

CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

THE
CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

VOL. I.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1875.

TORONTO:

SAMUEL ROSE, METHODIST BOOK-ROOM.

HALIFAX:

ALEXANDER W. NICOLSON, METHODIST BOOK-ROOM.



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1875

THE CANADIAN
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JANUARY, 1875.

THE LIFE AND THEOLOGY OF ARMINIUS.

BY THE REV. EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART.

IN the year 1560, fourteen years after the immortal Luther had yielded up his brave spirit to God; forty-three years after he had begun the great Protestant Reformation, which broke asunder the fetters of centuries, and shed the light of divine truth upon thousands darkened and enslaved by Romish superstition; and four years before the death of the stern Reformer of Geneva, who has given his name to a severe but compact system of theology—in the pleasant little town of Oudewater, in the province of Utrecht, in Holland, a child was born, whose future expositions of Scripture doctrine were destined to influence the currents of theological thought for all time; and who shall be held in honoured remembrance as long as clear and powerful intellect, extensive and sound scholarship, consistent and devout piety, and rare force and massiveness of character, united in one person, can command the esteem and admiration of men. For beyond all question, JAMES ARMINIUS was one of the world's truly great men—

“One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.”

“He being dead yet speaketh.” Like one of those tarnished paintings of the old masters, which, when the encrustations of

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time have been removed, shines forth with pristine beauty, the character and work of Arminius, after the lapse of three centuries, have risen out of the obscuring mists of theological prejudice and bitterness, in fair and stately proportions, furnishing another remarkable example of men to whom after generations have awarded the just fame which was denied them by the narrow bigotry of their own times.

No subject has greater claims upon the studious attention of thoughtful minds, than the life-work and teaching of the men who have moulded the thought and action of the world. No desire to exalt piety by depreciating intellect should lead us to disparage the endowments, with which God has enriched those whose genius vindicates their right to kingship in the different provinces of the world of mind. Great men are God's precious gifts to a world that sadly needs them. Eminent Theologians, Philosophers, and Reformers, whose labours are in the sphere of mind and moral truth, are far more truly benefactors of the race, than those whose inventions and discoveries have lightened labour, and bestowed upon their fellow-men more palpable benefits. Great thinkers and workers, in the sphere of political, social, and religious reform, are the leaders who, through many a Red Sea of opposition and reproach, have led the fainting and vacillating hosts of humanity into goodly possessions, which they could not have won without such leadership. They are discoverers, who find out truths long hidden from common sight; inventors who enrich us with new methods of work, more conducive to success; captains, who organize and lead men to victory. As the best army requires a skilful general to direct its movements, so the moral and mental forces of the world need organizers and leaders, to render them powerful for good and permanent in their results. They lift up the standard of rebellion against mental serfdom, and teach men the value and dignity of freedom of thought. Such great souls deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance. For, as certainly as we owe political liberty to the heroic defenders of national independence, who shed their blood upon the battle-field resisting the tyranny of oppressors, we owe our intellectual and religious freedom to those who, in spite of danger and death, bravely uttered their unfaltering protest against the dominant errors and canonized fallacies of their times. Their noble deeds

and words reflect light upon the path of life for those who come after them. Thinking over their inspiring thoughts, looking out upon the problems of being through their unscaled eyes, coming into sympathetic contact with their noble spirits, and feeling the power of the motives which impelled them onward in their high career, our narrow misconceptions are corrected, and we are lifted out of ourselves into a higher plane of being, than without their influence we could ever have attained. Without the leadership of Luther and Melancthon, the light of the Reformation might have been quenched in Germany, as it was in France. Without the organizing genius of John Wesley, Methodism in England might have been only a temporary revival, followed by a reaction, that would have overwhelmed with a tide of ungodliness the ground which had been for a time rescued from the surging sea of sin. But there is a right and a wrong use we may make of the great men of past times. It is right to honour their work, to avail ourselves of their studies and researches, to copy their spirit and practice the virtues that made their lives sublime. It is wrong to accept their decisions with unquestioning faith, or render them a slavish homage, that tends to dwarf our intellectual manhood, and prevent needed reform and progress.

Though it is commonly known that the teaching of Methodist Theology respecting Predestination, the Freedom of the Will, and Universal Redemption, is in harmony with that of the great Dutch Theologian, it is not so generally known that nearly all the doctrines which have special prominence in Wesleyan Theology were held by Arminius. In his "Declaration of Sentiments," as in most of his writings, he is defending himself against charges of false doctrine; his language is, therefore, guarded, as he desires to show that he is in harmony with the creed of the Reformed Churches of Holland, and to give his opponents no advantage against him. Yet, he clearly states his belief, that it is the privilege of believers to have the assurance of Adoption, "by the testimony of God's Spirit witnessing together with their conscience." He was charged with holding that Christians may live without sin; and his idea of Christian Perfection is substantially the same as Wesley's. He is more guarded against formally rejecting the certain Final Perseverance of believers. But he frankly confessed that the possibility of falling from a state of

grace appeared to him to be taught in the Word of God; he stated that he had taught "it was possible for believers finally to decline and fall away from faith and salvation;" and his definition of what he means by the Perseverance of the Saints is in perfect agreement with the uniform teaching of the Methodist pulpit and our standard theologians.

