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WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE

OF CANADA.

NOVEMBER, 1862.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR, &c.

Attention is called to the war so violently raging in the States of the hitherto prosperous Union, and to the causes, which, in the order of the divine government, may have led to it, not to point the finger of reproach at a people with whom we have many and tender bonds of connection; but rather to gather some of those important lessons of instruction which they are calculated to teach us. "To err is human," is as true as any of those uninspired aphorisms which are upon the lips of almost every moralizer of the day; a recollection of which should check every rising of self-gratification, as we notice the more recent aberrations and failures of our neighbours. That the American people have erred, and that, grievously, may be naturally inferred from the severe chastisement to which they are now being subjected. Nor need any object to this conclusion, although they may not be quite agreed with us in judgment, as to what have been the causes of such a visitation. We have intimated two of those causes. The first, viz., Slavery, is we apprehend, very generally admitted. Many refer to it from inductions of a strictly political character. It does not appear from anything we have been able to gather from their observations, that such a subject is likely to have any influence on the movements of the great ruler of nations. There are many, alas! who look at secondary causes as seldom, if ever, to consider the existence of the great-first cause: from such we need not expect nothing directly designed to aid the judgment in such investigations as we are now pursuing. It is sufficient, however, for our purpose that they admit Slavery to be a political influence in the fierce and sanguinary strife, and it remains for the Christian student of providence to take such admission and carry it to its proper point. From not a few Americans the admission is made, that behind a question, pride of the greatness and prosperity of their nation, has been their great and growing sin. No difficulty is experienced in obtaining from such the acknowledgement, that their progress in the past, and their prospects in the future have produced fruit unseemly to man,

and offensive to God. And if so, why may not such be considered as among the several, if not many things, working together for this chastisement? There is yet another to which we call attention, it is their treatment of England. To assign such as a reason, and especially at present, may seem vain and inopportune to many. From this judgment we dissent. We think such a statement is quite in keeping with the time, and quite in accordance with Christian truth and sound philosophy.

The treatment of which we complain, refers especially to the revolution, or to use the American *phrase*—the “rebellion” of 1775, and their doings on each anniversary of their acquired independence. Of the revolution we are free to admit that charges may be sustained, of a minor character, however, against the British Government; but that the great reasons of that movement were no other than the unquenchable desire of leading men of the Colonies to effect the severance of those Colonies from Great Britain, is patent to all who have taken the trouble to examine both sides of the discussions of the day. The fact that the struggle on the part of the then Colonists, was for what was denominated *liberty*, has given it much favour with liberty-loving men every where:—and with none more so than with a considerable number of those of the country against which the struggle was waged. Other causes for sympathy with the revolting parties, which have obtained influence subsequent to that period, have arisen through those representations which the Americans have given in their sanguinary but successful revolt: influences which will ere long lose their power, as a truth-loving world starts back from the audaciously untruthful and boastful representations Americans have given and are giving of their present conflicts in the field of battle. Great Britain has wisely and christianly allowed the scenes of their revolt and colonies to pass away in forgetfulness, so far at least as cherishing any feeling of ill-will against them for the conduct against which she protested. Rarely is she known to refer to these days, but to mark the hand of an over-ruling Providence in bringing about an event which has wrought advantageously for both parties. But not so the Americans, and this forms the chief reason for adverting to this subject in this connection.

The Annual Commemoration of the event of their Independence and elevation to the dignity and importance of a nation, none can reasonably object against. But all ought to protest against their repeating, under the imposing pageantry, and parade of their anniversary, a libel upon the character of one of the best kings that ever sat on Britain's, or any other throne. That George the Third was a “*tyrant*,” none but those who are blinded by passion, or swayed by prejudice, will dare to affirm. Yet the statement with others against the British Government, almost, if not

equally foul and untrue, are annually made, and that with a weight and circumstance which give them much more than an ordinary character. The testimony of Mr. Wesley, (no mean judge of such matters,) in reference to the character of that venerated monarch is to the point, and will have weight with all who are not the dupes of a semi-infidel philosophy in reference to the government of nations and communities. Mr. Wesley says, "His Majesty's character, then, after all the pains had been taken to make him odious, as well as contemptible, remains unimpeached; and therefore cannot be, in any degree, the cause of the present commotions." (The troubles both in England America which led to the dismemberment of the colonies.) "His whole conduct, both in public and private, ever since he began his reign, the uniform tenor of his behaviour, the general course, both of his words and actions, has been worthy of an Englishman, worthy of a Christian, and worthy of a King." Vol ii, p 20. In replying to a virulent writer against the king and his government, Mr. Wesley observes in rebutting the following charge: "But does he not (the king) likewise want understanding?" "So" says Mr. Wesley, "it has been boldly affirmed. And it must be acknowledged, this charge is to be supported by facts which cannot be denied. The first is, he believes in the Bible; the second is, he fears God; the third is, he loves the Queen.— Now, suppose, the first of these, considering the prejudice of education, might consist with some share of understanding, yet how can this be allowed with regard to the second? For although, in the times of ignorance and barbarism men imagined, 'the fear of God' was 'the beginning of wisdom,' our enlightened age has discovered the end of it, that whenever the fear of God begins, wisdom is at an end. And as regards the third, for a man to love his wife, unless perhaps for a month or two, must argue such utter want of sense, as most men of rank are now ashamed of. But, after all, there are some, who, allowing the facts, deny the consequence; such as have the best means of information, that there are few noblemen or gentlemen in the nation, (and we have many not inferior to most in Europe,) who have either so good a natural understanding, or so general a knowledge of all the valuable parts of learning." Ibid pp. 16, 17. Again "There is a plain command in the Bible, 'Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people.'" But notwithstanding this, many that are called religious people speak evil of him continually. And they speak many things which are palpably false; particularly when they affirm him to be a weak man; whereas, a nobleman, who is not at all prejudiced in his favor, when he was pressed to speak, made this honest declaration: Sir, I know him well; and I judge the King to be one of the most sensible men in Europe. His ministers are no fools; but His Majesty is able to wind them all around his finger."—Ibid, pp. 154-5.

Semi infidels who have little idea of what principle drawn from the Bible is, have charged many things in the King's conduct to obstinacy and immoveable self-will which is distinctly traceable by the Christian mind to reverence to God, and a deep sense of obligation to Bible truth. It is widely known that through a long life, King George the third feared God, and obeyed his commandments: therefore we infer, that a people who can with malignant and unrelenting bitterness, hold up his name from year to year as a tyrant, and charge him with conduct from which at any time his heart would have recoiled with horror; and that although sufficient time has been allowed for the clearing away of those mists which a blind and strangely heated passion had created, would sooner or later fall under the judgments of that God to whom the character and influence of His people are ever dear and sacred. We believe the present troubles have as one of their causes the spirit of bitterness which has not ceased to revile and reproach one of His faithful and devoted servants.

Nor should we pass over the many and striking coincidences of the revolution of 1775 and the one of 1861-2 now progressing. Now it is contended, but a comparative few, the slaveholders—have inflamed the minds of the majority of their countrymen in the South, by misrepresentations concerning the object of the government at Washington, and have impelled them into a rebellion of the real nature and reasons for which they are kept in ignorance. But hear Mr. Wesley again: "We have a few men in England who are determined enemies to monarchy. Whether they hate His present Majesty on any other ground than because he is a king, I know not. But they cordially hate his office, and have for some years been undermining with all diligence, in hopes of erecting their grand idol, their dear commonwealth, upon its ruins. I believe they have let very few into their design; (although many forward it without knowing anything of the matter) but they are steadily pursuing it, as by various other means, so in particular by inflammatory papers, which are industriously and continually dispersed throughout the town and country; by this method they have already wrought thousands of the people even to the pitch of madness. By the same only varied according to circumstances, they have likewise inflamed America. I make no doubt but these very men are the original cause of the present breach between England and her colonies. And they are still pouring oil into the flame, studiously incensing one against the other, and opposing, under a variety of pretences, all measures of accomodation. So that although the Americans in general love the English, and the English in general love the Americans, (all I mean, that are not yet cheated and exasperated by these artful men,) yet the rupture is growing wider every day, and none can tell where it will end."—Vol. II, pp. 86-7.

Thus Mr. Wesley wrote as the result of his information of men and their proceedings in England. And he was correct in his conclusions. But had he known the policy and wiles of such men as Franklin, Hancock, Jefferson, and Samuel Adams of America, he would have written as graphically of them as of his own countrymen. The fact is now clear to all who have sufficiently informed themselves of occurrences of those days, that while those men were professing both to the Colonists and to the British Government a desire to maintain the connection then subsisting, they were working with all energy and deception to effect a complete severance between the colonies and the parent country. If we have successful deception and dark hypocrisy in the one case, so have we it in the other: and as well the principle of the Divine government fully illustrated, that men's sins are often made their punishment.

That a deep feeling of mortification should at present affect the Federals, is not at all surprising. And although we may think it wrong that they should vent so much of their spleen upon England under these circumstances, yet it is not a fact we should have any difficulty in explaining. The pride that has inflamed itself over the wide-spread and vigorous Union, vented itself in mighty boastings, and threatenings of what should be done in a brief space of time, on foes near at hand and afar off. England was one of those threatened ones; but instead of trembling and standing aghast before the power that shook its hand at her, she arose and drew aside a brand which that hand had attempted to infix upon her. To have done this, and that so promptly and effectually, was an offence not to be passed over. Here again is the principle seen, of sin being its own punishment. If instead of the pride that induced a false estimate of their own and their neighbour's power, they had cultivated a judgment according to the biblical standard, then they would not have needlessly provoked a people, who although disposed to suffer long and be kind, especially to such a people as the Americans, know when and how to strike when such is seen to be an imperative duty. That sympathy with the Federal Government and people still moves the hearts of a large portion of the British people is fully acknowledged by many intelligent and candid Americans; but that an interest for the south has been a growing feeling, not only in Canada, in England and in the Continental nations of Europe is equally clear, and is accounted for by the conviction, that if it was right for the States when colonists to seek independence from the mother country, so it cannot be wrong for the Southern States to declare themselves seceders from the Northern when they think it their interest to do so. That if national law is against the present movement, so was it likewise against the former. And further, if the bravery of the colonists, and their determination to risk life and property for their object

gave them a claim for sympathy upon the nations that were spectators of their efforts, so, and even more imperatively do the bravery and sacrifices of the Confederates call for the sympathy of a discerning world; and thousands of hearts at this moment pray that the Federal Government and people would cease from their fierce and sanguinary strife—and allow their Southern countrymen the liberty they claimed from Great Britain, viz.—to govern themselves according to their own properly expressed wishes.

Lastly, as national sins are seen sooner or later seen to involve national judgments, and as the history of Canada shows how readily Canadians can copy as well the vices as the virtues of our neighbors, it behooves us to consider what the consequences are sure to be if the goodness of God does not lead us to repentance. “Unto whom much is given of them much is required” is God’s rule. But if instead of this, little of proper fruit is rendered, while much of that which is God provoking—as intemperance Sabbath-breaking, and flagrant breaches of integrity among the rulers of the people is brought forth—then what should we expect but that even as our neighbours we too shall have a day of fearful visitation.

THE PROPHET OF MESOPOTAMIA.

BY THE REV. JOHN WESLEY THOMAS.

As a teacher of religion, Balaam stands high; especially, if we make allowance for the dispensation under which he lived, and the circumstances of his age and country. Although living among Gentiles, even after idolatry had become prevalent, he was a worshipper of the true God, and spake of His perfections in a worthy and consistent manner. Ritual observances and costly sacrifices were then and there supposed to hold the highest rank in the scale of duties; but Balaam taught the superior obligation of moral virtue and inward piety. According to the opinion of some eminent divines, the prophet Micah has recorded a conversation between the king of Moab and Balaam, not related by Moses, but handed down to the time of that prophet, either by tradition, or by some writer not now extant. Micah represents the Almighty as thus speaking:—“O my people, remember now what Balak king of Moab consulted,—not only the general tenor of his communication, but especially that particular question which I am about to recite,—“and what Balaam the son of Beor answered him,” a little before the passage “from Shittim,” through Jordan, “to Gilgal; that ye may know the righteousness of the Lord;”—that is, says Bishop Butler, the righteousness which God requires, and which He will accept. Balak demands: “Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before Him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil

shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" This enquiry would not have been at all suitable, or in character, from the lips of an Israelite, or of the Hebrew nation personified; with whom, on such a subject, there could be no room for question or doubt. But it was otherwise with Balak, an ignorant and idolatrous king, who reigned over a people among whom even human sacrifices were not unknown. (2 Kings iii. 27.) What could be more unnatural than that Balak, when called on to approach Jehovah, should make such an enquiry? What more unnatural than that Israel, or an Israelite, should make it? Balaam thus answers the questions which the Moabitish king has urged: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah vi. 5-8.) Should this view of the passage be questioned, our argument will not be greatly affected by its omission; but if the assumption is correct, that these words are Balaam's answer to Balak, that answer must heighten our estimate of the son of Beor as a preacher of righteousness. When taken in connexion with his other declarations, they show how truthful and comprehensive were his conceptions of religion and of duty.

