

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured map./
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Fagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 10X | 12X | 14X | 16X | 18X | 20X | 22X | 24X | 26X | 28X | 30X | 32X |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |



Yours faithfully
Thomas Guthrie

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1877.

DR. GUTHRIE.

THE story of a good man's life is a precious legacy to posterity. Such emphatically is the delightful biography of Dr. Guthrie.* As an eloquent preacher, as a wise expositor, as an earnest philanthropist, as a successful editor, the name and fame of the distinguished Scottish divine, long before his death, were known and honoured wherever the English language was spoken. In these pages we come as it were, into personal contact with the man, and our admiration is quickened into love.

Dr. Guthrie came of an ancient covenanting family, and one of his name, the Rev. James Guthrie, died a martyr in the Scottish persecutions. "Through my ancestors," he writes, "so far as I can trace them, I can claim to be the seed of the righteous—a higher honour than the 'blue blood' that some boast of." On his mother's side he was of true levitical descent, she being a member of the Burns family, which gave so many distinguished names to the ministry, including Drs. Robert Burns, father and son, of Canada, and the successful Chinese Missionary. His father, the son of a brae-side farmer, began a humble business in Brechin, and became in time chief merchant, provost, and banker in the town. He trained up in the fear of God and the practice of virtue, a family of thirteen children, who all lived

* *The Autobiography of Thomas Guthrie, D.D., and Memoir*; by his sons, Rev. David K. Guthrie and Charles J. Guthrie, M.A. 8vo. pp. 788. Cloth \$2.50. Belford Brothers, Toronto. Sold only by Agents. J. Clarke & Co., General Agents, Toronto.

useful and honoured lives. The home discipline was firm, some would say stern, but fitted to develop strong clear heads, and brave true hearts. To the Scottish Sabbaths, and the Sabbath teachings, Dr. Guthrie attributes much of the success of his countrymen in every land beneath the sun. He received his early education in one of those parish schools established by John Knox, the true glory of Scotland, in which the ploughman's son, as well as the peer's, may enter into the kingdom of knowledge, and conquer his way to any eminence. Hence it is that one out of every five thousand of her population has a university training, whereas in wealthy England, only one in sixteen thousand, and in Ireland, one out of twenty-two thousand has a similar advantage.

Young Guthrie's boyhood was passed during the stormy times of the Napoleonic wars. The stirring events of the times nourished his boyish patriotism, and the mock battles of the school playground and town wynds, stimulated his belligerent propensities. The latter enabled him in later days to fight many a good fight in the stout controversies of the Disruption,

“ And prove his doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks.”

When twelve years old he set out for the university of Edinburgh. Though of well-to-do family, his college fare was most frugal, tea once, oatmeal porridge twice a day, and for dinner fresh herring and potatoes. His whole living expenses for the session were only ten pounds. Yet on this Spartan regimen he shot up to the stature of six feet two-and-a-half inches by the time he was seventeen years old. It is this plain living and high thinking, that makes the sons of Scotland what they are. “One winter,” writes the Doctor, “six of us had a common table, and we used to make up for the outlay of occasional suppers, by dinners of potatoes and ox livers, which we reckoned cost us only three halfpence a head.” He cultivated in his own family the same independence. He had eleven children, ten of whom grew up, for none of whom would he ask a favour from his powerful friends. “Let them fight their way,” he wisely said. The very doing for one's self, develops a manly strength of character, which being done for, destroys.

He spent ten years at the university, four years at the "humanities," four at divinity, and, being then too young for licence, two years more at natural science, for which he always had a remarkable taste.

There is little said in this book on his "conversion and call to the Christian ministry;" but of the fact no one can doubt. After his elaborate preparation, it was five years before he received a presentation to a vacant church. An earlier call he might have had, but he was too proud and too upright to avail himself of political influence for his ecclesiastical promotion. To improve the time, he went to Paris and studied anatomy and science at the Sorbonne, under Guy Lussac, Saint Hiliare, and other distinguished professors. He afterward entered his deceased brother's bank, in which he spent two busy years.

"I had gone through a more costly and complete preparation for the ministry than most men," writes Dr. Guthrie, "I had waited at the pool for five long weary years, and, but for God's sustaining hand and good providence, I had abandoned the profession in disgust." A neighbouring minister had died, the patron had recommended Mr. Guthrie's name to the Crown. After five months' delay, in consequence of the illness of King George IV., "by the Grace of God, Defender of the Faith, and Head of the Church," the warrant came to hand, but, by a strange mistake, drawn in favour of the dead man "in the room of the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, deceased." The long waited for presentation cost its subject sixty pounds—thirty for crown fees and thirty more for a dinner given to the Presbytery. At the dinner one of the ministers got drunk. It subsequently cost the Presbytery five hundred pounds and two years litigation to get the same unhappy man deposed for lying and drunkenness. Such were some of the beauties of the connection between Church and State.

Mr. Guthrie spent seven happy useful years in the rural parish of Arbirlot. Both manse and church were in a ruinous condition, the latter with an earthen floor, broken roof, and "as to stoves, they were never thought of—the pulpit had to keep the people warm." The Doctor tells some amusing stories of the penury of the Kirk ministers. One, working in his garden in his

ordinary beggar-like attire, was alarmed to see the carriage of "my lord," the patron of the parish, driving towards the manse. Too late to escape, the "canny minister" pulled his hat over his face, struck a rigid attitude with outstretched arms, and looked the *beau ideal* of a "scare-crow," or "potato bogle," till the carriage passed, then rushed to the manse by the back door and donned his Sunday coat to receive his guests.

Mr. Guthrie established Sabbath schools, cottage prayer-meetings, a parish library, a savings' bank, and Bible classes, and carefully prepared his sermons, acquiring that wonderful mastery of simple Saxon and happy illustration, that has carried his writings to the ends of the earth—to the Indian bungalow, the Australian shepherd's hut, and the log-cabins of the Canadian backwoods.

His commanding talents at length procured a call to Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh. He would not accept it till satisfied as to the evangelical character of his successor at Arbirlot. He plunged into zealous parish work in the crowded wynds of the ancient city. Rising at five o'clock, he worked at his desk till nine and spent much of the day in exploring the densely packed and fever-smitten tenement-houses of the Cowgate and Cannongate. During seven years of labour among the lapsed and lowest classes, where typhus fever always slumbered and sometimes raged, he seemed to bear a charmed life. He attributed his immunity to his always occupying a position between the open door and the patient, the disease germs being thus conveyed from him towards the fireplace. While trusting Providence, he used his common sense.

But it was not disease or death, but the starvation, the drunkenness, the rags, the heartless, hopeless wretchedness, both bodily and spiritual, of the people that wrung his soul. Hence he threw himself earnestly into the effort to establish Ragged Schools, and into the Temperance and National Education Reform. His "Plea for Ragged Schools," his first publication, a sixpenny pamphlet, in a few days brought him £700 for the philanthropic object on behalf of which it was written. "The City, its Sins and Sorrows," soon reached a sale of fifty thousand copies, and most powerfully touched the popular conscience.

With the great Disruption of 1843, Dr. Guthrie's name is intimately connected. That grand moral movement whereby five hundred ministers gave up manse and church and stipend, sacrificing an annual income of £100,000, going forth, like Abraham, not knowing whither they went, has no parallel in modern times, since that St. Bartholomew's day in 1662, when two thousand of their spiritual kinsmen forsook their livings rather than stain their consciences.

As in the old covenanting days, congregations assembled to hear the Word, in wind and rain, upon the bleak brae-side. But an impulse of popular sympathy was stirred, and during the very first year of its existence the sum of £363,871 was raised by the Free Church. Like a perennial fountain are the free-will gifts of an earnest people, as compared with the niggard doles of a State Church. The first Sunday after the disruption, Dr. Guthrie with his congregation found shelter in the Methodist church, and there he preached till his own new church was built. The sympathy of all the nonconformist Churches was warmly manifested, and thousands of pounds were contributed by them to the funds of the Free Church. As the result of his personal advocacy, Dr. Guthrie collected in one year the sum of £116,374 to provide manses for the expelled ministers.

This is how the Doctor became a total abstainer :

"He was travelling in Ireland on a wet and stormy day. According to the custom of the times the car drew up to a tavern door, and the party alighted to warm up with hot whisky. The ragged driver was charitably included in the invitation, but he would not taste the drink. Said he, 'Plaze your riv'rence, I'm a teetotaller, and I won't taste a drop of it.' The Dr. proceeds: 'Well, that stuck in my throat, and it went to my heart, and to my head. Here was an humble, uncultivated, uneducated Roman Catholic carman; and I said, If that man can deny himself this indulgence, why should not I, a Christian minister. I remembered that; and I have ever remembered it to the honour of Ireland. That circumstance, along with the scenes in which I was called to labour daily for years, made me a teetotaller.'"

And a valiant and vigorous advocate of Temperance he became. Some of his tracts circulated to the extent of half a million copies

and roused the nation like a trumpet-call to a sense of the enormity of this evil.

Dr. Guthrie's success as an editor was very great. *The Sunday Magazine* from the beginning became a power for righteousness in the nation, and the first year reached a circulation of ninety thousand copies. During his later years much of his time was spent in foreign travel, in search of rest and health. He was loved, honoured and revered by all, and as a special mark of the favour of his Sovereign, received a gracious command to attend the marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Louise at Windsor.

The closing year of his life was one of physical suffering, mitigated by the kindly sympathy of troops of friends and loving relations. Full of years and full of honours, like a ripe sheaf garnered home, he drew near his grave. In his supreme hour, what was the ground of his confidence? Simply that he was a sinner saved by grace: "A brand plucked from the burning," he softly whispered the last day of his life. Like Jacob leaning on his staff and breathing benedictions he passed away. Devout men carried him to his burial amid the tears of weeping thousands. But the most touching feature of all was the presence of two hundred children from the Ragged School, many of whom might have said, as one was heard to say, "He was all the father I ever knew."

CANADA.

God bless our native land !
By Thine Almighty hand
Ever defend.

Homage we yield to Thee !
Supreme from sea to sea,
Let Thy Dominion be—
In might extend.

God bless our native land !
Firm may Canada stand
For truth and right !
Long may our country be
Tranquil, happy, and free ;
Guarded, O Lord, by Thee—
Bless'd with light.

EVOLUTION, THE MODERN ATHEISM.

BY S. H. JANES, ESQ., M.A.

ATHEISM, essentially the same through all the ages, has been ever and anon assaulting the granite citadel of truth from new directions and with new weapons. At one time, it seeks to show that the volume of the sacred Scriptures contradicts itself, and thus contains internal evidence which proves that it is not what it professes to be,—a revelation of God to His creature, man. At another time, it assays to prove from history that there never lived a man upon the earth possessed of such a pure and elevated character as that attributed to Jesus Christ. It asserts that He was not a man possessing flesh and blood, but an ideal character made up of all the perfections of all that is good and noble in our nature. Again, truth receives a stab in the house of her professed friends, and Atheism seeks to show by mathematical calculations that the Pentateuch is a lie. But it is reserved for the high noon of the nineteenth century, when Christianity has won its most glorious victories; and for that land where its divine claims are most universally acknowledged, and whose people are its most zealous promoters and its most valiant defenders, for the most deadly assault of all to be made. In the full-orbed light of modern science, and in Protestant England, Atheism has again asserted itself—has declared that revealed religion is a fable; that the soul is deceived when it follows its own instincts as well as a divine direction, and seeks relief in prayer to its Maker; that the world and all things were not created by an intelligent First Cause; in a word, that there is no God in the universe who is at least “thinkable or knowable.” The new battle-ground is the domain of science, the new weapon is the theory of Evolution, the commander-in-chief is Darwin, the lieutenant-generals are Tyndall, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer, followed by a host of minor officers and infantry.

It is the solemn duty of men, professing belief in revealed religion, not only to unfurl the blood-stained banner of the Cross on distant shores, but also to be able to give a reason for the hope

that is in them, and to defend the grand old citadel from the deadly assaults of its foes. They are bound to beat the assailants on their own well-chosen ground and with their newly-invented weapons, or else to perish in the attempt.

It is a great, but, to some extent, a natural misfortune, that many well-meaning Christian people regard modern science with aversion, or at least with indifference. They look on all scientists as more or less opposed to the truths of the Bible. True science is not at variance with the verities of Christianity, nor are the majority of scientific men atheists or infidels. It is a pleasing thought, that it has been and is still the supreme delight of the best and most scholarly minds of the race to look through nature up to God, and to behold on every hand evidences of His intelligence, of His benevolence, as well as of His power. God intended that we should seek to know Him through His works—that we should search diligently for the great laws through which He governs the universe. The pursuit of science is a noble employment, as well as a solemn duty.

It is not unnatural that considerable alarm should be felt at the announcement of a doctrine that professes to account for the whole order of things without the intervention of a God, and which, if true, at once destroys the orthodox teachings of Christianity, and dooms man at death to perish as the beast or plant. For it must be distinctly remembered that if the Bible be true, the truths of science will harmonize with it, because He who is the author of the one is also the supreme architect of the other. Hence, the commanding importance of the most rigid and careful investigation of any theory or hypothesis that may appear to be subversive of Christianity, before it be announced, much less promulgated as truth, and mankind asked to accept it. We should pause before we attempt to destroy the faith of any man, and should, at least, be prepared to give him another and a better.

We are quite prepared to admit that no doctrine should be tried before the tribunal of its logical consequences. If the doctrine itself be true, the consequences will take care of themselves. Professor Huxley says:—"The logical consequences are very important, but in the course of my experience, I have found they were the scarecrows of fools and the beacons of wise men. . . ."

The only question for any man to ask is this: 'Is this doctrine true or is it false?'

This, then, is the question to be decided: Is the doctrine of Evolution true?

First, let us get a correct idea of what the doctrine is. We have no doubt Mr. Darwin, the founder of the theory, and by far the most profound scientist of his school, arrived at his early conclusions by a true scientific method. He observed from the study of natural history a principle of development or improvement of the type of a species. He set himself to collect and arrange facts bearing on this point. He found that there was a gradual progress upwards through the infinite ages of the past from the lowest to higher and yet higher forms of life, till, in the ascending scale, he reached man, the crowning work of all. He inferred that the law of nature was the law of development. He propounded his theory of Evolution somewhat timidly at first, and did not appear to try to make it account for everything. He started with germs containing the element or principle of life, which he admitted were created by God; and at the other end of the progression he did not try to make his theory account for the phenomena of mind. His followers, however, seize the hypothesis; believe it to be the truth, the whole truth, and follow it to its logical conclusions, and make it account for everything. They say from the beginning the molecules of matter possessed a principle, by the action of which they combine and re-combine from simple substances to compound—from inorganic to organic—from organic to mind itself.

We have to thank Professor Tyndall for his now celebrated address, delivered at Belfast in the fall of 1874, before the British Association, for this at least, that it is a full and formal statement and acceptance of the doctrine of Evolution with all its logical consequences. He says:—"Abandoning all disguise, the confession I feel bound to make before you is, that I prolong the vision backwards across the boundary of the experimental evidence and discover in that matter which we, in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every quality of life." "The doctrine of Evolution derives man

in his totality from the interaction of organism and environment through countless ages." Thus, not only all the forms of lower and higher vegetable and animal life, but the mind itself, with "all its emotions, intellect, will, and all their phenomena—all our philosophy, all our poetry, all our science, and all our art—Plato, Shakespeare, Newton"—all are supposed to be "latent and potential" in matter. The mind, therefore, being matter, or the result of the interaction of "free, smooth, round atoms" of matter, must perish with the body. Here we have a system that professes to account for everything without a God and without an hereafter.

Is this system true? We answer, no adequate evidence has been adduced to support it, and in most of the important particulars it utterly breaks down.

Why then, it may be asked, have so many accepted this hypothesis and abandoned the theory of creation with all its weight of evidence? We believe a partial answer, at least, may be found in the following considerations. The majority of men do not think for themselves, and are ever ready to run after any new doctrine. There is in the natural man, whether it be recognised or not, a principle of antagonism to revealed truth, and hence, a readiness to accept what appears to be opposed to it. Many thinking men, believing that the principle of development does obtain largely in nature, are at first captivated by the sophistry of the reasoning of the schools, and accept their statements upon the high authority of the men who make them. But this latter class, when the first flush of excitement has passed away, will calmly examine the evidence upon which these assertions are based, and will reject them if that evidence be not found sufficient. We believe this reaction has already set in, and we doubt not, in the process of time, this theory will share the fate of many that have preceded it, and will be cast aside as totally worthless to account for the whole order of things.

The method of reasoning adopted by these apostles of Evolution deserves to be particularly noted. We perceive truth by three distinct processes—by intuition, or the seeing power of the mind, which enables us to comprehend an axiom, such as that two and two are four; by deduction, as in mathematics, and by induc-

tion, which, from an orderly arrangement of facts, enables us to infer a principle. The latter, or Baconic method, belongs peculiarly to the domain of science. Indeed, science consists in the careful observance of the phenomena of nature and the orderly arrangement of the facts, and after great research in this direction, in inferring the laws that govern them, with ample provision for modification or extension as other observed phenomena may require. These inferred principles should not be regarded as anything else than hypotheses, till such time as they may have become thoroughly tested.

Evolutionists reverse this order. They build up hypotheses from, at least, a partial observance of phenomena, and then search for facts to support them, and rely largely, as Professor Tyndall intimates, on the "picturing power of the mind," or, as Mr. Herbert Spencer puts it, "having seen reason to *suppose*," and on this foundation of quicksand they proceed to build up the theory of Evolution. Professor Huxley in a similar way uses his beautiful illustration of a curve, whose elements have been determined in a world of observation and experiment, being prolonged into an antecedent world, we there, also, infer its true characteristics.

Far be it from us to ignore the use of the imagination in science. But when it comes to take the place of facts, and to be the foundation principally relied on to build a system that is calculated to dislodge the received beliefs of Christianity, "it is surely time," as Dr. McCosh pungently remarks, "to lay a restraint of a stringent kind upon the use, or rather abuse, of it in science." Dr. Charles Elam says:—"It is somewhat difficult to realize the idea" that this system of philosophy "is but a figment of the imagination, in direct support of which not one single fact in the whole range of natural history or palæontology can be adduced."

Of the whole school, as has been already said, Mr. Darwin adheres most closely to the true scientific method. He gives many most wonderful and interesting illustrations of the law of development; of the improvement of a species by the "survival of the fittest," and of the gradual ascent to higher types of life. We venture to suggest that this is an evidence of design, which leads us to infer that there must have been a Designer who has worked by

plan and for a definite object. But is it not strange, although we find this improvement in a species, and the gradual appearance of higher types of life as we descend through the ages from the infinite past, that not a single instance in the whole range of nature has been adduced, or, we believe, can be adduced, where the distinctive features of a species evolve or glide into the distinctive features of another or higher species. In other words, the distinctive features of every species are confined to that species, and in no case have the missing links been supplied which, if they could be produced, would go far to prove the truth of the theory. This is a most noteworthy fact. It does seem, then, as if Professor Huxley's arc of a circle is not an arc at all, but broken fragments, divided by chasms over which the theory of Evolution is made to play at the game of hop-skip-and-a-jump. As if to meet this very difficulty Mr. Spencer says, in reference to the theory of a special creation:—"No one ever saw a special creation; no one ever found proof of an indirect kind that a special creation had taken place." To this we reply, we do find from time to time the appearance of distinct types of life, and, as there can be no effect without a cause, their appearance is at least explained when we admit the existence of an eternal, intelligent, and omnipotent God.

Professor Tyndall, having accepted the theory of Evolution started by Mr. Darwin, and not being satisfied with his admission that the first germs of life were created by God, takes us back to the beginning when the universe consisted of "cosmic gas," and sees in the molecules or atoms of matter themselves "the promise and potency of every quality of life." Mr. Spencer goes so far as to intimate that there is only "one ultimate form of matter," and only one form of force, and that, the mechanical. This is certainly arriving at an unity in nature to an extent not before dreamed of. Evolutionists hint, indeed, that the atoms themselves may be endowed with consciousness, and that the phenomena of thought and feeling arise from the interaction of these atoms. They say, give us atoms, and all the phenomena of chemistry, of life, of mind—sensation, thought, affection—all the wonderful adaptation of means to ends, such as the marvellous mechanism of the eye with its retina and lenses and nerves

with its integuments and muscles, all conspiring to one end, viz., to receive the image and convey it to the brain—all will follow as effect follows cause, and could not be different. Yet, no one of these scientists ever saw an atom. They do not know their weight, size, or shape—do not know, indeed, of their actual existence. It is true it is generally believed that they do exist. This belief arises from the fact that we can take a piece of molar matter and divide it and subdivide it till the pieces become too small to be seen with the naked eye. We then call in the aid of the microscope, and continue the subdivision without reaching the end, and we are compelled by the law of thought to suppose, that if this subdivision could be carried on indefinitely, we would finally arrive at particles of matter which would be indivisible. These we call atoms.

The opinions of learned men vary materially as to atoms and their constitution. Leibnitz and Faraday suppose them to be centres of force. Others suppose them to be hard, impenetrable substances, possessing length, breadth, and thickness, and of definite and uniform shape. Professor Clark Maxwell thinks that, though their properties are unalterable and themselves indestructible, they are not "hard or rigid, but capable of internal movements." Dr. Chalmers says, though changes may go on in the heavens and in the earth, these atoms—"the foundation-stones of the material universe—remain unbroken and unworn. They continue this day as they were created, perfect in number, measure, and weight."

