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THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1876.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE PAPAL POWER.

BY THE REV. EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D.

PART II.

THE re-enslavement of England to the Papacy was yet to come. The abortive efforts of the Pope and Philip to dethrone Elizabeth in 1571, and the bull of excommunication, and the conspiracies and Spanish forces by which it was hoped to be accomplished, were renewed upon a larger scale, and culminated in 1588,—“that memorable year when the dark cloud gathered around our coasts; when Europe stood in fearful surprise to behold what should be the result of that great cast in the game of human politics; what the craft of Rome, the power of Philip, the genius of Farnese could achieve against the island-queen, with her Drakes and Cecils, in that agony of the Protestant faith and English name.”*

The conspiracies and intended invasions of 1569 and 1570—assured of success by the crowning act of the Pope’s Bull of excommunication of the Queen, and incitement to universal revolt of her papal subjects—had ended disastrously to its authors and harmlessly to England; but from 1570, Philip seriously meditated

* Hallam, Chap. III., p. 125.

the invasion of England, though he delayed, for various reasons, to execute his purpose until eighteen years afterwards. Yet during the whole of that period the emissaries of the Pope and of Philip were, both in England and on the continent, sleeplessly vigilant in preparing the way for this final catastrophe. Thrice had plots been devised, and the instruments selected and sent into England under the sanction and promised rewards of the Pope, and countenance of Philip, to assassinate Queen Elizabeth.* Thrice were their wicked devices defeated by timely discoveries, and the daring instruments of them, together with their accomplices, among whom were always one or more priests, made to suffer the penalty of the gallows for their murderous enterprise. Among these the most conspicuous were Campion, Parsons, Creighton, Ballard (Jesuits), Parry, Savage, Tichborne, Don, and Babington. To one of these conspiracies, in 1586, to murder Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots became a party, with Ballard, Babington, and Savage. Ballard and Babington had found means of corresponding with Mary, and Secretary Walsingham found means of intercepting the correspondence, taking copies of the letters, and then forwarding them as directed, until the conspiracy was matured, when the guilty parties were arrested, and the whole plot, with all its ramifications and accomplices, exposed by the production of the intercepted correspondence, the proofs of its authenticity, and the confession of several of the parties implicated, who, to the number of fourteen, were convicted and executed, September, 1586. In this criminal correspondence, and by the confession of the principal conspirators, ample proof was furnished that Mary Queen of Scots had "highly approved of the design; that the gentlemen might expect all the rewards which it should ever be in her power to confer; and that the death of Elizabeth was a necessary circumstance, before any attempts, either for her own deliverance or an insurrection"† The trial and conviction of Mary followed in October, and she was executed the following February, 1587,—a rare example of the combination of personal beauty with moral

* Southey's Book of the Church, Chap. XV.

† State Trials, Vol. I., p. 135. Camden, p. 515.

depravity, of good and bad fortune, of great talents and high accomplishments with cunning intrigues and murderous conspiracies; an accomplice in the murder of her husband consort, King of Scotland, and for the assassination of Elizabeth, Queen of England; faithless to all the obligations of morality and virtue, but true to her religious professions.

But years before this final conspiracy which brought Mary Stuart to the scaffold, she had been in correspondence with the leaders of the papal faction on the continent for the dethronement of Elizabeth, and setting herself in Elizabeth's place, by the invasion of England, not later than the spring of 1585. For the accomplishment of these purposes, the Pope, the Guises in France, and Philip, King of Spain, combined together in what was called "The Holy League"; and Mary Queen of Scots held a secret correspondence with them. This correspondence was discovered by the seizure of some of the letters. In one of the letters, passed from Mary to Sir Francis Englefield, an English refugee and pensioner in Spain, and endorsed by Lord Treasurer Burleigh in his own hand, "The Queen of Scots to Sir Francis Englefield, October 9, 1584," Mary says: "Of the treaty between the Queen of England and me, I may neither hope nor look for any good issue. Whatsoever shall become of me, by whatsoever change of my state and condition, let the execution of the *great plot* go forward, without any respect of peril or danger to me; for I will account my life very happily bestowed if I may, with the same, help and relieve so great a number of the oppressed children of the Church. And this I give you as my last and final resolution; for I doubt I shall not have the commodity to write it hereafter; to the end you should impart the same to whomsoever you think convenient. And further, I pray you, use all possible diligence to pursue and promote, at the Pope's and other King's hand, such speedy execution of their former designments, that the same may be effectuated some time next spring: which is the longest time the same can be expected."*

But if Philip was firm and persevering in his purposes once decided upon, he was slow in forming his plans and careful in

* Strype's Annals, Vc¹. III., pp. 356, 357.

making his preparations. For three years he employed the immense resources of his vast dominions in preparations for this enterprise against England, and requiring corresponding exertions on the part of his confederates and tributaries. All the ports of his wide-spread empire resounded with the noise of armaments, and supplied their contingents in vessels, seamen, and able captains. In the ports of Sicily, Naples, Northern and Central Italy, Portugal, and Spain, carpenters were employed in building ships of uncommon size; the Netherlands were also made to furnish ships, men, and means, on a large scale; vast naval stores were provided, and a fighting fleet was fitted out, consisting of one hundred and twenty-nine vessels, carrying two thousand four hundred and thirty cannon, of the finest construction, and capable of throwing an enormous weight of metal; manned by eight thousand seamen and twenty thousand soldiers besides more than two hundred attendant vessels, carrying abundance of arms, ammunition, and a six months' supply of provisions for forty thousand men: a fleet, for the number and dimensions of its ships, the weight of its metal, the number of its fighting men, and the completeness of its appointments, greater and more formidable than had ever been seen in Europe, and which the Spaniards proudly designated the *Invincible Armada*.

To render this Armada still more invincible, a spiritual, in addition to the material artillery, was provided, consisting of no less than one hundred and eighty friars of different orders, and Jesuit priests, headed by a Vicar-General of the Holy Inquisition; and Dr. Allen, President of the English Seminary at Rheims, was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury and Cardinal Legate of the Pope for England, thus anticipating the certain conquest of England, and providing for the great spiritual object of the invasion, by having the whole machinery of the Church and of the Inquisition in readiness for operation as soon as the navy and army had done their work,

But the vast naval preparations for this invasion were exceeded by its still more formidable military preparations. The Duke of Parma, the greatest general of his age, who ruled in the Netherlands, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of this great undertaking. Troops from all quarters were daily arriving to

reinforce him. Italy sent nine thousand men, under the command of Capizerdei and Spinelli; the Marquis of Borgant, a prince of the house of Austria, levied troops in Germany; the Walloon and Burgundian regiments were recruited and augmented, as was the Spanish infantry. The chief nobility of Italy and Spain were ambitious of sharing the glory of this grand crusade. Don Amadæus of Savoy, Don John of Medicis, Vespasian Gonzaga, Duke of Sabionetta, and the Duke of Partiana, hastened to join the army under the Duke of Parma. About two thousand volunteers in Spain, many of them of high family rank, enlisted in the service. Thirty-four thousand men were kept in readiness in the Netherlands to be sent into England; and the Duke of Parma employed all the carpenters he could procure in Flanders, in Lower Germany, and on the coasts of the Baltic, to construct fat-bottomed boats and vessels to transport, under the convoy of the Spanish fleet, an army of one hundred thousand strong—including cavalry and infantry—to the mouth of the Thames.

On the landing of this army in England, the Pope was to send a million of ducats to the service of the invaders. And so confident was His Holiness of success, and to animate his adherents with intenser zeal, he not only appointed his Archbishop and Legate for England, but issued a new Bull against Queen Elizabeth, denouncing her as a bastard and a heretic, as a treacherous and dissolute tyrant.

During the whole of these enormous preparations, Philip had lulled Elizabeth and her Chief Minister, Burleigh, into a false security, by professing an anxious desire to bring the negotiations for peace, going on in the Netherlands, to an amicable conclusion; and so profoundly had the object of this whole movement been kept secret, that the Duke of Guise in France, the Duke of Parma in the Netherlands, Pope Sextus V. at Rome, and the Spanish ambassador in England, were the only persons who knew where the long-gathering storm would burst. Even when the Armada first left the Tagus, nothing was known in England as to its destination, nor was any special preparation made to meet the impending crisis.

But two Divine instruments of chastisement on the one hand,

and of protection on the other, did for England what she had not done, and what, in the circumstances, she could not have done for herself. Disease and death removed the first two appointed commanders of the Spanish Armada at the very moment of their embarkation, and left the command of it to be conferred on a man who knew nothing of naval warfare or of the English seas and coasts, and who was hampered by instructions which were fatal to his success; and when he put to sea, infectious disease seized great numbers of his mariners and soldiers, and storms sank some of his vessels and disabled so many others that he was compelled to go into the ports of Galicia, and employ from May until July in repairs, and in the recovery of the sick.

In the meantime England resounded with preparations for the defence of her national life. Without a standing army, every man from eighteen to sixty was called upon to enrol his name, and be prepared to take his weapons as a defender of his country; and soon an army of seventy thousand men, including four thousand cavalry, was ready for the hour of life or death. The royal navy of England consisted of only twenty-eight sail, many of which were of small size, including fifteen small cutters and pinnaces; but a fleet was soon collected from the various ports numbering two hundred vessels, manned with more than fifteen thousand seamen. London supplied thirty-eight ships (double the number asked for), and a corresponding body of able sailors; and the example of London was followed by the various commercial towns. The gentry and nobility hired, and armed and manned, forty-three ships at their own charge; and all the loans of money which the Queen required were promptly granted by the persons applied to. The command of the improvised fleet was given to Lord Howard, of Effingham, assisted as his lieutenants by Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, and Lord Seymour (son of Edward, Protector Somerset), the most renowned seamen in Europe, who performed prodigies of skill and courage against the mighty foe in the English Channel, between Plymouth and Calais. What the English ships wanted in size and metal, was more than supplied by their speed, and the skill and valour of their commanders and sailors, their knowledge of the tides and coasts, of which the enemy was entirely ignorant; and what

could not be thus accomplished was completed by the winds and waves.

It has been remarked that "the chief support of the kingdom seemed to consist in the vigour and prudence of the Queen's conduct," though nearly sixty years of age, and she was found equal to (if not inspired for) the occasion—tranquil, undismayed, confident in Protestant truth and in the Divine protection; and "displaying the chivalrous resolution of youth and manhood, she infused it." The voice of her proclamations thrilled all classes of the people, and her heroic courage electrified them for the life struggle. They portrayed the barbarities of the previous reign, the bloody massacres of Protestants in Spain, in France, and in the Netherlands, and the cruel tyranny of papal usurpation; and to excite the martial spirit of the nation, she visited the newly-collected troops, rode on horseback between the lines, and with a cheerful and animated countenance, and in tones of mingled tenderness and defiance, she exhorted the soldiers to remember their country and their religion, and declared herself ready to lead them herself against the enemy, and perish in battle, rather than survive the ruin and slavery of her people.*

"By this spirited behaviour," says Hume, "she revived the tenderness and admiration of the soldiery; an attachment to her person became a kind of enthusiasm among them, and they asked one another whether it were possible that Englishmen could abandon this glorious cause, could display less fortitude than appeared in the female sex, or could ever, by any dangers, be induced to relinquish the defence of their heroic princess."

* Elizabeth was at all times careless of her personal safety, and apparently reckless of her life. She had been advised not to expose herself to the army, as some assassin might seize the opportunity to take her life. But she would not listen to such advice, and her address from her horse's back to the army at Tilbury, is one of the most stirring specimens furnished by history of the rhetoric of the camp. It is as follows, omitting the reference to her general:—

"My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects, and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst and

But the army had no opportunity of proving its courage and patriotism on the field of battle; the ships were the "wooden walls of England" then as they have been many a time since. The "Invincible Armada," after having repaired all damages of the first storm, and been provisioned for six months, took leave of Spain for the last time the morning of the 18th of July. The result is stated by Froude in two sentences: "Out of thirty thousand men who that morning stood upon the decks of the proud Armada, twenty thousand and more were never again to see the hills of Spain. Of the remnant who, in two short months, crept back ragged and torn, all but a few hundred returned only to die."

Three popes had advised her assassination, excommunicated Queen Elizabeth, and had released her subjects from their allegiance, and promised her kingdom to the conqueror of it; yet the Queen lived; her subjects were loyal to enthusiasm; England was still free, and its Protestantism stronger than ever; the "Invincible Armada," blessed by the Pope and insured by a company of 600 friars and priests, lay strewed upon the shores of Great Britain and Ireland. King Philip himself, the assured sovereign of England, was comforted by being told by the Pope's interpreters of Providence that his disastrous defeat was the penalty of his forefathers' and his own sins for not having expelled all the infidel Moors from the consecrated soil of Spain. But while the Pope had incited the invasion, and, as the "Vicar of God," had cursed England and assured its conquest, he refused, against both persuasions and threats, to pay a maravedi of the

heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all; to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a King of England, too; and think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms; I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already for your forwardness you have deserved rewards and crowns, and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the meantime, not doubting by your obedience and by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over the enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people."

promised million of ducats to Spain, because the Spaniards had not landed on the English shores.

Two remarks are irresistibly suggested by the foregoing facts ; first, the amazing fallibility of the professedly infallible popes of those days ; secondly, that the god of whom those popes were the real vicars, could not have been the God that rules the winds and the seas, princes and peoples.

The disappointment, grief, and mortification of Pope Sextus, King Philip, their subjects, and allies, were as great as were the joy and thanksgiving of the English nation, from the Queen to her humblest subject, at a deliverance from conspiracies and an invasion then unparalleled in Europe. On the appointed day of national thanksgiving, Elizabeth went in state to St. Paul's in a triumphal car, adorned with the spoils and ensigns of the enemy ; and in every city and town throughout the kingdom, the voice of thanksgiving and praise was heard. Medals were struck, bearing the inscriptions, "*Dux fœmina facti,*" and "*Venit, vidit, fugit.*"

One of the great objects of this invasion, when the preparations for it were commenced, and that which especially influenced the English Catholics, animated their zeal, and pervaded their conspiracies, was to place Mary Queen of Scots on the throne of Elizabeth ; but the death of Mary on the scaffold, February, 1587, produced a material change in the state and prospects of parties. Philip II. of Spain now claimed the throne of England for himself, and prosecuted with increased vigour his preparations for invasion ; Pope Sextus still urged him onward in this work of the Church, and anticipated the pleasure of having Elizabeth as captive brought to Rome and placed at his disposal ; but thousands of English Catholics who believed in the legal right of Mary Queen of Scots to the throne, and who were prepared to run all hazards to secure it to her, and who were filled with resentment as well as disappointment at her death, had no such faith in the claims of Philip of Spain, and no desire for a foreigner as their sovereign. With all their proscriptions and disadvantages they were more English than Popish, and preferred national independence to becoming a province of Spain, the Pope's Bulls to the contrary notwithstanding. The Catholics, therefore, very

generally tendered their wealth and their personal service to the Government; and though few of them were entrusted with responsible offices, and some of the suspected were restricted in their residence to the midland counties, or to the Isle of Ely, they were generally loyal, and Lord Howard, the Lord High Admiral of the Queen's victorious fleet, was himself a Catholic, though Drake was the hero of its boldest and grandest achievements. But as Romanism then became more than ever openly and formidably identified with hostility to England, the feeling of the English people became more and more settled that there could and should be no peace with Rome; that Englishmen could only "hope to be free, as their own good weapons shall suffice to vindicate their freedom."

"The penal laws against Romanism, accordingly, continued on the statute-book, and in some respects were made more stringent. But the enforcement of these laws, both before the year of the Armada and afterwards, was by no means uniform, and rarely to the letter." The great body of the Catholics, after the death of Mary Queen of Scots and the defeat of the Armada, became more moderate and more loyal; and it was on the violent and traitorous among them that the severities of the law were executed.

The state and high position of England after the defeat of the Armada are thus graphically set forth in Dr. Vaughan's "Revolutions of English History":—"The cry raised by the Spanish seamen on the memorable night when Drake sent his fireships among them off Calais, was the knell of Spanish greatness. From that hour the history of Spain has been the history of a declining State; and from that hour the place of England has been that of a State of the first rank, and of a constantly-growing influence in the system of Europe. Spain resolved to be the champion of a superstitious and a cruel faith, and her reward has been to sink deeper and deeper in degradation. To England it has been given to make a better choice, and she, too, has had her reward. Wycliffe, and men of his order, have not laboured in vain. The pulsation that is felt and heard through all changes which have forced this issue and settlement, comes from the heart of Latimer and Cranmer, of Thomas Cromwell and Somerset."*

* Vol. II. Book IX., Chap. II., at the end.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AUGUSTINE.

BY THE REV. JOHN G. MANLY.

IN the beautiful imagery of the Bible, the masses of men are like grass, and the chiefs and leaders are like trees, that lift high their heads and spread wide their branches. One of such trees was Augustine. In the Church, which transcends the world, he ranks among the highest and foremost. To him belongs the theology, whatever we may think of its peculiarities, that now usually bears the name of Calvin, its modern reviver and ablest exponent. To him, on many accounts, belongs a name that mankind will not let die. To him belong the "Confessions," that tell the story of his soul before God, and account for his whole religious life. Like the Psalms, they disclose the heart; like the Psalms, they record sins and sorrows, aspirations and struggles, attainment and advancement.

One of the opening sentences may be taken as the motto and text of the whole :—" O God, Thou madest us for Thyself, and our heart is restless until it rests in Thee. Toilful and heavy-laden humanity wearies itself in vain to find rest and satisfaction in the world. Without God and without hope, we wander up and down, we hasten from object to object, we absorb ourselves in a thousand speculations, experiments, and enterprises, in quest of contentment and enjoyment, but only to find that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." God made us for Himself, and therefore like Himself, with such lofty capabilities that we can never be content without him. Estranged from Him, we forsake the centre and source of all excellence and blessedness; we wander incessantly from home; we seek but never find our rest and sufficiency; like the prodigal son, we waste our substance and debase ourselves. The birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fishes of the sea, find enough in their surroundings to supply and satisfy them, for they were made for nothing higher—they are capable of nothing better; but man, the image of God, cannot be so satisfied; God-like humanity can never be content at so low a level and so great a dislocation: the likeness of

heaven and the lord of the earth must return to his source and commune with the skies; must breathe his native air and find his destined end, to be tranquil and satisfied. So the Psalmist shows us in his matchless songs. So Bunyan shows us in his immortal allegory, and in his "Grace abounding to the chief of sinners." So Augustine shows us in his unrivalled Confessions. Two things in this last are seen and felt throughout—a saintly heart and a strong hand. It is not only what Augustine says that charms us, but his manner of saying it. The thought and the costume are worthy of each other, and constitute a manual for the seeker and the saved; for the spirit that is struggling into light, and for the believer that is walking in the light; for both the membership and the ministry of the Church of Christ.

The voice of humility is here:—"I am but a partiele of Thy creation—dust and ashes."

The voice of adoration is here:—"Most highest, most good, most potent, most omnipotent; most merciful, yet most just; most hidden, yet most present; most beautiful, yet most strong; stable, yet incomprehensible; unchangeable, yet all-changing; never new, never old; all-renewing, and bringing age upon the proud, and they know it not; ever-working, ever at rest; still gatheing, yet nothing lacking; supporting, filling, and overspreading; creating, nourishing, and maturing; seeking, yet having all things. Thou lovest without passion; art jealous without anxiety; repentest, yet grieveest not; art angry, yet serene; changest Thy works, Thy purpose unchanged; receivest again what Thou findest, yet didst never lose; never in need, yet rejoicing in gains; never covetous, yet exacting usury; Thou receivest over and above, that Thou mayest owe; and who hath aught that is not Thine? Thou payest debts owing nothing."

The voice of gratitude is here, beginning, like Addison, with the time "when in the silent womb we lay and hung upon the breast." Augustine's school-days were irksome, because he knew not the use of what he learned, and, if idle, was beaten. His "sole delight was play, and for this he was punished by those who were themselves doing the like," for "elder folks' idleness is called 'business,' while that of boys, being really the same, is punished by these elders; and none commiserates the boys or

men." Early religious impressions in the house of a pious mother, but unbelieving father, were not duly encouraged and aided. "How much better," he says, "had I been at once healed; and then, by my friends' diligence and my own, my soul's recovered health had been kept safe in Thy keeping who gavest it. Better truly." He "loved not study, and hated to be forced to it"; he hated strange Greek, but loved his native Latin, and condemns the polluted classic stories by which he was taught the use of words. "'One and one, two'; 'two and two, four'; this was to me a hateful sing-song; 'the wooden horse lined with armed men,' and 'the burning of Troy,' and 'Creusa's shade and sad similitude' were the choice spectacles of my vanity." But with deep gratitude he recognizes the Arm that "conveyed him safe and led him up to man," and that protected and blessed him all his days.

The substantial story of Augustine's life, before his episcopate, is here. He confesses the thefts of his boyhood, the thefts from his parents, and the theft, with his companions, of a neighbour's pears; and, as if in anticipation of the saying that "the child is father of the man," observes how the sins of boyhood "are transferred from tutors and masters, from nuts and balls and sparrows to magistrates and kings, to gold and manors and slaves, just as severer punishments displace the cane."

His father, "a poor freeman of Thagaste," provided the expenses of his education in grammar and rhetoric, in the cities of Medura and Carthage; but had "no concern" for his son's higher interests. But his mother had, and forewarned him against licentiousness, though for a long time in vain. Her love and Christian counsel run, like a line of light, through all his life, for the first thirty years, and are at last rewarded by his conversion. Stage-plays carried him away. No wonder that in such a life as his, "seduced and seducing," from his nineteenth year to his eight-and-twentieth, the Scriptures seemed to him unworthy to be compared with the stateliness of Tally.