But, while Balaam's official character as a prophet stands thus high, what was his personal character? Was his conduct as exemplary as his views were enlightened and correct? Did his practice agree with his preaching?

While his professions were noble and heroic, and some of his actions were praiseworthy, in others he stands reproved by his own standard. He had repeatedly sought by costly sacrifices to obtain from God an answer different from that which had at first been given; and this, too, from selfish and worldly motives.

We regard him, as one who gradually yielded to temptation, and by degrees became wicked, in proportion as his moral and religious principles were weakened in their influence until they lost their hold upon his mind. Having taken one or two false steps, through the impulse of a covetous disposition,—having gone out of his providential way, in the pursuit of wealth and grandeur, and thus placed himself in a situation of increased peril, temptation, and difficulty,—it is not surprising that he should stumble on and fall more deeply: because, though often warned, he refused or neglected to retrace his steps in time, and to retreat from a position so full of temptation and danger. He had come to Balak's court at the hazard of incurring the Divine displeasure. He had been refused permission to pronounce that malediction without which his royal patron will not be satisfied; and he is prevented by the restraints of conscience, and the remembrance of God's reiterated injunction, from pronouncing it without that permission. Must he, then, be entirely baffled? Must his journey end in failure and utter disappointment? Must the golden opportunity afforded by Balak's invitation, and his own visit to the court Moab, thus pass away, and he return to his own country no richer than he came? He loves "the wages of unrighteousness," but has not obtained them, because he has done, as yet, nothing by which they may be earned. Is there no resource that invention can supply—no method of reconciling his worldly interest with his religious duty, and of serving God and mammon at the same time? This is the problem he is endeavouring to solve. But

the very attempt is indicative of moral and spiritual decline, and ominous of a still more grievous fall. "In all ordinary cases, we see intuitively," says Bishop Butler, "what is our duty, what is the honest part. This is the ground of the observation, that the first thought is often the best. In these cases doubt and deliberation is itself dishonesty. That which is called 'considering what is our duty in a particular case,' is very often nothing but endeavouring to explain it away." It is thus that Balaam trifles with the plain requirements of duty; and, like some animal playing with a bait that hides destruction, he tampers with temptation, till, having passed the fatal confine, he is caught in the snare at last.

The expedient to which he has recourse is this: Laying aside his official and religious character as a prophet, and an interpreter of the Divine will, he tenders his advice to Balaak in that of a councillor of state. The advice he gives is grounded on a presumed expediency, and displays considerable political astuteness. It is, in substance, that as Balak, since Heaven refuses its sanction, cannot safely venture to attack the Israelites, nor hope to overcome them in battle, he shall for the present cultivate their friendship, and, by means of matrimonial and other alliances between them and the Midianites his allies, endeavour to draw them to the luxurious festivals of Baal-peor, so as to enervate their military virtue, soften their manhood, and deprive them of the protection of Him who has hitherto been their Guide and Defender. This advice was highly acceptable to the king of Moab, who lost no time in acting on it. It proved, indeed, of no real advantage to him or to his people, but fatal to his allies the Midianites, and very injurious to the Israelites, the objects of his dread and terror. It has, therefore, stamped the character of Balaam through all succeeding ages, as that of an evil adviser. In its immediate result the project was but too successful.

It was "Balaam who taught Balak to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed unto idols, and to commit fornication." The strong language of the inspired writers is justified by the well-attested fact, that the worship of Baal-peor was profligate in the extreme; like that by which the priests of heathenism have sought to allure mankind to idolatry, and sanction the indulgence of passion and appetite by the name of religion, in Babylon, Persia, Cyprus, Corinth, and many of the temples of India.

Hence the judges, in the several divisions over which they presided, were commanded by Moses to put to death any man who might be seen wearing the ba^gge of Baal-peor. And, as even such severity did not reach the necessity of the case, God sent a most destructive pestilence to scourge the popular sin. The number of those who perished was twenty-four thousand.

But what became of the author of all this mischief? On his retirement from the court of Moab, it appears that he set out as if to return to Mesopotamia; but that he either turned aside from his homeward journey, or afterwards returned and settled among the Midianites,—probably, to watch the effect of his counsel, and claim the credit and reward of its success. The cursed hunger of gold,—*auri sacra fames*,—which brought him from his home at first, had made him incapable of rest or contentment in his native country; and that which led him astray became, under the direction of Providence, the means of his punishment, so that he

who had wished so fervently to die the death of the righteous was involved in the destruction of the guilty and profligate Midianites, because 'he loved the wages of unrighteousness.'

Nor need we be surprised at the inconsistency of Balaam's wishes and hopes with his actual course of conduct. It is what, in substance, we often see displayed. What is more common in Christian congregations than "good desires," along with a prevailing love of the world? Who is not met with cases of high religious profession associated with a laxity of moral principle which has at length betrayed itself by conduct tending to discredit religion itself in public estimation? Who has not known instances in which those who are fairly set out for the kingdom of heaven yielded to temptation, and gradually fell away, till they even plunged intoagrant sin? We have seen youthful religion give way to worldliness in childhood, and profligacy in old age. We have known establishments commenced with prayer, and carried on for many years with the character of piety, which have ended in moral as well as commercial bankruptcy; and the crash has involved multitudes in sudden embarrassment and ruin.—All men desire to die the death of the righteous; and yet how few, comparatively, follow out that course which alone lead to such a result! The majority either deceive themselves, as to the character of their actions, though not without many checks of conscience and Divine reproofs; or they persuade themselves that they can at any time return from the devils path on which they venture,—resolving at some time to do this. But the real nature of men's actions is not altered by the false opinions of them in which they are tempted to indulge. As Bishop Butler says, "Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be. Why, then, should we desire to be deceived?" Again. He who yields to temptation and commits a sin, depending on his own ability to retrace his steps, and so avert the evil consequences, is not only guilty of a presumptuous disregard of *His* providence in whose hand our breath is, and with whom are the issues of life and death; but he manifests, at the same time, great ignorance of himself, and he is in great danger of being "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin," and his conscience is scared and he is given up "to strong delusion to believe lies;" because he "loved not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."

Our estimate of Balaam's character shall be concluded with three remarks.

1. How little will the noblest gifts of nature, the greatest power of genius, and even the advantages of Divine revelation, avail us, without a thorough honesty of purpose, and a persevering regard to the obligations of morality and religion? We see that the most brilliant endowments of knowledge, eloquence, and zeal, and even great advances in piety, and many labours and sacrifices in the cause of truth, may be counteracted and neutralized by some weakness of the soul, some sinful indulgence, or some deviation from the path of duty. And the more eminent the individual who thus betrays his trust, the more extensive will be the mischief occasioned by his influence and example: "as when a standard-bearer falleth," or a champion yields to the enemy. "Wherefore let him who is assured that he standeth take heed lest he fall."

2. We learn, from this example, the danger of trifling with moral and

religious duty, by following our inclination in opposition to the suggestions of conscience, and acknowledged rules of action. The deviation may at first seem slight, and the hazard insignificant; but the smallest deviation facilitates a greater, and its tendency is always to increase our distance from the right way; for no temptation is final, but, when yielded to, invites and strengthens the next, while it weakens our power of resistance. Where the interests of eternity are at stake, no hazard that can be avoided should be incurred.

3. Lastly, we learn the necessity of constant watchfulness against our besetting sin. Balaam's besetting sin was covetousness. Whatever ours may be,—whatever the particular weakness of the soul in each individual,—whatever that habit or propensity, which has heretofore betrayed us into sin,—our safety requires that *there* our greatest vigilance and most constant care be exercised. Yet, how often is the besetting sin that which men indulge the most, and guard against the least! This is as if the defenders of a besieged city should guard the garrison in every other part, but leave the weakest place undefended. Will not the enemy be sure to make *there* a successful assault? Through such unwatchfulness, how many, alas, have been surprised and overcome! But, in such instances, like that of Balaam their prototype, may serve to inspire a wholesome caution, and fill us with a salutary dread, we may be encouraged in the prosecution of our duty by reflecting that they who are overcome are an innumerable company; and we may well believe that they feel a deep interest in the success of those who are still engaged in the contest. "Wherefore, seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth easily beset us; and let us run with perseverance the race set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Captain and Perfecter"—the Leader and Rewarder—"of our faith." So shall we, through Him, be more than conquerors; and, joining the throng of the victors, receive at His hand the everlasting crown.

CLASS MEETINGS.

From the Methodist Quarterly Review for October.

The Discipline vests exclusively in the preacher the power of appointing, as well as removing and changing, class-leaders. We are not able to recommend any arbitrary exercise of this power, or to advise any sweeping measures at which leaders or members need take alarm. We suggest an initiatory step toward reform which will not rudely disturb the existing order of things. Let each pastor commence a systematic visitation of the classes in his charge. If on careful investigation he finds that the leaders are efficient, while the attendance upon classes is not what it ought to be, let him invite the leaders to meet him informally to converse about and pray for a revival in this department of the Church. If this is repeated a few times it is morally certain that the hearts of his leaders will warm toward their work. They will then be prepared to counsel and operate with him, and the work of reformation will be begun. The new inspired zeal of the leaders will be communicated to the members.

and the class-meeting will become, what it always may be, "a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." But if class-meetings have fallen into general disuse in his charge, the strong probability is that the leaders were either originally unsuited for their office, or have lost so much of the life of God and of their first love as to be no longer qualified for shepherds and guides in Israel. Then another course of action will become the preacher's duty, for which he will find ample warrant in the Discipline. (Part I, chap. ii, section 3.) Let him select from among the members one or more qualified in his judgment for the office and work of leaders, and after conversation, counsel, and prayer with them, give one a class-book, commission him to raise a class, and appoint the others to assist him. Haply the other leaders may thus be provoked to good works. When the new leader has succeeded in some good degree, let the assistant be commissioned in the same way, and a third be appointed to assist him, who will thus be gaining experience and preparing himself for leadership. We admit that possibly the old leaders, instead of finding in these measures a provocation to greater zeal, might take umbrage. But even, this would be a less evil than the religious torpor that invariably settles upon a charge that has inefficient class-leaders and deserted class-rooms. If the newly appointed officers are men of sound judgment, warm hearts, active piety, fair intelligence, are "full of zeal and of the Holy Ghost," and are well sustained by the pastor, the work will surely prosper in their hands. One year of such efforts, earnestly and prayerfully carried on, would go far to wipe away the reproach of our Zion that three fourths of the members wilfully and with impunity neglect one of the most important and distinctive of its rules. The pastor might further help the good work by frequently attending the classes himself, and this not always for the purpose of *leading* them, but as a visitor. Let him occasionally take his place with the members, and by his own brief, hearty, frank narration of his religious experience set them an example of *how to speak in class*—a lesson that we know to be greatly needed. He will thus also be best able to correct judgment of the abilities of the respective leaders, and to wisely counsel or encourage them. Too many of these forget that they are LEADERS, and that it is their prerogative and their duty to regulate the speaking and to give counsel. Too many of the members are prone to assume the leader's prerogative, and diverge into an exhortation to their brethren and sisters, and even to the leader himself. Others again will employ, week after week, such stereotyped language that if they open their hearts, as in class-meeting all should, the inference must be that they have a more *unvarying* experience than falls to the lot of the majority of Christians. This practice inevitably makes a class-meeting unedifying and wearisome. The leader has authority, and should possess the courage and the tact to arrest this religious speech-making. Class-meetings will grow in favour with pious and intelligent people in proportion as they are simply meetings for the statement of Christian experience. The best classes we have ever known, embracing the largest number of earnest, happy, consistent growing Christians, have been those, the leaders of which have kindly but firmly insisted upon brief statements of a week's experience, and have themselves given short and pointed counsels in response. A more social character, too, should be given to our class-meetings. Where the room is small, it is better, we think, that both leader

and members should remain seated, and converse as they would in the family circle, relieving the posture occasionally by rising and singing a verse of a hymn. Even in a larger room where the leader might not hear the conversational tone of the speaker, it is best that the *members should remain seated*, the leader drawing near to each member in rotation. Everything that savors of stiffness or formality should be banished from the class-room, which is the place where a Christian family ought to meet in unreserved confidence and fellowship.

It has already been said that class-meetings are only prudential regulations. Neither in form nor name are they *divinely commanded*. The obligation resting upon Methodists to attend them we have elsewhere spoken of. Those passages of Scripture which have been sometimes quoted to show them to be divinely commanded do not seem to us to warrant such a conclusion. These texts are not *commands* in any proper sense of the word. They are but records of facts, statements of the custom of pious men in every age, which show that they often conferred together on spiritual subjects, because they found such intimate fellowship promotive of their personal piety and happiness. Thus we are told that they "spake often one to another," doubtless of God and the things of God; that they confessed their sins one to another, and prayed for one another that they might be healed," etc. And everywhere in the Scripture there is an implied commendation of this custom as being both the evidence and the safeguard of their piety. The rule that requires attendance upon class-meetings only requires that we follow the good example of those who feared God in the days of the prophets and the apostles. They thus "assembled themselves together," not because God had specifically commanded it, but because they found great spiritual profit therein. They had learned that by the use of such means they more rapidly grew in grace and "in the knowledge and love of God continually," if indeed they had not also learned that without such aids they were in constant danger of falling from grace. And what are we better than they that we should neglect such helps to the maintenance of spiritual life? Have we not the same fallen and perverse nature, the same trials and temptations, the same hopes and joys, the fears and sorrows, the same needs and the same experiences? And can we devise a better means of keeping ourselves unspotted from the world than that which the fathers in Israel, and the first Christians, employed so successfully that it is commendably recorded in the sacred volume? How can we better overcome the evil that is ours by nature, and foster the good that is ours by grace? The great and gifted Richard Watson says:

"It is by these blessed institutions (class-meetings) which so constantly respect the end of all preaching and of all religious profession—the work of God in the heart—that the blind are led in the right way! the penitent encouraged to the exercise of that faith in Christ whereby cometh salvation; the tempted comforted; and all urged forward by the counsels of experience and the prayers of those who are united in this interesting fellowship, to the mark of the prize of our high calling."

