom of Nestor

is no less valuable in council than the valour of Achilles in conflict.

Another danger is that of falling into secularism of tone in the character of the meetings, discussions, general operations, and amusements of the associations. Unless due provision is made for the devotional element, it is apt to be crowded out by business discussions, or by literary or social entertainments. An antidote to this danger is found in the practice of several associations, of having the business transacted in separate meetings and, as much as possible, by committees, and of having an evening set apart every week or oftener for devotional exercises. The classification of members as active and associate, the former of whom must be members of some Christian Church, secures that the executive of the association shall be such as to guard against undue danger of secularism.

The question of amusements is a difficult one to approach, and must be adjusted to the varied circumstances of the different associations. That which would be appropriate to a crowded city would be unsuited to a country village. In some places gymnasia are employed to furnish opportunity for athletic exercises. They may frequently become valuable auxiliaries to the aims of the institutions.

Nothing will so much conduce to the spiritual well-being as a proper care for the body. Associations may often do much good by providing, for the sedentary classes of office-clerks and others, an opportunity for developing a "muscular Christianity," and quickening their sluggish circulation by systematic gymnastic exercises. But billiards, chess, checkers, and other mere amusements, have also been advocated. There lurks a danger in their adoption. There must be a limit somewhere. If these be admitted, the demand may be made for the introduction of cards, nine-pins, fencing, boxing, etc. The Christian Association is a religious organization, and not a mere secular club. Its members are called by the holy name of Christ, and profess to be His disciples. They should bring no reproach upon that name. In Germany, it is true, the *Christliche Junglings Verein* is a sort of Christian club for young merchants and others. It is frequently of an avowedly secular character, furnishing board and lodging,

and employing instructors in French, English, drawing and music. The Jongelings Verbond of Holland is a somewhat similar institution. In the United States and Canada, however, these secular features are generally avoided.

In the patronage extended to lectures, readings, and the like, great care should be exercised. The endorsement of any entertainment by these associations is an implied guarantee as to its character. They should, therefore, employ only such lecturers and permit only such readings as will not invalidate their claims to be judicious caterers to the intellectual wants of the Christian public. The New York Association has had excellent art exhibitions at its rooms. It has also provided for its members a course of lectures on physiology and the laws of health—an example worthy of imitation.

The presence of the ladies at the entertainments of the association will be one of their greatest charms and strongest attractions. *Conversazioni* and musical reunions might be arranged for this purpose. They need not be formal concerts, but occasions for social singing, where every one may join in the refrain. Music has powerful attractions for even the coarsest natures. Witness the crowded concert halls of our great cities. In New York alone there are fifteen hundred of these haunts of the siren. Some associations seek to offer a counter-attraction by instituting occasions for singing moral and religious pieces, the stirring anthems and revival melodies which form such a noble body of Christian psalmody. These "songs of Zion" will often awaken in the hardest heart thrilling memories of home and childhood; and with their sacred strains holy lessons will glide into the soul that is barred against every other influence. In this matter, especially, the aid of the ladies is necessary. Without their softer voices the music will be rather harsh. Christian women may thus exert a powerful influence for good.

The question has been asked, What relation do these associations hold to the temperance reform? It is the rule of some Church organizations that no member should buy, sell, or use spirituous liquors. But other Churches do not hold as strongly pronounced opinions upon this subject. Still, as the liquor traffic is felt to be one of the greatest evils of the age, and one of the

greatest obstacles to the spread of the Gospel, should not these powerful associations take strong ground in favour of total abstinence, even though it might not be made an absolute condition of membership?

The relation of this institution to the Church is an important question. It is not the rival of the Church, as some have supposed, but its handmaid. Many ministers and Churches at first looked askance at these associations, and turned toward them the cold shoulder; but they now regard them as their most valued allies. The greater flexibility of their organization makes them most facile and effective instruments by which the Church may carry on much important evangelistic labour. They also utilize a large amount of energy, now lying dormant, by employing lay agency, and causing that energy to flow through a greater variety of channels. The young men who are most active in the association will generally be the most active in the Church. Of course a young man's first duty is to the Church with which he is connected. But a successful Church should be an aggressive missionary agency; and frequently a portion of its missionary zeal can flow through the channels of the association more readily than through denominational channels.

The truly catholic character of this institution is one of its most admirable attributes. It brings the most ardent spirits of the different Churches into intimate relationship and co-operation with each other. It rubs off the acute angles of intense denominationalism, and cultivates a spirit of broader catholicity. Christianity is something nobler and more comprehensive than any of man's petty -isms, and in some cases has especial facilities for working when freed from sectarian trammels. In certain kinds of evangelistic labour, purely non-sectarian effort disarms prejudice, and is free from every possible suspicion of proselytism—a liability to which suspicion frequently deters ministers and others from engaging in needed work. Moreover, the non-professional character of these lay-services renders them acceptable to a class who reject what they consider the perfunctory visitation of the regular clergy. Again, these associations will form a sort of *corps de reserve* for recruiting the ranks of the Christian ministry. They furnish the opportunity for the exercise of Christian acti-

vity, and for the development of whatever "gifts and graces," or special aptness for the work, its members may possess. They will be of infinite service by enabling men to grasp the details of social evils, without which no efforts to relieve them can be of much avail. "Things seen are mightier than things heard." The concrete affects us vastly more than the abstract. The sight of a wounded or dying man moves our sympathies more than the report of a thousand slain in battle. It was his intimate acquaintance with the horrors of Bedford jail that kindled John Howard's enthusiasm in his life-work of prison reform. So the personal contact of the members of these associations with the various forms of vice and misery abounding in great cities will be their best education in the work of practical philanthropy and social reform.

The associations throughout the country vigorously prosecute evangelistic labour in street preaching, Bethel services, tract distribution, cottage and noon prayer-meetings, Bible-classes, visitation of the poor, of the prisoner in the jails and of the soldier in the barrack-room, and ministrations to the sick and dying in the hospitals. Their members literally fulfil the command of the Divine Master, "Go out into the highways and compel them to come in." In New York, Chicago, Toronto, and other large cities, they go to the saloons, the billiard-parlours, the concert-halls, to the very borders of hell, to rescue their fellow-men from ruin. They visit the hotels, the boarding-houses, the workshops, to find out strangers coming to the city. They invite them to their rooms, introduce them to Christian families, and throw around them the arms of love and sympathy, to shield them from the snares that surround the path of unsophisticated youth in a great city. Many who could not be induced to attend Church will join the association, and thus be led into the paths of temperance and godliness, and eventually into Church relations. In providing a cheerful, social rendezvous, and wholesome companionship for young men in lodgings, or for strangers, they save many from the innumerable temptations of city life. There is need for this kind of work. In every city there are young men, once the pride of happy homes, who are making shipwreck of their lives and going down to death eternal; and who so fit to put forth the

hand of help and speak the word of warning as young men like themselves, allied by years, by common hopes and sympathies; young men whose own hearts God hath touched, and who, full of the enthusiasm of their early zeal, yearn to bring their erring brothers to the path of virtue. It was in such work as this that Dwight L. Moody won his first laurels and received his first training in successful evangelism.

These associations are a sort of Christian police, watching over the spiritual interests of society, and rendering innocuous or useful what were otherwise elements of danger to the common weal. Their members are the Good Samaritans of the friendless strangers who have fallen among the thieves and plunderers who prey upon their fellow-men. Like the mediæval order of the *Confraternita della Misericordia*, though bound by no conventual vow, they visit continually the sons of want and woe, the sick and those in prison, and minister unto them. Their self-denying labours during the visitation of the cholera at New Orleans, and of the yellow fever at Norfolk, Virginia, will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them. Their work among the firemen of Philadelphia was productive of great and permanent good.

A new department of Christian work which the associations have recently taken up is that of organizing branches in connection with the different railways of the country. There are on this continent 800,000 railroad men. Comparatively few of these have any Church relations. From their mode of life they are exposed to great temptations, and many are beyond the reach of the Churches. In connection with several roads Christian associations have been established, and so highly do the railway corporations appreciate the improved *morale* of their employees under these influences that several of them have promoted by liberal money grants, by furnishing rooms for meetings and reading-rooms, and by other means, the formation of such associations.

Many of their financial undertakings are "enterprises of great pith and moment." The association rooms in the large cities are frequently noble and costly buildings. In Chicago they erected a magnificent marble hall which would seat three thousand five hundred persons, at the cost of a quarter of a million of dollars. It was no sooner completed than it was burned to the ground

but before the ruins had ceased to smoke, \$125,000 were subscribed for the erection of another, which has since arisen, phoenix-like, from the ashes of its predecessor. In one year that association circulated one hundred and ninety thousand tracts. It received a donation at one time of ten tons of tracts for distribution from Great Britain. The Boston Association has spent \$8,000 a year, and that of Brooklyn \$14,000 a year, in Christian effort.

There are at least eighty thousand young men in America, and probably as many more in Europe, who are thus bound together in a blessed brotherhood, to toil in the service of the Divine Master for the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men: young men who occupy positions of honour, of trust, of influence, and who will control much of the financial, and political, as well as religious destiny of the age: a noble band of Christian workers, true soldiers of the holy cross, knights of a loftier chivalry than the steel-cased warriors of old! Upon their banners is inscribed the sublime watchword, "Christ for all the world, and all the world for Christ!" Their grand purpose is to hasten the time when upon every industry and activity of the age shall be written "Holiness to the Lord;" and when the sin-stricken world, like the demoniac out of whom were cast a legion of devils, shall sit clothed and in its right mind at the feet of Jesus.

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### "BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK."

"BEHOLD!" says the Saviour, "I stand at the door,  
And knock for admittance, as oft knocked before;  
My head hath no shelter, the night dews are chill;  
Ah! why should this mansion be closed to me still?"

"Awaken, O sleeper! the night waneth fast;  
The hours of my waiting are hurrying past;  
Awaken! and open the door to my love,  
Or thou shalt be barred from the mansions above."

## FLETCHER OF MADELEY.

BY C. PALMER.

## I.

JEAN GUILLAUME DE LA FLECHERE, commonly called Fletcher of Madeley, was the youngest son of a Bernese gentleman, Colonel de la Flechere, and descended from a noble house of Savoy. Colonel de la Flechere had distinguished himself in the armies of France and Switzerland, and on his retirement from the service, had settled at Nyon, near Geneva, where his son Jean was born, Sept. 12, 1729. Jean was, with his brothers, educated at the college of Geneva, where he was remarkable for his extreme diligence, for, besides devoting the whole day to his studies, he would frequently spend a great portion of the night in making notes of what he had read. He carried away several prizes, among them two of those awarded for distinction in classics, and this, as more than one of his biographers remark with surprise, although some of the competitors were nearly related to the professors who conducted the examinations. From Geneva he went to Lenzburg, in the canton of Aargau, where he learnt German; and having acquired that language, he returned home and devoted himself to the study of Hebrew and mathematics. His parents, seeing that he was of a thoughtful disposition, were anxious that he should become a clergyman, and they were both surprised and displeased when he announced his intention of going into the army. His reasons we give in his own words:—

“From the time I first began to feel the love of God shed abroad in my heart (I think at seven years of age), I resolved to give myself up to God and the service of His Church if ever I should be fit for it; but the corruption which is in the world, and that which was within my heart soon weakened, if not erased, those first characters which grace had written upon it. However, I went through my studies with the design of going into orders, but afterwards feeling I was unequal to so great a burden, disgusted by the necessity I should be under to subscribe to the high Calvinism of the Geneva Articles, and disapproving of enter-

ing upon so sacred an office from any secular motives, I yielded to the desire of those of my friends who advised me to enter the army."

Colonel and Madame de la Flechere would not consent to their son's becoming a soldier, but he was not to be turned from his purpose; and, after carefully studying the works of Cohorn and Vauban, he went away to Lisbon and accepted a commission, seemingly at the head of a body of his young countrymen, in the service of the King of Portugal. He was to sail at once in a man-of-war for the Brazils, and wrote home for a large sum of money, which he hoped to lay out to great advantage there; this was refused by his father, and Jean resolved to go without it. He was on the very point of starting when a servant, in waiting on him at breakfast, let the kettle of boiling water fall on his legs, and scalded him so severely that he was confined to his bed for some weeks, during which time the vessel sailed, and was never more heard of. Jean then determined to join his uncle who was a colonel in the Dutch service, and from whom he had the offer of a commission; but the peace which was declared just as he arrived in Flanders, and the death of his uncle, which took place shortly afterwards, put an end to his military prospects.

The strong opposition which Colonel de la Flechere had shown to his son's wishes made him unwilling to return to his home, and whilst he was wavering in his choice of a profession, he arranged to spend a short time in England. He went, for the purpose of learning the language, into the school of a Mr Burchell, at South Mimms, in Hertfordshire, and studied English literature with much diligence for nearly two years. By this time he had returned to his early desire of being a clergyman, but wishing for leisure for consideration and study, he procured (at the recommendation of M. Dechamps, a French minister in London) the situation of tutor to the two sons of Mr. Hill, M. P. for Shrewsbury, who lived at Tern Hall, near Atcham, on the Severn. Here Fletcher, as he began to be called, devoted much of his attention to religious subjects, and was very frequent in his attendance at church. But he was soon to take a more decided step. As Mr. Hill and his family were travelling up to London for the meeting of Parliament, they halted at St. Alban's, and

Fletcher strolled out into the town, and remained away so long that he was left behind. When he overtook the rest of the party and was asked the reason of his delay, he said that he had heard an old woman talk so delightfully of Jesus Christ that he could not leave her. Mrs. Hill exclaimed in surprise, "I shall wonder if our tutor does not turn Methodist!" "Methodist, madam," said Fletcher, "pray what is that?" She replied, "Why, the Methodists are a people that do nothing but pray; they are praying all day and all night." "Are they indeed?" he answered; "then, by the help of God, I will find them out if they be above ground."

Accordingly, on his arrival in London, Fletcher joined the Methodist Society, by becoming a member of the class under the care of Mr. Richard Edwards. He considered at first that he was quite one of the best persons among the Methodists, and "endeavoured by doing much to make himself acceptable to God," but he was aroused by a fearful dream from this condition, and, on hearing a sermon upon saving faith, he became convinced that he did not understand its nature. "Is it possible," he asked himself, "that I, who have always been accounted so religious, who have made divinity my study, and received the premium of piety (so called) from my university for my writings on divine subjects, —is it possible that I should yet be so ignorant as not to know what faith is?" He added that he felt sure that "nothing but a revelation of the Lord Jesus to his heart would make him a true believer." In a diary which he kept for a little while at this time, he wrote :—

"When I saw that all my endeavours towards conquering sin availed nothing, I almost gave up all hope, and resolved to sin on and go to hell. But I remember there was a sort of sweetness even in the midst of these abominable thoughts. 'If I go to hell,' said I, 'I will serve God there, and since I cannot be an instance of His mercy in heaven, I will be a monument of His justice in hell, and if I show forth His glory one way or the other, I am content.' But I soon recovered my ground. I thought Christ died for all, therefore He died for me; He died to pluck such sinners as I am as brands out of the burning. And as I sincerely desire to be His, He will surely take me to Him-

self ; He will surely let me know before I die that He hath died for me, and will break asunder these chains wherewith I am bound. . . . So I went on, sinning and repenting, and sinning again, but still calling on God's mercy through Christ."

After a long struggle with the coldness and deadness of feeling which so distressed him, Fletcher began to hope that he would be able to find strength and peace, and at last the time came. He had one night continued his prayers till very late, when he accidentally opened his Bible at the 55th Psalm, and saw the words, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

"Filled with joy," he says, "I fell again on my knees to beg of God that I might always cast my burden on Him. I took up my Bible again and opened it on these words: 'The Lord, He it is that doth go before thee; He will be with thee, He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee; fear not, neither be dismayed.' (Deut. xxxi. 8.) My hope was now greatly increased, I thought I saw myself conqueror over sin, hell, and all manner of affliction. With this comfortable promise I shut my Bible, being now perfectly satisfied; and as I shut it I cast my eyes on that passage, 'Whatsoever ye ask in my name, I will do it.' So, having asked grace of God to serve Him till death, I went cheerfully to take my rest."

Fletcher devoted all his spare time to reading, meditation and prayer; he sat up during two nights in each week, and on other evenings he made it a rule to read in bed as long as he could keep awake, until one night his curtains and cap took fire, and he narrowly escaped being burnt to death. He refused to dine at Mr. Hill's table, and lived wholly on vegetables, bread, and milk; but in after life he said that, although he did not then feel the need of the sleep and substantial food of which he deprived himself, he would not so abstain if he had the same time to spend over again. He read scarcely any books but the Bible and the "Christian's Pattern," but we may suppose from the regret which he so often expressed afterwards that he had never had time to read Shakespeare, that in this respect also he wished he had acted differently. Almost his only recreation was a walk by the Severn between the services on Sunday, in which he was accompanied by an old servant of Mr. Hill's, who entertained views very

similar to his own, and who had once severely rebuked him for copying music on Sunday. But Fletcher felt the need of friendly counsel; and at first selected Mr. Edwards as an adviser. He afterwards turned to Charles Wesley, and continued to consult him as long as he lived.

In 1756 Fletcher made the acquaintance of the Countess of Huntingdon, and at her request preached several times at her house. He had by this time almost determined to become a clergyman, and in the second year of his residence at Tern Hall his resolution was finally taken. After much thought, and consultation with Charles Wesley (in whom he had such confidence that he only asked as an answer—Persist, or Forbear), Fletcher was ordained deacon on Sunday, March 6, 1757, by the Bishop of Hereford, and priest on the following Sunday, by the Bishop of Bangor, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The same day he hastened to the West Street chapel, where he assisted Charles Wesley in his service, and he constantly preached there, in Spitalfields, and in other London chapels, both in English and in French. On his return to the country he was asked to preach at Atcham, but his plain speaking gave offence to the congregation; "they gazed at him as if he had been a monster," and he was not for some time invited to preach to them again. Indeed, during the next six months he did not preach more than six times.

In the next year, when Fletcher accompanied his pupils to London, he stopped on his way to see the Rev. John Berridge, of Everton, of whom he had heard much, and introduced himself as one anxious for instruction and advice. Mr. Berridge, perceiving him to be a foreigner, asked where he came from, and on hearing that he was a Swiss, inquired if he was acquainted with a young man named Fletcher, who had preached for the Mr. Wesleys, and had gained much praise from them. Fletcher replied that he was, but added that if the Mr. Wesleys knew that young man as well as he did they would not praise him so much. When Mr. Berridge expressed surprise at his visitor's thus speaking of a countryman, and at his doubting the justice of the opinion formed by the Mr. Wesleys, Fletcher discovered himself, and Mr. Berridge requested him to preach for him next day that he might form his own opinion of him. They became great friends, and

were scarcely even separated by a warm controversy which they had when Fletcher published his "Checks to Antinomianism," and Mr. Berridge answered and remarked upon it in his "Christian World Unmasked;" for in the end of 1776, when they met, not having seen each other since their first introduction twenty years before, Mr. Berridge embraced Fletcher, exclaiming, "How could we write against each other when we both aim at the same thing, the glory of God and the good of souls? But my book lies very quietly on the shelf, and there let it lie!"

Fletcher was invited to preach in French to the prisoners on parole at Tunbridge, but the Bishop of London, from some unexplained reason, rejected the petition made to him on the subject, and the sermon was never preached. He occasionally officiated in London, and on his return to Shropshire, he so frequently assisted Mr. Chambrey, the Vicar of Madeley, that he was called his curate. In this year, 1760, Fletcher's duties as tutor came to an end, for his pupils went to Cambridge; the eldest of them died soon afterwards, but the youngest lived to succeed his father in the representation of Shrewsbury and to become Baron Berwick of Attingham House—for so he called Tern Hall. Mr. Hill asked Fletcher if he would take the living of Dunham in Cheshire, telling him that the parish was small, the duty light, the income good (£400 a year), and the place situated in a fine healthy sporting country. Fletcher with many thanks refused the offer, saying that Dunham would not suit him, for there was too much money and too little labour. Mr. Hill said it was a pity to refuse such a living, but as his object was to make Fletcher comfortable in his own way, he asked if he would prefer Madeley, as Mr. Chambrey would gladly go to Dunham, that being worth more than twice as much. This exchange was accordingly effected, and in the end of 1760 Fletcher was established as Vicar of Madeley.

