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THE
Wesleyan Repository,
AND
LITERARY RECORD.

JULY, 1861.

Our Canadian Work and Ministry.

THE LATE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

It must ever be interesting for the friends and ministers of Christ to meet, exchange views and feelings, and deliberate on and determine measures that relate to the most important of all subjects, the advancement of the interests of true religion and the glory of God. But we think a Methodist Conference has peculiar interest. There is a unity of feeling and an identity of interest among itinerants, who stand on a common level with regard to allowances and immunities; who, by the system of rotation, are brought into contact with the same localities and become interested in the same flocks; and as they have all been, more or less, the subject of many an exciting adventure, there is a strong feeling of sympathy and brotherhood which produces an amount of familiarity and heartiness not often found in any other class of men.

This feeling was particularly strong thirty years ago, when we first became acquainted with the Conference. Then we had no Missionary and District Meetings to bring the brethren together, through the year, as they are now frequently brought. The few laborers were then scattered wide, on far distant and isolated fields of labor, in many cases with traceless forests, almost impassible roads, and bridgeless streams between. Then the other facilities for travel and intercourse were far inferior to the present. There were no railroads, and but few steamboats, and of these but few of these moneyless bush-laborers could avail themselves. There

were no telegraphs, and mails were seldom, and postage a formidable tax. No wonder, therefore, if the annual gathering, or conveyance of the mounted companies of these warm-hearted men was looked forward to with desire and its arrival hailed with delight.

We have spoken of the pleasure of such annual assemblies, but the profit of them, conducted as the Methodist Conference is, must be incalculably great. The annual examination of character; the theological examinations of the candidates for ordination; the report made of every man's success, financial and pastoral; the earnest discussions that take place on study, preaching, pastoral fidelity, and the administration of discipline, with the spirit and meaning of our constitution and laws in general, must be very quickening and edifying to every member of the Body who has any susceptibility to learn.

The first Conference the writer attended, in 1830, could not have numbered more than thirty: now the number of ministers and preachers in the Connexion lacks but little of five hundred! What an increase! But while there is such a large influx of new elements, how few of the original ones are left! We noticed but four "effective" men who took a part in the Conference referred to, who were present at the late one. Drs. Ryerson and Green, and the Revs. R. Jones and J. Messmore. A few superannuated appeared—as W. Ryerson, Belton, Corson, Heyland, and A. Adams.

Although the difficulty of billeting so many men in any one town now restricts the number attending to about half the actual body, yet that seemed a formidable and respectable array. The gray hats and motley colored clothes of former years have given place to black in both cases. Some two hundred and fifty clergymen and laymen attending the Conference, and its Committees, were comfortably entertained, for the most part, in the families of the refined and wealthy Methodists of Brantford. Methodism, in this beautiful town, is very strong, considering its moderate size, about three hundred members being in society.

We have neither time nor space for going into the details, which were properly given in the weekly organ of the Connexion; but we may remark, in a general way, that this Conference was characterized by the kindness and fairness of the public discussions, and by the affectionate heartiness of private intercourse among its members. We never remember our brethren when they seemed so kind.

The religious services were of a very lively and profitable character; and the public reception of young men into the Connexion on the first Friday evening of the Conference, was unusually powerful and spiritual. The visit of several brethren from the United States, some of whom were celebrities, in their way, such as *Taylor*, the California street preacher;

Sandford, the missionary at the Five Points, and *Wesley Wright*, one of the first graduates, both as to time and talents, of our own Victoria College, gave additional interest to this very interesting Conference.

We close with a summary of numerical and financial matters.

The membership of the Church, including 5,283 on trial, amounts to 53,564. The Church Relief Fund, \$1,464; Contingent Fund, \$5,638 30; Educational Fund, \$1,241 42; Superannuated Ministers' Fund, Ministers' Subscription, \$1,668; Circuit Donations and Subscriptions, \$4,604 63. Making a total of \$5,638 30. O.

TRUE GREATNESS.

Wealth, honor, pleasures worldly are but baits
 Drifting upon the tide of time, by which minds
 Light, frivolous, and vain are caught, as fish
 Inexperienced and full of silly thoughts, catch
 At the painted fly, and find in it their death.
 Wouldst thou, my dearest friend, entwine thy brow around
 With an immortal wreath, and flowers that never fade?
 Dost thou aspire to dwell in amaranthine bowers,
 And halls more durable than marble? Is thy
 Desire on high to build thy nest beneath the shade
 Of Everlasting Love? To rest under the Almighty's wings?
 Know that thoughts lofty, deeds noble must inspire;
 Climb high! No risk, no gain. Souls low and grovelling
 Never yet accomplished deeds that nations fired,
 Or threw around their brows the light of immortality serene.
 Traverse the lands of thought; explore mind in its
 Hidden depths; from learning's treasures cull; let science,
 Art, and observation keen add to thy well-selected
 Stores; but, above all, enter the fanes of piety; bow
 Low before thy God, and seek that grace which
 He alone, through Christ, bestows on sinful man.
 Piety deep, and genuine holiness, will but add
 Lustre to thy brow, and to thy character dignity and grace.
 On mercy's errands fly! Chase, by thy presence, sorrow's clouds
 And guilt's dark looks away. Be blest in blessing!
 Imitate the life of Christ, and in his glorious footsteps tread!

MEMORANDA ON THE ART OF SHYING.

BY J. SCOTT.

WESLEY is a name of history, and you cannot expunge it. WESLEYAN METHODISM is a national reality, and you cannot put it out of being. By Wesley, I do not mean a selfish speculator, a charlatan, an impostor, but a man worthy to be placed with Luther, Wickliffe, Knox, John Howe, Robert Hall, and D'Aubigne,—and not the last of them either. By Wesleyan Methodism, I do not mean an imposing adroitness, or an empiricism, with catch cries of “Warren’s Jet Blacking,” or “Morrison’s Pills;” but a specially providential system of Scriptural truth, and transforming Power, which, in the century and a quarter of its existence, has produced greater religious permanent effects than any other system.

I have read Dr. Johnson on the tax which eminence must pay; but when the eminence is not that of a cruel despot, but of a wise liberal; not that of a foe, but of a friend, what tax of jealousy or of heartlessness ought it to have to pay? Wesley’s chief eminence was not that of a learned man, which he was; not that of a christian legislator, which he was; not even that of a distinguished, God-sent agent, which he unquestionably was; but this, baptized with the spirit of holiness and charity, he, as he was able, and mad mobs allowed, preached the Gospel everywhere to the poor; distributed the blessings of social, regenerated, sober, happy life; made every Church in Great Britain his debtor for a hallowed impetus: and his descendants have made the world their debtor for a wide and ever-widening evangelization. Are these reasons for shyness? Not with men who are well taught—not with men who *are* men.

The world we live in has an extended range, and I shall, without specifying localities or persons, go through it for my general observations on SHYING.

There are modern Historians who profess to give the past and present state of Churches, and by them very eloquent chapters are devoted to corrupt Churches, and Churches likely soon to be effete. There are pages set apart to religionists, whose vagaries and practices are too heretical for the credence of common sense,—too infidel for this epoch of purity and enlightenment. But a penurious mention is all you will find of Wesleyan Methodism, which now has its unselfish and energetic organization flourishing in all the countries of the globe. This is the shying of authorship.

Wesleyan Methodism creates christian nations, and blesses old nationalities, and it might reasonably be expected, that senates would on fitting occasions be glad to recognize a religious cause of domestic order and national prosperity; but while prominence will be given to ecclesiastical heterodoxy and parade, an earnest and orthodox evangelism will be forgotten, or if remembered, only for purposes of derision; hence, almost everywhere in Church and State, "Methodist" is the convenient condemnatory epithet for every pious man who says what he means, and ardently for Christ does what he says. Joseph was forgotten, but his time of meek triumph came. The Methodists can wait for justice.

Bigotry and State formalism have been forced by public opinion to grant some exceptions; but the rule still is to ignore Methodism in the appointment of Chaplains; and too often the Ministers of a laborious, spiritual Church are rejected; and in many cases the preference is given to priests whose oath of allegiance has been sworn at Rome, and who hate British Protestantism and Power; or to men who have pledged their belief to a Protestant creed, and are Papists in heart. Any thing, rather than honest, holy, Protestant Methodism! Is it that Butler's "gifts and dispensations" are

"More proper for the cloudy night
Of Popery, than Gospel light?"

The epidemic of mean shyness does not stop here. A party of Explorers are sent into a remote part of the world, who, after careful research, are to report geographically, ethnologically, and geologically; and it is very difficult now-a-days for men of science to go out without finding that they are the mere followers of others. The Christian Missionary is the true pioneer explorer. Well, these after-comers see on arrival there has been something done without them, and they cannot with any face make their reports to those who authorize and pay them without saying something; and in seven cases out of ten the praise will be awarded to Jesuit and Puseyite zeal, and large Methodist Missions will be unnamed, or named disparagingly, though the Methodists have more Missions in the earth than any other Protestant people. This cannot be mistake: it is dishonesty.

Great Galileo of the sixteenth century was judged a heretic by the Pope for even his ingenious astronomy, and was thrust into the prison of the inquisition. The Methodists are reckoned heretics for being Wesleyans. On this very principle has a High Churchman to report the religious condition of a new country, he will,

very probably, as can be proved, just make out the number of square miles, and be sure not to forget the number of "Church of England" parishes, and then broadly state that the rest of the inhabitants are in danger of perishing for lack of the ministrations of the "Church;" or if this reporter has charity enough left for an addenda, perhaps Popery and something else will be noted as being somewhere: but the Methodists, the people most widely spread and useful in the country, are treated with a designed, contemptuous silence. Brotherliness apostolic!

The evil I would expose and denounce exhibits itself too often in editorial offices, in corporations, councils, committees, in official appointments, in political, literary, and social institutions, and on some of the platforms of the day. Is this generous fraternization?

Then, notwithstanding this super-caution, in great and in little men, there is so much truth in Wesleyan doctrines, justice in Wesleyan law, usefulness in Wesleyan means, beauty in Wesleyan hymns and history, and force in the Wesleyan itinerancy, others are attracted. There is soul in the system, say they; but they do wish that the Hindu's notions of transmigration of souls were practicable, that the good soul of Wesleyanism being lodged in a different-looking body, it might by them be useable. O modest and anxious admirers! I enjoy your qualms and your quandaries!

Watch the progress of a controversy between a man of another Church and a man of the Wesleyan Church, and you are pretty sure to see great care and harlequin circumlocution in the Wesleyan's opponent, lest he use terms favourable to Wesleyanism, even when he could do it without sapping his own argument; and as to the natural use of the designations Methodist, Wesleyan, Wesleyan-Methodism, keep your eye upon him, and you will have to laugh at the shifts he makes to avoid these terms, and when he replies again he, it may be, will, (as I saw done some years ago in the E—— rebellion) hectoringly let the Wesleyan know he has been counting in his last article the times Wesleyan technical words were used. The triumph of pettiness and pettishness this!

There is, strange to say, in the world a Methodist suspicion of sterling Wesleyanism, the most despicable suspicion of all. It is gratifying that in every country very many Methodists are loyal Wesleyans, and merit honour: not so with every one. There are small censorious cliques of semi-Wesleyans, having queer names, in different parts of the world, who would have hateful things spoken of angelically, with whom warm-hearted Wesleyanism is

doubtful; and constant vigilance is necessary lest they be offended. They don't believe the fact, that there is no system more just, anti-sectarian, and paternal than WESLEYAN Methodism. The word Wesleyanism to them has something imperial in it, something conservative; and so it has; but the shy souls are independent and liberal! The word Wesley is not to be frequently brought out; and as to *British Methodism*, the mention of it startles and shocks the men of a new-fangled, free-thinking and free-acting Methodism. Is this the Methodism which is congenial with the spirit, rule, and work of John Wesley? Is this the Methodism which is to adorn all lands with the monuments of enthusiastic, christian energy?