Equally pertinent is the language of Bishop Morris in his introduction to Dr. Miley's Treatise:

"As to the peculiar institution of class-meeting, whether we view it in its spiritual, pastoral, disciplinary business, or social aspect, it is of vast

importance to us. Nothing, indeed, could supply its place . . . It is a fact that cannot be concealed, or successfully controverted, that the most faithful, useful, and influential Methodists are most devoted to our peculiar meetings, especially the weekly class, and most punctual to attend; while the lukewarm, worldly-minded, and disaffected are least disposed to enjoy the privilege."

Attendance upon class-meetings is now a privilege as well as a duty, and on this ground we entreat both clergy and laity (in the choice of two alternatives that consistency seems to require them to make) to maintain the standard of the Discipline and enforce the published rule of the Church. Let them choose this as incomparably the safer and better alternative of the two. The institution has been an invaluable blessing to Methodists. The pangs of first sorrow for sin, and the joy of a first love forgotten with the knowledge of sins forgiving, alike prompt to an attendance upon this means of grace. Whenever a genuine revival of religion is vouchsafed to one of our own Churches, the class-room is sought with increased desire, and the class-meeting is attended with increased regularity. Even in other Churches, wherein the class-meeting is not a recognized institution, when there is a special outpouring of the Holy Spirit, almost certainly and naturally, employing the word in religious sense, the membership becomes "divided into smaller companies," not "called classes," possibly, but similar in design and spirit, and almost the same in form. One of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, we believe of the diocese of Rhode Island, introduced in the Churches under his care and kindred institution during a revival of religion. It is well known that a pious clergyman of that Church in the city of New York has done the same thing. The Rev. Dr. Wayland, in a series of published articles a few years ago, openly advocated the use of class-meetings in the Baptist Church. The fathers of Methodism, both British and American, uniformly held that the class-meeting is the glory of the Church, the crowning privilege of its people, and that attendance upon this means was the best evidence of the spiritual health of its members. Shall their sons hold the "blessed institution" in less esteem? Would that be a confession that experimental religion and the love of Christian fellowship have declined in the Church? And why should class-meetings be abandoned? Was ever a man or a woman made a worse Christian by attendance upon them, or a better disciple of Christ by non-attendance? Have not class-meetings saved Methodism from the dead formality which has overtaken other Churches? Have they not largely helped to make Methodism what Dr. Chalmers, with equal truth and catholicity, declared it to be, "Christianity in earnest?" Why, then, is the institution fallen into disrepute, and why are some advocating its abolition as a test of membership? Rather let pastors and people listen to the warning voice of a venerable bishop:

Let no one under a mistaken notion of improving Methodism seek to have this test of membership done away, unless he prefers careless and worldly-minded professors of religion to living stones of the temple of God."

There are too many whose chief religion lies in going from church to church to hear, and from house to house to prate, but who are too timid in their closets, too seldom in close converse with God.

To the Editors of the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

DEAR SIRS,—If you think this worthy, please insert it in the *W. M. Magazine*. We have been led to write it, thinking many who have the cause of God at heart would like to hear how calmly and sweetly Indian can die, who have cast themselves unreservedly into the hands of our Heavenly Father. We have repeatedly known our white friends to ask “Are they sensible of the nature of death?” “Do they exercise as lively a faith in Christ as white people?” “Do they leave bright testimonies of their acceptance?” and many like questions.

We have sat by the death-bed of Indian friends, and heard them joyfully speaking of their coming rest in heaven, and have deeply felt how good it is to live and die for Jesus. As we drew near the side of one young girl, with her countenance beaming with joy, she exclaimed: “I see Jesus; how sweetly he smiles, and he is calling me, I must go, meet me in heaven.” Another, on being asked who she would love most to meet in heaven, replied: “The one who loved me the most.” When asked who that was, answered: “He who loved me so much as to shed his precious blood upon the cross for me.” Another said, “I have no fear to die, trust fully in Jesus, and will soon be with him, for he has pardoned all my sins, and made me happy. Just before going she sang—

“How happy are they,
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above, &c.”

One old brother, after exhorting his friends to be faithful to the end, exclaimed: “I have been as though I were travelling over mountains and through vallies, but now, thank God, it is all even, calm and happy. I am not afraid of the great sleep, and when Jesus comes in the clouds I shall be with him.” A Pagan was standing by, watching his friend’s happy death, with astonishment depicted upon his countenance, and said “Whatever it is that man had I want it; I want to just die as he has. He began seeking, and sought till he found the “pearl of great price.”

A girl of thirteen summers, when on her death-bed, as members of our family entered her room, would again and again say: “God bless you, I am so thankful the Missionaries ever came to tell us about Jesus; if you had not done so, I should not have been so happy now, and so willing to go.”

One woman, now apparently near her last conflict, says: “I was not ashamed to own Jesus when in health, and now he owns and loves me and is about taking me to himself.”

Since we have been acquainted with this band, upwards of fifty adults have passed away, who were professors of religion; many of these have left bright testimonies of their acceptance with God, and their firm faith in the redeeming merits of that precious blood shed upon calvary for all.

“O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare’s past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last.”

SAUGEEN, November, 1862.

Portfolio of Select Literature.

PRAYERS OF PARENTS.

Prayers of parents! Thereby hangs a tale. How many at this moment, happy in the embrace of God and his people, when they "remember the way in which the Lord has led them," perceive their deep obligation to parental intercessions on their behalf! While dead in trespasses and sins, for the great love wherewith they loved them, their parents prayed for them "day and night," with "all prayer and supplication in the spirit." One says, with weeping, "To my dear, praying father, long since resting with God, I owe much. But for his all-prevalent cries to God on my behalf, *probably* I had still been a miserable outcast in the bonds of iniquity; *possibly* a victim of irremediable woe, a lost soul! I sinned against heaven and in his sight. I rushed forward to destruction. But he held me fast by his fervent, believing prayers. He would not let me go. His prayers snatched me from hell." Another says, "I cannot look into the 'hole of the pit whence I am digged,' but my heart is broken at the remembrance of my mother's prayers. O, what she felt for me when I was a sinner, proud and thoughtless! I used to overhear her praying for me. Even then it was more than I could bear. I could not withstand her tears, and sobs, and prayers. She is gone. But her memory is dear to me. She 'travailed in birth' for my salvation, 'till Christ was formed in me.'" And yet another says, "I had praying parents. They strove to keep me from running in the guilty paths of the ungodly. I was brought up in 'the way I should go.' But I was carnal. I was kept by parental restraint; but '*Jesus did not rise in my heart.*' I felt a growing love for the world and sin. My dear parents saw it with great anxiety. With trembling heart and tearful eyes they beheld me, mature in stature, a stranger to religion. At family prayer there was an unusual tenderness and emphasis. I was remembered before God with affecting emotion. My heart melted. I yielded to my mother's entreaties, joined the church of Christ, and found salvation. Thank God for praying parents!"

To render their prayers "effectual," parents must "walk with God." Their "prayers are hindered" by superficial, doubtful piety. Inconsistency in the religious profession of parents has proved very destructive to families. To give prevailing efficacy to the prayers of parents for children, there should be, 1. Manifest stability in God's ways. 2. Deep communion with God. 3. Great love for souls. 4. Tender, affecting concern for their children's eternal salvation. And, 5. An unwearied pleading and beseeching at the throne of grace; accompanied by the lively, resolute faith of that wrestling father who said, "*I will not let thee go except thou bless me.*"

One praying parent, a mother, can never be forgotten by me. She was a poor widow, early left to struggle with the charge of bringing up *ten* children. Her piety was deep. She enjoyed full salvation. Her whole heart was the Lord's for many years. There was great seriousness of manner, with a soft, interesting, affectionate sadness of spirit. The sal-

vation of her children lay near her heart; it was the thing for which she lived. On this point her desires were absorbing and intense. Before she knew her, two of the elder branches were brought to God, and for some years had been useful in the church. Most of the others had now grown to maturity of stature, and were beheld by the pious, affectionate mother *all living without God, and standing on the brink of eternal destruction!* The awful peril of their position was never lost sight of. Day and night it seemed vividly before her eyes. Her "sore longing" for the salvation of their souls was a love that "passeth knowledge." She was not only willing to die for them, but, if possible, to endure *greater sufferings* to save their souls. The astonishing language of another strange lover of perishing souls was literally adopted by her. His words, "without name or comment," gave utterance to her feelings and sentiments: "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my [family,] my [children] according to the flesh." Addressing the writer she said, "*It seems to me I could sacrifice my own heaven to save my children from hell.*" Blame not the woman, say not, "This is too strong." It was a *mother's heart*, "borne away" under the constraining, irresistible influence of the love of Christ. There is no rule, no law, no standard, by which to measure *this "holy thing."* We can only say, "*The mother's loved' her children.*"

But this depth of love was calm and unobtrusive. Few words were uttered about it, except before God. She poured out her soul to him. Her spirit was tender, and often rivers of water ran down her eyes, because her children kept not God's law. When I used to pray with her in her consecrated cottage, and asked for the salvation of her children, the wooden chair at which she knelt was "washed with her tears." Every petition for them was breathed to the throne by her melting "Amen." O, it was a sight interesting to angels, to see this praying, holy woman on her knees with her children round her! Twenty years distance has no power to efface the scene. The moments spent in this lowly, favored cottage, have since been a thousand times joyfully lived over again. That "Bethel" cannot be forgotten.

There was a delay of years. God seemed to "tarry." But such prayers and such tears could not be in vain. No; they "availed much." Finally at length God abundantly poured his Spirit on her seed, and his blessing on her offspring. Within a comparatively short period, seven of the eight unconverted children were awakened, brought to Jesus, and made happy in the pardoning love of God. The mother rejoiced, rejoiced with great joy. But still her joy was not full. There was *one*, the youngest born, yet unsaved. Shall Mary be lost? The "nine" were "left." This one was sought. "Save Mary!" was the absorbing cry of the mother's heart. She was joined by all the rest in her earnest intercessions. At the end of two years Mary was led to attend a love-feast. There God met with her. Her soul was humbled, and she sought and found mercy. O happy woman! The mother of ten children, all rejoicing with her in the God of her salvation! Still, this wise-hearted woman, aware of the peril of the wilderness, rejoiced with trembling. The thing she feared came upon her. One of her beloved sons departed from God, and fell

again into sin. O, it was an edifying Christian spectacle to see the affectionate, praying mother, with the whole household, rush to his relief. Sympathy filled every bosom. There was a continuous concert of prayer for his restoration, "Thousands of tears," observed one of the brothers, "were shed for him." At length the lost sheep was restored; and saints and angels, friends and relatives, rejoiced over him with exceeding great joy. And now this happy family, the fruit of faith and prayer, walked in the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. Their light so shone before men, that others saw their good works, and glorified their father in heaven. They were a pattern in Christian households.

Several intervening years passed away. I heard little of the devoted mother or her pious children. Not long since, however, I happened to meet with one who proved to be connected with the family. I eagerly inquired after their welfare; and from what I heard, my heart was filled with joy and gratitude to God. The venerable mother was yet alive, waiting peacefully till her change should come; the ten sons and daughters were all living to God, and members of the Methodist society; seven out of the ten held different offices in the church, and were making themselves variously useful; all had entered the "honorable estate" of "holy matrimony;" and every one had "married in the Lord" with a member of the same christian community! Thus the aged mother, her sons and sons-in-law, her daughters and her daughters-in-law, were all moving heavenward together. To the God of "all the families of the earth" be the glory. Let pious parents mark the interesting, instructive, striking fact, and be encouraged and stimulated to pray earnestly for the salvation of their children.—*English Periodical.*

THE VASTNESS OF THE UNIVERSE.