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A HARVEST HYMN.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ONCE more the liberal year laughs out  
O'er richer stores than gems or gold ;  
Once more with harvest-song and shout  
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,  
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves ;  
Her lap is full of goodly things,  
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favours, every year made new !  
O gifts, with rain and sunshine sent !  
The bounty over-runs our due,  
The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on ;  
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill ;  
We choose the shadow, but the sun  
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our fertile soil  
The power to make it Eden-fair,  
And richer fruits to crown our toil  
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day ?  
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom ?  
Or sighs for dainties far away,  
Beside the bounteous board of home ?

Thank Heaven, instead, that freedom's arm  
Can change a rugged soil to gold,—  
That brave and generous lives can warm  
A clime with northern ices cold.

And let our altars, wreathed with flowers  
And piled with fruits, awake again  
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,  
The early and the latter rain !

## PIONEER METHODISM.

BY THE REV. EDWARD EGGLESTON, D.D.

## CHAPTER V.

## SELF-SACRIFICE.

AT last Kike is getting better, and Morton can be spared. There is no longer any reason why the rowdies on Jenkinsville Circuit should pine for the muscular young preacher whom they have vowed to "lick as soon as they lay eyes on to him." Morton and Dr. Morgan have exhausted their several systems of theology in discussion. So, at last, the impatient Morton mounts his impatient horse, and gallops away to preach to the impatient brethren and face the impatient ruffians of Jenkinsville Circuit. Kike is left yet in his quiet harbour to recover. The doctor has taken a strange fancy to the zealous young prophet, and looks forward with regret to the time when he will leave.

Ah, happiest experience of life, when the flood tide sets back through the veins! You have no longer any pain; you are not well enough to feel any responsibility; you cannot work; there is no obligation resting on you but one—that is rest. Such perfect passivity, Kike had never known before. He could walk but little. He sat the livelong day by the open window, as listless as the grass that waved before the wind. All the sense of dire responsibility, all those feelings of the awfulness of life, and the fearfulness of his work; and the dreadfulness of his accountability, were in abeyance. To eat, to drink, to sleep, to wake and breathe, to suffer as a passive instrument the play of whatever feeling might chance to come, was Kike's life.

The austerity of Kike's conscience had slumbered during his convalescence. At last it awakened. He sat one evening in his room, trying to see the right way. According to old Methodist custom he looked for some inward movement of the Spirit—some "impression"—that should guide him.

During the great religious excitement of the early part of this

century, Western pietists referred everything to God in prayer, and the belief in immediate divine direction was often carried to a ludicrous extent. It is related that one man retired to the hills and prayed a week that he might know how he should be baptized, and that at last he came rushing out of the woods, shouting "Hallelujah! Immersion!" Various devices were invented for obtaining divine direction—devices not unworthy the ancient augurs. Lorenzo Dow used to suffer his horse to take his own course at each divergence of the road. It seems to have been a favourite delusion of pietism, in all ages, that God could direct an inanimate object, guide a dumb brute, or impress a blind impulse upon the human mind, but could not enlighten or guide the judgment itself. The opening of a Bible at random for a directing text became so common during the Wesleyan movement in England, that Dr. Adam Clarke thought it necessary to utter a stout Irish philippic against what he called "Bible sortilege."

These devout divinings, these vanes set to catch the direction of heavenly breezes, could not but impress so earnest a nature as Kike's. Now in his distress he prayed with eagerness and opened his Bible at random to find his eye lighting, not on any intelligible or remotely-applicable passage, but upon a bead-roll of unpronounceable names in one of the early chapters of the Book of Chronicles. This disappointment he accepted as a trial of his faith. Faith like Kike's is not to be dashed by disappointment. He prayed again for direction, and opened at last at the text: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" The marked trait in Kike's piety was an enthusiastic personal loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ. This question seemed directed to him, as it had been to Peter, in reproach. He would hesitate no longer. Love, and life itself, should be sacrificed for the Christ who died for him. Then he prayed once more, and there came to his mind the memory of that saying about leaving houses and homes and lands and wives, for Christ's sake. It came to him, doubtless, by a perfectly natural law of mental association. But what did Kike know of the association of ideas, or of any other law of mental action? Wesley's sermons and Benson's *Life of Fletcher* constituted his library. To him it seemed certain that

this text of Scripture was "suggested." It was a call from Christ to give up all for Him. And in the spirit of the sublimest self-sacrifice, he said: "Lord, I will keep back nothing!"

But emotions and resolutions that are at high tide in the evening often ebb before morning. Kike thought himself strong enough to begin again to rise at four o'clock, as Wesley had ordained in those "rules for a preacher's conduct" which every Methodist preacher even yet *promises* to keep. Following the same rules, he proceeded to set apart the first hour for prayer and meditation.

He conducted his devotions in a state of great mental distraction. Seeing a copy of Baxter's Reformed Pastor which belonged to Dr. Morgan lying on the window-seat, he took it up, hoping to get some light from its stimulating pages. He remembered that Wesley spoke well of Baxter; but he could not fix his mind upon the book. He kept listlessly turning the leaves until his eye lighted upon a sentence in Latin. Kike knew not a single word of Latin, and for that very reason his attention was the more readily attracted by the sentence in an unknown tongue. He read it, "*Nec propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas.*" He found written in the margin a free rendering: "Let us not for the sake of life, sacrifice the only things worth living for." He knelt down now and gave thanks for what seemed to him Divine direction.

Kike rode to his old home in the Hissawachee Settlement. The cabin in which his mother lived was very little different from what it was when he left it. The old stick chimney showed signs of decrepitude; the barrel which served for chimney-pot was canted a little on one side, giving to the cabin, as Kike thought, an unpleasant air, as of a man a little exhilarated with whiskey, who has tipped his hat upon the side of his head, to leer at you saucily. The mother received him joyously, and wiped her eyes with an apron when she saw how sick he had been.

Kike had come home to have his tattered wardrobe improved, and the thoughtful mother had already made him a warm, though not very shapely, suit of jeans. It cost Kike a struggle to leave her again. She did not think him fit to go. But she did not dare to say so. How should she venture to advise one who seemed to her wondering heart to live in the very secrets of the

Almighty? God had laid hands on him—the child was hers no longer. But still she looked her heart-breaking apprehensions as he set out from home, leaving her standing disconsolate in the doorway wiping her eyes with her apron.

Was Kike unhappy when he made his way to the distant Pottawottomie Creek Circuit?

Do you think the Jesuit missionaries, who traversed the wilds of America at the call of duty as they heard it, were unhappy men? The highest happiness comes not from the satisfaction of our desires, but from the denial of them for the sake of a high purpose. I doubt not the happiest man that ever sailed through Levantine seas, or climbed Cappadocian mountains, was Paul of Tarsus. Do you think that he envied the voluptuaries of Cyprus, or the rich merchants of Corinth? Can you believe that one of the idlers in the Epicurean gardens, or one of the Stoic loafers in the covered sidewalks of Athens, could imagine the joy that tided the soul of Paul over all tribulations? For there is a sort of awful delight in self-sacrifice, and Kike defied the storm of a northern winter, and all the difficulties and dangers of the wilderness, and all the hardships of his lonely lot, with one saying often on his lips: "O Lord, I have kept back nothing!"

I have heard that about this time young Lumsden was accustomed to electrify his audiences by his fervent preaching upon the Christian duty of Glorifying in Tribulation, and that shrewd old country women would nod their heads one to another as they went home afterward, and say: "He's seed a mighty sight o' trouble in his time, I 'low, fer a young man." "Yes; but he's got the victory; and how powerful sweet he talks about it! I never heerd the beat in all my born days."

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#### CHAPTER VI.—A BRIDE FOR THE MASTER.

RUSSELL BIGELOW was to preach at Hissawachee Settlement. Far and wide over the West had travelled the fame of this great preacher, who, though born in Vermont, was wholly Western in his impassioned manner. "An orator is to be judged not by his printed discourses, but by the memory of the effect he has produced," says a French writer; and if we may judge of Russell

Bigelow by the fame that fills Ohio and Indiana even to this day, he was surely an orator of the highest order. He is known as the "indescribable." The news that he was to preach had set the settlement afire with eager curiosity to hear him. Even Patty Lumsden declared her intention of going, much to the Captain's regret. She had no other motive than a vague hope of hearing something that would divert her; life had grown so heavy that she craved excitement of any kind. She would take a back seat and hear the famous Methodist for herself. But Patty put on all of her gold and costly apparel. She was determined that nobody should suspect her of any intention of "joining the Church." Her mood was one of curiosity on the surface, and of proud hatred and quiet defiance below.

No religious meeting is ever so delightful as a meeting held in the forest; no forest is so satisfying as a forest of beech; the wide-spreading boughs—drooping when they start from the trunk, but well sustained at the last—stretch out regularly and with a steady horizontalness, the last year's leaves form a carpet like a cushion, while the dense foliage shuts out the sun. To this meeting in the beech woods Patty chose to walk, since it was less than a mile away. As she passed through a little cove, she saw a man lying flat on his face in prayer. It was the preacher. Awe-stricken, Patty hurried on to the meeting. She had fully intended to take a seat in the rear of the congregation, but being a little confused and absent-minded she did not observe at first where the stand had been erected, and that she was entering the congregation at the side nearest to the pulpit. When she discovered her mistake it was too late to withdraw, the aisle beyond her was already full of standing people; there was nothing for her but to take the only vacant seat in sight. This put her in the very midst of the members, and in this position she was quite conspicuous; even strangers from other settlements saw with astonishment a woman elegantly dressed, for that time, sitting in the very midst of the devout sisters—for the men and women sat apart. All around Patty there was not a single "artificial," or piece of jewellery. Indeed most of the women wore calico sunbonnets. The Hissawachee people who knew her were astounded to see Patty at meeting at all. They looked

upon Captain Lumsden as Gog and Magog incarnated in one. This sense of the conspicuousness of her position was painful to Patty, but she presently forgot herself in listening to the singing. There never was such a chorus as a backwoods Methodist congregation, and here among the trees they sang hymn after hymn, now with the tenderest pathos, now with triumphant joy, now with solemn earnestness. They sang "Children of the Heavenly King," and "Come, let us anew," and "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," and "Arise my soul, arise," and "How happy every child of grace!" While they were singing this last, the celebrated preacher entered the pulpit, and there ran through the audience a movement of wonder, almost of disappointment, His clothes were of that sort of cheap cotton cloth known as "blue drilling," and did not fit him. He was rather short, and inexpressibly awkward. His hair hung unkempt over the best portion of his face—the broad projecting forehead. His eyebrows were overhanging; his nose, cheek-bones, and chin large. His mouth was wide and with a sorrowful depression at the corners, his nostrils thin, his eyes keen, and his face perfectly mobile. He took for his text the words of Eleazar to Laban, "I seek a bride for my master," and, according to the custom of the time, he first expounded the incident, and then proceeded to "spiritualize" it, by applying it to the soul's marriage to Christ. Notwithstanding the ungainliness of his frame and the awkwardness of his postures, there was a gentlemanliness about his address that indicated a man not unaccustomed to good society. His words were well chosen; his pronunciation always correct; his speech grammatical. In all of these regards Patty was disappointed.

But the sermon. Who shall describe "the indescribable?" As the servant, he proceeded to set forth the character of the Master. What struck Patty was not the nobleness of his speech, nor the force of his argument; she seemed to see in the countenance that every divine trait which he described had reflected itself in the life of the preacher himself. For none but the manliest of men can ever speak worthily of Jesus Christ. As Bigelow proceeded he won her fanned heart to Christ. For such a Master she could live or die; in such a life there was what Patty needed

most—a purpose; in such a life there was a friend; in such a life she would escape that sense of the ignobleness of her own pursuits, and the unworthiness of her own pride. All that he said of Christ's love and condescension filled her with a sense of sinfulness and meanness, and she wept bitterly. There were a hundred others as much affected, but the eyes of all her neighbours were upon her. If Patty should be converted, what a victory!

And as the preacher proceeded to describe the joy of a soul wedded for ever in Christ—living nobly after the pattern of His life—Patty resolved that she would devote herself to this life and this Saviour, and rejoiced in sympathy with the rising note of triumph in the sermon. Then Bigelow, last of all, appealed to courage and to pride—to pride in its best sense. Who would be ashamed of such a Bridegroom? And as he depicted the trials that some must pass through in accepting him, Patty saw her own situation, and mentally made the sacrifice. As he described the glory of renouncing the world, she thought of her jewellery and the spirit of defiance in which she had put it on. There, in the midst of that congregation, she took out her earrings, and stripped the flowers from the bonnet. We may smile at the sacrifice to an over-strained literalism, but to Patty it was the solemn renunciation of the world—the whole-hearted espousal of herself, for all eternity, to Him who stands for all that is noblest in life. Of course this action was visible to most of the congregation—most of all to the preacher himself. To the Methodists it was the greatest of triumphs, this public conversion of Captain Lumsden's daughter, and they showed their joy in many pious ejaculations. Patty did not seek concealment. She scorned to creep into the kingdom of heaven. It seemed to her that she owed this publicity. For a moment all eyes were turned away from the orator. He paused in his discourse until Patty had removed the emblems of her pride and antagonism. Then, turning with tearful eyes to the audience, the preacher, with simple-hearted sincerity and inconceivable effect, burst out with, "Hallelujah! I have found a bride for my Master!"

Patty's devout feelings were sadly interrupted during the remainder of the sermon by forebodings. But she had a will as

inflexible as her father's, and now that her will was backed by convictions of duty it was more firmly set than ever. Bigelow announced that he would "open the door of the church," and the excited congregation made the forest ring with that hymn of Watts which has always been the recruiting song of Methodism. The application to Patty's case produced great emotion when the singing reached the stanzas :

"Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize  
And sailed through bloody seas ?

"Are there no foes for me to face ?  
Must I not stem the flood ?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace  
To help me on to God ?"

At this point Patty slowly rose from the place where she had been sitting weeping, and marched resolutely through the excited crowd until she reached the preacher, to whom she extended her hand in token of her desire to become a church-member. While she came forward, the congregation sang with great fervour, and not a little sensation :—

"Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord ;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy Word."

After many had followed Patty's example the meeting closed. Every Methodist shook hands with the new beginners, particularly with Patty, uttering words of sympathy and encouragement. Some offered to go home with her to keep her in countenance in the inevitable conflict with her father, but with a true delicacy and filial dutifulness, Patty insisted on going alone. There are battles which are fought better without allies.

That ten minutes' walk was a time of agony and suspense. As she came up to the house she saw her father sitting on the doorstep, riding-whip in hand. Though she knew his nervous habit of carrying his raw-hide whip long after he had dismounted—a habit having its root in a domineering disposition—she was not.

without apprehension that he would use personal violence. But he was quiet now, from extreme anger.

"Patty," he said, "either you will promise me on the spot to give up this infernal Methodism, or you can't come in here to bring your praying and groaning into my ears. Are you going to give it up?"

"Don't turn me off, Father," pleaded Patty. "You need me. I can stand it, but what will you do when your rheumatism comes on next winter? Do let me stay and take care of you. I won't bother you about my religion."

"I won't have this blubbing, shouting nonsense in my house," screamed the father, frantically. He would have said more, but he choked. "You've disgraced the family," he gasped, after a minute.

Patty stood still, and said no more.

"Will you give up your nonsense about being religious?"

Patty shook her head.

"Then, clear out!" cried the Captain, and with an oath he went into the house and pulled the latch-string in. The latch-string was the symbol of hospitality. To say that "the latch-string was out" was to open your door to a friend; to pull it in was the most significant and inhospitable act Lumsden could perform. For when the latch-string is in, the door is locked. The daughter was not only to be a daughter no longer, she was now an enemy at whose approach the latch-string was withdrawn.

Patty was full of natural affection. She turned away to seek a home. Where? She walked aimlessly down the road at first. She had but one thought as she receded from the old house that had been her home from infancy—

The latch-string was drawn in.

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HE prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

—Coleridge.

## A NEGRO METHODIST CONFERENCE.

BY J. N. R.

THERE are two negro, or *coloured*, churches in Winchester, Virginia—one "Methodist Episcopal" and the other Baptist. Negroes in general belong to one of these two denominations, though there are also, Episcopalians, and Catholic congregations, in some large towns, while perhaps other small portions of the coloured population belong to various other religions. Every one knows that the negro is of an emotional, passionate, susceptible nature, and the Methodist Church offers him many attractions. Even white Methodists sometimes feel excited by their religious enthusiasm, and vent their emotions in ardent gestures and exclamations. It is not surprising, therefore, that the impulsive African should manifest his nature very freely during the religious exercises of the Methodist Church, and this we had an opportunity of observing during a conference of coloured ministers, including those of Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, and West Virginia, which met at Winchester in the early spring of 1874. The conference was officially called the "Washington Conference of the Coloured Methodist Episcopal Church." It lasted for a week. The Friday and Saturday before the opening Sunday were busy days on the railway: each train brought dozens of coloured ministers, each carrying a bag or bundle, with his suit of glossy black, for there was to be an ordination on the closing Sunday. Most of these ministers were intelligent-looking men, and their clothes were in very good condition, and a few of the older wore gold spectacles. Though the town of Winchester is very small, there was no difficulty about lodging close upon two hundred strangers. Each coloured person owning any kind of home—shanty or log hut, or the rarer cottage—gave hospitality to as many ministers as he could accommodate; and the least number was two, even although the host had but *one* spare room and bed. The people were proud of thus housing their pastors, and vied with each other in giving them the very best of food. A negro, man or woman, is born a good cook, and it is safe to say that many a

white family, even in respectable circumstances, does not fare so well, or at any rate seldom fares better, than a coloured woman with a much smaller income.

There were "exercises" every morning and evening, while the rest of the day was set apart for business. A white Methodist bishop presided. As yet there is no coloured bishop in the Methodist Church, a fact which occasioned one of the best addresses made to the students for the ministry during the conference. The church where the meetings were held was small and very plain, whitewashed and galleried, and provided with a small melodeon. But the congregation was not dependent on this instrument for its music; the coloured churches had simply the best music in town. The choir proper consisted of a dozen men and women, who sang hymns beautifully and accurately in parts, while the whole congregation backed them up with a volume of sound more melodious than is generally heard in any white church in America. A negro could hardly sing out of tune if he wished to, and no choir but the surpliced one of a cathedral could outdo the performance of coloured singers, even if only very slightly trained.

At the chancel end of the church was a space railed off and raised two steps above the level of the floor, while in the place of the altar stood a pulpit, where three men could stand abreast, with six or eight steps leading up to it on each side. This was used for prayer and preaching; the space below was fitted up with chairs for the bishop and some of the speakers, while two secretaries sat at a long table placed against the base of the tribune. The bishop wore a tail-coat and a white necktie, but scarcely looked dignified. The young secretaries, both of them candidates for deaconship, were good-looking and intelligent: many of the young men had been through a regular theological course in the new colleges and seminaries that the coloured Methodists have established since the Act of Emancipation, but the old ministers were rougher and hardier—*field-preachers* in old times, when they were also slaves. One of these old men, relics of a past state of things, Brother Snowdon, was over eighty years of age: but his mind was as bright and his heart as tender as ever, and one night, when he prayed, which he did in as good

language as most white people, his words stirred the sympathy of his hearers, both white and black, as few prayers can. His words were fervent and poetic, however vague if looked at in any doctrinal sense, and we hardly like to set them down in our own form, because we made no notes at the time, and therefore should do injustice to the speaker. His aspect, too, told how earnest he was, and how the love of the Saviour powerfully affected him, leading him into all manner of energetic, poetic expressions, and firing him with a missionary zeal towards all those who heard him.