Whole-souled Wesleyans know how to keep themselves aloof from the policy, temper, and politics of the world; and yet, with this one reserve, required by their Divine Master, they are ever in the world seeking its salvation. If there are to be such fancied virtue as wariness and shyness with old Wesleyanism, *why* are these to be? Not a sound reason can be found for them. Are the doctrines of John Wesley unscriptural? Are the means he established ineffectual? Is the discipline he prescribed inoperative? Is the itinerancy he appointed indolent and unsuccessful? Are the people he raised up unfaithful to his memory or their profession? Are they traitors to the kingdoms, colonies, and territories they, with the noblest motives, inhabit? Is the Wesleyanism of the nineteenth century degenerated and debilitated? Have the Wesleyans ceased to labour, ceased to spread holiness, ceased to increase in numbers, ceased to be generous and aggressive, ceased to elevate the countries they live in, ceased to be Missionary, ceased to promote universally as their facilities permit, and the Holy Spirit prompts and prospers them, the highest welfare of mankind? Have they denied their ten thousand times heard asseveration, that they are "the friends of all and the enemies of none?" If not yet false to God, to Wesleyanism, or to mankind, they deserve—not oblique glances, unmeaning recognition, and ignorant censure—but frankness and cordiality, thanks and good wishes.

If the extra-dignified reservations of the adepts at shying are intended as a discouragement to the ardour of the Wesleyan Methodists, they are the pitiful proofs of a futile and despised policy; for while they lessen Wesleyan brotherly satisfaction, they certainly add to the vigour of Wesleyan combination and purpose. The Wesleyans long ago weighed contempt, and found it wanting. They can appreciate courtesy, and shew it, but will forfeit no

christian, no connexional essential to buy it. They have resources which God furnishes, and their work, in the face of the sun, in every clime, no human, nor satanic power can demolish : assuredly it cannot be stopped by the impotent art of Shying.

Toronto, June 1, 1861.

SCENERY IN THE WEST INDIES.

BY THE REV. WM. ENGLISH,

Sixteen years a Resident in the West Indies.

To an individual born and brought up beneath the leaden skies of these advanced latitudes, there is something romantic and unreal, partaking of the imaginative and poetical, in those descriptions which travellers from the "sunny regions of the South" have given us of the beauty, the grandeur, the sublimity, the almost paradisiacal gorgeousness of those portions of this fair earth. Nevertheless every actual observer readily confesses that the reality far surpasses the representation. Nature there surrounds herself with a beauty and a loveliness, with a majesty and a grandeur defying the power of language to portray, and outstripping the fantasies of imagination itself. To be suddenly transplanted from these comparatively tame and matter-of-fact regions to one of the West India Islands, —Jamaica or Barbadoes for instance, as in these days of railroads and steamships may be done in a few days ; such a complete contrast would be exhibited in every object, scene, manner, and custom brought under the cognizance of our senses as might awaken the suspicion that we had entered upon a new world, and were traversing a planet more fair and beautiful than the one on which we first began to exist. No chilling blasts or wintry storms there disturb and mar the harmony of nature. Stern winter, with his breath of penetrating cold, his mantle of snow, and touch that turns everything into ice, abstains from visiting those regions of loveliness, driven back by the stern mutterings of the distant hurricane, acting as their ever vigilant sentinel or chivalrously respecting the bewitching scenery of their lands. The orb of day there not only gives light, but fills the entire hemisphere with *an ocean of glory*, imparting a life-like appearance, and a bold prominency to the objects of nature ; and gilding them with hues of delicate beauty, or gorgeous loveliness. The climate of the West Indies, though too tropical to be healthy to a new comer, is most delicious and tempting : a perpetual spring reigns, snow never falls, the sky is of the deepest azure, the seas are pure and transparent, teem-

ing with fish of the most delicious flavor, and yielding this repast in surprising abundance and variety ; while the moon and the stars shine with lustre unknown in colder climes. Their shores are indented with many spacious and safe harbors ; fertile lowlands, rich green meadows, valleys waving with the silken plume of the sugar-cane as the gentle breezes play across their surface and mountains, losing their tops in masses of white rolling clouds, greet you at every turn. The forests, which up to the present cover great portions of those islands, are brightened by the vivid coloring of tropical flowers, and are full of the most valuable and beautiful timber. At every step the eye is charmed and the taste gratified by the exuberance and variety of vegetable life. There is the gigantic mahogany, the red cedar, the ebony and the lignum vitæ ; the stately palm, with its white stem glistening in the sunbeams like a column of burnished silver ; the graceful bamboo, growing in clumps and waving to every breeze ; groves of the dark mangol, forming with its dense leafage an impenetrable shelter from the heat of the sun, and pressing its rich and luscious fruit upon the acceptance of the weary traveller ; the wild orange tree, the myrtle-leaved vine, the guana, the tamarind, and the aloe, intermingled with flowers of every hue ; whilst the creeping convolvulus nets over and beautifies the very jungles of the forests. All around you there is a brightness of colouring, and a teeming profusion of vegetation everywhere bursting forth, and bearing the strongest testimony to the richness of the soil, and the mildness of the climate. In brief, they are countries in which nature seems to have poured out in luxuriant profusion everything necessary for the conveniency and comfort of man ; and in which she appeared to present an extensive garden, planted, cultivated, and beautified by the hand of Deity himself.

My first acquaintance with the magnificent island of St. Vincents, lying in latitude 13° north, and longitude 61°, 20° west of Greenwich, was made from the first vessel belonging to the Royal West India line of steamers that visited its harbor. It was the Sabbath morn ; and the calm air and the cloudless sky harmonized with the associations of that holy day. Nature was at rest ; and the balmy zephyrs which fanned your cheeks seemed winged with the perfume of paradise, and irresistibly raised your thoughts to those regions undimmed by clouds of ignorance, unmarred by the hand of sin. The panoramic view from the deck of the steamer was of the most enchanting kind. The waters of the spacious harbor spread out before you like a glassy mirror, the soft airs rippling their surface, and refracting the rays of light in all the prismatic colours of the rainbow, and gently laving the pebbly beach in front, or whirling in eddies around the bold rocky promontories at either extremity. To the

right, erected on the highest and boldest point of a distant promontory, was a small battery of eight guns, capable of sweeping the harbor or guarding its north west entrance against a hostile invasion; to the *left* was the large and strong fort, Charlotte, with its grim looking guns peeping down upon you in stern defiance, reminding you of England's might and England's valor. Immediately in front of you was *Kingstown*, the capitol, with its threefold range of streets running in lines with the curve of the harbor. Behind the town, hills rose upon hills, and mountains upon mountains, far as eye could reach, their bases dotted—*here* with the beautiful villas of the aristocracy of the island, and *there* with sugarcane plantations—and their summits, groaning beneath primitive forests, clothed with the white drapery of heaven. Winding round the mountain roads crowds of negroes might be seen, the women arrayed in their muslin gowns of spotless whiteness and their many-colored turbaned headdresses, and the men with good beaver hats and broadcloth coats, some on horseback, some on foot, hastening to the house of prayer; and enlivening the monotony of the journey with heartfelt songs of praise. Whilst stretching out to the *West* hundreds of small islands dotted the sea, some presenting their stern granite fronts to the rough surges of the mighty Atlantic, and others covered with emerald green from base to summit. There they stood and gazed, and there they had stood and gazed for ages past, like watchers, sleepless, vigilant; observing the changing fortunes of their parent island under Carib domination, slavery's curse, or freedom's happier sway. The scene was worthy a poet's eye, and a painter's pencil. It repaid an ocean voyage; leaving it's impress in indelible characters upon the memory.

THOMAS FARMER, Esq.,

(LATE GENERAL TREASURER OF THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.)

*A short sketch of his life and last hours. **

My father was born at Kennington Common, Surrey, on the 7th of June, 1790, a few months before the death of Wesley. He lost his mother when only four years old. His father, thus left a widower in middle life, did not marry again, but devoted himself to the nurture and training of his two little children. My father was deeply and lastingly attached to his sorrowing parent, whom he greatly resembled in thoughtfulness and judgment, in integrity,

* Written by his daughter, and read by the Rev. Dr. Hannah after the Funeral Sermon preached by him on the occasion of the death of that eminent servant of God, in City Road Chapel, London, June 14th, 1861.

simplicity, and gentle goodness. But though he never knew his mother's care and culture, he inherited some portion of her own tender sensibility, vivacity, and wit; so that, through life, his solid sense and essential gravity were brightened by gleams of sportiveness, which gave a zest to social intercourse, and often made his very reproof palatable.

When my father left school, my grandfather, who had been successful in business, wished his son to go to college, but failed to gain his consent. He then urged him to enter a professional career, and placed him with his friend and solicitor, Mr. Marson, of Newington. A year's attempt to meet his father's views convinced him that he should never like the law as a pursuit. His own spirit was, at this time, dissatisfied and restless; life and its hard problems lay before him, and he was daily asking the question, "Who will show me any good?" His considerate father, ever on the watch to meet his views, took him from the lawyer's office, and brought him into his own chemical works, where he laboured at first for the sake of aiding one whom he heartily admired and loved, but soon with a personal interest in the various processes and their results. Still his spirit was troubled. As a child and youth his conduct had been exemplary. This did not prevent him from being painfully conscious that he lived without God, and that he had for twelve years resisted the strivings of the Holy Spirit.

Before the chapel in China-terrace, Lambeth, was built, my grandfather had been accustomed to attend the ministry of the late Rev. Rowland Hill, at Surrey Chapel. But as soon as Lambeth Chapel was opened, the father and son were more commonly to be found hearing the Wesleyan Methodist Ministers. In his youth Mr. Farmer, sen., had been for a time a member of the Society, and had won Wesley's smile and word of approval by bringing five pounds, his savings during his apprenticeship, and adding that sum to the larger offerings for the building of City-road Chapel. Among the Ministers whom my father used to hear most frequently were the late Revs. Dr. Clarke and Joseph Benson, and these men of power exerted a strong influence on his early decisions. By their ministry he became more fully convinced of his nature's sinfulness, and was shown more clearly the way of salvation. Yet he was long in finding rest to his soul. No slight healing would suffice for his deep wound; no peace self-spoken would avail. With the energy that marked the doings of his whole life, my father, at this time, gave himself to the practical work of the manufactory through the day, and to the acquirement of chemical knowledge in the evening. Thorough in everything, he laboured with his own hands, beginning with plumbing, and measuring his strength and skill with that of every workman in the place,—till all they could do had been done by their young master, and knew himself competent to take the lead in each department. Yet paramount even to business success, was the welfare of his soul; and no day passed of which the earliest and the latest hours were not given to religious reading, meditation, and earnest pleading with God. Sometimes he would retire to his room, after a day's hard work in the factory, and an evening's attendance at a chemical lecture, so weary in body that it was scarcely pos-

sible to prevent himself from falling asleep; and he has been heard to say that rather than remit one half-hour of that consecrated time he has kept awake by pricking himself with pins. He made it a point to count his sleeping hours, allowing himself only six. His habit was to rise at eight, and go to bed every morning at two o'clock; but he soon changed this custom for one more conducive to health, both retiring and rising earlier. The habit of early rising acquired in youth he never lost. Till growing infirmities hindered, he rose at six o'clock, read and prayed with my mother before leaving his room, and then spent the hour from seven to eight in converse with himself and with his God.