In contemplating the immensity, as well as the eternity of God, we feel we have a truth which irresistibly forces itself upon the mind, but yet surpasses all our powers of comprehension. Whatever numbers and symbols we call to our aid, they fall infinitely short of the reality. Science has, indeed, greatly enlarged our conceptions of the vastness of the universe, and yet the whole dwindles into a point, contrasted with the ubiquity of the Divine Being. To gauge the extent of the universe, miles and leagues are too short; and even the velocity of light estimated by time and that time stretched to millions of years, affords but a faint idea of its magnitude. Light, the swiftest body in existence, travels at the rate of nearly 200,000 miles in a second. Compared with other bodies, the sun is near to us, yet it takes eight minutes for a beam of light to pass from that sun to our planet, a distance of 95,000,000 of miles. The planet Neptune, though belonging to our system, is said to be distant 2,900,000,000 of miles, and it takes a period of four hours for a ray of light to pass from the sun to that planet. The great comet of 1680, at its aphelion, wanders to a distance about twenty-five times more remote than the planet Neptune, and it would take light above four days to travel from that distance to our world. Yet that comet belongs to our system; it is one of the group belonging to the solar family. But vast as must be the circum-

ference of a sphere whose radius stretches so far into the fields of space, it is only a diminutive point, compared with the nearest body unconnected with this family group—a point so diminutive, indeed, as scarcely to form a paralax to some of the fixed stars. The time required for light to travel from the centre to the circumference of our system, we reckon by the narrow measure of minutes, hours, and days : but the moment we immerge from hence to the nearest star, the journey of light, rapid as it is, has to be computed by years.

The star *α Centauri* is computed to be two hundred thousand times farther from us than we are from the sun ; the star *61 Cygni* is three times the distance of *α Centauri* ; and the star *α Lyrae* is nearly three times more remote than *61 Cygni*. Thus, the remotest of these three stars is so distant, that a ray of light would be thirty years in passing from it to our world. We cannot realize these enormous distances, and yet they are “ but our first mile-stones among the trackless space.” For, if we extend our observations to those stars whose distance renders them only just visible to the naked eye, we behold objects so remote, that their light does not reach us until one hundred and twenty years after it has left the twinkling orbs. It is vain to give this distance in miles ; we have to heap billions upon millions until the imagination becomes confused by the enormous multitude. Yet here, in these remote regions, we are only on the frontier of creation. Beyond the visible stars, we come to that faint light called the Milky Way, whose belt infolds a space far beyond the smallest stars visible to the naked eye. This luminous zone consists of myriads of stars, which, from their distance, are invisible to the eye ; but they are resolved by Herschel's telescope, and in one quarter of an hour one hundred and sixteen thousand of these stars were observed to pass through the field of vision of that powerful instrument. These stars are estimated, on satisfactory data, to be four hundred and ninety-seven times more remote from us than some of the fixed stars ; and it would require one thousand six hundred and forty years for a ray of light to pass from thence to our world ; or a cannon ball flying at the rate of five hundred miles an hour, would occupy more than two thousand two hundred and sixty-seven millions eight hundred thousand years in passing through the same space ! How prodigious the distance, then, of those orbs, whose light constitutes the Milky Way ! and yet we have made but little progress through the vast system of created being ; for the Milky Way is, with good reason supposed to be but the outer bounds of that great stellary congregation to which our sun, and his planets, and all visible stars belong. In depths of space immeasurably beyond the Milky Way, there lie other congregated systems, each as large, or perhaps larger, than the entire field of creation we have hitherto explored. Our own galaxy, sufficient itself for a universe, and made up of millions upon millions of suns so remote that light itself cannot pass from one star to another until hundreds or thousands of years, is yet but a unit among myriads. Beyond it are other galaxies which hang as wreaths or folded curtains of light ; and beyond these, again, are others, appearing as filmy flakes, of faint and dubious aspect ; and again, beyond these are others which the telescope alone reveals to our vision, the succession appearing in every part of the heavens, so long

as instruments may be found capable of extending the view deeper into space. The nebula of Orion, though visible to the naked eye, "lies a deep so far away, that its light cannot reach us in less than sixty thousand years after its departure;" yet even this is near, compared with other, for Herschel states that "the rays of light from some remoter nebulae must have been two millions of years on their way." And since the power of Lord Ross's six feet mirror has pierced yet deeper and deeper into space, it has brought some nebulae into view which may be so distant that their light does not reach us in less than thirty millions of years.

Let us only reflect for a moment upon the fact that light travels at the rate of near twelve millions of miles in a minute, and yet objects are so distant that light itself cannot pass from them to our eye in less than a period of thirty millions of years. It must be remembered, too, that as these nebulae are seen in all parts of the heavens, this amazing distance is only the radius of the known universe. We must double it to find the circumference; yet even this is only a sphere of the *known* congregated system. But who can tell how far the beams of light, issuing from them on every side, pierce into the depths of space? How many times shall we have to double the circumference of the whole, to reach the utmost limit to which the flooding starbeams dart? What aids shall imagination call up to stretch its view to the most distant rays set forth with the velocity of twelve millions of miles each minute of time, since the first moment of creation? But hitherto, lost as we are in immensity, we have been contemplating merely those objects which are *visible* through the telescope; yet shall we suppose that our little tubes and mirrors, in this corner of the universe, are capable of sounding the depths of God's creation? Rather let us suppose, as reason and analogy require, that all we have explored and all we can explore, compared with what remains unexplored, are as the sands of an hour glass compared with the stupendous Andes, or the still more stupendous globe itself. This vast universe Jehovah fills with his presence. He resides in every part. His being and consciousness pervade the whole; His intelligence guides, His power preserves, and His presence fills and replenishes the whole. But beyond creation, magnify it as we may—let imagination roam till it is weary with squaring and multiplying all we have yet contemplated—beyond all this there is an infinite amplitude where no planet rolls, no nebula looms, no stray star beam has pierced, no seraph's wing has swept, and no creative fiat has yet reached—an infinite amplitude to which all imaginable creation bears no proportion; yet Jehovah fills the whole—His presence and attributes absolutely fill immensity. "The heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain him."—*William Cooke, D.D.*

INATTENTION.—When Bishop Aylmer observed his congregation inattentive, he used, it is said, to repeat some verses in the Hebrew Bible, at which the people naturally stared with astonishment. He then addressed them on the folly of eagerly listening to what they did not understand, while they neglected instructions which were readily comprehended.

PROFESSION INSUFFICIENT.

Profession of religion and union with some branch of the visible church are somewhat popular acts in these days. Time was when such was not the case; for instance, in the days of the apostles, during the years of ancient persecution, and in the earlier periods of Methodism. Then, as a general rule, profession was sincere and vital religion was enjoyed. That some were deceived, others mistaken, and that a few even in those times, made a cloak of religion from sinister motives or to secure unworthy objects, I have no wish to deny. There is, however, sufficient reason to justify the belief that the vast majority of professors were real Christians, and who united with the church from a sense of obligation as well as of privilege. Their sincerity and their religious principles were alike subjected to a stern and painful test. They had to pass through a fiery ordeal, to sustain which they required no ordinary degree of grace. In times of tribulation and peril, when spoiling of goods was to be endured and life itself was endangered, they who had not that grace easily renounced their profession and abjured confederacy with the followers of the despised Nazarene.

Times now are greatly changed, whether for the real advantage of Christianity every one must form his own opinion. The danger at the present day is that persons may content themselves with merely joining the church and making a religious profession, whilst destitute of a change of heart or a saving interest in Christ. The acts referred to are rather *fashionable* than otherwise. To belong to the church and avow oneself a Christian is not the way at least to sink in public estimation, but rather tends to secure a character. Christianity is so far respected by worldly men, that where a person is believed to be a sincere professor of it, they are disposed to regard him favorably,—to hold him in estimation as one actuated by the purest and most benevolent principles.

This circumstance, doubtless, has led some, I will not say many, to assume the *name* while devoid of the genuine *character* of christian; and as ministers cannot read the heart, they have admitted such, on application, to the privileges of the church in good faith, charitably believing them to be all their profession implies. A sifting time, however, is yet to come. They will eventually have to deal with one whose eyes like flames of fire penetrate the heart, and who cannot be deceived.

Members of the church should judge themselves lest they be judged by the Omniscient One. There is a great necessity for every professor of religion to “examine” himself, whether he be in the faith. Let no one deceive himself, or allow himself to be deceived. “If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.” “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.” Reader, how is it with *thee*? Hast thou the “root of the matter” in thy heart, or hast thou a “name to live whilst thou art dead?” Hast thou now faith in Christ? Hast thou grace in thy soul? Art thou happy in God, the Spirit testifying to thy spirit that thou art his child? Art thou sure thou hast passed from death unto life, and that now, at this moment,

thou art accepted through the beloved? How important are these questions! May they affect thee rightly, and awaken thee to a lively consideration of the unutterable importance of thy soul's dearest interests in time and eternity! See to it that thou art justified and sanctified, living in the present and abiding enjoyment of a conscious salvation. Engrave it on thy heart in indelible characters, that something more than making a profession of religion and joining the church is essential to thy happiness and safety in both worlds; and if thou hast any doubts as to thy religious state before God, rest not until this, of all matters the most momentous to thee, is settled, and thou knowest from the indubitable witness of the Spirit, that thou art a Christian indeed and of a truth, and thy experience of divine things fully justifies in the sight of him who knows all things, the profession thou makest before thy fellow-men, who at least can only look at the outward appearance. So entreats thy well-wisher.—*Methodist Magazine.*

“LET HIM ALONE.”

“Ephraim is wedded to idols; let him alone.” Hosea iv, 17. There is not in all the Scripture a more awful sentence; the command itself, the occasion of it, the Being who utters it. Let him alone! Methinks it should startle thousands, if it could meet them in their dream of bliss and gay contentedness with this world's good. Ephraim is wedded to idols; he has chosen the world for his portion, and likes it; he has set his heart upon the things of time and sense, and finds them sufficient to his happiness; his cup is full; his spirit is sated; he drinks it eagerly and does not wish for more. Let him alone—do not rouse him from his dream to tell him it is no reality—do not disturb his conscience, or mar his pleasures, or wake his fears, or check his hopes. He has made his choice, let him have it, and abide it—I have done with him. O God, rather than pass such a sentence on us, pursue us for ever with thy chastening rod! If we have an idol that we love too much, better that it be dashed in pieces before our eyes—better that the scorpion-sting of sorrow chase from our bosom every thought of bliss—better, far better, that we be the wretched and miserable of the earth, than that we be left to such a posterity—a happy dream, from which the only waking will be eternal misery. While he deigns to correct us, there is hope in the very zenith of our folly. While he pursues our sins with punishment, mocks our wild hopes, mars our mad schemes, and blights our expectations, there is hope that he will save us from the eternal consequences of our folly. But when he lets us alone—when the careless conscience feels no pang, the stupefied conscience sounds no alarm, all on earth goes well with us, and no warning from heaven reaches us—when, in the enjoyment of this world's good, the giver is forgotten, and no evil comes of it—when the laws of our Creator are broken and disregarded, and no punishment ensues—when we prefer time to eternity, and earth to heaven, and sin to holiness, and remain happy withal,—start not our bosoms at the thought, He may have said of us, as he said of Ephraim, “Let him alone!”

BUNYAN IN PRISON.

Home to prison! And wherefore not? Home is not the marble hall, nor the luxurious furniture, nor the cloth of gold. If home be the kingdom where a man reigns, in his own monarchy, over subject hearts—if home be the spot where fireside pleasures gambol, where are heard the sunny laughs of the confiding child, or the fond “What ails thee?” of the watching wife—then every essential of home was to be found, “except these bonds,” in that cell on Bedford Bridge. There in the day time, is the heroine wife, at once bracing and soothing his spirit with her toil and womanly tenderness; and sitting at his feet, the child, a clasping tendril, blind and best beloved. There on the table is the *Book of Martyrs*, with its records of the men who were the ancestors of his faith and love; those old and heaven-patented nobility, whose badge of knighthood was the hallowed cross, and whose chariot of triumph was the ascending flame. There, nearer to his hand, is the Bible, revealing that secret source of strength, which empowered each manly heart, and nerved each stalwart arm; cheering his own spirit in exceeding heaviness, and making strong through faith, for the obedience which is even unto death. Within him the good conscience bears bravely up, and he is weaponed by this as by a shield of triple mail. By his side, all unseen by casual guest or surly warder, there stands with heart of grace and consolation strong, the heavenly comforter; and from overhead, as if anointing him already with the unction of recompense, there rushes the stream of glory.

And now it is nightfall. They have had their evening worship, and, as in another dungeon, “the prisoners heard them.” The blind child receives the fatherly benediction, the last good night is said to the dear ones, and Bunyan is alone. His pen is in his hand, and the Bible on the table. A solitary lamp dimly reveals the darkness. But there is fire in his eye, and there is passion in his soul. “He writes as if joy did make him write.” He has felt all the fulness of his story. The pen moves too slowly for the rush of feeling as he graves his whole heart upon the page. There is beating over him a storm of inspiration. Great thoughts are striking upon his brain and flushing upon his cheek. Cloudy and shapeless in their earliest rise within his mind, they darken into the gigantic or brighter into the beautiful, until at length he flings them into bold and burning words. Rare visions rise before him. He is in a dungeon no longer. He is in the palace Beautiful with its sights of renown and songs of melody, with its virgins of comeliness and discretion, and with its windows opening for the first kiss of the sun. His soul swells beyond the measure of his cell. It is no longer a rude lamp that glimmers on his table. It is no longer the dark Ouse that rolls the sluggish waters at his feet. His spirit has no sense of bondage. No iron has entered into his soul. Chainless and swift he has soared to the Delectable Mountains; the light of heaven is around him; the river is the one clear as crystal, which floweth from the throne of God and of the Lamb; breezes of paradise blow freshly across it, fanning his temples and stirring his hair.