It would be impossible to gather together all the incidents of that week: every day and night was full of interesting details, each characteristic of the earnestness of the men assembled and the passionate sympathy which they raised in their hearers. The two hundred ministers filled up the pews in the body of the church during the business meetings, and the spectators sat in the galleries. It was interesting to mark the differences among those dark faces. Some preserved the true African type, though we hardly remember one that was absolutely black. Though most of them had the ordinary woolly hair, a few had it wavy but smooth, and one, whose face was very dark, had straight, wiry hair. If the colour could have been taken from some of them, you would have judged this one by his features to be a shrewd Yankee, eager and investigating, and that other a scholarly Jew, quiet and thoughtful. In the galleries, especially at the evening prayer-meetings, the variety of curious faces was much greater; there were men who might almost sit for baboons, and one with such a marvellous head of hair that it stood out round his face like a black halo, four or five inches broad. Others, on the contrary, wore their hair close cropped, so that it was not more conspicuous than the down of a black swanling. The women, too, were of all kinds, from the old "auntie," whose face was all fat and good-nature, to the haughty, saucy, or pensive maiden, whose skin was more white than "coloured." Of these there were many, most of them very pretty, and well, *i. e.*, quietly dressed, with ladylike manners and sweet, gentle voices. No uninitiated person would have known that these girls were not of pure Caucasian blood, unless the fact had been revealed to him

by seeing them walk arm-in-arm with ordinary "darkies" of every shade,

The first time we went to the church was on a week-day, and a morning session was going on. It was a good specimen of the business meetings. The elders and representatives of the most prominent churches sat on the two front benches, and the speakers and secretaries occupied the space behind the rails. The bishop looked neutral and weary. One very impulsive speaker, and agent of the Bible Society, who mysteriously described himself as belonging to no particular race, having African, European, and Hindoo blood in him, was holding forth on the subject of schools and seminaries. He looked like an ordinary white man. He spoke well and to the point, and specially shone in anecdote. He laid the greatest stress on the necessity of education, and told a story of a young white student who came to his father with a bundle tied to a stick, and in a generally deplorable plight, not to ask for charity, but to beg, in a bright, eager manner, to be allowed to enter a school of theology "where my father was an 'exhorter.' He was admitted, and to-day he is a bishop in the Methodist Church, and one of our most enterprising men. Do you know," he went on, "that until a coloured student shall come with that indomitable spirit, and grapple with like difficulties, and, as it were, conquer an education, I shall not believe in our having a coloured bishop among us?" Here there were deep murmurs of approval, and the speaker went on urging the cause of education.

Then another speaker got up and answered him by a second eulogism on education, especially of that for theological students; and then followed a motion which one of the brethren was anxious to make this year, he said, and which he considered very important. He was a grave-looking man, about forty-five, with gold spectacles, and black kid gloves; and his speech, perfectly grammatical and well-accented, proved him to be, if not of the post-slavery school of students, at least one of the progressive school of reforming ministers. Indeed, as far as peculiarities were concerned, this conference was not what would be called "characteristic;" the ministers are the picked men of the race, and strive after the same decorous uniformity of manner and

speech as that which distinguishes the white men of their profession. Besides the Virginian negro, even in his most unnatural state, is not nearly so amusing in character as the negro of the more southern parts of the country. His dialect is far less peculiar, and even his accent is not remarkably striking. When this minister whom we have mentioned rose in his place to make his "motion," he addressed himself to the bishop in earnest tones, denouncing the "free use of tobacco among the ministers," and inveighing against it. Immediately a titter ran through the audience, but the bishop still looked weary and impassive. "I say," the speaker went on, "that it is a disgrace to the ministry; I have seen ministers chew in the very pulpit, and dishonour the Lord's house by this filthy habit. It is unclean and injurious; it is a vice more than a habit, and those who renounce liquor ought also to renounce tobacco. It is bad in any form, but especially in that disgusting form in which too many of our brethren use it in the house of the Lord. I move that the use of tobacco be made a disqualification for candidates to the ministry, and that henceforth no young man shall be ordained who is unwilling to swear that he will not use tobacco in any form."

The argument, of course, is here much condensed. The man was very vehement in his denunciation, but evidently his hearers scarcely sympathized with his project of reform; many of the older ministers looked at each other with suppressed merriment, and others were engaged in protesting against the restriction by quietly doing the very thing against which the speaker was discoursing. When he had done the votes were taken, as customary the "ayes" and "noes" alternately standing up and being counted over by one appointed for the purpose. Hardly half a dozen stood up with the reformer, and the whole body rose when the "noes" were called for. The motion was directed however, to be laid on the table, and the bishop promised to say a few words on the subject when the morning's business was disposed of. In order not to break our narrative by again referring to this subject, we will give the bishop's opinion at once. He spoke, as he always did, with singular impressiveness, but quite to the point. He agreed with Brother — that the use of tobacco was neither healthy nor dignified, and was especially to be

deprecated during divine service or in the pulpit; but he said that while he recommended young candidates for the ministry to wean themselves from it, and make good resolutions against indulgence in it, he could not advise the extreme measure of turning the question into a test of moral fitness for the ministry. Then he put in a touching plea for the older ministers.

"They had been bred up to a hard lot," he said, "and in the days when the slave had but little enjoyment within his reach, tobacco had become both a stimulant and a comfort to him. He had his little tobacco-patch, his only personal property, and the use of the weed had been a great solace. Many of our brethren have been brought up under this system, and could not give up the habit without injuring their health, or, at any rate, seriously interfering with their comfort, so that it would be neither wise nor charitable to deny them this little enjoyment, which, after all, is very harmless, provided it be indulged in moderately." Of course the motion was a failure, as any one but an enthusiast could have foreseen; and yet the motive of the reformer was thoroughly praiseworthy, and we must say he had every reason to be practically disgusted with the abuse which he so eagerly denounced.

Then came the examination of the candidates, mostly young men. Some elder or minister answered for the moral and intellectual worth of each. The form of examination was read from a book, and one of the questions was, "Are you in debt?" The same "brother" answered for the character of several of the young men, and his formula of endorsement of their claims was generally pretty much the same:—"Fine young man, very good at his studies;" but one of them deserving especial eulogium, the circumstances were more detailed, and the elder added: "A year ago he could not write his own name, but so diligent was he that he now writes a good hand, and has equally progressed in his other studies. His report is excellent."

Now there appeared a group of ministers of various white churches, and the pastor of the coloured Baptist church, who came to fraternize with their Methodist brethren. The bishop presented them each by name to his people, and bade them be seated as guests among them. Another individual whom no one

could have overlooked in this gathering was the agent of the "Methodist Book-Concern," a tall, florid, prosperous man, smoothly shaven and with vigorous-looking white hair. He was a regular "Yankee," as his quaint speech testified; we do not mean his accent, but his manner of speaking. He was evidently given to anecdote and sensational announcements. He patronized education in a large, emphatic way, and morally "patted on the back" the speaker whose father had been an "exhorter." But he outdid him in pleasant stories, some of which we attempt to reproduce. He likened education to a lake into which you throw puppies, to teach them to swim, and then descanted on the cognate advantages of camp-meetings. All his talk was complacently jerky and effectively startling.

"Some years ago," he said, "I attended a camp-meeting in western New York. The exercises were continual; the faithful and elect were praying and singing all day, the ministers were very zealous, and the place was quite a show to the worldly people who came to see and enjoy the fun and the fervour. Well, you may think such a meeting was very barren when I tell you that no one was converted but one miserable tin-pedler, who, with his donkey-load of goods, had stopped to ply his trade among the faithful. The meeting broke up, and the worldly spectators laughed at it; but I know how much good that one tin-pedler did after his conversion: how he became as good as a missionary, and sold tracts with his pots and pans; and when people could not afford to buy the tracts, he gave them away; or if folks would stop and have a talk with him, he turned the conversation on spiritual things, and did them more good than they themselves suspected at the time. . . . And when I come to think of what has been done in our day for foreign missions among the coloured race, and especially in the opening up of Africa, I say to myself, there is no knowing but that some day our children may assist at Methodist camp-meetings at the Mountains of the Moon. . . . Then see our mission funds, from what small beginnings they have swelled to hundreds of thousands! I remember when I was at school there was a boy who was very eager for foreign missions, but he was poor. Now we had a missionary fund to which we paid only two cents a

month, but this boy very seldom had two cents to spend, and often had to borrow the money, which he repaid by earning it in some small boyish way, but he never missed giving his contribution, and never forgot to repay his debt. And what do you think happened to him since? The other day he gave twenty-five thousand dollars to our church, and often gives large contributions to any Methodist charity or school. He is a rich man now, and gets richer every day. But he had pluck and 'go' in him from the first. . . . And now I'll tell you something about Rome, where for the first time there is a Methodist church and mission established. The ministers have made many converts among the Italian soldiers, and you know those soldiers guard the pope, so that his enemies may not get at him. Just think of that: the pope is now protected by Methodist bayonets! And more than that, there's a nice Methodist altar in his old city, where he can go to, and be prayed for and repent, if he likes, for it is a free church, and every one can come if he only chooses."

Applause and merriment greeted these announcements, and the speaker, who saw that he had produced a favourable stir, took advantage of it to suggest that if any of the ministers wished to make arrangements for supplies of books suited for a school library in their respective circuits, he should be in Winchester that afternoon only, and would be glad to meet them to talk matters over.

The evening prayer-meetings were the really interesting part of the proceedings. The whole coloured population, and a large portion of the whites, crowded into the little church; people fainted with the heat, and sat almost on each other's knees; the railed space, the pulpit steps, were full; and the speakers had the greatest trouble to move about. Though this was no revival, and consequently not nearly so thrilling a time, yet the various scenes were very impressive. There was no theatrical display of unreal emotion; all was passionate, intense, and true. There were quite as many men as women, and the former seemed, if anything, the more moved of the two. No human respect was there; no one was ashamed to show his feelings, and elderly ministers sobbed like children whenever any word or aspiration of the speakers touched their hearts. The sermons or addresses generally began

quietly enough ; sometimes an appeal was made for the support of infirm pastors or their destitute widows and orphans (the collection on this occasion was confined to the two hundred ministers themselves), or some call for help was made for distant or foreign missions.

After this the real exhortation began, and as the speaker warmed with his subject his face glistened, his gestures grew impassioned, his eyes shone through tears, and his whole body shook with excitement. There was no doctrine or controversy broached, but vague words, full of infinite suggestions, came pouring from his lips—*i.e.* the love of the Lord, how He died for the love of us all, how little we do to show Him our love, how He calls us at every moment, how His love watches over us, how our sins disappoint and wound Him. The changes were continually rung on this heavenly love, but the subject seemed ever new. It was inexhaustible, and the emotion produced was always as strong. Women rocked themselves to and fro, and groaned audibly, while cries of assent rose from all sides, from young and old, from men and women: "God grant it!" "Amen!" "Yes, that's so, that's so!" "Bless the Lord!"

The sermon usually ended with a prayer ; it does so almost naturally, it would seem, with all emotional people ; the Italian preachers never fail, and often the French follow their example, to wind up with a prayer, during which their hearers kneel ; and this end of a sermon is often the most impressive and heart-stirring part. The emotion in the coloured Methodist churches is no less, though it does not take the form of kneeling. Between the addresses (there were three every night) hymns were sung. Once we heard a curious melody, which some said was a native African one—a kind of swinging chorus, full of spirit and yet of a wild melancholy. The singing was always in parts, and exquisitely accurate. The whole body of the people joined, and during an interval if any one felt impelled to start a verse of any other hymn, he or she would do so, and be quickly supported by others. One of their hymns, "Out on the ocean sailing," was very good. Allusions were sometimes made to slavery, and of course were responded to by a burst of enthusiasm, murmurs and pious ejaculations all strangely mixed together ; but it must be remembered

that the speakers were the intellectual flower of their people, and that their feeling is more acute and more educated than that of their flocks.

The last ceremony of the conference was the ordination service, which was held at the large and pretentious white Methodist church. The same arrangement of the pulpit-end prevailed as in the small church; the body of the church and the right-hand gallery were filled with negroes of every shade, while the left-hand gallery was kept for the white congregation and the spectators. An harmonium had been placed just outside the railed space, and the choir assembled there. The candidates sat in two rows just in front of the rails, all arrayed in their best clothes. The bishop, and many of the older ministers, sat within the rails. Before the service began hymns were sung, and the white brethren were not shy in making their wishes known to those below. One asked one coloured brother to sing "Home, sweet Home," and the people replied heartily, singing it better than any white body of singers ever did in our hearing, whether at church or concert-hall. Some one else then called for some other favourite tune, and the congregation gratified him, and so on several times. At last the service began with prayer, and the bishop preached. An elder (just before the sermon) gravely entreated his brethren to abstain from the use of tobacco during the service, and to show their gratitude for the use of the church by leaving it as clean as it was when they entered. The men sat on one side, the women on the other, and all were decorous in the extreme.

The sermon began; the duties of the minister were descanted on, and the general duty of perseverance and faith in God's intentions inculcated, which idea the preacher illustrated by telling his hearers the story of Columbus. He described very graphically, and with increasing emotion—though not animation—the disappointments which the discoverer had to encounter, and the feeling with which he at last descried "land" after his dangerous journey. The audience had gradually grown very much excited; the slightest dramatic touch was enough; they seized upon it, and evinced as much feeling as if the facts were actually taking place before their eyes. At the word "land" the bishop pointed up-

wards—the first gesture he had used—and his hearers' emotions burst forth. Sobs were heard here and there, and two or three voices cried "Hallelujah!" There was a stir and a swaying through the crowd, and men bent their heads and women flung up their arms in a sort of nameless excitement. The bishop paused a little, and then went on, rather more movedly than before, and evidently under some unusual spell of enthusiasm, of which in those quiet business meetings one would have supposed him incapable. Then he spoke of sorrow and resignation, and here too he showed heartfelt emotion. He spoke of a little daughter of his, and described her gentleness and her winning ways, until it seemed as if every one in the crowd had his or her mind fixed on some one pet child of their own, some little hearth-angel they had cherished and lost; and every one was in tears, the men showing their feeling even more unrestrainedly than the women. "This little girl," said the bishop, "was only eight years old, but God took her from me by a terrible death—for she was burnt."

Here he paused, too much affected to go on; the tears stood in his eyes, and many of the white spectators wept with him. But with the negroes it was a real wail of desolation, an echo of Rachel's cry, and the sorrow was sincere, deep, and not so momentary, either. There were hardly any words or ejaculations this time, but the feeling was yet more marked. It must have gone to the speaker's heart and comforted it, for the sympathy was intense. After the sermon the ordination service was read; the deacons who were to become elders or ministers were ordained first, then those students who were to become deacons. They all stood at the rails in a row, and the bishop placed his hands on their bowed heads, and delivered the Bible into their hands, giving them authority to act as ministers of God's word. Among the deacons was an old white-headed man, who stood next to a stalwart, comely young mulatto. It was a touching contrast.

The rest of the day was spent in orderly rejoicing. Two more services were held, as farewell pledges of peace and goodwill. During the week a few small parties were given among the *elite* of the coloured people, all householders and hotel-servants and

others earning good wages being considered eligible. The pretty girls whom we have mentioned as nearly white were the envied beauties and queens of these gatherings, and perhaps the seeds were then sown which would some day ripen into a companionship that would make the young ministers' pastoral duties very light and sweet to them.

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### THE TOUCH OF THE UNSEEN.\*

As feel the flowers the sun in heaven,  
 But sky and sunlight never see ;  
 So feel I Thee, O God, my God,  
 Thy dateless noontide hid from me.

As touch the buds the blessed rain,  
 But rain and rainbow never see ;  
 So touch I God in bliss or pain,  
 His far, vast rainbow veiled from me.

Orion, moon and sun and bow  
 Amaze a sky unseen by me :  
 God's wheeling heaven is there, I know,  
 Although its arch I cannot see.

In low estate, I, as the flower,  
 Have nerves to feel, not eyes to see ;  
 The subtlest in the conscience is  
 Thyself and that which toucheth Thee.

Forever it may be that I  
 More yet shall feel but shall not see ;  
 Above my soul, Thy wholeness roll,  
 Not visibly, but tangibly.

But flaming heart to rain and ray,  
 Turn I in meekest loyalty ;  
 I breathe, and move, and live in Thee,  
 And drink the ray I cannot see.

\* The author of this poem was blind, which fact explains many of the allusions it contains.—ED.

## THE REV. ELIJAH HEDDING, D.D.

*(Late Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, United States.)*

BY THE REV. WILLIAM M'COLLOUGH.

## II.

ON the Fletcher Circuit, to which Mr. Hedding was next appointed, he had for his colleague the Rev. Henry Ryan. "He was in that day," he says, "a very pious man, a man of great love for the cause of God, and of great zeal in his work as a minister. He was a brave Irishman—a man who laboured as if the judgment thunders were to follow each sermon. He was very brotherly and kind to me, but a little overbearing in his manner."

In 1803, Mr. Hedding having passed through his trial of two years, was admitted into full connexion, and was ordained Deacon by Bishop Whatecoat. No sooner had his appointment been named than, in the true spirit of the times, he mounted his horse, with his saddle-bags containing all he possessed, and started upon a long journey to find his new circuit among the distant hills of a new state, and among a strange people. Hedding entered upon his arduous work in the true spirit of an evangelist, and at every appointment there were indications of a more general revival of the work of God than he had ever witnessed before. The whole population seemed to be moved by the power of the Holy Ghost. But, after a few weeks had elapsed, he was completely prostrated by a dangerous illness. He was now a cripple, and unable to help himself. It was eight months before he was able to resume his labours. He was next stationed on the Hanover Circuit as a place of rest. But he had to preach three times every Sabbath, and six times during the week, besides many other engagements. He had no home, but lived from house to house. He was a close student, and no matter where he was, he would have recourse to his books. He became, by close application, a good English scholar.

Hedding was a good controversialist, and was well armed for any emergency in this line. It is said of him, that one day, in

the midst of a snow-storm, while riding through one of the towns on his circuit, he fell in with a stranger travelling in the same direction. He soon learned that his travelling companion was the settled clergyman of the town, and that he was dignified with the title of D.D. Before they parted, the clergyman obtained from him a promise of a visit at his earliest convenience. In two weeks Mr. Hedding called upon him, and the clergyman received him with very great kindness. After dinner, the host called his students, for he had a number of them, along with Mr. Hedding, into the parlour, and soon began to question his guest about the doctrines believed and taught by the Methodists. In a few words Mr. Hedding gave him a formal statement of them. The suavity of the Doctor's spirit and manner seemed to abate very much during the statement; and no sooner had his visitor concluded, than with a frowning brow, and dogmatic manner, as though his dictum was the end of the law, the Doctor denounced these doctrines as fatally heretical and terribly pernicious, and closed by saying, "If these were the doctrines of John Wesley, I have no doubt that he is now in hell for teaching such abominable heresy."

Mr. Hedding took the matter very coolly, and in turn questioned his host with reference to the doctrines he believed and taught. The Doctor, with not a little precision and formality, explained the whole system of Hopkinsianism, and declared it to be his creed, and also consonant with reason and Scripture. Mr. Hedding then said:—"It appears that you believe God decrees and wills everything that comes to pass, even the wicked conduct of sinful men." The Doctor admitted he said so. But, said his catechist, "God forbids that sinful conduct." He says, 'Thou shalt not steal.' How do you make God's will and His commandments agree? Or, if He wills one thing and commands another, is not God divided against Himself?"