The sixth of September, 1809, was a memorable day in my father's history. He went to his bedroom at ten o'clock, and took up Benson's "Apology for the Doctrine of the Methodists." Whilst reading, his sense of guilt and need became burdensome, and he fell on his knees to seek deliverance. Through the still hours of the night he reviewed his past sins and failures; recognized his own impotence, and the sufficiency of Christ; and though his diary, which he began to keep from that time does not speak in set terms of pardon and peace, yet it affords ample evidence that from that night he ceased to hear the condemning voice of conscience, received Jesus Christ as his atoning Saviour, and had the faith which gives the victory over the world. Before he slept he wrote out many rules for his future guidance. Among them are these.

"To exercise myself much in constant and earnest prayer.

"To beware of the first temptation to sin.

"To watch against covetousness.

"To be sincere in all things.

"To beware of acting in any instance contrary to conscience.

"To consider seriously as to receiving the Sacrament, the first opportunity."

On the 5th of October, my father heard Mr. Benson, at Lambeth Chapel, from the words, "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup." After much doubting as to his own fitness, my father determined on staying, "remembering," he writes, "the vanity of life, and the possibility of feeling differently another time." His father went with him into the vestry of the Chapel, and there Mr. Benson gladly received him, and urged him to keep his newly-made covenant with God. The youth left the Communion-table, weeping tears of joy, as he felt himself bound for life to a new and holy service, and saying from his heart—"Blessed be the God and father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten" me "again unto a lively hope, by the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." Fifty-one years after, his last communion was a time of joyous weeping, as he looked back on early vows kept by God's grace, and onward to his inheritance so nearly reached. His whole soul seemed to be stirred to its depths while he joined his family in singing,—

"And soon my spirit in His hands,
 Shall stand where my Forerunner stands."

About a week after my father had received the Lord's Supper at Lambeth, he made the following record in his diary:—

"Monday, October, 16, 1809.—Rose a little before six o'clock, and was at Dr. Clark's before half-past seven. Had a long and pleasant conversation with him, in which I disclosed my present state and feelings; my temptation to fear lest I should neglect my resolutions as I had done before. He gave me much consolation, 'For,' said he "those were made in weakness, but these are made in the Lord, and He will strengthen you.' He advised me to purchase an Oxford Bible, to read two chapters in the Old, and one in the New Testament daily, and mark such passages as most struck me; to join Class; and on what conditions offer assistance at Sunday-schools. He said that when I was in trouble he would assist me. Upon the whole, I had a happy interview, and at leaving, went on my way rejoicing."

Before this conversation, my father had been once to Mr. Shaw's Class. He now determined to give his name as a member; and from that day to the time of his death, he continued in fellowship, with the people called Methodists.

That he grew in grace, the following extract from the same diary will show:—

"Wednesday, Nov. 1, 1809.—Hail blessed day. I felt, as I had mentioned to my sister and Dr. Clark, that this was the happiest day of my life, for I experienced such a sense of God's pardoning love that I could look forward with confidence to that change that awaits all. Not but I was sensible that I was not perfect, but from a retrospective view of His gracious and merciful dealings towards me when I was afar off, and acted as if independent of Him, I concluded that as I came now confessing my sins, and desiring to forsake them, acknowledging my desert of punishment, and pleading no other atonement but that of the Lord Jesus Christ, I might claim the promises made to such as believe and confide in Him for the fulfilment and completion of that work which I was conscious he had begun in my heart, even should He be pleased to call me home to-morrow. It is impossible to describe the feelings I had the whole day. All was peace and joy through believing. I communicated my experience to Dr. Clarke, who gave me much encouragement."

On Good Friday, 1810, my father became a teacher in the Kennington Lane Sunday School, conducted by Congregationalists. Here, the lowest class was placed under his care, a charge that he valued highly and kept faithfully. For many years he acted as Superintendent of this school. Soon after commencing Sunday School teaching, he began systematically to assist the poor and sick. Thenceforward engagements in the church crowded upon him.

Perhaps few men have more fully united the active and the contemplative parts of the Christian character than he. It might truly be said of him at this period of his life,—

"His days were spent in doing good,
His nights in praise and prayer."

—And in later years, those who were familiar with him only in the city, as he hastened from office to office in the despatch of business, or in

Church Committees, where secular interests were quickly apprehended and settled, could form but an imperfect idea of the extreme caution with which he deliberated before taking any new step in life,—of the patient candour with which he examined his motives, and assured himself, before proceeding, that these were consistent with Christian profession.

A mature Christian looking over his voluminous early diaries would say that his danger then lay in a tendency to morbid self-scrutiny. Each day's actions passed in review at night, with the motives that prompted them. These were brought to the test of a strict rule, and examined as in the presence of the holy and omniscient Lawgiver; and often heavy censure was passed upon himself.

A corrective to this too depressing self-examination was supplied, however, by bodily activity, and by contact with his fellow-Christians in their efforts to do good.

Among the strong and guiding influences of my father's youth, his friendships must be reckoned. He was intimate with Dr. Clarke and his family; but his own chosen and chief associates were three young men—two of them some few years older than himself; Edward Thornton, whose father was related to Dr. Steinkopff, and intimate with Cecil and Venn; Joseph Henry Butterworth, the son of one whose name is well known in connection with philanthropic enterprise, and at whose house he was introduced to many great and good men; and Charles Stoke Dudley, now the only survivor of the group, waiting in extreme age for his summons to rest from a long life's labours in behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Two of those four close companions were members of the Church of England; Mr. Dudley was a Friend. In happy fellowship with them, my father's loving spirit imbibed a deep catholicity, and he learned to value essential truth and goodness wherever he found them. With Mr. Dudley he would occasionally sit for hours in the silence of the Meeting-house; and his friend, in profitable reciprocation, would accompany him to hear Mr. Benson's strong arguments and eloquent appeals to the conscience. Many an evening, too, was spent in Mr. Dudley's domestic circle, where my father's spirit owned the charm of piety, united with intelligence and good breeding.

But though thus loving, his heart clave closest to the church of his first choice, and he was soon greatly occupied in serving her institutions and in promoting her interests. As time wore on and my father became well-known and highly respected as a manufacturer and merchant, openings were presented for changing his course in life. Friends urged him to enter a path that could not fail to lead to municipal honours; and three times he was earnestly solicited to go into Parliament. Such proposals were not set aside with impulse and haste, but were gravely considered; the decision in each case being determined partly by considerations of health; but mainly by the belief that to concentrate his energies upon schemes of usefulness in connection with Christ's Church was the best way of bringing glory to God. With this view he became, in the year 1817, a Class Leader in the Methodist Society. This was at the instance of the Rev. Jabez Bunting, whose discerning eye and strong hand led him, in the following year, to the meetings of the Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. From the date of their early acquaintance, my father prized Dr. Bunting's friendship as one of the chief blessing of a life crowned with goodness and with loving kindness.

In 1820, my father became a member of the British and Foreign Bible Society. On that Committee his name appears annually for more than thirty years, when it was honoured by being added to the list of Vice-Presidents of that Society. For the last thirty-five years he was a Lay-Treasurer of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. He stood in the same relation for many years to the Stranger's Friend Society, and for a shorter period to the Evangelical Alliance. These were the earthly honours in which he most delighted. Towards the close of life he often spoke thankfully of benefits received in fellowship with many of the excellent men who had been his partners in a hallowed enterprise, and who had gone before him to the rest and rejoicing of the better world.

Early in the year of 1860 my father had a severe attack of rheumatic gout, a complaint from which he had suffered, at intervals, for many years. This left him weaker than usual, and his family apprehended the probability of his being soon taken from them. His failing health, through the summer and autumn, continued to give uneasiness to his friends; but it was not till the month of November that the presence of an incurable disease was detected. On asking for and obtaining a distinct answer as to the opinion of his medical friend at Arthington, he said calmly, "Then I must prepare for the worst."

A few weeks after, in London, all hope as to my father's recovery was taken away. One night about this time my mother had been assisting in arrangements for his comfort, and was about to leave his room. He called him to his side and said, "If I were left to myself, I must go down, down, down." "Where?" she said. "To hell." But in the same breath he responded to her words of encouragement, and rejoiced in the preciousness of Christ. A few evenings after, he said to one of his children, "There is no veil between my soul and Christ."

1861.—January 14th.—On my mother visiting my father this morning and inquiring how he felt, he said, "I feel condemned for not having sufficiently exalted the love of God."

19th.—We were grieved to see his appetite failing. He only remarked quietly, "It's the rule of the land in which I dwell." He was deeply interested in Dr. Hoole's account of the purchase of a site for a chapel in Paris.

28th.—The first day that my father spent in his bedroom. There he was visited by his friends the Revs. Dr. Osborn and Mr. Boyce. "I have long had rather a different view of my case from the doctors. I have had some hope of recovery. But now the die is cast. I must think that this is the beginning of the end. Some people have more power to bear pain than I have. Mr. Norton read a letter from a poor sick man that laid me in the dust, and there I have been lying ever since." Later in the evening he said, "I only wish that God's will may be done, and that he may be glorified in me. If it be His will I would ask for less pain, or for strength to bear it better."

31st.—This morning my father called me to him, and said, "This will end by and bye. I should like to creep out of time into eternity, silently and unobserved, and so pass into the presence of God, without a cloud on my soul, through the merits and righteousness of Jesus Christ." He then asked earnestly, and with a child's simplicity of look and word, "Do you think it would be wrong for me to pray that I may go to heaven soon?"

On my assuring him that I thought it would not, were he to refer his request to the will of God, he said, clasping his hands and looking up, "Well then—I say, Lord I thank thee for letting me have, for so many years, some work to do for Thee in the Church and in the world. It has not been for my worthiness, I am wholly unworthy, but for Christ's sake. And now Lord, I can do no more, lestest thou thy servant depart in peace."

Feb. 5th.—Many of us being with him, he spoke more freely than usual of his spiritual state, and then raised his hand high. My mother asked "What do you mean?" Looking up, his hand still raised, and his eye full of life and joy, he replied, "The least I can have is Heaven! But oh, my dear wife and children, when you hear me express a desire to depart, it is not to leave you, I leave all my earthly treasure." . . . "Pray for me, that no expression may ever escape me which will not glorify God."

6th.—Next day, he said, "When I was nineteen, I asked myself, What shall I do? I then decided to seek the glory of God, and the experience, enjoyment and spread of salvation. "And on looking back," it was said, "you feel that, had you to begin life again, you would walk substantially in the same way." "I am brought to that," he rejoined. "If anything be said of me, let it be true. Let no man place me higher than I really am—and under all write,

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'

Then with emphasis he repeated his favourite verse,

"For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side,
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died."

7th.—The last day on which my dear father was carried down stairs. The exertion fatigued him, and he soon returned to his bed-room. The next day he was removed to the two rooms opening into each other, where he remained until his death, and where we watched the slow but sure progress of disease, wearing out his little remaining strength, and exhausting vital energy. Through these heavy months of his daily dying, we magnify the grace of God in his patience, meekness, gratitude, abounding love and praise, and full victory over the last enemy.

9th.—Said farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, of Park; spoke with much pleasure of happy meetings in the Evangelical Alliance.

10th.—A sacramental service was held in my father's room. Hymn sung—"Enter'd the holy place above." Solemn and sweet service, conducted by Mr. Arthur; after which, my father prayed, giving thanks for the mercies of a life time,—for grace given to himself and family, for opportunities to work for God. Pleaded with great solicitude for his children, and children's children, for God's work in the neighbouring village, and His church at large, in the world, for Missionaries, for all Ministers, for individual friends. This over, and those servants dismissed who had communicated with us, we sang—"Away with our sorrow and fear."