Is it not surprising, when so little is known of atoms, and opinions are so widely different as to their constitution, that a man of Professor Tyndall's experience and learning should make them the basis of his argument in support of a theory which is to upset all our received opinions? Is it not wonderful that in these atoms of which we know nothing he should see the promise and potency of every quality of life? We have no doubt, to arrive at such a result, he forsakes the realm of observation and experiment," and falls back on the "picturing power of the mind." He must not be disappointed if others choose to reject this kind of evidence. Some one has well said,

You will get 'out of atoms by Evolution exactly what you put into them by hypothesis, and nothing more.

It is acknowledged that the most important link in the theory of Evolution is in passing from the inorganic to the organic. If it can be established that living matter can be formed from non-living matter without the intervention of any other agent than chemical action, it will go a long way towards establishing the truth of the doctrine.

The lowest known organism evincing the phenomena of life is seaslime, or protoplasm. This is called the "Physical Basis of Life." This department Professor Huxley has taken under his particular charge. He says:—"Protoplasm is composed of ordinary matter, differing from it only in the manner in which its atoms are aggregated." It is composed of carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, into which it "breaks up" when its destiny is accomplished. He further says:—"Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen are all lifeless bodies. Of these carbon and oxygen unite, in certain proportions and under certain conditions, to give rise to carbonic acid; hydrogen and oxygen produce water; nitrogen and hydrogen give rise to ammonia. These new compounds, like the elementary bodies of which they are composed, are lifeless. But when they are brought together, under certain conditions, they give rise to a still more complex body, protoplasm, and this protoplasm exhibits the phenomena of life." He sees no difference in the various steps by which hydrogen and oxygen unite to form water and that by which carbonic acid, water, and ammonia unite to form protoplasm. This is very plain language, and if the fact be as stated, the chasm is easily bridged. But chemists tell us that these statements are at utter variance with the well-known facts of their science. They tell us that carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, are not the constituent parts of protoplasm, and in order to make it "break up" into these compounds nearly double the weight of oxygen has to be added. On the other hand, under no possible conditions, as far as are yet known, can living protoplasm be produced except when under the "immediate contact and influence of pre-existing and living protoplasm."

Nor is the process itself in any conceivable way similar to the chemical process by which hydrogen and oxygen unite to form water. In the latter case, if the electric spark be passed through a given weight of the two elements, they unite and disappear, and we have an exactly equal weight of water. But in the case of the protoplasm, the carbonic acid, water, and ammonia do not combine at all, but are decomposed and reunite by a process of which we know nothing, and a part of the oxygen, being eliminated, passes off, and we have not an equivalent weight of the new substance.

We are here brought face to face with a new principle which we call life, which we cannot produce, so far as is yet discovered, by any chemical or mechanical process, and of which we know nothing, except that its effects or manifestations are entirely different from anything met with in the inorganic world.

In speaking of the same subject Professor Tyndall says :—"The organism is played upon by the environment, and is modified to meet the requirements of the environment." Dr. McCosh very suggestively replies, "The difficulty is to get the organism which is to act on this environment."

The logical sequence of the theory of Evolution is to make the phenomena of sensation and thought simply automatic, and man an automaton and nothing more. This result is accepted by the school, and this department is especially presided over by Professor Huxley and Mr. Herbert Spencer.

We do not doubt that some actions may be accounted for in this way. Professor Huxley, in his Belfast address, adduces the case of a frog with the spinal cord severed at the base of the brain. In this condition he places it on his hand, and as he turns his hand the frog reaches out his claws and climbs up, and as the hand is turned on its edge the frog balances itself something as a rope-dancer does. But let the professor try the same experiment upon any warm-blooded animal, and the result will be instant death. It may be said that some actions of the frog or of man are automatic, but does it follow that all are to be thus explained? Will this theory account for the phenomena of love, hate—the affection of the mother for her child—the mental process by which the immortal Shakespeare gave to the world the

character of Hamlet, or the profound Newton solved his mathematical problems and demonstrated the law of gravitation? Can these phenomena be explained by the action of "smooth, round atoms" one upon the other? Are they but the "symbols" of the "interaction of organism and environment?"

Mr. Huxley defines man as a "conscious automaton endowed with free will." We confess, notwithstanding the scholarly attainments of the eminent scientist, we do not exactly comprehend what he means. We understand "free will" to be the power of choice, or the power to do as we like. If man has this power, he is not an automaton. That he has this power to do as he likes, we know, and no amount of mere argument can convince us to the contrary. I sit in my study—I decide to go to the post-office—I rise up and go out to the street—I then change my mind and decide not to go to the post-office till after lunch and I go back to my study again. In this I know I act thus because I *will* to do so; and I *know* because I have the evidence of my senses, which is the strongest kind of evidence. I see a certain object before me—a table. Some one tells me it is not a table, and by a process of reasoning tries to convince me it is a horse. I tell him it is a table because I see it with my own eyes, and experience convinces me that my eyes, at least in so simple a case, do not deceive me.

It is here, in the province of consciousness, that the theory of Evolution utterly breaks down, because its conclusions are here to be tried, not by mere argument that may or may not rest on a solid foundation, but by the actual experience of every intelligent mind.

What will Evolutionists do with that natural instinct in man that bids him to look for some power higher than himself which he can worship and to a state of existence beyond the present? The existence of such a belief no one can deny. It is as wide as the race; so much so, that no tribe has ever been found, however degraded and ignorant, without some trace of it. Nor can it be explained by the effect of "hereditary tendencies," because the natural man has ever been opposed to God and religion, and therefore desirous of eradicating such beliefs from the mind. It could not exist if man were a mere automaton

and if all the phenomena of his mind were the mere "symbols" of certain chemical or mechanical actions and inter-actions of molecules of matter. It can only be possible of explanation when we admit that there is a God and a hereafter—that He is the Creator of all things—that He has created man in His own image, and has planted this belief deep in the soul, in order to lead man up to know and love Him. We do see here, in this natural instinct of humanity, the "promise and potency" of a future life. Professor Tyndall himself is forced to acknowledge that "no atheistic reasoning can dislodge religion from the heart of man."

We cannot better close this hasty and imperfect glance at the doctrine of Evolution, and a few of the main arguments upon which its advocates rest their theory, than in the pertinent words of Dr. Charles Elam, to whom, with Dr. McCosh, we acknowledge our indebtedness in this paper. He says:—"If this doctrine . . . afford the only possible solution of the various problems of ontology, then it follows naturally and of necessity that matter is all-sufficient and that man is an automaton without spirit or spontaneity. Then is our immortality a dream; volition, choice, and responsibility are mere delusions; virtue, vice, right, and wrong are sounds without possible meaning, and education, government, reward, and punishment are illogical and mischievous absurdities. Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we shall be carbonic acid, water, and ammonia."

While we reject the theory of Evolution as utterly failing to account for everything, as is claimed for it, and in this wide sense as opposed to sound reasoning and fact, we at the same time do not wish it to be understood that we reject it as totally devoid of any truth. We believe it will be found, when the mists have been cleared away, that the researches of Mr. Darwin have added materially to the sum of our knowledge of nature, and that his discoveries have marked an epoch in the history of science. The doctrine of Evolution, when kept within certain bounds, is quite consistent with a belief in an intelligent First Cause; and we think it is one of the ways in which God has proceeded in the preparation of the earth for man. The principle of development is in perfect harmony with the generally received

opinions as to the formation of the earth and the solar system from a nebulous mass of matter—with what Geology teaches as to the gradual preparation of the earth for the appearance of life—with what Palæontology teaches as to the successive appearance of higher types of life—and with what Metaphysics teaches of the unfolding of the masterly mind of a Newton from the feebleness of an infant.

Shut out from the soul the belief in a personal and intelligent God, and man flounders in utter darkness and doubt, and on every hand he is confronted with enigmas which he cannot unravel; admit the belief, and at once a flood of light is thrown over nature, and things which appeared indistinct and without meaning, become clear and intelligible.

TORONTO, *Ont.*

THE PASSION.

BY PAUL FLORENS.

THE last, sad feast!
 One shall betray! With anxious brow
 Each asketh, "Is it I?" Yes, Judas, thou.

O'er Kedron's brook
 To Olive's foot, our Saviour then
 Passed silent with eleven holy men.

"Wait ye and watch,"
 In garden of Gethsemané
 What passion, bloody sweat, and agony!

"Watch ye and pray!"
 Alas! oppressed with sorrow deep,
 The time they should be watching, they do sleep.

"Can the cup pass?
 So man may reap the last reward,
 Not as I will, but as Thou wilt, O Lord."

If it can pass,—
 Thrice no!—Come then the cross and death;
 Th' acanthine crown precedes celestial breath.

LINDSAY, *Ont.*

THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

IV.

I SHOULD make a bad historian. I have never said a word about our journey home from London.

Not that there is much to tell, because, after all, we came from Bristol by sea, father and Hugh Spencer and I, and I was so full of the thought of home, that I did not observe anything particularly. The chief thing I remember is a conversation I had with Hugh.

It was a calm evening. Father had rolled himself up in his old military cloak with a foraging cap half over his eyes, and Hugh and I were standing by the side of the ship watching the trail of strange light she seemed to make in the waves. There was no one else on deck but the man at the helm and an old sailor mending some ropes by the last glimmerings of daylight, and humming in a low voice to himself what seemed like an attempt at a psalm tune.

"Do you know what he is singing?" Hugh asked.

"Not from the tune. I do not see how anyone could; but the quaverings seem of a religious character, like what the old people sing in the church."

"It is a Methodist hymn," Hugh said. "He said it through to me this morning." Hugh always has a way of getting into the confidence of workmen, especially of seafaring people. The old man had been in the ship which took Mr. John Wesley and Mr. Charles Wesley to America. Several religious people were there also from Germany, going out as missionaries. They called themselves Moravians. At first he despised them all for a foolish psalm-singing set. But they encountered a great storm on the Atlantic, and the old sailor said he should never forget the fearless calm among these Christian people during the danger. "It was," he said, "as if they had fair weather of God's making around them, the skies as foul as they might." He could never rest until he found out their secret. When he went ashore he attended the Methodist meetings everywhere, "and now," he said, "thank the

Lord and Parson Wesley, my feet are on the Rock aboard or ashore."

"These Methodists find their way everywhere, Hugh," I said. "It does seem as if God blessed their work more than anyone's."

"And what wonder," he said; "who work as they do?"

"But so many people—even good people—appear to be afraid of them," I said. "Are they not sometimes too violent? Do they not sometimes make mistakes?"

"No doubt they do," he said. "All the men who have done great and good work in the world have made mistakes, as far as I can see. It is only the easy, cautious people who sit still and do nothing who make no mistakes, unless," he added, "their whole lives are one great mistake, which seems probable."

And then he told me something of what he had seen in the world and at Oxford; how utterly God seemed forgotten everywhere; how scarcely disguised infidelity spoke from the pulpits, and vices not disguised at all paraded in high places; how in the midst of this John and Charles Wesley had stood apart, and resolved to live to serve God and do good to men; how they had struggled long in the twilight of a dark but lofty mysticism, until they had learned to know how God has loved us from everlasting, and loves us now, and how Christ forgives sins now; and then, full of the joyful tidings, had gladly abandoned all the hopes of earthly ambition for the glorious ambition of being ambassadors for Christ to win rebellious and wretched men back to Him.

"Morning, noon, and evening," he said, "John Wesley goes about proclaiming the tidings of great joy in Ireland, America throughout England, among colliers, miners, and slaves; in prisons to condemned criminals; in hospitals, to the sick; in market-places, pelted with stones; in churches, threatened with imprisonment; reviled by clergymen, assaulted by mobs, and arraigned by magistrates. They go on loving the world that casts them out, and constantly drawing souls out of the world to God to be blessed."

"It seems like the apostles," I said. "It is wonderful."

"Kitty," he said fervently, "when I think, I can *not* wonder at it. The wonder seems to me that we should wonder at it so much. If we believe the Bible at all; if not now and then

some strange chance, but steadily, surely, incessantly, the whole world of living men and women are passing on to death, sinking into unutterable woe or rising into infinite inconceivable joy; and if we have it in our power to tell them the truths, which, if they believe them, really will make all the difference to them forever, if we find they really will listen, what is there to be compared with the joy of telling these truths? And the people do listen to Whitefield and Wesley. Think what it must be to see ten thousand people before you smitten with a deadly pestilence, and to tell them of the remedy—the immediate remedy, which never failed. Think what it must be to stand before thousands of wretched slaves with the ransom-money for all in your hand, and the title-deeds of an inheritance for each. Think what it must be to see a multitude of haggard, starving men and women before you with the power such as our Lord had of supplying them all with bread here in the wilderness, and to see them one by one pressing to you and taking the bread and eating it, and to see the dull eye brightening, colour returning to the wan cheek, life to the failing limbs. Think what it would be to go to a crowd of destitute orphans and to be able to say to each of them, ‘It is a mistake, you are *not* fatherless. I have a message for every one of you from your own Father, who is waiting to take you to His heart.’ Oh! Kitty, if there is such a message as this to take to all the poor, sorrowing, bewildered, famished, perishing men and women in the world, and if you can get them to listen and believe it, is it any wonder that any man with a heart in him should think it the happiest lot on earth to go and do it, night and day, north and south, in the crowded market-places, and in every neglected corner where there is a human being to listen?”

“I think not, indeed,” I said; “but the difficulty seems to me to get people to believe that they are orphans, and slaves, and famishing.”

“That is what Whitefield and the Wesleys do,” he said. “Or whether they made them understand that the faintness every one feels at times is hunger, and that there is bread; that the cramping constraint, the uneasy pressure we so often feel, are from the fetters of a real bondage, and that they can be struck off; that the bewildered, homeless desolation so many are conscious of is the

desolation of orphanhood, and that we have a Father who has reconciled us to Himself through the blood of the Cross."

As Hugh spoke, a selfish anxiety crept over me, and I said,—

"Shall *you* go then, Hugh, and forsake everything to tell the good tidings far and wide?"

"If I am called," he said, "*must* I not go?"

There was a long silence, the waves plashed around us and closed in after us as we cut through them, with a sound which in the morning light would have been crisp and fresh, and exhilarating; now, in the dimness and stillness of night, it seemed to me strange, and dull, and awful.

Then Hugh began to be afraid I felt the night air chill, and brought me a little seat, and placed it at father's side, and wrapped me up in all the warm wraps he could find. And we neither of us said anything more that night.

I have had a great pleasure to-day. A letter from Cousin Evelyn, the first letter I ever received, except two from mother in London; and the very first I ever received at home from anyone.

It would have reached me before, only it had met with many misadventures.

The King's mail had been robbed on Hounslow Heath; the postman had been wounded in the fray, and this had caused a delay of some days. Then there had been a flood over some part of the road, which had swept away the bridges; and finally, when the letter reached Falmouth, the farmer's lad, to whose care it had been committed, forgot for whom it was meant, and not being able to read, judiciously carried it back to the post-office nearest him.

The unusual clatter of horse's hoofs had brought father into the court, and nothing would satisfy him but that the bearer should have his horse put up and remain to dinner with us. And then he had much to tell that interested father and Jack.

Father heard his narrative with very mingled emotions. He was cheered to think that the Duke of Cumberland had put down "those canting Scotch;" but his satisfaction was diminished by the military successes of those "rascally French."

He sympathized with the London mob who, when the Hanoverian court-lady deprecated their wrath by exclaiming in apologetic tones from her carriage-window, "My dear people we come for all your goods," retorted, "Yes, and for our chattels too."

But his spirits were again depressed by hearing of Methodist lay preachers, who drew crowds around them in every county, from Northumberland to the Land's End. "Sir," he said, "in *my* time we should have made quick work with idle fellows who left the plough, or the mason's trowel, or the tailor's goose, to preach whatever canting trash they pleased. We should have dispersed the congregation, sir, at the point of the bayonet, and set the preacher in the stocks to meditate on his next sermon. Sir, the Papists manage to keep down such seditious fanatics; and shall we be *outdone* by the Papists?"

"No doubt, sir," replied the stranger; "but would you believe it, on my way here I met a fellow who is reported to be one of the worst among them, John Nelson, the Yorkshireman, who told me he had met Squire Trevelyman, and that he was a most hospitable gentleman; for he had given him the pasty he was carrying for his own dinner, and had invited him to take his bread-and-cheese and beer at his house whenever he came that way."

Father looked perplexed for a moment at the contrast between his fierce denunciations against the Methodists in general, and his tolerance of the only Methodist he had encountered in particular, but he soon rallied.

"Sir," he said, "that fellow is a true-born Englishman, as true to the Church and King as you or I. A fellow, too, with such a chest and such muscle as would be worth the King a troop of those beggarly Hessians you spoke of. And he had been knocked down and trampled on by a mob of cowardly ruffians just before I saw him. Sir, they knocked him down, and beat and kicked him till the breath was well-nigh out of him, and his head bleeding; and then they dragged him along the stones by the hair of his head, and would have thrown him into a draw-well, but for a high-spirited woman who stood by the well and pushed several of the cowardly bullies down. I would take off my hat to that woman as soon as to the King. And then he got up and very soon mounted his horse again, and rode forty miles that very day

as if nothing had happened. Sir, it is not in any Englishman, least of all in an old soldier of the Duke's, not to honour that brave fellow. Besides, he was hungry ; and would you have a Cornish gentleman turn a hungry traveller from his door ? Not if he were the Pope himself, or the Pretender ! Is it my fault if he preaches what the parsons don't like on the strength of my pasty ? That fellow is no hypocrite, sir ; I give my word of honour for it. A fellow with such a stout heart, and chest, and the voice of a lion ! Besides," continued father softly, with some reserve, "I assure you what he said to me afterwards was excellent ; none of your canting phrases, but plain sense about believing in our Saviour and doing our duty. Upon my honour," continued father with increasing earnestness, "I felt the better for it. He said very plain things to me, such as a man does not often hear ; things, sir, that we shall all have to remember one day ; and I feel grateful to the man for his honest, faithful words, and I trust I shall not forget them. An old soldier has not a few things he might be glad to unlearn, and would like to be sure will not be remembered against him."

The simple humility and earnestness of father's manner put a stop to all further jesting ; and before long the stranger, respectfully saluting him, went off with Jack to saddle his horse, and I was free to fly to my chamber and open

COUSIN EVELYN'S LETTER.

"My dearly-beloved Cousin Kitty,—I suppose you have no more idea how we missed your dear, tender, soft, quiet, quaint, wise, comfortable, little self, than a fire has how cold the room is when it goes out.

"I would give all I have in the world to carry with me the fresh air you bring everywhere ! There is something about you as much sweeter and more exhilarating than all the wit, and fashion, and cleverness of our London world, as the country air on a spring morning is sweeter than all the perfumes of a London drawing-room. What is it, Kitty, except that you are just your natural sweet self ? Yes, there is no perfume like freshness ! and there is no moral or mental perfume like truth !

"And that is just the explanation of some of my difficulties, Cousin Kitty; for I *have* my difficulties Kitty. Life—I mean the inner, religious life—is not so smooth to me as you may think, as I thought it must be always henceforth when I heard that wonderful sermon of Mr. Whitefield's. Or rather, it is not so plain. For I did expect roughnesses, more, perhaps, than I have met with; but I did not expect perplexities such as I feel.

"My difficulties are not interesting, elevating difficulties, Kitty, such as would draw forth sweet tears of sympathy and smiles of tender encouragement at some of the religious tea parties. No one has taken the trouble to make me a martyr. I should rather have enjoyed a little more of that, which is, perhaps, the reason I have not had it. Mamma was a little uneasy at first; but when she found I did not wish to dress like a Quaker or to preach publicly from a tub, she was relieved, and seems rather to think me improved. Harry says all girls are sure to run into some folly or another, if they don't marry, and probably even if they do; and some new whim is sure soon to drive out this. Papa says women must have their amusements; and if I like going to see the old women at the manor, and taking them broth and reading them the Bible, better than riding a thousand miles for a wager, as a young lady did the other day, he thinks it is the more sensible diversion of the two. His mother gave the people broth and bitters, and probably they like the Bible better than the bitters. I am a good child on the whole, he says; and if I ride to the meet with him in the country, and give myself no sanctimonious airs, he cannot object to my amusing myself as I like in town. Indeed, he said one day he thought Lady Huntingdon's preachings were far better things for a young woman to hear than the scandalous nonsense those Italian fellows squalled at the opera. But, Kitty, although he talks so lightly, do you know, the other evening, as he had taken his candle and was kissing me good-night he said,—

"By the way, Eve, if you don't fancy going with me all the way to-morrow, I'll drop you at the gamekeeper's lodge beyond the wood. His old woman is very ill, and she says you told her something that cheered her heart up; so you might as well go again. She is an honest old soul, and she says you reminded her

of your Aunt Maud who died, and she was a good woman, if ever there was one.'

"So you see, Cousin Kitty, I have little chance of martyrdom.

"My difficulties are from the religious people themselves. There seems to me so much fashion, so much phraseology, so much cutting and shaping, as if the fruits of the Spirit were to be artificial wax fruits, instead of real, living, natural fruits.

"I find it difficult to explain myself. What I feel is, that religious people, no doubt from really high motives, are apt to become unnatural—to lose spontaneousness.

"I do not see this in Mr. Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon, or in Aunt Jeanie, nor, my sweet cousin, in you. Lady Huntingdon is a queen, no doubt; but we must have kings and queens. But it is the *followers* of Mr. Whitefield, the ladies who form Lady Huntingdon's court, that trouble me in this way.