The Doctor, who was now fairly placed upon the defensive, replied: "We have nothing to do with the will of God. All we have to do with is, the commandments of God. We are bound to keep His commandments, though He may have willed to the contrary. And it is perfectly just in Him, under all and any circumstances to punish for disobedience to known commands."

In a similar manner they continued their conversation and arguments, until sunset. Finding that the Doctor had a man to cope with, a man thoroughly versed in all the tactics of polemic theology, and, withal, of great self-command, both as to spirit and language, the Doctor repressed the dogmatism that appeared at the outset, and treated his antagonist with marked respect throughout the subsequent stages of the controversy. The following colloquy closed the discussion.

Mr. HEDDING—"Will all of God's elect finally be saved?"

The DOCTOR—"Yes."

H.—"Will any others be saved besides them?"

D.D.—"No."

H.—"Will all the elect be converted and pardoned while they remain in this world?"

D.D.—"Yes."

H.—"Are all the elect convinced, before they are converted and pardoned, that they are sinners, and in the way to hell?"

D.D.—"Yes."

H.—"Does the Holy Ghost convince them that they are in danger of going to hell?"

D.D.—"Yes."

H.—"Now, sir, let me put your answers together and see how they will read. You have said all the elect will be saved; none of them can be lost; also, that while they are in this world, they are convinced they are in danger of going to hell. Now, how can they be in danger of going to hell, if God has decreed they shall be saved, and it is impossible for them to be lost?"

D.D.—"O, while they are under conviction they think they are in danger; but it is not the fact."

H.—"You told me the Holy Ghost teaches them, and that the Holy Ghost always teaches the truth."

D.D.—"Well, after all, they are in danger."

H.—"Stop! Did you not tell me it was impossible for them to be lost; and how can a man be in danger of an impossibility?"

D.D.—"A man may be in danger of an impossibility sometimes."

H.—"Very well. You believe that a man may be in danger of falling up to the clouds? Good-bye, sir."

The Doctor was evidently deeply and favourably impressed; after this he often invited the Methodist preachers to preach in his pulpit, and as often preached in theirs.

But while the noble band of Methodist pioneers were thus wielding the polemic battle-axe, they did not cease to call sinners to repentance. They went from house to house, and from place to place, preaching Christ and Him crucified, and their word was with power, and in demonstration of the Spirit.

In 1807, Mr. Hedding was made Presiding Elder, and appointed to the New Hampshire District. This was an important position for one so young, but the discerning spirit of Bishop Asbury discovered the qualifications of the man, and his fitness for the post assigned him. It will seem incredible, but such is the fact, Mr. Hedding's receipts, the first year upon this District, besides his simple travelling expenses, were four dollars and twenty-five cents. It is not much wonder that many were compelled to retire from the work.

In 1810, he was united in marriage to Miss Bliss, of New Hampshire. She was a truly pious and devoted woman, and a suitable companion for an itinerant.

In 1815, he was stationed, for the second time, in Boston, with the Rev. Daniel Fillmore as his colleague. As was the custom of the times in city circuits, they followed each other successively around the different churches. The popular talents of Mr. Hedding occasioned many to follow him from church to church. The difference between his congregations and those of his colleagues was quite perceptible. On one occasion, when a portion of Mr. Fillmore's congregation had been drawn away to hear his more popular colleague, leaving his house rather thin, a good sister came up to him at the close of the meeting to comfort her minister. She assured him that she had no disposition to run after his colleague with the multitude. "True," says she, "he has the reputation of being a *deep* preacher; but for my part I like *shallow* preaching." Mr. Fillmore frequently related this anecdote with great good humour. He may not have relished it so well at the time of its occurrence.

Mr. Hedding took an active part in the establishment of *Zion's Herald*, the first weekly religious paper established under the

patronage of the Church, and, indeed, among the first established in the country.

Four times in succession he was elected to represent the New England Conference in the General Conference. The vote for him had been uniformly almost unanimous. It is said, that he never lacked more than two or three of the entire vote cast. The confidence reposed in him by his brethren was never misplaced. He was a true man.

At the General Conference, of 1824, Mr. Hedding was elected one of the Bishops of the M. E. Church of the United States. In 1820, many of his brethren had desired Mr. Hedding to allow his name to be placed in nomination for the episcopal office; but he absolutely refused. Early in the present Conference, the minds of his brethren seemed to centre upon him again. It was, however, with extreme reluctance that he allowed his name to be used. His main objection seemed to be the infirm state of his health, his want of the requisite administrative ability, and, as he said himself, "the want of deep piety."

Bishops Hedding and George visited the Canada Conference, which met at Hallowell, now Picton, in August, 1824. The preachers and people in Upper Canada, in connexion with the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, had constituted a part of the Genesee Conference. The continuance of this relation was not satisfactory to the great majority of the preachers; it was becoming very undesirable to the people of the colony, and the civil authorities were very desirous of breaking up the connexion. Under these circumstances, and with a view of promoting the peace, harmony, and prosperity of the Church, the Canadian body petitioned the General Conference to be set off as an independent Church, with the privilege of electing their own Bishops, and attending to their own affairs. It appears that the General Conference had not the power to grant the prayer of the petition, and thus meet the views and wishes of the petitioners; but they did form them into a distinct Conference, to be under the general superintendence of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States.

The Bishops soon found they had an unpleasant and painful work on their hands. The people, through false representations,

were strongly prejudiced against them. There were some who treated them kindly; but there were others who treated them with contempt, and even insult. At Toronto, such was the general state of feeling, that Bishop Hedding thought it advisable to call a meeting of the society. He found them, however, perfectly impracticable, and one of the officials told Bishop Hedding to his face, "We do not want you here. We do not want any Yankee Bishops. We can take care of ourselves." And such was the spirit they encountered in many parts of the country. A large number of local preachers, and, indeed, many of the more prominent lay members of the Church, were present at the Hallowell Conference. After a long series of negotiation, all agreed to preserve and maintain the peace and integrity of the Church, at least, until the next General Conference. The Bishops agreed, on their part, to use their influence to have the Methodists in Upper Canada set off as an independent Church, if it could be effected constitutionally. Thus they succeeded, with great effort, in calming the agitation, and in healing the divisions; and the Church in Upper Canada had comparative prosperity for the next ensuing four years.

Bishop Hedding was very much exhausted by the labours and anxieties to which he had been subjected while in Canada, and at the close of the Conference he was taken down with a bilious fever. One of the preachers took charge of him, and succeeded in getting him on board a steamboat, and accompanied him to Kingston. Here he found a home with a family well known in the history of our Church in Canada, and many of whose connections have been true friends in the time of trouble. Mr. J. R. Armstrong, the father-in-law of the President of our General Conference, and his amiable wife, received him gladly, and in their house he remained over six weeks. "This," he says, "was an excellent Christian family; their hospitality and kindness I shall remember as long as I live." But the faithful Christian minister will find friends, no matter where, in the providence of God, his lot may be cast.

Few men could enjoy with a higher relish the little incidents of travel than Bishop Hedding. "At Pittsfield," he says, "I called upon a local preacher, and told him I was a Methodist

minister. He asked me if I was a travelling preacher. I said 'Yes.' He asked me, 'What Conference?' I said, 'Not any particular Conference.' He said, 'What Circuit or Station?' I said, 'Not any in particular.' He asked, 'Are you a Presiding Elder?' I said, 'No.' Again he said, 'Are you a missionary?' I said, 'Well, I travel about as missionaries do, but I am not called a missionary.' 'Well, how is this,' he said, with a puzzled countenance, 'How can you be a travelling preacher, and not belong to any Conference, nor to any Circuit or Station? and you are not a Presiding Elder, nor a missionary.' I saw that I was about being suspected as an imposter, and said to him, 'I am one of those they call 'Bishops.' Light at once flashed upon the mind of my host, and the whole matter was soon explained. I scarcely need say that I received a hearty welcome and good entertainment." "At one time," he says, "when I had finished preaching a sermon among the Free-Will Baptists, several rose to confirm the truth of what had been said in the sermon. One brother wishing to pay the sermon a high compliment, said, 'You have heard the truth, the whole truth, and more than the truth.'"

In 1826, Bishop Hedding presided at the Hamilton Conference. He was greatly afflicted by the necessity which existed of bringing the Rev. Henry Ryan to trial before the body. What made it peculiarly painful was that Mr. Ryan had been one of his colleagues in the ministry, and was then a devoted, zealous, and successful Methodist preacher. After the Conference Bishop Hedding travelled through the country visiting the circuits and some of the missions, especially the Indian missions, having the Rev. Mr. Case for his travelling companion.

At the Ancaster Conference, of 1828, resolutions were adopted by the body, declaring their ecclesiastical connexion with the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States dissolved, and organizing themselves into a separate and independent Church in Canada. Bishop Hedding, after congratulating them on their prosperity, and upon the amicable attainment of a result that, in their judgment, promised so much usefulness, vacated the chair; and, for a short time, the Canada Conference became the Methodist Episcopal in Canada. Soon after, the Canada Conference formed a union with the parent body in England, and became

the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada. The Bishop exhorted the brethren to faithfulness and diligence, and after bidding them an affectionate farewell, he committed them to the care of the Great Head of the Church.

He was a most sagacious presiding officer. And there were times during his presidency when his sagacity was fully tested. During one of the sessions of the New England Conference, in 1842, when abolitionism was rampant, and some of the preachers were fierce and indiscreet abolitionists, the following resolution was introduced into the Conference, by a Bro. Robinson, in order to entrap the Bishop:—*Resolved*, "That Bishop Hedding is hereby requested to transfer the Southern preachers into the Northern Conferences." The Bishop saw the point, and he determined to meet it at once. "Very well," said he, "if you pass this resolution, to transfer the Southern preachers into the Northern Conferences, we shall have to transfer the Northern men South to fill their places; and the first man I shall transfer South shall be Bro. Robinson himself, the mover of this resolution. I will transfer him immediately to New Orleans, for we want a preacher there. If you are ready we will put the question." It is needless to say Bro. Robinson was caught. With not a little haste, he beat a retreat, a motion was made for the indefinite postponement of the resolution, and was carried by an almost unanimous vote. Bishop Hedding was the right man in the right place.

But the Bishop's toils, labours, and responsibilities began to tell heavily upon his powerful constitution. At some of the General Conferences permission was granted him to take no more of the work than he could attend to with ease to himself, and without any inconvenience. His massive frame was giving way, and he felt his work was at an end. He says, "I have been in perils at sea, on steamboats, in dark and stormy nights; I have been in perils in the wilderness, in perils among the heathen, and perils among false brethren—the worst of all; but out of them all the Lord has delivered me."

He received the degree of D.D. from three Universities. But all these honours could not avert the stroke of death. His first severe attack of acute disease was experienced in 1850. Th

attack was as sudden as it was fearful. He said to the Rev. Mr. Vincent, "I expected to die this afternoon." From the time of his first attack, his decline was gradual, but his intellectual powers remained vigorous, clear, and distinct to the last. "In the midst of acute suffering," he says, "I trust in Christ, and He does not disappoint me. I feel Him; I enjoy Him, and I look forward to an inheritance in His kingdom." A friend said to him, "Bishop, you are almost over Jordan." And he answered, "Yes, glory, glory be to God." Thus passed away one of the purest spirits upon the earth. He died, as only the Christian can die, on the 9th day of April, 1852. He was fifty-one years an itinerant, and for twenty-eight years a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States.

GRAFTON, Ont.

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## THE MARTYRDOM OF STEPHEN.

BY ROBERT EVANS.

HEARD ye the heavy tread of murderous feet?—  
Saul's clamorous zealots on the scent of blood.  
Saw ye where he beside their garments stood?  
There the first martyr dies: their burning hate  
Flames like his love, a love divinely great  
To pity moved. How like the Son of God,  
When He alone the purple winepress trod;  
With cries and tears o'er Sion desolate.  
Thus Stephen pleads, methinks I see him kneel  
With vesture stained to lift his dying eye,  
And wondrous prayer: while hosts of seraphs fly  
In glowing bands within the sacred veil,  
To shout him welcome when 'tis rent in twain,  
And give a martyr's triumph to the slain.

HAMILTON, Ont.

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

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARCE.

*Author of "Daniel Quorm," etc.*

CHAPTER V.—HOW OLD JOWL GOT A DINNER.

YET there were some things that James Niggardly, Esquire, would give.

He might have coveted very earnestly the blessing of entertaining angels unawares, so zealously was he given to hospitality. The larger customers left his office door wiping their lips approvingly ; and at his table a hearty welcome and more than enough waited for every guest. Nor did he suffer his visitors to overlook his bounty. The wine was urged with the recommendation—"I won't say it's good, but if it isn't, good can't be got for money;" and the price of luxuries were carefully whispered by him as "between ourselves."

Some said Mister Horn was too strict, some called him pig-headed, and that he believed no one was right but himself. At any rate it was true that, somehow or other, he wouldn't see much virtue in this, nor suffer it to be urged in James Niggardly's defence.

"Hospitable is he—good hearted?" Mister Horn would say, waxing hot and indignant. "If James Niggardly ground himself down to a flint stone, if he grudged every penny that he spends on himself and his friends, I could understand him. If he were a scraping, hoarding miser, lean and shrivelled, whose hooked fingers would like to clutch and save the air that other folks breathe, and the sunlight they see with, I'd like Jim Niggardly better. The worst of all is that he can be hospitable to everybody but to the Guest who has stood and knocked at the door, in vain, entreating: 'Open unto ME!' Yes, he can be generous to all except the Lord that bought him! He doesn't care a pin for any expense but that which goes to God's work. I had rather see him a miser out and out, to himself and all of you, than see

him as he is—a miser to nobody but that God who gave him all that he's got. No, don't talk to me about his hospitality." And most people readily obliged Mister Horn in this finishing request.

With these notions so strongly held, it was not much wonder that Mister Horn did not care to avail himself of Jim's pressing invitations. Often repeated, and very bluntly made, they were somewhat bluntly declined.

On one occasion, however, Mister Horn accepted an invitation with a readiness and freedom that were surprising.

He had dropped into the office on business, and as he was leaving, Jim pressed him to remain. "You never come to take dinner with us; you know there is always a knife and fork and the best I can afford—nobody living is more welcome than you are."

It was evident that Mister Horn had just got something "in his mind;"—turning suddenly round in the doorway, and coming back again he struck his stick sharply on the office floor.

"Thank ye, Jim, thank ye," said he, as the little grey eyes twinkled merrily. "You're very kind. It's just the very thing I'm wanting is a good dinner. I'll take it with me, thank you."

Jim knew there was something else coming, and looked inquiringly. "I'll take it with me, Jim," continued Mister Horn as he began figuring upon a piece of paper; and then went on interrupting himself as he added his figures—"ninepence and sixpence—you're very kind, Jim—and eightpence—very kind—and ninepence more—very kind—and fourpence,"—he paused as he drew a line at the bottom of the paper. "There, Jim, I'm not much of a ready reckoner, but that's about it, as you do things handsome—three shillings—ah, but I'd forgotten the cigar, that's sixpence more—say three shillings and sixpence. Thank ye; I'll take it with me as I'm rather in a hurry."

James Niggardly began to suspect what was coming, but only looked what he thought.

Mister Horn laughed with an honest, childlike merriment, and then renewed his appeal. "I'm just going to see poor old Jowl; he's as poor as a church mouse, and I should very much like to take him a dinner, so if you give it to me I'll be off, Jim"—and the sentence ended in a laugh like that with which it began.

"Three and sixpence," said Jim, "really Mister Horn you're always begging—I'm only a poor man—give, give, give—it's nothing but give"—and he spoke like one who is bitterly wronged.

"Oh, I'm very sorry, very sorry, I'm sure;" and Mister Horn spoke with an air of apology. "You ask me to take dinner, I accept your offer and want to take it, and now you draw back like this. Why, Jim, I certainly thought you meant it."

James Niggardly felt that Mister Horn had him, and that it was useless to wriggle. As if it had been his very life-blood, he counted three shillings and sixpence into Mister Horn's hand.

"Thank ye, Jim, thank ye," Mister Horn chuckled; "I've enjoyed the dinner very much. It's such a comfort to an old man like me to dine without indigestion, and all that." His voice returned to its more serious tone as he moved towards the door. "Good day, Jim, there's not many things that are better worth the money than old Jowl's blessing—good day, thank ye."

"Well," Mister Horn muttered to himself as he went up the road, "I'm glad that I've got poor old Jowl his dinner; but I can't understand it. Jim would rather have had me, or anybody else who doesn't need a dinner, to dine with him all the week round, than have spent three shillings and sixpence in this way. He'd give you five shillings in meat and drink sooner than give old Jowl one in hard cash."

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"Really," grumbled James Niggardly, Esquire, as he passed into his comfortable dining-room, "this incessant giving is unbearable; people beg without any conscience." And he was obliged to console himself with a glass of golden sherry.

James Niggardly was within easy reach of the truest, purest happiness that ever soul delighted in. If, as he sat in the easy chair, looking out from the dining-room into the pleasant garden, he could have changed places with Mister Horn for an hour, he would have known what true happiness is.

The road from Stukeville to the village passed up the hill, between tall hedges, and here and there between old twisted oaks and stately elms. All was beautiful with the leafiness of June; the air was sweet with honeysuckle and wild rose and the white

flowers of the elder; hazel branches covered the hedge top, and from beneath them rose the leafy-fern, the plume of the budding foxglove, and all the luxurious tangle of deep grass and trailing leaves, starred by the white, or pink, or yellow of clustering wild flowers. The hum of insects filled the lazy noontide, and the twittering of hedge birds, while now and then a flood of melody was poured from the soaring lark.

Slowly nature stole Mister Horn's thoughts. He stayed to scent the sweetness, admiring the beauty lavished round him, until he caught the spirit of gratitude that inspired all things, and he lifted up his heart to bless the Good Father: "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works; the earth is full of Thy riches!" he muttered. "Full of Thy riches, yes, God doesn't keep His riches to Himself. The earth is full of them. Every little nook is crowded, even this common hedge, row and dusty highway. It's more than all our riches can buy, God's riches that He gives."

A princess welcomed to her adopted home with jubilant music and costliest splendour, with censers breathing delicate perfumes, and the rapturous greetings of a mighty host, would have been of all things most unlike the plain, quaint, busy Mister Horn. And yet it was with such a joy, so full and deep, that he lived each day; and with such a delight in all about him. Nature teemed with ministering spirits that seemed sent forth to minister to him. And well might it be so. Did he not walk in the smile of God—the smile that makes life's lowliest by-path a triumphant way? And did not leafy arches span it as he passed along, and flowers breathe delicious fragrance? God's own sun illuminated his steps, and the ever sweet and gentle music of the birds attended him. "Full of His riches, full," he cried, "there is no room for anything more; and all these riches mine!" Ah, James Niggardly, how much wouldst thou have paid down in hard cash to have had for one hour this contentment, this gratitude, this delight?

Near to the hill top was one of the many clusters of cottages that made up the scattered village of Tattingham. For the most part they stood in groups of three or four, facing the highway, with their gardens flourishing around them. But passing these, Mister Horn crossed over a stile, and then a few steps along the

little path between the green wheat brought him to a dilapidated hovel. It looked as if ashamed of being seen on the highway, it had slunk back thus far out of sight, and had all but thrown itself down in the effort. The disordered thatch, the uneven walls, the one window with its patched and ragged panes; the strip that had been a garden, now a mound of ashes and a wilderness of weeds—it was only by the grossest flattery that these could be known as “Old Jowl’s Cottage.”

It was not a knock that announced Mister Horn’s arrival so much as a rattle, as if the loosely hanging door resented the tap and shook itself crustily.

A feeble voice answered, “Come in.”