He was misled by many; first by boyish companions, then by evil youths, then by the astrologers and by the Manichees. The loss of a friend, whom he loved as David and Jonathan loved each other, but who died after a year's friendship, filled him with

unutterable anguish, so that he fled from Thagaste to Carthage; yet he sought not God, but the solaces of other friends, for as yet he had not learned that "whithersoever the soul of man turns itself, unless toward God, it is riveted upon sorrows, yea, though it is riveted on things beautiful."

He meditated and wrote on "the fair and fit," but without knowing Him who is the fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. Disappointed in Faustus, an eloquent but empty bishop of the Manichees, and annoyed with the disorderly manners of the Carthaginian scholars, among whom he taught, he repaired to Rome, in opposition to his mother's wishes, believing that there "young men studied more peacefully, and were kept quiet under a restraint of more regular discipline."

Rome, however, disappointed him, for he found the youths as faulty there as in Carthage, though in another form; and he suffered from severe illness. From Rome he went to Milan, to occupy an educational position, and was most kindly received by the excellent bishop, Ambrose, and leaving the Manichees, became a catechumen of the Church. His pious mother, Monica, joined him here, and began to find the answer to her long cries and tears for his conversion. Becoming gradually better acquainted with Christian truth, he found himself, like Saul of Tarsus in his three days' blindness, in the seventh of Romans, struggling against sin, but swept away by its power; till at length, in his thirty-second year, he yielded himself to Christ according to His word, and became a new creature in Christ Jesus, renouncing the profession of rhetoric, and submitting with his son to baptism.

Monica did not long survive this joy. "Son," said she, "for mine own part I have no further delight in anything in this life. What I do here any longer, and to what end I am here I know not, now that my hopes in this world are accomplished. One thing there was, for which I desired to linger for a while in this life, that I might see thee a Catholic Christian before I died. My God hath done this for me more abundantly, that I should now see thee withal, despising earthly happiness, become His servant: what do I here?" She died at Ostia, requesting to be buried there, though she had long before provided and prepared a place of burial for herself by the body of her husband. "Here,"

said she, "shall you bury your mother. Lay this body anywhere; let not the care for that any way disquiet you." Whatever may have been the sentiments of men before life and immortality were brought to light by the Gospel, it ill becomes Christians now, who know what the mere body is, and who have the faith of the resurrection, to be anxious about the place of their sepulture.

The book from which we have been extracting consists as much of meditations and reflections as confessions. For Augustine's meditations on his conversion, after his mother's death, we have not space, but must refer to the book itself, and conclude in Augustine's own conclusion :—

"Affrighted with my sins and the burden of my misery, I had cast in my heart and had purposed to 'flee to the wilderness'; but Thou forbadeest me, and strengthenedst me, saying, 'Therefore Christ died for all, that they which live may now no longer live unto themselves, but unto Him that died for them.' See, Lord, I cast my care upon Thee, that I may live, and consider wondrous things out of Thy law. Thou knowest my unskilness and my infirmities; teach me and heal me. He, Thine only Son, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, hath redeemed me by His blood."

How Augustine became a Christian minister, and, after a time, Bishop of Hippo, and what numerous homiletical and expository writings he produced, the Confessions do not tell us; but it will all be found in the pages of Church history and Christian biography. Enough that he found rest in God, and that his whole life serves to illustrate the words of the inspired Psalmist :—
"Happy is the man whose transgression is forgiven and whose sin is covered. Happy is the man unto whom Jehovah reckons not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile."

'Tis well to find our last repose
'Neath the churchyard's sacred sod;
But those who sleep in forest or deep
Are watched by the self-same God.

—*Eliza Cook.*

ONE THING IS NEEDFUL.

LUKE x. 42.

BY THE REV. EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART.

ONE thing is needful still, whatever cares
 Absorb thy thoughts through life's unpausing hours,
 Needful alike when all around thee wears
 The smile of joy, and when misfortune lowers.

It is not gold, that sparkles to allure,
 Yet scorches life with selfishness and pride ;
 For, rich in faith and love, the lowly poor
 May here in peace, as heirs of heaven, abide.

It is not earth's applause and empty fame,
 So highly cherished and so manfully sought ;
 For many a slighted and neglected name
 Shall live, when kings and heroes are forgot.

Needful to thee above all earthly good,
 The priceless pearl, the inner life of love
 Divine ; forgiveness through the sprinkled blood ;
 The joy-inspiring hope of life above.

There comes no true, soul-satisfying peace,
 Till heaven's own love has hushed our guilty fears—
 Till the wild jars of selfish passions cease,
 And o'er our gloom the morn of joy appears.

There is no power to vanquish sin and death,—
 To work victoriously the work of heaven,—
 Until the soul is linked by living faith
 To Him, by whom immortal strength is given.

No refuge can the struggling spirit find
 From a pelting storm—no rest from sordid strife—
 Until we flee, in trusting faith, behind
 The Rock of refuge, Christ our hope and life.

No entrance can the proudest mortal gain,
 Into the golden realms of love and joy,
 Till cleansed from every guilty stain—
 Made meet by grace for heaven's divine employ.

Then seek with all thy heart the one thing needed,
 Without which life is vain and heaven is lost ;
 Lest love of earth cause thee to leave unheeded
 Thy higher life—all that thy soul has cost.

PIONEER METHODISM.

BY REV. EDWARD EGGLESTON, D.D.

CHAPTER III.—MORTON GOODWIN'S CONVERSION.

MORTON GOODWIN was returning to the Hissawachie Settlement after a prolonged absence. After riding twenty miles, he emerged from the wilderness into a clearing just as the sun was setting. It happened that the house where he found a hospitable supper and lodging was already set apart for Methodist preaching that evening. After supper the shuck-bottom chairs and rude benches were arranged about the walls, and the intermediate space was left to be filled by seats which should be brought in by friendly neighbours. Morton gathered from the conversation that the preacher was none other than the celebrated Valentine Cook, who was held in such esteem that it was even believed that he had a prophetic inspiration and a miraculous gift of healing. This "class" had been founded by his preaching, in the days of his vigour. He had long since given up "travelling," on account of his health. He was now a teacher in Kentucky, being, by all odds, the most scholarly of the Western itinerants. He had set out on a journey among the Churches with whom he had laboured, seeking to strengthen the hands of the brethren, who were like a few sheep in the wilderness. The old Levantine Churches did not more heartily welcome the final visit of Paul the Aged than did the backwoods Churches this farewell tour of Valentine Cook.

Finding himself thus fairly entrapped again by a Methodist meeting, Morton felt no little agitation. His mother had heard Cook in his younger days, in Pennsylvania, and he was thus familiar with his fame as a man and as a preacher. Morton was not only curious to hear him; he entertained a faint hope that the great preacher might lead him out of his embarrassment.

After supper Goodwin strolled out through the trees trying to collect his thoughts; determined at one moment to become a Methodist and end his struggles, seeking, the next, to build a breastwork of resistance against the sermon that he must hear.

Having walked some distance from the house into the bushes, he came suddenly upon the preacher himself, kneeling in earnest audible prayer. So rapt was the old man in his devotion that he did not note the approach of Goodwin, until the latter, awed at sight of a man talking face to face with God, stopped, trembling, where he stood. Cook then saw him, and, arising, reached out his hand to the young man, saying, in a voice tremulous with emotion: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Morton endeavoured, in a few stammering words, to explain his accidental intrusion, but the venerable man seemed almost at once to have forgotten his presence, for he had taken his seat upon a log and appeared absorbed in thought. Morton retreated just in time to secure a place in the cabin, now almost full. The members of the Church, men and women, as they entered, knelt in silent prayer before taking their seat. Hardly silent either, for the old Methodist could do nothing without noise, and even while he knelt in what he considered silent prayer, he burst forth continually in audible ejaculations and groaning expressions of his inward wrestling. With most, this was the simple habit of an uncultivated and unreserved nature; in later times the ostentatious and hypocritical did not fail to cultivate it as an evidence of superior piety,

But now the room is full. People are crowding the doorways. The good old class-leader has shut his eyes and turned his face heavenward, Presently he strikes up lustily, leading the congregation in singing:

"How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!"

When he reached the stanza that declares,

"While blest with the sense of His love
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there,"

there were shouts of "Halleluiah!" "Praise the Lord!" and so forth. At the last quatrain, which runs,—

“O! drive these dark clouds from my sky!
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me to Thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more!”

there were the heartiest “Amens,” though they must have been spoken in a poetic sense. I cannot believe that any of the excellent brethren, even in that moment of exaltation, would really have desired translation to the world beyond the clouds.

The preacher, in his meditations, had forgotten his congregation—a very common bit of absent-mindedness with Valentine Cook; and so, when this hymn was finished, a sister, with a rich but uncultivated soprano, started that inspiring song which begins:

“Come on, my partners in distress,
 My comrades in this wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel;
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
 Look forward through this vale of tears
 To that celestial hill.”

The hymn was long, and by the time it was completed the preacher, having suddenly come to himself, entered hurriedly, and pushed forward to the place arranged for him. The festoons of dried pumpkin hanging from the joists reached nearly to his head; a tallow dip, sitting in the window, shed a feeble light upon his face as he stood there, tall, gaunt, awkward, weather-beaten, with deep-sunken, weird, hazel eyes, a low forehead, a prominent nose, coarse black hair resisting yet the approach of age, and a *tout ensemble* unpromising, but peculiar. He began immediately to repeat his hymn:

“I saw one hanging on a tree
 In agony and blood;
 He fixed His languid eye on me,
 As near the cross I stood.”

His tone was monotonous, his eyes seemed to have a fascination, and the pathos of his voice, quivering with suppressed emotion, was indescribable. Before his prayer was concluded the enthusiastic Morton felt that he could follow such a leader to the world's end.

He repeated his text: "*Behold the day cometh,*" and launched at once into a strongly impressive introduction about the all-pervading presence of God, until the whole house seemed full of God, and Morton found himself breathing fearfully, with a sense of God's presence and ineffable holiness. Then he took up that never-failing theme of the pioneer preacher—the sinfulness of sin—and there were suppressed cries of anguish over the whole house. Morton could hardly feel more contempt for himself than he did, but when the preacher advanced to his climax of the Atonement and the Forgiveness of Sins, Goodwin felt himself carried away as with a flood. In that hour, with God around, above, beneath, without and within—with a feeling that since his escape he held his life by a sort of reprieve—with the inspiring and persuasive accents of this weird prophet ringing in his ears, he cast behind him all human loves, all ambitious purposes, all recollections of theological puzzles, and set himself to a self-denying life. He would do right at all hazards.

Morton never had other conversion than this. He could not tell of such a struggle as Kike's. All he knew was that there had been conflict. When once he decided, there was harmony and peace. When Valentine Cook had concluded his rapt peroration, setting the whole house ablaze with feeling, and then proceeded to "open the doors of the Church" by singing,

"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?"

it was with a sort of military exaltation—a defiance of the world, the flesh, and the devil—that Morton went forward and took the hand of the preacher, as a sign that he solemnly enrolled himself among those who meant to

"——— conquer though they die."

He was accustomed to say in after years, using the Methodist phraseology, that "God spoke peace to his soul the moment he made up his mind to give up all." That God does speak to the heart of man in its great crises I cannot doubt; but God works

with, and not against, the laws of mind. When Morton ceased to contend with his highest impulses there was no more discord, and he was of too healthful and objective a temperament to have subjective fights with fanciful Apollyons. When peace came he accepted it. One of the old brethren who crowded round him that night and questioned him about his experience was "afeard it warn't a rale deep conversion. They wuzn't was'lin' and strugglin' enough." But the wise Valentine Cook said, when he took Morton's hand to say good-bye, and looked into his clear blue eye, "Hold fast the beginning of thy confidence, brother."

Vacillation was over. Morton was ready to fight, to sacrifice, to die, for a good cause. It had been the dream of his boyhood; it had been the longing of his youth, marred and disfigured by irregularities as his youth had been. In the early twilight of the winter morning he rode bravely towards his first battle-field, and, as was his wont in moments of cheerfulness, he sang. But not now the "Highland Mary," or "Ca' the yowes to the knowes," but a hymn of Charles Wesley's he had heard Cook sing the night before, some stanzas of which had strongly impressed him and accorded exactly with his new mood, and his anticipation of trouble from his religious life:

"In hope of that immortal crown
I now the Cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain;
I suffer out my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come
And wipe away His servant's tears,
And take His exile home.

* * * * *

"O, what are all my sufferings here
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear
And worship at Thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
I come, to find them all again
In that eternal day."

CHAPTER IV.—THE CONFERENCE AT HICKORY RIDGE.

MORE than two years have passed since Morton made his great resolve. You may see him now riding up to the Hickory Ridge Church—a “hewed-log” country meeting-house. He is dressed in homespun clothes. At the risk of compromising him for ever, I must confess that his coat is straight-breasted—shad-bellied as the profane call it—and his best hat a white one with a broad brim. The face is still fresh, despite the conflicts and hardships of one year’s travel in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, and the sickness and exposure of another year in the malarious canebreaks of Western Tennessee. Perils of Indians, perils of floods, perils of alligators, perils of bad food, perils of cold beds, perils of robbers, perils of rowdies, perils of fevers, and the weariness of five thousand miles of horseback riding in a year, with five or six hundred preachings in the same time, and the care of numberless scattered churches in the wilderness, have conspired to give sedateness to his countenance. And yet there is a youthfulness about the sun-browned cheeks, and a lingering expression of humour about the eyes, that match but grotesquely with white hat and straight-breasted coat.

He has been a preacher almost ever since he became a Methodist. How did he get his theological education? It used to be said that Methodist preachers were educated by the old ones telling the young ones all they knew; but besides this oral instruction Morton carried in his saddle-bags John Wesley’s simple, solid sermons, Charles Wesley’s hymns, and a Bible. Having little of the theory and system of theology, he was free to take lessons in the larger school of life and practical observation. For the rest, the free criticism to which he was subject from other preachers, and the contact with a few families of refinement, had obliterated his dialect. Naturally a gentleman at heart, he had, from the few stately gentlemen that he met, quickly learned to be a gentleman in manners. He is regarded as a young man of great promise by the older brethren; his clear voice is very charming, his strong and manly speech and his tender feeling are very inspiring, and on his two circuits he has reported extraordinary revivals. Some of the old men sagely predict that “he’s got bishop-timber in him,”

but no such ambitious dreams disturb his sleep. He acknowledges in class-meeting and in love-feast that he is too much like Lot's wife—he finds his heart prone to look back towards the objects he once loved. Often in riding through the stillness of a deep forest—and the primeval forest is to him the peculiar abode of the Almighty—his noble voice rings out fervently and even pathetically with that stanza :

“The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne
And worship only Thee !”

He loves his work ; its dangers and difficulties satisfy the ambition of his boyhood ; and he has had no misgivings, except when once or twice he has revisited his parents in the Hissawatchee Bottom.

He is not the only man in a straight-breasted coat who is approaching the country-meeting house. It is Conference-time, and the greetings are hearty and familiar. Everybody is glad to see everybody, and after a year of separation, nobody can afford to stand on ceremony with anybody else. Morton had hardly alighted before half a dozen preachers have rushed up to him and taken him by the hand. A tall brother, with a grotesque twitch in his face, cries out :

“How do you do, Brother Goodwin ? Glad to see the alligators haven't finished you !”

To which Morton returns a laughing reply ; but suddenly he sees, standing back of the rest and waiting his turn, a young man with a solemn, sallow face, pinched by sickness and exposure, and bordered by the straight black hair that falls on each side of it. He wears over his clothes a blanket with arm-holes cut through, and seems to be perpetually awaiting an ague-chill. Seeing him, Morton pushed the rest aside, and catches the wan hand in both of his own with a cry : “Kike, God bless you ! How are you, dear old fellow ? You look sick.”

Kike smiled faintly, and Morton threw his arm over his shoulder and looked in his face. “I *am* sick, Mort. Cast down, but not destroyed, you know. I hope I am ready to be offered up.”

“Not a bit of it. You’ve got to get better. Offered up? Why, you aren’t fit to offer to an alligator. Where are you staying?”

“Out there.” Kike pointed to the tents of a camp-meeting barely visible through the trees. The people in the neighbourhood of the Hickory Ridge Church, being unable to entertain the Conference in their homes, had resorted to the device of getting up a camp-meeting. It was easier to take care of the preachers out of doors than in. Morton shook his head as he walked with Kike to the thin canvas tent under which he had been assigned to sleep. The white spot on the end of Kike’s nose and the blue lines under his finger-nails told plainly of the oncoming chill, and Morton hurried away to find some better shelter for him than under this thin sheet. But this was hard to do. The few brethren in the neighbourhood had already filled their cabins full of guests, mostly in ‘ufirm health, and Kike, being one of the younger men, renowned only for his piety and his revivals, had not been thought of for a place elsewhere than on the camp-ground. Finding it impossible to get a more comfortable resting place for his friend, Morton turned to seek for a physician. The only doctor in the neighbourhood was a Presbyterian minister, retired from the ministry on account of his impaired health. To him Morton went to ask for medicine for Kike.

“Doctor Morgan, there is a preacher sick down at the camp-ground,” said Morton, “and ——”

“And you want me to see him,” said the doctor, in an alert, anticipative fashion, seizing his “pill-bags” and donning his hat.

When the two rode up to the tent in which Kike was lodged they found a prayer-meeting of a very exciting kind going on in the tent adjoining. There were cries and groans and amens and hallelujahs commingled in a way quite intelligible to the experienced ear of Morton, but quite unendurable to the orderly doctor.

“A bad place for a sick man, sir,” he said to Morton, with great positiveness.

“I know it is, doctor,” said Morton; “and I’ve done my best to get him out of it, but I cannot. See how thin this tent-cover is.”

“And the malaria of these woods is awful. Camp-meetings, sir, are always bad. And this *fuss* is enough to drive a patient crazy.”

Morton thought the doctor prejudiced, but he said nothing. They had now reached the corner of the tent where Kike lay on a straw pallet, holding his hands to his head. The noise of the prayer-meeting was more than his weary brain would bear.

"Can you sit on my horse?" said the doctor, promptly proceeding to lift Kike without even explaining to him who he was, or where he proposed to take him.

Morton helped to place Kike in the saddle, but the poor fellow was shaking so that he could not sit there. Morton then brought out his own horse and took the slight form of Kike in his arms, he riding on the croup, and the sick man in the saddle.

"Where shall I ride to, doctor?"

"To my house," said the doctor, mounting his horse, and spurring off to have a bed made ready for Kike.

And such a bed as Kike found in Dr. Morgan's house! After the rude bear-skins upon which he had languished in the backwoods cabins, after the musty feather-beds in freezing lofts, and the pallets of leaves upon which he had shivered and scorched and fought fleas and mosquitoes, this clean white bed was like a foretaste of heaven. But Kike was almost too sick to be grateful. The poor frame had been kept up by will so long, that now that he was in a good bed and had Morton, he felt that he could afford to be sick. What had been ague settled into that wearisome disease called bilious fever. Morton stayed by him nearly all of the time, looking into the Conference now and then to see the venerable Asbury in the chair, listening to a grand speech from McKendree, attending on the third day of the session, when, with the others who had been preaching two years on probation, he was called forward to answer the "Questions" always propounded to "Candidates for admission to the Conference." Kike only was missing from the list of those who were to have heard the bishop's exhortations, full of martial fire, and to have answered his questions in regard to their spiritual state. For above all gifts of speech or depths of learning, or acuteness of reasoning, the early Methodists esteemed devout affections; and no man was of account for the ministry who was not "groaning to be made perfect in this life."

The strange mystery in which appointments were involved

could not but pique curiosity. Morton having had one year of mountains, and one year of cane-brakes, had come to wish for one year of a little more comfort, and a little better support. There is a romance about going threadbare and tattered in a good cause, but even the romance gets threadbare and tattered if it last too long, and one wishes for a little sober reality of warm clothes to relieve a romance, charming enough in itself, but dull when it grows monotonous.

The awful hour of appointments came on at last. The brave-hearted men sat down before the bishop, and before God, not knowing what was to be their fate. Morton could not guess where he was going. A miasmatic cane-brake, or a deadly cypress swamp, might be his doom, or he might—but no, he would not hope that his lot might fall in Ohio. He was a young man, and a young man must take his chances. Morton found himself more anxious about Kike than about himself. Where would the bishop send the invalid? With Kike it might be a matter of life and death, and Kike would not hear to being left without work. He meant, he said, to cease at once to work and live.

The brethren, still in sublime ignorance of their destiny, sang fervently that fiery hymn of Charles Wesley's:

“ Jesus, the name high over all,
 In hell or earth or sky,
 Angels and men before Him fall,
 And devils fear and fly.

“ O that the world might taste and see
 The riches of His grace,
 The arms of love that compass me
 Would all mankind embrace.”

And when they reached the last stanzas there was the ring of soldiers ready for battle in their martial voices. That some of them would die from exposure, malaria, or accident during the next year was probable. Tears came to their eyes, and they involuntarily began to grasp the hands of those who stood next them as they approached the climax of the hymn, which the bishop read impressively, two lines at a time, for them to sing:

“His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim.
’Tis all my business here below
To cry, ‘Behold the Lamb!’

“Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
‘Behold, behold the Lamb!’”

Then, with suffused eyes, they resumed their seats, and the venerable Asbury, with calmness and with a voice faltering with age, made them a brief address; tender and sympathetic at first, earnest as he proceeded, and full of ardour and courage at the close.