: From the summit of the hill Clear he catches rare splendors; the New Jerusalem sleeps in its eternal noon; the shining ones are there, each a

crowned harper unto God; this is the land that is afar off, and that is the King in his beauty; until prostrate beneath the insufferable splendor the dreamer falls upon his knees, and sobs away his agony of gladness in an ecstasy prayer and praise. Now think of these things; endearing intercourse with wife and children, the ever-fresh and ever-comforting Bible, the tranquil conscience, the real imaginings of the mind, the faith which realized them all, and light of God's approving face shining, broad and bright, upon the soul, and you will understand the undying memory which made Bunyan quaintly write, "I was had home to prison."—*Punchon's Lecture on Bunyan.*

OUT-DOOR EXERCISE OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

The women of England are blessed with one pre-eminent advantage as regards exercise out of doors, which to us must be always wanting, and that is the character of their climate. Say as much as you will against the English climate, it could hardly be better for walking, and that is something, all must admit. There is nothing comparatively of summer heat and winter cold. Eighty in the shade is reckoned a very warm day, in ordinary seasons. You will remember such a day a good while. The nights are few in which a blanket is not required for comfort—as to winter, England can hardly lay claim to anything to which we should accord the name. Snow is a rarity, and seldom remains on the ground for two days together. The ice in the London parks is so thin at best, that the skaters are constantly breaking through and being taken out half dead. Gardening operations are suspended only for a very short time, if at all. Cabbages are left in the garden through the winter, and taken as they are wanted. The crocus and anemone, ranunculus and polyanthus, are out in all their beauty in January, and peas are up and potatoes planted by the middle of February. Mud is but little known, because there are excellent sidewalks all over England. What is there to prevent the women of England from walking, then, if they want to, on almost any day from New Year's to Christmas? It is true they have gloomy clouds, and damp chilly winds, and rain in abundance, but these are hardly allowed to stand in the way. Equipped from head to foot according to the weather, they sally forth in almost all weathers, and in *almost all circumstances*. The young wife never shuts herself up at home, or stays away from church as long as she is well enough to go abroad.

A deeply interesting illustration of the good health of English women is the fact that deaths among young wives is very unfrequent. Such cases are far more numerous among ourselves. We remember to have seen an English lady amazed and appalled in wandering over a New England cemetery and reading on the head stones the many inscriptions which tell this exceedingly sad and mournful tale. To her it seemed as if some fatal pestilence must have visited that particular locality. Yet it was simply the tale which all our places of burial tell, and to which no one among us takes heed. An Englishman who should have committed his third wife to the grave at forty years of age, would be regarded with feelings approaching to superstition, and another woman would hesitate to assume the thrice vacant place. We knew one such case, and only one, in a period of fourteen years.

An English woman is a pedestrian almost from her birth, being taken out for an airing when she is scarcely a week old, passing several hours of every fine day out of doors during the first year of her existence, and walking thousands of miles before she has numbered her teens. Would it not be strange if she had not a full form and rosy cheek, and a merry, laughing eye? An English girl who would not rejoice in a walk of four or five miles would be thought a poor feeble thing.

OMNISCIENCE AND FAITH.

A distinguished preacher lately drew a parallel between the omniscience of God and the faith of the Christian. He was speaking of the peace of mind that the gospel gives, and remarked that one condition of that peace is absolute and unwavering confidence in God, in his character, his law, his government, and all his ways. "Every thing about us," said he, "is clashing and whirling in endless confusion. But to the mind of God there is no confusion, and this turmoil brings no disturbance. He sees the end from the beginning, and knows that all will issue in the highest good. His omniscience gives to him an infinite peace. Now faith is to the mind of the believer what conscience is to the mind of God. It enters into God's view of the future; it looks to God in confidence; it sees from all things under God a blessed result, and so it enters into his sublime repose." How beautiful and elevating is this view of faith! It lifts the mind up to a point of vision whence God seeth all, and thus makes it a partaker of his infinite joy.

THIS WORLD NOT OUR REST.

All the representations given us of this world, and of our state in it, are fitted to help us to see it is not our rest. It is represented as a journey: men usually long to get over a journey, and to be at home. It is described, again, as a battle: men usually desire that battle should be finished, that the laurels may be worn. It is illustrated by a voyage: and we desire that the tempest may soon cease to whistle in our ears, and the waves to toss us, and that we may reach the quiet and sheltered haven. The sailor feels no home on the restless deep; the soldier has no sense of home amid the clarion and the trumpet, and the sounds of battle. The creation itself is too poor to enrich man: the universe is too small to fill the capacities of man's great soul. We were made for something greater, richer—more glorious than sun, and moon, and stars, and earth, and all things created; for the vast and beautiful world was made for us, not we for the world. What is the natural course and pursuit of every unconverted man? He is seeking rest somewhere. Like the dove, he has gone forth from the ark, and he wants to get some foothold in the heights or in the depths, in sunshine or in shadow, on the land or amid the seas, where he can find perfect rest; but, from Solomon to Socrates, and from Socrates to Alexander, and from Alexander to Napoleon, and from Napoleon till now, no spot has been found in the height or in the depth, where he can say—"Now I am satisfied."—*Cumming's Voices of the Night.*

PROSPERITY OF THE CHURCH.—The increasing wealth and importance, in civil society, of professing Christians, is no proof that the church is prospering. Nothing can constitute real prosperity except the deepening holiness of Church members. You may eulogize the gifts and talents of ministers and office-bearers; you may bring architecture to your aid, and pulling down the simple meeting-houses, in which your fathers worshipped God, when "the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud," erect in their place Corinthian temples or Gothic Churches; you may line your pews with damask, and, standing in them, join with the skilled choristers to praise God with organs; and if there be no growth in faith, and hope, and love, among you, what are all these things but like flowers strewed round a corpse?

P o e t r y

A MOTHER'S INJUNCTION,

ON PRESENTING A BIBLE.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
 When other days shall come;
 When she who had thy earliest kiss,
 Sleeps in her narrow home,
 Remember, 'twas a mother gave
 The gift to one—she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
 The holiest, for her son,
 And from the gifts of God above
 She chose a goodly one,
 She chose for her beloved boy,
 The source of light and life and joy.

And bade him keep the gift, that when
 The parting hour would come,
 They might have hope to meet again,
 In an eternal home.
 She said his faith in that would be
 Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
 Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
 And bid him cast the pledge aside,
 That he from youth had borne;
 She bade him pause and ask his breast
 If he or she had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son
 Goes with this holy thing:
 The love that would retain the one,
 Must to the other cling.
 Remember, 'tis no idle toy—
 A mother's gift; remember boy.

BE A MAN.

Cease your whining, cease your fretting
 Cease your railing at your lot ;
 There's no time for useless dreaming,
 These complaints can profit not.
 What if life is not all pleasure ?
 Fretting wont relieve the pain ;
 Noble souls have never leisure
 At misfortune to complain.

Meet misfortune's drooping willows
 As the sailor meets the storm :
 Just to ride upon the billows
 Till they bear him to his bourne.
 Catch the breeze, or you'll succeed not ;
 Life's for labour, not for sport ;
 Quiet seas your way will speed not,
 Calm wont bring you into port.

If you would yourself be happy
 You must happiness impart ;
 Bless your neighbours all around you ;
 'Twill return to your own heart.
 Let your sympathies flow outward ;
 With the sorrowful condole ;
 Let your smiles be like the sunshine,
 Cheering every weary soul.

All which you may be desiring
 May not be within your power ;
 Yet what God is now requiring
 Is, do well the present hour.
 Go, relieve life's present sorrow ;
 Let no indolence prevail ;
 He who waits until to-morrow
 To do good will surely fail.

Let your aim be high and holy,
 And your motive strong and true ;
 Life has pleasure for the lowly,
 Life has something still to do.
 Idle hands are always weary,
 Selfish nature knows no joy ;
 Loving souls are ever cheery,
 Toiling spirits never cloy.

Onward, upward, mounting higher
 On each wave-top as it rolls ;
 Fill your heart with manly fire ;
 Labour is for noble souls.

Religious Intelligence.

From the Wesleyan Missionary Notices, September 25, 1862.

THE GODAVERY RIVER.

India is not yet converted to Christianity. There are numerous tribes of men, whole nations, in that vast country, to whom the word of God has not come,—who have not yet even heard the name of Christ. The successes of the Established Church in Tinnevelley,—of the London Society in Travancore,—of the Germans among the Kols and Malayalas,—of the Americans among the Karens,—and of the Methodists in Ceylon and elsewhere, are specimens of what may be done by persevering labour among Asiatic tribes; but the churches formed in these regions bear a very small proportion to the mass of the population still in heathen darkness. There remains much land to be possessed; there are countless thousands of men and women and children for whom Christ died, who have no knowledge of the Lord who bought them, and who are therefore living without prayer to God, and dying without hope of heaven. How are the gracious designs of Christianity to be accomplished among them? Only by the ordinary means. By patient and persevering Missionary toil. The fallow ground must be broken up, the seed must be sown broadcast, and the husband-man must wait for the rains of heaven and the clear shining of the sun, in order to an abundant harvest. To such a field the Society is invited, in the regions beyond those already occupied, on the river Godavery. The journey undertaken by Messrs. Jenkins and Fryar brings to our knowledge places and people hitherto unknown. The Missionaries have done well to undertake the exploration, and to call attention to the opportunity which now invites the Christian labourer. The work lies before us. Can we undertake it? Can we set about it at once?

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Ebenezer E. Jenkins, M. A., dated Godavery River, March 4th, 1862.

We are now steaming up the Godavery, having embarked from Dowleishwaram this morning. I will go back and run hastily over the way we have already come. We left Madras on Sunday, February 23rd, at noon, a fortunate day with sailors, but very disagreeable to passengers. Our steamer was the "Moulmein," a little tiny boat, more fitted for river work than coasting. Beautiful weather and a favourable wind gave us an easy and rapid run to Masulipatam, which we made at day-break; but the currents in these waters are so deceptive, that sometimes no reckoning will serve, unless you see where you are going. So, in the pre-

sent instance, no one knew where we were, because no one could see the coast; and on we went for five or six hours more, believing that Masulipatam was still before us, until the Captain drew up and inquired of a native Dhoney where Masulipatam lay! Then we had to 'bout ship and steam back again, enjoying a cruise instead of making a voyage. We discovered the lost coast about half-past four, landed half of our passengers, shipped a cargo of rice, and set off again. The mistake and the detention cost us about eighteen hours. Our next port was Coconada, which we reached the following morning at nine. This was the end of our

coast trip; here we landed. We had a long and hot pull of five miles in an open boat in midday; for the steamer could venture no nearer the land. Two gentlemen joined us for the canal transit, which was to take us to Rajamundry, a distance of thirty-five miles. Having secured a canal-boat, we waited at an "hotel" until evening. A dirty, miserable hole was this hotel; but they gave us a dinner, and we said nothing about other comforts. Coconada is the great port of the Godavery, and, as the river is opened up, it will increase in importance and extent. We found sights very unusual in native sea-ports, — iron steamers on the stocks, building or fitting-out for river and coast. The iron is brought from England in plates, and put together here. The noise of the hammer and anvil, the beat of the steam-tug and river-dredge, the crowds of artizans moving to and fro, recalled the dock-yards of home. We pushed off from the Coconada Quay about eight o'clock, after endeavouring all we could to resist the imposition of the proprietor, who, after we had given him all he had asked, insisted upon having more; for he thought we had made too good a bargain. It was about the worst boat I ever saw. One of us had to sleep on the roof; the others picked their way amongst the luggage inside as best they could; but we were too tired to be nice. The canal was narrow, and the boatmen dragged us along from the banks. We arrived at Dowleishwaram about half-past nine in the morning. Dowleishwaram is five miles from Rajamundry; and, being the principal seat of the Government works, we resolved to stay here for a day or two, especially as we had a letter of introduction to Major Stoddard, the District Engineer. The Major kindly invited us to his house, which fronts the great annicut, one of the noblest triumphs of engineering skill in the world, when we measure the length and breadth of its benefits. Our host gave us the use of a little steamer, and, accompanied by a sub-engineer, a native gentleman of extraordinary intelligence, we paddled all over the beautiful sheet of water. There are really four annicuts, connected by as many natural embankments or small islands, making

one barrier across the Godavery of four miles in length! The river in former years (these works were begun in 1845) used to run bodily into the sea, and leave little behind it but desert. In the time of the freshes the waters would flood fiercely down, and sweep all before them. But the genius of Cotton converted the demon torrent into a ministering angel, bringing mercy to millions. The whole Delta is watered, the people paying the Government two and a half rupees an acre for irrigation; and you may imagine the dimensions of this blessing, both to people and rulers, when I tell you that the water-tax alone yields a revenue of from five to six lacs of rupees. Having skirted the annicuts we debarked from the steamer, and walked back to inspect the annicut masonry. The work cost £92,000, and is kept in order for about £5,000 per annum. The Delta is traversed by three canals, one of them running to Bezawada, a town about one hundred miles to the south-west of Dowleishwaram. The traffic on these water-paths engages eight thousand boats of different kinds. All life circulates through canals here. You hardly see a horse or land conveyance.