Putting his finger through the round hole and lifting the clumsy latch, Mr. Horn stopped under the doorway and passed within. Fortunately the door was left open, for the air was needed, and the sunlight that slanted across the dusty room was the only pleasant thing in it. The place was just as comfortless as the outside promised, perhaps a trifle dingier. The old man himself was undoubtedly as poor as the proverbial “church mouse” to which Mister Horn had likened him. Yet, somehow, the first look made one take a fancy to “old Jowl.” There was a fresh colour upon his wrinkled cheeks, and a smile that lit up the blue eyes and curled about the corners of the mouth; and when he spoke there was such a cheery contentment in his tone, that one could not help liking him. The sunshine reached just far enough to fall on the old large-type Bible that rested upon his knees, and from its open page the light was reflected upon his face. One felt as if the reflected light was always there, and that the freshness, the smile, and the contented tone grew somehow out of the light from that open page.

“Old Jowl,” as everybody called him, had been for years unable to work—crippled with rheumatism, and gradually growing feebler, he could only crawl from his bed to the fire-place and back again. His wife had died some years before, and since then he had lived alone. The neighbours looked after him, and with the help of some friends and the parish allowance, he had, he said, “enough to praise God for.”

"Well, old friend, how is it to-day?" asked Mister Horn, gently shaking the old man's hand.

"Ah, Mast' Horn, I'm glad to see yeow, bless yir, I knew 'twas yeow when yeow come to the door, and the sound o' yeow like did me good. I'm right glad, I am, right glad," and the old man looked it too.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart—and Mister Horn might have been the messenger sent with it. As the light-bearer and the joy-bringer many a one had blessed him. His happy manner, his homely ways, his pleasant gossip about all that could interest, his simplicity and quaintness did the people more good they said, "nor the doctor hisself."

"They don't do much good," Mister Horn often said, "who have stayed in the thunder till it has turned their milk of human kindness sour."

"Bitters are useful sometimes, and blisters are needed now and then; but as a general sort of a family medicine that it's best to keep about one, there's nothing like a merry heart," was one of Mister Horn's favourite recipes, and many grateful testimonials would have testified to its efficacy. Jim Niggardly with a purse of golden guineas couldn't have made old Jowl's face brighten into such a happiness as did the merry heart that rang in every word Mister Horn spoke.

"I've been thinking as I came up the hill what a happy old fellow you ought to be, friend," continued Mister Horn.

"Me, Mast' Horn, so I am, bless yir," and old Jowl looked happier than ever.

"Well, I said to myself, 'if anybody's got a father so rich and so kind as his Father, he might set up for a gentleman, I count.'"

"Ay, as kind as He's rich; Mast' Horn, bless Him! I oftenist think that I'm like the prodigal son—poor enough, an' a bit hungry and cold sometimes, but it's like the prodigal when the father had met him, and fall'd on his neck and kissed him and said, 'he was dead, and is alive agen.' Why that kep' him happy till he got to the father's house. And then! then!"—and the blue eyes sparkled into tears—"then there was the best robe, and the fatted calf, and the bein' merry. I'm goin' home, and He's with me,

Mast' Horn, and I oftenist think that we're gettin' near the door, very near."

Mister Horn was quiet for a minute or two, as if to let the old man feel the blessedness of his own words. Then he broke out more cheerfully.

"You've been growing a long time, old friend."

The blue eyes looked round with an amused wonder. "Growin', Mast' Horn, whatever do yeow mean?"

"Why, rheumatics is what they call it by, but that's only what they say; it's growin' pains, growin' pains. I know when I was a lad I used to have a lot o' aches and pains sometimes, and the old woman would say, 'Ah, Jim, it's on'y growin' pains.' Ay, and all our pains and aches is nothing but growin' pains if we use 'em right. These pains o' yours, friend, they're on'y growin' pains—the wings pushing up a bit, lengthening and strengthening, till some day they'll be full grown, and then—you'll clap the glad wings and tower away."

"Ah, it'll soon be, Mast' Horn, very soon," and the look was of triumphant joy. "I think they're comin', and a bringin' the best robes. An' I count I shall hardly know mysen! To think o' my poor crippled feet a walkin' the golden street like the rest o' the priests and kings, and this old hand done with roomatics and a sweepin' the golden 'arp! Ay, Mast' Horn, it'll be a mystery an' a mercy, but bless the Lord it'll be for all that."

Presently followed a few words of simple, earnest prayer, and Mister Horn rose to leave.

"I've brought a dinner for you, old friend," he said, taking the money out of his pocket; "here's three shillings and sixpence from Jim Niggardly."

"The Lord bless him, the Lord bless him and yeow for bringin' on it, Mast' Horn! The Lord bless yeow both! 'Twere on'y this mornin' as I wa' talkin' to the Lord, for I man't kneel to pray, so I sit and talk to Him——"

"Face to face as a man talketh to his friend," whispered Mister Horn to himself.

"And I say, 'Lord, I got a bit o' care, and I want to cast it 'pon Thee. Knowin' that Thou care for me. The quarter day is a comin' and that's the rent, Lord—O Lord! whatsoever I suffer

I know Thou permit it, and Thou art wise and very good, but, Lord, I wouldn't have nobody 'cept mysel' to be the wuss for me, Lord.' I wa'sure the Lord hear me, and now 'ere's the answer. Bless the Lord. Tell Jim I man't do much for 'm, but I'll do what I can. I'll pray the Lord bless 'm, and yeow too, Mast' Horn." And as the bent fingers held the money the lips moved in gratitude and prayer.

Is not riches a deceitful jade? Here was James Niggardly wretched amid his plenty, when three shillings and sixpence could buy so light a heart, and soul so winged with joy as that which Mister Horn had found in old Jowl's cottage!

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## SORROW.

HOME they brought her warrior dead;  
 She nor swooned nor uttered cry:  
 All her maidens, watching, said,  
 "She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,  
 Called him worthy to be loved,  
 Truest friend and noblest foe;  
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,  
 Lightly to the warrior slept,  
 Took the face-cloth from the face:  
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
 Set his child upon her knee—  
 Like summer tempest came her tears,  
 "Sweet, my child, I live for thee."

—Tennyson.

## REVIVAL AND REVIVAL WORK.

BY THE REV. J. BAKER, M.A.

THE two books specified at the foot of this page,\* are samples of the literature which has been called into existence by the revival, which will ever be associated with the names of the two American Evangelists.

One noticeable feature of the movement is the unwonted attention which it has received from the secular press, and the candid and favourable criticism of the public generally. Hostility and ridicule were to a great extent disarmed, and superciliousness and levity restrained by the genuineness and grandeur of the work. Even where, in certain literary and fashionable circles, it failed to secure sympathy, it commanded consideration from its manifest reality as well as its magnitude. The absence of extravagance and fanaticism, and of those strange, abnormal physical manifestations which have sometimes made their appearance in seasons of profound religious excitement, the singular calmness and decorum with which the services were conducted, and the marvellous tact, sagacity, and good sense which Mr. Moody displayed in the management of vast public assemblies,—all tended to allay prejudice and to conciliate good will. Morbid hysterical disturbance has occasionally, even in our own time, been the accompaniment of a mighty moral upheaval; and, while needing to be prudently checked, has not necessarily discredited the movement. It is not for us to fix limitations and conditions of the Holy Spirit's work; to pronounce as to what is legitimate and befitting in the operations of His grace. There may have been neither imposture nor delusion in the corporeal perturbations which have prevailed when society has been stirred to its depths by supernatural forces. But these strange phenomena were absent from the recent outburst of revivalistic fervour.

\* "Revival and Revival Work. A Record of the Labours of D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey, and other Evangelists. By Rev. John Macpherson." London: Morgan and Scott.

"D. L. Moody and his Work. By Rev. W. H. Daniels, A.M., Chicago. With Portrait and Illustrations." London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1876.

There was, moreover, but little wild declamation or vulgar sensationalism; sobriety and self-control were prominent characteristics of the work; and immense as the crowds were that, night by night, packed the largest buildings, we believe that no instance of disorder or disturbance occurred. The Divine Hand, guiding and controlling, was surely manifest in this. But under this gracious ordering, much was doubtless owing to the skilful and vigorous generalship of Mr. Moody, his ready resource, his imperturbable self-possession. Among Mr. Moody's many qualifications for the office of an evangelist this is not by any means the least important. He has in an unusual degree the faculty of command; without fuss or obtrusiveness he quietly exercised that authority to which men instinctively yield. His sturdy, manly build, his blunt, honest, soldier-like bearing, his quick and piercing eye, his firm, resolute voice, all contributed to mark him out for leadership. In the midst of surging multitudes, wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, where the slightest mishap might have given rise to a panic, his presence seemed to exert a tranquilising, re-assuring influence.

And we have seen him presiding over an assembly of ministers, the lights and ornaments of the Church,—over men of high mark and of the widest experience and the choicest gifts, convened for consultation as to plans and methods,—teaching the teachers, and ruling the rulers, and with the utmost ease assuming and maintaining the pre-eminence. It was one of the most touching and beautiful spectacles connected with the recent movement to see this plain evangelist, a stranger with a strange accent, without culture or genius, standing up amidst a brilliant array of ministers, who willingly sat at his feet, and submissively placed themselves under his direction, while clustering thousands hung breathless on his lips, and were swayed at will by the sheer force of simple and passionate earnestness! What an impressive illustration of the great principle of all true evangelism:—"Not by might, nor by power," even of majestic intellect, "but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." "That, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

One of the great lessons which God is teaching His Church, and which it well behoves us thoroughly to learn and practise in

these days when there is such an undue exaltation of intellect and accomplishments, is this—that for all purposes of spiritual achievement, there is more power in prayer, in faith, in love, in the simple, earnest preaching of Christ, than in all the logic and eloquence that the mightiest ever wielded.

Mr. Macpherson in his spirit-stirring volume gives the following graphic description of the two evangelists: "Physically robust, Mr. Moody possesses an immense capacity for work, and an uncommon power of endurance. A clear, cool head, strong common sense, a keen eye to the practical, a never-failing fertility of resource, a will strong and prompt enough to supply rapid and unfaltering decision, and a heart of such warmth and sensibility, combine in him to form a character of the most robust type, and to fit him pre-eminently for leading as well as working. While a man of one idea, he has breadth enough to keep himself in harmony with everything real and good. Possessed of no learning, he yet admires learning in others. A lay-preacher, he loves and honours an ordained ministry, especially when it is 'found in the way of righteousness.' Himself a free lance, he respects order and discipline. Fired with zeal for winning souls, his heart beats in sympathy with everything affecting the physical and social well-being of men. In short, shrewd, brusque, practical, he is also genial and sympathetic, the affectionateness of his nature infusing a softness into a character which otherwise would have been in its vehemence rude, and in its roughness hard to bear. The consecration of these varied elements of character to the highest ends, simplicity of faith and singleness of eye, appear to be, under God, the secret of his success. Obviously enough he and his companion in the work, while skilfully employing every particle of their strength, subordinate all that is natural to the spiritual, the predominant feeling being a sense of indebtedness to a Divine Friend—an affectionate and reverent desire to serve and honour One to whom they owe so much, and in whose kindness and sympathy, as well as power, they have the most perfect trust.

"In his preaching, Mr. Moody does not usually attempt a full doctrinal statement, such as falls to the pastoral office. In a simple, pictorial style, with much felicity of illustration, occa-

sional gleams of humours and frequent touches of pathos, he sets forth the central truths of the Gospel with that homely, dramatic vividness which delights the hearts of the common people. Perhaps the most striking feature is his tenderness. He weeps, and his audience weep with him. It is not the pathos of mere rhetoric.

This uncommon sensibility, associated as it is with a wholesome tone of sense and a manly robustness of character, has in it nothing akin to an effeminate sentimentalism or a morbid melancholy. It is a stream of honest Christian sympathy, whose waters sparkle in the sunshine, and reflect the brightness of peaceful skies. A manner so full of heart reminds us of the great Apostle who could say, 'Remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears.'

Of Mr. Sankey Mr. Macpherson says: "He is not a mere leader of sacred song; he is, in his own way, a preacher of the Gospel. The words of his preaching are borne to the ear, the understanding, and the heart, on the light and graceful wing of musical sounds. His is indeed a rare faculty. Its characteristic lies not so much in compass, strength, or richness of voice, as in a matchless distinctness of articulation, by which he can convey to an audience of many thousands every word sung. His chief concern is, not the melody, nor the distinctness of articulation, nor even in throwing the whole heart and soul into the effort, but the spiritual result, whether in the edification of the Christian or the conversion of the sinner. Like the postman who heeds not whether the door-bell rings loud or low provided only he succeeds in delivering his letter, Mr. Sankey's obvious desire is not to produce a mere artistic effect, but to carry a spiritual truth with saving impression into the hearts of his audience. There are many avenues to the human heart. Having found one avenue but little employed, he has shown us, after the manner of the sweet singer of Israel, how the truth may steal in by a neglected and much-abused door, when the main entrance has been barred against it. The singer has indeed rung the bell for the preacher; but he rings it so sweetly, with such intelligence and expression, that by the blessing of God many have been arrested in the porch and converted ere ever they heard the first sentence of the preacher's discourse."

This singing of the Gospel has proved a stumbling-block to some. But why should not the Gospel be sung? Did not David, the king sing it of old for the good of all who had ears to hear, saints or sinners? Down in this sorrowful world might we not with advantage have more of the song they sing in heaven of the love of God, and the blood of the Lamb? The Gospel contains all the elements of the purest song. Did ever mystery and simplicity so mingle? Did ever the awful and the familiar, the divine and the human, so blend into one? The strange, unique Life, at once so heavenly and so homely, so free of sin and so full of love, to sinners, glowing all over with burning holiness, yet softened with sympathetic tears, is it not the truest poetry?—that great “mystery of godliness,” gathering into one all the harmonies of earth and heaven.

“Believers are exhorted to edify one another by the singing of ‘psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.’ This form of ‘teaching and admonishing one another,’ previously little used among us as a specific means of grace, has of late been to thousands of Christians like the opening of fountains in the wilderness. Without violating the purest simplicity of worship, we may surely take advantage of this divinely-ordained means of edification. As a vehicle for conveying truth, for rendering it impressive and memorable, for calling into play the forces that lie in the mysterious region of the will, and for setting in motion the springs of activity, spiritual song can scarcely be too highly valued. For binding believers together in the threefold bond of faith, hope, and charity, for inspiring them with the true *esprit de corps*, for furthering them in knowledge, comfort, and holiness,—the singing of the truth as it is in Jesus, and of the common experience, is found to be of high practical value, as the ripest saints can testify. . . . Care must be taken of course that the singing does not degenerate into a carnal entertainment, or become the occasion of a mere luxuriating in fine feelings. If ‘prayer and pains’ are fitly yoked together, singing and serving are a well-matched pair.

“Why may not the Gospel be sung too for the conversion of sinners? The singing of the ‘glad tidings’ may be abused; so may every good thing, not excepting even the grace of God.

The effect of sweet sounds upon the imagination and the heart may be deceptive and fleeting; so too may be the most impassioned rhetoric. . . . Beyond question, whilst the world lasts, the chief means of making known the Gospel will be by preaching. But as in nature there is room for the warbling of birds and the murmur of brooks, as well as the trumpet-tongues of the mighty winds and the loud-sounding voices of the sea, so surely in the world's evangelisation there is a place for this use of consecrated song amidst the more commanding instrumentalities of eloquent speech and learned teaching."

Mr. Macpherson's volume is one of the most arousing and stimulating, and at the same time one of the most instructive and judicious, on the subject of Revivalism in all its aspects that we have ever met with. It is instinct with power to stir the heart; it throbs with emotion; it is aglow all through with intensity of conviction. The directions given for those who labour in the Inquiry Room, and the counsels and cautions administered to young converts, we should much like to transfer *in extenso* to our pages. But we must content ourselves with a brief extract from the chapter on "The Evangelistic Meeting:"—

"The system of rotation of crops seems to be not more indispensable in agriculture than is the rotation of doctrine in the husbandry of the Church. The constitution of the human mind, the infirmity of faith, the exigencies of the Church, and the peculiar wants of each age, seem to render such a rotation necessary and wholesome. Whatever may be the explanation of the fact, the Holy Spirit has been pleased to employ different truths at different times for the furtherance of the Gospel. There is ever a 'present truth.' Not to speak of the controversies that have agitated the Church from age to age, some of the great revivals prove and illustrate the point. In the days of the Apostles the Holy Ghost appears to have largely used the fact of Christ's resurrection as sealing the truth of His atoning sacrifice. At the Reformation it was mainly Justification by Faith alone. In the days of Wesley and Whitefield it was Regeneration, or the second birth. In the great awakening in America and in this country some sixteen years ago, the one great matter to which, as by an invisible spell, all thoughts were directed, was the Power of Prayer. In the

recent movement the leading feature of the teaching was simply Grace, viewed especially in its freeness. This was pre-eminently the characteristic of the teaching of the American evangelists, both in respect of their preaching and singing the Gospel." The creed of the evangelist could "be summed up in the three articles of the apostolic Benediction—"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost." Certainly these cardinal points of the Gospel occupied the most prominent place, not only in the teaching, but in the whole tone of the recent movement. The three R's—Ruin by the Fall, Redemption by the Cross, and Regeneration by the Holy Spirit—were fully recognised and clearly taught. For man, fallen, guilty, helpless, lost, there is no salvation but in the grace of God; no removal of the least stain of guilt of the least guilty of mankind but by the sprinkling of the blood of Christ. From the thralldom of sin there is no escape, not even for the most enlightened, the most amiable, or the most moral of Adam's race, but through the power of the Holy Ghost."

In the concluding chapter, noticing some of the "dangers, results, and lessons" of the recent movement, there are wise and friendly strictures which we deem of the highest moment. For example: "Another danger arises from the shallowness of the work in a number of cases. Every revival has its weak point; every work in which man takes a part is imperfect. In the recent movement, it must be admitted that to some extent there was a certain slightness or lack of conviction of sin. The work, admirably conducted in many respects, was in some measure weak here. There was too little dealing with conscience. Had the teaching and whole strain of the movement entered more into the domain of conscience, the work, often good as far as it went, would have been more satisfactory. There are many avenues to the human soul, but there is no real awakening, no right sense of God, no healing of the heart's plagues, no establishment of the soul in grace and righteousness, where there is not thorough work in the conscience. It is here, in fact, where much of the preaching of the day fails. Many preachers lack power to handle the conscience, and so fail to bring men face to face with a holy law and a holy cross, or rather with a righteous and holy God in the law

and in the cross. Where this is defective in the preaching of the Gospel, there is danger lest conversion should be rather in the head, in the feelings, or in the fancy, and consequently not thorough, not real, not permanent and saving.

“This was partly the reason why so few of the lowest class of the people were reached directly by the movement. You can more easily teach, impress, and mould persons of some intelligence and religion than those who have little or none of either, because there are so many avenues to the minds of the former; you have in them so many handles and wires, so to say, by which you can communicate the electric thrill of a religious impulse. But if you cannot take hold on conscience with a strong, rude grasp, you will not touch the lower orders of men; you cannot so much as *talk religion* to them. The only religious thing in them is conscience, and after all it is the best thing in man; it is the power that lies nearest to God and eternity. And however men may talk about love and all the sweet sentiments, we must still get the whole business of religion and of the soul well bottomed in repentance, in righteousness, in holiness; we must still come back to conscience and to God.”