"I feel sometimes in those circles as if I were being put in a mortar and pestled into a sweetmeat; as if all the natural colour in me were being insensibly toned down to the uniform gray; as if all the natural tones of my voice were being in spite of me pitched to a chant, like the intoning of the Roman Catholic priests. It is very strange this tendency all religious schools seem to have towards monotone and uniform, from the Papists to the Quakers. And in the Bible it seems to me, there is as little of it as in nature.

"The following of Christ is freedom, expansion, and growth. The following of his followers is copying, imitation, contraction. And it is to the following of Christ, close, *always*, with nothing and no person between, that we are called, all of us, the youngest, the weakest, and meanest. You and I, Kitty! as well as Lady Huntingdon, and Mr. Whitefield, and Wesley, and St. Paul.

"And Christ our Lord, if we yield ourselves honestly, wholly to Him, will develop our hearts and souls from within, *outward* and upward from the root, which is *growing*; instead of our having to trim and clip them from outside inward, which is *stunting*. He will give to each seed 'His own body.' Is it not true, Kitty? I want very much to have a talk with you, for I cannot find other people's thoughts and ways fit me, any more than their

clothes; and I want to know how much of this is wrong, and how much is right.

"An opportunity occurred the other day of going to hear Mr. John Wesley preach at the Foundery. The sermon seemed made for me. It was on evil-speaking; and very pungent and useful I found it I assure you.

"Such an angelic face, Kitty!—the expression so calm and lofty, the features so refined and defined, regular and delicate, just the face that makes you sure his mother was a beautiful woman. Yet there is nothing feminine about it, unless as far as an angel's face may or must be partly feminine. Eyes not appealing but commanding; the delicate mouth firm as a Roman general's; self-control, as the secret of all other control, stamped on every feature. If anything is wanting in the face and manner, it seemed to me just that nothing was wanting—that it was too angelic. You could not detect the weak, soft place, where he would need to lean instead of to support. He seemed to speak almost too much from heaven; not, indeed, as one that had not known the experiences of earth (there was the keenest penetration and deepest sympathy in his words), but as one who had surmounted them all. The glow on his countenance was the steady sunlight of benevolence, rather than the tearful, trembling, intermittent sunshine of affection, with its hopes and fears. The few lines on his brow were the lines of effective thought not of anxious solicitude. If I were on a sick-bed in the ward of a hospital, I should bask in the holy benevolent look as in the smiles of an angel; but I do not know that he would (perhaps could) be tenderer if I were his sister at home.

"I should like to hear Mr. Wesley preach every Sunday; he would send me home detected in my inmost infirmities, unmasked to myself, humbled with the conviction of sin, and inspired with the assurance of victory.

"And yet if on Monday I came to ask his advice in a difficulty, I am not quite sure he would understand me. I am not sure that he would not come nearer my heart in the pulpit than in the house; that while he makes me feel singled out and found out, as if I were his only hearer in the crowd, if I were really alone with him I should not feel that he regarded me rather as a unit

in 'the great multitude no man can number,' than as myself, and no one else.

"These wonderful Wesleys, Kitty! I do think they are like the apostles more than any people that ever lived; at least on the side on which they were apostles. I cannot yet get over the feeling that St. Paul or St. John, and certainly St. Peter, would have been easier to ask advice from about little home-difficulties.

"I hear Mr. John Wesley preach, and read those deep heart-stirring hymns of his brother Charles with a greater interest now that I know what their father's house was like; what a pure, sweet stream of home memories flows round their lofty devotion to God. And this devotion seems quite unreserved. When Mr. John Wesley's income was thirty pounds a year, he spent twenty-eight and gave away two. Now that it is one hundred and twenty, he still spends twenty-eight and gives away ninety-two.

"The return he made of his plate lately to the tax collectors was, 'Two silver spoons, one in London and one in Bristol.'

"What wonders one man may do, without vanity and covetousness; and with a sufficient motive! Yet his dress is at any time, they say, neat enough for any society, except when some of the mobs, who have frequently attacked him, but never injured him, may have considerably ruffled his attire. His temper they could never ruffle; and in the end, his unaffected benevolence, his Christian serenity and gentlemanly composure are sure to overcome. The ringleaders more than once have turned round on their followers and dared them to touch the parson. His calm, commanding voice has been heard. Silence has succeeded to hootings, and sobs to silence, and Hugh Spencer says there is scarcely a place where the Methodists have been assailed by mobs where, from the very dregs of these very mobs, men and women have not been rescued, and found, not long after, 'sitting clothed and in their right mind,' at the feet of the Saviour.

"Mr. Whitefield is very different. Any one can understand why the Wesleys should do great things, especially Mr. John. He is a man of such will and power, such strong practical sense and determination, so nobly trained in such a home. But Mr. Whitefield's strength seems to be obviously not in him but in the

truth he speaks. His early home, an inn at Bristol, his early life spent in low occupations among low companions, his one great gift, suited, one would have thought, more to a theatre than a pulpit. But his whole heart is on fire with the love of Christ and the love of perishing immortal men and women. And he has the great gift of making people listen to the message of God's infinite grace. The message does the rest. And *what* it does, Kitty, I can hardly write of without tears.

"He tells people all over the world—morning, noon, and night, every day of his life—duchesses, wise men, colliers, and outcasts (as he told me), that we have a great burden on our hearts; and we know it. He tells us that burden is *sin*; and whether we knew it or not before, we know, when he says so, it is true. He weeps and tells us that unless that great burden is lifted off *now*, it will never be lifted off, but will crush us down and down forever; and half his audience weep with him. He tells us it *can* be lifted off *now, here, this instant*; we may go away from that spot, unburdened, forgiven, rejoicing, reconciled to God, without a thing in time or eternity to dread any more; the burden of terror exchanged for an infinite wealth of joy, the debt of guilt into a debt of everlasting gratitude. And then, just as the poor stricken hearts before him, each hanging on his eloquent words as if he were pleading with each alone, begin to thrill with a new hope; he shows us *how* all this can be. He shows us (or God reveals to us), Christ, the Lamb of God, the Son of God fainting under the burden of our sin, yet bearing it all away. And we forget Mr. Whitefield, the congregation, time, earth, ourselves, everything but the Cross, to which he has led us, but that suffering, smitten, dying Saviour at whose feet we stand.

"Kitty, I believe Mr. Whitefield has brought this unutterable joy to thousands and thousands, and that he lives for nothing else but to bring it to thousands more. And this whole generation must pass away before his sermons can be coolly criticised, or his name uttered in any large assembly of Christian people without bringing tears to many eyes.

"Before finishing, I must tell you of a conversation which took place to-day.

"This morning two gentlemen who were calling on papa were lamenting the degeneracy of the times.

"One was an old general, and he said,—

"We have no heroes now—not a great soldier left. Since Marlborough died not an Englishman has appeared who is fit to be more than a general of division. There is neither the brain to conceive great plans, nor the will to execute them, nor the dash which so often changes reverses into victories.'

"My great-uncle, a Fellow of Brazenose, took up the wail. 'No, indeed,' he said; 'the ages of gold and iron and brass are over; the golden days of Elizabeth and Shakespeare, and the scattered Armada, the iron of the Revolution (for rough as they were, these men were iron); the brass of the Restoration; and now we have nothing to do but to beat out the dust and shavings into tinsel and wire.'

"We have plenty of wood at least for gallows,' interposed my brother Harry. 'Cart-loads of men are taken every week to Tyburn. I saw one myself yesterday.'

"For what crimes?' asked the general.

"One for stealing a few yards of ribbon; another for forging a draught for £50,' said Harry.

"Ah,' sighed the general, 'we have not even energy left to commit great crimes?'

"Then,' resumed my great-uncle, 'what authors or artists have we worth the name? Pope, Swift, and Addison, Wren and Kneller,—all are gone. We have not amongst us a man who can make an epic march, or a satire bite, or a cathedral stand, or picture or a statue live. Imitators of imitations, we live at the fag-end of time, without great thinkers, or great thoughts, or great deeds to inspire either.'

"There is a little bookseller called Richardson, who, the ladies say, writes like an angel,' observed my brother Harry; 'and Fielding at all events is a gentleman, and knows something of men and manners.'

"And pretty men and manners they are from what I heard was my great-uncle's dolorous response. 'But what are these at best? Not worth the name of literature; frippery for a lady's

drawingroom,—no more to be called literature than these mandarins or monsters are to be called sculpture.'

"'Mr. Handel's music has some life in it,' replied Harry, roused to opposition (although Harry does not know 'God save the Queen' from 'Rule Britannia!').

"'Yes, that is all we are fit for,' was the cynical reply,—'to put the great songs of our fathers to jingling tunes. We sit stitching tinsel fringes for the grand draperies of the past, and do not see that all the time we are no better than tailors working at our own palls.'

"'Besides,' resumed the old general, 'Handel is no Englishman. The old British stock is dying out, sir. We have not even wit to put our forefathers' songs to music, nor sense to sing them when that is done. We have nothing left but money to pay Germans to fight for us, and Italians to scream for us.'

"'And that is going as fast as it can,' interposed papa. 'What public man have we, Whig or Tory, who would not sell his country for a pension, or his soul for a place?'

"'Soul, nephew!' said my great-uncle. 'You are using words grown quite obsolete. Who believes in such a thing as the salvation or perdition of the soul in these enlightened times?'

"'The Methodists do, at any rate, sir,' replied Harry, maliciously; 'and Lady Huntingdon, and my sister Evelyn, and my Cousin Kitty.'

"Harry had drawn all the forces of the enemy on him at once by this assault.

"'Sir,' said papa, 'I beg henceforth you never couple your sister's or your cousin's name with those low fanatics. If Evelyn occasionally likes longer sermons than I can stand, she is a dutiful child, and costs me not a moment's anxiety, which is more than can be said for every one; and if she visits the old women at the Manor, so did her grandmother, who lived before a Methodist had been heard of.'

"'Methodists!' exclaimed the general, indignantly; 'it was only the other day I was told of one of them, John Nelson, who was enlisted by force, and who would have made as fine a soldier as the King has, but for his confounded Methodism. They actually had to let him off, lest he should bite the other fellows,

and make them all as mad as himself. Why, sir, he actually reproved the officers for swearing, and in such a respectful way, *the cunning fellow, they could do nothing to him*; and when an ensign had him put in prison, and threatened to have him whipped, he seemed as happy there as St. Paul himself. The people came to him night and day to hear him speak and preach. The infection of his fanatical religion spread in every town through which they took him. They could find nothing by which they might keep hold of him; for he was no Dissenter; he professed to delight to go to church more than anything, and to receive the sacrament. And the end of it was, the major had to set him free; and actually was foolish enough to say, if he preached again without making a mob, if he was able, he would go and hear him himself; and he wished all the men were like him. A most dangerous rascal,—a fellow with the strength of a lion and the courage of a veteran; and yet he would rather preach than fight. I would make short work with such fellows, if I had Tyburn for a few days in my own hands, with a troop of Marlborough's old soldiers.'

“‘It would be of no use, sir,’ replied Harry; ‘they would beat you even at Tyburn. I saw a man hung there yesterday as peacefully as if he had been ascending the block for his country or his king. He said, Mr. John Wesley had visited him in the prison, and taught him how to repent of his sins and seek his God, and made him content to die. The people were quite moved, sir.’

“‘No doubt! the people are always ready enough to be moved, said the general, ‘especially by any rogue who is on the point of being hanged. These things should be met silently, sharply, decisively.’

“‘The Pope has tried that before now, sir,’ I ventured to suggest, ‘and not found it altogether answer,—at least not in England.’

“‘True, Evelyn,’ said my great-uncle, meditatively. ‘These outbursts of fanaticism are like epidemics: they will have their time, and then die out. In the Middle Ages, whole troops of men and women used to march through the country, wailing and scourging themselves, and in the wildest state of excitement; but

it was let alone, and it passed off; and so it will be with Methodism, no doubt.'

"'But, uncle,' I said, 'those Methodists do not scourge themselves nor any one else. They only preach to the people about sin, and the judgment-day, and our Saviour.'

"'And the people sob, and scream, and faint, and fall into convulsions,' said Harry, turning on me.

"'Of course,' said my great-uncle, 'we are not Papists. Fanaticism will take another form in Protestant countries; and as to ignorant men preaching about sin and the judgment-day, what have they to do with it? I preached them a sermon on that subject myself last Lent, in St. Mary's, and no one sobbed, or fainted, or was at all excited.'

"'But, uncle,' I said, 'the people who are to be hanged at Tyburn, and the Yorkshire colliers, cannot come to hear you at St. Mary's.'

"'However little it might excite them!' interposed Harry.

"'Is it not a good thing, uncle,' I continued, 'that some one, however imperfectly, should preach to the people who can't come to hear you at St. Mary's, or who won't?'

"'Preach in the fields to those who won't come to church to be taught!' said my great-uncle; 'the next thing will be to take food to the people at home who won't come to the fields to work, and beg them to be so kind as to eat!'

"'But, dear uncle,' I said, 'the worst of it is, the people who are dying for want of this kind of food don't know it is hunger they are fainting from. You must take them the food before they know it is that they want.'

"'Nonsense, Evelyn,' he said; 'if they don't know, they ought. I have no notion of pampering and coaxing criminals and beggars in that way. Everything in its place. The pulpit for sermons, and Tyburn for those who won't listen. But how should young women understand these things? There is poor John Wesley, as orderly and practical a man as ever was seen before he was seized with this insanity or imbecility. The times are very evil; the world is turned upside down; and this fanatical outburst of Methodism is one of the worst symptoms of the

times. It is the growth on the stagnant pond,—the deadly growth of a corrupt and decaying age.’

“But, oh! Cousin Kitty, when the world was turned upside down seventeen hundred years ago, in that corrupt and decaying age of ancient times, people found at last it was only as a plough turns up the ground for a new harvest.

“And sometimes when I hear what Mr. Hugh Spencer tells me of the multitudes thronging to listen to Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Wesley, and the other preachers in America and Wales, and among the Cornish miners, and the colliers of the north, and the slaves in the West Indies, and of hearts being awakened to repentance and faith and joy even in condemned cells, it seems to me as if instead of *death* a new tide of *life* was rising and rising through the world everywhere, bursting out at every cranny and crevice; as in spring the power of the green earth bursts up even through the crevices of the London paving-stones, through the black branches of the trees in deserted old squares, through the flower in the broken pot in the sick child’s window, making every wretched corner of the city glad with some poor tree or blossom, or plot of grass of its own. But the dead tree, alas! crackles in the wind,—the life-bringing spring wind,—and wonders what all this stir and twittering is about, and means drily that it is the longest winter the world ever saw, and that it will never be spring again.

“As I did once, and for so long!—

“But we have come, have we not, to the Fountain of Life, and this tide of life is not around us only, it is within us, and sometimes the joy is so great it seems quite too great to bear alone!

“I should like to see you all one day, Kitty, and I *must*, if only to tell Aunt Trevelyan all you have been to your loving cousin,

“EVELYN BEAUCHAMP.

“P. S.—Mamma and I are so much together now, Kitty, I read to her hours together. Every morning, before she gets up, I read the Bible to her; and the other day, when I was a little later than usual, she pointed to her watch, and said in a disappointed tone,—

“You are late, Evelyn, we shall scarcely have any time;’ and this very morning she said,—

“I shall be glad when Lent comes. I am tired of seeing so many people, and you and I, child, shall have more time for each other then.’

“And, then she looked just as she did on that night in the old nursery at Beauchamp Manor when she was watching by Harry’s sick-bed and mine.”

When I read Evelyn’s letter to mother, she said,—

“She seems much delighted with the Methodists, Kitty. It seems to me a little dangerous for so young a woman to have such strong opinions. And I do not quite like her comparing her great-uncle to a dead tree in a London square. It does not seem respectful or kind. I am afraid she has learned that from the Methodists. I do not like young people to judge their elders in that way. But, poor child, she seems to have had her own way too much, and she is affectionate, and so fond of you, Kitty. I am glad you love each other. Kitty, I am afraid you must have tried her patience sorely with your long stories of your home. She seems to know all about us. But I am very much afraid of those Methodists. I cannot think what we want of a new religion. St. Paul says, though an angel from heaven were to preach another gospel to us, we must not listen to him. What has Mr. Wesley to say that the Bible and the Prayer Book do not say,—and Thomas a Kempis and Bishop Taylor? Betty went to hear the Methodists, and since then, for the first time in her life, she has twice spoilt the Sunday’s dinner in cooking it. Evelyn, perhaps, has learned some good things from these people, but my Kitty will not want any other religion than that she has learned from her childhood,—in her Bible, and from the Church, and in this little closet from her mother’s lips. Only more of it, Kitty —more faith, and hope, and charity, more than I have ever had, or perhaps can hope to have, *more*, but not *something else*.”

I could only assure mother, what I feel so deeply, that I could never wish for anything but to grow year by year more like what she is.

STABAT MATER.*

A HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

STABAT mater dolorosa,
 Juxta Crucem lacrymosa,
 Dum pendebat filius ;
 Cujus animam gementem,
 Contristantem et dolentem
 Pertransivit gladius.

At the Cross, her station keeping,
 Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
 Where He hung, the dying Lord ;
 For her soul of joy bereavèd,
 Bowed with anguish, deeply grievèd,
 Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

O quam tristis et afflicta
 Fuit illa benedicta
 Mater unigeniti ;
 Quæ mœrebat 'et dolebat
 Et tremebat, dum videbat
 Nati pœnas inclyti.

Oh, how sad and sore distressèd
 Now was she, that Mother blessèd
 Of the sole-begotten One ;
 Deep the woe of her affliction
 When she saw the Crucifixion
 Of her ever-glorious Son.

Quis est homo, qui non fletet,
 Matrem Christi si videret,
 In tanto supplicio ?
 Quis non posset contristari,
 Piam matrem contemplari
 Dolentem cum filio !

Who, on Christ's dear Mother gazing,
 Pierced by anguish so amazing,
 Born of woman, would not weep ?
 Who, on Christ's dear Mother thinking,
 Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
 Would not share her sorrows deep ?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
 Vidit Jesum in tormentis
 Et flagellis subitum ;
 Vidit suum dulcem natum
 Morientem, desolatum,
 Dum emisit spiritum.

For His people's sins chastisèd
 She beheld her Son despisèd, [twined ;
 Scourged, and crowned with thorns ea-
 Saw Him then from judgment taken,
 And in death by all forsaken,
 Till His Spirit He resigned.

Eia Jesu, fons amoris !
 Me sentire vim doloris
 Fac, ut tecum lugeam ;
 Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
 In amando Christum Deum,
 Ut sibi complaceam.

Jesu, may such deep devotion
 Stir in me the same emotion,
 Fount of love, Redeemer kind,
 That my heart, fresh ardour gaining
 And a purer love attaining,
 May with Thee acceptance find.

*This celebrated hymn was written by Jacopone da Todi, a Franciscan monk, of noble Umbrian family, in the thirteenth century.

WORTHIES OF EARLY METHODISM.

SUSANNA WESLEY.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE record of woman's work and woman's influence in the Christian Church forms one of the noblest and most inspiring chapters in its history. From none did our Lord receive more hallowed ministration or kinder sympathy than from the sisters of Bethany and those loving women who, lingering longest at the cross and visiting earliest the sepulchre, first communicated the tidings of His resurrection to His incredulous disciples. Among the earliest converts and most devoted adherents of St. Paul were those faithful women who ministered unto him in the Gospel — Phœbe and Lydia, and Priscilla, and Persis, and Tryphena, and Tryphosa, and, doubtless, many another, whose name, unrecorded on earth, is written in the Book of Life. The names, too, of Helena, of Monica, of Eusebia, of Paula, of Marcella, with others of lesser note, though not of inferior piety and zeal, in early ecclesiastical history, will remain forever an inspiration and a spell of power in the Christian Church.

And no branch of the Church has been richer in holy and devoted women than has Methodism. To mention only a few of the illustrious names of its early years, we have Susanna Wesley; Selina, Countess of Huntingdon; Lady Maxwell; Mary Fletcher; Grace Murray; Dinah Evans, the heroine of "Adam Bede;" * Elizabeth Walbridge, immortalised by Legh Richmond in that Christian classic, "The Dairyman's Daughter;" and Barbara Heck, the real foundress of Methodism on this continent, whose ashes slumber in a quiet graveyard of our Canadian Methodist Church.

Of these, one of the most notable and most influential on the destiny of Methodism, of which she was indeed the virtual

* Miss Evans, now Mrs. G. H. Lewes, is herself a relative of Seth Evans, commemorated in "Adam Bede."

foundress, was Susanna Wesley.* She fulfils the poet's ideal of true womanhood :—

A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

In the quiet rectory of Epworth, often amid straitened circumstances and manifold household cares, she moulded the character of those distinguished sons who were destined to originate a great religious movement, which should morally regenerate the age in which they lived and send its waves of beneficent influence to furthest shores and remotest times.

In the eyes of some, it will be a feature of additional interest in the history of Susanna Wesley that she was "nobly related." But no adventitious circumstances of rank or birth can increase the lustre of her character. She was the daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley, who was a nephew of the Earl of Anglesea, a noble lord, whose pedigree goes back to the Norman conquest. Her father was noted at Oxford for his piety and zeal. He entered the ministry of the National Church, and acted as a chaplain at sea. He subsequently preached in Kent and in two of the largest congregations in London, and was also lecturer at St. Paul's. When the Act of Uniformity was passed, in 1662, Dr. Annesley was one of the two thousand English rectors and vicars who, for conscience' sake, were driven from their parishes, and persecuted throughout the realm. He became a prominent leader among the ejected Nonconformists, preaching almost daily, and finding food and shelter for many of his impoverished brethren. After a half a century's service and many sore trials, from which he never shrank, he died on the last day of the year 1696, exclaiming, "I shall be satisfied with Thy likeness; satisfied—satisfied." He was beloved and revered by all who knew him; and, on her deathbed, his noble relative, the Countess of Anglesea, requested to be buried in his grave.