“When the British Admiralty,” he said, “wanted some men to take Quebec, they began with the oldest General first, asking him: ‘General, will you go and take Quebec?’ To which he made reply, ‘It is a very difficult enterprise.’ ‘You may stand aside,’ they said. One after another the Generals answered that they would, in some more or less indefinite manner, until the youngest man on the list was reached. ‘General Wolfe,’ they said, ‘will you go and take Quebec?’ ‘I’ll do it or die,’ he replied.” Here the bishop paused, looked round about upon them, and added, with a voice full of emotion, “He went, and did both. We send you first to take the country allotted to you. We want only men who are determined to do it or die! Some of you, dear brethren, will do both. If you fall, let us hear that you fell like Methodist preachers at your post, face to the foe, and the shout of victory on your lips.”

The effect of this speech was beyond description. There were sighs, and cries of “Amen,” “God grant it,” “Hallelujah!” from every part of the old log church. Every man was ready for the hardest place, if he must. Gravely, as one who trembles at his responsibility, the bishop brought out his list. No man looked any more upon his fellow. Every one kept his eyes fixed upon the paper from which the bishop read the appointments, until his own name was reached. Some showed pleasure when their names were called, some could not conceal a look of pain. When the reading had proceeded half way down the list, Morton heard, with

a little start, the words slowly announced as the bishop's eyes fell on him :

“ Jenkinsville Circuit—Morton Goodwin.”

Well, at least Jenkinsville was in Ohio. But it was in the wickedest part of Ohio. Morton half suspected that he was indebted to his muscle, his courage, and his quick wit for the appointment. The rowdies of Jenkinsville Circuit were worse than the alligators of Mississippi. But he was young, hopeful and brave, and rather relished a difficult field than otherwise. He listened now for Kike's name. It came at the bottom of the list:

“ Pottawottomie Creek—W. T. Smith, Hezekiah Lumsden.”

The bishop had not dared to entrust a circuit to a man so sick as Kike was. He had, therefore, sent him as “ second man ” or “ Junior preacher ” on a circuit in the wilderness of Michigan.

The last appointment having been announced, a simple benediction closed the services, and the brethren who had foregone houses and homes and fathers and mothers and wives and children for the kingdom of heaven's sake, saddled their horses, called, one by one, at Dr. Morgan's to say a brotherly “ God bless you ! ” to the sick Kike, and rode away, each in his own direction, and all with a self-immolation to the cause rarely seen since the Middle-Age.

They rode away, all but Kike, languishing yet with fever, and Morton, watching by his side.

PRAYER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(WRITTEN IN PRISON.)

O Domine Deus, speravi in Te,
 O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me ;
 In dura catena,
 In misera pena,
 Desidero Te ;
 Languendo,
 Gemendo,
 Et genuflectendo,
 Adoro,
 Imploro,
 Ut liberes me.

O Lord of Hosts, I have trusted in Thee,
 O Jesus beloved, now liberate me ;
 In fetters so galling,
 In tortures appalling,
 I long after Thee ;
 In moaning,
 In groaning,
 On bent knee atoning,
 I adore Thee,
 Implore Thee,
 To liberate me.

WHO ARE THE WISE ?

BY THE REV. GEORGE DOUGLAS, LL.D.

“But he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus ; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.”—Acts xxvi. 25.

II.

BUT again, *the disciples of Christianity are not beside themselves when they proclaim their faith in the doctrines of sin and salvation.*

Festus and Paul are one in the admission that sin is a tremendous reality, but with this admission their estimates of sin widely differ. Sin, according to the modern Festuses, is a necessity of our being, founded, it is held, in the universal law which obtains in all worlds of matter or morals,—the law of necessary antagonisms. As, say they, the opposite to light is darkness, the opposite of the acid is the alkali, the opposite of summer heat is the winter cold, so the opposite of virtue is vice, and holiness that of sin. Or, it is said, sin is founded in the limitation of our being. God alone, the infinite and perfect, is sinless. Man, the finite and imperfect, is sinful. But how does the Apostle smite these false philosophers to the dust by the declaration that “sin is a wilful transgression of the law !” Beginning with the deliberate choice of the will, what mind angelic can tell out the calamity it has entailed ? *Sin*, the mighty vandal, it has swept this world with ruin ! *Sin*, the bandit Ishmael, its hand is against every man ;—I would to God that every man’s hand were against it ! *Sin*, a spirit more dire than ever came from “vasty deep !” It built hell, created the worm that dieth not, and kindled the fire that never can be quenched. Flinging insult in the face of God it has taken up the scroll of human history and written it within and without with mourning, lamentation, and woe.

Turning from the appalling picture of sin, we would ask the modern Festus if it should not be the object of eternal hatred ? It was the faith and fancy of the olden medieval times, that sin satanic became incarnated in human form, and came to men as a

fair temptress, holding in her hands manifold and seductive charms, but if you drew aside the folds of her robe, she was foul, loathsome, leprous,—a whited sepulchre of death. And now I turn round and ask, Who is the madman, and who is the sane? Is it the impenitent Festus, who loves to companionate with loathsomeness and death? Or is it the penitent Paul, who cries out with pathetic appeal, “Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” Did I say, Who is the madman? Your verdict, I am sure, must be given.

Oh, this penitence! often overlooked by many in these days, we would glorify its excellence! Its tears are the gems of divinity, formed and polished by the Hand Divine. Its cry for moral betterance thrills through the universe and finds a response in the heart of God. Who is a penitent man? Before the sneering Festus thou canst stand up in thy noblest manhood and face the scorner, exclaiming, “I am not mad, most noble Festus;” and heaven gives its attestation: “For there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth,”—one sinner that begins to climb out of the ruins of sin, and ascend the steep and starry road to the infinite abode and golden hereafter.

And here I ask you to mark the consequences which sin has entailed. As a deliberate breach of the divine law, sin implies *guilt*,—a guilt which demands a *pardon* divine. The universal consciousness of man is a consciousness of guilt. Every heart in this house has thrilled under its influence. This tells of responsibility to higher law, and is the regent of divinity that stirs within us, which no bribes will quiet, and which will not lie down at our bidding.

And tell me ye mighty masters of the past! ye hoary sons of wisdom! why left ye the myriad hearts wounded and bleeding from the poisoned barbs of guilt? Verily not because you did not try, but because you could not pluck out the barbs, and heal the weary, wounded heart.

Like one in a stately hall, who looks at dissolving views as they come and go, so I stand and look at the scenes which come and go on the canvas of far-off times, telling of human endeavour to escape from the pangs of guilt. There comes up the picture of a rude age, of rude stones built into the form of rude Druidic altar,

surrounded with rude, barbaric men, who with anxious look, place on this altar the wood, the fire, and the victim,—perhaps the fruit of the body for the sin of the soul,—while above the ascending smoke, the handwriting flashes out, “These for sin cannot atone!” But the scene has faded, and now there comes in succession a gorgeous tabernacle and splendid temple, with a brilliant array of robed and mitred priests, who with incense and blood of lambs, and fire and water, are seeking to expiate transgression. But over all there flashes out the words, “Only the shadow of good things to come!” Atonement is not by the law. Once again the picture changes. On the dark ground there rises a cross and a victim transfixed, with pierced side, and face more marred than that of any man,—the incarnate Son of God. No altar is there. No robed or surpliced priest. No ritualistic forms or sacramental efficacies. Only a cross and a victim. And over that cross the words: “Neither is there salvation in any other; for the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.” And see you the mighty hosts that are pilgrims to that cross? Tottering age and bright-eyed youth, the splendour of cultured intellect and rude, barbaric ignorance, royalty and rags, the sick, the dying men, of every age and clime, are coming; and as they stand and gaze, and trust, somehow the eye brightens with a new-found hope, and the heart swells with unutterable peace,—the sense of sins forgiven,—and warbles its jubilation of praise.

Now tell me, thou modern Festus! Tell me, Herbert Spencer, whose only God is blind force, and unthinkable and unknowable! Tell me, materialistic Maudsley, who knows no spirit but the refinement of matter, and no immortality but atomic dust! Tell me, thou pantheistic Emerson, can your philosophies kindle the soul into the raptures of an immortal hope, or arm it with triumphant confidence to walk the gates of death? Can, I say, your philosophies do this? Never! *a thousand times, never!* Then we are not mad, most noble Festus, when we take our stand firm, dauntless, heroic, by the cross, and cry out, “God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!”

And yet further: sin not only entails guilt, but the *ruin of our moral being*. Like a mighty iconoclast, it has transformed the spirit temple of God within, into a temple of depravity,—a cage

where no bird of paradise sings,—only the unclean vultures of passion abide. Like a fell magician, it has taken the tender heart and petrified it into stone,—cold, insensible, hard, *dead!* I have read of a famous artist, who, standing before a rough mass of marble, with enthusiastic exultation exclaimed, “I see angels in that stone!” and then with mallet and chisel, he hewed out the angelic forms of rarest beauty, that were a joy to millions. In like manner, but in grander sense, the Spirit of the living God stands to-night and looks at every uncomely, stony heart in this house, and says, “I see angelic beauty,—yea, the graces of divinity there. I will take away the stony out of thy heart, and give thee a heart of flesh. I will put my Spirit within thee, and cause thee to walk in my statutes and keep my judgments.” All hail this grandest revelation of God! With this we can pronounce the grand Eureka, “I have found it,”—found the way of holiness! Not, O ye modern Festus! not by your vaunted self-culture! no, but by bringing the energy of God to the weakness of man, the Divine Spirit with thy spirit. Oh, ye failing ones, whose feet have faltered in the holy way! This is our gospel of hope: by all-commanding faith, the strength of divinity is mine, to become beautiful in holiness. And is this, as John Stuart Mill asserts, only a fancy and delusion? Nay, verily, see the reality of this work! the grandeur of the change which has come over the man made holy! See the transforming energy at work in all his powers! His passions, once like the untrained tiger, greedy of evil, are now hushed into quiet and ready to dwell with the lamb. His proud, defiant will, in sweetest unison is blended with the will divine. His memory, vagrant and forgetful of good, is now plastic as wax, and permanent as marble, to grasp all gracious thought. His winged imagination, that roamed in darkness, now hovers round the cross. His long slumbering conscience is now awake, and keeps with jealous care the temple of the heart, that nothing unclean enters there. Look, I say, at this man! he is the same and yet not the same! A new beauty, softened and gracious,—the beauty of holiness,—has overspread his being, and with everlasting joy on his head, he is going to the mountains of myrrh

and frankincense, where the day breaks, and the shadows flee away.

Oh, the testimony of ten thousand thousand voices, justifies the disclaimer, "I am not mad, most noble Festus," when we proclaim our faith in the doctrines of sin and salvation.

But finally, *the disciples of Christianity are not beside themselves when they labour to prepare for a higher world.*

But lately, Winnewoode Reed, one of England's literati, died. Amongst the last things which his hand, palsyng into death, penned, was this: "I have given up the old gospel, with its immortalities, and have accepted the religion of humanity, which is, Live virtuously, honour the planet on which you dwell, and then, first and noblest of animals, die, and go to dust—and that is all." Oh, my soul, come not thou into the secret of such, and with them, mine honour, be not thou united! Every grand intuition of our being is trampled to the dust, and the old Sadducean cry is again heard, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die," and that is all. But to the Christian this life has a nobler significance. It is a fragment of the higher life beyond; the vestibule which leads into the temple of immortality. Oh, how grand! I have stood on the hills of a southern isle of the sea, and watched the tropic sun, as she marched in splendour to her seeming rest, flinging her radiant shadows on the placid waters; I have seen her dip into darkness, and then, as if an angel's hand lifted the curtain of the heavens, I have seen her reflected light flash up into a triumphant arch festooned with brilliant blue, and as if burnished with gold, till it seemed as if the everlasting gates had been lifted up, while far in the vista the excess of glory seemed too great, even for the shining ones. It was only for a moment, and then it was gone forever; but I then thought, and I still think, that these failing eyes shall never see aught more resplendent on this earth. Ah, but "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive" of the beatitudes of the blest. Heart of man conceive, did I say? No! not when you sweetly pondered of the coming time at "stilly eve, as summer twilight dropped its dewy tears and wept itself away." No! not when you grasped the hand of your

dying child, and looked into those tender eyes, which soon would gaze on other skies. No! not when you stood beneath the weeping willow where dust of sainted dead was resting, and thought of them as "ever with the Lord." Not even when you were almost over the river, and beheld the "gates ajar." Not then did your heart conceive the bursting glory and beatific bliss of that world of glory. And I must add, not in your most terrific dreams could you conceive of that "world of hell." Into this life of immortal destiny you and I must shortly enter. Every throb of the pulse, every beat of the heart, like a muffled drum, is the signal of our passage onward. Soon, O God! how soon? Will it be for us a world of heaven or of hell? The arrow may be about to fly that will strike some one here to the dust. Oh, for thunder-pealing words! Oh, for a spirit cry that will reach every heart: "prepare to meet thy God!" When the frivolous Festus would fling the taunt, "beside thyself," because of this religious solicitude, then, supremely then, you can stand on high, and with life's uncertainty in the present, and immutable destiny in the future,—grand as heaven, terrible as hell,—for arguments cry out, "I am not mad, most noble Festus!" and eternity shall tell that you were not mad. Who is this standing at the close of this discourse, with the thunder of doubt on his brow, and despair in his hollow eyes, wailing out the bitter cry, "Without God and without hope in the world?" That is the Festus of the world. Hopeless, hapless, cast off, and utterly forsaken at last.

And who is this, all radiant with blissful anticipations, his face beaming with the light of heaven, exclaiming,—although in a prison he be,—"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course and kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." That is Paul, the aged, and at last, triumphant. Be his lot yours and mine. Surely before the universe he stands justified, as not mad! *not mad!* Amen.

JACOB'S VISION.

BY ROBERT EVANS.

HERE I'll rest upon this rock,
 Loose the sandals from my feet ;
 Sheltered from the tempest's shock,
 Shadow'd from the noontide heat.
 Here the living waters glide,
 Heaven infolds this starry sky ;
 Breathes its calm on every side,
 " Secret place of the Most High."

Pillowed on my Saviour's breast,
 There rich words of promise glow :
 Jacob's vision soothes my rest,
 And the angels come and go.
 'Neath those heavenly gates unbarr'd,
 Bethel's darkness kindles up :
 'Tis the glory of the Lord
 Beaming from the ladder's top.

List'ning only, Lord, to Thee,
 Closer to the lips Divine ;
 Faith in hush'd tranquility
 Bends this willing ear of mine.
 Other refuge none is left,
 In the smitten rock I hide ;
 Hide me in the crimson'd cleft,
 In my Saviour's bleeding side.

Prayers that looked for grace and light,
 From their golden phials borne,
 Seem like dew-drops of the night,
 Changed to diamonds by the morn.
 All assured in Christ's embrace,
 Sweetly calm my trusting soul,
 Safe as mountains on their base
 Hear the distant thunders roll.

I would climb the circling height,
 Up the ladder's plumed ascent ;
 Rung o'er rung, on bars of light,
 Just the way the angels went.
 I would see Him face to face ;
 Echo of their footsteps stay !
 Lead me to that holy place :
 Is the vision far away ?

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

II.

HOWEVER apparently healthy and robust the dram drinker may be, he is a walking deception. The powers of life are already enfeebled, and when disease takes hold of him, he at once sinks in the contest. "These are the reasons," says Dr. Sewell, "why the drunkard dies so easily and from such slight causes. A sudden cold, a pleurisy, a fever, a fractured limb, or a slight wound of the skin, is often more than his shattered powers can endure. I am persuaded that tens of thousands of temperate drinkers die annually of diseases through which the abstemious would pass in safety."

"The London beer drinker," says Dr. Grinrod, "is all one vital part. He wears his heart upon his sleeve, bare to a death wound, even from a rusty nail or the claws of a cat. The worst patients in the hospitals are those apparently fine models of health, strength, and soundness, the London draymen." One of those, a perfect giant in strength, was called for his Herculean size Big Ben. "But Ben was brought down by an injury that could not have scathed a child. One day his hand received a slight graze from the wheel of a carriage—the skin was only ruffled. Ben wiped away the starting blood, and thought no more of the matter; in one week thereafter Ben was in his grave."* Another man of similar character died from an injury in his finger from a splinter of a stave.

Not only do alcoholic stimulants predispose to disease, they also accelerate its progress and neutralize remedial agency.

Nor do these deleterious effects of alcohol terminate with the wretched victims themselves. They are transmitted to their innocent offspring. The unborn babe is blighted in the mother's womb; or, if it see the light, the maternal fount of nourishment is poisoned by the baleful spirit, and the tender infant drinks

* "Bacchus," p. 281.

in disease with its mother's milk. The alcoholic craving becomes hereditary in the family, increasing in intensity, if the cause be continued, till the race becomes extinct. Thus the genealogical tree presents successive generations of drunkards, which have been traced back for one hundred and fifty years. This is strikingly illustrated in the degenerate House of Valois.

Intemperate parents not only degrade and destroy themselves, they transmit a like degradation and misery to their offspring. The sentiment of Plutarch, uttered two thousand years ago, is still true, *Ebrii gignunt ebrios*. This is but an illustration of that older truth—"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge," and, "The iniquity of the fathers is visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation."

These children receive, in baleful inheritance from their parents, their nervous excitability and craving for artificial stimulus, and the physical weakness and infirmity of will which renders them less able to resist the fatal indulgence. Thus, like the ever-expanding circle caused by a stone in a placid lake, the fearful taint spreads wider and wider, through the generations of time, till whole communities are infected, and national degeneracy and decay ensue. Thus the aboriginal races of America are melting away, like snow before the summer's sun, before the white man's accursed fire-water and the diseases which it engenders and extends. The same results have followed in once populous islands of the Southern Sea, and they are not unknown even in civilized communities.

It is also an induction from wide and varied experience, that alcoholic liquors diminish the power of resistance to morbid agency, predispose the body to epidemic and other diseases, and lessen the probability of recovery from their attacks. These serious consequences result from the vitiated condition of the blood, and from the impoverished general nutrition of the body. The accumulation of waste material in the system is itself a cause of physical depravity, and favours the invasion of disease; and we have seen the remarkable tendency of alcohol to prevent the removal of such *effete* matter. Not only are persons who indulge in wine or spirituous drinks especially liable to inflammatory attacks, but these attacks are peculiarly disposed to run

on to a fatal termination, "in consequence," says Dr. Carpenter, of the deficient plasticity of the blood, of the low assimilative power of the solids, and of the general depression of the whole vital energy, resulting from habitual over excitement."

Many diseases, especially those of a zymotic character, which swell so largely the bills of mortality, and embrace fevers of every kind, from the ordinary ague to the virulent typhus, and the less frequent but more terrible cholera, are caused by the presence of the decomposing organic matter in the blood, which seems to act as a sort of ferment, corrupting and empoisoning the whole of that vital fluid. Indeed the word zymotic itself signifies "caused by ferment." Now alcoholic liquors act, in a two-fold way, as the strongest inducement to the development of these diseases; in the first place, by actually importing the fermented, that is, the decayed matter into the blood; and, secondly, by preventing its depuration in the lungs. "Hence," says Dr. Carpenter, "it may be stated with confidence, that the tendency of alcohol is to contaminate the blood with the refuse generated in the body itself, whose due elimination it checks, no less effectually than the heaping together a mass of putrefying rubbish in our cellars, or damming up our sewers, or any other means of causing the fever germs to take root and flourish in our system."

"Every species of inflammatory and putrid fever," says Dr. Rush, "is rendered more frequent and more dangerous by the use of spirituous liquors. Hard drinkers seldom escape and rarely recover."

"Ardent spirit," says Dr. Bilden, "is to be ranked among the class of exciting causes of epidemic and pestilential diseases." "Half the men who die of fevers," says another physician of forty years' practice, "might recover had they not been in the habit of using ardent spirit."

A West India officer states that "four hundred and fifty men out of a thousand, in his regiment, were buried in four months almost entirely from the use of rum."

But in no case are the baneful effects of alcohol more strikingly manifest than during an invasion of that scourge of the race, Asiatic cholera. No fact of medical science has been more clearly demonstrated than the striking influence of drinking

habits in inviting the attacks of that dreadful pestilence. Nor is it necessary that the habit should be more than that of what is considered very moderate drinking; for the noxious matter, prevented from escaping by the presence of alcohol, accumulates in the body till it becomes the active generator of disease, from which the subject might otherwise have escaped.

Dr. Bronson, of Albany, who came to Montreal to study the phenomena of cholera, writes from that place as follows: "Cholera has stood up here, as it has done everywhere, the advocate of temperance. It has pleaded most eloquently, and with tremendous effect. The disease has searched out with unerring certainty the haunt of the drunkard, and has seldom left without bearing away its victims. Even moderate drinkers have been but little better off. Intemperance has been a more productive cause of cholera than any other, or, indeed, than all others. There seems to be a natural affinity between cholera and ardent spirit."

Of 2 thousand victims in Montreal, only two were members of a temperance society; and not one drunkard who was attacked escaped. In Albany the mortality averaged one in fifty of the inhabitants, but only one in twenty-five hundred among the total abstainers. In New York, of over five hundred cases in the cholera hospital, only two were members of the temperance society. In New Orleans, among hundreds who were swept away, but two were total abstainers.

On the Mississippi steamboats, brandy was extensively used as a prophylactic against cholera, but with precisely the reverse of the desired effect. The mortality on board these vessels was frightful and unprecedented. One boat lost forty-three, another forty-seven, and a third, fifty-nine of her passengers and crew in a single trip.