We deem it, therefore, not inappropriate, in this first number of our *METHODIST MAGAZINE*—a part of whose mission will be to expound and defend our Scriptural, Arminian theology—by a brief notice of the life and theological views of Arminius, to introduce to the notice of Canadian Methodists one who has so largely influenced Methodist theological thought, and whose godly life so beautifully illustrated the truths of his teaching. It is strange, while there have been so many able expounders and defenders of the sentiments of Arminius, that, until a comparatively recent date, his complete theological works were not published in English. In 1825, James Nichols, a practical English printer, thoroughly versed in the Calvinistic controversy of Holland, translated and published one volume of his writings. This was followed by a second in 1828, with a promise that the work would be completed by a third volume. In 1843 a life of Arminius, with copious extracts from his writings, was prepared by Dr. Bangs, whose name is so well known in Canada, and published by the Harpers of New York. In 1853, the Rev. W. R. Bagnall, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having translated the third volume, and revised the volumes translated by Nichols, published, in three large volumes, the complete works of Arminius, with a brief biography. We know not whether these volumes (to which we are mainly indebted in the preparation of this article) ever went through a second edition. Though not constituting a systematic treatise on divinity, they discuss all the leading questions of Christian Theology, and present a rich treasury of instructive expositions of the doctrinal teaching of Holy Scripture.

But although his noble character, his fruitful life, and the rational and scriptural system of theology, which has become the special heritage of Methodists, invest his life with an interest that should ever be sufficient to preserve it from the dust and mildew of forgetfulness, it must be confessed that Arminius is little more than a name, without a history or character, to the great majority

of those who believe and maintain those views of divine truth of which he was the most eminent expounder. Several causes have tended to produce this state of things. He lived at a period comparatively distant from the living present, which mainly absorbs the thoughts of men; and he lived in a generation removed out of the "fierce light" which beat upon the first leaders of the Reformation. He was a great thinker, rather than a great leader or organizer of institutions. He was a native of a "foreign country," and wrote not in our English tongue. His style also has too much of the scholastic method of that day to be popular with modern readers; although it is far more simple and scriptural than that of most of his contemporaries. Above all, the intolerant hostility of the dominant Calvinistic party of his times misrepresented his opinions, and clouded his just fame by disparagement and slanderous allegations. And this wrong has been perpetuated, from generation to generation, by theologians who take their views of Arminius from the false representations of his bitter opponents. Even to the present day, he is represented as a Pelagian, who denied the doctrines of grace; and the term Arminianism is still used by some Calvinian writers as synonymous with the denial of Human Depravity and Justification by Faith. So far from this being true, it is evident, from his early education, and his desire to preserve harmony in the church of which he was a minister, that, like Wesley and the early Methodists, he sometimes "leaned too much towards Calvinism." Still further from the truth is it to speak of this eminent divine, as if he were the author and inventor of the doctrines which he held. They are the doctrines of the Scriptures and of the primitive Christian Church, in harmony with sound reason; though never before so fully expounded and defended as by Arminius, in his refutation of the unscriptural fatalism of Calvin. Arminius cannot justly be held responsible for the erroneous views of many who have been called by his name in his own country. He is often incorrectly spoken of as the founder of a sect, which flourished for a while, and then declined into insignificance. But he was not really the founder of any sect at all, though many of the Dutch Protestant churches accepted his doctrines; and were distinguished by his name, even when they had departed from his principles.

His influence on the world is that of the independent thinker and teacher of truth, and cannot be measured by those who are now known by his name. So far from his influence having declined and passed away, his views are steadily gaining ground throughout the Christian world, and never were so potent as to-day. Not only are his principles of theology accepted by the largest Protestant communion in the world, but those who are the natural heirs of the system he opposed are so gradually approaching his scheme of doctrine, that were he to appear among us now, even modern Presbyterianism could scarcely whisper a breath of complaint against his religious opinions, that were deemed false and heretical by the disciples of Calvin and Beza, who, in their intolerant zeal for their creed, treated him so unjustly.

At the time of the birth of Arminius, the mighty impulse which the Reformation had given to free religious enquiry had not yet died away. Religious questions were still the great questions of the day. Even national alliances and wars were governed more by religious than by purely political considerations. The Protestant feeling and sturdy independence of the people of Holland were largely stimulated and developed, by their heroic resistance to the oppressive and intolerant tyranny of papal Spain. Hence, the impulses acting on the society around him, as well as the severe struggle to which he was subjected, by the death of his father, while he was yet an infant, aided in bringing out his native force of intellect and character. His widowed mother, to whose sole care he, with a brother and sister, was left, was a woman of deep and earnest piety, whose spirit impressed itself upon the character of her gifted son. The family name was Herman, but, following a common custom, he adopted the name of Arminius, a celebrated leader of the Germans in the first century.