The following observations, too, are just and weighty: “In the manner of conducting evangelical meetings generally there has been marked improvement of late years. The pulpit has been coming down from its high horse of fine theological disquisition and essay reading, and has been speaking to the children, the illiterate, and all of weaker capacity, in a style more after the manner of Him whom the common people heard gladly. Cromwell advised his soldiers to “fire low!” There is still room in the preaching for lowering the fire, so as to hit better; and this happily can be done without lowering the dignity of the message or the messenger. The truth is exalted when it is brought down, after the manner of the Master, to the level of the understanding of the multitude. The glory of the message lies not a little in the matchless simplicity of the Gospel; and the true dignity of style consists mainly in our coming down, or rather our rising up, into that divine simplicity. He who cannot speak in the clear, strong language of every-day life, using natural and homely metaphor, anecdote, and parable, has yet to learn to preach to the-

people. The Church will never be thoroughly equipped until she has re-established, on a proper Scriptural basis, the office of the evangelist, and has set apart for that service men qualified and trained for the work."

To all who desire to see the subject of Revivalism placed upon a Scriptural basis, and considered in all its practical relations and bearings with fulness of knowledge and sympathy, we cordially commend the two books to which we have made reference in this paper, especially the glowing volume of Mr. Macpherson. We are thankful to believe that the spirit of enlightened revivalism, high-motived and rationally and Scripturally instructed, free from the crudities of ignorance, from vulgar rant and extravagant sensationalism, is more generally and powerfully diffused throughout the Churches of this land than at any previous period, and that the most gifted and promising of our rising ministry are catching the sacred fire, and consecrating themselves to the work of an aggressive evangelism. Every age needs a revival; and our own, luxurious and materialistic, in one direction leaning to Pharisaic externalism and sacerdotalism, and in the other to latitudinarianism, indifferentism, and Sadducean flippancy, is certainly no exception to this law. The time is favourable in many respects, so far as our own community is concerned, for the consolidation and enlargement of the work of God. We are undisturbed by intestine strife, or disunion, or the incursions of false doctrines, which are desolating other Churches. Never was there a larger proportion of the population under Methodist teaching and influence; never were the various institutions of our body in more vigorous operation; never a more bountiful spirit of liberality evinced by our congregations and Societies. Now is the time for evangelistic enterprise, for the inbringing of the harvest, for gathering within the fellowship of our Church the multitudes that throng our sanctuaries. Without these copious effusions of Divine influence we must waste away. Without these continued demonstrations of saving power we cannot carry out the purposes for which, as a religious community, we have been providentially called into existence; we cannot maintain a high-toned spirituality in the midst of a growing secularism, and an ever-advancing

worldly wealth, nor hold our position amongst the Churches of the land. We have none of the prestige of antiquity in our favour; we have no territorial possessions, no aristocratic patronage, no political ascendancy. We have no gorgeous and elaborate ceremonial to attract, no exclusive apostolic prerogative, no pretensions to occult forces by which to fascinate and overawe. We have no adventitious props. If we lose our aggressive spirit, our missionary passion, we lose everything; if we keep this, we keep all.—*City Road Magazine.*

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### CONSECRATION.

MY Redeemer and my Lord,  
 I beseech thee, I entreat thee,  
 Guide me in each act and word,  
 That hereafter I may meet thee,  
 Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,  
 With my lamp well trimmed and burning!

Interceding  
 With these bleeding  
 Wounds upon thy hands and side,  
 For all who have lived and errèd  
 Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,  
 Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,  
 And in the grave hast thou been buried!

If my feeble prayer can reach thee,  
 O my Saviour, I beseech thee,  
 Even as thou hast died for me,  
 More sincerely  
 Let me follow where thou ledest,  
 Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,  
 Die, if dying I may give  
 Life to one who asks to live,  
 And more nearly,  
 Dying thus, resemble thee!

—*Golden Legend.*

## THE PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

## III.

It is a well-established fact that wherever the two systems of medical treatment, with and without alcohol, have been tried in the same class of diseases, the superior effects of the latter are strikingly apparent. Dr. Gairdner, of the University of Glasgow, and Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary, had six hundred cases of typhus under his care. One half he treated with alcoholic tinctures and medicines, and lost seventeen per cent. The other half he treated with the same medicines, but without the alcohol, and lost only twelve per cent.; showing that five out of every hundred had died from the effects of alcoholic medicine.\*

Dr. Henderson, of Shanghai, reports that, by the non-stimulant treatment of fever, he reduced the deaths from twenty-seven to seven per cent. By adopting the same principle, Dr. Chambers reduced the mortality in fever from one in five to one in forty. "This shows," says Dr. Lees, "what hecatombs of victims have been slaughtered on the altar of routine." †

*Delirium tremens* is almost universally treated with alcohol and opium. Of four hundred and three cases so treated in the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, one hundred and one died, or twenty-five per cent.; and in the Glasgow Infirmary fifty per cent. died. Dr. Peddie treated eighty cases without alcohol or opiates, and lost none. Dr. Laycock treated twenty-seven, and Dr. Dunglison, of Philadelphia, eighty-three, in the same manner, and lost none; or one hundred and ninety altogether, every one of which recovered. ‡

"In cases of *cholera*," says Dr. Bell, of Philadelphia, "*the alcoholic practice is murderous.*" Under its influence the mortality ranged from thirty to sixty-seven per cent.; "while the water

\* Story; Alcohol, its Nature and Effects, p. 162.

† "Is Alcohol a Medicine?" London, 1866, p. 109.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 112.

treatment; tried in over a thousand cases, was not attended with a greater mortality than *one per cent.*”\*

Dr. Bennett says: “I, for one, believe that there is no curable disease but may be treated and cured better without alcohol than with it.”

Dr. Barclay, of Stonebridge, writes: “For twenty-one years I have banished alcohol from my practice. During that time I have made not less than a hundred and eighty thousand visits, and I am free to say that the recoveries have been far more numerous and more rapid than they were during the five years I followed the usual practice, and gave brandy, wine, and beer.”

Dr. Townsend, of Chester Almshouse, says: “I have used no alcoholic liquors in this house for twenty months, and there have been fewer deaths than in any period of the same length of time for twenty years.”

Similar testimony might be indefinitely extended, but want of space forbids.†

Another popular fallacy, that alc, beer, or porter, are necessary for nursing mothers, is also by the highest authorities pronounced to be incorrect.

“The administration of alcohol,” says Dr. Carpenter, “with the object of ‘supporting the system’ during lactation is ‘a mockery, a delusion, and a snare;’ for alcohol furnishes no single element of the secretion; and is much more likely to impair than to improve its quality.”

Another great evil resulting from the prevalent prescription of alcohol in sickness is, that many come to regard it as also good in health, and anticipate the physician’s orders—all the more readily because the poison is dispensed, not by the apothecary, like other drugs, but by the licensed victualler as a customary beverage.

Be it further observed, that even where no apparent disease is developed, the habitual use of alcohol, even in what is called strict moderation, tends invariably, not only to impair the bodily vigour but greatly to abridge the period of human life.

\* “Is Alcohol a Medicine?” p. 123.

† Numerous examples of diseases incurable under alcoholic treatment which yielded readily to total abstinence are recorded by Dr. Ellis, of London, in Tweedie’s Temperance Year Book, for 1870, pp. 30-35.

Dr. Cheyne, of Dublin, gave it as his opinion, after thirty years of practice and observation, that should ten young men begin at twenty-one years of age to use but two ounces of liquor a day, and never increase the quantity, nine out of the ten would shorten life more than ten years.

Dr. Kirk states that many who were never considered intemperate, by daily drinking have shortened life more than twenty years; and that the "respectable use" of this poison kills more men than even drunkenness. "Many men," says Dr. McNish, "fancy themselves strictly temperate, while they are undermining their constitutions, killing themselves by inches, and shortening their existence several years."

Occasionally some veteran toper is pointed to as an illustration of the innocuousness of intoxicating liquor, with the accompanying sneer that alcohol must be a very *slow* poison indeed, or it would long ago have poisoned him. But such longevity among topers, is an exception, and a very rare one, to the proposition above asserted. One such vaunting tippler, when asked what had become of his early comrades, confessed that he had buried three generations of them, and another that he had survived *six* generations of his boon companions. Such exceptional cases are only the devil's decoy ducks, and no more prove that the health is uninjured by drinking, than the unwounded soldier that there is no danger in battle.

The aggregate number of human beings whose lives are thus cut off untimely, it is appalling to contemplate. A document issued by the United Kingdom Alliance, states the number of drunkards in Great Britain to be 600,000, and the number of lives destroyed by intoxicating liquor every year to be 60,000. The whole nation was plunged into mourning by the losses of the battle of Waterloo. Yet every year an army four times greater than all who fell on that fatal day is swept into eternity amid general apathy, and by the licensed agents of the government. "The traffic," says Dr. Lees, "creates an army of criminals more numerous and costly than our army of soldiers; and causes an annual mortality two-fold greater than that which our army suffered in its two years' campaign in the Crimea, from the carnage of battle and the fatality of pestilence combined." About

fifteen persons die annually of hydrophobia, whose tragical fate probably attracts more attention than the sixty thousand victims of intemperance.

This frightful destruction of life through drink is not the mere fantasy of a few temperance fanatics. It is an important factor in the calculations of those exceedingly practical persons, insurance actuaries. No Insurance Company will grant a policy to a person of intemperate habits, and the indulgence of such habits, if it be discovered, renders the policy null and void. While the average annual rate of mortality, at the age of forty, in Great Britain is thirteen in a thousand, in the United Kingdom Temperance Life Office it is only six in a thousand. In six years this office has not had half as many deaths as any other office in the kingdom! On the recent division of profits, bonuses in this office were seventeen per cent. larger than in the other Life Offices.

That distinguished actuary, Mr. Neison, in a paper read before the Statistical Society of London, compares the relative mortality of the intemperate classes and the general population. He says that from twenty-one to thirty years of age their mortality is *five* times that of the general community; and from thirty to fifty it is *four* times greater. If the comparison were with the strictly temperate the contrast would be greater still.

In Glasgow, the reduction of duty on spirits increased the mortality in a single year from three thousand six hundred and ninety, to four thousand six hundred and seventy, or nearly twenty-five per cent. "Or in other words," says Dr. Lees, "the mere *expansion* of the traffic killed in one year nine hundred and eighty people in a single city of Christendom."

The experience of "sick clubs" also bears testimony to the effects of intemperance in increasing the amount of disease. From a comparison of these it appears that among drinkers two hundred and thirty-three in a thousand are annually sick, among the abstainers only a hundred and thirty-nine. Moreover, the duration of illness among the drinkers was one thousand seven hundred and seventy weeks, among the teetotalers four hundred and fifty-eight weeks, or only one-fourth the amount,

Similar is the experience of coroners. "Nearly nine-tenths of

the inquests I have held for the last twenty years," says Mr. Heyes, of Preston, "except those on children and colliery accidents, are on the bodies of persons who died from the effects of drink."

"Gin makes me hold," said Mr. Wakely, a London coroner, "a thousand inquests annually more than I otherwise should hold. Besides these I have reason to believe, that from ten to fifteen thousand persons in this metropolis die annually from the effects of gin drinking, upon whom no inquests are held."

More than a thousand children are said to lose their lives in London every year through the effects of liquor—a slaughter of the innocents, far worse than that of Herod.

A carefully prepared table of the comparative sickness and mortality of abstainers and intemperate in the Madras army, shows that the intemperate are about twice as liable to disease as the abstainers, and it is four times as apt to prove fatal. The daily average of abstainers in the hospital was 3.65, of the remainder of the regiment 10.20, or nearly three times as many. In Bengal the daily average of the former was 2.65, of the remainder 10.20, or four times as many. In the native army the annual average mortality for twenty years was 1.79 per cent; in the European army it was 3.78, or over four times as great. The former were all abstainers; the latter were not.

Similar evils were wrought by intemperance in the late Abyssinian expedition, in the Indian Mutiny, and in the Crimean Campaign. Even the intrepid spirit of that angel of mercy, Florence Nightingale, succumbed to the magnitude of those evils. It was not her continued toil or watching, the breath of the pestilence or the burning sun of Scutari that smote her with sickness of heart. "All this I could have borne with joy," she wrote, "but to see the stretcher brought to the gates every hour, laden with men foaming at the mouth and black in the face, *not* with the gore of battle, but with the horrible defacement of a foe more dreadful and deadly than the Russian or the plague—Oh! it is terrible!"

From the statistics above given it is apparent, that the more strict the observance of Temperance principles, the lower is the rate of mortality; and this discrimination in favor of total abstainers becomes more striking in tropical climates, where

morbific agencies are more active and virulent. In accordance with these facts, Sir Charles Napier, than whom no one better knew the nature of the Indian service, gave the following characteristic counsel to the troops in garrison at Calcutta: "Let me give you one bit of advice—that is, don't drink. . . You are come to a country where, if you drink, you're dead men. If you be sober and steady you'll get on well; but if you drink, you're done for. You will be either invalided or die."

In the island of Tobago, in the West Indies, where intemperance was terribly prevalent, the average annual mortality of Europeans was thirty-three per cent., or one in three, while that of the natives, who were mostly total abstainers, was not above the normal average.

In contrast with this frightful mortality caused by intemperance, observe the beneficial effects of temperance in hot countries, as illustrated by the following statistics of Missions in India. Of thirty-one missionaries sent out in thirty-five years, twenty-four, all abstainers, continued at the end of that time in active work, five of whom averaged a third of a century in the field. Of the five who died, four were non-abstainers. Of two no account is given.

It will be apparent that alcoholic drinks are no less pernicious to the mind than to the body. Indeed they possess an especial affinity for the nervous organism, exalting the automatic activity of the brain, perverting its powers, and lessening its ability of self-direction; "which," says Dr. Carpenter, "is precisely the nature of the incipient stages of insanity." The further phenomena of intoxication, the strange mental delusions, the incapacity for reasoning, the convulsive movements, the partial paralysis and illusions of sense, are all indications of extreme nervous derangement, such as exists in actual insanity. The very fortress of the mind and throne of the soul is invaded by this destructive agent; and the saying of Seneca is illustrated afresh: "*Ebrietas est voluntaria insania.*" Hence results that loss of personal identity and general "obfuscation" of intellect, and imbecile raving, which forms the staple of so many of the anecdotes of drunkenness. This condition is illustrated by the story of the tipsy laird who was thrown over his horse's head at the ford. Hearing a

splash, he inquired what it was. "Sure it's yoursel', maister," said his servant. "It canna be *me*, Watty," he replied, with drunken gravity, sitting in midstream, "for I'm *here*."

Another veracious legend records how a certain John Thompson was left in his waggon on the wayside, his horse having by some means become detached. Returning to semi-consciousness, he exclaimed, in puzzled dilemma: "I am either John Thompson or I am not. If I am, I've lost a horse; if I'm not, I've found a waggon."

We are also informed of a gallant military officer, who, returning by moonlight from a convivial gathering, was observed laboriously leaping over the shadows of a long row of poplar trees. When accosted, he was found bathed with perspiration, and almost exhausted with fatigue. He was under the apprehension that the black shadows across the pathway were the sunken trenches of an enemy's earthworks. Prof. Miller tells of a man who was seriously impressed with the idea, not only that he was dead, but that some one had stolen his body.

Certainly the noxious drug which produces such mental aberration as the thousand vagaries and hallucinations of drunkenness indicate, must have an injurious permanent effect on the mind. Accordingly we find that this alienation of intellect frequently becomes chronic; reason is hurled from her throne, and the man lives and dies a drivelling idiot, or a raving maniac. From the remarkable affinity of alcohol for the nervous tissue, it especially affects the substance of the brain, whose nutrition is thus perverted till the organ grows to this abnormal mode of operation. Even when the effect is not at first permanent, there is frequently a recurrence of maniacal paroxysms, which are almost certain to end in confirmed insanity. To these paroxysms the name *delirium ebriosum*, or "drunken madness," has been applied.

Another form which this madness may take is that of *delirium tremens*, generally the result of the exhaustion of nervous power from over-excitement. None who have witnessed the fearful ravings of its victims can ever forget the horrors of that awful malady. The blood depraved by alcohol re-acts upon the brain, whose vessels become engorged and irritated. "The nerves of the eye," says Dr. Story, "become inflamed, and the

man sees strange and awful sights, wild animals, fierce beasts, slimy and venomous serpents, huge, terrible, and hideous. The nerves of the ear become inflamed, and he hears strange and awful noises, the growling of monsters, the crackling of flames, the laughter of fiends. The nerves of the nose become inflamed, and he smells horrible stench and smokes. The nerves of feeling become inflamed, and he feels the sharp points of spears, the edges of knives, the claws of dragons, the hot coals and blazes of inextinguishable fires. The nerves of the palate become irritated, and he tastes bitter herbs, acrid liquors, and fiery drugs." The imagination becomes exalted and the conceptions of the terrible intensified, till all the horrors of Dante's vision of the realms of gloom—of the weird kingdom of despair,

"Hydras, and gorgons, and chimeras dire"...

surround his soul. Anguish and hopeless remorse devour his heart, till raving, blaspheming, and piteously calling for protection against his ghostly foes, surrounded in fancy—and it may be, in fact, who shall gainsay it?—by gibbering, mocking, mowing fiends—foul wizardry of hell and goblins damned, the wretched man expires. The soul thus bewildered and tortured, is

Cut off even in the blossom of its sins,  
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd ;  
No reckoning made, but sent to its account  
With all its imperfections on its head ;

and passes into the world of spirits, and to the bar of that just and holy God who hath said in His Word, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." Well may we exclaim, with the royal Dane, as we contemplate this terrible doom, "Oh, horrible ! Oh, horrible ! most horrible !"

Yet, in one year, in Great Britain alone, there were four hundred and seventy-four deaths of this character and from this cause. The victim does not always die, however, but frequently drags out a wretched existence with shattered nerves and disordered brain, often in moping melancholy or raging mania.

Another form which this "wine madness" assumes is that known as *dipsomania*, or, more properly, *oinomania*. This is an

insatiate and uncontrollable passion for enormous doses of stimulants. In the intervals of the paroxysm the liquor is regarded with loathing and disgust. During the insane impulse, the craving is like that of a madman, all but irresistible; and the subject becomes dangerous to himself and others, exhibiting a remarkable propensity to murder or suicide. A victim of this madness—for madness it is—once said to the present writer, "If hell were yawning before me, and I had to go through it to get liquor, I'd go." It took four persons to restrain him from rushing, half-naked, into the street, in order to obtain it. Although when sober exceedingly moral, he would blaspheme like a fiend. On return to reason, he would apologise with abject tears for his conduct, asserting that he was really insane, and, therefore, not responsible for his acts. That excuse, however, is invalid, for the insanity is self-induced. "Hence," says Lord Coke, "the drunkard is *voluntarius dæmon*—by his own act a devil—and whatsoever ill he doth, his drunkenness shall aggravate it." A confirmed inebriate seeing a young man of his acquaintance drinking at a tavern, called him aside, and said with tears in his eyes, "I am on the road to hell, and I can't stop; but, for God's sake, be warned by me, and don't let this slavery enchain you!"

This tendency is frequently hereditary, and generally ends in the person becoming imbecile, idiotic, or maniacal. "The only chance of cure," says Dr. Hutcheson, "is enforced confinement within the walls of an asylum, by which means alone can entire abstinence from liquor be secured." Accordingly, in the United States, there are several Inebriate Asylums where the victims of intemperance voluntarily retire that they may get the mastery over their tyrannous appetite. One of the most celebrated of these is at Binghamton, New York, among whose inmates have been no less than thirty-nine clergymen, three hundred physicians, many eminent lawyers and merchants, and two thousand ladies. A similar institution at Montreal has been of great benefit to many. How much better were it to make the whole country an asylum for the inebriate, by prohibiting the manufacture and sale of that vile poison, which steals away men's brains, and changes them, as by an infernal wizardry, from rational beings to madmen and maniacs!

Frequently, indeed, the insanity becomes incurable. The perverted nutrition of the brain, caused by alcoholic liquors, renders it exceedingly liable to invasion of that mental disease. The last United States' census proves that the use of intoxicants is a great source of mental derangement.