20th.—Hearing that his only fear was, lest he should not glorify his Saviour in suffering, a friend sent him this message—"Christ will take

care of his own glory. He must not look forward : the manna fell every day." He was greatly comforted ; and next day told my mother he was willing to remain if the glory of God required it.

21st, Evening.—As he lay on his couch in the sitting room, Mr. and Mrs. Pocock, from Kew, called. After speaking appropriately to each other about their personal interests, the Brentford Society, his long connection with it, and his unwilling short-comings as a Leader, he turned to his own sufferings—"If it will but please God to give me more strength to bear these paroxysms of pain?"—My mother reminded him how Mr. Bergne had advised him that afternoon, to live a moment at a time, and what Mrs. G. had said, Christ will take care of his own glory ; he said—"Oh yes!"—and as he spoke his countenance glowed, and his voice trembled with emotion—"God will not let me dishonour him!"—He raised both hands and clasped them over his head,—"He shall be glorified, and I shall be saved, to join the multitude of the redeemed in His presence, though I *am* a vile sinner!"

February 23.—I went to his bedside. He was sleeping. Opening his eyes, he said, "I have been pleased to see my children about me ; and, now that I may not be able to speak much longer, I want to tell them that they are all very dear to me." "I should like in these last moments to say something that will dwell in their minds with comfort. I know some of their trials. Sin has damaged our world ; but by his goodness in Christ, God has opened a way of access to Himself. I have long believed in it for myself, for my wife, for my children. I have felt it. If I am saved it is as a sinner, by the mercy of God in Christ ; and, if I am kept to the end, it will be through the grace of Christ." While I lie here, I often review my past life. I have no merit to trust in. I deeply regret that I've lost so many opportunities of doing good, though, by God's help, I have embraced some. I feel my own unworthiness, and yet I believe He will say, to me, 'Well done, well done!'"

March 3, Sunday.—My father much altered this day or two—increased drowsiness ; very feeble. I went to his side after dinner. He said faintly, "I'm waiting, waiting." "What for, father?" "Waiting till my change come. Flickering, flickering."

To Mr. Barber.—"Two texts are frequently with me,—'Let this cup pass from me ; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done ;' and, 'I besought the Lord thrice,' with Christ's answer, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' I want a greater degree of patience."

In the evening of the same day, to my mother,—"I feel death to be a personal matter. Two things are necessary: determined and prompt preparation, and the presence of God with me down to the banks ; for you can, none of you, go over with me ; and every one of you must go through it alone."

6th.—He said,—"What a merciful dispensation it would be if some one were to call to-morrow to enquire after Mr. Farmer,—'he heard that he was going,'—and he were to be answered, 'He's gone.' But it's too good to be true."

Towards evening, spoke of his sins and their aggravations,—"Sins against my father, my children, my friends, the Church, the world." "But," he added in a strong voice, which told of relief and conquest, I roll them all on Jesus,—

'For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side.'

9th. This day he lay some hours in a disturbed sleep. Bidding me good night, he whispered, "I want you to know how much consolation I have. My language seems to be always this:—

"No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine;
Alive in Him My living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal Throne,
And claim the crown, thro' Christ my own."

About this time, a Christian friend visiting him, he said, "All my life long—from a child to a child—God has led me."

10th. Talked of heaven; seemed to fear we should think him selfish in wishing to go. "It is not that I wish to be free from pain and to leave sorrow to you. But what can I do for you now? I can only lie here helpless: and the sooner I go, the sooner I shall be ready to welcome you." He listened to a hymn sung, and "wished he could hear it all night." "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever—that's the most perfect melody." Again, he said, "Hundreds of texts pass through my mind; but not one in the slightest degree shakes the foundations of my trust in the truth of God."

16th. "When I have been brought to the last extremity of suffering, then it seemed to my apprehension as though he said, Hitherto shalt thou come but no further."

March 17, Sunday.—While the rest were at chapel, he called me to him, "I'll tell you what I've been thinking. There are many general promises in the word of God; enough to rest upon. But, I think without presumption we may lay hold of some particular ones. This:—'Blessed is he that considereth the poor—Thou wilt make all his bed in sickness.' So, often, when the nurses have done their best, and I have used all the appliances, which my long experience in this illness has taught me to try for the alleviation of pain and uneasiness, I feel—I can do no more—they can do no more—now I am with *Thee*. Do thou undertake for me? Thou wilt make all my bed in sickness. If it be Thy will grant me what I want. I cease from man, I am in the everlasting arms."

March 22.—Parting with Dr. Hannah and Mr. Jackson; delighted to see them.

Early part of April his appetite failed much.

9th Evening.—A severe paroxysm of pain came on, very distressing to witness. Coldness like that of death, and a tremor shaking his whole frame. We heard his whispered pleadings for the dismissal from the suffering body, or else grace to bear the dreadful pain. When the means used had brought some relief, and he began to think of the possible frequent recurrence of such agony, he again prayed for grace; but added quickly, "I have it. God has given me more grace; for I am more willing to bear pain." This was the last season of severe suffering.

18th.—He began to speak of the mercies of God—"Infinite mercies! I ought to be all gratitude." Then of the greatness of God. "When I think of Him!—(I am thankful to Him for creating me, preserving me, redeeming me, but—) I wonder why I have existed! I am nothing before Him—nothing at all. I am not like the saints." "Which of

them?" asked my mother. "The saints in all ages. I am not like any of them." After a while she turned his thought, saying, "But you are not going to let go Christ. You have no fear of the future." He shook his head, and smiled at the thought, "Oh dear, no!" he said.

Later in the evening, he found fault with himself for not rejoicing more in the prospect of heaven, and mentioned the opposition of Satan, ending with great energy, "But He will never suffer the enemy to touch His own work!"

April 19th.—This morning described, as he often did, his feelings as night came on. "I look around. Where am I? There is a plain all round; the word of God—a rock in the midst of the plain—the Cross on the rock. Here is God's word, full of promises—precious promises—great promises. I am in the midst of them: they abound; but they all centre there"—pointing before him, as though in the silence and darkness the Cross was a vision ever present to his imagination—"there, in the cross! If I can but have faith enough to hold that—all are Yea and Amen!"

Next day, on the same subject, he remarked, "I never saw faith, and hope, and patience in such a light before. I feel ashamed of them—as though I ought to make an apology for them in the presence of all these promises!" He wept while he spoke, this Sabbath morning, of God's goodness, and though what he said differed little from his usual expressions of trust in the promises of God, his whole tone and manner showed that he was under a very special visitation of the Comforter.

25th.—Before my mother went to hear the President at the Centenary Hall, he said,—“My love to them;” (the Missionary Secretaries,) “tell them that last night is, I think, the best night I have had in the best things: a contrast to the beginning of my sickness. There was then a conflict, with doubts and fears. Now, I see my Father's hand in it. I rest in Him. I've laid awake meditating, and His arm has been underneath me, if I mistake not.” Then, referring to the meeting to be held the following Monday, “Oh! how I should like to have them here! But it's my Father's hand.”

27th.—Before the China Breakfast Meeting, he said, “Things grow brighter.” In the afternoon Mr. Cox went into his room. He shook his hand heartily, saying, “Ah, my dear friend, I'm glad to see you!” Mr. Cox assured him that his thoughts and prayers had been with him. He responded, “Considering all I have suffered, or seemed to myself to suffer, I don't know what I should have done without the prayers of God's people.” “The Lord bless you and keep you! I believe He will keep you. The Lord prosper the work of your hands and give you peace! The Lord fulfil in you all the good pleasure of His goodness, and the work of faith with power! The Lord be with you for ever and ever, Amen!”

From May 1st, he had great difficulty in breathing through congestion of the lungs; not, however, attended with much pain.

5th was Sunday. About three o'clock in the afternoon we all saw a decided alteration. My mother and a medical friend stood by him; the pulse was almost gone; they thought him dying. He was restored by stimulants, but seemed to regret it, and said to one of his daughters who came in, “Tell them to let me go!” To his usual medical attendant—

"From what you have said, I know that I shall soon go; this disease has done its work." My mother said, "I think, my dear, Mr. H. never said so." "But I have inferred as much. I have watched my own feelings. I know that every time I speak I am the worse for it." Then, turning to Mr. H., "I leave my family and my circumstances with comfort in the hands of God; and for myself," raising his eyes to heaven, "I am looking forward." Some time after, he said to my mother, "You are keeping me by your prayers." "No, indeed," she replied; "I only pray that God's will be done." "But you *will* feed me; what is the use? Why won't you let me go? I am not a Missionary; I cannot do any more good: though if I were able to do any more for God, I should be willing to be brought back; but God has shown me otherwise."

In the evening I raised his head to give him some nourishment, and repeated, "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me," &c. He said, "My dear, the promises reach from the Cross to heaven, and I lie at the foot of the Cross." His cough was troublesome, but a short sleep refreshed him; and when the family returned from chapel he said many farewell words, though with some difficulty, and in short sentences. "I have been suffering all these months. It has been a great exercise. But now God has mercifully relieved me. I have no pain—no uneasiness. I've had gracious manifestations, not glorious, but quiet assurance. I felt it for two hours. The promises carry me right up to heaven. Christ is with me! Christ sent me this complaint! Blessed Lord! I thank Thee for taking away the pain, and making me so happy!" And more to the same purpose. When he was tired, we sang softly,

"For ever here my rest shall be," &c.,

He took part now and then with energy. In the course of the day he had said, "Meet me in heaven. I believe you all will." He now repeated, "Farewell." Then looking round, and missing one, he asked, "Is S— here?" She came in that instant. "Thank God!" he said, as though he never thought to see us all together again. He took a most affectionate leave of Mr. Cox, saying fervently, "God bless you and your work!" Then as we were leaving him, (fearing lest he should be exhausted,) he grasped his hand, and, gathering his strength, said with strong feeling, "Success to China!"

His few remaining days he dosed almost continually, and towards night he wandered a little: now and then he revived. "But," he one day said, "I'm so occupied with heavenly things that I find it difficult to come back to earthly."

Thursday May 9.—His old friend and fellow-labourer in the Southwark Auxiliary Bible Society, the Rev. George Clayton, came to see him; and said that it was, he believed, a special answer to prayer that he found him alive. "I only heard of your illness," said he, "last week." I enquired at the Strangers' Friend Office, and at the Mission House, and met with nothing but discouragement. 'It's too late—impossible—you won't find him alive. "I only heard of your illness," said he, "last week. I enquired at the Strangers' Friend office, and at the Mission House, and met with nothing but discouragement. 'Its too late—Impossible—You won't find him alive.' But I felt convinced that you would be detained till I should see you." After a few words had been exchanged on happy

days past together fifty years ago, and glorious days to come, Mr. Clayton repeated the 23rd Psalm, and prayed. When he was gone, my father said, that will be the last, I think."

A few days before my father's death, Mr. Arthur saw him. He was unable to make Mr. Arthur understand what he wished to say—but my mother interpreted the half-spoken words—"I wish to glorify God in dumbness."

To a friend, he said—I like to see that smile. Where I am going smile always answers to smile. It is not always so here."

One of these days he called one of his daughters to him, and said deliberately, though with great difficulty, "May the peace of God which passeth all understanding keep you heart and mind through Christ Jesus continually: give you grace and wisdom to train up all your children for eternity." He also gave directions to my mother respecting his funeral.

May 10th, Friday.—Two of us standing by him noticed his eyes fixed a long time as if gazing at something. When asked what it was, he answered "only fresh manifestations of God." Again, in the afternoon, "Open the gate." And again, "Still hoping for heaven." Late in the evening as he grew feebler we sung—

"My God the spring of all my joys," &c.