In St. John, New Brunswick, seventeen hundred persons died of cholera in six weeks, and in ten days one district was literally decimated. While the temperance community was remarkably free from attack, and even when taken often recovered, the drunkards were swept down by hundreds, and when attacked hardly ever recovered.

So intimate is the connection between alcohol and cholera, that

the Board of Health in Washington, during its prevalence, declared the vending of ardent spirits in any quantity a *nuisance*, and prohibited its sale for the space of ninety days.

The cholera statistics of Great Britain and other countries indicate similar results. It is estimated that five-sixths of the victims of this fatal disease in the British Isles were taken from the ranks of the intemperate and the dissolute.

In Scotland, while the average of cholera deaths in the general population was one in a hundred, among abstainers it was only one in two thousand, or only one-twentieth of the number.

In Newcastle the deaths were one in fifty-six of the general population, and only one in two thousand six hundred and twenty-five of the abstainers.

The temperate, even when attacked, have a much better chance to recover. In Glasgow the percentage of recoveries among the temperate was 80·8 per cent. or over four-fifths; among the intemperate it was only 8·8 per cent. or about one-twelfth.

A single day of general dissipation was followed by an alarming increase in cholera cases. The festivities of Christmas and New Year's day, with their unusual indulgence in liquors, and the excess of the Sabbath, were found to increase the mortality frightfully.

"So strong is my opinion," says Dr. Anderson, of Glasgow, "that alcoholic drinks are the most powerful predisposing cause of malignant cholera, that, had I the power, I would placard every spirit shop in town with large bills, containing the words 'CHOLERA SOLD HERE.'"

One Glasgow spirit dealer said, that cholera had cut off more than *half* of his customers. One street in Newcastle was swept of drunkards, with few exceptions, from one end to the other. In Manchester, the mortality among the hospital nurses was excessive till their potations of liquor were stopped, after which not one case occurred. In Paris, the thirty thousand cholera victims were mostly the intemperate. In Poland, nine-tenths of those who died of cholera were spirit-drinkers. M. Huber, who said two thousand one hundred and sixty perished in twenty-one days in one town in Russia, says—"Persons given to drink have been swept away like flies. In Tiflis, containing twenty thousand in-

habitants, every drunkard has fallen; all are dead, not one remaining."

But it is needless to multiply proofs of the injurious effects of alcohol in all choleraic affections, which no one having the least acquaintance with the subject will deny.

It will be self-evident, from what has been already said on the effect of alcohol in health and in sickness, as an active agent in inducing disease and aggravating it where it exists, that the *a priori* probability of its beneficial action as a remedial agent, in any case, is, to say the least, exceedingly doubtful; and in the vast majority of instances, as experience shows, its use is absolutely injurious. This opinion is expressed by many physicians who have had the amplest opportunity of testing its supposed efficacy. Many others, however, and some of high standing in the profession, have asserted the contrary, and the medical faculty as a whole has, for the most part, lent its authority to the use of alcoholic stimulants in almost every conceivable form of disease. This has resulted largely from old use and wont; often from mere empiricism; and, perhaps, oftener still, to gratify the vitiated appetite of the patient. The latter is especially the case with the manufacturers of the quack nostrums, bitters, cordials, tinctures, stomachics, tonics, and patent cure-alls, which furnish a plausible excuse for the indulgence of the appetite for liquor, or even beget it where it did not before exist. It would be vastly more honest, as well as less dangerous to the unwary, to drink the liquor under its proper name, than when disguised under these hypocritical *aliases*. The highest chemical authority attests that every necessary medical principle or tincture can be preserved as well without alcohol as with it, and much more economically. Even where beer, porter, or wine are medicinally prescribed, the tonic or other remedial principle can be isolated from its alcoholic combination and from the vile mess of drugs and other adulterations, and will be all the more efficacious for its separate exhibition. Thus, a decoction of hop or gentian, when fairly tried, has beaten Bass's ale entirely out of the field as a stomachic tonic.

To the non-professional mind, the extent to which this alcoholic prescription is carried seems almost incredible. Yet, the

testimony of sick visitors, ministers and others, leaves no doubt of the fact. "When visiting my parishioners on their dying beds," said the Rev. W. Allen, M. A., at a London clerical conference, "I have found them so half-stupefied with drink, so stupidly apathetic from this sole cause, that my ministrations were in vain, the sounds of heaven and hell fell alike unheeded on their ears, and insensible of their state they frequently sank into eternity in a state of partial intoxication, caused by the doses of gin and brandy given by the order of the medical men."

The *Medico-chirurgical Review* strongly denounces "the practice now in vogue of *maddening* the brain by wine, beer, and brandy, without stint—thus quenching the intellect in its last expiring rays, forestalling the unconsciousness of death, and dismissing the patient drunken from the world."

In a single workhouse in England £160 a year was spent for wine and spirits; on a change of master the cost was immediately reduced to £20 a year, with great benefit to the patients. "Skulkers" on wine or beer often leave as soon as the allowance is withdrawn.

The pernicious consequences of this alcoholic medication are perfectly appalling. Dr. Lees, in his exhaustive monograph on "Doctors, Drugs, and Drink," has accumulated a vast body of evidence on this subject. "This hallucination," he says, "is, next to the traffic, the most fatal obstacle in the path of temperance reform."

The Hon. Gerritt Smith records it as his deliberate conviction that "the medical use of intoxicating drinks was multiplying drunkards with fearful rapidity."

Many distinguished physicians are themselves raising their voices in protest against the indiscriminate prescription of alcoholic stimulants. Dr. Palmer, of the United States, asserts that "nine-tenths of these prescriptions are unnecessary and injurious."

"At present," writes Dr. Carpenter, "nothing in the annals of quackery can be more truly empirical than the mode in which fermented liquors are directed or permitted to be taken by a large proportion of medical practitioners."

At the annual session of the Medical Society of Pennsylvania,

held in June, 1869, the following strong resolution on this subject was presented by Prof. Gross of Jefferson Medical College: "That the present terrible practice of stimulation, which sends its victims by thousands prematurely to the grave, and which fills our land with drunkenness and crime, cannot much longer maintain itself in the confidence and esteem of a great and learned profession."

The injurious effects of alcohol, even when administered as a medicine, were strikingly shown by Dr. Hiram Corson, and many other distinguished physicians on that occasion. Often the most disastrous consequences result from the appetite thus acquired or revived. Men who would otherwise shrink from the poisonous draught, as from the face of a serpent, when it is ordered by a physician will bow to his judgment and take it in any quantity, till often the fatal seeds are sown from which a baneful crop of misery and vice shall flow.

Dr. Munro, of Hull, records a painful circumstance of this nature in his own experience. "An industrious, God-fearing teetotaler," he says, "applied to me for advice. I prescribed a bottle of stout daily, in whose health-restoring qualities I then conscientiously though erroneously believed. He replied, 'Doctor, I cannot take it. I was a drunkard once; I should not like to be one again.' He was, much against his will, persuaded to take the stout; and I lost sight of my patient for some months. One day I saw a miserable, ragged-looking fellow leaning against the door of a public-house, drunk, and incapable of standing erect. It was my teetotal friend. 'I am grieved to see you in this condition,' I said. 'I thought you were a teetotaler.' 'So I was,' he replied, 'till I took your medicine,' and with a delirious chuckle he hiccupped out words I shall never forget. 'Doctor, your medicine cured my body, but it damned my soul!' He had been a member of a Methodist Church; an indefatigable Sunday-school teacher; a prayer leader to whose earnest appeals for the salvation of others I had often listened with pleasure and edification. Now what a wreck! Turned out of the Church, in which he was once an ornament, his religion sacrificed, his usefulness marred, his hopes of eternity blasted, a poor dejected slave to his passion for

drink, without mercy and without hope! Can you wonder, then, that I never order strong drink for a patient now?"

And such is by no means an infrequent result. Several similar cases have come under my own notice, and the testimony of the clergymen of the Province of Canterbury asserts that "Many reformed drunkards have relapsed into their old condition, through the use of strong drink recommended by their medical advisers."

If the remedial agency of alcohol were as great as is popularly asserted, such disastrous consequences as those above mentioned would have to be regarded as necessary evils to be set off by greater benefits; but the highest medical authority entirely denies such remedial agency to alcoholic liquors. We have already seen that as aids to impaired digestion, as tonics to the system, or as nourishing beverages for the invalid, they are not only useless, but absolutely injurious. Dr. Higginbottom, of the Royal College of Surgeons, after sixty years of practice writes: "Alcohol has no specific effect on any organ of the body, for the cure of disease. On the contrary, every disease is aggravated by it, and many are generated by its use. I consider it impious in any medical man to say that any constitution requires alcoholic stimulants."

THE SABBATH.

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn
 Which slowly wakes while all the fields are still;
 A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
 A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
 And echo answers softer from the hill,
 And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
 The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
 Hail! light serene, hail! sacred Sabbath morn.
 The rooks float silent by, in airy drove;
 The sun a placid yellow lustre shows;
 The gales that lately sighed along the grove,
 Have hushed their downy wings in sweet repose;
 The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move,
 So smiled the day when the First Man arose.

THE REV. ELIJAH HEDDING, D.D.

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

BY THE REV. WILLIAM M'CULLOUGH.

THE history of the Methodist Church in England and America is one of the most interesting and remarkable series of facts to which the attention of thinking men can be directed. In her history the providence of God is most clearly and marvellously developed, the efficiency and mighty power of the Gospel are strikingly displayed, and the adaptation of her entire system to the necessities of men of every phase of character, and every grade of social condition, afford ample proof that she has had the sanction and approval of Heaven, and with her venerable founder, she may still say, "The best of all is, God is with us."

Methodism was raised up to rouse the slumbering Churches, and to quicken them, through Divine influence, into spiritual life; and she has marvellously accomplished this end. She was designed to bless mankind, and she has been made a blessing to millions of our race, and millions more through her instrumentality shall yet be saved through the blood of the Lamb. She has had enrolled among her members men of rare talent, of lofty attainments, and of high social position, and she can also say, as a proof of her Divine mission, "The poor have the Gospel preached unto them."

Methodism had its origin in England in 1728, when a few students in the University of Oxford, who were seeking a higher tone of piety, and a clearer and more distinct realization of experimental godliness, united themselves together for religious purposes. Methodism in America dates its origin thirty-eight years later, but its distinct organization in the form of a Church did not take place till 1784. This organization, like that of the Apostolic Church, was not the contrivance of a few master minds, but was the child of Providence, and it was purely of Divine origin.

The Great Head of the Church raised up a class of men who

were eminently qualified for their great work, and especially for the times in which they lived. Some of them, it is true, were untaught in the schools of human learning, but they were taught in the school of Christ, and they were apt scholars in that school. Their theology was not only theoretical, but practical, and they were mighty in the Scriptures and in the logic of common sense. They were men of one work, one aim, and one purpose; they were inspired by a high sense of the importance of the work and of their responsibility to God; and they counted not their lives dear unto them, so that they might only save souls.

Among the splendid galaxy of great names, successful workers for God, and mighty men of renown, there was one who stood higher than many of his brethren. In planting Methodism in waste places, and among the newly settled populations, few men were more laborious or more successful than ELIJAH HEDDING. He was born in Dutchess County, New York, June 7th, 1780. His paternal ancestry were of English origin, and strongly marked with English peculiarities—strong will, firmness of character, and shrewd common sense. Neither of his parents at the time of his birth had united themselves with any branch of the Christian Church. But they were moral, and sustained a good character among their neighbours; and his mother was the subject of deep religious convictions, given to much prayer and the reading of the Word of God, and endeavoured to serve God according to the light and privileges she enjoyed. She took great pains, however, to mould the character of her young Elijah, to protect his morals, and to instruct him in the doctrines of our holy Christianity. He was not unimpressible, for at an early age he was able to pray with a tolerable understanding of the nature of prayer and of his duty to God. So clear and strong were his convictions of Divine truth, that had it not been for unfortunate surroundings, and the influence of ungodly associations, it might have been said of him that from a child he had known the Scriptures, and lived a religious life. Often in later years he referred with feelings of gratitude to the early instructions of a godly mother, as having exerted a gracious and powerful influence upon his whole future life and character.

In 1789, the celebrated Benjamin Abbott was stationed on the Dutchess Circuit, where the Heddings resided. Among the subjects of revival, under the labours of this man of God, were several of the family, especially the mother and grandmother of young Elijah. A class was formed in the neighbourhood, and his mother at once united herself with the people of God. On such occasions, Elijah accompanied her, and was thus associated with the good people of the place, and listened with deep interest, and sometimes visible emotion, to their Christian experience. At one of those meetings Mr. Abbott addressed him personally at the close of the meeting, he being the only one present not a member of the class. "Well, my boy, do you know that you are a sinner?" He replied: "Yes, sir." Then with greater vehemence and deep feeling, Mr. Abbott continued: "There is many a boy in hell not so old as you are;" and then exhorted him to get religion. This exhortation made a deep impression on his youthful mind.

In 1791, the parents of young Hedding emigrated to the State of Vermont, and settled in the town of Starksborough. There the family were exposed to the hardships and privations of frontier life. He was thus made familiar with danger and toil, and became prompt, energetic, and daring. Being a very decided character, and possessed of great mental and physical force, he became a sort of captain among the young men with whom he associated. But even here he was usually thoughtful and serious, and sometimes would reprove the young men for their sin and folly, and even discuss with them the doctrines of the Bible. Infidelity was rampant in the community. Universalism was also prevalent, so that nearly the whole population were strangers to religion. Young Hedding was thus exposed to their puzzling questions, and their blasphemous harangues. No wonder that his mind would be more or less influenced by what he heard and witnessed from time to time.

Deism, Atheism, and Universalism, all at this time were resorted to by him, in order to quiet conscience. "But my conscience," he says, "bore awful testimony, for it was then awful to me, that there is a God." Nor could he look into his Bible, taught as he had been by a mother's care, without everywhere seeing evidence that it was from God, and feeling that God was

speaking to him through His word. These mental conflicts through which he passed, served a good purpose in the end. His mind was thus early schooled into those habits of research and modes of thought which laid the foundation of his subsequent greatness in the Church of God. Indeed, few have attained to any degree of eminence in the Church without the severe discipline of mental conflict. It seems to be needed to rouse the latent powers of the soul, to quicken the mental faculties, and to give that energy to its action which is necessary to the accomplishment of important results.

Hedding's first permanent religious impressions were made by the conversation of a pious Methodist woman. She perceived his promising talents, and fine abilities, for he had often read for the people, in the absence of their preacher, in their religious meetings, and she devoted herself to the task of leading him to God. She firmly believed that he would be called to important services in the Church, and she laboured the more earnestly to bring him to the cross of Christ. All honour to her head and heart. One sabbath day, after he had been reading in the meeting, this pious woman, when the congregation had separated, addressed him with such an earnest exhortation that his heart was deeply affected. As he journeyed homeward he turned into a grove, knelt down by a large tree, and covenanted with God to cease from his sins and follies, and to devote himself sincerely and earnestly, and at any cost God might require, to the great work of his soul's salvation. He says himself, "In that hour I solemnly made a dedication of myself to God; I laid my all—soul, body, goods, and all, for time and for eternity, upon the altar, and I have never, no *never*, taken them back."

Soon after this he heard a sermon from the Rev. Joseph Mitchell, and under the sermon he was seized with great anguish of mind, and could not refrain from crying aloud. Hedding remained for the class-meeting, and the preacher perceiving his great distress of mind, proposed special prayer in his behalf. His burden of guilt was removed, his conscience was now at rest, and peace and joy sprang up in his soul. He was a new man in Christ Jesus. He received the witness of the Spirit, and the seal

of his adoption into the family of God. His whole soul was filled with joy and his mouth with praise.

For several weeks not a doubt crossed his mind, nor a fear entered his heart, nor a moment's uncertainty clouded his spirit. Jesus all day long was his joy and his song. Satan was chained, and had no power over him. He was now soundly converted and was about enter upon a new career in life, one not looked for but one for which he was eminently qualified through the goodness and mercy of God. He was physically prepared for a life of toil and hardship in a new country. He had a vigorous constitution and a splendid physical development, being over six feet in height and of fine manly proportions, a strong spirit of endurance, indomitable courage and energy, and strong force of character—just the man for the times, and the man for the work.

Soon after his conversion, he began to pray and exhort in public, and the conviction became general among the people, that God would, in due time, thrust him out into the vineyard. No doubt he thought of it himself, and felt that he had a call from God. The economy of the Methodist Church was well adapted to meet such cases, and highly calculated to develop the talents and call forth the energies of such young men. If they were not trained in Colleges, they were schooled in the field of action. We admit that University training has become more necessary in a later age,—an age of greater general intelligence and refinement; but such training as young Hedding received was the only one that could meet the emergencies of those times.

The Methodist ministers told him it was his duty to preach, but sometimes his own mind was not clear on the subject, and he resolved nothing should induce him to enter the work of the ministry before he was fully satisfied that he was called of God. Soon after he was received into full membership with the Church he received license as an exhorter, and he began to extend his labours beyond his own immediate neighbourhood, holding meetings alone, and urging sinners to be reconciled to God. And his word was often made the power of God unto the salvation of souls.

At the Conference of 1799, the Essex Circuit was formed, and the very eccentric Lorenzo Dow, then in the second year of his

ministry, was appointed to labour on it. The circuit was very large, and spread over a rough and wild country. It extended into Canada. For a short time Dow laboured with great diligence, and with considerable success. But he soon left the work on his circuit, imagining that he had a special mission from God to preach the gospel in Ireland, and immediately set sail from New York for that country. All eyes were now turned on young Hedding as a suitable supply for the vacancy. By the advice of his friends, the urgent request of the authorities of the Church, and in view of the necessities of the work, he at length consented, and, in the month of November, when a little over nineteen years of age, and within less than a year from his conversion, he went to the Essex Circuit. The Circuit embraced the whole of the county lying between Lake Champlain and the Green Mountains, and extending from Union River in Vermont northward some thirty miles into Canada. These were circuits indeed, and the preachers might well be called "travelling preachers."

Our knight was fairly in the saddle—he was in labours more abundant, for he preached three times every Sabbath, and often twice each day of the week, besides holding frequent prayer-meetings and class-meetings. He had three hundred miles to travel to complete each round on his circuit, which occupied four weeks. He completed his first year with great credit to himself, and benefit to the Church, for many souls were converted to God, and the Church edified.

In 1801 he was admitted to the New York Annual Conference. There were fifty-five young men received the same year, only two of whom survived him. It was no sinecure in those days to be a Methodist minister. The journeys were performed, not upon steamboats and railroads, nor yet in good carriages, and by easy stages, upon the best of roads, but on horseback, through miry roads and wildernesses, where no ways had been cast up for the ransomed of the Lord. Rivers and swamps had to be forded, and the journey could not be delayed; and when night came, the weary itinerants had to lodge in log-houses where the stars could be seen through the roof above them, and not unfrequently

have they found the bed, on which they tried to sleep, covered with snow.

But this was not all; the people, though willing and generous, were very poor, and the support was often inadequate to meet the necessities of even a single man. The man who had a family entirely dependent upon the amount received from the Circuit for such labours as had to be performed, was often forced to retire from the work, and enter upon some calling for their support, and frequently they broke down in their constitution, and went early to their reward. It was only now and again that we find a man of robust constitution and abiding faith, who, like Elijah Hedding, could toil on, full of years, and of faith, till called to their final reward. When he had completed his tenth year in the ministry, he said to a friend, "that all he received during that period was four hundred and fifty dollars." Indeed, one year he received only four dollars and fifty cents. Such were some of the toils, hardships, and privations of the first race of Methodist preachers on the continent of America.

"EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."

BY MARTIN LUTHER.

"A SAFE Stronghold our God is still,
A trusty Shield and Weapon;
He'll keep us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour—
On earth is not his fellow.

"God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, houses, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all—
The city of God remaineth."

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

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

Author of "Daniel Quorm," etc.

CHAPTER III.—SHOWS US SOMETHING MORE OF MISTER HORN.

THUS Mister Horn began. Little wonder the man prospered. He had a shrewd way of explaining how he managed to get on:—

"You see I said that I *would* give, somehow. Well, that brought me into a trick o' keeping both eyes open to see how I could pick up a shilling a week more wages, so I kept bettering myself all along. Mind you, I didn't do it for myself, but I found the more I gave away the more I had to give. It's the same all through God's world. When the poor prodigal lad lived to please himself he soon came to grief, he had spent all, and began to be in want. But when he'd come home and gave up thinking about himself, and wanted to serve his father and to please him, why then he got the best robe and the fatted calf, and began to be merry—*began* to be merry; ay, that's a right kind of merry-making that needn't ever have an ending, when a man lives to please his Father and to serve Him. Let a man count that he's the Lord's hired servant, and he'll get good wages—enough and to spare. But let a man count that he's his own master, and that he'll do what he likes with his own, and that man 'll have a discontented servant and a bad master all in one. I've spent money in a goodish many ways, and I reckon that there's only one way that I spent and never wished a farthing of it back again—that's what I've given to the Lord's work."

Mister Horn's greatest achievement in the way of giving was when the new chapel was built at Gippington, the circuit town. He refused to make any promise. He would do what he could, he said. Folks knew that this was not a hypocritical way of doing nothing, such as it is very often; indeed they had already settled among themselves what he would do.

“He’s good for five pounds,” said Jim Niggardly.

“He’s good for ten,” said others with larger hearts that measured him better.

But his old friend Chaffer shook his little head at both and said, with husky, broken voice, “There’s no knowin’ what he’s good for, if he on’y get it in his mind—he’s a wonder is Mister Horn.” Old friend Chaffer was right.