Dr. Romberg, of the University of Berlin, who had examined fifty thousand cases of mental disease, attributes its invasion largely to the use of spirituous liquors and other narcotics. He frequently found on *post mortem* examination of drunkards, the blood vessels of the brain so engorged as to press upon its substance; often causing extravasation of blood or serum, and sometimes degeneration of the brain itself into fat or pus.

Dr. Munroe says that "The blood, impaired by the use of alcohol, is unable to sustain the brain in a healthy condition."

The statistics of lunacy fully corroborate these conclusions, although they include only the exciting cause; whereas intoxicating stimulants bear a still more important part as the predisposing cause of insanity.

Dr. Morel, of the Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris, says: "There is always a hopeless number of paralytic and other insane persons in our (French) hospitals, whose disease is due to no other cause than the abuse of alcoholic liquors." M. Behics, in a report on the physical causes of insanity in France, says: "Of eight thousand eight hundred male lunatics, thirty-four per cent. were made insane by intemperance." The proportion among the female lunatics was not so great; but thirty per cent. of the other known causes, "domestic troubles," "disappointed affection," "excessive grief," which chiefly affect women, were caused by drinking.

Dr. McNish states the proportion of lunacy caused by drunkenness to be one-half; and that careful observer, Dr. Carpenter, says: "We shall be within the truth if we attribute to it at least one-quarter of the whole number of cases." Dr. Cox, of Ohio, examined over four hundred cases of insanity before sending them to the State Asylum, and says that "two-thirds of their number became insane through drink."

Lord Shaftsbury, commissioner of lunacy for over twenty years, says that "Fully six-tenths of all the insanity in Great Britain

and America arose from no other cause than from the habits of intemperance in which the people have indulged."

The statistics of insanity prove that it corresponds in every country to the use of intoxicating liquor. Thus, in Cairo, where it is not used at all, there is only one lunatic in thirty thousand seven hundred and fourteen persons; whereas in Ireland, where the consumption of spirits is four gallons per head, there is one lunatic to every five hundred persons. In Spain, where the consumption is one gallon per head, the proportion is one in seven thousand one hundred and eighty.

According to the last United States census, there are in the Republic twenty-four thousand insane persons. "Half of these," says Dr. Story, "become so from intoxicating drink. Twelve thousand raving maniacs from this evil alone, and this continually. One-third of them die every year, and new ones come to take their places. Three thousand a year cast into the awful vortex of madness, and three thousand more go raving and distracted into the jaws of death from this vice alone!"

Moreover, according to the same census, there are twenty thousand idiots in the Union, at least half of whom become so through drunkenness, either their own or their parents. For there is a remarkable hereditary predisposition to idiocy or imbecility in the children of habitual drunkards. This is conclusively shown by the often-quoted statement of Dr. Howe, in his Report on Idiocy in Massachusetts. He says: "The habits of the parents of three hundred of the idiots were learned; and one hundred and forty-five, or nearly one half, were known to be habitual drunkards."

There is also, as we have seen from the vital statistics of Great Britain, an exceeding susceptibility among spirit-drinkers to brain diseases. From the engorged condition of its blood vessels, active inflammation frequently ensues, or else apoplexy, paralysis, and epilepsy are apt to supervene. The remarkable mortality from sunstroke, among dram-drinkers, attests the debilitated condition of the brain. "I was tumbled over," says Sir Charles Napier, "by the heat with apoplexy. Forty-three others were struck, and all died within three hours except myself! I do not

drink! That is the secret! The sun had no ally in the liquor amongst my brains."

Even where permanent insanity does not result, mental debility is induced; and the victim of intemperance is incapable of intellectual effort, or for the discharge of the ordinary duties of life.

We have thus seen that all alcoholic liquors are essentially poisonous, and that their use is always pernicious. They derange the bodily functions, induce numerous and fatal diseases, and greatly abridge the duration of life. They also sap the foundations of reason, destroy the equilibrium of the mind, and are the causes of more than half of all the insanity and idiocy in the world.

Go search the hospital's unwholesome round,  
The felon's dungeon and the maniac's cell,  
The workhouse cold, the church-yard's dreary mound,  
And learn what Suicide's sad tale can tell.  
Ask, what does most the stream of victims swell?  
And Truth shall answer, with a look forlorn—  
INTEMPERANCE, greatest curse since Adam fell,  
Parent of ills, Perdition's eldest born;  
Dark cloud without a bow—a night that knows no morn.

I cannot better close this chapter than by quoting the following medical testimony which has been signed by over five thousand first class physicians:—

"We, the undersigned, are of opinion,

"I. That a very large proportion of human misery, including poverty, disease, and crime, is induced by the use of alcoholic and fermented liquor as beverages.

"II. That the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all such intoxicating beverages.

"III. That persons accustomed to such drinks may, with safety, discontinue them entirely.

"IV. That total and universal abstinence from alcoholic beverages of all kinds would add greatly to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race."

## THE CONSCIENCE AND FUTURE JUDGMENT.

I SAT alone with my conscience,  
 In a place where time had ceased,  
 And we talked of my former living  
 In the land where the years increased.  
 And I felt I should have to answer  
 The question it put to me,  
 And to face the answer and question  
 Throughout an eternity.  
 The ghosts of forgotten actions  
 Come floating before my sight,  
 And things that I thought were dead things  
 Were alive with a terrible might.  
 And the vision of all my past life  
 Was an awful thing to face,—  
 Alone with my conscience sitting  
 In that solemnly silent place.  
 And I thought of a far-away warning,  
 Of a sorrow that was to be mine,  
 In a land that then was the future,  
 But now is the present time.  
 And I thought of my former thinking  
 Of the judgment-day to be,  
 But sitting alone with my conscience  
 Seemed judgment enough for me.  
 And I wondered if there was a future  
 To this land beyond the grave ;  
 But no one gave me an answer,  
 And no one came to save.  
 Then I felt that the future was present,  
 And the present would never go by,  
 For it was but the thought of my past life  
 Grown into eternity.  
 Then I woke from my timely dreaming,  
 And the vision passed away,  
 And I knew the far-away warning  
 Was a warning of yesterday,—  
 And I pray that I may not forget it,  
 In this land before the grave,  
 That I may not cry in the future,  
 And no one come to save.  
 And so I have learnt a lesson  
 Which I ought to have known before,

And which, though I learnt it dreaming,  
I hope to forget no more.  
So I sit alone with my conscience  
In the place where the years increase,  
And I try to remember the future  
In the land where time will cease.  
And I know of the future judgment,  
How dreadful soe'er it be,  
That to sit alone with my conscience  
Will be judgment enough for me.

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## THE HIGHER LIFE, A WALK WITH GOD.

BY THE REV. W. E. BOARDMAN

THE walk with God in this dark world is in one respect like a walk in the night through a picture gallery. The pictures are all there, but you do not see one of them. There is no beauty in them that you should desire them. And more than this, you may go stumbling along in the dark now and again falling and getting bruised, or even blundering against the wall, to the peril of your own face and eyes. Now it is true of us all, as the apostle told the Athenians on Mars Hill, that God is not far from every one of us, for in Him we live and move and have our being, and that in every step of our journey through the world. But then if the lamp does not shine we see nothing at all of His presence or guidance, and we go stumbling along over the very things that would be our joy and delight if our pathway was lighted up so that we could see who it is with us, and how it is that He is leading us step by step. We may even have the lamp in hand, and yet it will do us no good if it be not trimmed and burning. The pictures will be there on the wall all the same as if they were lighted up, but to us this will be as if they were not, and instead of the pictures which should cheer and charm us as we go, there will be nothing but the blackness of darkness. So with the Bible in our hands we must have the illumination of the Spirit, the true fire from God lighting up the Word, or it will

remain still only as a dead lamp with its oil and wick, without a particle of light shining forth. We are, therefore, shut up to the Living God with us to light up the lamp, His Word, by His Spirit, and cause it to shine out and shine in, as giving us in our own hearts the light of the knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ. And if we understand this matter, and really ask and receive the true fire of God which lights up the lamp of our feet to make it the light of our path, our walk will not be in darkness, but in the light as God is in the light, and we shall at every step find the light shining on the ground where our foot is to be set, and at every turn we shall see Him who is invisible leading us forward as He did Israel in the wilderness by the visible pillar of cloud and of fire. And we shall have such cheer by the way as never came even to the most ardent lovers of art from pictures on the wall.

My Royal Guide with His royal lamp has been recently giving me new cheer from the old lamp by letting it shine upon three very old pictures of the walk—not less than five thousand years old, and yet as distinct in their lines and as fresh in every colour and shade as if done yesterday.

There are three pictures of Enoch: The first is in Genesis, the second in Hebrews, and the third in Jude.

That in Genesis is: "Enoch the Pilgrim."

That in Hebrews is: "Enoch the Translated One."

And that in Jude is: "Enoch the Prophet," withstanding the tide of a gainsaying world.

*It is all seen at a glance if the light shines upon them.*

Double emphasis is placed in Genesis on the walk with God. Twice over in a space the shortest, it says: "Enoch walked with God three hundred years," while his translation is mentioned once only, and then incidentally in striking words, yet quite in the background, saying: "And he was not, for God took him." No mention as in Elijah of the chariot, or the place, or anything but just "God took him."

The picture in Hebrews gives special place in the foreground to Enoch's translation, saying, "By faith Enoch was translated, that he should not see death," and alludes to his walk upon earth in one of its features, but does not speak of it directly at all. And

yet, oh what cheer the lamp throws upon our walk in the light of that one word ! It says, " For before his translation, he had this testimony, that he pleased God."

Jude, with a bold hand, dashes upon the canvas in vigorous words the Elijah-like walk of Enoch with God, in the face of a whole gainsaying world, and proclaiming the coming of the Lord with ten thousand of His saints in judgment to execute justice upon the ungodly. That is His second coming, and that with a clearness seldom if ever equalled, even now when the time draws near. The three pictures together under the illuminating power of the lamp trimmed and burning, are wonderfully cheering in the walk.

I see from the picture in Genesis that Enoch had learned—after living sixty-five years in the world without knowing it—that the Lord is really present with His people on earth ; ready to walk with them, and direct and sustain them in an unfaltering walk with Him, whether they know it or not. I had lived more than thirty years before this reality was known and accepted by me, and ten years of that time, too, after I had been made acquainted with Him as my Saviour from eternal destruction. The words of our blessed Lord to His disciples, " Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," were not the declaration of any new thing, but of a reality which was as true in Enoch's time as in that of the apostles, or this in which we live. If God had not walked with Enoch, Enoch could not have walked with God ; but as God was always with Enoch, it needed only that Enoch should really believe in His presence, and yield himself to His guidance and power, to walk with Him step by step the whole journey through.

From the picture in Hebrews, I learn that the walk, though a very long one, must have been very delightful, for in it Enoch had this testimony, that he pleased God. A walk in a bracing air and under a clear sky is a very pleasant thing, but when the sunshine is in the heart as well as on the pathway, then it is a joy every step of the way.

Then, too, I see that as long ago as in Enoch's time it was quite possible to do as our Saviour said he did, " Always those things that please God"—otherwise He would not have testified

to Enoch His pleasure in him. I see from the way He dealt with Cain and Abel, before Enoch's time, that while He had respect unto those who walked in His way, He had not respect unto those who walked in their own way. And Enoch had learned how to do always the works that the Lord gave him to do, and speak always the words He gave him to speak. And if Enoch had learned this secret, and walked thus with God in his will and way in all things, surely it is my privilege to do the same.

But it is when I see him as Jude presents him to us, living and walking in the midst of gainsayers, walking alone with God, and not only rising above the evil in the world, but standing boldly forth in the spirit and power of an Elijah, and of a John the Baptist, preaching repentance and proclaiming the day of the Lord's coming; and it is then only that I see the power of the presence of God in spirit to lift one up, and hold one up, and cover him, and carry him all the day long, and all the year through, all the days of the years of his pilgrimage here below, and make him triumphant over all adverse circumstances, and joyous through the sunshine on his path and in his heart, amid the thick darkness of unbelief and the deep bitterness of prevalent enmity to God.

I had a letter from a man in which he said some very quaint things about Enoch. He had been listening to a sermon upon Enoch's walking with God. He was a general, had served through one long and terrible war; had before that been many years engaged in the courts as a barrister-at-law; and still earlier as a business man, he had passed through the vicissitudes of an extensive business in stormy times; and he was also a husband, and the head of a household. In writing, he said to me, "As I listened, I could not help wondering all the while what sort of a man Enoch could have been; had he a temper and temperament like mine? Were there wars in those days, and was Enoch a military man? Did he know anything of the rivalries and ambitions, successes and disappointments, victories and defeats, of army life? Was he ever during the long three hundred years a business man? Did he understand the burdens and cares, losses and gains, of large risks in the business world? Were

there litigations so long ago? and was Enoch engaged in them either as lawyer or client? And had he been tried with the temptations and provocations incident to the law? What kind of a wife must have been his, and what children, and what neighbours, that he could have been kept in perfect peace, his mind being stayed on God through that long, long pilgrimage of his?"

Well, I do not wonder at his thought and queries, for he had evidently not then yet learned Enoch's secret, the presence and power of God, and the privilege of casting all care on Him, because He careth for us. His queries might all have been answered by saying that the times and the circumstances in which Enoch lived were the worst imaginable. The processes of corruption in morals, private and public, by which all flesh soon corrupted its way, and the earth became filled with violence, were then in their insidious incomings; even the "sons of God" were abandoning the original appointment of one wife, and taking wives of all whom they chose, and they not the daughters of the sons of God but of men, simply because they looked upon them, and saw that they were fair. Yet Enoch chose to be the husband of one wife, and she probably of like faith with himself, and both he and she, and their children, had tempers and temperaments like others of our race, and moreover he, as depicted by Jude, had a rough time of it with his neighbours, who were all against him and his doctrines, and his way of walking in the will of God, and were not slow to speak their minds. Indeed, it seems to me quite possible that the reason why Enoch did not die under a shower of stones, as Stephen did, may have been that the Lord took him up into His chariot just in time to save him from it. However that may have been, it is clear that it was not smoothness of nature, temper, or temperament in himself, his wife, and children, and neighbours, or smoothness of the times and circumstances, that enabled Enoch to walk as he did in unbroken fellowship with God, but it was the very same power as that in which he was translated to heaven, the power of God through faith. And this I see to be no monopoly of a favoured one, but the privilege of all—yes, a privilege extended, great and precious as it is, even unto me; and there is in this the most excellent cheer from the old lamp on  
athway, present and future.

## EDITORIAL.

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### LESSONS OF THE HARVEST.

THE varied aspects of nature powerfully affect every mind. Who has not been cheered by the joyous advent of Spring, and gladdened by the rich luxuriance of Summer, or felt a gush of gratitude at the golden wealth of Autumn, and been awed and solemnized at the approach of Winter? We, too, have our seasons—the springtime of youth and hope; the summer of manhood and toil; the autumn of age, when life is in its sere and yellow leaf; and the winter of death, which ends our toil and brings our everlasting reward.

But the present season of the year—the season of the reaping of the harvest and of the ingathering of the fruits of the earth—speaks with especial significance to our hearts. If the tiller of the soil were to allow the precious hours of the spring and summer to pass unimproved, without ploughing the glebe and sowing the seed and diligently cultivating the earth, he would have no fields of golden grain waving in the harvest to gladden his eyes and fill his barns with plenty.

And the time for the accomplishment of that work is short. It must be done without delay. If it be not attended to at once, the golden opportunity will pass and his fields in autumn shall be barren and desolate.

So also is our life a sowing and a reaping time—a summer and a harvest. We are all sowing something: what is it? Is it the good seed of the Kingdom, that shall bring forth fruit unto holiness whose end is life everlasting? or is it the seeds of repentance and sorrow and tribulation and wrath? Are our lives blossoming with the flowers of holy promise and bringing forth the fruits of blessed fulfilment? or are we but barren cumberers of the ground?

This summer-tide of our life is the season of golden opportunity—the time to prepare for the winter of death which is so fast

hastening—the time to work out our soul's high destiny, to cultivate those pure and holy affections without which we are unmeet for heaven, to repress and uproot and destroy all unholy desires and instincts, and to make our hearts like a watered garden for the Lord.

This is the harvest-time of blessings. O let us gather them in day by day! Let us wrestle with each moment as Jacob wrestled with the angel, nor let it go until it bless us—until it bear into eternity the record of some good deed done, of some victory won, of some temptation overcome.

Yet these golden opportunities may pass, and with many do pass unimproved, nay, are wantonly destroyed—they kill the time that hangs so heavy on their hands. In their last hours how their pallid ghosts, the spectres of the days that they have squandered, of the opportunities of blessing that they have murdered, will haunt their dying beds. Like the prodigal son that wasted his substance in riotous living and came at last to woeful want, they may bethink them in their sore extremity of their wasted years and seek to repair the errors of a lifetime in an hour. Like an unhappy queen of England, dying hopelessly upon her palace floor, they may cry, and cry in vain, "Millions for another hour of time!" From the very verge of eternity they may cry in despair, "The summer is past, the harvest is ended, and we are not saved."

How many endeavour to crowd into a moment the business of a lifetime, and in the dread hour of their dissolution strive to make their peace with that God whom all their lives long they have defied and rejected. Like a reckless tenant, are they, who goes on plunging deeper and deeper into debt, till the sheriff is at the door, when he frantically attempts to prevent the law from having its course.

Prudent men make their wills and settle their worldly affairs while in health; yet multitudes neglect to make any provision for their immortal spirits in an eternal world. When the body is racked with pain, when the mind is enfeebled and the will is weak, they will take up the great work for which life is given us, and for which the whole of life is not too long, to glorify God below that we may enjoy Him forever. Oh! how thankless,

how craven, how base, to neglect our best Friend all our lives long, and be driven to seek His pardon only by the pains of death and the terrors of hell!

If a man neglect to cultivate his field one year he may make up for his loss in the next, and the field will prove all the more fruitful for having lain fallow for a season. But, if our lives lie fallow there comes no second summer of the soul. If they lie barren and idle, or bring forth only thorns and thistles and worthless weeds instead of golden grain, we can never, never more make up the irreparable loss. Yet every hour's delay of the unsaved increases the imminence of this danger and lessens the probability of ever escaping. If there be a reader of these words who is yet exposed to wrath divine, will he not begin at once to redeem the time, to prepare for eternity!

This soul-culture is something that demands our most sedulous attention. The graces of the Christian character spring not up like Jonah's gourd. They are not indigenous in the human heart. They are often plants of slow growth. They need prayerful and careful culture. They require the soft bedewing and gentle distilling of the Holy Spirit's influences,—the early and the latter rain upon the heart,—and they flourish only in the sunshine of God's love. They may be strengthened by the storm and more firmly rooted by the gusts of temptation that blow upon them but the seed of grace must first be divinely sown in the soul. Dear reader, has it been so planted in your heart? Has it taken root and does it bring forth fruit? Or, do the thorns spring up and choke the seed of eternal life? Or, because it has no depth of earth does it wither away?

Or, is your life in the sere and yellow leaf of autumn? Are you waiting like a ripe sheaf to be garnered home? Are you ripening for heaven? Do the matured and mellow fruits of holiness in your heart and life abound? If so, then let life's year glide on, and let death's winter come. It will only bring you nearer to the everlasting harvest home of heaven.

Did we say there was no second summer for the soul? 'Tis true, there is no second summer of probation here, there is no second harvest of opportunity on earth. But there *is* the ever-

lasting summer of glory, the endless harvest of joy hereafter.  
Clothed with immortal beauty, the soul

“Shall summer high in bliss upon the hills of God.”

shall wander amid the groves of paradise and beside the crystal waters of the river of life. And there no bitter blasts shall blow, no frosts shall blight the everlasting bloom, no winter of death shall ever come, no tears for loved ones shall ever fall, no sigh of sorrow shall burden the air; for God himself shall wipe all tears from every eye.