—He tried to put in a note or two. When we came to—

"The wings of love and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through,"

He said distinctly, "Yes—faith—prayer—praise Him—for all that is past—trust Him"—the line was finished for him:—

"Trust Him for all that's to come."

—He went on, "For ever and ever; His name be glorified!"

Two of us watched by him, alternately, that night. He was heard to say faintly, "Happy—happy—bless the Lord!"

11th.—With the dawn of this morning came the conviction that "the long fight of bodily affliction" was all but over. He had ceased to take notice of the watchers by his side; yet on receiving aid from one of his servants who raised him into an easier position, he tried to speak more than once—and at last was heard to say, with his wonted courtesy—"Thank him for the relief." Shortly after his breathing changed. About half-past ten o'clock his family gathered round his bed. My mother repeated the words, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for *thou* art with me." At these words, there was a slight but expressive motion of his head—the last sign of consciousness. Exactly as the clock struck twelve, his spirit passed away.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." God give us grace that our path may so shine, and that hereafter we may find a higher life."

Divinity.

THE SECOND TEMPLE MORE GLORIOUS THAN THE FIRST.

“Thus saith the Lord of Hosts * * * I will fill this house with my glory * * * The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former.”—Hag. ii., 6, 7, 9.

One of the grandest and most explicit of the prophetic promises of the Old Testament. We shall attempt its elucidation by briefly answering the three following questions:—1. For what particular purpose was it uttered? 2. Was that purpose ever accomplished? 3. Has the prediction itself ever been realized? And,

First: For what particular purpose was the prophet divinely “moved” to utter the above language? The records supplied in this Book, in connection with those given in Ezra, furnish these historical facts: That when the returned exiles celebrated with great rejoicings the actual commencement of the Second Temple, there were present some aged and venerated persons who wept aloud for disappointment and grief, because “in their eyes” the second was likely to be “as nothing in comparison of” the first, which they well remembered. That soon afterwards the work was stopped, chiefly as the result of violent persecutions, and successful intrigues at the Persian Court, carried on against the Jews by their envious neighbours the Samaritans, but partly as the result of religious apathy and the disheartening impressions made in reference to the inferiority of the second house, supposing its plan should be fully executed. And that so strong were these sad impressions, even sixteen years afterwards, when the work was resumed, that but for the opportune and encouraging ministrations of the prophets Zachariah and Haggai, this great national enterprise might never have been prosecuted. It was about three weeks after the work was resumed that Haggai addressed the builders in the stimulating, prophetic message (part of which is now under consideration), for the specific purpose of securing the completion of the Temple.—upon which, perhaps, the achievement of still grander purposes depended. But,

Secondly: Was this particular purpose really accomplished? The reply is *affirmative*. Of course the events predicted were conditioned on the prosecution of the work. “The latter house” must be *built*, or it never can be “filled with glory.” Now, the inspired records tell us (Ezra i. 8-11.), that Cyrus authorized Sheshbazzar, *i. e.* Zerubbabel, to govern the returned exiles, and to rebuild their Temple according to the Imperial decree; and Jehovah determined, (Zach. iv. 9), that this same illustrious

Prince should complete the work, which was actually the case ; for after its suspension for about fifteen years, he was encouraged by the edict of the reigning monarch of Persia, and by the exhortations of Haggai the prophet, (Ezra vi. and Hag. i.), again to summon the workmen together for that purpose on the twenty-fourth day of the sixth month of the second year of Darius the Second, and to persevere in the undertaking till the third day of the month Adar, in the sixth year of the same reign, when "this house was finished."—Ezra vi. 14, 15. Let us, then, inquire,

Thirdly : If this grand prophetic promise of Haggai has ever been realized. Before affirming its accomplishment, we pause to ask,—In what consisted that remembered and lamented glory of the first Temple? Were those aged mourners thinking only of its material wealth and magnificence? Or did they also mourn the loss of their ancient Ark, with its contents and appendages, the Shechinah, and the Responsive Oracle? They well knew these had all been lost. Could they hope for their recovery? Let us look at the cheering prophecy under consideration, remembering that we are to seek its fulfilment in those events which properly belong to the history of the second Temple, which maintained its existence till Herod the Great, and afterwards, in its gorgeous substitute, till destroyed by the Romans. Now, the general testimony of historians is, that in point of material splendour the second Temple never even equalled the first,—a verdict undoubtedly correct, when the second is compared with the first as Solomon left it, though not so near the truth when compared with it just previous to its destruction by the Chaldeans. How many times had sacrilegious hands plundered its treasures, and assailed its unrivalled adornments! Besides, the second Temple, when rebuilt and decorated by Herod in so costly a style, would compare to advantage with the first, as seen by those aged mourners.

But though part of this prophecy may relate to the material magnificence which the second Temple acquired, yet the promise, "I will fill this house with my glory," is evidently predictive of events exceeding all mere earthly splendour by as much, at least, as the Shechinah that inhabited Solomon's Temple exceeding in glory all its other attractions ; while the application made of one prominent part of this prophecy—in Heb. xii. 26–28—might lead our minds forward to that eventful period which witnessed the abolition of Judaism, and the establishment of the glorious and more permanent Dispensation of the Spirit.

Here we ask,—Did such divine manifestations ever occur in the second Temple as might be justly considered a fulfilment of the promise to "fill it with glory," and thus rendering the latter house more glorious than the former? So we believe. It could never boast of the Ark, with its sacred trea-

sures and typical Mercy-seat; but Deity incarnate—"the Desire of all Nations"—honoured it with His presence on several occasions, and thus the true Mercy-seat, in the person of the One Mediator, was there revealed. Never in that Temple did the officiating high-priest behold with wondering awe the Divine Shechinah bathing with glorious light the overshadowing wings of the symbolical Cherubim, and listen with trembling joy to those merciful utterances of a propitiated and sin-forgiving God: but other eyes beheld within that sacred edifice a sight more strange, more glorious, and more significant than was ever witnessed in the Temple of Solomon. For where else did God fulfil the great prophecy of Joel in the out-pouring of the Spirit?—which certainly filled the house with glory. Here then, as we believe, "the promise of the Father" was realized, and the Holy Comforter received,—under whose irresistible energy and truth-revealing agency, symbolized by "the mighty rushing wind," and the "cloven tongues like as of fire," a few despised fishermen were miraculously empowered to proclaim the glorious Gospel of Peace in languages they had never learned, securing, as the result, the conversion of intelligent thousands to a crucified Redeemer! Were scenes of equal interest, sublimity, and glory ever witnessed on earth by wondering mortals?

This, then, is the position we assume: That the fulfilment of Joel's prophecy, by the glorious events of the Christian Pentecost, included also the accomplishment of the prediction,—*"I will fill this house with my glory."* In support of this position we submit the following arguments:—1. That the "house" in which the Disciples received "the promise of the Father" must also have contained *many other persons*, who instantly circulated the tidings through the city, and must have been large enough to afford accommodation for the astonished multitudes that rushed to the place, and there heard themselves addressed in their various native tongues. But it appears from Acts i. 13., that the *upper room* spoken of was only the private residence of the Apostles for the time being, "where abode Peter and James," etc. We conclude, therefore, that the "upper room" was *not* the place where the Disciples were "all filled with the Holy Ghost," and where they immediately afterwards proclaimed "the wonderful works of God." 2. It is further evident from Acts i. 14., and from chap. xi. 1., that the Disciples "all continued with one accord"—i. e., unitedly—in prayer and supplication till "the day of Pentecost was fully come." But the closing words of St Luke's Gospel assures us that they "*were continually in the Temple, praising and blessing God,*" where also they continued "*daily with one accord*" after the Pentecost, according to the same authority,—Acts ii. 46. Hence we conclude that the *second Temple*, and not a private upper room, was honoured as the scene of those

miraculous solemnities, which wrought the downfall of Judaism, and long-established systems of paganism, which inaugurated the still-increasing empire of the Prince of Peace, and which fulfilled at once that wonderful prediction of Joel, and the grand prophetic promise of Haggai.

Portfolio of Select Literature.

A LOVELY PICTURE.

Many of the prejudices in the present day against vital Christianity are traceable to distorted apprehensions of its real excellence. Who can read the following exquisite portrait of its graces and characteristics with the original?

Whatever else there be, if there be not love, it profits nothing, it proves nothing. Love to God and our neighbour is the essence of piety. It is the body, the basis, the staple element; and if the great commandment, and the next greatest, be absent, whatever else there be, there is not Christianity.

Joy. The essence of love is attachment. Joy is the happiness of love. It is love exulting. It is love aware of its own felicity, and rioting in riches which it has no fear of exhausting. It is love taking a look at its treasure, and surrendering itself to bliss without foreboding. "God's promises appear so strong, so solid, so substantial, more so than the rocks and everlasting hills; and his perfections, what shall I say of them? When I think of one, I wish to dwell upon it for ever; but another, and another equally glorious, claims a share of admiration; and when I begin to praise, I wish never to cease, but to find it the commencement of that song which will never end. Very often have I felt as if I could that moment throw off the body, without first going to bid them farewell that are at home in my house. Let who will be rich, or admired, or prosperous, it is enough for me that there is such a God as Jehovah, such a Saviour as Jesus, and that they are infinitely and unchangeably glorious and happy!" And in a similar frame another felt—"Were the universe destroyed, and I the only being in it besides God, he is fully adequate to my complete happiness; and had I been in an African wood, surrounded by venomous serpents, devouring beasts, and savage men, in such a frame I should be the subject of perfect peace and exalted joy."

Peace. If joy be love exulting, peace is love reposing. It is love on the green pastures, it is love beside the still waters. It is the great calm which comes over the conscience, when it sees the atonement sufficient, and the Saviour willing. It is unclouded azure in a lake of glass; it is the soul, which Christ has pacified, spread out in serenity and simple faith, and the Lord God, merciful and gracious, smiling over it.

Long-suffering. This is love enduring. If the trial come direct from God, it is enough. It is correction. It is his heavenly Father's hand, and with Luther, the disciple cries—"Strike, Lord, strike. But, oh!

do not forsake me." If the trial come from Christian brethren, till it be seven fold seventy times repeated, love to Jesus demands forgiveness. If it come from worldly men, it is the occasion for that magnanimity which recompenses evil with good. And in every case, it is an opportunity for following a Saviour, whom sufferings made perfect. That Saviour never loved the Father more intensely, than when the Father's face was hid. and when the bitter cup proclaimed his justice terrible and his truth severe. One apostle denied him, and all the disciples forsook him; but Jesus prayed for Peter, whilst Peter was cursing, and his love followed the rest, even when they were running away. Jerusalem killed him; but in foresight of the guilty deed, it was over Jerusalem that Jesus wept, and when the deed was done, in publishing pardon and the peace of God, it was at Jerusalem that evangelists were directed to begin.

Gentleness, or affectionateness. This is love in society. It is love holding intercourse with those around it. It is that cordiality of aspect, and that soul of speech, which assures us that kind and earnest hearts may still be met with here below. It is that quiet influence which, like the scented flame as an alabaster lamp, fills many a home with light, and warmth, and fragrance, all together. It is the carpet, soft and deep, which, whilst it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a cracked sound. It is the curtain which, from many a beloved form, wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head and forgets half its misery, and to which death comes in a balmier dream. It is considerateness. It is warmth of affection. It is promptitude of sympathy. It is love in all its depth and all its delicacy. It is every melting thing included in that matchless grace, "the GENTLENESS of Christ."

Goodness or beneficence. Love in action, love with its hand at the plough, love with the burthen on its back. It is love carrying medicine to the sick, and food to the famished. It is love reading the Bible to the blind, and explaining the gospel to the felon in his cell. It is love at the Sunday-class, or in the ragged-school. It is love at the hovel-door, or sailing far away in the missionary ship. But whatever task it undertakes, it is still the same—love following His footsteps "who went about continually *doing good*."