Mister Horn turned it over, prayed about it, and at length made up his mind as to what he would do.

The passage on which he had been preaching lately kept ringing in his head, “The Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me.” It was as he walked home one Sunday evening with this text filling his heart and mind that it occurred to him. The clear frosty air made the November sky to sparkle with stars, forcing him in his lonely walk to consider the heavens. He thought of their vastness, of their number—he thought how that night after night they had looked down upon the changeful, wearied world, the same still as when Abraham had read in them the expression and seal of the promise—the same as when David had watched them from the midst of his flock and wondered at the Lord’s mindfulness of man—the same as when they hung over Him who in the still evening passed up to the mountain top, and with them as His only witnesses spent the night in prayer; then adoringly he thought how far away in the infinite space was the throne of that same Lord who is the light of sun and moon and star. With a new meaning and a force that thrilled him came the text of the evening—*He loved me and gave Himself for me.* “Himself for me?” he repeated aloud, and grateful love filled his soul.

It was whilst this emotion yet lingered with him that he thought of the new chapel. What should he “render to the Lord for all his benefits?” He had saved some little money, should he give that? No, he wanted to feel somehow that he was giving *himself*. At length it was evident that Mister Horn had “got it into his mind.” The pause in the path by which he was crossing the field toward his house, the uplifted ash stick, the moment’s suspense, then the vigorous thrust and the rapid strides forward announced some great decision. Mister Horn would live

on what he had saved, and for one year would give all he could get to the Lord. "I'll give myself," he muttered, "body, soul, and spirit."

The resolution thus formed was bravely carried out. It was the hardest year of his hard-working life. Neighbours heard him astir at earliest dawn, his friends wondered what made him so miserly of his time. He knew very well that he could keep no secret from his wife, so he told her straight out at first. But all the rest of the village was kept wondering until the end of year—then a subscription put into the minister's hand explained it. The paper was worded thus:—"One year's work, £100. He loved me and gave Himself for me. J. H."

"That was the happiest year of my life," Mister Horn said, in telling of it. "You reckon Sunday a good day, because in it you do no manner of work; but there's something better than Sunday, and that's where they rest not day nor night from their labours. I was sinking a well a good part of the time, and very often I used to think about it down in the still, damp darkness, hearing nothing but the gloomy echoes of my own tools, and now and then a bit o' clay that went splashing to the water sixty feet below, sounding like 'ashes to ashes,' as I stood upon the shaking plank. I used to think that they up in their glory, and I down in the well were both doing the same for all that we were such a long way off, we were both working for the same Lord, and both wanted to do as much as ever we could. That *was* a happy year."

CHAPTER IV. --INTRODUCES US TO JAMES NIGGARDLY.

MISTER HORN'S chief trouble was the afore-mentioned Jim Niggardly.

"James Niggardly, Esquire, Stukeville," was the address on his letters, but with Mister Horn he was always plain Jim Niggardly. He was by no means what his name led one to expect in appearance—nothing of the traditional Mr. Gripe-man or Mr. Money-love; his were *not* the pinched features, the withered frame, the thread-bare coat. Of middle height, stout, and rather good-looking, the dark hair brushed up to make the best of himself

a gold chain spanning the rounded expanse of waistcoat, the thumbs thrust into the arm-holes—such was Jim Niggardly. A large man with a gold chain was the impression he generally made at first. The impression was confirmed when he began to speak. There was a trick of hesitancy and repetition at the commencement of his sentences, and as each sentence began with “I,” it came out thus :—

“I, em, I—I—I—eh—”

So that one came to think of him as if these five or six “I’s” had been rolled into one big man with a gold chain. His signature was “I. Niggardly;” the carts bore it, and the coal-trucks had it in important letters. In fact, the “I” ran through everything, from the big man himself down to the brass seal that lay on the office desk.

He had commenced life in a very low way, selling small quantities of coal from house to house. His business had not been much till the railway came. Then he opened a coal store, and kept grafting on other branches that all bore golden fruit, until he made no secret of it that he was worth five hundred a year.

Of all the truths that men accidentally utter in their common phrases, there is not one more suggestive than this—What is a man worth? James Niggardly was worth £500 a year! There was a time when he was worth a good deal more than that—worth more than all the cyphers that you could tack on to it. It was when he had been an earnest attendant at the prayer meeting, and Heaven honoured him, and men felt that he had power with God and prevailed—it was when he had sat in the midst of the Sunday-school class and told them of the loving Saviour until their hearts were moved, and they went home strangely thoughtful and impressed—it was when godly old men and women brightened as Jim dropt in for a bit of prayer, and pressed him with their bony hands and blessed him with their dying lips—then he was worth more, tenfold more, a hundredfold more—worth more to God, worth more to men, worth more to himself. *What is a man worth?* Yes, you are right to count it by his gold and robes and luxuries—by the gold of pure love, by the white robes of truth and meekness, by the delicious

luxury of a blameless conscience, of doing good, of blessing others, you can count what every man is worth.

But thus estimated, James Niggardly, with his five hundred a-year, was a pauper. The old look of quiet contentment had gone, and in its place was an anxious and somewhat crafty expression; the kindly ways had changed into an irritable, almost angry tone and manner. His gentle wife could tell that the Jim who courted her twenty years ago and this James Niggardly, Esquire, were two different men. Sometimes people thought that she sighed for the dear old Jim who used to be—he whose face was often black with coal-dust, and whose cheery voice had gladdened her into many a blush as it sounded down through the village street with its cry of “Coal, oh! coal, coal, coal, oh!”

His place at the prayer-meeting had been vacant for years. His name was on the class-book, but only now and then a lonely P broke the long line of A's. Every week Mr. Horn read his name, and after a searching look round the room turned to his book—“‘A’ again,” he said with a sigh, and the pencil made three heavy strokes—for Mister Horn always put a capital A. It was associated in his mind in some round-about way with a capital offence, and this was a sort of capital punishment.

Sunday found Jim regularly in his place at Tattingham Chapel. There he sat in a crimson-curtained pew just inside the door, with his wife and three daughters. Even on collection Sundays they were all there, each with a threepenny bit (what a pity there are no silver pennies!) James Niggardly, Esquire, himself gave sixpence—once Mister Horn hoped the sermon had done him good, for he actually gave a shilling, but at night he made up for it by giving the plate a nod, so that it came to the same thing.

Now this James Niggardly, Esquire, of Stukeville, was the greatest hindrance that “the cause” at Tattingham ever had. If it had not been for his amiable wife and useful daughters, the sooner he had taken himself clean away, the better for “the cause” and all belonging to it. If anything was going to be done all waited for Jim Niggardly to start it; but there were so many buts and ifs, so much fault finding and grumbling, so many wretched objections, and when he did give it was “pitched in

such a low key," as Mr. Horn put it, that it hindered much more than it helped.

Mr. Horn, as he told Bill Smith, had often given James Niggardly his mind. He had known Jim from a boy, had given him his first start in life, had directed and advised him through his growing prosperity, and now grieved deeply as he saw this root of all evil thus growing and flourishing in his soul. Mister Horn was not the man to shirk his duty, and when he did speak the words were not so rounded and polished as to "glide off like water from a duck's back," as he said. When he spoke it was pointed and well-aimed, and it stuck just where he meant it to stick. "Music is all very nice and pretty," he said to an elegant young preacher, "but it is the bayonet and the bullet that do the work."

The quarter was drawing to a close, and James Niggardly, Esquire, was somewhat in arrears with his class-money. It was no great amount, although it was for thirteen weeks. The noble sum of a penny a week and a shilling a quarter was all that he owed. Mister Horn, with half as much to live upon, gave a pound for the ticket column, and thirteen shillings filled up the other page. But Mister Horn, folks said, was a "wonder"—and remarkably enough in this ambitious world, nobody else coveted a similar distinction.

It was at supper time that Mister Horn called at Stukeville for the money. Everything was very nice; extravagant, he thought, in his simplicity. He would not join them, he would sit by the fire-place until they had finished.

"I don't see, Mr. Horn, why I shouldn't enjoy myself," said Jim Niggardly, guessing the visitor's thought, and feeling that the little grey eyes were upon him. "I've worked hard for my money," and he helped himself to a dainty slice.

"Umph!" grunted Mr. Horn in reply, and he thought of the penny a-week and the shilling a quarter.

The supper finished, they sat opposite each other in front of the fire-place. They were alone, and now Mister Horn brought his chair nearer his friend, he liked to *get at a man*, as he called it. He went right to the point at once.

"Look here, Jim, how can you satisfy yourself with giving

what you do to the work of God? Two shillings and a penny is all that you give in a quarter, besides a sixpence that they screw out of you at a collection now and then."

"Ah, times are hard, Mister Horn," said Jim, wiping his mouth as he finished his glass of sherry.

Mister Horn's sharp eye followed his hand as he put down the glass, and then in a tone of banter he continued—

"There's one thing, Jim, that would do you a world of good. Shall I tell you what it is?"

Pausing a moment, Mr. Horn went on, "It's just this, to have your butcher's bill for thirteen weeks only come to two shillings and a penny."

"What *do* you mean?" said James Niggardly, Esquire, looking up with surprise.

"Mean what I say," Mister Horn continued. "No, not the butcher's bill only, but the baker's bill too, and the brewer's bill, aye, and the tailor's, the lot of 'em coming to two shillings and a penny! O this poor body of thine, how it would fare!" laughed Mister Horn, as he thrust his thumb where Jim's ribs should have been. "This proud flesh of thine would come down, eh friend? 'This broad cloth would look bare, eh? The brewer's supply wouldn't need a dray to bring it, and the baker's bill wouldn't be worth calling for twice. Two shillings and a penny a quarter for Jim Niggardly's body! Oh, no, no, no," Mister Horn laughed, "two shillings and a penny, that's only for his soul, his soul!" Then Mister Horn spoke gravely. "Two and a penny, Jim, for the Bread of Life and the wine of the kingdom, for the white robe and the hope of glory, all for two shillings and a penny!"

"Oh, but really," said Jim, annoyed, "it's absurd to put the two things together like that; we don't buy heaven in that style, as if it were sold by the pound or the yard."

"Is it, Jim, is it so very absurd?" and Mister Horn spoke yet more gravely. "What your body would be on two and a penny a quarter, your soul is more like than I care to see it, Jim." Mister Horn laid his hand kindly on Jim's shoulder. "You've starved it, you know as well as I do, till it can hardly get about; starved it till it can't crawl either to prayer-meeting or class-meeting. I knew the time, and you too,

when it had decent clothes as ever a soul wore. Kindness, love to God and man—but now it's all rags and tatters, and not so clean as it used to be, eh, Jim? Not so absurd after all. You're starving it for this prosperity of yours, you know it as well as I do. And look ye, Jim Niggardly, ye'll get the worst of the bargain if you gain the whole world and give in exchange for it even this poor starved ragged soul of yours."

Jim was silent. He felt truly enough that it was not so absurd after all.

Mr. Horn rose to leave. "Good night, Jim," he said holding out his hand—"I came to tell you what I thought as plainly as I could, and I've done it. If you don't see it now, you'll see it all some day, and God grant that it may not be too late in the day to mend."

Then Mister Horn went home to bed, and slept like a man who had done his duty not unkindly. Jim Niggardly went to bed too, but somehow did not rest comfortably.

YEARNINGS.

'Twas when the eve stole softly in,
 And tipped the fleecy clouds with gloom,
 I sat me down in pensive mood,
 Within the shadows of my room.

And sighing sadly, there recalled
 The wasted moments of my life,
 The slow defeats, the high resolves,
 The struggles in the weary strife.

And then I planned to measure well
 My moments, and mete out my time,
 That all the future might be spent
 In making life a thing sublime.

Alas! so hackneyed we become,
 Our judgment our best acts despise;
 And though we seek, we cannot find
 Wherein their boasted virtue lies.

But when to nobler stature grown,
 Our souls enlarged to fairer scope,
 Then possible to us may be
 The work with which we aimless cope.

HOLINESS ESSENTIAL TO USEFULNESS.

BY THE REV. T. RICHARDS.

UTILITY is a law of the universe. The various forms of existence touch and influence one another. This law operates with especial force in relation to man. "None of us liveth to himself." But when the grace of God touches the heart, that which before was general law becomes doubly imperative, and no faculty or talent can claim exemption from holy, earnest service.

The nature of the good man's work is specified. He must not neglect the body. It is blessed to feel that we have caused the heart of the destitute to sing for joy. But his remission is to the soul. He is to "teach transgressors" God's "ways," so that "sinners shall be converted" to Him. To be well equipped for this work is our highest concern, for the heaviest labour will be wasted if misdirected or if unskillfully applied.

The Psalmist casts strong light on this subject when he prays, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." Here is a prayer for purity in a high degree. "The old heart is so bad that nothing can be done with it. No amount of patching will make it of any worth. Therefore create a heart and give it me." And what follows? "Then"—when this prayer is answered—"Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto Thee." Our task in this paper is to inquire in what way holiness will contribute to usefulness; how a man holy in an eminent degree is more likely to be useful than a man holy in a low degree.

No man can with good will set about the task of saving men from sin, who has not correct and penetrating views of the evil of sin. There are things that can only be known by experience. No mere description can give any idea of pain, for instance. And so with sin. We may read of it, hear it denounced, see its workings in the wretchedness, shame, and degradation of those who yield to it; hear the distant mutterings of the wrath that is to follow; but all this is insufficient without a clear discovery of its working in our own soul, and in contrast with the inexorable

demands of God's law. And the holier a man is the more complete this discovery will be. What is holiness? It is, first of all, the healthiness of the moral sense. The eyes are opened to see things as they really are.

In a school of philosophy, happily but sparingly patronized, sin is denied. According to its teaching, no act is criminal, no suffering penal. What we regard as sin is only part of life's discipline; but the fall of the child in its attempt to walk; but the dull foil to set off the sparkling virtue. Others, orthodox enough as to sin's existence, do not recognise its dire culpability. Gross immorality is "gallantry," drunkenness is being "overcome," unblushing fraud is "sharp practice," and so the foulest enormities are glossed over. The holy man has escaped both these errors. He has had a bitter experience of sin. The metaphor of two prisoners chained together, the one dead yet still attached to the living man, answers fully to his consciousness. Sin is felt to be an abominably corrupt thing, yet he cannot get away from it, or persuade himself that it is not a hateful thing. His senses are too keenly truthful for that. He detests it, and shrinks from it as foul and repulsive, yet cannot shake it off. The penitent in passing from nature to grace has often appalling experiences, so as to exclaim:—

"I tremble lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll."

And who so qualified to sympathize with those in danger as the one who had just escaped danger? Who so eager to snatch the imperilled from the burning house as he who has been rescued from it; has heard the roaring flame and felt something of its scorching power? This will give vehemence to endeavour; and intense earnestness is one condition of success. Without it we shall neither arrest man's attention nor secure God's blessing. But before it, difficulties will melt away. The warmth of the worker will extend to those wrought on, and in the most unpromising fields glorious harvests will be reaped.

An intelligent apprehension of the divine purpose is also a

necessary acquisition, for without this we shall only work from inferior considerations. The divine purpose in reference to man is his restoration to happiness. The statement is broadly made that God "will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." The holy soul has sympathy with the intensity of the divine longing after the salvation of man. And there is nothing that weighs with the good man so much as the purpose of the Almighty. The faintly expressed desire of a dear dying one has come upon the household with all the authority of an imperial enactment, and altered the hue of the entire remaining life. In a far higher degree, the purpose of God influences the conduct of the holy man. He loves to do a thing because God loves to have it done, and because it will expedite His designs.

But beyond this; the divine purpose becomes the human purpose. By some wonderful process of infusion the divine will is imparted to the holy soul. He wills what God wills, and this not from any outward restraint; not from the operation of any external law, but from an inward impulse, the spontaneous operation of the mind. And the holier a man is, the more he is like God, the stronger this impulse becomes. And are not men anxious to give effect to their own purposes? A man engaged in carrying out his heart's purposes is a happy man. Life and heart are in harmony. He says, "This is what I have longed for. My labour is my joy." This will be the holy man's experience, and is a considerable guarantee of success.

The Lord's work involves *teaching*. The ignorant and inexperienced require instruction and direction. Now an ignorant or an uncertain teacher is worse than none. He misleads and beclouds. The best preparation for an instructor is experience. One month in a counting-house does more in the matter of book-keeping than whole years of prim double and single entry at the school-boy's desk. So, in reference to the things of God: a man cannot teach what he does not know, and the knowledge necessary for the task is acquired in the arena of actual conflict. How can the man tell the way to the Cross if he had never trodden it? or put faith before the bewildered penitent if himself is an unbeliever? But in proportion as a man is holy, he drinks into the divine

spirit, and will have clear perceptions of divine things. The method of salvation will be understood, the seeker's difficulties will be anticipated, and the best directions given for removing doubt, encouraging faith, and defeating the wiles of the wicked one. As a matter of fact, spiritually-minded men are the most successful in the work of instruction. There is a vividness about their teaching. They speak that they do know. It is not the man reading of the wreck. It is the man *from* the wreck—that has endured the awful suspense, has experienced the perilous transit across the raging flood, that has been landed, dripping and exhausted, before the moist eyes and amidst the throbbing hearts of excited and sympathizing multitudes. Their words pierce as arrows, and their instructions eat into the heart as fire.

No success can be guaranteed when there are moral discrepancies and delinquencies in the life. A man whose general character is full of flaws had better not come prominently into this work. We do not convey jewels in broken boxes. An inconsistent man will mar whatever he touches. He will justly lay himself open to the retort: "Physician, heal thyself." He had better quietly do battle with his own besetments.

It is further to be noticed that in the work itself every grace is tried, and sometimes severely. The rudeness of those we desire to serve will try our sensibility, their obduracy will try our patience, the lack of result will try our faith. And any manifestation of petulance under these circumstances will seriously imperil success. But the holy man will be preserved from all discrepancies between life and teaching, and his aggressive toils will be sustained by a beautifully blameless walk.

But no human agency is equal to the results sought after. Only God can convince of sin and illuminate the mind so that it can apprehend Christ savingly, pardon sin on the exercise of faith, renew the nature and fortify the soul against the assaults of Satan. And holiness alone can secure a hold on His power: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Moses spoke with God face to face. John saw one like unto the Son of man walking in the midst of the golden candlesticks. And let us not think that friendship with God is a thing of the past. This intimacy is as real now as it was then. The King came in

his robes of state then, and in such a way as to impress the outward sense: He comes *without* His royal robes *now*, and in yet more familiar and condescending style. That is all. The holy man will enjoy this Presence in an eminent degree. Christ dwells in him, and having this power at command how shall he labour in vain? Confessedly 'the work is great, the difficulties appalling, yet when linked to Omnipotence the believer shall accomplish wonders compared with which the physical miracles of a Paul or Peter sink into the shade.

The Church records assure us that our useful men have been holy men. No man was ever saved by rhetoric or neatly-turned periods. In our own section of the Church, soul-saving has been associated with such names as William Bramwell, David Stoner, Thomas Collins, John Smith, Joseph Wood, John Henley, Gideon Ouseley; men of no great mark as scholars,—and we throw no discredit on their memories in saying this,—but men after the apostolic type, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost."

What then is the great qualification for usefulness? Not learning. Not an acquaintance with modern literature. Not even familiarity with the sacred languages. Not even the mastery of all theological truth, the relation of truth to truth, with a skill to defend it against all adversaries. We do not decry knowledge. Its value is incalculable. The "wise" whose time has been given to elaborate research, and whose vast resources have been used to enrich and beautify God's Church, are not to be thrust into a corner: they will be conspicuous, will shine "as the firmament,"—with a steady radiance; but "they that turn many to righteousness" are to have marked individual splendour; they are to shine out "as the stars for ever and ever."

But the practical must not be forgotten in the didactic and expository. Probably the reader has been engaged in Christian work, but have the results been satisfactory? If not, have we not the secret here? *We lack the power that goodness supplies.* Heart sin or low attainments will tie our hands, but purity will set them free and invest them with a divine vigour. Then let the cry of the Psalmist go upwards: "Create in me a clean heart, O God;" and, in the relation of effect to cause, it will follow "Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee."

AN EXCURSION.

BY P. LE SUEUR, ESQ.

WELL, you see, so far as I can remember, it happened this way. I have always had a marvellous facility for hesitating in matters of faith, and if I have been taken up once by the devil's police as a vagrant, and shut up in Doubting Castle, I must have been so a thousand times. But I must say it to the honour of the Judge that he has always discharged me as guiltless of *intentional* wrong. To be sure, he once said to me, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" and, would you believe it, even His recognition of my "little faith" greatly solaced my fearful and fainting heart. About the time of which I have to speak I had been for months, aye, for years, worrying about election and reprobation, necessity, free-will, sovereignty, secret decrees, sacramental virtue, priestly authority, apostolical succession, faith with and without works, the unpardonable sin, the origin of moral evil, the personality of Satan, and a thousand other of the moot-points which have been the shuttle-cocks of theologians ever since creeds and confessions of faith were invented, and these incongruous, and often antagonistic elements, had got so mixed up, and had so fermented in the alembic of my distracted brain, as almost to have bereft me of all specific belief. I seemed to have hardly the power to hold anything firmly, especially anything claiming affinity to the supernatural, and it is possible that ere long all moral distinctions would have been obliterated from my understanding.