The next day, Saturday, we visited Rajamundry, a large native town, containing perhaps fifteen thousand inhabitants. Here is a Mission-station belonging to the Reformed Lutheran Church, recently superintended by Mr. Heice, who, after a long residence, has just returned to Europe. A Mr. Greening, well known in Telugu Missions as an able labourer, will come from Guntoor to succeed Mr. Heice. The Rajamundry Lutheran Mission has been carried on hitherto with scarcely any perceptible result. It has had no rival Mission to provoke its energies; it seems to have but feeble support from home; and the Missionary has frequently been without a companion in toil, his health failing, his spirits depressed; and yet people ask for prosperous schools, for conversions, and a growing church! I wish friends at home, who speak discouragingly of Indian work, could walk through a town like Rajamundry, with its thronged bazaars, its rich shops and warehouses, and the signs of industry, intelligence, and power expressed on

all sides, strong and compact, moreover, in idolatry, and in vices and follies rooted in the sanctions of religion, and then return to the solitary Missionary, and measure the human instrumentality by which he seeks to revolutionize the opinions, the motives, the confidence, and the homes of the whole community. If it be replied, that the plan of God reckons upon Almighty help, it must be remembered that the Lord is converting the world through the church; and although He can save by few, it is His wont to gather in and reserve souls in proportion to the labour bestowed upon them: and where the labourers are "few," it is the indispensable duty of the church to make them many; we have no right to expect results without effort. We found an English service in Dowleishwaram and in Rajamundry. Mr. Fryar and I preached morning and evening on the Sabbath. On Monday we made our preparations for the voyage up the river.

The "Little Nell" steamer was again placed at our service by the kindness of Major Stoddard, and also a hand daddle boat to carry us on when the river should be too shallow for the steamer. We started at seven the following morning: sky and water looked very beautiful, and our spirits and hopes were high: descriptions of the marvelous scenery up the Godavery, of the strange people that live on the hills through which the river winds, of the wild beasts, especially the tiger, that crouch along its banks, had awakened high expectations, of pleasure and profit certainly, perhaps of adventure. Of *adventure* I am afraid the most exciting we have had as yet was the meeting a hyena the night before last on our way to the boat in returning from a walk. We have been trying to make something of a feat we performed in a village three or four nights ago,—that of sleeping within a few yards of a hill where tigers abound, and where a woman was carried off by one last year. But our courage had no opportunity of display; for we were in an officer's boat, with fire-arms within, and armed spoys without. Of *scenery*, however, everything we heard fell short of what we have seen. Our first day's trip

brought us to Davapattnam, thirty miles from Rajamundry, where we anchored for the night. The river unfolded, during the last ten miles of this course, beauties such as no poet in his happiest illusions ever dreamed. The banks rose into hills, then mountains; the river narrowed to a stream, and often appeared to be locked up, so that the eye could see no way out until some fantastic bend of the water relieved you. The land on either side of us was sometimes one thousand five hundred feet high, and in the gorge the scenery was never the same for two minutes together, round and round and in and out we glided, constantly deceived and surprised as if in the toils of some fairy lake, ever sailing towards an imaginary bank, but never escaping. The sunset shot out dyes of peculiar richness, and as the light went down, a sort of pink hue suffused the atmosphere, very curious, and such as I have never seen elsewhere in the tropics. They say that truth is stranger than fiction: nature, in these parts at least, surpasses poetry. Davapattnam, at which we anchored on this our first day, is one of the villages with which the banks of this river are studded. We climbed up to it, and having an interpreter with us, we had some talk with the head man of the place. There might be fifty houses in it: they are built of bamboo sticks, run into trellis work. The streets are very narrow. Horned cattle is very abundant. The people live by tilling the ground, and they carry on a bamboo trade, which they bring from the hills. They lash the bamboos together into a sort of raft and float them down to the coast. We inquired whether any of the people could read, whether there were any school, or books, or letter-knowledge of any sort. No, there was no *reading* and never had been; nobody had ever been to instruct them. I thought this was very like, "No man careth for our souls." You are aware that the western bank of the Godavery opens on the Nizam's country. We have visited villages on both sides, and so far as we could learn, the people, morally are almost on a level with their own cattle. One thing I have remarked ever since we landed at Coconada, the absence of *poverty*:

every native seems well to do. The villages appear to be full of comfort and this world's substance; so far, at least, as we have come. We left Davapattanam the next morning at seven. The mountains as we ascended the river were of grander shape and height, hiding their heads in the clouds. Little creeks were formed here and there by the indented banks: they were edged by white sand that shone like silver in the morning sun. Our steamer brought us as far as Ippore: here we were compelled by sand-banks to leave her, and proceed onward in the little paddle-boat. The paddles of this kind of boat are turned by eight coolies. We obtained the men from the villages. We changed them at every stage of about ten miles. The trouble of getting coolies and such provisions as we hoped to procure on the way, and also the little protection the boat afforded us from the heat, made this part of the journey trying.

As our day, however, so even our own personal strength and the help we got from others. We arrived at Babrachellum on Monday, the 10th, at two in the afternoon. This is the beginning of the first of the three barriers which the Government is overcoming, to make the navigation of the river complete. The bed of the Godavery from here to Dummagudeum, the place where we next halt, is so rocky, that river-transit is rarely possible, and when possible unsafe. They purpose to run a canal by the side of the river, but meantime are constructing a tramway, which, however, is not yet sufficiently advanced to help travellers. Captain Haig, the Superintendent Engineer at Dummagudeum, very kindly sent bearers to bring us over the barrier, a distance of fifteen miles. We did not get here before Friday morning; having spent four days at Badrachellum, a very celebrated spot in the annals of Hindu pilgrimage. It is beautifully situated on the western bank of the holy river. The town itself is little more than a village; it contains one street, paved with large, venerable stones, and one temple, contrasting very humbly as a structure with southern edifices of the kind, but rivalling

all of them in the fame of its antiquity and virtues; Badrachellum is the Benares of this part of India. We visited the Cutcherry, and by the help of an old Brahmin, who was sought for the occasion, because he understood Tamil, I was enabled to hold a conversation with the people who stood by. The greatest feast of the year will be held on the 9th and following days of April: we shall hope to see more of Badrachellum on our return.

Tuesday, March 18th.—Dummagudeum we leave to-morrow for the second barrier, about seventy miles further up the river. We have spent some pleasant days here, making preparations for our journey. This place is in the midst of a jungle. The public works have brought several Europeans together, and two or three thousand natives. We are staying with Captain and Mrs. King, whose advice, hospitality, and help in various ways have made us debtors, and can never be repaid. Mr. Edmonds, the Church Missionary recently appointed to Dummagudeum, has furthered the object of our visit with rare generosity, and with the prayerful sympathy of a brother in Christ. Fervent supplications are offered here for our success. Mr. Fryar and I accompanied Mr. Edmonds to a Koi village on Saturday. It was like a rude encampment of small huts, of which perhaps there were half-a-dozen. The cattle were penned up together, and everything appeared as if ready at any time to move off. A few of the men came near, and listened quietly while Mr. Edmonds spoke to them of Christ. Some of the villages are large, containing fifty houses, or five hundred people. The face of the Koi is as distinct in type from the features of the Hindu, as the Negro's from ours. The difference is not so palpably expressed, because they have nearly one color; but it is not the less really defined. The Koi language is as yet unwritten; but the people can be immediately reached through the *Telugu*. We shall have to try their kindness and hospitality in the jungle, and will give a better account of them in my next letter. I hope this will get to Madras before the departure of the steamer of the 26th.

Extract of a Letter from the Same, dated Sironcha, March 31st, 1862.

Here we are at the end of our journey up the Godavery, having traversed or followed the stream for two hundred and twenty miles. My last letter was dated from Dummagudeum, from which place we plunged into the jungle, and for the first ten days kept on the British bank of the river, an unfrequented and very difficult route; but we chose it because here lies the ground which we propose to divide into Mission-stations. It would amuse you to hear some curious vicissitudes that befel us in the journey; it would move a warm thankfulness on our behalf were I to recount the dangers we have escaped. I was never before so touched by the scripture that describes God's daily mercies. "They are new every morning." With us they were not only fresh in their renewal, but were in a manner unprecedented, as day by day brought new forms of want to be supplied, new perils to be delivered from. Still, thank God, we have not as yet been made heroes: we have nothing dreadful to tell, no great displays of courage and endurance to celebrate.—Our greatest excitement was awaked by a tract of country absolutely new to the Missionary and his Bible, where Christ, as the mere sound of the word, has yet to be pronounced for the first time! Our greatest pleasure was the discovery of tribes of simple people, pre-occupied by no important superstition, accessible to the Gospel, and no Braminical arm to frustrate their acceptance of it; and our deepest sorrow was moved by the thought that even now, supposing our people at home: respond quickly and earnestly to our appeal, and that there are young men among them who dare to be the Godavery pioneers, and that you can send them forth immediately, it must be long before any of these poor captive souls can ever hear "the glad sound." Multitudes must pass from their present darkness into the second death, before the first message of love can be delivered. Returning to the journey, kind friends at Dummagudeum provided us with means to prosecute our jungle trip. We have five ponies, two for

mounting, the rest for our tent and baggage. Our company consisted of horse-keepers, coolies, and our own servants, and a tent lascar, twelve men in all. We set out on Wednesday evening, the 19th instant. Six o'clock was too late by a couple of hours; but you cannot here get people to move before they choose, and they choose the last moment. We hoped to encamp the same night at Purnasala, a large Hindu village, famous for its legendary interest; but one of our ponies broke down with the box that contained our crockery, and night having overtaken us, we lost a good deal of time in examining into damages and increasing the security of that which had escaped. We therefore turned into the first village we found, Kygodeum, and rested under a tree until morning. The Godavery was just west of us, and on the other side rose the Hydrobad hills, several of which were lighted up with huge jungle fires, that run about and wind through these forests like serpents of fire, now coiled up at the smouldering root of some giant tree which they have devoured, and then at the breath of a wind diving nimbly into the long grass and re-appearing in sinuous tracks of light. We sometimes passed close by them; and I can hardly imagine a spectacle more imposing and terrific than flames, bright and fierce, devouring the jungle where human foot has never trod. Some tell us they arise from spontaneous combustion; others affirm that the natives themselves fire the brushwood to scare away wild beasts, especially the tiger, who is the scourge of the Upper Godavery villages, and that the flames thus kindled push into the forests. We left Kygodeum for Parunsala, the village aforesaid, and pitched our camp just outside it. We passed a disagreeable day; for our frail little tent was no match for the hot blasts of wind that assailed us fiercely all the afternoon. It was impossible to be quiet it was equally impossible to study or talk.

Our further steps were also very slow and short: coolies were hard to get, and of little use when found. One

morning they brought us to the middle of a steep, and then suddenly decamped, terrified at a small stream, which they said would lead them into a strange country; so they left us in the heat of the morning to bring on our luggage as best we could. We made seventy miles in ten days; and had as you may suppose, plenty of time for observation. The scenery as you follow the stream is tame compared with the neighbourhood of the gorge; but we seldom wanted excitement: curiosity was ever kept awake by some novelty or other. Some strange animal, tree, or flower, was ever inviting us to turn aside. The scream of the peacock became as common as the crow of the cock. The Godavery is very rich in birds. Every species of wing that skims the water is to be found here. Geese, ducks, teal, cranes, and several kinds of enormous size, that I cannot name, troop about in immense flocks, and animate the whole surface of some parts of the river. The villages are commonly small, but lie at no great distance from each other. In most of them we saw a patch of ground set apart for the growth of cotton. They cultivate just enough for their own consumption. We obtained several specimen 'pods,' the fibre of which our unlearned judgment pronounced excellent. No care is bestowed upon the plant, either to improve its quality or extend its cultivation. One man told us of a little spot of cotton ground, about one-fourth of an acre; that they had never grown more ever since he had been in the village. It was enough for their own wants: they gathered it about February or March, and carried the pods either to Cherla, a neighbouring village, or to Mungapett, a town on the opposite side of the river, and there the weaver made it into clothing for them. In other places we found the cotton better cared for, more ground devoted to it, and the cultivation more orderly distributed. As we traversed the waste lands that lie between the villages, vast in extent, and enriched by the deposits of the river, I could not help moralizing upon the wisdom of building our hopes upon *foreign* soil for cotton supply, and begging that from America, with the chance of a denial, which we may have in continuous abundance from our own India

With regard to the people of the Godavery districts, every fact we could collect cheered the proposal of sending to them at once the word of life. They are for the most part *peasants*. From Ramajundry to Sironcha there is scarcely a town to be seen: the people are all collected in villages, consisting chiefly of Kois, Reddies, Gonds, and tribes of a similar class, with here and there Telugu Hindus. Except at Badrachellum, we hardly saw any of the symbols of idolatry. Superstition has no revenues here to invite a priesthood: and it therefore wants for the most part, the defence of shrines and temples, those arguments of antiquity which the natives of India so greatly reverence. Here, then, is an opportunity for the Christian Missionary to forward the *Cross*, where no rival object distracts the eye, to call home to Jesus, these weary, wandering souls, where no stranger's voice invites the sheep elsewhere. The Kois, and such aboriginal people are honest, frank, and independent: they are, moreover, kind and hospitable. They will receive you into their houses, give you food and shelter, converse with you without fear or shyness. I forget whether I mentioned in my last letter that, when at Dummagadeum, I consulted with Mr. Edmonds, the Church Missionary recently appointed to labour there, as to the direction in which his Society would probably work, and what extent of ground he supposed would be sufficient for the scope of their Godavery Mission. Of course he was unable to speak from authority; but in his personal views he agreed with me that our two Societies would be sufficiently distant from each other's operations to find each a distinct field, if the Wesleyan Mission fixed its southern boundary at Chintoor, between fifty and sixty miles to the north of Dummagadeum. Chintoor is a large village on an angular bend of the river, and naturally suggests a terminus. From Chintoor, therefore, we assumed that the ground was our own; and a fairer field never expanded before the Missionary's eye. To the north of Chintoor are several Reddie villages. The Reddies are, I think, more intelligent, as they are certainly more respectable, than the Kois. Their houses and clothing are of a

better order, and their villages are larger. They appeared to be equally accessible and kind. Many of the men wore their religion about their necks in the shape of a bit of silver, sometimes as large as a rupee, on which was engraven the image of their god, whom they called Amantu. I obtained a very good specimen from one of the men, who took it from his neck and gave me, for another bit of silver. I infer that the Reddies have a more definite superstition than the Kois.—The language spoken by all these tribes is Telugu. This is the language of both sides of the Godavery so far as we have gone. It is true that the Kois have a dialect of their own, so also have the other aborigines; but we can reach them, all that we have seen, through the Telugu.