From such pious parentage was Susanna Wesley descended, and the energy of character and intellectual vigour which she

* "The mother of the Wesleys," says Southey, "was also the mother of Methodism."

inherited she transmitted to her illustrious son. She received, under her father's care, an education superior to that of most young women of her own, or, indeed, of the present, time. We are informed that she was acquainted with the Greek, Latin, and French languages, and exhibited a discriminative judgment of books. An illustration of her early maturity of thought and independence of character is presented in the fact that, before her thirteenth year, she had examined the ground of controversy between Churchmen and Dissenters, and adopted the principles of the Established Church, renouncing the views on account of which her father had been driven from his parish, and for which he had espoused a life of suffering and persecution. This change of opinion, however, produced no interruption of the loving intercourse between the affectionate father and his favourite child.

Miss Annesley, about the year 1689, being then in her nineteenth or twentieth year, was married to the Rev. Samuel Wesley, the hard-working curate of a London parish, receiving an income of only thirty pounds a year. The Wesleys were also an ancient family, probably, as is inferred from the "scallop shell" upon their coat of arms, descended from crusading ancestors. It is remarkable that both the father and grandfather of the Rev. Samuel Wesley were clergymen of the Established Church, who, refusing to obey the Act of Uniformity, were driven from their homes and churches. By the Five Mile Act they were prohibited from approaching their former parishes or any borough town. Driven from place to place, fugitives and outcasts for conscience' sake, they preached wherever they could, enduring persecutions similar to those with which the early Methodists were afterwards so familiar. Four times was the father of Samuel Wesley thrown into prison—once for six, and, again, for three, months; and at length he sank into the grave at the early age of thirty-four. His aged father, heart-broken by his griefs and sorrows, soon followed him to Heaven. Of such noble stock, on the side of both father and mother, familiar with persecutions, and strengthened in character by trial and suffering, was the founder of Methodism born.

A portrait of Susanna Wesley, taken not long after her

marriage, presents a fair young face, with delicate features, of refined expression and almost classic regularity of outline, and with bright, vivacious eyes. A profusion of long and curling hair adorns a head of singularly graceful pose, "not without an air," says Dr. Stevens, "of the high-bred aristocracy from which she was descended." A beautiful hand and arm support a book upon her bosom. Her dress is simple, yet tasteful, like that of a well-bred lady of the period, and equally removed from the worldly fashions of the time and from the ascetic severity which characterised some of the women of early Methodism. Dr. Adam Clarke describes her as not only graceful, but beautiful. One of her sisters was painted by Sir Peter Lyly as one of the "beauties" of the age, but she is admitted to have been less beautiful than Mrs. Wesley.

But the more enduring attractions of her well-stored mind and of her amiable and pious disposition, surpassed even those of her person. She possessed a correct literary taste and sound judgment, and projected several literary works, which, however, the practical duties of a busy life prevented her carrying into effect. Among these was a work on Natural and Revealed Religion, comprising her reasons for renouncing Dissent, and a discourse on the Eucharist. A fragment, which is still extant, on the Apostles' Creed "would not," says a competent critic, "have been discreditable to the theological literature of the day."

Her sincere and earnest piety was her most striking characteristic. She nourished her soul by daily meditation on the Word of God and by prayer. To this purpose, an hour every morning and evening was devoted. Her letters to her children, and her counsel to her sons on questions of grave religious importance, evince at once the clearness and the soundness of her judgment. The respect with which her views were received by her cultured and filial sons proves the weight which they attached to her opinions. The poetical faculty with which John, and especially Charles Wesley, were so highly endowed was derived from their father rather than from their mother, who has left no special proof of talent in this direction. With the Rev. Samuel Wesley, on the contrary, "beating rhymes," as he called

it, was almost a mania. He was a man of extraordinary literary industry, and poem after poem came in rapid succession from his pen. These found their way into print by the aid of Dunton, a London publisher, who had married a daughter of Dr. Annesley. He rendered Mr. Wesley, however, more valuable service by making him acquainted with Susanna Annesley, his future wife. Pope knew him well, and commends him to Swift as a learned man whose prose is better than his poetry. His longer poems were a "Life of Christ" and a "History of the Old and New Testaments," written in rather doggerel rhymes; but his most able production was a learned Latin dissertation on the Book of Job. He possesses the rare distinction of having dedicated volumes to three successive Queens of England.

One of these dedications procured him the presentation to the rectory of Epworth, with a stipend of two hundred pounds a year. This was a piece of great good fortune, for, as he wrote to the Archbishop of York, "he had had but fifty pounds a year for six or seven years together, and one child, at least, per annum;" but he welcomed each addition to his family as a gift from God, and bravely struggled to provide bread for the constantly-increasing number of hungry mouths.

Even when living, with his wife and child, in lodgings in London on an income of thirty pounds a year, his sturdy and hereditary independence was manifest. He was offered preferment by the Court party, if he would read from the pulpit King James the Second's famous Declaration of Indulgence; but, believing it to be a design to favour the Roman Catholics, as indeed it was, he not only refused to read it, but denounced it from the pulpit in a sermon on the words of the three Hebrew children with reference to the golden image of Nebuchadnezzar. The High Church notions of Samuel Wesley, like those of his wife, were the result, therefore, of conviction, and not of self-interest.

In the little rectory of Epworth was reproduced one of the noblest phases of what Coleridge has called the one sweet idyl of English society—life in a country parsonage. Here, in a quiet round of domestic joys and religious duties, was trained, for usefulness and for God, a numerous family, numbering in all

nineteen children. Mr. Wesley was zealous in pulpit and pastoral labours and bold in rebuking sin, whether in lofty or lowly. Evil livers, to whom the truth was obnoxious, soon resented his plainness. They wounded his cattle, twice set fire to his house, and fired guns and shouted beneath his windows. For a small debt, he was arrested while leaving his church and thrown into prison, where he remained three months. "Now I am at rest," he wrote from his cell to the Archbishop of York, "for I have come to the haven where I have long expected to be." But he immediately began to minister to the spiritual wants of his fellow-prisoners, to whom he read prayer daily and preached on Sunday. He was greatly sustained by the sympathy and fortitude of his noble wife. "It is not everyone," he wrote again to the Archbishop, "who could bear these things; but, I bless God, my wife is less concerned with suffering them than I am in writing, or than, I believe, your Grace will be in reading them." "When I came here," he writes again, "my stock was but little above ten shillings, and my wife at home had scarce so much. She soon sent me her rings, because she had nothing else to relieve me with, but I returned them."

The Epworth rectory was a humble, thatch-roofed building of wood and plaster, and venerable with moss and lichen, the growth of a hundred years. It had a parlour, hall, buttery, three large upper chambers, with some smaller apartments and a study, where, we are told, the rector spent most of his time, "beating rhymes" and preparing his sermons. The management of the domestic affairs, together with the often vexatious temporalities of the tithes and glebe, he left to his more practical and capable wife. That rectory family was a model Christian household. Godly gravity was tempered by innocent gaiety, and the whole suffused with the tenderest domestic affection. "They had the common reputation," says Dr. Clarke, "of being the most loving family in Lincolnshire."

The centre and presiding genius of this fair domain was Susanna Wesley. Like the Roman matron, Cornelia, she cherished her children, of whom she had thirteen around her at once, as her chiefest jewels. They all bore pet "nicknames," which were fondly used, like an uttered caress, in the family

circle and in the copious correspondence that was kept up after they left home. The noblest tribute to this loving mother is the passionate affection she inspired in her children.

Her son John writes to her from Oxford, at a time when her health was precarious, in strains of lover-like tenderness, and hopes that he may die before her, that he may not endure the anguish of her loss. "You did well," she wrote him, in unconscious prophecy, "to correct that fond desire of dying before me, since you do not know what work God may have for you to do before you leave the world."

By her daughters she was beloved almost with filial idolatry. Death and sorrow many times entered that happy home, and several of the nineteen children died young. But upon the survivors was concentrated the affection of as warm a mother's love as ever throbbed in human breast. And the children seem to have been worthy of that mother. They were all intelligent; some of them noted for their sprightliness and wit, and others for their poetic faculty, and several of the girls were remarkable for their beauty and vivacity. Fun and frolic were not unknown in this large family of healthy, happy children, and the great hall of the rectory became an arena of hilarious recreations. "Games of skill and chance, even," says Dr. Nevens, "were among the family pastimes, such as John Wesley afterward prohibited among the Methodists."

But maternal affection never degenerated into undue indulgence. The home discipline was firm, but not rigorous; strength, guided by kindness, ruled in that happy household. Mrs. Wesley superintended the entire early education of her children, in addition to her other numerous household cares. Her son John describes, with admiration, the calmness with which she wrote letters, transacted business, and conversed, surrounded by her numerous family. She has left a record of her mode of government and instruction. "The children," she says, "were always put into a regular method of living in such things as they were capable of, from their birth, such as in dressing, addressing, etc. They were left in their several rooms awake, and there was no such thing allowed in the house as sitting by a child till it fell asleep. From the time they were one year old

they were taught to cry softly, if at all, whereby they escaped much correction, and that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard. The will was early subdued, because," she judiciously observes, "this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done," she continues, "then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind." So early did this religious training begin that the children were taught "to be quiet at family prayer, and to ask a blessing at table by signs, before could they kneel or speak."

At five years old they were taught to read. One day was allowed for learning the letters—a feat which each of them accomplished in that time, except two, who took a day and a-half, "for which," says their mother, "I then thought them very dull." As soon as they could spell they were set reading the Scriptures, and kept at the appointed task till it was perfectly mastered. One of the girls, we are told, was able, in her eighth year, to read the Greek language.

The culture of the heart was no less sedulously observed than the culture of the mind. "The family school opened and closed with singing. At four o'clock in the afternoon all had a season of retirement, when the oldest took the youngest that could speak, and the second the next, to whom they read the Psalm for the day and a chapter of the New Testament. She herself also conversed each evening with one of her children on religious subjects, and on some evenings with two, so as to comprehend the whole circle every week." The hallowed influence of those sacred hours is incalculable.

A high-souled sense of honour was cultivated in the hearts of the children. If any of them was charged with a fault, he was encouraged to ingenuous confession, and, on promise of amendment, was freely forgiven. The result of this pious home training was seen in the character it produced. Ten of the children reached adult years, and every one of them became an earnest Christian, and, after a life of singular devotion, died last in the triumphs of faith. "Such a family," says Clarke,

have never heard of or known, nor, since the days of Abraham and Sarah, and Joseph and Mary of Nazareth, has there ever been a family to which the human race has been more indebted."

This noble woman was deeply concerned for the spiritual welfare of her neighbours as well as of her own household. While her husband was confined in prison, she opened the doors of her house for religious service. Sometimes as many as two hundred were present, while many others went away for want of room. To these she read the most awakening sermons she could find, and prayed and conversed with them. Wesley's curate and some of the parishioners wrote to him against the assembly as a "conventicle." She vindicated her course in a letter of great judgment and good taste. The meetings were filling the parish church, she said, with persons reclaimed from immorality, some of whom had not for years been seen at service. As to the suggestion of letting someone else read, she wrote, "Alas! you do not consider what these people are. I do not think one man among them could read a sermon through without spelling a good part of it; and how would that edify the rest?" But, with a true wife's recognition of the rightful authority of her husband, she says, "Do not advise, but command me to desist."

The tranquil rectory of Epworth was not, however, without its visitations of sorrow. Time after time, death visited its charmed circle, till nine of the loved household were borne away. And there were sadder things even than death to mar its happiness. The beauty and native graces of several of the daughters led to marriages which proved unfortunate. In anguish of soul their sympathising mother writes thus to her brother of this saddest sorrow which can befall a woman's life: "O brother! happy, thrice happy are you; happy is my sister, that buried your children in infancy, secure from temptation, secure from guilt, secure from want or shame, secure from the loss of friends. Believe me, it is better to mourn ten children dead than one living, and I have buried many."

The pinchings of poverty, too, were only too familiar in this family, and sometimes even the experience of destitution. The shadow of debt often hung over it, and beneath that shadow Mr. Wesley sank into the grave. Although the living of Epworth

was nominally valued at £200, it did not realise more than £130. How, even with the utmost economy, such a large family was clothed, fed, and educated on this meagre stipend is one of the most extraordinary circumstances in its history. Yet, these privations were borne not complainingly, but cheerfully. In a letter to the Archbishop of York, this noble woman was able to say that the experience and observation of over fifty years had taught her that it was much easier to be contented without riches than with them.

It has been already stated that the rectory was twice fired by the disaffected rabble of the parish. It was on the second of these occasions that the future founder of Methodism was snatched, as by a special Providence, almost from the jaws of death. Mrs. Wesley, who was in feeble health, was unable to make her escape, like others of the family, by climbing through the windows of the burning building. Thrice she attempted to fight her way through the flames to the street, but each time was driven back by their fury. At last, with scorched brow and branded hands, she escaped from the flames. It was now found that little John Wesley was missing. Several times the frantic father strove to climb the burning stairs to his rescue, but they crumbled beneath his weight. The imperilled child, finding his bed on fire, flew to the window, where two of the neighbours standing one upon the shoulders of the other, plucked him from destruction at the very moment that the burning roof fell in, and the house became a mass of ruins. Everything was lost—the furniture and clothing of the household and the precious books and manuscripts of the studious rector. But the Christian and the father rose supreme above it all. "Come friends," he exclaimed, as he gathered his rescued family around him, "let us kneel down and thank God; He has given me all my eight children; I am rich enough."

The grateful mother consecrated the child so providentially rescued to the service of God. "I do intend," she subsequently wrote, "to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child; that Thou hast so mercifully provided for, than ever I have been; that I may do my endeavour to instill into his mind the principles of true religion and virtue. Lord, give me grace to

it sincerely and prudently, and bless my attempt with good success."

While her boys were absent at Charter House School and at Oxford University, this loving mother kept up a constant correspondence with them. Her letters are marked by a special solicitude for their spiritual welfare. "Resolve to make religion the business of your life," she wrote to her son John; "I heartily wish you would now enter upon a strict examination of yourself, that you may know whether you have a reasonable hope of salvation by Jesus Christ. If you have, the satisfaction of knowing it will abundantly reward your pains; if you have not, you will find a more reasonable occasion for tears than can be met with in any tragedy." With such a mother, and with such counsels, small wonder that her sons became a blessing to their race.

Some years afterwards, when widowed and lonely, the departure of John and Charles Wesley as missionaries to Georgia, in North America, depended upon her consent. "Had I twenty sons," she exclaimed. "I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them again."

For many years this now aged saint was spared to aid by her wise counsels, the novel and often difficult decisions of her sons. When the "irregularities" of field preaching were complained of, she recognized the hand of Providence in the circumstances which made it a necessity, and stood by her son on Kennington Common as he proclaimed the Gospel to an audience of twenty thousand persons.

When Thomas Maxfield, one of the lay "helpers" of early Methodism, essayed to preach from the Foundery pulpit, in the presence of any ordained clergymen, John Wesley hastened home to forbid the innovation. But the wise mother read the signs of the times with a profounder sagacity than her learned son. "Take care what you do to that young man," she said; "he is as surely called of God to preach as you are," and she counselled him to hear and judge for himself. "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth to Him good," the staunch Churchman remarked when he beheld the fruits of this pioneer of the great army of Methodist lay preachers.

Adjoining the old Foundery, the mother chapel of Methodism, Wesley had fitted up a residence for himself and his assistants in London. Here with filial affection he brought his revered and beloved mother, and sustained her declining years with the tenderest care. When unable to attend the services, she could hear the sound of the singing and prayer, that almost daily were heard in that now historic edifice. Here, in the seventy third year of her age, she peacefully passed away. "She had no doubt, no fear," writes her son, "nor any desire but to depart and be with Christ." John Wesley and five of her daughters stood around her dying bed and commended her soul to God in prayer. When unable to speak, she looked steadfastly upward, as if, like Stephen, she saw the Heaven she was so soon to enter open before her. With her last words she requested that her children should sing, as she departed, a psalm of praise to God. With tremulous voices, they fulfilled her last request, and her spirit took its flight from the toils and the travails of earth, to the peace and blessedness of Paradise. Her ashes sleep with those of the many illustrious dead of Bunhill Fields, and at City Road Chapel a simple marble monument commemorates her virtues.

This noble life needs no words of eulogy. Her own works praise her. Her children rise up and call her blessed. Many daughters have done virtuously, but she has excelled them all. Her life of toil and trial, of privation and self denial, of high resolve and patient continuance in well doing, has been crowned with a rich and glorious reward. The hallowed teachings of that humble home originated a sacred impulse that quickened the spiritual life of Christendom from that day to this, the pulsing tides of whose growing influence shall roll down the ages and break on every civilized and savage shore till the whole world is filled with the knowledge of God.

THE glittering drops of pearly dew
Are to the grass and flowers,
What slumber through the silent night
Is to this life of ours.

THE HARMONY OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

BY THE REV. J. B. CLARKSON, M.A.

II.

ASTRONOMICAL discoveries have, under the ever-expanding disclosures of the telescope, given us enlarged and more elevating conceptions of the Divine Being whose heavens declare His glory and whose firmament showeth His handiwork. The contemplation of the universe has no limits. As we look at the suns and systems in the canopy of heaven, the unassisted eye can behold thousands, while the best telescope, which the genius of man has constructed, can take in eighty millions! Beyond this, imagination may sweep along and merge into an awful and mysterious infinity, so inconceivably remote that the mind sinks utterly overwhelmed by the spectacle, still Divinity reigns in all the grandeur of His attributes through the dominions of this vast and unlimited universe. The immense magnitudes and velocities with which the celestial regions make us familiar are utterly overpowering, and lead us to exclaim, "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty." Yet these enormous masses, which for magnificence cause our earth to dwindle a point, sweep their circuits under the control of that all-pervading law of gravitation. The mind is filled with a solemn sense of unity and simplicity as it contemplates the operation of such a law, alike binding "the dew-drop into glistening gems, and holding planets and stars in their courses." Can anyone look upon these heavens, measure the distance of each star, or trace the motion of the planets, and not feel that there is a hand divine that binds the sweet influences of Pleiades and poses the bands of Orion, that brings forth Mazzaroth in his season and guides Arcturus with his sons? With the poet we may well pray,—

"Teach me by this stupendous scaffolding,
Creation's golden steps, to climb to Thee."

The science of optics has thus revealed the immense, and even a profounder meaning to the cry, "What is man that thou

art mindful of him?" It has also answered the question by revealing a world of minuteness unsuspected before, but equally the workmanship and the care of the Almighty. For the microscope has introduced us to a world of life, unperceived by the ordinary senses, teeming with countless millions of organic beings possessing all the functions of animal life. From the one science we learn that "no magnitude, however vast, is beyond the grasp of Divinity;" from the other, that "no minuteness, however shrunk from the notice of the human eye, is beneath the condescension of His regard." "The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom.* Behold the grandeur and the compassion of God!

We might suppose, as all scientific discoveries throw additional light upon the truths of revelation, that at each step the philosophic mind would rise to a higher adoration of the Creator, but alas! owing to the depravity of the human heart this has not been the case. For the most amazing manifestations of the divine have been coloured, obscured and resisted. This is the perversion of truth; and the alleged opposition between science and the Scriptures arises from false interpretations and too hasty deductions. Indeed, there are scientific professors in our day who, entering the very "presence-chamber of the Most High, turn their backs upon the throne;" but there are many others who, in pursuing their studies, feel themselves treading

"Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God."

It is pleasing to notice how comparative philology, one of the youngest of the sciences, has confirmed the Mosaic account of the dispersion of mankind. The gift of speech is one of man's sole prerogatives. Its mode of exercise is a strong proof of the identity of origin of the human race. At first sight, the diversity of tongues conveys the impression of radical difference of origin; but modern ethnography, in investigating the grammatical structure of languages the most dissimilar, has shown their harmonious, unexpected, and beautiful connections, thereby confirming the doctrine of Scripture that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the

* Dr. Chalmers.

earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." This inquiry appears to involve the authenticity of the Mosaic documents. Its results have not given us the language first communicated by Divine inspiration, since the origin of language, like that of matter and of man, is in the domain of the supernatural; but we have obtained by a principle of analytical investigation and classification, a knowledge of those tongues which contain the germ of all the rest. The conclusions to which such philologists as Max Muller, Latham and Bunsen have come, show that new and most important affinities exist between languages, long separated in their origin by history and geography, so as to combine in large groups the idioms and tongues of those peoples whom no other researches considered as mutually related. "However insulated certain languages may appear," says Humboldt, "however singular their caprices and their idioms, all have an analogy among them, and their numerous relations will be more perceived in proportion as the philosophical history of nations and the study of languages shall be brought to perfection." We are further indebted to the progress of philology for clearing up many a dark passage of the sacred Scriptures hitherto but faintly apprehended, and consequently, not properly appreciated.