There is another harvest of the soul—the ingathering of the fruits of our sowing on earth. The seed sown by the wayside, the bread cast upon the waters, the word spoken in the name of the Lord Jesus, not one shall be found unfruitful. Those who went forth weeping bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them, and

“Oh ! rich shall the harvest be !”

Every act of self-denial, every prayer of faith, every cup of cold water given to a disciple in the name of his Master, shall receive its full reward.

There is also a harvest of woe, of endless and irremediable woe, of tribulation and anguish and wrath to come—and ever, ever, wrath to come, till as the endless ages roll, the wrath that is past shall seem as nothing by reason of the wrath that is *to come*. Thank God it has not yet come to us. That awful doom may yet be averted, and none to whom this word of exhortation comes need take up that endless and unavailing dirge of the lost soul—“The summer is past, the harvest is ended, and we are not saved !”

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## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

### TURKEY.

THE Eastern question has lately been an absorbing theme. All classes have been deeply interested in what is going on in the Turkish Empire. We look at the question from the religious standpoint, and mourn over the effusion of human blood. The Missionaries of the American Board, and of the Methodist Episcopal Church, stationed in the East, have been in very critical circumstances. Those in Bulgaria have especially been in great danger. Bishop Andrews is appointed to organize the Methodist work there into a separate Conference. A meeting of all the Missionaries was lately held, at which the Superintendent presided. It is to be hoped that whatever may be the result of the dreadful war now raging, the Sultan will be compelled to allow a greater degree of liberty to his subjects, and that the Missionaries may be protected in the prosecution of their self-denying labours.

The Methodist Mission press in Bulgaria has just issued the "Life of Huss," in the Bulgarian language. It is a neat pamphlet of forty-eight pages, with a wood-cut frontispiece of the great reformer. They have a curious way of spelling "Huss" in that land. This is it as nearly as our types can make it, X. Y. C. A. Thank God a beginning has been made toward an evangelical literature for Bulgaria.

### PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

THE Northern General Assembly of the United States assembled in the Tabernacle, Brooklyn, (Dr. Talmage's) and was numerous attended. A grand welcome was given the night previous. The two prin-

cipal deliverances were the arrangements made for fraternal delegations to and from the Southern Presbyterian General Assembly, and appointing delegates to the Pan-Presbyterian Council, or Presbyterian Alliance, which is to be held at Edinburgh in 1877, which will be attended by Presbyterians from all parts of the world; and will be the largest and most important gathering ever held in connection with the Presbyterian Church. We hope that before long a similar meeting will be held in some central place representing all the Methodist denominations in the world—say, City Road Chapel, London.

The work of Union advances among our Presbyterian friends, the United Presbyterian Synod, and the Synod of the Presbyterian Church in England, have now been welded into one, bearing the name of "The Presbyterian Church of England." The services connected with the amalgamation were scenes of great rejoicing, and it was resolved to raise a thank-offering of a quarter of a million sterling, to be employed in mission work, and in training for the Christian ministry. One gentleman, there and then, gave one-tenth of the required amount. It is anticipated that the majority of the congregations in England, connected with the Established Church of Scotland, will join the united Church. In Scotland, also, the Reformed Presbyterians, who took their rise in 1688, have united with the Free Church of Scotland.

### MISSIONARY PROFESSORSHIPS.

DR. HOPPER has published an earnest article in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* on this subject. The General

Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland has established such a professorship, and the Rev. A. Duff, D.D., long the able and devoted Missionary in India, fills the chair. Some of our readers will probably remember the visit of Dr. Duff to Canada more than twenty years ago. We remember the meeting in Richmond Street Church, Toronto, which he addressed for more than two hours. Such earnestness as he then displayed, we have seldom witnessed.

Mr. Moody tells how he heard Dr. Duff, at Edinburgh, in 1867, when he addressed the Assembly on behalf of India. He pleaded for an hour and a-half and then fainted. They carried him to the vestibule. When he revived he said, "I didn't get quite through; let me go back and finish!" They said, "If you go back it will cost you your life." "Well," he said, "I shall die if I don't." So they carried him back. As they passed up the aisle the people rose, and tears flowed down every cheek at the sight of the old veteran. He said to them, "Fathers and mothers of Scotland, is it true that you have got no more sons to give to India? I have spent twenty-five years of my life there, and I have come back to die; there is plenty of money in the bank, but your sons are not willing to go. If a call comes from the Queen to go there in the army they are ready. Is it come to this, that the Lord calls for recruits for His kingdom, and they will not go?" And turning to the Moderator, he said, "If there is no one to go to India I will return to them, and will let them know that there is one old Scotchman that can die for them if he can't live for them."

#### EVANGELISTIC MOVEMENTS.

How delightful to contemplate the onward movements of the Church! When Dr. Chalmers was in the very zenith of his popularity in Glasgow, and crowds were gathering every

Sabbath round his pulpit, he was walking home one night with a friend who told him of a soul who had been converted through the instrumentality of a sermon he had preached. Immediately the tear-drop glistened in the good man's eye, and his voice faltered as he said, "That is the best news I have heard for long. I was beginning to think that I had mistaken the leadings of Providence in coming to your city, but this will keep me up."

"The Christian Hunters" is the name of a band which has been organized by the young converts to Christianity in New York. They make it their business to search out and bring to the weeknight meetings as many as they can "compel to come in," and many of the recent accessions to the Churches owe their religious awakening to this untiring personal effort. It is said that "once in the hand of the Hunters the case rarely gets away."

Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng, jun., has recently been holding meetings in what he calls "The Gospel Tent," which is moved about from street to street in New York. For several weeks the tent services have been held, and great good has been done. One night not less than seventy-five persons stood up for prayer, and forty were converted.

The Methodist ministers of New York have been discussing in their weekly gathering the relative value of union evangelistic work and denominational work, and they came to the conclusion that the latter is best. Taking Messrs. Moody and Sankey as the best exponents of the former, it was remarked that the results, so far as inquiry and observation could obtain them, were not favourable to union efforts. They were not able to trace more than two hundred and fifty Hippodrome converts who had united with any Church. Dr. Tyng stated that of three hundred persons lately received into his Church, only thirty-five could be traced to those meet-

ings. This aggregate was considered a very small result for the expenditure of \$50,000, and ten weeks' time of ten thousand people concentrated in three services daily.

#### WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.

ALL branches of the Methodist family feel deep interest in the proceedings of the parent body in England. At no period of the venerable parent's history was greater interest felt in all that pertains to her welfare than at present, when such great changes are being contemplated in respect to the constitution of the Conference. To all appearance, laymen will in future occupy a place in that Assembly. We admire the prudence and caution by which the contemplated changes are being effected, and there seems every probability that no disastrous consequences will follow the introduction of such a revolutionary change.

The Conference is in session while we are writing these notes, consequently its action on the various recommendations of the committee on lay-delegation is not yet known.

In other respects the Conference of 1876 will be one of the most important ever held. The death roll will be a solemn one. Revs. C. Prest, and S. R. Hall, both Ex-Presidents, have been called to their eternal home. Other aged ministers are retiring. Rev. A. Macaulay, the well known earnest labourer in the Home Mission field, has been elected President, and Rev. Dr. Williams has been re-elected Secretary.

Dr. Williams delivered the Fernley Lecture, and chose for his theme, "The Priesthood of Christ." The lecture was such an one as might have been expected from one so well skilled in theological attainments as the Doctor is reputed to be.

The representatives from abroad were numerous, and we are glad that our representatives, Revs. Dr. Ryerson,

and D. Savage, were not the least important. They were cordially received; and their addresses, both at the Wesleyan and Methodist New Connexion Conferences, greatly interested the crowded audiences that were present.

Dr. Ryerson's visit is remarkable for the extraordinary fact that forty-three years ago he was a representative to the Wesleyan Conference. Dr. Punshon, by whom he was introduced, still evinces intense interest in every thing pertaining to Canada.

Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A., and G. T. Perks, M.A., have both returned from their foreign tours, and gave lengthened accounts of what they had seen of the progress of Christ's kingdom, in those parts which they had visited. We dare say that one result will be that an affiliated Conference will be formed in South Africa. We are much pleased with the testimony which Mr. Jenkins gives concerning our mission in Japan.

Our fathers at home are desirous to recommence their mission in the Kingdom of Dahomey, but the cruel prince of that country still continues his ferocious practices to such an extent that the deputation who visited the place is of opinion that the door is not yet open for the herald of truth. The journal of the deputation who went thither from Cape Coast, is published *in extenso* in the *Missionary Notices*, and is an elaborate document.

It is to be regretted that both Revs. C. Garrett, and M. G. Pearse, are laid aside from active work. The latter has been forbidden to take any public service for twelve months. A Presbyterian gentleman takes so much interest in the noble work of Mr. Garrett, that when his health gave way he removed both him and his family to his own country seat in Wales, where it is expected the invalid will soon be convalescent, and be fit for his great work among the dock labourers and others in Liverpool.

A great bazaar has just been held for Pitt Street Chapel, which is the headquarters of Mr. Garrett's labours, and in three days seven thousand one hundred dollars were taken, besides goods valued at seventeen hundred dollars more, remaining for another bazaar shortly to be held.

At a recent Missionary meeting, Dr. Punshon gave the following interesting facts in reference to the progress of Missionary work. "I want you to know that there has been a steady progress, and that the growth has not been spasmodic. And, therefore, I will read you the increase in income, and missionaries from 1820 to 1875. In 1820 the income was £33,695; 1830, £51,299; 1840, £90,182; 1850, £104,661; 1860, £140,678; 1870, £149,767; 1875, £184,039. As God has poured out the spirit of liberality upon the people, what has been done with the money? Has it gone to the increase of the number of Missionaries in the field? Has it gone to the consolidation of the stations that have already been raised? Methodists are anxious to be ready to enter into new fields, and so you will see the number of Missionaries sent out has increased yearly. In the year 1820 there were 148 Missionaries; 1830, 220; 1840, 367; 1850, 432; 1860, 816; 1870, 1,029; 1875, 1,228. So that as the money has come in the men have gone out, there has been a steady and persistent exodus of Missionaries from their own land."

The benefits derived from the Wesleyan schools have caused the municipality of Spezzia, Italy, to vote the Mission a valuable strip of land at a nominal price. A new station opened at Reggio, meets bitter opposition.

#### METHODIST NEW CONNEXION CONFERENCE.

THE Ex-President, Rev. H. Pigin, presented the numerical state of the connexion, which stated that there were 447 churches, 425 socie-

ties, 159 circuit preachers, 1,134 local preachers, 24,163 members, 2,927 probationers, 460 deaths, 1,202 removals, 1,445 discontinued, 420 schools, 10,490 teachers, 73,263 scholars, being an increase of 8 circuit preachers, 943 members, 310 probationers, 2 schools, 132 teachers, and 485 scholars.

Our Primitive brethren have got possession of Surrey Chapel, London, since the erection of the noble edifice built for the Rev. Newman Hall, and they have wisely stationed some of their most popular ministers to fill the pulpit, Rev. W. Jones.

#### CANADA METHODIST CHURCH.

REVS. G. M. MEECHAM, M.A., and C. S. Eby, M.A., have gone to Japan. Revs. G. Young, M. Fawcett, and E. R. Young, have returned from the Mission field in the North-west. Revs. J. F. German, M.A., W. Halstead, and T. Lawson, have gone to fill the places thus made vacant. We are sure that the brethren who have left Ontario at the call of the Church will not be forgotten at the throne of grace. To those returning we commend the following from a distinguished author: "Returned Missionaries, when on Missionary deputations, ought not to preach sermons, but to describe their work." This was what was done by the model Missionaries of the first century. "When Paul and Barnabas were come to Antioch, and had gathered the Church together, they rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how he had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles." It would be a welcome change from the ordinary routine of preaching; and, moreover, by adopting some such method as this, much that is unreal to ourselves might become familiar.

The Oka Indians are being subjected to further persecutions. The Missionary, Rev. A. Parent, has been notified to leave his residence as the priests claim the land on

which it is erected. Of course, he has not obeyed the mandate, and now it remains to be seen whether the law will really enforce the claims of the Romish ecclesiastics, or protect the injured and oppressed people. Is it not strange that under the British flag such persecutions have to be endured as have fallen to the lot of these poor Indians?

We are glad to find that during the hot season so many feasts of tabernacles,—camp-meetings,—were held. Our neighbours across the line have been holding a series of Sabbath-school Conventions—one was called a Parliament—on certain camp-grounds. The one at Chataqua excelled all the others, and consisted of a Science, a Temperance, and a Sunday-school Congress. A daily paper was issued for three weeks, containing lengthy reports of the proceedings, which were truly on a grand scale. We trust that the result of the whole will be increased

efficiency in all the departments of the Church.

#### DEATH ROLL.

FROM all parts of Christendom there comes the same wail. Bishop Cummins, founder of the Reformed Episcopal Church, Archbishop Conolly, Halifax, N.S., Rev. Dr. Eadie, of Glasgow, Rev. John Kelley, Liverpool, Thomas Hazlehurst, Esq., Lancashire, have all gone to their final home. They were all men of great influence and ability in their respective positions. Mr. Hazlehurst had given, during his life, not less than \$250,000 towards the erection of places of worship, at one hundred of which he had been honoured to lay the corner-stones. During the latter part of his life he was much engaged in writing and printing sermons for general distribution, and it is estimated that he gave away over a million copies.

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### BOOK NOTICES.

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*Case and His Contemporaries.* Vols. i-iv. By the REV. JOHN CARROLL. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

We are glad to know that the demand for this book has been such, that a new edition of some of the volumes has been called for, and is now passing through the press. Nowhere else can such a full and exhaustive history of Canadian Methodism be obtained as in this work, to which its author has devoted many years of careful research. It is marked throughout by his characteristic, genial spirit, and racy style, and a constant play of humour ever enlivens its pages. His delineations of character are of photographic vividness and fidelity. This record of pioneer experience should inspire

lofty courage and noble enthusiasm in the labourers of the present. It is fitting to lay a wreath upon the graves of those who have fallen on the field, and to twine a garland for the silvery locks of those who are yet alive; and who more fittingly can discharge this duty than one who himself has borne the burden and the heat of the day, encountered those privations, and shared those labours? The entire work is bathed with the spirit of earnest piety, and cannot but prove an incentive to diligence in the service of God to all who read its pages with a spark of Christian sympathy.

It is well to preserve from oblivion the already fading memories of those heroic men who laid broad and deep the foundations of the goodly fabric of Methodism in our fair provinces.

They rest from their labours, but their works do follow them. Reverently let us mention their names, lightly let us tread upon their ashes. Such works as this form valuable contributions to our national literature, and will form a rich store-house of materials for every future historian of our civil or religious progress.

We would take the liberty of suggesting that instead of the very minute table of contents, an alphabetical index of the whole should be given in the last volume. It would be thus more easy to find any particular event or the record of any person, than to search through a table of twenty pages. We hope our readers will not fail to supply themselves with this interesting and valuable work.

*Getting on in the World; or, Hints on Success in Life.* By WILLIAM MATTHEWS, LL.D., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Chicago. Crown 8vo., pp. 340. Belford Brothers, Toronto: Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

WE noticed at some length in this Magazine the author's edition of this book. We have only to repeat the opinion then expressed, that it is an every way admirable volume—one that every young man should read. Its stimulating effect upon the intellect and the conscience is like that of Smile's "Self Help," but it is written in a better literary style, and indicates a wider range of reading and higher culture. Among the subjects treated are Success and Failure, Good and Bad Luck, Choice of a Profession, Physical Culture, Con-

centration of Effort, Self-Reliance, Decision of Character, Manner, The Will and the Way, Reserve Power, Economy of Time, Money—its Use and Abuse, Over Work and Under Rest, True and False Success, etc. On all these subjects words of weight and wisdom are uttered, attention to which will greatly aid every young man in getting on in the world.

*The London Quarterly Review* for July, Wesleyan Conference Office, London, England.

THIS high class Quarterly seems to have sustained no loss from the temporary absence of its editor from his *sanctum*. The first article is a critical examination of the First Epistle of St. John. The second discusses the ancient Vedic literature, and gives some charming translations of classical Sanscrit. The third is a learned article on the word "ministry" in the New Testament. The others are of more popular interest. An account of Millbank Penitentiary gives a painful revelation of criminal life. The atrocities of the opium trade are exposed in a vigorous article. The art criticisms of this Quarterly are of conspicuous merit. That on Haydon, the painter, in the present number, is no exception. A highly sympathetic review of Jules Michelet, the French historian, and *Poet-Savant*, is very readable. Of painful—nay, tragic interest is the article on the Great Social War—the sacred crusade against the legalization of vice in Great Britain and on the continent. The Book Notices are full and varied.

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## NOTES ON LITERATURE, &c.

—By the death of M. Ambroise Firmin-Didot the oldest firm of Paris publishers loses its oldest partner. Born in 1790, he passed three years as a student in Greece and the East,

and was afterwards for a short time attache to the French Embassy at Constantinople. After devoting some years to researches in Greece, he returned to Paris, where, on his

father's election to the Legislative Chamber in 1827, he assumed the principal direction of the publishing and printing firm in the Rue Jacob. He established a branch house at Leipsic, and erected two factories in the department of the Eure-et-Loire, at which all the paper required by this firm has since been manufactured. His translations of Thucydides and Anacreon and his memoirs of the Sire de Joinville are the best known of his many contributions to French literature, and the first-named work resulted in his election as a member of the institute.

—A memorial medallion erected to the poet Keats, upon the pilaster of the gateway close to his tombstone

in the Protestant burying-ground at Rome, was uncovered on Monday. An address was delivered by Major-General Sir Vincent Eyre. The sculptor, Mr. Warrington Wood, having generously declined payment for his work, Sir Vincent stated that the amount would be created as a nucleus of a larger sum for the execution of a bust to be placed in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, provided the requisite permission could be obtained.

—Dr. Rowland Williams' "Psalms and Litanies, with Counsels and Collects for Devout Persons," will shortly appear in a new, cheap edition, under the editorship of the author's widow.

## Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUIT.	AGE	DATE.
William Carter .....	Bond Head ..	Bond Head, Ont.	80	July 2, 1876.
John Sharp .....	Weymouth .....	.....	48	" 3, "
Frances C. Miller ....	St. Stephen .....	St. Step'n, N.B.	79	" 3, "
David B. Smith .....	Sambro .....	Sambro, N. S.	42	" 3, "
Janet E. Johnston ....	St. John .....	St John, N. B.	33	" 7, "
Alice Keating .....	Halifax .....	Halifax, N.S.	75	" 7, "
John Macfarlane ....	Hillside .....	Wallace, N.S.	83	" 14, "
Susan Mahan .....	Halifax .....	Halifax, N.S.	67	" 16, "
Elizabeth Turpel ....	Halifax .....	Halifax, N.S.	89	" 17, "
Lucy Feemer Brady ..	New Italy ....	Lunenburg, N.S.	61	" 18, "
Mary Davis Allen ....	Tara .....	Invermay, Ont.	78	" 20, "
Ephraim Terry .....	Cornwallis .....	.....	77	" 21, "
Irvine Stewart .....	St. John .....	St. John, N.B.	65	" 22, "
G. B. P. Fielding ....	St. John .....	St. John, N.B.	37	" 23, "
Sarah A. Tilley .....	Gagetown ....	Gagetown, N.B.	78	" 24, "
Sarah Stacey .....	St. Thomas ..	St. Thomas, Ont.	79	" 24, "
Thomas A. Gavassa ..	Annapolis Royal	Annapolis, N.S.	54	" 25, "
Edward A. M'Bride ..	Windsor .....	Windsor, N.S.	40	" 26, "
Elizabeth Peters ....	St. John .....	St. John, N.B.	88	" 27, "
John Benson .....	S. John .....	St. John, N.B.	66	" 28, "

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