It will be necessary for a Missionary to get hold of their home dialects, whether he be able to reduce them to written languages or not. One great advantage which we enjoy in our intercourse with the people here, and which will contribute powerfully to the success of any Mission established among them, is the absence of an obstructive *caste*,—I mean the caste that shuts the door upon a stranger, and restricts its courtesies to a cold ceremonial outside.—This is the *impediment* of the Gospel among the Hindus; but the Missionary will not find it among the Kois and Reddies. The success which has attended Christianity in Tinnevely among the Shanars, and in Burmah among the Karens, must be greatly owing to the same advantage. I have little doubt that if Missionaries be sent to the Godavery tribes, and live amongst them, and preach unto them Jesus, whole villages will come over to the profession of His name. Another circumstance will tend to the furtherance of the Gospel in these parts. The villages all up the valley were badly governed by the Nizam: it is only three years since they were placed under British rule. As yet, the benefits of that rule have scarcely touched the inhabitants. But they must soon begin to feel a protection against those lawless Rohillas, that used to spring upon them from the other side of the river, ravage their flocks and grain, and sometimes carry

off their children. These fellows are mounted and armed, they hold no position from the Nizam, but are probably the descendants of some old disbanded cavalry; and either the neglect or weakness of his government allows them to roam about on excursions of plunder. One old man, a Koi, told us that, only three days before our arrival, a son of his had been seized by a Musulman marauder and conveyed away. He told us the story of his wrong, thinking that we might procure some redress for the outrage. Many of the Kois, probably on this account, live very like gipsies. Their villages are very slightly built, a few houses just huddled together, flocks closely housed, and everything ready for a start upon the first alarm.

I said that for the first ten days we kept on our own side of the river: when we arrived at a village called Savapetta, we crossed over and visited the Government works on the second barrier. There are three barriers which the Government must overcome before the navigation of the Godavery can be complete. The barrier we were now approaching obstructs navigation for ten miles, and is called the Encham-pillary barrier. To make the river presently available here, a tram-road is being constructed through the jungle, to connect the navigable points of the stream. We found a large number of coolies at work upon this road, which we followed, until it led us to the village of Monknoor. We found Mr. Wall, who was then in charge of the works, ill of fever; Mr. Macgregor, who had been superintendent, had left two days before we arrived, also prostrate with fever. As many as forty-seven carpenters were struck down the next day, and I do not know how many coolies. We found nearly every body sick; and one can hardly wonder at it.

The very atmosphere of this jungle seemed impregnated with fever. The trees and brushwood were too dense for the circulation of air. There was no river water near; the people drank the polluted *nullah* water,—little pools that ooze up and collect here and there, poisoned by decomposing vegetation. I should say, however, that fever cases are very rarely fatal. I have made this

a particular object of enquiry; and the testimony is uniform, and in nearly every instance the Godavery fever yields to treatment; and of the exceptional cases, I cannot remember one instance of the genuine failure of a medical man's efforts, that is, where he was called in time. Such, of course, may have been; but I could hear of none. The jungle, at the second barrier, moreover, are no sample of the sanitary character of the Godavery. We rarely found any sickness in the villages. In our somewhat large com-

pany,—horse-keepers, servants, and others,—we have not had a single case of fever. Having reached the second barrier, we thought that if Mr. Wall could furnish us with two sets of bearers, we would leave our company and baggage at Mucknoor, and make a push for Sironcha. He kindly gave us this help; and getting into our travelling-hammocks, the bearers carried us off the same night. We halted the next day at Mahadanapore, a large Hyderabad town, and recrossing the river, we arrived at Sironcha the same evening.

IGNORANCE IN ITALY.—On the last night of 1861 a census of the Italian kingdom was taken. The schedule contained some very interesting questions of an educational and religious character. Although the whole question of a census was hastily ordered by the government, and though the priests in the country and southern districts have not failed to alarm the people, and to declare from the altar that the schedule was only the precursor of taxation and conscription, the returns are said to have been very generally made. They will be of immense value to the government. As the evangelicals have fearlessly stated their religious faith, the authorities will now see that the native Protestants are not only composed of knots of people here and there in the agricultural districts, but number by hundreds in the large towns of the kingdom, and may fairly claim their full share of rights and privileges as an important body in the state. The educational statistics also will be turned to good account by the Italian people, so thoroughly aroused to a sense of responsibility and immediate action with reference to the prevailing ignor-

ance. Only imagine the state of things revealed by the two following facts: "This supposed proportion of those who can read is, in Lombardy, from thirty to forty in a hundred; in Piedmont, from twenty to thirty in a hundred; while among the inhabitants of the districts thirty miles round Rome not one in a hundred can read." Again: "According to an official document published by Luigi Settembrini, Inspector General of Public Instruction, there are in the province of Naples 1,846 communities, of which 846 are destitute of schools and means of instruction. There are not more than 67,431 who get any school training. Accordingly, since the province of Naples amounts to 6,500,000 *one* in every *thousand* inhabitants gets instruction." No wonder that Cavour left a portion of his fortune for schools. No wonder that the government of Italy is taking up the question of education as one of life and death. Should the census yield such returns as the above we may well look for some parliamentary scheme for the removal of this disgrace to a civilized land.—*Evangelical Christendom.*

Biblical Criticism and Exposition.

"Not YET," AND "NOT QUITE."

Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time.—Acts xxiv, 25.

Thou Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.—xxvi, 28.

In recording the effect of the two last discourses of Paul, the Holy Spirit

has indicated with emphatic distinctness the usual state of mind of those who hear the Gospel and are not saved. Felix said, *Not yet*, and Agrippa said, *Not quite.*

The judgment is convinced, the heart is touched, the knockings of the

Holy Spirit are heard and recognized. Will the sinner absolutely refuse? No; he dares not. He can only say, *Not yet*. That is enough. The Spirit is grieved, and is gone. Man's extremity is God's opportunity; but man's convenient season is God's abhorrence.

Another says, "Good Master, I am ready to be a Christian now." The Saviour explains what it is to be a Christian; and the young man sorrowfully adds, "But *not quite*." *Not yet!* and *not quite!* Fatal words! They are Satan's equivocating synonyms for *never* and *not at all*. They look toward heaven, and take hold of hell.

Fellow-Christians, let us, in self-examination, ponder these words. When the Master says, "Take up thy cross and follow me;" "Seek first the kingdom of God;" "Go, preach my Gospel;" "Love thine enemies;" "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off;" when the Holy Spirit shows us sins to be mortified, and duties to be done; when conscience awakes and talks to us, let us listen, lest, perchance, in the recess of our hearts may be heard the echo of these sinful words, *Not yet—Not quite*.—*Christian Treasury*.

Science and Art.

LATE INTERESTING DISCOVERIES.

AT JERUSALEM.—An account of Signor Pierotti's discoveries in the subterranean topography of Jerusalem, has been published. Employed by the Pacha as an Engineer, he has discovered that the modern city of Jerusalem stands on several layers of ruined masonry, the undermost of which, composed of deeply beveled and enormous stones, he attributes to the age of Solomon, the next to that of Zorobabel, the next to that of Herod, the next to that of Justinian, and so on till the times of the Saracens and Crusaders. He has traced a series of conduit and sewers leading from the "Dome of the rock," a mosque standing on the very site of the altar of sacrifice in the Temple, to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, by means of which the priests were enabled to flush the whole temple area with water, and thus to carry off the blood and offal of the sacrifices to the brook Kedron. The manner of his explorations was very interesting. He got an Arab to walk up through these immense sewers, ringing a bell and blowing a trumpet, while, he himself, by following the sound was able to trace the exact course they took. About two years ago he accidentally discovered a fountain at the pool of Bethesda, and, on his opening it, a copious stream of water immediately began to flow, and has flowed ever since. No one knows from whence it comes or whither it

goes. This caused the greatest excitement among the Jews, who flocked in crowds to drink and bathe themselves in it. They fancied that it was one of the signs of Messiah's coming, and portended the speedy restoration of their commonwealth. This fountain, which has a peculiar taste, like that of milk and water, is identified by Signor Pierotti with the fountain which Hezekiah built, and which is described by Josephus. The measurements and position of most of these remains accord exactly with the Jewish historian's descriptions. Some of the Signor's conclusions are disputed, but no other has succeeded in so disinterring the relics of the Holy City.

AT ROME.—Interesting discoveries have recently been made in Rome.—Signor Fortunati, whose name became celebrated three or four years ago by the discovery of the ancient Basilica of St. Stefano, has been again fortunate in archaeological researches in a vineyard adjoining the ancient Prætorian camp, having brought to light, among other relics of the past, twelve inscriptions of monuments erected to Prætorian soldiers. These epigrams are highly prized, as illustrative of historical and geographical details interesting to the antiquary, and demonstrative of the fact that the Prætorian Guards were levied in distant provinces, such as Pannonia, Mæsia and Thræce, of which the provinces, cities, boroughs and streets are exactly specified.

AT POMPEII.—An important archaeological discovery has just been made at Pompeii, of a mill with a great quantity of corn in excellent preservation, and an oven with eighty-one loaves, arranged in rows, and but slightly affected by the heat of the lava having been protected by a quantity of ashes which had covered the

iron door fitted to the mouth of the oven. These loaves have all been got out entire; a large iron shovel for introducing loaves into the oven, has also been found on the spot, with a remnant of its wooden handle. This is the first discovery of the kind on record.

Varieties.

JAVA COFFEE AND PEPPER.—In extent Java is about seven hundred miles in length, and it varies from eighty to one hundred and forty miles in width. Its area is less than twenty thousand square miles. The face of the country is more or less broken by mountains, but the soil generally is rich and productive. The products are rice, sugar, coffee, pepper, spices, and a profusion of the finest tropical fruit. Coffee is cultivated to as great perfection as in almost any part of the world. It grows upon large bushes, and the grains of coffee are formed two in a berry about the size and shape of our common plum. The skin of the berry is about as thick as that of the plum, and the color, when ripe, a pale scarlet. The bush is very productive. Every branch is loaded with the berries, which grow two in a place on the opposite sides of each other, and about an inch and a half apart. When ripe the skin bursts open and the grains of coffee fall out upon the ground; but a more general way is to spread something under the bush and shake the coffee down. After the outer skin is taken off there remains a kind of husk over each kernel, which is broken off (after being well dried in the sun) by heavy roller. The coffee after this needs winnowing in order to be freed from the broken particles of the bush. It has been said by some writers that one bush with another will not average more than a pound of coffee. Black pepper is also raised to some extent on the Island of Java; but Sumatra, which lies just across the straits, is by far the most celebrated for this commodity. Her pepper is, perhaps, the finest and most abundant of any one country in the world. Black pepper grows on a vine very much like our grape-vine. The

pepper grows and looks when grown very much like our currants. There is this difference, however, the currant has each its own distinct stem, but the pepper has not; every grain grows hard on to one common stem, just as grains of Indian corn does on the cob. The color of the pepper when first ripe is almost a bright red, and changes to the dead black by being exposed to the heat of the sun. The white pepper is nothing more than the common black with the outer skin taken off. It is first soaked until this skin bursts open, which is then rubbed off and the grain dried. The white is not considered so pungent as the black though it is nicer and more expensive, as more favor is necessary in order to prepare it.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN EXPELLED AND EXCLUDED.—The Rev. J. B. Wakeley in correspondence with *Zion's Herald* describes a scene which he witnessed in a Conference of the African Methodist Church:—

“A committee made a report concerning a brother who had absented himself from conference for several years. They said they visited him, and all the satisfaction he gave them was, he said he would come when he pleased. The effect of the report was like electricity. Indignation was in every countenance, fire in every eye. One brother arose as if he was under the influence of holy horror, and poured forth a torrent of eloquence. “Him come when him please! Him come when him please,” said he, repeating the words with editorial emphasis, and his lips curled with scorn, and contempt was visible in every dark feature of his face, “It is an insult to this honorable body,

and I move that he be expelled at once." "Second the motion," said twenty voices, anxious the contumacious parson should receive condign and speedy punishment. Then a grave divine, older than the rest arose, with much of the milk of human kindness in his bosom, or a little more of the grace of forbearance, or a little more consideration, and said—"Mr. Chair, I move an amendment to that resolution." Let us hear it, said the superintendent as some of them called him. "I move, said he, "that we strike out the word expel, and substitute the word exclude." The mover of the resolution asked him to explain the difference between the words expel and exclude. "With pleasure," he said: "Expel means cut him off; it sounds too harsh, severe; in excluding him, you don't cut him off, you remove him gently from us. It is a softer and easier way of getting rid of him." The amendment prevailed; so the brother was not expelled, but merely excluded. Was this as original?