It was at this crisis that one day, while mooning disconsolately in my study, and oblivious of all external objects, a visitor called to see me. I had no recollection of having ever met him before, and yet his fine features were not altogether unfamiliar; but what seemed most strange was that he professed an intimate acquaintance with me and my affairs. Indeed, in a very short time he had so gained upon my confidence and esteem that I felt as if he really were an old and valued friend, and in his pleasant company much of my depression and gloom passed

away. It was a beautiful summer evening. The radiant, receptive, and responsive earth was clothed in gorgeous hues, and was just commencing to smile with a bounteous harvest. We walked out together, and forthwith, as if it were a perfectly usual matter, commenced to mount into the air. We soon left the earth, the moon, and the nearer planets behind. In a few moments more we had got beyond the sun, and away from his attraction. During our progress we met shining angels on rapid wing hastening to and from the distant stars, who smiled upon us as we passed and bade us "God speed," while at other times we encountered forms of horror, so hideously repulsive that I shuddered with apprehension. They were the minions of "the Prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience," and they seemed to be embodiments of all that is most foul, most revolting, and most cruel.

We were now fast approaching a region of impenetrable darkness, and the only luminous point remaining immediately resolved itself into the gaping mouth of a frightful cavern, whence issued a fitful murky light, which only served to make the surrounding gloom more and more horrible. From the jaws of the pit there ascended a column of dense sulphurous smoke, dashed about by fierce winds, which interposed an impervious pall between us and the heavens, and effectually absorbed and arrested every ray of light from the firmament which might attempt to penetrate the abyss. Over the yawning entrance, and in a sort of living, creeping flame, might be read these portentous words, "All ye who enter here, abandon hope!" But even without the inscription the utterly hopeless and desolate condition of the inmates might be but too certainly learned from the sounds which reached our ears. "They curse God and look upward." "And there were sighs that ever sighed, and tears that ever wept and ever fell, but not in mercy's sight." My companion proposed that I should go through the abyss, and promised me immunity from all harm, but I had seen enough and heard enough, even from the mouth of Tophet, to settle all my doubts as to the issues of a life of sin, unrepented of, and unforgiven. Yet I felt a strong wish to know who they were who were doomed to this living death, and I therefore inquired of my mentor "whether they were not all

atheists, infidels, apostates, murderers, man-stealers, and such like," to which he replied that, "no doubt, a certain proportion belonged to those guilty classes, but that there were many others besides." "Then," said I, "a large number must be Pagans, Hindoos, Mohammedans, and Jews." "Yes," said he, "some, at least." "And then," added I, "there may be some Roman Catholics." "There are." "But," I continued, "can there be any Church of England folks there?" "Yes, plenty." I began to feel rather solemn, but continued, "Are there any Presbyterians among the others?" "Unhappily, not a few." "And will there be Baptists, Independents, Quakers, Disciples, and Plymouth Brethren?" "Yes, some of all these denominations." By this time a great lump had got into my throat and I trembled in every limb, but there remained the crucial question, and I said very softly, "Are there any Methodists in the Cavern?" "Alas," replied he, "there are men who ran well for a season, but who made shipwreck of faith, and whose lot is probably the most bitter of all—among the damned most damned!" I nearly fainted with terror, and cried, "Let us get away, for I exceedingly fear and quake."

In another moment we emerged into a beautiful calm atmosphere, permeated with a soft rosy light, which, however, went on increasing momentarily in effulgence. Gently, and yet with the speed of thought, we passed the moon, the sun, and all the stars, and made our way into a region of pure exhilarating ether, the very breathing of which was exquisite enjoyment. Then at once there arose before my astonished vision a scene so majestically grand and glorious, that human language must ever fail to describe it. We had approached the ineffable glory. We were close upon Paradise, in the very suburb of the celestial city, the new Jerusalem, the residence of angels and of God! It had no sun in it or over it, but it was swathed in rainbow hues and canopied with a firmament so clear, so bright, so soft, and so ravishingly beautiful, that it seemed to diffuse a holy peace and a serene joy throughout the shining myriads who walked the golden streets. The inhabitants passed in and out with a mere exertion of will, or vanished into the empyrean upon messages to distant spheres. Floating upon waves of light, ravishing songs stole upon our ears, swelling at times into a grand diapason just as if

the countless myriads of cherubim and seraphim, thrones, dominions, principalities and powers, had joined in the ecstatic chorus first composed and chanted by the "morning stars" at the creation of man! Evidently sorrow had no place there, never had, never would have, but, contrariwise, an ever consciously increasing sense of ineffable delight.

There seemed, however, to be moments of intensified rapture during which the grandly majestic anthem was suspended, and *parenthetical* bursts and gusts of joy reverberated through the regal vault, and sent their repeating echoes to the remotest bounds of inhabited space. "What are these outbursts, and what do they indicate?" "Look and listen," said my guardian angel (for by this time I had found he was a ministering spirit) "and you will hear another glorious acclaim;" and I saw and heard an ambassador, just arrived from this our own city, relate how a poor profligate wretch, long sunk in vice and panoplied in defiant pride, had felt the power of redeeming love, and surrendered himself a contrite, broken-hearted sinner to the Friend of sinners. Then again broke forth the song, and I understood the parenthesis. But then, I queried, "What must be the value of a human soul, when its restoration arrests the choirs of heaven, thrills every angelical spirit, and vibrates upon every celestial harp?"

I had almost forgotten that I was a dweller upon the earth, and had my feelings been put in words they would have said "Master, it is good to be here," but I was reminded by another messenger who brought tidings of one whom I loved very tenderly, that I was yet a pilgrim and a sojourner, as my fathers had been. And then it occurred to me to ask my monitor about the dwellers in the holy metropolis. "Tell me," said I, "are the Roman Catholics admitted here? Are there any now among the redeemed?" "No, friend, not one." "Well, that is sad," I replied; "but are there not a goodly number of Episcopalians, members of the Anglican Church?" "No, sir, not a solitary individual bearing that designation." "But surely there must be some Presbyterians." "No, there are not." I began to tremble again. "Well, are there any Baptists, any Lutherans, any Congregationalists, any Quakers?" "No, none of them ever come here." "One more question," said I, almost overcome with dread,

"Are there any Methodists before the throne?" "No, brother, no Methodist ever presumed to present himself at the gate, and consequently none were ever admitted. There are no Methodists in the Holy City." "Who and what are they, then, who form this innumerable and supremely happy throng?" "Well, they are simply what they were first called at Antioch,—Christians, sons of God, saints of the Most High, for here

Seats and names and parties fall !

They come from everywhere: from the east and the west, the north and the south, and there are first among them, not a few, who were both last and least upon the earth; while others, who were first, are but too happy to take very humble places."

Then immediately my eyes were opened, and I saw a winged procession of emancipated and redeemed human souls coming from the frozen north; another from the arid deserts of far orient; another from the burning plains of Africa; another from the red tribes of the western forests, and scores of others from "every nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue;" and as they were ushered into the most holy presence by the glorious angels, mighty Hosannahs "to Him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb," filled the temple; and then again they sang the song of songs, and these are the words, "Unto Him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God, to Him be glory, and honour, and might, and majesty, and dominion, and power, for ever and ever." Then all heaven said, "Amen, Hallelujah!"

The excess of joy awoke me, and lo! the chaos of doubt, and pain and dread, was gone, and a sweet celestial peace diffused itself through my whole being. Moreover, I seemed to have the abiding sense of a holy presence, as it were of Him who said, "And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." So I was comforted.

OTTAWA, Ont.

RUST.

BY GEO. D. PLATT, B.A.

MANY metals *rust* when exposed to the atmosphere—in other words, they are attacked by that active, energetic gas, oxygen, which in time devours them. It is the used key that is always bright—the one laid away upon the shelf slowly dons a red shroud, the mourning colour of one portion of Nature's empire. The unused plough is not suffered to escape the same merciless scavenger, ever going about seeking what it may devour, but makes a meal for its insidious assailant. Whatever is out of employment in the world of art, is immediately compelled to answer the advertisement "Wanted," in the journal of nature. Time, it is said, destroys every material thing. Time destroys nothing. Oxygen is the omnipotent agent that brings low every lofty temple and proud edifice. It is nature's police officer which lays violent hands upon every idler in her empire. While there is life and vitality, it incites to still more vigorous action. When the season's foliage has performed its office, it rusts, as we have seen, in the sere and yellow leaves. When the tree has served its turn, it, too, is devoured and used in the building up of other trees. So with the human plant. Oxygen flushes the blood with vitality, and spurs us on to action, but when the house becomes tenantless the same restless agent takes it down that its material may be used to construct something else.

Rust, then, is a type of inaction; and how many potent faculties of mind and muscle, are shorn of their locks of strength by this omnipresent Delilah. Better not allow the voice of the siren to lull thee, undecided one, lest the fate of Samson be thine!

Motion is the law of the universe. The derivation of the word "universe" is itself an assertion of the existence of this law. Not a sun nor planet knows of rest, but tirelessly traverses its unceasing round. Light and heat, without which existence would be impossible, are believed to be the result of ethereal motion, and the air and ocean would poison us by their stagnation except for the currents that constantly disturb their mobile masses. Every cor-

ner of the earth is the scene of action. Even our mortal bodies furnish examples of the same kind. While life lasts, its crimson current flows on, never tiring in its course until the human machine stops for its final rest in the grave. But even there, no rest is found. Though the life might have been oppressed by many a care which sunk the weary body beneath a weight of woe, nature cannot let it rest. As we have already seen, its airy agents immediately seize upon the lifeless forms, and particle by particle bear them away to enter into new combinations. Whatever may be said about the transmigration of souls, there is thus a transmigration of bodies.

Is there any wonder, then, that exercise is conducive to health, when inactivity so strongly invites the assault of the great decomposer? The wonder is, on the other hand, that more of earth's drones are not prematurely sacrificed in their slothfulness, for no doubt the human machine is often as completely destroyed by rust as any other.

Love of ease is the oxygen of earth's moral atmosphere—not infusing vitality into human effort, but gnawing with invisible teeth the fibres of every good purpose. What might not be done, if men would but work! Why a millenium might be brought about in a year! Every great reform has originated in a single mind, and been set in motion by one pair of hands. Instance the names of Luther, Wilberforce, and others. God, it is true, overrules, but He works in the world through human instrumentality. It is left with men to say when the wrongs and curses shall be driven from the earth. But the fatal inaction—the love of ease, and bread and butter—the shrinking from the contest, how have they palsied every nerve, and fumed, as with opiates, every determined will! We have not to complain that people do not think and act *aright*, but that they do not think and act *at all*! “It is better to *wear* out than *rust* out,” though the cause *be* a prosaic one. Must there ever be a struggle between ease and duty? With a world full of work, shall there be so many idlers? Where are our heroes of to-day? The harvest is great, *the labourers are few, and the time is short.*

ON SPENDING.

BY JOHN PLOUGHMAN.

(Rev. Charles Spurgeon.)

To earn money is easy compared with spending it well ; anybody may dig up potatoes, but it is not one woman in ten that can cook them. Men do not become rich by what they get, but by what they save. Many men who have money are as short of wit as a hog is of wool ; they are under the years of discretion though they have turned forty, and make ducks and drakes of hundreds as boys do of stones. What their fathers got with the rake they throw away with the shovel. After the miser comes the prodigal. Often men say of the spendthrift his old father was no man's friend but his own, and now the son is no man's enemy but his own : the fact is, the old gentleman went to hell by the lean road, and his son has made up his mind to go there by the fat. As soon as the spendthrift gets his estate it goes like a lump of butter in a greyhound's mouth. All his days are the first of April ; he would buy an elephant at a bargain, or thatch his house with pancakes, nothing is too foolish to tickle his fancy ; his money burns holes in his pocket, and he must squander it, always boasting that his motto is, "Spend, and God will send." He will not stay till he has his sheep before he shears them ; he forestalls his income, draws upon his capital, and so kills the goose which lays the golden eggs, and cries out, "Who would have thought it ?" He never spares at the brim, but he means, he says, to save at the bottom. He borrows at high interest of Rob'em, Cheat'em, and Sell'em-up, and when he gets cleaned out, he lays it all either upon the lawyers or else on the bad times. Times never were good for lazy prodigals, and if they were good for them they would be bad for all the world besides. Why men should be in such a hurry to make themselves beggars is a mystery, but nowadays, what with betting at horse-races, laziness, and speculating, there seems to be a regular four-horse coach running to Needham every day. Ready money must be quite a curiosity to some men, and yet they spend like lords. They are gentlemen without means, which is much the same as plum-puddings without plums.

Spending your money with many a guest,
Empties the larder, the cellar, and chest.

If a little gambling is thrown in with the fast living, money melts like a snowball in an oven. A young gambler is sure to be an old beggar if he lives long enough.

The devil leads him by the nose,
Who the dice so often throws.

There are more asses than those with four legs. I am sorry to say they are found among working men as well as fine gentlemen. Fellows who have no estate but their labour, and no family arms except those they work with, will yet spend their little hard earnings at the beershop or in waste. No sooner are their wages paid than away they go to the "Spotted Dog," or the "Marquis of Granby," to contribute their share of fools' pence towards keeping up the landlord's red face and round corporation. Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt, nor his wife a widow, and yet some men hardly know the flavour of it; but beer guzzled down as it is by many a working man, is nothing better than brown ruin. Dull droning blockheads sit on the ale bench and wash out what little sense they ever had. However, I believe that farming people are a deal better managers with their money than Londoners are, for though their money is very little, their families look nice and tidy on Sundays. True, the rent isn't so bad in a village as in the town, and there's a bit of garden; still, those Londoners earn a deal of money, and they have many chances of buying in a cheap market which the poor countryman has not; and, on the whole, I think 'tis very good management which keeps a family going on ten shillings a week in the country, and bad management that can't pay it's way on five-and-twenty in London. Why, some families are as merry as mice in malt on very small wages, and others are as wretched as rats in a trap on double the amount. Those who wear the shoe know best where it pinches, but economy is a fine thing, and makes ninepence go further than a shilling. Some make soup out of a flint, and others can't get nourishment out of gravy beef. Some go to shop with as much wit as Samson had in both his shoulders, but no more; they do not buy well; they have not sense to lay out their money to advantage. Buyers ought to have a hundred eyes, but these

have not even half a one, and they do not open that ; well was it said that if fools did not go to market bad wares would never be sold. They never get a pennyworth for their penny, and this often because they are on the hunt for cheap things, and forget that generally the cheapest is the dearest, and one cannot buy a good shilling's worth of a bad article. When there is five eggs a penny, four of them are rotten. Poor men often buy in very small quantities, and so pay through the nose ; for a man who buys by the pennyworth keeps his own house and another man's. Why not get two or three weeks' supply at once, and so get it cheaper ? Store is no sore. People are often saving at the wrong place, and spoil the ship for a ha'p'orth of tar ; others look after small savings and forget greater things ; they are pennywise and pound foolish ; they spare at the spigot, and let all run away at the bung-hole. Some buy things they don't want, because they are great bargains ; let me tell them that what they do not want is dear at a farthing. Fine dressing makes a great hole in poor people's means. Whatever does John Ploughman, and such as work hard for their daily bread, want with silks and satins ? It's like a blacksmith's wearing a white silk apron. I hate to see a servant girl or a labourer's daughter tricked out as if she thought people would take her for a lady. Why, everybody knows a tadpole from a fish, nobody mistakes a poppy for a rose. Give me a woman in a nice neat dress, clean and suitable, and for beauty she will beat the flashy young hussies all to pieces. Buy what suits yourself to wear, and if it does not suit other people to look at, let them shut their eyes. All women are good—either for something or for nothing, and their dress will generally tell you which.

I suppose we all find the money goes quite fast enough, but after all it was made to circulate, and there's no use in hoarding it. It is bad to see our money become a runaway servant, and leave us, but it would be worse to have it stop with us and become our master. We should try, as our minister says, "to find the golden mean," and neither be lavish nor stingy. He has his money best spent who has the best wife. The husband may earn money, but only the wife can save it. "A wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands." The wife, it seems, according to Solomon, is the builder or the real

puller down. A man cannot prosper till he gets his wife's leave. A thrifty housewife is better than a great income. A good wife and health are a man's best wealth. Bless their hearts, what should we do without them? It is said they like to have their own way, but then the proverb says, a wife ought to have her will during life, because she cannot make one when she dies.

THE HARVEST FIELD.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

ALL day the reapers on the hill
Have plied their task with sturdy will,
But now the field is void and still ;

And, wandering thither, I have found
The bearded spears in sheaves well bound,
And stacked in many a golden mound.

And while cool evening suavely grows,
And o'er the sunset's dying rose
The first great white star throbs and glows.

And from the clear east, red of glare,
The ascendant harvest moon floats fair
Through dreamy deeps of purple air.

And in among the slanted sheaves
A tender light its glamour weaves,
A lovely light that lures, deceives—

Then, swayed by Fancy's dear command,
Amid the past I seem to stand,
In hallowed Bethlehem's harvest-land !

And through the dim field, vague-described,
A homeward host of shadows glide,
And sickles gleam on every side.

Shadows of man and maid I trace,
With shapes of strength and shades of grace,
Yet gaze but on a single face—

A candid brow, still smooth with youth ;
A tranquil smile ; a mien of truth—
The patient, star-eyed gleaner, Ruth !

FATHER TAYLOR, THE SAILOR PREACHER.

BY C. D.

THE only preacher I heard in Boston was "Father Taylor," who addresses himself peculiarly to seamen, and who was once a mariner himself. I found his chapel down among the shipping, in one of the narrow, old, water-side streets, with a gay blue flag waving freely from its roof. In the gallery opposite to the pulpit were a little choir of male and female singers, a violoncello, and a violin. The preacher already sat in the pulpit, which was raised on pillars, and ornamented behind with painted drapery of a lively and somewhat theatrical appearance. He looked a weather-beaten, hard-featured man, of about six or eight and fifty; with deep lines graven as it were into his face, dark hair, and a stern, keen eye. Yet the general character of his countenance was pleasant and agreeable.

The service commenced with a hymn, to which succeeded an extempore prayer, plain and comprehensive in its doctrines, and breathing a tone of general sympathy and charity. That done, he opened his discourse, taking for his text a passage from the Songs of Solomon, laid upon the desk before the commencement of the service by some unknown member of the congregation: "Who is this coming up from the wilderness, leaning on the arm of her Beloved?"

He handled this text in all kinds of ways, and twisted it into all manner of shapes; but always ingeniously, and with a rude eloquence well adapted to the comprehension of his hearers. Indeed, if I be not mistaken, he studied their sympathies and understandings much more than the display of his own powers. His imagery was all drawn from the sea, and from the incidents of a seaman's life. He spoke to them of "that glorious man, Lord Nelson," and of Collingwood; and drew nothing in, as the saying is, by the head and shoulders, but brought it to bear upon his purpose, naturally, and with a sharp mind to its effect. Sometimes, when much excited with his subject, he had an odd way—compounded of John Bunyan, and Balfour of

Burley—of taking his great quarto Bible under his arm and pacing up and down the pulpit with it; looking steadily down, meantime, into the midst of the congregation. Thus, when he applied his text to the first assemblage of his hearers, and pictured the wonder of the Church at their presumption in forming a congregation among themselves, he stopped short with his Bible under his arm in the manner I have described, and pursued his discourse after this manner:

“Who are these—who are they—who are these fellows? where do they come from? where are they going to?—Come from! What’s the answer?”

Leaning out from the pulpit, and pointing downward with his right hand: “From below!” Starting back again, and looking at the sailors before him: “From below, my brethren. From under the hatches of sin, battened down above you by the evil one. That’s where you came from?”—a walk up and down the pulpit: “And where are you going? Aloft!”—very slowly, and pointing upward: “Aloft!”—louder: “Aloft!”—louder still: “That’s where you are going—with a fair wind—all taut and trim, steering direct for Heaven in its glory, where there are no storms or foul weather, and where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” Another walk: “That’s where you are going to, my friends. That’s it. That’s the place. That’s the port. That’s the haven. It’s a blessed harbour—still water there, in all changes of the wind and tides; no driving ashore upon the rocks, or slipping your cables and running out to sea, there: Peace—Peace—Peace—all peace!” Another walk, and putting the Bible under his left arm: “What! These fellows are coming from the wilderness, are they? Yes. From the dreary, blighted wilderness of iniquity, whose only crop is Death. But do they lean upon anything—do they lean upon nothing, these poor seamen?” Three raps upon the Bible: “Oh yes. Yes. They lean upon the arm of their Beloved”—three more, and a walk: “Pilot, guiding-star, and compass, all in one, to all hands—here it is”—three more: “Here it is. They can do their seaman’s duty manfully, and be easy in their minds in the utmost peril and danger, with this”—two more: “They can come, even these poor fellows can come, from the wilderness,

leaning on the arm of their Beloved, and going up—up—up!”—raising his hand higher, and higher, at every repetition of the word, so that he stood with it at last stretched above his head, regarding them in a strange, rapt manner, and pressing the book triumphantly to his breast, until he gradually subsided into some other portion of his discourse.

COVENANT HOPE

“And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.”—Rom. viii. 28.

“ALL things, dear Lord ! Is there no thread of woe
 Too dark, too tangled for the bright design ?
 No drop of rain too heavy for the bow
 Set in the cloud in covenant Divine !
 I know that all Thy full designs are bright,
 That darkest threads grow golden in Thy hand,
 That bending lines grow straight, the tangled right,
 The bitter drops all sweet at Thy command.
 Command the sweetness, make the crooked straight,
 And turn their darkly tangled webs to gold.
 Swifter, dear Lord ! I cannot longer wait ;
 Faith hath grown weary, longing to behold.
 I know the promise, but I crave the sight ;
 I yearn to glimpse the beautiful design,
 To hail the rose-tints of the morning light,
 To watch the straightening of the bended line.
 Why these enigmas ? Wherefore not receive,
 Their bright solution ?”—Then a voice drew near :
 “Blessed are they who see not, yet believe !”
 And One I knew approached, and wiped my tear
 With wounded hand, and sighed.—Ah, then I fell
 Down on my knees, and held Him by the feet,
 And cried, “My Lord ! my God ! all, all is well ;
 With Thee the dark is light, the bitter sweet !”