Faith. Whether it means trust in God, or fidelity to principle and duty, faith is love in the battle-field. It is constancy following hard after God, when the world drags downward, and the flesh cries, "halt." It is zeal holding fast sound words when fervor is costly and sound words are obnoxious. It is firmness marching through fire and through water to the post where duty calls and the captain waits. It is Elijah before Ahab. It is Stephen before the sanhedrim. It is Luther at Worms. It is the martyr in the flames. Oh, no! It is Jesus in the desert. It is Jesus in Gethsemane. It is Jesus on the cross. And it is whosoever, pursuing the path or finishing the work which God has given him, like the great forerunner, does not fear to die.

Meekness is love at school—love at the Saviour's school. It is Christian lowliness. It is the disciple learning to know himself? learning to fear, and distrust, and abhor himself. It is the disciple practicing the sweet self-emptying lesson of putting on the Lord Jesus, and finding all his righteousness in that righteous other. It is the disciple learning the

defects of his own character, and taking hints from hostile as well as friend monitors. It is the disciple praying and watching for the improvement of his talents, the mellowing of his temper, and the amelioration of his character. It is the loving Christian at the Saviour's feet, learning of him who is meek and lowly, and finding rest for his own soul.

Temperance. Love taking exercise, love enduring hardness, love seeking to become healthful and athletic, love striving for the mastery in all things, and bringing the body under. It is superiority to sensual delights, and it is the power of applying resolutely to the irksome duties for the Master's sake. It is self-denial and self-control. Fearful lest it should subside to gross carnality, or waste away into shadowy and hectic sentiment; temperance is love alert and timeously astir; sometimes rising before day for prayer, sometimes spending that day on tasks which laziness or daintiness declines. It is love with girt loins, and dusty feet, and blistered hands. It is love with the empty scrip but the glowing cheek; love subsisting on pulse and water, but grown so healthful and so hardy, that it "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."—*The Vine*.

REMEMBER THE CORK.

When Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was unwell, King James II. sent an Irish priest to convert him to Popery. The duke, apprised of the visit and its object, very courteously received the priest, and expressed great willingness to be instructed. But before they entered upon religious discussion, it was agreed that they should drink a glass of wine together. After they had drank a while, the duke took the cork out of the bottle, and stroking it, with great gravity asked the priest: "How do you like this horse?" The priest was confounded and silent. The duke continued all the while to stroke the cork and praise his beautiful horse. "Your grace," at length said the priest, "has chosen an unseasonable time to be merry." "Merry!" cries the duke; "merry! I was never more serious in my life. Does not your reverence see that this is a beautiful horse?" "Your grace," replies the father, "should compose yourself, and consider." "Consider?" answers the duke, smartly, "what must I consider?" "Oh," said the priest, "don't be foolish,—it is surely a poor joke to call a cork a horse!" "What! would you persuade me that so fine a courser is nothing but a cork?" "Nothing but a cork," says the father. "Well," replies the duke, calmly, as if recovering from a dream, "I will not be too positive—my illness may have discomposed my mind; but how do you prove that it is not a horse?" And saying this, he looked as if very insane. The priest, by way of settling the question, replied: "My dear lord duke, you must see the thing is nonsense. You took what you call your horse out of that bottle a few minutes ago; and if you are not out of your senses, you must know that it is simply a cork." "Oh,

well, well," said the duke, "your reverence may be right, I am subject to whims; let us talk no more of the cork, but proceed to the holy business which brought you hither." The priest then entered upon points controverted between Papists and Protestants, and continued until the duke said: "If your reverence can prove to me the doctrine of transubstantiation, I can easily believe all the rest." This the priest commenced to do in the best way he could, and concluded by asking the duke if he did not think the transubstantiation believed in by the Romish Church both possible and true. The Duke listened very attentively to all he had to say, and answered the question thus: "You thought me foolish, perhaps suspected me getting insane, when I spoke of a cork as a horse—your assertion of bread and wine being the actual body and blood of Christ is every whit as absurd, and a little more profane. But out of your own mouth are you condemned. You take a piece of bread, out of a box, pronounce a few words over it, and then declare it changed into flesh and blood. You must see that the thing is nonsense, if not worse. If you are not out of your senses it cannot but be evident to you that it is bread still, and nothing else. Remember the cork, father; remember the cork!"

Poetry.

MY LOADSTAR.

BY SHELDON CHADWICK.

There is a loadstar in my soul,
 Whose glorious radiance dieth never:
 O'er life's deep fire-seas it shall roll,
 And gather strength for ever.
 It is that I might live to be
 A blessing and a balm to others,
 In fruit and flowerage like a tree,
 To humblest men my brothers.

My helm-star, and my pilot-dream,
 Above life's arc a growing splendour,
 A psalm within my heart—a gleam
 As summer sunlight tender,
 It is that the Divine may fill
 The soul with love and joy exceeding,
 And beauty its soft dew distil
 In hearts with anguish bleeding.

It guides me with its sacred light,
 Like a fire-pillar God-like burning ;
 I worship it by day and night
 In many a silent yearning.
 'Tis that this singing Eden earth—
 Love's fountain where we linger,
 May be the home of faith and worth,
 Heaven's symbol and joy-bringer.

When Genius shall not bear a ban,
 Because its path is bleak and thorny ;
 When man shall grasp the hand of man,
 However brown and horny.
 The hardness of the toiler's hand
 Shall be the honour-badge of labour,
 The noblest worn in the land
 For deeds that shame the sabre.

It beaconeth with its hallowed flame
 The time when man shall tread on error,
 When honest thought shall bring no shame,
 The love of truth no terror ;
 Nor, as the martyr's soul doth rise
 To Heaven from flames and scaffolds gory,
 Shall want and woe and sacrifice
 Be merit's path to glory.

I know perfection is not ours,
 But this dear world might much be mended,
 If we would scatter joy's sweet flowers,
 O'er hearts with sorrow rended ;
 As when night's pearly eyelid drops
 Refreshing dew on flowers that perish,
 The drooping soul's most fragrant hopes
 Love's honey dew will cherish.

There is a loadstar in my soul
 Which gilds with hope my lowly living,
 Cheers me with music to the goal,
 Wings to my shoulders giving :
 It calmeth with its smile of light
 Life's troubled waves of care and sorrow,
 And whispers through the weary night
 Of sun and flowers to-morrow.

Literary Review and Record.

CHARACTERISTICS AND TENDENCIES OF MODERN NEGATIVE THEOLOGY.

The history of the Bible is strange and thrilling. Its influence has no parallel. To a world enslaved, benighted, and guilty, it has been an inspirer of hope—a power of elevation and progress. Its doctrines, precepts, and examples, have in all ages and climes come home to the hearts of men, with the power of a divine inspiration. Its beams have tinted the fairest flowers of thought, and ripened the richest fruits of mind. Those countries where the Bible has been loved, honoured, and studied, and become the acknowledged rule of life, have advanced in civilization, liberty, science, religion, and all the elements of true greatness. In those countries where it has been neglected, excluded, or unknown, science languishes, tyranny exalts her throne, and ignorance, cruelty, and barbarism maintain unbroken sway. But the power of divine truth on individual minds presents its greatest triumphs. The lessons of the Bible have prompted the most heroic achievements, and have been the inspiration of the noblest lives. It has whispered peace to the disconsolate, liberty to the enslaved, courage and strength to the fainting, and unfolded, to strengthen patience and fortitude, the grandeur and blessedness of immortality. And yet its reception in the world has borne sad testimony to the truth of its portraiture of human nature. Its truthful utterances were not accents of gratifying approbation to selfish hearts. It admitted no compromise with the most cherished forms of wrong. Hence, in spite of its

purity and benignity, it has always awakened hostility.

The proud and self-righteous hate it, because it unmasks their hollow pretensions, and delights to honor humility. Tyrants of all grades hate it, because it speaks brave words of rebuke to oppression, and tender words of sympathy with the downtrodden and oppressed. Priest-craft and caste hate it, because it so strongly maintains the dignity of the individual conscience, and knows no superiority between man and man, but moral worth. And vacillating speculative philosophy hates it, because it requires faith in fixed principles of truth. The history of Christianity is a succession of assaults. But the triumphs of the past are a pledge of its invincibility against future assailants. "It stands a rock of adamant amidst the wild waves of human unbelief," upheld by its Omnipotent author against every foe. Though the great cause of all opposition to the gospel is the antagonism of the unrenewed heart to the purity, humility, and unselfishness it requires, yet the prevailing philosophy of the times has largely determined the forms of that opposition. In the last century, the *Sensational Philosophy* of Locke, pushed to an extreme, ended in the materialism of Priestly and the French philosophers; and gave strength to Atheistic assaults against Christianity. More recently the *Ideal Philosophy* of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, has largely moulded the theology of Germany to harmonize with its assumptions. This false philosophy, which reduces all being to a process of thought, and sets the intuitions of the

mind above all external evidence, has been applied to theology and Biblical criticism, with destructive freedom by such writers as DeWette, Wegscheider, Bauer, and Strauss. They have melted the objective truths of the Bible in the crucible of their philosophy, until nothing remains but transcendental mysticism; and quieted alarm by declaring, that spiritual meaning is not disturbed, by denying the truth of the facts and teachings of Revelation! The effect upon the religious life of Germany has been most disastrous. A cold scepticism, or avowed Pantheism, was largely substituted for the inspiring and consoling truths of the gospel. The influence of this school of speculative theology, has not been unfelt in England and America. The "Broad Church" party of England, and the "Liberal Christians" of America, are its reflectors and expounders. From this source they draw their principal theories, criticisms, and arguments; modified of course to the conditions of society, and the state of opinion in these countries. It is surprising, that at a time when theology in Germany is veiling its light before the revived power of scripture Christianity that men who make strong pretensions to be independent thinkers, should become the venders of these warning speculations. A strong reaction is now in progress in Germany, and the long dominant scepticism of the Ideal Philosophy, has been ably and successfully confronted on its own soil. Such names as Neander, Hengstenberg, Tholuck, Krumacher, and Müller, are names of hope for the future. But, doubtless drawn by some moral sympathy, our Anglo-Saxon Rationalists seem to have studied only the sceptical writers, and to be mostly unaware of the existence of a better class, containing answers to the objections so

prominently set forth, as fresh from the mint of original thought.

A late writer compares the English students of German theology, to King Solomon's merchants—some brought back "gold, silver, and ivory;" and some only "asses and peacocks." Among the assailants of the authority and inspiration of the Bible in America, Theodore Parker has attained a well earned pre-eminence. He possessed many elements of influence and popularity. But however freely we acknowledge and admire his independent courage, and broad human sympathy, his strong vigorous intellect, and extensive, if not profound learning, no impartial critic can deny that he is characterized by illogical dogmatism—hasty generalization—and unfair misrepresentations of the opinions of his opponents. His tenets are marked by strange inconsistency. He tells us that in early childhood, (certainly before he could have examined the subject,) he gave up the common idea of God, and many points in the popular theology; yet seems to think his dicta undisputable, and sneers at those, who after the most sincere and thorough research, have adopted different conclusions. He presumes to determine what God ought to be, and to do, then holds up to contempt a God who can hate any man; yet in some other word, he himself denounces the slaveholder, the intemperate, or the selfish hypocrite, as types of humanity that his soul abhors. He takes for granted that *his* opinions and the universal instructions of mankind are identical. Adopting with other assumptions from M. Comte, a theory of the general progress of the race from the rudest Fetishism, everything in heaven and earth and hell must be shaped to harmonize with his opinions. Miracles are rejected because he is so well acquainted with

the range of Divine power and action, that he knows God never worked a miracle. He declares that certain prophecies were written after the events—tears into fragments and re-arranges to suit his whim, the books of the Holy Scriptures—not, as might be expected, because by critical research, historic evidence had been discovered to support his positions—but because the degree of religious knowledge, indicated at certain dates, is too high to harmonize with his unhistoric theory of religious development! Human depravity is scouted, as if the Bible invented it, instead of accounting for its undeniable existence. It would be a stronger objection against the Divine origin of the Bible, than all that the infidels of all ages have urged, if it had taught a contrary doctrine.