There is another important relation which science sustains to revelation. Natural religion prepares for the appearance of miracles, in so far that its teachings suggest the desirableness of revealed religion, and revealed religion is only another name for supernatural interposition. Be it remembered the religion of revelation was ushered into the world accompanied by miracles which challenged submission and professed to authenticate the divine origin of the Bible. They rank among the main proofs for the authenticity of the Scriptures, and are works which no man could do except God was with him. It is by means of the triumphs of science, that this portion of the evidence of inspiration is tested, and the superiority of that evidence demonstrated over all false theogonies. For it is the testimony of natural science that lifts miracles above the jugglery of magicians and all the delusions with which superstition seeks to impose upon the credulity of ignorance, and impresses upon them a universal

and permanent truthfulness. Indeed, miracles are but the voice of the Creator speaking through physical laws of His own creation. It is simply disguised atheism to talk of the impossibility of special Divine interference. The question is one of invariable necessity against free-will. For if in creating a world, God has lost His own independence, if God is not master of the universe, He did not create it, and if He did not create who can stoop to save? This is the trouble into which the metaphysical doctrine of necessity always takes one; but an intelligent, personal will, subordinating nature to moral law, as seen in all of the Divine operations, gives us correct ideas of the supernatural—a personal God, special providence and prayer. True, the common ground of intercourse between God and man does indeed require settled law and inflexible conditions; but the weak faith of man also requires, lest God should be altogether hidden behind these impersonal rules, manifest intervention and direct personal revelation; and for this miracles become a necessary, natural and obvious condition. They break the ground for faith. "They are like those slight shocks which precipitate crystalline action, or those changes which unlock chemical affinities." Moreover they always remind us of the natural law under which we are to remain on a permanent footing of intercourse with God, and are unquestionably a part of Heaven's plan in directing this universe. This view is maintained by Professors Babbage and Mansel, of Oxford.

The testimony of science and religion assures us that death prevailed in the world ever since animals were introduced. Many Christians, however, think that the death penalty was inflicted upon the lower animals, as well as on man, in consequence of the Fall. Truly they do suffer from the sinfulness of man, but it would be very unfair and quite contrary to natural justice to punish animals generally for the fault of one particular species. The dream of the poet, such as is found in the opening verses of "Paradise Lost," has helped to make this belief popular:—

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into our world, and all our woe.

.
Beast now with beast gave war, and fowl with fowl."

The same impression has also obtained among many Bible readers; whereas a more careful examination of those passages which allude to the subject (Rom. v. 12; and 1 Cor. xv. 22), will show the penalty of death to be limited to man. Moreover, we find from comparative anatomy that the carnivorous animals are evidently intended from their structure to feed on others. But we are taught by physiology that death is a universal law of organic natures. Death is a counterpart of reproduction. It is necessary for the removal of successive races from the world; it is the destiny for all organisms which sooner or later wear out, and were therefore never intended for terrestrial immortality.

But science can furnish no answer to the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" The Christian religion, however, rests its claim for acceptance on the doctrine of the resurrection from the dead. But while this resurrection is one of the essential doctrines of Christianity, the nature of it has been a subject of much dispute. It was always considered, that, in order to be a resurrection, the body which rises from the grave must possess the identical particles which it bore to the tomb. Upon this subject physical and physiological science have spoken with clearness. They have shown how completely our bodies are constructed for this world; and chemistry has demonstrated that the materials which compose a human body at death form new combinations, and become parts of other bodies, so that at the resurrection, though our personal identity shall be preserved, we will not possess the same ultimate particles. Much alarm was caused by this statement; but in reality it has enabled us to get a more correct knowledge of Scripture statements, which in no case argue for a resurrection of the *flesh*, but of the body. This nice distinction is truly evangelicál; and the contrast which St. Paul has drawn (in 1 Cor. xv.), between the natural body and the spiritual body, most distinctly asserts that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God."

We find in the Scriptures several descriptions of the changes which this world shall hereafter undergo. Owing to the figurative language in which some of these are couched, a variety of interpretations have been advanced. However, science has revealed that the greater part of the earth has been oxidized.

This has led many to repudiate the statements which St. Peter makes respecting the earth's destruction, and to declare the fact impossible because it was not combustible. Skeptics were jubilant at their supposed triumph. The inspiration of the Scriptures could no longer be maintained. Science had poured her brilliant light upon the sacred page, and it has paled into blankness! But by the rules of a fair exegesis, it was ascertained that false interpretations had been given to many of those sublime passages which relate to the closing scene of this world, and the new heavens and the new earth which are to succeed; and that to burn by fire was not to annihilate. It was then shown by the chemist that combustion only changes the form of substances, and not one particle of matter has ever been thus deprived of existence, and that when solid matter is changed into gas, it seems to be annihilated because it disappears, when in reality it has only assumed a new form and exists as really as before. We, therefore, have perfect harmony between the inductions of chemistry and the words of St. Peter; and we gather from the recent developments of this interesting science, a substantial proof of the inspired origin of the Bible.

The manner in which the Scripture narrative, subject to the examination of the various sciences, defies their power to discover any error therein, forms a strong positive proof of its unassailable veracity. Indeed, the Bible, unlike every other system of religious doctrine, fears no investigation or discussion. It courts these. "The Bible," says Dr. Hamilton, "is the bravest of books. Coming from God and conscious of nothing but God's truth, it awaits the progress of knowledge with calm security. . . . It is not light but darkness which the Word of God deprecates; and if men of piety were men of science, and if men of science were to search the Scriptures, there would be more faith in the earth, and also more philosophy."

Surely we may ask, whence this wondrously true and accurate Scripture narrative? How did Moses manage to escape the errors which mark the cosmogonies of the leading ancient nations and announce a system which harmonizes with the present revelations of science? Here are conclusions connected with facts which were not even suspected at that time and which

philosophers have generally considered quite contradictory. Here is a phenomenon in literature for which the scientist must account! This done, see with marvel and joy, how the process of God's wondrous plans was clearly traced, long before the advent of science, by the pen of Divine inspiration.

Farther: the principles of science and religion have been laid of old, even from everlasting. Each is a fixed and unchangeable system. The canon of fact in science as well as the canon of truth in religion has long been closed; but while one is a divinely authenticated *revelation*, to which nothing can be added, the principles of the other are being more clearly understood, as men of patience and courage penetrate the inner chambers of the sanctuary of Nature, whose very darkness serves to conceal her divinest mysteries, and bring to light nothing but pleasing confirmations of the indubitable veracity of the Divine Word.

Another argument for the connection of the universe is to be found in the strong sympathy which exists between the natural and spiritual worlds. We find that God delivered the law amid earthquakes, thunders, and lightnings. The sun and moon paused over the vale of Aijalon to give God's people light to pursue their enemies. A star moved across the heavens to guide the magi to the infant Saviour. At His baptism the Holy Spirit descended in the form of an earthly dove. The earth rocked at His crucifixion. A rushing wind and cloven tongues descended from heaven at Pentecost. And now angels strike their harps in sweetest song when the penitential tear rolls down the sinner's cheek. These things are evidence of an intimate relationship between the mind and matter of this world and the invisible powers of another. The Apostle says: "For the *invisible* things of God, from the creation of the world, are *clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.*" All earthly things are symbols and sacraments of heavenly realities; and between the two there is a continuous correspondence. Nature asks questions which higher revelations must answer.

By these steps we rise to a higher consideration. Creation was the first step towards the incarnation of Christ and the exaltation of the race. The Old Testament is a history of the

beginning and development of a race of beings possessing compound natures, one of matter and one of mind. The New Testament is the history of the beginning and partial development of a new moral race of beings "created anew in Christ Jesus." God himself connects these two revelations together. Both Moses and John open the Word of God by saying, that He had before, "in the beginning," created all things. Speaking of the Lord Jesus, John says, "All things were made by *Him*," and Paul adds, "By *Him* were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible." Creation, therefore, flowed out from the Lord Jesus, and is to flow back to *Him* purified. It is the foundation of the human nature of the Son of God; and without it He would have had no such nature. It is the Almighty's first act to make *Himself* known outside of the Godhead and is the theatre on which He exercises His spiritual power. Out of its material God created man, and has ever since "been making created matter into eternal mind," while on its surface He is educating the race for the future. We are born into the kingdom of nature, and, since our sin, we reach the kingdom of glory through the kingdom of grace. Over these three kingdoms God rules supreme. The connecting link between them is the incarnation of Christ, which is the most extraordinary event in the history of the earth, by which the created and uncreated universe, spiritual and physical beings, are brought together. All that God has ever said or done points to this grand transaction, and He "ordained it before the world unto our glory." Indeed, the Son of God is so bound up with the whole world, and with God's conduct towards us and our relations with *Him*, that it is utterly impossible to remove the fact of the incarnation from creation or to understand the Divine purposes without the interpretation which it gives. For if Jesus, who is the Word of God and in whom dwells all the fulness of the Godhead, created all things, then all that is known of Divine mysteries in all worlds must be through *Him*. Moreover, the nature of flesh assumed by the Son of God on this earth enabled man to see the Father. It is also "the way" by which believing man is made "a new creature" in Christ Jesus and incorporated body and soul into God's visible kingdom, to

prepare him for the invisible, uncreated kingdom of the Father everlasting.

"As the incarnation," says an anonymous writer, "is the completion of creation, so also is the Church of Christ the perfection of the incarnation. It is a kingdom which has been established to perpetuate the blessings of Christ's death. It recruits citizens from all nationalities of the earth, and does the finishing work of creation on each soul. Its action is supernatural. All subjects are fitted for the kingdom of glory in the same manner in which the earth was originally prepared as a habitation for man by the influence of the Spirit of God.

Thus we see in the incarnation of Christ the perfection of creation, the correct interpretation of the other revelation, the explanation of the long reign of sacrifice which adumbrated final agreements, the higher brotherhood of the race, the mysterious purpose of death, and the prophecy of an eternity of universal and uninterrupted harmony.

We have, in this paper, rather gleaned from a few fields, abounding in manifestations of the Divine purpose, some of those evidences wherein harmonies between science and religion have been the less obvious. In this we have discovered, as we have ranged along the border lines of the works and words of God, finer indications of agreement than a cursory attention could possibly detect. The mighty system of the Original Planner has revealed unthought-of harmonies; it has shown that all things are connected with and "touch each other, gravitate towards and revolve around each other;" it has adjusted itself spontaneously in grand accord with the highest developments of humanity; and it has pointed the true worker in life's arena to the time when the partition between God's worlds shall be thrown down and the whole unbounded universe of matter and of mind will be thrown open and their mysterious affinities the more perfectly comprehended, and God shall be all in all.

Woodstock, Ont.

EASTERTIDE.

TAKE away the Dead Christ from my chamber,
 Which it pains my soul to see ;
 For surely not nearest nor truest
 Is the sad Dead Christ to me.
 Not on the cross in His passion,—
 Not as entombed He lay,—
 Not here, but risen, rejoicing,
 Is the Lord, our Christ, to-day.

Three years of sorrowful labour,—
 Three hours of anguish deep,
 Which the sun refused to look on,—
 Three days of deathly sleep,
 And the work of time was finished,—
 The labour and pain were o'er ;
 Through the ages complete and countless:
 He liveth forevermore.

For the heavenly joy before Him
 He suffered the earthly pain ;
 Great was the conflict and dying,
 But greater the rising again.
 Stand not at the sepulchre weeping,—
 The triumph is more than the strife ;
 And joy is greater than sorrow,
 And stronger than death is life.

I will cling to myself and my sorrow !
 Thus speaketh the whisper of pride ;
 I will think the Divine One hath suffered,—
 Will think that the Holy hath died !
 Love loveth to own her beloved,—
 Love saith, " I will come as Thy guest ;
 My delight shall be of Thy giving,—
 My repose shall be on Thy breast."

Yet the soul hath its cross and its passion,—
 Its moments of uttermost woe ;
 When the thought that Thou for us suffered
 Is all the relief that we know.
 When Easter light breaks on our darkness,
 For the living soul what hath sufficed ?
 But " Thou who wert dead art risen,—
 Thou livest forever, O Christ !"

MARGARET, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

BY THE REV. WM. M'CULLOUGH.

MARGARET of Valois, Queen of Navarre, and sister to Francis I., King of France, was born at Angouleme in 1492. She was brought up at the Court of Louis XII., and married the Duke of Alençon in 1509; became a widow in 1525; and in 1527 was espoused to Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre. She joined her husband in every effort to make their small kingdom flourish, by encouraging agriculture and the useful arts, and, by precept and example, promoted public morality and the doctrines of the Reformation. She was deeply devoted to the Scriptures, and wrote "mysteries," for representation, from the New Testament which she caused to be performed at Court. She was a great favourite with Francis, and very popular with the people. She wrote a work entitled, *Le Miroir de l' Ame pecheresse*—"The Mirror of a Sinful Soul," printed in 1553, which incurred the displeasure of the Sorbonne. She suffered some ill-treatment on this account from her husband, who feared the power and influence of that learned body, and might have suffered much more, but for the interposition of Francis, who was much attached to her, and in complaisance to whom she, externally at least, became more strict in her attention to the ceremonial of the ancient religion. It will appear extraordinary in the present day, that a princess, so contemplative and pious as was Margaret of Valois, should be the author of a book of tales of a very questionable character. But they were written during the gaiety of youth, and not printed until after her death. There is good reason to believe that she never would have sanctioned the publication of the book, but her executors were only too anxious to publish all that she wrote, because of her great, and almost universal, popularity. The Sorbonne was originally a college for the education of the secular clergy at the University of Paris; so called from Robert of Sorbon, in Champagne, a theologian of Paris, who founded it during the reign of St. Louis, about 1250, and endowed it with an income, which was subsequently much increased. This insti-

tution, the teachers of which were always doctors and professors of theology, acquired so much fame and power, that its name was extended to the whole theological faculty of the University of Paris. The opinions and the decrees of the Sorbonne had a decided influence upon the character of the Romish Church in France. The kings seldom took any step affecting the Church or religion without having first consulted it; and, even outside the limits of France, its opinions were often esteemed more highly than those of the academies. Books on theology and those affecting the Church were submitted to its decision. Not less inimical to the Jesuits than to the Reformation, the Sorbonne steadfastly maintained the liberties of the Gallican Church. In later times, it devoted itself more to the defence of the rights of the Church than to the perfection of its doctrines and practice. It had long outlived its power and fame when the Revolution put an end to its existence.

The candidates for the degree of doctor, in the Sorbonne, were subjected to a protracted and very severe examination, and, no doubt, to a still more exhaustive trial of their patience. They were obliged to defend their theses from six o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening, uninterruptedly, and merely allowed a slight refreshment at their desks. When a candidate for a degree was rejected by the Sorbonne, he need not apply anywhere else; and a degree from that body was a sure passport to any university in Europe. But Margaret's book had been condemned by the Sorbonne, and she was exposed to their jealousy and powerful influence; and, had she not been so near the throne, she would have been publicly censured. Even so eminent a prelate as the good Bishop of Meaux, her spiritual adviser, was condemned by the Sorbonne and exposed to its fury.

How encouraging to observe the care of God towards His Church even in the darkest seasons of her history during the troubled era out of which sprang the Reformation. The eye can rest upon one and another rising up amid the gloom and confusion to record their testimony against the ignorance and vices of that dark age, and assert their claim to seek for "more light," a purer faith and a holier life. Of all the agencies

employed, through the providence of God, few deserve a more prominent place in the history of the Reformation than Margaret of Navarre. She was a lady of the rarest beauty and talents; she received a superior Court education; she was idolized, but not spoiled, by her mother, and sincerely loved by her brother, the King of France. Her high social position—her personal endowments and mental culture—her eminent piety and sincere devotion to God, eminently qualified her for furthering the cause of the Reformation.

When Margaret was only ten years of age, her fond and patronizing uncle, the good King Louis XII., was already making overtures to Henry VII., King of England, for a match between her and the Prince of Wales, the future Henry VIII. But the negotiations failed. The Prince of Wales had some one else in view, and the providence of God interfered in behalf of the child and prevented her falling into such hands. The match would have been her ruin. It would have been well for Margaret had she always been equally fortunate and not made the unwilling slave of state policy. But she was a "daughter of France," and not at her own disposal; and must yield her own will and honest inclinations for considerations of a purely political character.

At the age of sixteen Margaret was tall and stately, endowed with singular beauty and charming manners. Her eyes were large and beautifully expressive, with a deep violet hue; her hair long and abundant, having a pale golden colour; while every movement and gesture were most graceful, beautifully corresponding with the perfection of her person.

Her suitors were legion, and it is no wonder that many were attracted to her presence, charmed by her beauty, her moral worth, and her intellectual endowments. But few impressed her mind favourably, and there is not the slightest evidence that any one of them had a share of her young heart and pure soul. But a match was arranged, without her knowledge or consent, with one whom she never loved, and never could love, as she herself, bathed in tears, declared to her mother.

Charles, Duke of Alençon, was a handsome youth, of high rank and ample fortune; and these few words seem to comprise

all that was commendable as associated with his name, character, and history. Indeed, history informs us that he was mean, cold, selfish, uneducated, unsocial, and extremely bigoted. He was of a melancholy and jealous temperament, and seems to have been perfectly insensible to the charm of beauty, and incapable of appreciating the great and good, whether in the natural or moral world. He was the very last man that should have been selected for the husband of one whose tastes and accomplishments were of such a character as those of Margaret of Valois. Her very soul loathed such an association, and the only feeling she had for the man chosen to be her future husband was an unconquerable aversion. But what could she do? Her father was dead. Her only brother was at the mercy of his uncle, Charles XII. Her mother was proud, stern, and haughty, and brooked no opposition to her will on the part of her daughter. She was ambitious, her authority over Margaret was unquestioned, and she preferred for her child, wealth, rank, and a prospective diadem above every other consideration.

Margaret resolved to appeal to the sympathies and judgment of her mother. For this purpose she sought and obtained an interview. Kneeling at her feet, she poured forth, in sobs and bitterness, the anguish of a bleeding heart, and begged that this cup of sorrow and woe might not be pressed to her lips.

"The daughters of France," responded the stern and unfeeling woman, "have always been disposed of by others for the good of the state; and there is nothing in your case to call for a departure from the usual custom. Control yourself, for I am not fond of scenes, and I find this one rather wearisome." Who would wish to be a daughter of France!

And thus the beautiful Margaret of Angouleme became the Duchess of Alençon. Retiring from her brother's Court, where she was esteemed as the most illustrious and distinguished ornament, she accompanied her husband to his castle at Argentan, of Normandy. She now left behind the splendour of the French Court—the circle of literary celebrities, of which she was the admired centre—all the rich and charming associations of her happy childhood and prosperous youth, and went, at the age of seventeen years, to a new and strange home.

to her literally a prison—a home she never sought nor desired ; there to linger a few years in misery and discontent.

It is true she was a wife and a duchess, and was the mistress of a ducal castle ; and, in all the realm of France, there was no richer or more resplendent dukedom than that of Alençon. But her heart was ill at ease, and out of the heart are “the issues of life,” and these give colour and character to all without. She was sick in soul, and, hence, all the riches of her new home could not make her happy. As a sort of retreat from a broken heart, Margaret turned her attention to writing. But her pen was not properly directed. At this particular juncture she made a great mistake. In her time of distress she sought not the Lord, and, like Saul, King of Israel, failed to turn her mind and heart to the influence of the Divine Spirit.

The Duchess of Alençon spent only five years with her husband at the ducal castle at Argentan. She was unhappy, and never ceased her desire for the pleasures and associations of those palmy days when she was privileged to dwell with those she loved. She sometimes repaired to the French Court, much to the satisfaction of her brother and the admiration of her old friends. The King, her brother, created her Duchess of Berry, resigning to her, during her lifetime, “all his royal estates, privileges, and interests in the domains of the Crown within the province.” She bestowed largely of her means to help the poor clergy and to support charitable institutions.

It was about this period that Margaret became deeply interested in the great Reformation which, under Luther in Germany, and Zwingli in Switzerland, was progressing in those countries, and whose influence was beginning to be felt in France, as well as in other lands. Margaret became familiar with the writings of the leading Reformers, and by their perusal was deeply and seriously affected. “She read,” says D’Aubigne, “of the pure Word of God—of a worship in spirit and in truth—of a Christian liberty that rejected the yoke of Rome, with all human traditions and superstitions.”

Not only did she read the works of these learned divines, but she had frequent interviews with them ; and thus had the opportunity of observing their Christian zeal and godly conver-

sation and the purity of their lives. Though yet young, she had more than tasted the "cup of sorrow," and profoundly felt that the pleasures of Court, the advantages of wealth and position, the flattering attentions that were heaped upon her, and all the unmeaning mummeries of the Church of Rome — all were inadequate to bring consolation to her soul—"all were vanity and vexation of spirit." She thus was led to seek after God. She was greatly aided by the devout and spiritual conversation she had with the leading Reformers, especially by the counsels of the truly pious Breconnet, Bishop of Meaux. She now began to trust in Christ alone. And she found the "pearl of great price"—Christ was present to her soul as an all-sufficient Saviour.

How important and truly marvellous was such a conversion; and at such a time; in the very midst of folly and corruption—in the very heart of the gay Court of Francis I., where the fear of God was unknown, and where the Divine approval was never sought. The change in Margaret was evident, and all saw it. Indeed, it created a great sensation at Court, and caused many whisperings of surprise and regret. But she was firm in her religious convictions and purposes, although as courteous as ever. But she was prudent, and made no unnecessary display of her new course of life.

Brantome says, "Everyone loved her, for she was very kind, gentle, condescending, and charitable; very easy of access, giving away much alms, passing by no one, but winning all hearts by her gracious deportment. Besides, she was the sister of the King, dearly beloved by him, and who, under such circumstances, would dare to lift a hand against her? She is seen erect in the midst of a degraded Court, and moving in it as the bride of Christ."