I DON'T LIKE MY BUSINESS.—There is no greater fallacy in the world than that entertained by many young men that some pursuit in life can be found wholly suited to their tastes, whims and fancies. This philosopher's stone can never be discovered; and every one who makes his life a search for it will be ruined. Much truth is contained in the Irishman's remark: "It is never aisy to work hard." "Let therefore the fact be always remembered by the young, that no life-work can be found entirely agreeable to a man. Success always lies at the top of a hill; if we would reach it, we can do so only by hard-preserving effort, while beset with difficulties of every kind. Genius counts nothing in the battle of life! determined, obstinate, perseverance in one single channel, is everything. Hence should any one of our young readers be debating in his mind a change of business, imagining he has a genius for some other, let him at once dismiss the thought as he would a temptation to do evil. If you think you made a mistake by choosing the pursuit or profession you did, don't make another by leaving it. Spend all your energies in working for, and clinging

to it, as you would to the life-boat that sustained you in the midst of the ocean. If you leave it, it is almost certain that you will go down; but if you cling to it, informing yourself about it until you are its master, bending your every energy to the work, success is certain. Good, hard, honest effort, steadily persevered in, will make your love for your business or profession grow; since no one should expect to reach a period when he can feel that his life-work is just the one he could have done best and would have liked best. We are allowed to see and feel the roughness in our own pathway, but not in others; yet all have them.—*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.*

THE COTTON PLANT.—The finest "long-stapled" cotton, the only kind for which Lancashire is really crying in its distress, grew originally in the Antilles, where Columbus found it on his arrival, and settled a supply of it as a tribute on the natives. The district of San Francois of Baily, and old settlements of Guadaloupe and the neighboring islands, furnished for a long time the whole of Europe with the best kind of cotton. In 1808, the export of the material from the Antilles amounted to near a million and a half of pounds; but the culture was as suddenly interrupted by the wars of the first empire, as recently again in the internecine struggle of America. Flying from the scene of strife, some French emigrants carried a small quantity of cotton seed from Gaudaloupe to South Carolina, and thus established the element of commercial importance in the American Republic. This was the origin of the famous sea-island cotton. For many years past, the French Government has tried hard to revive the culture of the plant in the Antilles, but without any appreciable success. The millions spent to encourage the industry have had no other effect hitherto but to destroy it more and more, by introducing the artificial element. The same has been the case in other countries, wherever governments or commercial associations have attempted to carry the matter with a high hand. King Cotton evidently disdains restraint, and will rule only by the

grace of God and his own supreme will. Whether it would not be wise to temper the sway by constitutional means, such as the appointment of Prince Flax to the chief ministry, is a question which the owners of the ten millions of spindles will have to decide before long. It seems hard and almost unnatural that hundreds of thousands of Europeans should be dependent for their very existence on the fibres of a plant which will only grow in hot and unhealthy climes, and the control of which, wherever produced, must be insecure in the last degree. Accident made King Cotton sovereign; but nature points in another direction, to an organism of the same constituencies, which flourish with our race from the torrid zone to the north pole. We have it on high authority that man does not live on bread alone: why on cotton?—*The Spectator*.

MAGIC EFFECT OF A SPECTACLE CASE.—A counsellor, renowned for the art of his pleading, had a trick of rubbing his spectacle case while addressing the jury. A foolish attorney who had confined a brief to him thought the action ludicrous, and likely to impair the effect of the pathetic appeals which the nature of the suit admitted. Accordingly he watched for a sly opportunity, and stole away the spectacle-case. For the first time in his life the counsellor's tongue faltered—his mind had missed the bodily track with which it had long associated its operations; he became confused, embarrassed—he stammered, blundered, and boggled—lost all the threads of his brief, and was about to sit down, self-defeated, when the conscience-stricken attorney restored the spectacle-case. Straightway with the first touch of the talisman the mind recovered its self-possession, the memory its clearness, the tongue its fluency; and as, again and again, the lawyer fondly rubbed the spectacle case, argument after argument flew forth like the birds from a conjuror's box. And the jury, to whom a few minutes before the case seemed hopeless, were stormed into unanimous conviction of its justice. Such is the force of habit. Such the sympathy between mental and bodily associations. Every

magician needs his wand; and perhaps every man of genius has—his spectacle case.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE THEATRE OF EPHESUS.—This structure has recently been examined and measured. It must have been the largest ever erected. Its diameter was six hundred and sixty feet; forty feet more than the major axis of the Coliseum. Allowing fifteen inches for each person, it would accommodate fifty-six thousand seven hundred spectators. Drury Lane will only contain three thousand two hundred, and old Covent Garden held two thousand eight hundred. This edifice was the scene of one of Appolonius's miracles; it is memorable for the uproar described in Acts xix, when the Ephesians accused Paul and the Christians in this very building. To this building the writer to the Corinthians alluded, probably, when he said, "If, after the manner of men, I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantage hath it me?"

A POLISH EXECUTION.—A letter from Warsaw gives the following details of the execution of Jaroszynski for his attempt on the life of the Grand Duke Constantine: "A division of about 12,000 soldiers occupied the space before the citadel, where a great gibbet, painted black, was erected. The troops kept the people at some distance from the scaffold. The population look upon this melancholy scene in the most profound silence; several women fell on their knees and prayed. An accident which took place in the ranks of the escort that accompanied the fatal car cost the life of an officer. A Cossack having raised his whip to strike one of the people, the latter stepped aside, and the blow fell upon the horse of the officer, which reared and threw its rider to the ground. The officer had his skull fractured, and expired shortly after. About thirty persons were arrested on the day of the execution. The Cossacks and soldiers ill-treated the women who showed any emotion. After the reading of the sentence Jaroszynski mounted the scaffold and turned toward the people to bid adieu. At that moment a roll of drums prevented his voice being heard,

if, indeed, he made any attempt to address the crowd, and the chaplain having given his blessing, he was turned off. The corpse remained hanging all day, and at a few paces' distance military music played without ceasing. The whole population afterwards defiled before the gibbet. At the present moment 1,314 persons are in the casemates of the citadel awaiting their sentences."

THE BIRTH OF A PRINCESS IN TURKEY.—The *Levant Herald* of the 20th of August publishes the following particulars of the recent ceremony attendant upon the birth of the princess, which will doubtless be interesting to our readers: "When the ladies of distinguished personages present themselves on the occasion of the Sultana's confinement, the custom is for them to offer their congratulations to the Sultan. They appear before his Majesty unvailed, and dressed in the richest costumes, but they wear no jewels. On the recent occasion they were introduced according to the rank and position of their husbands; first, the lady of the Grand Vizier, then the Lady of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, afterward the wife of Mustapha Pasha, and of the Skeikh ul Islam, followed by the remainder. There were also some Christian ladies present, among others, Madame Gustelli, Madame Picipio, (the mother to Marco Pasha,) Madame Dadian, etc. On the presentation of the ladies in the apartment where his Majesty was awaiting them, the first bowed on passing the door, then advanced, prostrated themselves, kissed his Majesty's foot, and, on arising up again, bowed. Upon this his Majesty, who remained on foot during the whole of the ceremony, replied by a bow, and made inquiries individually of the ladies as to themselves and their husbands. After passing several days at the palace the fair visitants returned to their homes, each of them having previously received munificent tokens of his Majesty's bounty in the shape of a beautiful costume richly embroidered in gold and an ornament in brilliants. Among other customs peculiar to an event of this kind, it may be mentioned that the lady during her confinement

wears a red handkerchief on her head. The Sultana's apartment was hung with rich silk damask, the coverlets of the bed were embroidered in gold, and the curtains which surrounded it with pearls of considerable value. The cradle of the royal infant, the coverlets, and everything which enveloped it, were ornamented with diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds. Presents were also given to the attendants of the ladies. It was a fairy scene which must have been witnessed to be realized. The exquisite beauty of many of the ladies, the brilliancy and richness of their toilets, their animation and grace, were in every respect a most pleasing object to behold, and cannot fail to have removed many prejudices which might have existed.

RUSSIAN WORKS IN PALESTINE.—The Russian government is carrying on extensive improvements in Palestine. A piece of ground outside the walls of Jerusalem, on the Meidan, belonging to Russia, and containing nearly sixteen thousand square yards, has been inclosed by a stone wall, several houses erected on it, and four tanks constructed for a supply of water. The cathedral of the Holy Trinity is ready to receive its cupolas, and a large house for the ecclesiastical mission has been nearly completed; a hospital to receive sixty beds has reached the first floor, and the foundations of an asylum capable of receiving three hundred mail pilgrims have been commenced. Inside the city the ground belonging to Russia, near the Holy Sepulcher, has been cleared of its rubbish which cover it to the height of thirty five feet. During the excavations remains of porticos and pillars were found which formed part of the principal entrance to the Temple of the Holy Sepulchre in the time of Constantine. Before the end of the present year an asylum for female pilgrims will be commenced.

THE CODEx SINAITICUS.—Much has been said lately of a famous Codex which Professor Tischendorff had found in a monastery at Sinai, which was pronounced by the learned in such matters to be of most venerable antiquity, dating at least as early as the century, is now being printed

the patronage of the Russian government, and was expected to contribute to the elucidation of difficulties that had long perplexed Biblical scholars. In yesterday's *Guardian* appears a letter of M. Simonides, who declares that he himself transcribed the whole of this notable *Codex Sinaiticus*, and he gives such a circumstantial account of the reasons which induced him to undertake the task, and of the whole history of the affair, that their must, we apprehend, be an end to all claim of value to the MS. Professor Tischendorf has been hoaxed by the cute monks of Sinai. The only question that suggests itself upon Simonides's story is, Would he not tell it long ago, and take the means he has taken to setting the possessor and the public right.

SUPERSTITION IN NATIVE WARFARE.

—The influence of native witch-doctors in Tembu Land appears to be as paramount as ever. We are informed that since the recent conflict between Joey and Umditshwa, mentioned in a previous issue, about 5,000 Tambookies assembled under their chiefs, and started on an expedition to attack Umditshwa. On their way, it is said, they halted for refreshment, for which purpose they selected an ox for slaughter. In attempting to kill it, however the animal made a rush on them, knocking over several of the people. This event was taken advantage of by the witch-doctor, who construed it into an ill omen, telling the Tembus that it was a sure sign as to how Umditshwa would serve them. Shortly afterward a hawk or crow flew over the army, and dropped its excrement on the head of one of the host; and the wily witch-doctor represented this as corroborative testimony to what he had already

predicted, intimating that it went to show that Umditshwa would in like manner make them his "dunghill." These things so worked upon the superstitious fears of the Tembu army as to cause it to return home without accomplishing anything.—*Cape Monitor*.

SCRIPTURE WRITERS.—The rhetorical and poetical beauties of Scripture are merely incidental. Its authors wrote not for glory nor display, not to astonish nor amaze their brethren, but to instruct them, and make them better. They wrote for God's glory, not their own, they wrote for the world's advantage, not to aggrandize themselves. Demosthenes composed his most splendid oration in order to win the crown of eloquence; and the most elaborate effort of ancient oratory—the paregryric to which Isocrates devoted fifteen years—was just an essay written for a prize. How different the circumstances in which the speech on Mar's Hill was spoken, and the farewell sermon in the upper chamber at Troas. Herodotus and Thucydides composed their histories with a view to popular applause; and Pindar's fiery pulse beat faster in prospect of the great Olympic gathering and the praises of assembled Greece. How opposite the circumstances in which the seer of Horeb penned his faithful story, and Isaiah and Jeremiah poured forth their fearless denunciations of popular sins. The most superb of modern historians confesses the flutter which he felt when the last line of his task was written, and he thought that perhaps his fame was established. A more important history concludes: "These things are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing, ye might have life through his name."—*J. Hamilton*.