It is astonishing how heartily a large class of Unitarians have adopted his blasphemous crudities; and how freely they hurl the charge of bigotry and illiberality, against those who dare to question the utterances of their oracles, Parker and Emerson. Is a man to be branded as a bigot, because he cannot believe and admire every vagary? There is no tyranny worse than the tyranny of democracy; and no intolerance worse than that of professed liberalism. To measure Mr. Parker's influence upon his times, or superiority to other men, by the degree of attention and popularity he secured, would be to estimate him by a false standard. His professions of liberality respecting religious opinion had a special attraction for a large class, who were pleased to find that their reckless indifference and unbelief, could be so well defended—his chivalrous independence, and fearless rebuke of oppression everywhere, gained him the espe-

cial sympathy of young men—and his open attacks on the popular opinions of God and religion, arrested general attention. Thousands heard of him through notices of his false teachings, who never would have otherwise heard his name. Any common man who propagates sentiments at variance with the prevailing feeling and belief, will become notorious. One horse that breaks loose and runs away, attracts more attention than one hundred that do not run away. We look upon the life of Theodore Parker with deep sorrow, that it was spent in a vain effort to destroy truths that shall "flourish in immortal youth" when his name is forgotten.

The recent publication of a volume of theological "Essays and Reviews," by leading churchmen in England, has drawn attention to the progress of Rationalism in the Established Church. Apart from the position of the authors, there is nothing in the book to account for the attention it has received.

It contains no new objections. And none worthy of notice to which answers have not already been given. Indeed there is scarcely a leading argument in these "Enquiries in Theology" but has been indicated in the *Westminster Review* alone, within the last few years. It is the fact of unqualified Infidelity being avowed by ministers of a Protestant Church, who have signed the "thirty nine articles," and have been regarded as the pledged defenders of the faith they now assail, that gives this volume its notoriety. Its interest has been also enhanced by being regarded as an indication of the state of theological learning in England's oldest University. And certainly, in whatever else she may excel, there is evidence that the defenders of

a sound scriptural theology, need not be expected from Oxford. A few years ago Puseyism was in the ascendant. Church authority sought to supersede the exercise of private judgment. A very natural re-action has taken place. Excess always follows unnatural restraint. One class, the lovers of form and authority, have gone fully to Popery; another class, the more independent thinkers, in resisting the yoke of authority, have been borne on the rebounding wave to doubting scepticism. An undue importance may easily be attached to the opinions of these writers. Proficiency in one branch of knowledge, does not constitute a man a reliable guide in other things. "Great men are not always wise;" and are often in their pride of knowledge ignorant of great truths, which God has revealed to the meek and lowly of heart. Whatever these writers know, they are evidently without an experience of spiritual religion, and strangers to the transpiring power of Divine grace in the salvation of men.

No learning nor intellectual acuteness can supply this deficiency. It is hard to avoid questioning the friendship and sincerity of men, who profess to believe the interests of the church to be in danger from too much faith, at a time when the pursuit of physical science has produced a tendency to unduly exalt secondary causes, to the practical exclusion of the agency of Him who upholdeth all things by the word of His power. Indeed the claim of some of these writers to be Christians, and friends of the Bible, is worse than dubious. It rests upon the admission of some of its truths, metamorphosed into fanciful forms, to harmonize with their speculations. In vain they attempt to clear themselves of responsibility for each

other's opinions. If seven writers agree together to assault the Book of God on several points—to depreciate its influence for good—to deny the truth of its facts and doctrines—to reject its authority as a special revelation from God—to eulogize opposing systems, and magnify the indebtedness of the world to heathenism—to depreciate and traduce every form of evidence by which it is defended—and to welcome, with unmistakable satisfaction, every theory, however unsupported, that is hostile to the authority and importance of its revelations; no professions of friendship, liberality, and love of truth will convince men of common sense and intelligence that they are not "the enemies of the cross of Christ." There is nothing new in an attempt to make a false philosophy mould and fashion Christianity to harmonize with its fantastic speculations.

Gnosticism weakened and corrupted the early Church with very similar attempts. "In all cases," says Meander, "the gnostics were for explaining outward things, from within—that is from their intuitions—which were above all doubt." It need excite no surprise that the system of the Established Church—under which men are brought up for the ministry, without reference to religious character, simply because there are rich benefices to be obtained; and the sacred office of the pastorate is bought and sold, like stocks on the exchange, should produce as legitimate fruits, ministers who are skeptics at heart, and who view religion through the distorting haze of prejudice and vain philosophy. Nor is there anything strange in the existence of a class of men, without fixed religious principles, given to speculative thought, undecided and vacillating; who feel a strong repug-

mon to the whole skeptical school. nance to many revealed truths, and therefore attempt to modify them to suit their special views. Such a class has always been large. It is not confined to learned professors and philosophers. It contains many who have no pretensions to learning. But it is strange that this class should embrace Christian ministers; and that they should present their indecision and unbelief as a qualification to be teachers of mankind, and leaders of the religious opinions of the age. If the people accept such leadership, is there any shadow of certainty whither they shall be led? To Deism? Pantheism? or Atheism? To each of these the arguments of this volume point by turns. Can the philosophic authors be really ignorant of the direct logical tendency of their disingenuously expressed sentiments? It cannot be. They are—

“Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike.”

DR. TEMPLE attempts to force the facts of universal history within the compass of a fanciful theory. He lowers the influence of the Bible, and magnifies that of heathenism—takes the history of a small portion of the race as if the history of “the world.”—and strangely takes the absence of direct historic testimony to the existence of the knowledge of certain truths in the early ages of the world, as proof of its non-existence.

DR. WILLIAMS, in his review of Bunsen, adopts with willing credulity, the speculations of that very unreliable guide, who changed his theory of the age of the world *ten thousand years*, from the discovery of a piece of pottery in the mud of the Nile. It is a sad evidence of a wrong moral leaning when a man reserves all his criticism and incredulity for the Bible, and any antagonistic theory is hailed with delight, without an attempt at

logical proof. Professor POWELL'S essay is a subtle elaboration of Hume's argument against miracles. It is a melancholy fact, that the whole force of his argument depends upon the assumption, that there is no personal Almighty God.

MR. WILSON'S “*Multitudinist Church*” is a strange affair. He pleads for a church, in which neither religious belief, moral character, or Christianity will be necessary to membership, and speaks very respectfully of the HEATHEN CHURCHES! A good portion of his essay is pitiful, special pleading, to show how he can consistently remain Vicar of Great Stoughton, and at the same time use his energies to undermine and destroy the faith he has promised to defend.

MR. GOODWIN (he also was educated for the church, but refused to sign the articles,) presents the oft-repeated and answered geological objections to the Mosaic Cosmogony. He evidently does not want to see how Revelation and Science may be harmonized. His objections have already been answered by Lyell, Miller, Hitchcock, and our own Dawson.

MR. PARTISON'S *Tendencies of Religious Thought from 1688 to 1750*, is a partial review of the history of theology in England, during that period. The fact that he arrives at the congenial conclusion, that in the discussions that arose, the defenders of Biblical Christianity had the most of the argument, entitles his article to a place among these “Reviews.”

And last, (though not least,) comes Professor JOWETT'S essay on *Scripture Interpretation*—in which, while professedly laying down the law of interpretation, he assigns the sacred writings a position, that if accepted, would render it a matter of little consequence how they are interpreted.

There are many characteristics com-

They all either quietly assume, or dogmatically assert, that all the learning, liberality, intellect, and love of truth, are on their side. No one would suspect from their version of things, that there was a large number of thoughtful, truth-loving men, who had fully examined their theories and objections, and calmly rejected them, because found wanting in logical proof. No one could imagine from their misrepresentations, that while they were speaking of the power of Christianity as effete and obsolete, that its influence was deepening and widening in every part of the world. They are all willing to concede the excellency of the Bible, if it will only come down from its position of supremacy. They are distinguished by a strong affection for heathenism. This is not progress; it is retrogression. There is no lack of places free from "bibliolatry," where natural religion has had free scope. Yet, they ask us to renounce all that makes Christianity worth having, and receive speculations that they do not attempt to demonstrate. But "we have a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto we do well that we take heed." Indifference is not liberality. The nearer we live to the throne of grace, the stronger will be our conviction that the Bible is from God. Unbelief is, in

all cases, more a moral than an intellectual state. To the learned, as well as to the ignorant, applies the declaration of the Apostle,—“If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them.”

E. H. DEWART.

We have before us a volume entitled "The Christianity of Abraham's 'Faith which worketh by love': with Patriarchal prophecy, by . . . Esq." We candidly confess that we opened this volume with some prejudice; titles have often deceived us, and we feared, this might, but are pleasingly disappointed. It is by a layman, and he speaks apologetically of the "intrusion of secular pens into the mysteries of holy things." We dislike the expression "secular pens" in such a case as this. No pen is secular that is employed humbly and earnestly in the defence and illustration of scriptural truth. "The Christianity of Abraham" contains much valuable exposition of prophecy, and forms a valuable body of argument in defence of the essential truths of Christianity.

It may be had at the Book-Room.

Varieties.

A HASTY DOCTOR.—Some years ago a ship from Spain arrived in the port of Manilla. Among the passengers was a young doctor from Madrid, who had gone to the Philippines with the design of settling in the colony and pushing his fortune by means of his profession. On the morning after he had landed our doctor sallied forth for a walk on the pasco. He had not pro-

ceeded far when his attention was attracted to a young girl, a native, who was walking a few paces ahead of him. He observed that every now and then the girl stooped her head towards the pavement, which was straightway spotted with blood. Alarmed on the girl's account, our doctor walked rapidly after her, observing that she still continued to expectorate blood at inter-

vals as she went. Before he could overtake her, the girl had reached her home, a cottage in the suburbs, into which she entered. The doctor followed close upon her heels, and summoning her father and mother, directed them immediately to send for the priest, as their daughter had not many hours to live. The distracted parents having learned the profession of their visitor, immediately acceded to his request. The child was put to bed in extreme affright, having been told what was about to befall her. The nearest padre was brought, and everything was arranged to smooth the journey of her soul through the passes of purgatory. The doctor plied his skill to the utmost, but in vain. In less than 24 hours the girl was dead. As up to that time the young Indian had always enjoyed excellent health, the doctor's prognostication was regarded as an evidence of great and mysterious skill. The fame of it soon spread through Manilla, and a few hours the newly-arrived physician was beleaguered with patients, and in a fair way of accumulating a fortune. In the midst of all this, some one had the curiosity to ask the doctor how he could possi-

bly have predicted the death of the girl, seeing that she had been in perfect health a few hours before. "Predict it," replied the doctor, "why sir, I saw her spit blood enough to have killed her half a dozen times." "Blood! how did you know it was blood?" "How! from the color; how else?" "But every one spits red in Manilla." The doctor, who had already observed this fact, and was laboring under some uneasiness regarding it, refused to make any further confession at the time; but he had said enough to elucidate the mystery. The thing soon spread throughout the city, and it became clear to every one that what the new *medico* had taken for blood was nothing else than the red juice of the buyo, and that the poor girl had died from the fear of death caused by his prediction. His patients now fled from him as speedily as they had congregated; and to avoid the ridicule that awaited him, as well as the indignation of the friends of the deceased girl, our doctor was fain to escape from Manilla, and return to Spain in the same ship that had brought him out.—*The Seven Sisters of Sleep.* By M. C. Cooke.