About this time France was in trouble. . The fatal day of the Battle of Pavia resulted in the defeat of her arms, and Francis I. was carried a prisoner into Spain, and fell completely and helplessly into the power of Charles V., who had no mercy on his royal prisoner.

The Duke of Alençon, the husband of Margaret, who was also engaged in the battle, having command of the rearguard of the

army, fled from the field in the midst of the fight, and returned in disgrace to France to meet the indignation of the whole country, especially of Margaret. Through his defection and cowardice on the field of battle, her dear brother was now vanquished and a prisoner, and, as he wrote to his mother, the Regent of France, All was lost but his honour—thousands of the brave soldiers of France were weltering in their blood, and the whole land was mourning.

Too great was the disgrace for endurance, and the unfortunate duke sank under his calamity, and soon after sickened and died. But it was not until his last hours that Margaret consented to see him, and to administer consolation to her dying husband. In his last hours she attended him with the same assiduity and tenderness as if he had been the husband of her purest affection.

But another dark cloud was hovering over unhappy France. The emissaries of Rome thought now was their time to crush the Reformation, and seized the opportunity when the king was a prisoner, the Regent a woman, the nation in mourning, and Margaret a widow, to persecute the Reformers. It was well for Margaret that she stood so near the throne. The enemies of the Reformation, and especially the Sorbonne Parliament and University, re-kindled the fires of persecution. But they dared not impeach the sister of the King.

They were alarmed and exasperated at the favour of Margaret towards the new doctrine, and they desired to lay their bloody hands upon the duchess herself. But the spiritual adviser of Margaret, the venerable Bishop of Meaux, who had entered deeply into the spirit of the Reformation, was immediately seized as one of the earliest victims. The good bishop was timid; "he was not the stuff of which martyrs are made," and, filled with alarm, he recanted, and promised to undo what he had done for the Reformation in his diocese. He had no desire to be burned, nor did he long for a martyr's crown. He thus escaped the scaffold and the flames.

From motives of policy, the Regent, Louisa, the mother of Margaret and the captive King, failed to interfere with the work of persecution and death, and all the entreaties and tears of

Margeret were of no avail. She then turned to her captive brother, detailed the horrible doings of the Parliament at home, and begged his interposition. Francis at once complied, and forwarded his commands that there be no more execution of heretics without his concurrence. Thus did the hand of Margeret avail to arrest, for the present, the wicked career of persecution.

About this time Henri d' Albret, King of Navarre, and cousin of Margeret, escaped from his imprisonment in the castle of Pavia, where he had been in close confinement ever since the battle so fatal to France. He was young and handsome, and possessed an ample fortune, and a small, but rich kingdom. His love of learning was profound, and his acquirements extensive. He was not only tolerant in his religious opinions, but favoured the Reformation. After his escape, he visited the French Court. He and Margeret had met before, but not of late years. His serious and inquiring spirit found delight and consolation in intimate companionship with his beautiful cousin. The warmest and sincerest friendship soon united the two young hearts, while it essentially added to the interest of Margeret that he sympathized with her in her efforts to mitigate the severity of the edicts against the Reformers. Henri D' Albret was soon deeply in love with Margeret. The Regent of France cordially favoured their union. But "the course of true love never did run smooth." Obstructions intervened, and the marriage was put off *sine die*. Francis was about to be released from prison, and returning to resume his throne, he wished so important a matter as the marriage of his sister to be deferred until his arrival in France. Margeret was content; but not so her impetuous lover. Grave apprehensions disturbed his mind, and not without good cause, for he had some idea of the temper and plans of the King. Nor were his fears unfounded. Francis was anxious to form an alliance with Henry VIII., of England, who was about to divorce Catharine of Arragon.

But Henry VIII. had other plans in his mind. He was deeply in love with Anne Boleyn, and was determined, at all hazards, to rid himself of Catharine and elevate the beautiful Anne to the throne of England. Margeret viewed her brother's plans with infinite disgust and abhorrence, and was supremely happy to see

them so completely frustrated. Thanks to a gracious Providence, she was saved from a fate so miserable, and she was grateful to God. Her heart was more favourably disposed than ever to the young King of Navarre, and Francis yielded a reluctant consent to the union. The marriage ceremony was performed January, 1527, and the event was celebrated with extraordinary rejoicings. The King gave a grand banquet in honour of the occasion, and the festivities continued for several days.

It was, with a few slight exceptions, a happy union; and Margaret had, at length, found the husband suited to her taste and wishes, and entered upon a life of happiness which she so richly deserved. She lived twenty-three years longer as the admired and beloved Queen of Navarre. Two children crowned her union with Henri, one of whom survived her mother and became the mother of Henri IV., King of France. Her mother and brother preceded her to the tomb, and near the close of 1549 she, too, was ensepulchred with the dead kings and queens of the House of Valois, leaving a husband disconsolate and a land in mourning for the loss of one of the noblest and most beautiful of the "daughters of France."

GRAFTON, Ont.

ENOCH

A SONNET.

BY R. EVANS.

THREE hundred years in fellowship Divine,
 Earth's sainted Enoch challenged human sight,
 But walked with God, in God was his delight.
 Full on his soul, that seemed its living shrine,
 The Sun of Righteousness did ever shine;
 Thence virtue's rays streamed out on the dark night
 Of centuries that could not quench his light.
 His crescent star was but the pledge, the sign,
 Of Christ's full triumph to the end of time;
 Love clasp'd the victor to its throbbing heart,
 Then changed his robes to suit the heav'nly clime;
 And stepping o'er death's empire of the sod
 Just breath'd the gold-leaved gates of life apart
 Where Enoch walks forever with his God.

HAMILTON, Ont.

ELISHA.*

BY THE REV. SAMUEL J. HUNTER.

THERE is a wide contrast between Elijah and Elisha. The one appears upon the scene suddenly, with a previous history of which almost nothing is known; the other is a domesticated man at home with his father and mother in the rich pasture lands of the Jordan valley. In externals Elijah has a rough skin mantle, Elisha is attired in the ordinary dress of the period. Elijah begins his mission with a miracle of *judgment*, "There shall not be dew nor rain these three years, but according to my word." Elisha begins with a miracle of *mercy*, "There shall not be from thence any more death or barren land." Elijah is solitary, Elisha is surrounded by companions. Elijah is the opponent of kings; Elisha is their guide, counsellor, and friend. Elijah was the hurricane, earthquake, and fire of Horeb." Elisha was the embodiment in living form of the "still small voice." So, too, of their mission. It was Elijah's life-work to protest against idolatry. Elisha never seems to have interfered. The one was "God is power;" the other was "God is salvation." While Elijah was to contend for the dignity of law then forgotten and trodden under foot, Elisha, as an evangelist, "a herald of Divine condescension, was to lead the people with persuasion into the paternal arms of God, to bind up those hearts which his stern precursor had crushed with the hammer of law and startled from a death-bed of a prolonged security by the terribleness of his deeds." Elijah was the Luther of his age—Elisha was his Melancthon, both illustrious colleagues and complements to each other.

Elijah found Elisha where the call of God has since found many a man—behind the plough. On his way from Horeb to Damascus he passed up the eastern side of the plain of Jordan, and when not far from his old Cherith retreat he crossed the

* The Life and Times of Elisha is the subject of the International Sunday-school Lessons for the Second Quartér of 1877. This graphic character study will, therefore, be of especial value to teachers and scholars, while of permanent interest to every Bible reader.—ED.

river and found himself in the pleasantly situated village of Abel-Meholah—"the meadow of the dance"—where the youth of all the country-side met for the celebration of their rural festivities. Here his eye rested upon a busy scene. In the field of Shafat, a well-to-do farmer, twelve yoke of oxen were ploughing—eleven in charge of servants, the twelfth guided by the master's son. Though the most of our readers are familiar with agricultural operations, this scene calls for a little explanation. "The first is the shape and character of the ploughs. They are each little else than a stout branch of a tree, from which projects another limb, shortened and pointed; and they are so light that a man may easily carry his own, and may guide it with one of his hands. You observe, too, that the different ploughmen are not scattered over the meadow, each working at a separate portion of it, as would be the case with us; but they are following each other in line, and going over and over again the same furrow; Elisha having the last yoke as the place of honour. This is owing to the fact that the ploughs are so insignificant and slight that they merely scratch the soil. Hence, any number of them may follow one another, each doing its own little share in turning up the earth; and even after they have all passed over it the furrow will not be deep, so that they may have, sometimes, to return along the same line, and thus go back and forth until the work has been satisfactorily accomplished."

While engaged in this humble, but honourable toil, the record says, "Elijah passed by him and cast his mantle upon him"—a symbolic act, indicating that God had called the young husbandman of Abel-Meholah to be Elijah's successor in the prophetic office. At the present day the Brahmans of India are invested with the priestly character by having a yellow mantle thrown across their shoulders, which is buckled round the waist with a sacred ribbon.

Before we follow Elisha as he goes forth upon his mission, let us be reminded of these two thoughts: first, that in the religion of the family is laid the true foundation of all personal greatness worth the name. No child will forget the godly words and ways of a pious home. He may not imitate them, he may think them too severe and strict, he may even go off in an entirely different

direction ; but he will, and must *remember* them, and that memory, under God, may prove, in some evil hour, his very rock and rescue. Secondly, the busiest may worship God. Shaphat and Elisha had time to cultivate their souls as well as their fields. Thousands have time for the market-place, the opera, the ball, the latest novel, but never time to think as to where eternity is to be spent. Worldly responsibility of wealth or work need be no hindrance to godliness. Job was "the greatest of all the men of the East," yet "he was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil." The Ethiopian found time "sitting in his chariot" to "read Esaias the prophet ;" and David, amid all his royal perplexities, recorded the vow : "Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray." No station in life and no amount of anxiety about earthly things can ever be accepted as excuses for neglecting religion. Many things are *desirable* in this world : "one thing is *needful*, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

Having performed the symbolic act, Elijah passed on, apparently indifferent as to what the results might be ; but the son of Shaphat pursued him and said, "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and mother, and then I will follow thee ;" and Elijah, knowing that the influence of home would have no effect in altering the evident purpose of his heart, accorded him the privilege. Nevertheless, he deemed it well to remind him of the act just performed : "Go back again ; for what have I done unto thee"—"Yes, go, Elisha, but remember what, in God's name, I have just performed ;" and, accordingly, amid the solemnities of a religious sacrifice, Elisha renounces a happy home and an affluent calling, to enter, with the self-consecration of a life, upon the dignified, but perilous office to which he had been summoned. Self-sacrifice for God is everywhere inculcated in the Bible. Personal interest must bow to obedience to Heaven. Hearty, unreserved surrender of all to Him to whom our more than all is due, becomes us. He gave what even He could never exceed in gift, that we might have everlasting life. Madame de Staël embodies the very poorest view of religion in her little couplet :

La vie religieuse est un combat
Et non pas un hymne—

"It is a battle, not a hymn;" for putting all the conflict and cost together, the hymn floats high above the strife, in thankfulness and joy.

An interval of some years elapses between the call of Elisha and the events recorded in the second chapter of the Second Book of Kings, during which time, no doubt, he faithfully followed and served his master. In the thrilling history of the opening chapters of Second Kings, two or three points of importance may be noticed. First, there is the trial of Elisha's character and faith. Three times is he asked to cease from following Elijah, as thrice the son of Jonas was asked by his Lord, "Lovest thou me?" But Elisha has put his hand to the plough and will not look back. Come what may, he will cleave to Elijah even through the waters of Jordan, and through a vision which the heart may tremble to contemplate.

Second, there is the incident of the sons of the prophets coming out to meet them. The appearance of these men, and the existence of the sacred colleges, must have been of untold interest to Elijah. It was a prophecy of hope for the future. In the prophetic schools the Word of God would be studied, the dealings of Jehovah traced, and the spiritual meaning of the sacrifices, services, and history of Israel would be considered. And, surely, if systematic preparation for the work of the Lord was proper under the Old Testament, it must be so in our days, when there are so many and varied adversaries to meet. Why should we serve the Lord with that which has cost us neither labour, study, nor preparation? *Beaten* oil was required for the temple lamp; why should the worst oil be deemed sufficient now? True, it is the grace of God which alone can convert the soul. True, the gospel is a simple declaration of the love of God in the gift of Christ, and the more simply and plainly it is presented, the better. But does learning detract from grace. The "sacred college" is a necessity to-day in a higher sense, perhaps, than in any past period of Church history; and that Church is wise which fosters and supports it with all possible care and liberality.

Third, there is Elisha's request, "I pray thee let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." Literally translated, the

language runs, "Let there be a mouthful or ration of two with thy spirit to me;" the reference being to the inheritance of the first-born son among the Jews, who, by reason of his primogeniture, was to have a double portion, or "ration of two," among his brethren; which peculiar phraseology was only a Hebrew synonyme, or figurative expression, for being heir and successor to the father of the dwelling. The request of Elisha, then, was, that in leaving the world Elijah would complete the act begun at Abel-Meholah, by constituting him the inheritor of his position in the land of Israel, with authority to continue the work which he had begun—a request which was fully granted; and subsequently receiving the mantle of the man of God, a mantle baptized in water and fire—in the water of the Jordan and in the fire of heaven, for it fell from the flaming chariot of the ascending prophet,—Elisha went forth, his life one grand and glorious miracle.

After his instalment into the prophetic office, Elisha settled for a time at Jericho. With a rich alluvial soil underneath and an almost tropical sun overhead, Jericho might have been a fairyland, a paradise of Eastern beauty. The palm grew in wild luxuriance, the balsam shed its rich perfume, and there was scarce a product of Eastern climes which the neighbourhood might not have borne. But all this fertility depended upon a spring of living water, situated in the background of the city, which, at the time of the narrative, was "naught," or brackish; and hence, instead of freshness and life, carried sterility and death. How striking and instructive is the miracle of the healing of these waters. "Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein." "A new cruse"—he would escape all charge of possible deception; "put salt therein"—the very thing to render water unpalatable and bad: he would show that the healing was due to no chemical fitness of things, but to the power of God. "He went forth unto the *spring* of the waters and cast the salt in there:" he would teach them that the source of things must be purified, even as the *heart* of man must be converted and cleansed before the life can be what God demands. "Thus saith the Lord, *I* have healed these waters"—God effects the transformation, and God shall have the glory.

Our next glimpse of Elisha is in connection with an act of judgment upon the children of Bethel. As he was going up to Bethel "there came forth little children out of the city"—"young men" is the expression of the original,—“and mocked him, and said, Go up, thou bald head.” Baldness, in the East, was regarded as a reproach. “Thou bald head” was uttered by the young men as expressive of ridicule and contempt. The challenge to “go up” referred to Elijah’s ascent to heaven, and was meant to express their denial and ridicule of the miracle. The fate of these young men is sneeringly called by many, “Old Testament vengeance.” They forget that the vindication of God’s authority is the same in all ages. The New Testament only repeats the Old in its assertion, “Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord,” and reason unites with revelation in asserting the supremacy of law and justice. Some people seem to think that a godly man must endure every species of injustice without uttering a word of protest. Not so did Paul think when asserting his *rights* as a Roman citizen at Philippi. After enduring many stripes, and the stocks in the inner prison, the magistrates at last let them go. But Paul said, “They have beaten us openly, uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison, and now do they thrust us out privily? Nay, verily, but let them come and fetch us out.” And the magistrates came and brought them out. So let us have a masculine Christianity to confront oppression and wrong wherever found, provided we do it decently and in order.

Passing on from Bethel, Elisha returned to Samaria, where his presence was soon eagerly sought by royalty, to give advice as to how the revolt of Moab against Israel could be quelled. Jehoram, Jehoshaphat, and the King of Edom united against Moab, but, in danger of perishing for lack of water, in their distress they applied to the prophet of the Lord. Instead of directing them in the use of spear and bow, he orders the employment of the pickaxe and mattock. Soon the valley is full of ditches. From the mountain-sides the torrents rush and fill the ditches. In the morning God’s sky is reflected on the water, and in the distance it glows like blood. The leaders of Moab think they understand it all. The alliance between

Judah, Israel, and Edom is broken. "This blood—the kings are surely slain, and they have smitten one another." "Moab to the spoil!" But, unexpectedly, the host of Israel arises like a giant refreshed—Moab is driven from city to city, and utterly put to rout.

From the noise of battle and the field of blood, the sacred narrative conducts us to a far different scene—the safety of a widow and the liberty of her two sons. She was poor and in debt, and her creditor was hard and cruel. According to the law, he could take her sons for bondmen in payment of his claim, and what he could do, that he would do. That law of Moses was given not to a commercial, but to an agricultural people whose transactions were few and simple, and it was given with strong safeguards to protect the bondman, and, best of all, with the certainty that his servitude could not last longer than the seventh or Sabbatical year, when, a freeman, he would return home. However this was but little consolation for the mother in her present circumstances. The day when the threat of her creditor will be executed is close at hand. In her dire extremity she applies to Elisha. His first question reveals her poverty. "What hast thou in the house?" Alas! everything is already in the hands of the creditor but "one pot of oil." "Go, borrow thee vessels abroad of all thy neighbours, even empty vessels, borrow not a few." The vessels are gathered in the house, she takes her one pot of oil, draws out the cork from the bottom of it, for so kegs for oil were constructed in the East, the oil begins to flow, vessel after vessel is filled, she has struck a well of oil, it "stays" not till the last vessel is filled, the oil is sold, the debt is paid, the vision of the slavery of her sons fades away, and joy fills the widow's heart and home.

kinely does Krummacher say in this connection, "I know of a vast and wonderful mansion placed beyond the clouds. In this mansion there dwells a great and rich lord. He possesses everything. He has bread for His people in the wilderness, without ovens; water for Israel, without wells and cisterns; meal and oil for the widow, without mills and presses. To this rich, all-possessing, all-powerful God we are directed in our needs, and He is well inclined to us in Christ. To His threshold we may

bring an empty basket. When thou standest before His door, knock boldly,—not as a beggar knocks—knock like one who belongs to the house; not as a vagabond knocks who stands in fear of the police; knock as a friend, as a guest who feels assured of the warmest welcome, and if admittance is not at once granted thee take the staff of His promises and strike loudly at the door of the mansion, and see if He do not give unto thee, and if not out of love, yet, like that friend in the Gospel, because of thine importunity.”

We dare not touch lest we should mar the impressive, tender picture presented by the joy and grief, the anguish and exultation, of the home at Shumen, where Elisha was so hospitably entertained. The mystery of God's providential dealings with His people, the transitoriness of all things earthly, the power of effectual prayer, are lessons that lie upon the surface of the narrative, while, at the same time, the conscious existence of the spirit apart from the body, and other doctrines that stand related to the future, are suggested and taught by the resurrection of the dead child to life.

Elisha seems to have been peculiarly benevolent in his attention to cases of private distress. While he visited the schools of the prophets, he was not regardless of their temporal necessities. He saw them oppressed with famine, but instantly relieved them by his fatherly care. His miraculous powers were exerted at one time to prevent their being poisoned by noxious herbs, at another to feed an hundred of them by multiplying the very food which had been provided for himself, and which he generously gave up for their sustenance. So, too, we are required “to be ready to every good work,” and to “look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.”

Few histories, even in the Bible, are more replete with interest and instruction than the history of Naaman, the Syrian. Proclaimed by the public voice the bravest hero, the first soldier of his nation, yet a dark cloud hangs over him, for he is a leper—his body an ulcer, his skin a festering crust. “Would God my Lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, he would heal him of his leprosy,” was the exclamation of a Hebrew maiden who was a slave in Naaman's household. To Jericho Naaman

hasted, and called for the prophet of the Lord. But the proud Syrian must be made to know that he is not now dealing with a magician, but with the servant of a King, before whom human ideas of great and small disappear into nothingness, and that if saved, he must be saved as the poorest Israelite is saved, by God's free grace to sinners. Therefore, the prophet does not deign to come out and see the splendid retinue, but sends the general word, "Go, wash in Jordan seven times." "And Naaman was wroth," and, in his rage, would have lost the opportunity of a cure if his servants, wiser than himself, had not prevailed upon him to do this *little* thing. Morosely he complied, when, lo! his flesh became soft and pure as a little child's.

Naaman returned as full of gratitude as he had been of rage, and entreated Elisha to accept a present, which offer was peremptorily rejected. Two strange requests were made by Naaman: one, that he might take back with him two mules' burden of the earth of Israel; and the other, that when his master went into the house of Rimmon, and he leaned on his shoulder, he might be forgiven if he "bowed himself in the house of Rimmon." As to the former wish, may it not have been simply that he wanted something to keep alive hallowed recollections? As to the second inquiry, it seemed to be designed to indicate to Elisha that, while in the discharge of duty as prime minister, he would be required to support his King's person and accommodate himself to its motions while he worshipped there. Still, he would only be offering a civil service to his master, and not offering worship to Rimmon.

Elisha continued to be a blessing to his country in public and in private. While the sons of the prophets were enlarging the place of their residence, he wrought a miracle to relieve one of them from distress, by causing an axe to swim on the surface of the water. Incurring the anger of the King of Syria, an armed host was sent to apprehend him; but, though he had no visible defence, he was confident and composed. "Alas! my master, how shall we do?" asked his terrified servant. "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them," was the calm reply; and the young man's eyes were opened to

behold an immense company of angels, "like horses and chariots, round about Elisha." The angels were there all the time, but only the eye opened by the Spirit could behold them. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him."