EDITORIAL.

CONDITIONS OF RELIGIOUS PROSPERITY.

ON all the circuits of our connexion, we doubt not, the devout and earnest-hearted members of our Church are praying for the prosperity of Zion, and inquiring, How may the work of God be best promoted among us? The answer to this question will be found, we think, in the language of Nehemiah, descriptive of the success of the Jews in rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem. Notwithstanding the fewness of their numbers, the weakness of their resources, and the violent opposition of their enemies, they laboured on, with the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other, till they had completed the defences of the city. "So built we the wall," says the inspired penman, "*for the people had a mind to work.*"

So in building up the walls of our spiritual Zion, it is only by the united labours of all God's people that the work can successfully go on. Almost all great results in this world are achieved by a community of effort. Although some single men have accomplished prodigies of labour, it was chiefly by their possessing the power to influence others—by the magic gift of successful leadership. Still the great source of strength, the secret of success, is in the combination of willing workers. A good leader is an important agent, but he can do but little without the co-operation of those who will closely follow him. A great general is valuable, but a good army is more so.

The Almighty and the All-wise could doubtless carry out His purposes of grace with respect to our world without the assistance of human agency, yet He deigns to make use of man. He has committed the great work of evangelizing the world to His Church. He has committed it to the *whole* Church, and not to any small section thereof—its pastors or teachers. The purpose of that Church is not merely the salvation of those who may at any given time belong to it. It is to be a grand aggressive agency for the conquest of the world.

The very magnitude of the task, therefore, is a summons to the whole army of the living God to rally in united phalanx for its accomplishment. That grand work shall not have been completed while a single soul remains unsaved; while a single spot of earth is unilluminated by the healing beams of the Sun of Righteousness; while a single fettered bondman lifts his manacled hands to heaven, and cries: "How long, O Lord, how long?" Not while a single victim of ignorance and superstition bows down to idols; not till righteousness covers the earth, as the waters cover the mighty sea, shall the great work be accomplished.

This work, therefore, is not exclusively the business of ministers of the Gospel. In it *all* God's people should be engaged. We cannot get rid of our individual responsibilities by employing another to do our work for us. We cannot serve God by proxy. We may not wrap our talent in a napkin nor bury it in the earth. We must employ it wisely and well, so that when the Lord of the household cometh He may receive His own with usury. We may not repine at the narrowness of our sphere or the littleness of our influence. If we do not use to the uttermost the influence that we have we are unworthy of more. No feet but our own can walk in our pathway. No hands but our own can do our work. Unless *we* perform our God-appointed tasks, they must remain for ever undone.

It is, therefore, very largely by the personal influence and efforts of private Christians, of the laity of the Church, that the cause of God shall be carried on in the world. The sermons preached from the pulpit are often rejected; but those preached from the pews have especial power. The silent eloquence of a godly life cannot be gainsayed. The world reads the characters of Christians more than it does its Bibles. They are living epistles, known and read of all men. They are witnesses for the truth, confessors for Jesus. Let them not bear false witness. Let them betray not the cause of God by unfaithful lives nor by an unworthy walk.

Receive, therefore, the preacher appointed to your pastoral oversight as sent of God. Encourage him by your sympathy, your prayers, your hearty co-operation. *Y* have, in some

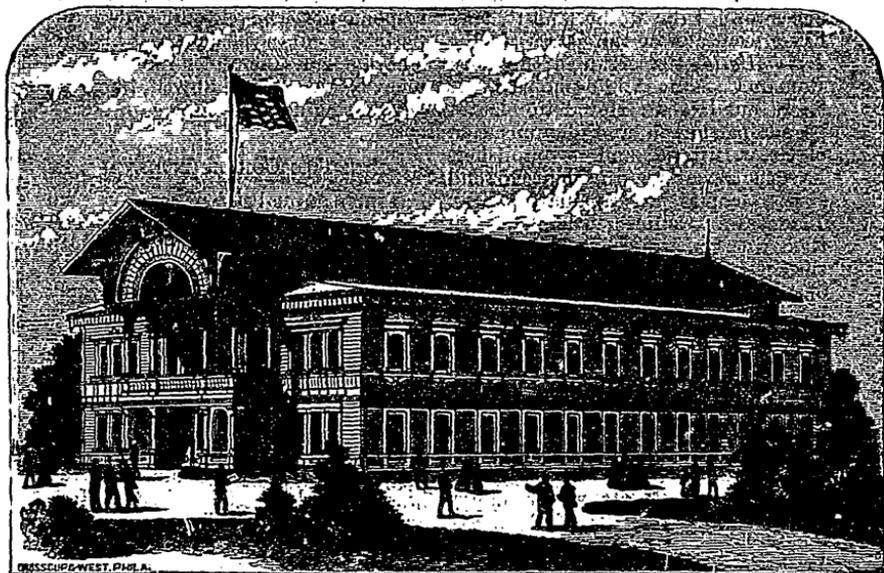
respects, in the exercise of religious influence, an advantage over him. Pious effort for the salvation of his fellowmen is by many regarded as his profession—as his business—and pious conversation and advice as his stock in trade. His labours, therefore, are often considered as a matter of course, as the mere perfunctory performance of the official duties of his calling; and the force of his arguments and appeals is thus sometimes sought to be evaded. It is the pastor's duty, under these circumstances, to be all the more diligent and self-denying in his labours so as to overcome this disadvantage, and to demonstrate the singleness of his purpose. It is the duty of the lay-Christian to make the most of the advantages he possesses for bringing souls to the Master.

Our lay-friends have often, too, a better opportunity for carrying religion into common life, for proving its adaptation to all circumstances, and its ability to sustain under all manner of temptations, than the minister. He, for the most part, lives a somewhat quiet and sequestered life; he is not engaged in the eager competitions and conflicts of business; he is thought to be ignorant of the ways of the world and of the grosser temptations that other men encounter. His teachings, therefore, are often received at a considerable discount. The feeling is often entertained, "These fine sentiments will do very well for Sunday, or for the world during the millennium, but they won't do for business, for the market, the store, and the wants of trade. That very high standard of morality is impossible there. These fine-spun theories are unsuited for this rude world."

Now, what we want, what the Church and the world want, is examples of religion in common life, unsullied by the temptations by which it is surrounded—a religion that will endure the jostling of the market, the strain of trial, the persecutions of the ungodly. We need examples, and, thank God, we have them—of men diligent in business and fervent in spirit, in everything serving the Lord—working for God day by day, consecrating their secular avocations to His glory, speaking the word of admonition in season, boldly reproving sin in the spirit of meekness and love; while their hands are engaged in the duties of this world having their hearts above it; having their conversation in heaven, whence also they look for the coming of the Lord Jesus.

The lives of these men are an argument—a living Gospel, that the ungodly can neither ignore nor gainsay. It is because men see in the world so much that is contrary to the teachings of the Sabbath that they become sceptical of their power and influence. The thousand sermons of worldliness during the week, outweigh the one or two of godliness on the Sunday.

The ministry of the Word is a divinely appointed office. In the constitution of human society, it is necessary for some to give themselves wholly thereto, in order to attain that careful preparation, that profound and critical acquaintance with the sacred text that shall qualify them for the profitable exposition of the oracles of God. Moreover, those engrossed in the cares of life and in carrying on the business of the world, have not the time nor opportunity for pastoral duties, for the visitation of the sick and afflicted, that is necessary. But this separation of duties need not, and should not, lead to a separation of sympathies and interests. It is when preacher and people are united and labour together for the glory of God that the work of God shall go on successfully. We know of no system of Church organization in the world which so well combines these advantages as our beloved Methodism. It, in its ideal, which, thank God, is often also its actual, is, as Dr. Chalmers has expressed it, "Christianity in earnest; all at it, and always at it." This is, on the human side, the secret of its success. This is one element of its strength. In so far as it manifests this spirit, it shall receive the Divine blessing and shall prosper. In so far as it departs therefrom it shall fail. Let us, therefore, as preachers and people, devote ourselves, at the beginning of another ecclesiastical year, in renewed and united consecration to the work of God. So shall the year be one of great spiritual blessing. So shall God prosper the work of our hands, yea, the work of our hands He shall establish it.



NEWSPAPER PAVILION AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.

OUR American exchanges just now are overflowing with patriotic enthusiasm. Of this outsiders like ourselves have no ground to complain, but on the contrary much ground for friendly sympathy. If their jubiliations are at times a little too self-assertive, there is much excuse under the circumstances. The progress of the Republic during its first hundred years has been simply marvellous, and is a cause for congratulation, not for envy, to the world. The public utterances of its orators on the nation's birthday were characterized by fervid patriotism, but without offensive exaggeration of tone, and in most cases by devout recognition of

Divine providence in the past, and dependence on Divine guidance for the future. The American nation is great because it is so largely a Christian nation. The elements of peril to the commonwealth were pointed out, and wise counsels for their avoidance were uttered.

Of touching significance was the marching side by side of the armies of the blue and gray, once marshalled in bloody battle against each other; now celebrating in peace and goodwill the birthday of their common country.

One of the most pleasing features of the Centennial day was the hearty reception given to the British Minister. Blood is stronger than water after all. Never was the feeling be-

tween the two nations so cordial as it is to-day. The only offensive utterances toward the Motherland that we have seen are in the pages of the *Irish World*, the organ of the Irish Roman Catholic Anglo-phobists. It fairly out-Herod's Herod in blatant pseudo-patriotism and denunciation of Great Britain; and its publishers have the consummate insolence to send special copies to Canadian papers. These same Celtic gentlemen, with their liberty-hating church, constitute the chief peril for the second century of the Republic. But the stern determination to keep the Bible in the public schools, and to repress the attempted domination of any Church will be the safeguard of civil and religious liberty.

The Centennial Exhibition is a grand success—the best the world has ever seen, say those who have witnessed them all. It was a happy thought when the City of Brotherly Love sent forth its invitations to all lands to celebrate the nation's hundredth birthday by an exhibition of the triumphs of peaceful industry, far more glorious than those of war.

The grand gathering of nations in the beautiful Fairmount Park is a true Field of the Cloth of Gold, more glorious than the painted pageantry of feudal and military pomp.

The splendid exhibit of Great Britain and Canada is just ground for our patriotic pride and congratulation. The action of the Centennial Commissioners in closing the Exhibition on Sunday, notwithstanding powerful pressure to a contrary course, is a grand testimony in the face of the world to the sanctity of the Sabbath, and to the fact that America is a Christian nation.

We present on the preceding page a cut of the Newspaper Pavilion on the Exhibition grounds. This structure is an appropriate recognition of the power of the Press, to which the United States owes so much. It contains partial files of nearly every periodical in the country and the Provinces, and the upper part forms

a convenient reading and writing room for the army of newspaper correspondents who chronicle this important event in the country's history. The enterprise is under the management of Mr. Geo. P. Rowell, the great advertising agent of New York.

THE CONFERENCES.

THESE annual gatherings have been seasons of very great interest. The religious services were attended with gracious spiritual influences. The public anniversaries were very largely attended, and, we doubt not, greatly furthered the objects for which they were held. The motion in favour of appointing a committee on nominations, which was carried after a lively debate in the London Conference, was carried almost without debate at all in the Toronto Conference, and was rejected altogether in the Montreal Conference. The appointment of a minister for a fourth year to the Dominion Church at Ottawa has excited considerable criticism; but the circumstances of the case are altogether exceptional, and the act cannot form a precedent.

The following honoured brethren were elected Presidents of the several Conferences: London Conference, Rev. G. R. Sanderson; Toronto Conference, Rev. Dr. Jeffers; Montreal Conference, Rev. Wm. Scott; Nova Scotia Conference, Rev. R. Temple; New Brunswick Conference, Rev. Robert Duncan. The details of the Newfoundland Conference have not yet reached us. Votes of thanks were given to the retiring Presidents for their important services, which contribute so much to the efficiency of our connexional operations. The Rev. Dr. Wood, the retiring President of the Toronto Conference, completed the tenth year of his presidency—a circumstance, we think, unique in the history of Methodism. For seven years he was President consecutively, and he now retires after two successive years' occupancy of the presidential chair.

The eloquent address of Dr. Douglas at the educational anniversary, at St. Catharines, attracted much public attention. A few isolated statements, dislocated from their connection, which appeared in the *Toronto Globe*, gave a distorted impression of what we consider the general scope and tendency of his remarks. It may be true that there are fewer Methodists in parliament than there are of some other denominations, but we opine that the reason for this is something other than the inferior education of the Methodist people. The Methodist Church is more evenly divided politically than is the Presbyterian, or Roman Catholic, or Episcopal Church; and as a Church it scrupulously refrains from mingling in the troubled sea of party politics. Yet we have had our Methodist members of parliament and ministers of the Crown, and even occupants of a higher station still, whose record we need not fear to compare with that of their compeers. Should the ultramontane aggressions of the Church of Rome, or any other great question, so assert its predominance as to obliterate party lines, and unite the moral convictions of the Methodist community on public matters, we conceive that they could furnish a solid parliamentary phalanx inferior in ability and education to none in any legislature the country has ever had. It would, we judge, be found not altogether impossible to imagine a ministry in which Methodists would be duly represented, which should at least be the equal in education and intelligence of any that we have seen of late years.

THE WESLEYANS AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

DR. WORDSWORTH, Bishop of Lincoln, has recently had a conference with certain leading Wesleyan ministers, with the view of ascertaining whether Wesleyan Dissent cannot be restored to the bosom of Mother Church. In order to accomplish this result his lordship indicated three necessary preliminaries: That Wes-

leyan ministers receive English orders, that is, deny the validity of their previous ordination, and humbly sue for the imposition of Episcopal hands, in order to be recognized as ministers of the Church of England; that Wesleyan "chapels" must be specially licensed before the Anglican "clergy" could preach or administer the sacraments therein; and that the congregations of such chapels as are licensed for preaching only "be exhorted to resort to their respective parish churches for the reception of the holy communion." And this is the amount of inducement offered by a liberal bishop to induce the Wesleyans to forsake the glorious traditions of well nigh a hundred years, and brand whole generations of their spiritual ancestry as schismatics. We greatly mistake the spirit of English Methodism if it will not spurn as an insult such a degrading proposition. And this gracious concession is proffered by a prelate of a Church that has just driven from a public school a most efficient teacher for nothing but the crime of being a Methodist; that outrages the feelings of a grief-stricken father over the grave of his child by wantonly and, as the highest civil courts declare, illegally denying his ministerial status; that denies Methodist mourners, in the hour of their most poignant sorrow, the privilege of laying their dead—a parent, wife, or child—in the ancestral graveyards of the nation, with the consoling rites of religion conducted by the honoured pastors of their Church—in which respect it is imitated, of all the Churches of Europe, only by that of decrepit Spain. Those rites must be celebrated on the public highway, outside of the consecrated ground, and then the dead borne in and covered up in silence forever. And the Great Council of the nation, by its rejection of the Burials' Bill, has just confirmed this Church in its intolerance, and made the peaceful God's Acre of the quiet dead the arena for the exhibition of sectarian bigotry. Whom God would destroy He first infatuates, said the

Roman moralist; and the strange and offensive intolerance of the State Church is the sure precursor of its disestablishment.

LAY DELEGATION IN THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

THE progress of this movement in England has been very remarkable. A year ago lay delegation was thought by many to be irreconcilable with the constitution of the Conference and the authority of the "Legal Hundred," and Dr. Osborne and other of the senior ministers strenuously opposed it as a violation of their ordination vows. Eminent legal authority, however, has decided that there is no constitutional objection to the proposed change; and hundreds of ministers instead of feeling bound by their vows to oppose it, feel it their duty to promote it to the utmost; and the votes in the district meetings proved that a large majority of the circuits were in favour of it. At an influential committee of leading ministers and laymen recently held in London, a resolution in favour of admitting lay representation was carried by a vote of eighty-six in a meeting of one hundred and three, only three voting against the motion. A subsequent resolution recommended that the proportion of laymen and ministers be equal, which was carried by a vote of seventy to six in a meeting of ninety-three. It is probable that the Conference will accept these resolutions without any substantial modifications.

OUR DEPUTATION IN ENGLAND.

THE reception given to the Rev. Dr. Ryerson and the Rev. David Savage, at the New Connexion Conference, at Dewsbury, was of a most fraternal and cordial character. The addresses of both these honoured brethren were received with great favour, and were most warmly responded to. The beneficial effect of the visit in removing any little feeling of asperity and cultivating one of

the utmost cordiality is incalculable. As a mark of their appreciation of the intercourse enjoyed, the Conference passed a resolution directing that a steel engraving of the venerable senior member of the deputation be inserted in the series of honoured worthies in the Connexional magazine. The account of their reception at the Wesleyan Conference has not yet come to hand.

Y. M. C. A. INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION.

THIS important convention of Christian workers met in Toronto on July 12th, and continued in session for several days thereafter. Mr. George Williams, the founder of the first Y. M. C. A. in London, England, in 1844, was present, and some four hundred delegates from forty States of the Union and Provinces of the Dominion, as well as several from Great Britain. The services were characterized by great spiritual fervour, practical wisdom, and loving fraternity. Great good was accomplished, and a grand impulse given to a noble organization of earnest Christian workers. In an early number of this Magazine we shall discuss at length the history, work, and purpose of this important evangelistic agency.

On the day the Convention met the Orange Organization celebrated, at the cost of many thousands of dollars, the anniversary of a bloody battle fought nearly two hundred years ago. As a consequence much religious rancour was excited, much drunkenness and rioting occurred, several pistol shots were fired, and several persons wounded—some dangerously—one building was wrecked, and strong bodies of police were unable to entirely preserve the peace. We respectfully submit the question whether an imitation of the principles and practice of the Y. M. C. A., which endeavours to bury the feuds of a bloody civil war, in which many of its members took part, only a few years ago, in the grave of loving brotherhood,

and to promote the cause of the common Master and Father in heaven, would not be a nobler and worthier employment of Protestant zeal, and one more likely to promote the glory of God?

THE STATE OF TRADE.

THROUGH the blessing of a kind Providence, the agricultural prospects of the country were rarely, if ever, better than at present. This will, of course, re-act favourably on the state of trade. We have pleasure in reproducing here a few extracts from the trade review of our merchant philosopher, John Macdonald, M.P., whose successful experience and thoughtful study of the subject makes him one of the best authorities thereon in the country. We regret that we have space for only a few brief extracts :

"That a greatly diminished volume of trade has been one of the results of the financial crisis, is evident from a comparison of the smaller amount of duties paid in the Dominion, compared with former corresponding seasons. A diminished money circulation always implies distrust and low rates, and it would be well, we think, if banks would now, while they are looking about for the best means to employ their capital profitably, consider whether their long-continued policy of high rates was wise? Whether their customers could pay such rates and prosper? And whether or not in the end the banks are not the heaviest losers? Banks and merchants are too apt, in periods of crises, to apply the same inflexible rule to every one in the collection of debts, viz.—To apply pressure; not always wisely, but too often, to the ruin of the customer without benefit to the institution; in other words, Is it wisdom to

treat the man of character in precisely the same way as the fraudulent trader? When our insolvency laws are so amended that every fraudulent trader will be advertised as such throughout the length and breadth of the land, character in business will be deemed of more value, and the honest trader will have less to contend with. We have no hesitation in saying that the true policy of the trade is to refuse transactions with every man who has defrauded his creditors, however large may be his new operations, or prompt his payments. Such a course would lead such men to realize that dishonesty is a bar to a man's success in commercial life. Undoubtedly the most remarkable feature in the season's business has been the increased trade with the United States. How great that increase has been, very few are prepared to believe. Still less are people prepared to realize that such an increase means a correspondingly diminished trade with Great Britain. Much has been said about the United States making Canada their slaughter market. Nothing can be more fallacious. No Canadian has been able to buy American dry goods cheaper than American houses have bought them, and no American houses have sold domestic goods in Canada cheaper than they have sold them to their own people. The country is undoubtedly in a vastly better position than it was twelve months ago. There have been many failures, and not a little dishonesty, but there has been also an increase of prudence, and, in the circumstances of many, marked improvement. Indebtedness has been reduced, and throughout the country accounts may safely be said to be in a better and more secure condition.

BOOK NOTICES.

Ministerial Recreations in Biography, Theology, and Science. By GEORGE GRUNDY. Crown 8vo., pp. 296. London: Methodist New Connexion Book Room.

THIS is a volume of admirable essays by an able and eloquent New Connexion minister. About a hundred pages are occupied in recounting the moral heroism, the work of faith and labour of love, of the anti-slavery philanthropists — Granville Sharp, Clarkson, Wilberforce, Brougham, Buxton, and their helpers. Nowhere else, that we are aware of, can be found such concise yet satisfactory history of that grand moral movement. We shall have pleasure in reproducing one or more of these admirable sketches.

The other essays are a keen and discriminative review of Theodore Parker and his religious system; a discussion from a conservative and, as we consider, an orthodox point of view, of Darwin's and Huxley's theory of the origin of species, and the descent of man; a charmingly-written account of that triumph of science, the Atlantic telegraph; an able argument on the immortality of the soul; a group of infallibles, or a picture gallery of the popes, an awful revelation of spiritual wickedness in high places; a paper on John Foster, illustrating the happy union between learning and piety, and one on Richard Porson, exhibiting the misery of learning degraded by vice. We know of few things more painful in literary history than the story of "the first scholar in Europe" wallowing in the sty of sensuality; "turned out of doors like a dog," as he bitterly describes it, for his outrageous drunkenness; drinking the dregs of the wine glasses after dinner, and even abstracting the alcohol from the

spirit-lamps to appease his tyrannous and insatiable thirst.