Missionary Department.

HOLIDAYS AT NORWAY HOUSE AND ROSSVILLE.

The voice of the Ojebway telling of the good things done for his people has often reached you. The Cree must now speak; for we, like them, owe the Great Spirit a large credit. The Os-ke us-ke-wuk, or the new years, we love to see, and yet we have had our fears, for this is the time when the Company give their men their regale, and too often some of our people have joined them in drinking the fire water. You will be glad to hear that they have not done so this year. When our great friend, Mr. Evans, first established this Mission, our old men put away this sin; since that, some of them set a bad example to our young people; we hope they will now obey their Missionary, and do so no more.

Christmas was a happy day; our

church was very beautiful. The Chief Factor's son and the school master made two mottos from the words of the angels, viz.: "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth," &c. Our young men and women did the rest of the work. The evergreens, wreaths, mottos, and different coloured flowers looked very fine and beautiful, and made us think of that happy land where it is always spring. In the forenoon, at half-past ten, we all met to hear the word of God. In the evening we again met to speak, and sing, and pray; the gentlemen and people of the Fort united with us. Our watch-night was a solemn time; the church was very full; almost every one from Norway House united with us in this midnight service. We felt that the

Great Shepherd was in the midst of us. New year's was one feast day — On the tables there was plenty of pemmican, venison, beaver, bread, butter, tea, and sugar. All ate and were filled, and still there were fragments. We spent the evening in the church; Chief Factor, William Sinclair, Esq., was our Chairman, and made a good speech in our own language. He was very glad to see us all so happy. In old times, he said, we sought to be happy, but the way we went about it was very different. We all got so drunk that we lay about the ground or on the floor; and then in trying to go to our lodges, some of us were frozen to death; but now he saw us and our children in a very different state, and as a Christian people, that we can always be happy without any fire-water at all. The some of the clerks and our men made good speeches, and

more than one hundred of our children sang many beautiful pieces. We then at the request of the Missionary retired to our homes rejoicing, knowing that God has been with us in all our meetings on these occasions.

Before we close this paper we must ask you to remember the pagan Indians of this land. They are still just as we once were. They are dying for two kinds of bread—the bread for the soul and the bread for the body. These two kinds of food came to the Indian nearly at the same time; for when he begins to pray he also begins to work. The Gospel is the great medicine both for the soul and body.

Signed in behalf of the Tribe,

JOHN SINCLAIR, *Interpreter.*
JAMES COCHRANE, *Leader.*
ROBERT ATINOW, *Leader.*

Christian Observer of Public Events.

CONNEXIONAL OBSERVATIONS.

Whilst the Anglican Synod for the Toronto Diocese has just been held, and nothing was more observable than the vigour of the very aged Prelate who presided, and his persistency in High Church peculiarities; and two Presbyterian bodies have with much geniality of temper coalesced for better and for worse, and in their future exhibition of a just catholicity will have our good wishes. the BRANTFORD WESLEYAN CONFERENCE, in the providence of God, has taken its place as the largest convocation of Protestant Ministers in British North America. This is not said invidiously but historically; and when the Divine Head of the Church has done this, the candour and explicitness of Connexional gratitude are better than the hesitations of modesty,—especially when, as St. Paul did, the Methodists find it necessary, in fitting

circumstances, to affirm what others may deny.

Into the routine proceedings of the Conference we need not enter, this having been well and fully done by Mr. Editor Jeffers, of the *Christian Guardian*, and, we believe, by Mr. Hughes, in a comprehensive correspondence with the *Brantford Courier*: our present aim is a general one. The *Globe* and other journals of great newspaper pretensions have scraped up the very refuse of Canadian information, but on the oldest and largest ecclesiastical Protestant and loyal council of Canada their super-charity is dumb.

The number of Ministers in attendance was in excess of the number prescribed by the Conference of 1860; and we suppose the transgression had so much of the fraternal about it, there

has been pardon granted. The proceedings were methodical, and the affinity of Wesleyan Preachers' hearts was, perhaps, never much closer; and the kindness of Brantford families has created new bonds which will never be broken. The important services for the Recognition and Ordination of Ministers were hallowed indeed. Most of the churches were, for the time being, appropriated to Methodist ministrations, the spirit of the Evangelical Alliance had liberty, sanctuaries were too limited for the worshippers, and the promise-keeping Spirit being present, light and love predominated.

We have gone through the Minutes as they were being prepared for the press by Mr. Secretary Gemley, and Mr. Assistant Secretary William Scott, and could hardly make out the word decrease in the Conference documents, which now require some two weeks of nice attention before they reach the public; but the word INCREASE is there, often repeated. The Circuits are increased. The Preachers are increased. The Members of the Church are increased. The congregations are increased. Lay activities and liberalities are increased. The Sabbath School. Bible-classes, and libraries are increased. Circuit finances yearly improve. The Contingent, Superannuated, Church Relief, and Educational Funds are increased. The church edifices and parsonages are increased. The General Superintendent of Missions says to us, that the Missionary lists and reports now being examined give good hope of an increase of receipts, and of an unusually favourable religious state of the Missions; and that an enlarged benevolence is still needed for occupying new and enlarged fields of usefulness. The Book Room

in Dr. Green's hands is extending its advantages. The *Guardian* is extending its beneficial circulation. The *Wesleyan Repository* (soon to be called the Wesleyan Magazine) has from the first had a steady advance in its patronage, and within the last month has received 50 new subscribers. The *Pelabuhan* maintains its interest, and deserves support; a spontaneous liberal subscription to aid its publication was made in the Conference.

The University of Victoria College never attained a loftier position in the country and in the Conference than under President Nelles, and the Educational address of Dr. Ryerson at the Conference was worthy of the mind which bowed to justice and Wesleyan claims many minds before the Parliamentary University Committee in Quebec. Since the Conference, one of the most imposing and commodious modern erections in Hamilton has been purchased for a Wesleyan Ladies' Seminary.

This to us is vitality. The vine planted by Losee in 1791 flourishes, and the grapes gathered yearly are better than even the grapes of Eschol. The time of lamentation and sad entreaty before God is far off. The psalm to God of the Brantford Conference was an increasingly joyous reiteration of the words of our fathers:—"Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land. The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars."

We have been especially gratified with the wise and warm paternal Address of the British Conference, and the admirable Address of the Canada Conference in reply, and have thought of the growth and affection of the

Family, which makes in our day these sacred dispatches necessary to and from the east and west, and north and south. The sending of a Representative to the English Conference, and several Representatives to the Conference of Eastern British America, are important and pleasing acts. The Pastoral Address, though long enough for these days of celerity, has throughout a golden vein of Scriptural truth, Wesleyan principle, and Christian love, and must be a profit to the Societies wherever officially read by the Preachers. We are much gratified, too, with the brotherly unanimity with which the elections were made; and only an official Methodist knows the support derived from a noble majority; and the President of the Conference, Co-Delegate, Secretary of the Conference, and Editor of the *Christian Guardian* will discharge their high functions sustained by the cordial confidence of the Conference. The re-election of so many Chairmen is indicative of wisdom and good feeling. The numerous votes of thanks show that the Conference was courteous and grateful. The welcome visit of Methodist Ministers from the States is expressive of a common origin, and yearnings for the accomplishment of the same glorious object.

There was grief at the loss, and the joy of grief that God's goodness had so long put off the loss, when the Rev. Dr. Wood announced to the Conference the death of Mr. Farmer, and the Rev. Dr. Stinson, the President, and other Ministers, added their full-hearted testimonies to his, and a resolution of condolence was passed; and the tears of many on the occasion tell that the pulsations of Home Methodism reach, and thrill, and subdue the distant affiliated Conferences. The Wesleyans have

laid their mystic cable across the Atlantic and every sea, and the telegrams received and sent are messages of love and sympathy. It is asked,—Who will take Mr. Farmer's place, and be as generous? This gives us little concern while we are Wesleyans for the glory of God. Just at the moment of this loss to the Wesleyan Connexion the Rev. William Arthur and Mrs. Arthur have become possessed of a £40,000 legacy, and it is said they have at once given £3,000 to the London Wesleyan Chapel Building Fund, £1000 to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and £1000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society. Thomas Farmer's death will increase the number of young Thomas Farmers.

The caution of the Brethren on the subject of a division of the Connexion under a General Conference, develops the essential conservatism of the Canada Conference. The change is not conceded at present. This is a safe postponement, not an absolute settlement of the question. The agents of Wesleyanism are united and indefatigable. Their boundaries are yearly extending. What will be the result in a few years? The ample, the spiritual, the beautiful cheers now: the full sublime awaits the popular and energetic Canada Conference.

Why do the statistics and spiritualities of the Conference year after year, notwithstanding several old and thoughtless secessions, and much zeal in other bodies, prove advancement? We have none of the fancies of Swedenborg in our creed to satiate the desire of the curious. We have no Mohammedan sword to coerce into submission. We have no Papal inquisition to punish the dissentients. No mint to bribe. We allow of no tampering with our

spirituality to gain worldlings. There is the Wesleyan system, kind in its spirit and intentions, but inflexible in its principles, truth, law: how does it prosper?

This system is of God's designing; and as Jehovah called Abraham to be the father of a believing people, WESLEY was called to revive, spread, and perpetuate Scriptural Christianity. Already the benefits of his special vocation have become marvellously diffusive, and it is by fidelity to the system he entrusted to others, and by them to us, we are periodically able to record increase. Others are getting aware of the effectiveness of our vocation, and one borrows this element of success, another that, (seldom thanking us) and now Wesleyanism is seen in every direction. No body is so much a friend of other Churches, and of the wide world, as the Wesleyan.

It prospers because its tenets are Scriptural and munificent, and its publication of them uniform and affectionate. Space fails to illustrate this paramount assertion. How is it there is a residue of evangelical piety in the mountains of Switzerland, and in some of the fastnesses of Asia? There is, after ages of persecution and massacre, a residue of Evangelical Truth.

It prospers because its means and usages have been derived from Scripture records, and early Christian history. What made Christianity triumphant in apostolic days, will make it triumphant now. Divinely-ordained means never lack efficacy when faith

applies them. We are divulging the secrets of Wesleyan revivals!

The discipline, itinerancy, holiness, prayers, voluntaryism, standard literature, settled faith, and unresting zeal of the Methodists are subordinate, but indispensable causes of success.

The first, and universally confessed supreme cause of Wesleyan advancement is, the power of the Almighty Spirit, associated with the leadings of Providence; and all we mean is embodied in this ancient, beautiful, and weighty portion of our Ordination service:—

“Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.

And lighten with celestial fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,

Who dost thy Seven-fold gifts impart.

Thy blessed Unction from above,

Is comfort, life, and fire of love.”

We express earnestly our well-wishes for all Churches in their labours for honouring Christ and him crucified, and rejoice when they rejoice. They seek inspiration in the words of the Great Teacher, and in the Gospel outpourings of Isaiah; and so do we. We have our select and heaven-derived instrumentality of power and blessing; and Canada is elevated by it. The Wesleyans have scattered many “a handful of corn” on the mountains, and in the valleys of Canada, and every Conference is a thankful gathering of successful husbandmen employed by the Lord of the Harvest. They believe “His name shall endure for ever!” and their sublimest conviction is, that all men shall be blessed in Him.”

Toronto, July 1st, 1861.