At the word of Elisha, the Syrian host was smitten with blindness, till he himself, like a conqueror, had led them into the midst of Samaria and delivered them up to the King of Israel and then he counselled that they should be fed and dismissed in peace. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him." Subsequently, Samaria was besieged by the Syrians, famine was desolating its inhabitants, and the King, filled with rage against Elisha, who had denounced this judgment upon his wickedness, threatened his life; but the prophet sat still in his house, and pacified his resentment by declaring that the next day would terminate the calamity and produce an astonishing plenty. One of the courtiers turned the assertion into ridicule; the next day he saw the promised plenty, and perished in the midst of it.

The labours of Elisha were not confined entirely to the land of Israel. For some special purpose he travelled to Damascus. While there, Benhadad consulted him concerning the result of a disease that then oppressed him. He told Hazael, the King's officer, that his master might recover, but would soon die by some other means. He then burst into tears at the prospect of the miseries which the very man before him was about to bring upon Israel, and warned him of the wanton cruelty he was about to exercise. But Hazael said, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" Yet, immediately upon his departure, he began to fulfil the prediction. How deceitful is the human heart. "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool."

For a considerable period after the accession of Jehu to the throne, the sacred history makes no mention of the prophet. At length the closing scene of his life arrived. For more than sixty years he had discharged the duties of his office with fidelity and zeal. Nor was his dying-bed inglorious; though he did not quit the world in the same triumphant manner as Elijah. Joash, the youthful King of Israel, stood among his weeping attendants, and, fastening his gaze upon him, burst into passionate grief. "O my father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen

thereof." The words would rouse the dying man. Once more he stood, in imagination, by the banks of Jordan; once more, floating in the breeze, come to him the prophet's mantle, and, strengthened in soul, in one last act would he sum up his whole life of faith, and with his latest breath repeat his first confession of faith. "And Elisha died." The old prophet departs in peace. A long, a toilsome journey is over. Angels bear him upwards; he rests in the bosom of his God.

The end of our lives often resembles their beginning. It seems as if the curving lines were to bend into a circle, and thus beginning and end to meet. The first public act of Elisha was in connection with Moab, and at the last these sons of the desert came as witnesses around him. They had placed the remains of Elisha in the niche of some rock-hewn vault, and rolled a stone before the entrance. Sadly, one day, a funeral procession moved to the graveyard, the same where Elisha lay. Glittering in the sun's rays, the poised lances of a troop of Moabites are seen. There is no time for deliberation; in the nearest sepulchre they lay the corpse they were bearing, and, wonder of wonders, "when the man was let down and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived and stood upon his feet."

From the first Elisha was a type of Christ, as Elijah had been of his precursor, and at last he appears to foreshadow in his grave the power of that tomb in which Jesus had lain, and the reality of that life and resurrection which sprang from it. And so this miracle, seemingly the last wrought in Israel, stood out as a finger-post, pointing forward, through many centuries, to Him who was to come, and to that great miracle in which all former miracles were summed up and fulfilled—a miracle which proclaims with the voice of God, "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead."

TORONTO, Ont.

EDITORIAL.

A GOOD FRIDAY MEDITATION.

“ It is finished.”

“ THIS saying,” says an eminent French divine, “ implies the consummation of justice on the part of God; of wickedness on the part of man; and of love on the part of Christ.” In the death of Christ the great work of redemption was accomplished, and restoration to God’s favour made possible to His estranged and prodigal children.

God made man just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, yet free to fall.
He himself decreed
His own revolt, not God : if He foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on his fault,
Which had not proved less certain unforeknown.

But in that dread extreme when man *did* fall, God did not leave him in his fall, He found a ransom that he might not go down to the pit.

Milton finely represents Christ as saying,—

Father, Thy word is passed, man shall find grace ;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way
The speediest of Thy wingèd messengers,
To visit all Thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought?
Behold me then ; me for him ; life for life
I offer ; on me let Thine anger fall ;
Account me man ; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to Thee
Freely put off, and for him, lastly, die
Well pleased ; on me let Death wreak all his rage.

Was ever such a union of heavenly love and strictest justice !
The majesty of God’s eternal law was thus maintained, and His
inviolable word remained for ever true.

But the death of Jesus Christ was also the consummation of
the wickedness of man. Ingratitude to his benefactors is one of

the basest crimes in man. The fickle Greeks banished many of their noblest citizens. Aristides was sent into exile because they were tired of hearing him called "The Just." Miltiades, the hero of Marathon, was cast into prison by the city that he saved, and there he died. Well was it for Leonidas that he fell in the moment of victory, at the bloody pass of Thermopylæ, or his laurels would have withered in the breath of calumny. Themistocles, who broke the power of the Persian at Salamis, had to fly from the country he saved, and died a suicide on a foreign shore. Socrates, the wisest of the Grecian sages, was sentenced by his fellow citizens to drink the deadly hemlock. Demosthenes, the defender of Athenian liberty, was condemned to die, but anticipated his sentence by suicide. Cicero, the greatest of Roman orators, was cruelly murdered by his countrymen. While his head was nailed to the public rostrum, a Roman matron thrust her bodkin through and through the eloquent tongue that had denounced her vices. And what a tragic record is the story of martyrs and confessors of the faith who, through the ages, have laid down their lives for the testimony of the truth!

But the vilest deed in earth's long, dark catalogue of crime was the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. When even the pagan Pilate washed his hands of the blood of that Innocent One, his own countrymen cried out, "His blood be on us and on our children." And soon their city was destroyed, their holy place was burned with fire, their blood was poured out like water, their house was left unto them desolate. Their land has ever since been trodden under foot, and they, themselves, have been an offscouring and a reproach among all nations.

"Anathema maranatha!" was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street:
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered and spurned by Christian feet.

But that dreadful tragedy of Calvary was also the consummation of the love of Christ. The great purpose of His incarnation was fulfilled. The greatest event of time, for which the ages had long been groaning, was accomplished. The problem of the universe was solved. The promise given to our first parents as they wandered outward from the gates of Eden, the visions of

seers and the burden of prophets, received here their accomplishment. The figures, types, and shadows of the old dispensation found here their substance, embodiment, and great antitype. The world was weary with waiting for the Healer of its woes, weary with offering up its vain oblations and sacrifices for sin. And now the great High Priest of the race, at once both priest and victim, shed His own blood in atonement for the sins of the whole world.

How wonderful the ways of Providence! How marvellous the love of Christ! God so overruled the wickedness of man as to make it subservient to His sublime and glorious plan for the salvation of mankind. Nor were even they who slew the Lord of Life excluded from the benefits of His death. Even for His murderers Christ prays, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Blessed truth!

By His pain He gives us ease,
Life by His expiring groan.

As we meditate upon this solemn theme, shall not our souls be awed by the contemplation of the inflexible justice of God, and humbled and amazed at the ingratitude and wickedness of man, and melted by the infinite love of Christ! Let that love constrain us to consecrate our lives to His service, and to devote all our powers to the promotion of His glory. Let us not by our sins crucify the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame. Let the blessed thought of the atonement of Christ shine forever, star-like, over our lives, as an inspiration to duty, an incentive to holy toil, and a restraint from evil and sin.

Christ has done the mighty work ;
Nothing left for us to do,
But to enter on His toil,
Enter on His triumph too.

He has sowed the precious seed,
Nothing left for us unsown ;
Ours it is to reap the fields,
Make the harvest-joy our own,

His the pardon, ours the sin,—
Great the sin, the pardon great ;
His the good and ours the ill,
His the love and ours the hate.

Ours the darkness and the gloom,
 His the shade-dispelling light ;
 Ours the cloud and His the sun,
 His the day-spring, ours the night.

OUR POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

It will be gratifying to our readers to know that, notwithstanding the extreme monetary stringency of the times, in consequence of which every business enterprise has suffered severe depression, the circulation of this Magazine is considerably in advance of what it was this time last year. This shows that it has already secured for itself an attached constituency of friends, whose permanent support may be depended upon. Nevertheless, that circulation has not yet reached that point which will make it defray the necessarily large expense of production. May we not appeal to our friends kindly to interest themselves in extending that circulation. Please show the present number to some neighbour or friend, and endeavour to obtain his subscription for at least six months. Several of our old subscribers have, as yet, failed to renew ; who, we are confident, only need to be asked, to do so.

If any of our friends will kindly assist us by canvassing for renewals, we will be happy to send a list of the names of the old subscribers upon application to this office. It is astonishing what may be done with a little effort. Away off, in St. John's, Newfoundland, where Methodism is not so strong, relatively, as in many other places, the large list of last year has been considerably increased. London, Kingston, Quebec, Winnipeg, Victoria, B.C., Charlottetown, P.E.I., Ottawa, Cobourg, Brantford, Napanee, Windsor, N.S., and several smaller places, send very good lists, in some cases much in advance of last year. To the brethren and friends who have kindly helped to further this connexional enterprise, we tender our warmest thanks. Some other places, of larger Methodist population and greater wealth, have sent comparatively small lists, in some cases much less than



ON THE RIVER.

those of last year. Will not our friends in these places make a special effort to secure, at least, most of our old subscribers. It is only by retaining the old, as well as securing new subscribers that our circulation can be permanently increased.

We can supply back numbers from the beginning. Our friends who have sent us subscriptions, will confer a favour by sending to the editor a memorandum of the number of names, both of old and new subscribers, that they have forwarded.

ON THE RIVER.*

RIVER! river! gentle river!
Bright you sparkle on your way;
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River! river! swelling river!
On you rush o'er rough and smooth;
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping,
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River! river! brimming river!
Broad and deep, and still as time,
Seeming still, yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

River! river! headlong river!
Down you dash into the sea,—
Sea that line hath never sounded,
Sea that sail hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

*We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Belford Bros. for this poem and the accompanying engraving, which are taken from their recently published volume, "The Prattler."—ED.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE RESULTS OF UNION, AND
FUTURE LEGISLATION.

The accomplished editor of our able contemporary *The Wesleyan*, Halifax, has been writing a series of judicious articles on the results of Methodist union in Canada, and the necessary adjustments for its complete success at the approaching General Conference. A few of the chief points, in these articles we shall here give for the benefit of our western readers, who have not had the opportunity of reading the articles.

"What was the intention of union?" is the first inquiry. "Differences of opinion there doubtless were," Bro. Nicolson remarks, "as to the practical results which would follow an amalgamation of Methodist forces throughout the Dominion; but on certain conclusions there was no variety of judgment. By presenting a strong front to the world, our Church would hold a threefold advantage which was not possible in its previous condition. Having relation to other religious bodies it would be in a position to offer them an alliance in all warfare against evil and in all opposition to encroachments from the State, from Popery, or any other force, of such united and massive proportions as would aid them in commanding respect. In every hand to hand conflict with national evils, moreover, we should have ourselves the moral strength of thousands instead of hundreds. Our Conferential voice would penetrate where previously it had sounded upon ears indifferent because of our weakness and isolation." That all moderate expectations have been met, must, he thinks, be fully conceded. "Already," he remarks, "we are breathing a new life. Our ideas

of things have expanded, and in national or ecclesiastical formation this is always a gain. There is inspiration in the idea of a noble relationship."

The interchange of visits between the East and West has already been of marked benefit, we conceive, to both sections of our work.

The division of the Conferences has also been of advantage as saving much time and expense in travel and moving to new appointments. In consequence of having more time for deliberation, there has been an increase of system and energy. The recent joyous increase of membership is attributed, in part at least, to the more direct concentration of effort arising from the stimulus accompanying the prayerful considerations of plans which never could be previously pressed on the attention of the assemblies.

One serious defect that is apprehended, however, is the absence of any very apparent bond of connexion between the annual Conferences, and the difficulty of effecting a transfer of ministers. These will probably be made the subject of legislation at the approaching General Conference. A further revision of the discipline is also considered desirable, in which we would suggest, as a minor matter, that the spelling and punctuation of Scripture quotations be that of the authorized version, and that the rest of the text harmonize therewith.

The subject of a new hymn book for Canadian Methodism is one on which we expect an article from a number of the committee appointed to prepare material for such a volume. We would suggest here, that the new book should contain a due proportion of the best of the popular Gospel hymns of the day, and some of them, and it may be inferred

and objectionable ones, will find their way into our service of song through unauthorised channels. In the preparation of a tune book for our Church, the time honoured tunes which are identified with many of the hymns, and which never will grow old, should not be displaced by new and unfamiliar ones.

Brother Nicolson suggests also a change in the dates of the annual Conferences, and advocates the autumn as preferable to the spring. We think our assembling in the leafy month of June, as has been our wont, would still be preferred in the West; but, unquestionably, they should be held at such times as would enable friendly deputations to visit the several Conferences, and thus strengthen the bond of union between them. With this proviso would it not answer to let each Conference select its own time of meeting?

The existence of some central executive power that could, in case of emergency, speak, and act with promptness and vigour for the entire Connexion, and not merely for separate Conferences, is strongly urged. The meeting of the General Conference special committee involves much time and travel and expense; and contingencies might arise, in which our interests, as a Church, might be seriously compromised by the inevitable delay. This point, we think, is well taken, and the solution of the problem may well occupy the attention of the General Conference.

Another valuable suggestion is that the General Conference Boards—Transfer, Missionary and Educational, and any others that may be organized for the management of general funds—should have an “annual committee meeting week,” when they should meet in some central place, thus saving the expense and time of different meetings in different places. No centralization of power, it is remarked, need be feared from having the chief officers of annual Confer-

ences on the several Boards, inasmuch as they are changed every year.

Such are some of the questions which will probably engage the attention of the “Conscript Fathers” of our Church during the next quadrennial gathering. They may not unprofitably become the subjects of thought, consultation and discussion in the interval before that gathering, and thus the decisions of that body will be the more mature and permanent.

METHODS OF REVIVAL AND CHURCH WORK.

It is not well to be too rigid in our modes of carrying on revival work. A departure from stereotyped methods may often be of great advantage. We have seen a plan like the following adopted with success. Instead of inviting seekers of religion to the usual penitent form, the public meeting was dismissed, and penitents were urged to remain for an inquiry meeting; when Christian friends went among them and pointed them individually to the great Healer of the sin-sick soul, someone, in the meantime, leading in prayer. For calm, quiet, and intelligent meeting of difficulties and guiding to the truth this method has been found of great advantage.

An interesting and important Methodist Convention was recently held in Philadelphia to give effect to a direction of the General Conference for promoting the intellectual culture of the people. Dr. Allen, President of Girard College, was in the chair. Bishop Simpson, Dr. E. O. Haven, and other leading Methodists took an active part in the scheme. The following resolutions, among others, were adopted:—

“That special attention should be given to the mental culture of all our people, and especially of the younger members of our congregations, by the individual churches in connection with, and as a part of, their regular church work.

"That each church should be a social and intellectual centre for its congregation, and should, therefore, have a library and reading-room, to be opened at proper hours as a church parlour for the intellectual and social benefit of the church and congregation.

"That, as far as practicable, each church should afford opportunities for the formation of classes for special lines of study, in order to overcome early educational disadvantages, and to perfect the culture of all the people."

These suggestions are worth thoughtful pondering by ourselves. We believe the social, intellectual, and religious influence of our churches upon our young people would be greatly promoted by the adoption of some such means.

RECENT DEATHS.

In Canada we have to record the death, during the month, of two honoured ministers of our own Church—one in his venerable old age and one in his youthful prime. On the eighth of March, after a prolonged illness, borne with exemplary Christian fortitude, the aged

Sylvester Hurlburt entered into rest. He was one of the oldest ministers in the Connexion, having begun to travel in 1836, and being ordained in 1840. He was for seven years a Missionary among the Indians at Alnwick. He was superannuated in 1864, and has since lived a comparatively retired life, the latter part of which was a scene of protracted suffering.

On the third of March the Rev. William Sargent, an amiable and gifted young minister of the Nova Scotia Conference, passed away to a blissful immortality. He fell a victim, as did several others of his family, to the fell scourge, consumption. Since last December he had been confined for the most part to his house. "His illness," says one who knew him well, "was characterized by the sweetest resignation, and the fullest assurance of his Father's love. His sun set in a clear sky." These breaks in our ranks are admonitions to increased zeal and diligence on the part of the living.

Let us do the work before us
Cheerly, bravely, while we may,
Ere the night-long silence cometh,
And with us it is not day.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

REVIVAL MISSIONS.

This is the title given by Wesleyans, and others, in England, to some of the special services which are being held in various cities and towns of the old world. In London, they were continued for a month, and resulted in much good. In Sheffield, the movement was described as "grand." The town appeared to be shaken. The evening services were crowded; and, at some of the churches, two rooms were filled, night after night, with anxious in-

quirers. Some three hundred gave their names as having found peace with God.

Similar services were held in Leeds, and other places, with the most blessed results.

The various religious journals are full of revival intelligence, both at home and abroad. Evangelists are labouring, with more or less success, in various communities. Mrs. Van Cott has been holding special services in New York since November, and, it is stated, that more than one

thousand persons have been brought to a knowledge of the truth. There are seven daily prayer-meetings now held in New York, the oldest of which is Fulton Street, established nineteen years ago. Showers of blessing are descending upon many churches in Canada.

The greatest interest appears to be felt in the labours of Moody and Sankey. During the three months they were in Chicago, it is estimated that the number of converts were between six and seven thousand. They were taken from all classes and conditions of life, and have joined various Churches.

Since these honoured men left Chicago, the whole city has been canvassed by women, going from house to house, and speaking to everyone. The work has been systematically arranged, each working church having a certain department. The visitors were well received in nearly every place.

The *Advance* states that a thousand persons assemble daily at the noon meeting in Farwell Hall.

The instrumentalities employed at the Moody and Sankey meetings have been short prayers, short sermons, pathetic gospel songs, Bible readings, hard work, common sense in an unusual degree, and a zeal and faith which grew stronger every hour up to the close; the leaders exhibiting a marvellous combination of the vigour and spirit of the shrewd man of the world and the meek child of God—a combination of prayer and strong battalions, of money spent like water, and a religious fire kindled in the very bones of the people.

LOCAL PREACHERS' INSTITUTE.

There is another outgrowth of the quickened zeal of our day. For many years there has been an association in England to aid the infirm and worn-out local preachers by the grant of a small weekly allowance and a funeral payment to their families at their death. Lately, however, a plan has been adopted to train

young men for the office of local preachers. The headquarters of the Institute is in London. Classes have been formed, books provided, and suitable periodicals circulated; courses of study prescribed, and a uniform standard of examination agreed upon. Lectures have been promised by various ministers. Though commenced mainly by Wesleyan Methodists, it is open for local preachers of all branches of the Methodist family.

CONVENTIONS.

A somewhat remarkable Convention was recently held in the time-honoured sanctuary, City Road Chapel, London. Rev. A. McAulay, President of the Wesleyan Conference, invited all the class-leaders in London to meet him. The day was spent in discussing various topics previously selected. Rev. Drs. Punshon, Rigg, and other ministers were present, and joined in the friendly conversations with the leaders. Mr. McAulay said there were 1,300 leaders in the metropolis, and, if each lost but one member during the year, then 1,300 members were lost to the Church; but, if each won one, then 1,300 were gained. Mrs. McAulay furnished tea for all that were present. The sessions were numerously attended, particularly in the evening, when the house was crowded.

NEW CHURCHES.

The Chapel Fund Report of the parent body, for 1876, has just been published, from which we learn that a good work has been done. The fund is supported from three sources: private subscriptions, sums voted by trustees of churches, and collections. The fund aids churches by loans without interest, and grants. It now has a capital of more than \$400,000. Since 1855, it has aided in the reduction of debts exceeding five millions of dollars. During the past year, one hundred and thirty new erections have been sanctioned, besides numerous cases of enlargement; fifty-

one new erections have been made in 1875 where there was no church previously. The amount actually contributed last year for church building exceeds one million of dollars.

A sister and nephew of the late James Heald, Esq., who was one of the princes of Wesleyan Methodism in his day, have built a fine church in connection with Didsbury College, and presented it to the Connexion in honour of their esteemed relative. The cost was \$10,000.

The Methodists of Boston are about to build a church to accommodate 3,500 hearers, and it will be so arranged to connect with the lecture room as to increase the accommodation to 5,000 persons. There will be ten stairways from the galleries, class rooms, and separate Sunday-school rooms for eight hundred pupils.

In our Dominion, more especially in Ontario, several new churches have recently been dedicated. We are especially glad that most of them are in the centres of population. The President of the London Conference, Rev. G. R. Sanderson, took part in twelve or thirteen dedications in one month.

Since our last issue, two Protestant churches in Montreal were dedicated on the same Sabbath, one of which was a French church for the Rev. C. Chiniquy. A new Methodist church is about to be erected on Spadina Avenue, Toronto; and Elm Street and Yorkville churches are being enlarged.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

There are now 2,900 schools affiliated with the Wesleyan Sunday-school Union, and the number is rapidly increasing. Rev. C. H. Kelley, the secretary and editor of the *Sabbath School Magazine*, is energetically carrying on the work entrusted to him, and is full of hope as to the future of the Sabbath-schools of Methodism. Central depots have been formed in several towns. Mu-

tual Improvement Associations have been formed in many circuits for the good of the teachers and senior scholars.

Rev. Dr. Vincent does grand work for the Sunday-schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church, United States. He is Secretary of the Tract Society and Sunday-school Union. Last year, the income of the former was only \$14,000, while the expenditure for tracts alone was \$18,000. Tracts have been sent to China, India, Germany, Switzerland, Japan, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. 11,766,000 pages of tracts were distributed at home, and 100,000 pages in the German language.