This modest volume contains a greater amount of high class literary matter, both interesting and instructive, than many a ponderous and pretentious tome.

The Prairie Province: Sketches of Travel from Lake Ontario to Lake Winnipeg, and an account of the geographical position, climate, civil institutions, inhabitants, productions, and resources of the Red River Valley. By J. C. HAMILTON, M.A., LL.B. 12mo., pp. 259. Toronto: Belford Brothers. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto and Montreal.

THE character of this book is sufficiently indicated in its comprehensive title. It contains the well-written and judicious impressions of an intelligent observer of the fertile provinces of Manitoba and its younger sister Kewatin. It will be of great value to intending settlers or tourists, and, indeed, to all stay-at-home travellers who wish to become acquainted with the magnificent resources of our North-west Territory. A very interesting account of the early history of Winnipeg and of the strenuous and sometimes bloody conflict between the North-west and Hudson Bay Fur Companies is given. The progress of the Canada Pacific Railway survey and construction is also described. The book is written up to latest dates, and pays a well-deserved tribute of praise to our martyr missionary, the Rev. George Macdougall. "The tale of the devoted missionary's career," says the author, "is full of touching incidents such as would move the most hard-hearted to sympathy. His name will in the future

history of missionary zeal be coupled with that of Livingstone. At the Council Chambers in the West his clear and unbiased judgment will be missed, and those who used to call for it will sigh as they say—

‘His voice is silent in your Council Hall
for ever.’

A map of Manitoba and Kewatin, a plan of Winnipeg and of the Dawson route, and a view of Fort Garry and other illustrations embellish the volume. The device on the cover is extremely elegant.

Oliver of the Mill; a Tale. By MARIE LOUISE CHARLESWORTH. Crown 8vo., pp. 380. Canadian Copyright Edition. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Methodist Book Room, Toronto and Montreal.

MISS CHARLESWORTH is known to a large circle of readers as the author of two very popular religious stories, “Ministering Children” and “The Ministry of Life.” Of the former of these the enormous number of one hundred and forty-nine thousand were sold in England alone. The present is a work of the same class, setting forth Christian principle and Christian duties. The lessons taught are sound and wholesome—no slight praise when so much that is false and pernicious is inculcated in popular books—and the descriptions of character and incident are simple and natural. Those who seek for sensational adventure and exciting mysteries will not find them here, but they will find what is better, wise lessons and a pure moral. The whole book is instinct with earnest Christian sentiment. Those who object to *all* fiction will, however, of course, object to this.

The Methodist Quarterly Review for July. Among the contents of

the present number are a critical article on the prophet Obediah, by Dr. Horner, of Pittsburg, Pa.; a review of the life and literary labours of that wonderful woman, Mrs. Mary Somerville, by Dr. Abel Stevens; a fresh discussion of that inexhaustible subject, the millenium, by Dr. Burrows, of Vermont; a learned article on the Peculiarities of the Pastoral Epistles, by the United States Minister to Denmark; an able criticism of the pessimist philosophy of that unhappy German genius Schopenhauer, by Prof. Lacroix; and a highly eulogistic review of Dr. Cocker's Theistic Conception of the Universe, by Prof. Winchell.

Dr. Whedon, the veteran editor, gives his judicious impressions of the late General Conference, and with characteristic vigour defends it against certain aspersions of unfriendly critics. Rau's *Early Man* in Europe is sharply criticised. The more it is examined the less ground there seems to be for the theory of the extreme antiquity and savage origin of the human race. The other book notices are valuable and varied. This is an excellent Quarterly for Methodist Ministers, and very cheap—only \$2.50 a year.

Visitors' Guide to the Centennial Exhibition and Philadelphia. Reprinted from the edition authorized by the Centennial Board of Finance. Toronto: Belford Brothers. Methodist Book Room.

THIS is a necessary *vade mecum* for Centennial visitors. It gives routes and fares to Philadelphia, a historical sketch of the Exhibition, maps of the grounds and of the city, directions for making the tour of the Exhibition buildings, information as to hotels, car routes, public institutions, churches, etc.; is concise, cheap and portable; is officially endorsed, and is the only guide-book sold on the grounds.

The Musical Folio. Boston: White, Smith and Company. \$1.60 a year; single numbers 15 cents.

EACH number of this publication gives from about seven to ten pieces of music, with several pages of letter-press of musical gossip and criticism. In a collection designed for every variety of taste one may expect to find something of the rather light style along with that which is more classical and serious. The music of the *Folio* we prefer to the letter-press, which is sometimes rather frivolous. On our last page we reprint one of the pieces from the Centennial number.

Miscellaneous Readings and Recitations. Edited by H. L. THOMPSON. Pp. 159. Toronto: Belford Brothers. Methodist Book Room.

THIS little book contains some excellent pieces from Talmage, Gough, Carlton, and other authors. The Maiden Martyr, a story of the Scottish Covenant, is a poem of rare pathos. A considerable proportion is of a humorous character; but these, we suppose, are in demand for public entertainments.

We have also received from the Messrs. Belford Brothers a neatly printed history of the remarkable Grange Movement in Canada, with hints and rules for the management of granges and co-operative associations. It will, doubtless, be of much interest to our agricultural readers. It has four illustrations.

Science and Religion, an Address delivered at the Convocation of McGill University. By ALEX. JOHNSON, M.A., LL.D. Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

IN this able pamphlet Prof. Johnson shows that the materialistic conclusions of Dr. Tyndall have no real support in Physical Science. In his metaphysical inductions that distinguished scientist invades a territory with which he is not familiar, and is soon in "wandering mazes lost." Much higher authorities than Dr. Tyndall firmly hold and avow the theistic conception of the universe as the only rational explanation of nature.

The Moral Status of Children, and their Relation to Christ and His Church. By the Rev. ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto and Montreal.

THE substance of this able pamphlet was given in the form of an address at some of the Conferences last year, and made such a profound impression that it was unanimously requested to be published, in order that it might be more widely and permanently useful. It is written in Brother Sutherland's vigorous and eloquent style, is powerful in argument, and felicitous in diction. It is a contribution of great value to the discussion of an important subject, and should have a large circulation among our people.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

SYNODS AND CONFERENCES.

OUR limited space will not allow us to do more than glance at the Councils of the Churches. During

the month of June the daily journals were full of intelligence respecting these gatherings which were being held in various parts of Canada. As none of the parliaments were in ses-

sion our confreres were able to devote much of their space to religious intelligence, which we are sure could not fail to be profitable to their numerous readers.

PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY.

VERY great interest was felt in this gathering, particularly as it was the first great meeting since the union of the four Presbyterian bodies in the Dominion. Seven hundred ministers and elders were brought together for the first time, many of whom had never met before. There were those who were opposed to the union, who would doubtless have been glad had the sessions been less harmonious than they are reported to have been. It was well known that what has now become known as the Macdonnell Case might possibly become a rock on which the Assembly would split. No wonder that the place of meeting, Knox Church, Toronto, should be filled from day to day, and that the night sessions should be crowded. The Rev. Dr. Topp, who was chosen moderator, acted with great discretion in his onerous position. The discussions on Mr. Macdonnell's case lasted five days. Some of the foremost men in the Church delivered earnest and eloquent speeches. Every possible mode of argument was adopted, and a great number of resolutions were proposed, but at length it was resolved to give Mr. Macdonnell another year to bring his views into harmony with those of the Church on the matter in question—the duration of future punishment. At present, he hopes a time may come when God will put an end to sin and suffering, though he does not think that there is any passage of Scripture to warrant such a hope.

In other respects the meeting of the Assembly was all that could be desired. Seven ministers had died during the year. This Church is, we trust, destined to have a very successful career. The foundations are

being laid both broad and deep. There is a great improvement in respect to ministers' stipends, and inductions seldom take place at less than \$800 per year. Several ministers from Britain and America were received, two or three of whom were Methodists, a fact which must have surprised many.

METHODIST CHURCH.

THE three Annual Conferences now comprised in what was formerly known as the Canada Conference have all been held, and from what we could gather were all pleasant seasons, although it is obvious that the division of the one Conference into three must detract from the interest connected with these gatherings. The Church is evidently prospering. In the London Conference the increase of members, after making up all losses by deaths, removals, and defections amounts to 2,282; in the Toronto Conference, 2,006; in the Montreal Conference, 600. The number of superannuated ministers is increasing in all the Conferences, but there is no lack of labourers, as the number ordained was twenty-three, and the number received on trial in Toronto and London Conferences was thirty-two. The increase of members in the Nova Scotia Conference is 895, and in the New Brunswick Conference 1,183. The aggregate increase in the above five Conferences is 6,366. The Statistics of the Newfoundland Conference we have not yet received.

In the Sabbath Schools there is a very gratifying increase. London Conference reports 39,996 scholars, 4,797 of which are meeting in class, and 2,325 conversions in the Sunday School. In Toronto Conference there are 32,114 scholars, 3,844 of which meet in class. The latter Conference also reports 1,841 conversions among the children during the past year. The Nova Scotia Conference reports 8,531 Sunday School scholars, 961 of whom meet in class; conver-

sions in the schools during the year, 450. The periodicals, viz., the *Banner* and the *Advocate*, are becoming increasingly circulated, and, with a little effort, we think these excellent serials might be introduced into all our schools.

Owing, no doubt, to the depressed state of trade, some of the connexional funds were not in such a state of prosperity as could be desired. It is but due, however, to state that the expenditure of both the missionary and superannuation funds is much greater than last year, and yet the debt on the former has not been allowed to increase. There have been some princely offerings made to both funds, especially the missionary. The late Mrs. Jackson, of Hamilton, Ont., in addition to all her former munificent gifts, paid through her executors at Toronto Conference, the sum of \$30,000 in equal amounts to the Missionary and Superannuated Ministers' Fund, and the Theological Department of Victoria University. Rev. J. H. Johnston, M.A., College Agent, continues his zealous labours on behalf of this University, and succeeded in obtaining \$825 at London Conference, and \$1,050 at Toronto Conference, towards the erection of Faraday Hall.

The statement read by the Rev. S. Rose respecting the Book Room, gave an encouraging exhibit of that important agency of the Church. Notwithstanding the severe monetary pressure of the country, and the commencement of a branch at Montreal, there was a handsome amount of profit declared, \$1,000 of which was appropriated to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund. A committee was appointed at the Toronto Conference to erect a monument at the graves of the Apostle of the Indians, the late William Case, and the distinguished Chief, John Sunday. They were united in their lives, and in their burial they are not divided.

The religious services at the Western Conferences were more than ordinarily spiritual. Several said that

the Conference at Peterborough was the best they ever attended. The ordination sermon, by the President, Dr. Jeffers, will not soon be forgotten. We are glad while Revs. G. Young, M. Fawcett, and E. R. Young are returning from the North-west, that other brethren are preparing to go to that distant field, while Revs. G. M. Meecham, M.A., and C. S. Eby, M.A., are soon to join our noble little band in Japan. The following excerpt from the correspondence of the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A., of the English Conference, who lately visited Japan, will be read with interest: "The University at Tokio is very thoroughly equipped, and has 249 students under careful discipline. The chief director, Hata-Keyama, was educated, converted, and baptized in America. Several of the professors are Christian ministers, and as far as the writer could learn, all the English and American gentlemen connected with the university and preparatory school are friendly to Christianity. The latter institution has 600 pupils, who receive their lessons in the English language. The girls' normal school, which was recently opened by the Empress, occupies a fine building, and has all its arrangements closely copied from Western models. The superintendent, Mr. Nakamura, is a class-leader in the Canadian Methodist Mission. He does not owe his position to the fact that he is a Christian, but was selected for the office on account of his great learning. He is one of the best Chinese scholars in Japan."

From the reports of the District Meetings that have reached us from the East, we gather that it is likely there will be a good increase of members. At one place where a District Meeting was held, it was found that on account of the fishing season having been less successful than formerly, the minister there was largely deficient in his allowance, and the members of the meeting, to their honour be it recorded, made a subscription and gave their suffering

brother more than \$100. Such acts are creditable to all concerned. The endowment of Mount Alison University is progressing under the skillful management of Dr. Pickard. We are pleased that all the Methodist seats of learning in Canada are in a state of prosperity. May knowledge and piety ever be united.

OTHER METHODIST BODIES.

THE Episcopal Methodists have three Annual Conferences in Ontario, but they do not average 100 ministers each. From the published accounts they are evidently prospering. The increase of members exceeds 2,000. A female academy is contemplated at St. Thomas. A permanent camping ground has been secured near Brockville. The mission to Manitoba is to be strengthened, and the college at Belleville is in a better state than at any former period of its history. \$37,000 has been raised towards the endowment.

The Primitive Methodist Conference was held at Toronto, and was presided over by the Rev. George Lamb, from England. His presence, no doubt, greatly enhanced the interest of the Conference, as he has long been one of the leading ministers in the British Conference. An increase of about 500 is reported in the membership. The number of married ministers increases too rapidly for the membership. Great assistance is rendered by the parent body, both in men and money. Application has been made for six additional single men. The monetary grant is about \$3,000, besides the expense of Conference delegations.

The Bible Christian Conference was held at Oshawa. This denomination, though circumscribed, is very strong in a few places. The total number of ministers, including supernumeraries, is 79. Increase of members, 600. The financial agent appointed last year has raised \$15,000, \$5,000 of which has been paid; he still wants more than \$20,000 to pay off the Connexional debt.

We are glad that while there does not seem to be any immediate prospect of union among the forces of Methodism, there is so much brotherly love amongst them. A cursory observer must, we think, see that in our rural districts especially, while all are struggling to maintain an existence, by an amalgamation there would be a strong compact body, which could do much towards the evangelization of those parts of the world from which the Macedonian cry for help comes on every breeze. The union feeling spreads. The Methodist Protestants, and the Methodist Church of the United States expect to amalgamate this year, and two bodies of coloured Methodists are negotiating with a good prospect of becoming one. The commissioners of the two great Methodist Episcopal bodies are soon to meet, and appearances are much more favourable for a union than they were some time since. May Methodists everywhere soon become one.

ANGLICAN SYNODS.

THERE are six of these in Ontario and Quebec, all of which have recently been held. Great efforts are being made in the respective dioceses to increase the number of Churches. Earnest appeals are being made for pecuniary assistance. The Bishops of Algoma and Manitoba are real Missionary Bishops. His Lordship from the latter diocese, at a Missionary Meeting, at the Toronto Synod, spoke very eulogistically respecting the labours of the Methodist Missionaries in the North-west. The Synod of Montreal, like the Methodist Conferences of London, Toronto, and Montreal, expressed great sympathy for the Oka Indians, so that when our own church shall memorialize the Government on behalf of those poor down-trodden sons of the forest, they will be sustained by the moral support of sister churches.

The Reformed Episcopal Church reports progress. The hard times

are very much in the way of the erection of churches, still parishes are being continually organized. There are now three churches in Baltimore, seven in Philadelphia, and eight in Chicago. The Annual Council was to meet in Ottawa in July. A great loss has been sustained in the sudden death of Bishop Cummins. He was at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Baltimore in May, and delivered an admirable speech, and now he has gone to his reward. How admonitory!

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE Bishops have arranged their work for the current year. Bishop Haven goes to Liberia, and Bishop Andrews to Europe and India. He will first preside at the Conferences of Germany and Switzerland, and then hold the Conferences of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and visit Bulgaria. The Bishop will next proceed to India, where he is to organize and preside over the Conference of North India, then that of South India, after which he will proceed to Italy, and preside at the annual meeting of the Italian mission which meets in Rome, March 7th, 1877. He will thus be absent on his Episcopal tour nearly a year.

Rev. W. Butler, D.D., is on a visit to the United States, and intends to spend four months on his furlough, with a view, if possible, to create greater interest in the Mission in Mexico. He intends by means of the press to operate upon the Mexican mind, and is sanguine of success. Dr. Butler had the honour of inaugurating the mission of the M. E. Church in India, which has been attended with great success from the beginning; and now he has laid the foundation of the church in Mexico, which bids fair to be equally successful. May his most sanguine hopes be realized. There are between fifty

and sixty millions of Spanish-speaking people in the world, hence whatever is done in regard to providing a wholesome literature for Mexico will largely operate upon them.

CONFERENCES IN ENGLAND.

THE Primitive Methodist is the first in order, which was held on the first week in June, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Rev. Alex. Clarke, D.D., from the Protestant Methodist Church in America, was present. He is the first fraternal delegate ever sent from America to our Primitive brethren. The denomination is evidently prospering, there being an increase of 7,177 members, the largest increase for many years. Dr. Samuel Antliff was present, after an absence of two years spent in visiting the missions in Canada, and the Southern world. He was received with great enthusiasm. About one in seven of the ministers are superannuated, and the payment to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund is to be raised in future to twenty-five dollars, besides five dollars additional to the Relief Fund. Increased attention is being paid to Sabbath Schools. A minister has been set apart as agent, to hold conventions and visit schools. The institutions of learning are in a prosperous condition. A much larger number of young ministers have been recommended for the Theological Institute at Sunderland than can be admitted. The Brown College at Birmingham is said to be succeeding well, and the one at York is being enlarged.

We shall refer to other Conferences in our next number. In the meantime we are glad to learn that the increase of the membership of the Wesleyan Connexion exceeds 13,000, while a plan of Lay Delegation to the Conference has been prepared which it is believed will meet with universal approval.

NOTES ON LITERATURE.

—Colonel Valentine Baker's work, "Clouds in the East: Travels and Adventures in Unknown Central Asia," is nearly ready for publication.
 —Dr. Von Dollinger is engaged in editing for publication, shortly to take place, the hitherto unpublished portions of the reports of the Council of Trent.

—A handbook of the prints and drawings in the British Museum, prepared by Mr. Louis Fagan, the assistant-keeper of the department, will be published shortly.
 —Sir Henry Pottinger, son of the Minister Plenipotentiary who negotiated a cession of the five Chinese ports to Great Britain, has contributed a classical poem, under the title "Celurnum," to *Belgravia*.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUIT.	AGE	DATE.
Elizabeth Crockett.....	Little York.....	Little York.....	21	May 4, 1876
Jane Hutton.....	Sherbrooke.....	Sherbrooke, P.Q.	64	" 8, "
Mrs. M. A. White.....	Wicklow.....	Carleton, N.B....	34	" 10, "
Louis Marceau.....	Napierville.....	Napierville, P.Q.	66	" 10, "
Charles Clay.....	Dundas.....	Dundas, P.E.I....	84	" 17, "
M. Amanda Kilham....	Petitcodiac.....	Petitcodiac, N.B.	28	" 20, "
A. W. Crawley.....	Point Amelia....	Sydney, C.B.....	77	" 20, "
Elijah Tuttle.....	Pugwash.....	Pugwash, N.S....	72	" 23, "
Bathsheba M. Walker..	H. Rawdon.....	H. Rawdon, N.S.	47	" 22, "
G. F. Macdonald.....	Brooklyn.....	Wilmot, N.S....	73	" 25, "
J. A. Murphy.....	Up'r Free Town	Up'r Free T'wn	22	" 26, "
Wm. Mills.....	Halifax.....	Halifax, N.S....	78	" 27, "
Jacob Troop.....	Granville.....	Granville, N.S....	70	" 28, "
Edwin Blundall.....	Halifax.....	Halifax, N.S....	45	" 29, "
Lavina H. Grant.....	Halifax.....	Halifax, N.S....	33	" 29, "
Susan C. Leavitt.....	Carleton.....	Carleton, N.B....	64	" 30, "
John Lindsay.....	Musquodoboit..	Musquodoboit....	62	" 31, "
Wm. M'Lauren.....	Halifax.....	Halifax, N.S....	63	June 2, "
Wm. Archibald.....	Musquodoboit..	Musquodoboit....	76	" 3, "
Mary Brunt.....	Halifax.....	Halifax, N.S....	37	" 3, "
Henry Hays.....	Halifax.....	Halifax, N.S....	72	" 3, "
James Lawlor.....	Halifax.....	Halifax, N.S....	41	" 4, "
Margaret Thompson....	Halifax.....	Halifax, N.S....	82	" 4, "
Wm. Dickens.....	Halifax.....	Halifax, N.S....	45	" 5, "
Samuel Roberts, Esq....	Torbrook.....	Torbrook.....	88	" 7, "
Elizabeth Elliss.....	Halifax.....	Halifax, N.S....	75	" 8, "
John M'Lachlan.....	Carleton.....	Carleton, N.B....	62	" 10, "
Matthew Wilson.....	St. John.....	St. John, N.B....	41	" 11, "
Benjamin Tippitt.....	Carleton.....	Carleton, N.B....	65	" 13, "
J. J. Scriven.....	Halifax.....	Halifax, N.S....	48	" 14, "

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

GIVE ME JESUS.

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY JAMES R. MURRAY.

Earnestly.



1, Give me Je - sus and His love, I shall noth - ing want be - side;



With Him near where'er I rove, Noth - ing ill can me be - tide.

REFRAIN.



Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus, On the sea or on the shore,



Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus, I shall want for noth - ing more.

2. Bid all other joys depart,
I shall happy, happy be;
With His love within my heart.
What can harm or hinder me?

3. Will you have Him, Friend of mine,
Have His love, His heav'n, His home?
O accept this Friend Divine,
"Whoever will" may come!