Our Sunday-schools in Canada have been of great service to the Church, but could they not be made to yield a still larger increase to the membership? We hope the reports at the ensuing Conferences will be most cheering. Large schools could do much good by sending books to Toronto which they no longer need, which would then be distributed among poor schools. We hope that our brethren will remember the collection for the Sunday-school Board. We are glad to learn that conventions have been held in several districts and in some circuits.

FOREIGN LANDS.

Japan.—The Japanese Government now tolerates all religions, but some of the newspapers urge farther, that the "State must free itself absolutely from all connection with religion."

The Gospel as preached by missionaries of the various Churches, is making itself felt. Native Christians are increasing. At a place of summer resort called Arima, which is largely patronized by the well-to-do Japanese, a missionary put a bracketed shelf on a cherry tree. He put a few books on Christianity on this shelf, over which he hung a board with this inscription: "Delightful instruction. Whosoever will, please take one book. Money is not wanted"

In four weeks two hundred and fifty books were taken.

The Japanese are a reading people. The children are educated. There are as many children at school in that country as in England.

Our readers will sympathize with our dear brother Eby, who has lost his child by death, soon after their arrival in Japan. This is the first death in our mission party in that country.

India.—Rev. T. H. Bliss, of the Church Missionary Society, says : when he went to India, in 1861, there were eight Protestant Missionary Societies at work (the Roman Catholics also having missions), with three hundred and nineteen stations ; now there are six hundred and eighty stations. There were then three hundred and seventy-nine ordained missionaries, now there are six hundred. The native congregations have increased from nine hundred and seventy-one to three thousand, while the number of communicants has increased from 25,000 to 90,000. There are one hundred and sixteen

female missionaries connected with the different women's societies.

Rev. Canon Duckworth, who visited India some time ago, said : "Of all the words I heard in India, none made such a deep impression upon me as those which were spoken by a native of high rank and culture, who had two children baptized, and had himself, for half his life, been halting between two opinions, and almost persuaded to be a Christian. "If," said he, "English Christians would only *practise*, out here, one-tenth of what they profess, India would soon be converted."

New Guinea Mission (Wesleyan).—This mission is taking root. Rev. G. Brown, the founder, writing from the island of New Ireland, says "That they need a missionary is very certain, for, whilst I was sitting talking to the chief at one of the villages, one of our lads went into a house, about ten yards distant, to light his pipe, and found the women engaged in roasting the leg and thigh of a man who had been killed the day before by the chief to whom I was talking."

BOOK NOTICES.

Rome, and the Jewest Fashions in Religion. By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. London : John Murray.

We have had the honour of receiving from its distinguished author a copy of this pamphlet, bearing a complimentary inscription in his own hand. He deals in its pages another of those crushing blows at the Papacy which have laid all Protestant Christendom under such obligation. The pamphlet is occupied chiefly with a review of the Speeches of Pope Pius IX., published in two large volumes of eleven hundred pages. The coarse vituperation, the puerile

scolding, the blasphemous assumption of the prerogatives of the Divine Being by the head of the Roman Catholic Church, would be incredible, if not authenticated by these official and authorised documents. His voluntary sojourn within the walls of a noble palace, filled to overflowing with priceless treasures of art, which luxurious abode he may leave and return when and as he pleases, where he receives civil, ecclesiastical, and military deputations, numbering thousands of persons, bearing the contributions of the faithful from all lands—this the Pope calls his "imprisonment," his "persecution," his "Calvary"; while the King

and Government of Italy, who tolerate this sedition, are denounced as "wolves," "thieves," "liars," "hypocrites," "enemies of God," "children of Satan," and "monsters of hell."

Mr. Gladstone contrasts this language of cursing with that of the Sermon on the Mount. But the greatest grievance of His Holiness is, that "men even dare to teach heresy" in Rome. It must, we imagine, be sufficiently aggravating to the unvenerable old man to hear the children in the Wesleyan Sunday-school, within a hundred yards of the Vatican, singing "Hold the Fort," and setting at defiance his anathemas. It reminds one of the toothless old giant in "Pilgrim's Progress," grinning and growling at the pilgrims as they pass. The Pope declares that, under his rule, Rome was a "holy city," whereas, under the infidel rule of Victor Emmanuel, it is a "sink of corruption, and devils walk through its streets." The police statistics show, however, that in 1868, under Papal rule, the highway robberies were 236 and crimes of violence, 938. In 1873, under Victor Emmanuel they were 26 and 603, a reduction of nearly forty per cent. The irreconcilable old man would fain call down fire from heaven upon the civil rulers of the country, and shatter into fragments with "iron and blood" and foreign bayonets the fair fabric of a united Italy; but the indifference of the Government to his imbecile maunderings shows the utter contempt in which they are held. Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet is a timely and vigorous exposure of the pretentious hollowness of the bubble of the alleged Papal supremacy.

The Chien d'or, The Golden Dog. A Legend of Quebec. By WILLIAM KIRBY. Crown 8vo., pp. 678. New York and Montreal: Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.

We had the privilege of reading this remarkable book in MS., and therefore take especial interest in its appearance in print. It is founded

on the legend of the Golden Dog, whose effigy may still be seen in the Rue Buade, Quebec, and an engraving of which is given in this book. It recounts a sad tragedy, an o'er true tale of love and sorrow, and sin and suffering. Mr. Kirby, whose beautiful poem, "The Sparrows," in our last number, will be fresh in every memory, has accomplished for Quebec in this book what Sir Walter Scott has done for his native Scotland;—he has called up from its grave the dead past and made it live again by a strange spell, scarce inferior, if inferior at all, to that of the great Wizard of the North.

Mr. Kirby writes in hearty sympathy with that brave French population which, abandoned by the mother country and betrayed, plundered and ruined by the minions of a corrupt court, still struggled with heroic fortitude and daring against the overwhelming power by which they were finally overcome. He portrays with graphic vigour the extortion and rapacity, the profligacy and crime of Bigot, the last Intendant of New France, and of his fellow-cormorants of the Grande Compagnie. The leading historical personages, who are limned with extraordinary fidelity to fact, are accompanied by others who are the creation of the author's graceful fancy. The remarkable skill with which the historical "keeping" of the picture, down to the most minute details and casual local allusions is maintained, gives evidence of an amount of research and careful study and conscientious labour not often bestowed on a work of this character. The amount of recondite learning, the familiarity, for instance, with the technicalities of French legal and astrological lore, is quite extraordinary. A number of charming French chansons are given. Indeed, there is quite a polyglot anthology of exotic poetry, English, French, Latin, Italian, and Swedish.

Apart from the narrative interest of the work one of its chief charms

will be, in the portions susceptible of such treatment, the extreme beauty of the literary style. The poetic imagery, often derived from Holy Scripture, the musical cadence of the sentences, the tender pathos, the subtle humour, and the wise philosophy which by turns challenge the admiration of the reader, prove that it is a work of no ordinary genius. It does not, indeed, possess the headlong rush, the breathless sensationalism, that are only too popular. Indeed, it is rather discursive and digressive at times. In the chapter entitled "Olympic Chariots and much learned Dust," for instance, Herr Kalm, the Swedish philosopher, and the guests at the Governor's table discuss, for over twenty pages, the new philosophy of Voltaire and Diderot, Linnæus and Swedenborg; physics and metaphysics; the Astecs and the Mound Builders; archæology and palæontology; politics and religion; to the delight of the reader, indeed, but without helping on the story.

As a specimen of Mr. Kirby's style we quote the following:—

"Suddenly, like a voice from the spirit world, the faint chime of the bells of Charlebourg floated on the evening breeze. It was the Angelus calling men to prayer, and rest from their daily labour. Sweetly the soft reverberation floated through the forests, up the hill sides, by plain and river, entering the open lattices of chateau and cottage, summoning rich and poor alike to their duty of prayer and praise. It reminded men of the redemption of the world by the Divine miracle of the incarnation, announced by Gabriel, the angel of God, to the ear of Mary, blessed among women.

"The soft bells rang on. Men blessed them and ceased from their toils in field and forest. Mothers knelt by the cradle and uttered the sacred words with emotions such as only mothers feel. Children knelt by their mothers and learned the story of God's pity, in appearing up-

on earth as a little child, to save mankind from their sins. The dark Huron setting his snares in the forest, and the fishers on the shady stream stood still. The voyageur, sweeping his canoe over the broad river, suspended his oar as the solemn sound reached him, and he repeated the angel's words and went on his way with renewed strength.

"The sweet bells came like a voice of pity and consolation to the ear of Caroline. She knelt down, and clasping her hands, repeated the prayer of millions,

"'Ave Maria, gratia plena.'

"'Mea culpa! Mea maxima culpa!' she repeated, bowing herself to the ground. 'I am the chief of sinners; who shall deliver me from this body of sin and affliction?'

"The ringing of the Angelus went on. Her heart was utterly melted. Her eyes, long parched as a spent fountain in a burning desert, were suddenly filled with tears. She felt no longer the agony of eyes that cannot weep. The blessed tears flowed quietly as the waters of Siloa's brook."

The progress of crime is thus described:

"The first suggestion of sin comes creeping in an hour of moral darkness, like a feeble mendicant who craves admission to a corner of our fireside. We let him in—warm and nourish him. We talk and trifle with him from our high seat, thinking no harm or danger. But woe to us if we let the assassin lodge under our roof! He will rise up stealthily at midnight, and strangle conscience in her bed, murder the sleeping watchman of our uprightness, lulled to rest by the opiate of strong desire."

We know few things in literature more beautiful than the lovely character of Amelie de Repentigny, the gentle heroine of the story; few things nobler than her struggle for the soul of her misguided brother; and few things more profoundly

touching than her early death in the convent of the Ursulines.

It is impossible to characterize in velvet words the wickedness of Bigot and his fellow villains; but we would have preferred more veiled phrase in its delineation, as well as in that of the fair, false Angelique des Meloises—a creature with the cruel passions but without the courage of a Lady Macbeth.

Francis Parkman, the historian, than whom no man living is more familiar with the details of our Canadian past, concludes a review of this book with the remark: "I shall be surprised if it does not attract a good deal of attention." In this anticipation we fully concur.

The Law of the Road; or, the Wrongs and Rights of a Traveller. By R. VASHON ROGERS, Jr., Barrister-at-Law, of Osgoode Hall. San Francisco: Sumner, Whitney, & Co. New York: Hurd and Stoughton.

It is an odd place for the production of a Canadian author to turn up in California. This admirable volume forms a part of a little library with the unique title of "Legal Recreations," and, if it may be taken as a fair specimen of the whole collection, it would be not only to the professional student, but to every layman of intelligence, a valuable possession.

Mr. Rogers has attempted "to combine instruction with entertainment, information with amusement," and, as he tells us, "to impart knowledge while beguiling a few hours in a railway carriage or on a steamboat"; and the result of his attempt is that he has given us a valuable digest of the law relating to travellers and travelling, which has all the interest of a novel. How so much information, both authentic and valuable, could be compressed into so little space is a marvel, and the wonder is increased by the degree of interest with which it is invested.

It is difficult, in a brief notice, to

give anything like a correct notion of the character and scope of the work. It is written in the form of animated conversation, which is represented as taking place among persons, walking the street, riding or driving along the road, journeying by stage, canal, railway, or steamboat, in which the law—generally in the very language of learned judges and jurists of the very highest authority—is given on all possible questions which might grow out of the accidents of travel. The numerous foot-notes, giving the authorities from which the opinions contained in the body of the work are drawn, will be especially interesting to the legal student, and the admirable index at the close adds greatly to the value of the book. In these days of railroads and steamboats, and in countries of such magnificent distances as Canada and the United States, no one who moves about much can very well afford to be without a book of this kind. It meets a real want, can scarcely fail to be extensively useful, and deserves to have a wide circulation.

W. S. B.

The Modern Genesis. By the Rev. W. B. SLAUGHTER. Pp. 298. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Toronto: S. Rose.

The author of this book, who is a Methodist pastor in Nebraska, has undertaken a daring task, namely, to confute the nebular hypothesis as to the origin of the universe. We must admit that he marshals an array of seemingly insuperable objections to its acceptance. We think he exaggerates the difficulty of generating a rotary motion in the original nebular "fire-mist." It seems to us impossible that the intense activities of such a body could continue in stable equipoise, as he imagines; and, if not, rotation *must* take place. Upon the theory of La Place, our author shows that planetary motion, both orbital and axial, should be exactly in the same plane, whereas they vary, the former from $7\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ to

40°, and the latter from 3° to 70° with the plane of the sun's equator, to say nothing of the eccentricities of the comets. Moreover, the direction of revolution of the satellites of Uranus and Neptune is retrograde. Then, the velocities, mass, densities, temperature, and physical condition of the planets, especially of the earth, are shown to be different from what they ought to be according to the terms of the hypothesis. We confess that our faith in this beautiful theory is a good deal shaken. We lack the mathematical skill to verify the astronomical calculations involved, and competent critics have questioned some of Mr. Slaughter's positions. The whole subject, like that of biological evolution, which is a sort of pendant to it, may safely be labelled, "Not proven." Mr. Proctor, one of the most eminent living astronomers, it is known, rejects the nebular hypothesis; but his theory of the aggregation of the planets by the collision of meteoric matter is also involved in great difficulties. Whether one agrees with Mr. Slaughter's book or not, it will be found fascinating reading and a capital intellectual whetstone on which to sharpen the wits.

Old Tales Re-told from Grecian Mythology in Talks Around the Fire. By AUGUSTA LARNED. Fifteen Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Pp. 498. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Toronto: S. Rose.

The world will never grow tired of the strange poetic stories of the classic mythology. They are embalmed not merely in Greek and Latin literature, but in that of every civilised nation. They are embodied in poetry and painting. They are commemorated in the names of the days of the week and of the months of the year. The geography and history of the countries around the Mediterranean bear the impress of their influence, and a knowledge of their general character is necessary to understand a thousand allusions in books and conversation.

One can scarce read a page of Shakespeare or Milton, of Macaulay or Carlyle—one cannot visit a gallery of pictures or statuary without feeling the need of at least some acquaintance with the thought and religion of the Greek mind of two thousand years ago.

In this elegant volume Miss Larned supplies, for young people, a much-needed manual of this fascinating classic lore. The form in which it is cast, that of talks around the fire, will give a living, human interest to the stories about the old gods and goddesses, long since vanished from high Olympus and the Vale of Tempe. The work is very well done. We are glad to see that the Greek and Latin names of these old deities are both given—a matter of considerable importance. The pernicious associations with which these subjects are sometimes connected in classic literature has often prevented their study, but in these pages will be found nothing that can offend the most fastidious delicacy.

Quebec—Past and Present. By J. M. LE MOINE. 8vo. Pp. 465. Dawson & Co., Quebec and Montreal.

Mr. Le Moine is well known as the author of several works of great value on the early history of Canada. In this volume he has given an exceedingly interesting account of the strange, romantic history of the ancient capital of Canada, that quaint old city, hallowed with historic memories—heroic, tragical, and tender—beyond any other in the New World. The book is in two parts, the first historical—and the history of Quebec was for a hundred and fifty years the history of Canada—and the second statistical, giving a detailed account of the public institutions of the city. It contains some twenty engravings, of the picturesque old gates, which gave it such a mediæval aspect, of the new gates and other improvements proposed by Lord Dufferin. The preparation of this

volume has been to Mr. Le Moine, who is enthusiastic in his interest in the storied past of the ancient city, a labour of love, and is a valuable contribution to the history of our country.

Institute Lectures—Cromwell, Cobden, Havelock, and the English Reformers. By the Rev. J. LATHERN. St. John, N.B.: J. A. McMillan. 8vo. Pp. 106.

It is a brilliant galaxy of moral heroes that Mr. Lathern has briefly but vividly portrayed in this volume. If "the proper study of mankind is man," then the lessons of these noble lives are worthy of profound attention. The readers of this MAGAZINE do not need to be informed of Mr. Lathern's mastery of a pure and beautiful English style. These lectures, for they have all been given before popular audiences, give evidence of careful study of their subjects, and the result of much reading is focussed in the graphic pictures here given. A charming feature of the volume is the rich gems of poetical quotation from our English classics that gleam "like patines of bright gold" upon its pages. We hope that Mr. Lathern will enrich our Canadian literature with further contributions of a similar character.

Mental Photograph Album. C. W. COATES, compiler. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

The indefatigable agent of the Methodist Book Room in Montreal has published a handsome album which is intended to serve as a record of the tastes and characteristics of friends. A place is provided for mounting a photograph and a series of questions on the same page invite the subject of the photograph to record his likes and dislikes. We may thus possess not merely the outward presentment of our friends, but the record of their mental characteristics, which will greatly enhance

the value of those household picture galleries, which acquire with time an almost sacred interest. The price of this album, which has room for ninety-three mental photographs, is \$1.50.

Two very interesting volumes will shortly issue from our Connexional press at Toronto. One of these is the fifth and concluding volume of Dr. Carroll's "Case and his Contemporaries." Those who have the former volumes will require this to complete the set, especially as it will contain a copious index of the whole work. Nowhere else can be found so full and authentic a history of Canadian Methodism, by one who is thoroughly conversant with all its details, as in these volumes. The other work to which we have referred is "The Life and Times of the Rev. Dr. Green," written by himself. The personal recollections of the venerable author cover almost the entire history of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada. The volume will, therefore, possess an historic value, and have a personal interest that we are confident will procure it a wide circle of readers.

Kate Danton. By MAY AGNES FLEMING. Pp. 317. Toronto: Belford Brothers.

Mrs. Fleming is, we believe, a native of New Brunswick, and the scene of the story is laid in Canada, in a village not far from Montreal, which facts are likely to ensure it a certain amount of popularity in this country.

Thankful Blossom. By BRET HARTE. Illustrated. Pp. 158. Toronto: Belford Brothers.

We are no special admirer of Bret Harte's literary style, the merit of which we think greatly exaggerated. This story of the year 1789, in which Washington and other Revolutionary heroes appear, is marked by his usual characteristics. It is elegantly gotten up.

University Consolidation—a Plea for Higher Education in Ontario. By CANADENSIS. Toronto: Belford Brothers.

This is an able pamphlet on a subject of national importance. It offers what seems to us the only feasible solution of the University problem that we have yet seen proposed. We commend it to the careful study of all interested in this subject. In our next number we shall give our own opinion more at length, in a separate article.

Moody's Anecdotes and Illustrations, related by him in his Revival

Work. Compiled by Rev. J. B. McCURE. Toronto: Belford Brothers. Pp. 158. Price, ten cents.

Mr. Moody's addresses are largely illustrated by telling anecdotes, mostly derived from his own personal experience during the War and in his evangelistic work. These stories, when told, were listened to with breathless interest, and will be scarce less fascinating when read. They will touch the fountain of both smiles and tears. The publishers have conferred a public benefit by issuing this cheap and elegant edition.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

| NAME. | CIRCUIT. | RESIDENCE. | AGE | DATE. |
|--------------------------|---------------------|--------------------|-----|----------------|
| Mrs. Ann Tweeddale. | Upham, N.B. . . | Hampton . . . | 92 | Oct. 27, 1876. |
| John Cosford | Hollin | Peel, O. | 55 | Dec. 6, " |
| Hugh Steward | Vankleek Hill . . | L'Original . . . | 72 | " 14, " |
| Charles Peer | Lowville | Lowville, O. . . | 59 | " 17, " |
| John B. Warren | North River, P.E | Cornwall | 67 | " 17, " |
| James Swanzy, Sen. . . | Mulmur | Rosemont, O. . . | 86 | " 28, " |
| Annie L. Hunt | Brookfield, N. S. | Caledonia | 13 | Jan. 2, 1877. |
| Joseph Biggar | Saltfleet | Grimsby | 79 | " 7, " |
| Elizabeth J. Cook . . . | Carsonville, N.B. | Sussex | 21 | " 9, " |
| Henry Major | Pickering | Markham | 69 | " 18, " |
| Andrew S. Myles | Portland, N.B. . . | St. John, North | 19 | " 24, " |
| Annie Coldwell | Berwick, N.S. . . | Berwick | 10 | " 25, " |
| Hiram Phelps | Mount Pleasant. | Mt. Pleasant, O | 73 | " 26, " |
| Mary E. Puterbaugh . . | Toronto | Toronto, O. . . . | 35 | " 28, " |
| Al. Van Valkenburg . . | Norwich | Norwich | 61 | Feb. 3, " |
| Catharine Gill | St. Mary's, N.S. | Gibson | 90 | " 10, " |
| Geo. W. Woodburry . . . | Wilnot, N.S. . . . | Wilmot | 51 | " 11, " |
| Agnes Pineo | Wt. Cornwallis. . | Berwick, N.S. . . | 18 | " 16, " |
| Mary Robinson | Lunenburg | Lunenburg, O. . . | — | " 17, " |
| Mrs. Abigail Smith . . . | Lockhartville . . | Hantsport, N.S. | 80 | " 18, " |
| Edward J. Brand | Saltfleet | Grimsby | 42 | Mar. 1, " |
| Rev. Wm. Sargent | Hillsburgh, N.S. | Hillsburgh | 37 | " 3, " |
| Joseph Wilson | Falmouth, N.S. . . | Hantsport | 72 | " 4, " |
| Rev. S. Hurlburt | Prescott, O. . . . | Prescott | — | " 8, " |

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, Toronto.

IN THE CROSS I GLORY.

BOWRING.

I. BALTZELL.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - time.

Chorus.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hu - le - lu - jah! I am counting all but dross;

I will love and serve the Mas - ter; I will glo - ry in the cross.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo! it beams with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.