Though bereft of the instruction and support of his father, Providence opened up his way, and raised him up friends. Theodore Emilius, though a Roman Catholic, had a great reputation for piety and erudition. He had learned enough of the Protestant faith to see and forsake some, at least, of the errors of Popery. Prompted by the kindness of his heart, and by admiration of the natural gifts of the poor fatherless boy, he took upon himself the expense of his education, and watched over his religious, as well as

his literary training, with the greatest kindness and assiduity. Arminius made rapid progress in knowledge; and there is good ground to believe that, in his boyhood, he was truly converted to God; and thus laid the foundation of that life of devout piety, which was his highest distinction, and the key to his character. Before he was fifteen, his kind friend Emilius died, and left him once more to battle alone with unfriendly fortune. But God raised him up another friend. Snellius, a native of Oudewater, who was himself a man of learning, and who had been residing in Marburg in Hessa, to avoid the persecuting tyranny of the Spaniards, being on a visit to his native town, was so favourably impressed with young Arminius, that he invited him to return with him, and study at the University of Marburg. The invitation was accepted thankfully. He went to Marburg and entered the University, being then fifteen years of age. He had been there only a short time, when he heard the terrible news that his native town had been sacked and burned by the Spanish army, which had butchered all the inhabitants. He at once started for Oudewater, in deep anxiety about his friends; and probably with some faint hope that they had not all perished. But he found, to his unspeakable grief, that his mother, brother, and sister, and all his relatives had been massacred by the barbarous Spaniards. With a crushed and bleeding heart he returned to Marburg, walking all the way.

The same year the University of Leyden was founded by William I., Prince of Orange. As soon as Arminius knew that it was open for students, he returned and entered it. Here he prosecuted his studies, preparatory for the ministry, for six years, with the greatest success. He left the University at the age of twenty-two, strongly recommended by the faculty to the authorities of the city of Amsterdam. They at once assumed the expense of completing his education; and he, on his part, pledged himself to devote the remainder of his life, after his ordination, to the service of the city. He went at once to study at Geneva, being attracted thither chiefly by the fame of Beza, who had succeeded Calvin, as the chief expounder of the most extreme type of high Calvinism. Here his defence of the logic of Ramus, against that of Aristotle, gave such offence to some of the professors, that he was compelled to leave Geneva for the University of Basle, where he continued his studies for a year, giving at the same time lectures in theology.

Such was the estimation in which he was held, that he was offered the degree of Doctor in Divinity by the University; but he modestly declined it, on account of his youth. He returned to Geneva, prosecuted his studies in divinity there for three years longer, and secured the admiration and friendship of the learned Beza. During this period he offered no objection to the Calvinistic system of theology; but accepted it, as the only Scriptural and orthodox view of human redemption. But it gives weight to his later rejection of these tenets, that he must have been perfectly familiar with the strongest arguments of the master minds who maintained that system of doctrine, now known as Calvinism. His rejection was the intelligent repudiation of the Calvinian system, by one who had thoroughly studied it.

After leaving Geneva, in company with several of his countrymen, he visited Italy and Rome. A strong motive in taking this journey was a desire to hear Zabarella, then famous as a Professor of Philosophy in Padua. During this visit he had an opportunity of examining for himself the workings of Popery at its fountain head, and no doubt, as in the case of Luther, this confirmed and deepened his antagonism to the corruptions of Romanism. In 1588 he was licensed to preach, and, after a short probation, was ordained to the pastorate of the Dutch Church in Amsterdam; where for the next thirteen years he continued to exercise his ministry, with eminent success and great popularity, especially with the laity.

In 1589 a circumstance occurred which deeply affected his whole future life. A pious Reformer, named Coornhert, had published an able pamphlet containing forcible arguments against Calvin's theory of Predestination, Justification, and the killing of heretics, being a report of a discussion between Coornhert and two Calvinist ministers of Delft. Some time after, the Delft ministers published a reply; in which instead of defending the supralapsarian scheme of Calvin and Beza, which Coornhert had assailed, they maintained the lower or sublapsarian view; and rejected the theory of Calvin. This kind of reply was unsatisfactory to the disciples of Calvin and Beza, who thought it should be answered. It is a tribute to the reputation of Arminius that, about the same time, he was urged by Professor Martin Lydius to defend his former teacher Beza; and requested, by the ecclesiastical senate of

Amsterdam, to refute the alleged errors of Coornhert. He at once undertook the task. An examination of the controversy, at first led him to favour the moderate, rather than the high Calvinistic view. But a full and impartial study of the Holy Scriptures, the early Christian Fathers, and the writings of the Protestant Reformers, led him to reject the Predestination of Calvin, as contrary both to Scripture and reason. At first, for the sake of peace in the Church, he was very guarded in the expression of his views; but feeling that such a course was inconsistent with his duty as a professed teacher of religious truth, he began in his discourses, as occasion required, to expound the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures in accordance with his enlarged views of the Divine economy in the salvation of sinners. From this time forward, while his views gained many adherents among the thoughtful and unbiassed, he was regarded by the ultra-Calvinists as a teacher of heresy, and bitterly opposed and traduced. Most distorted and unwarranted representations of his sentiments were circulated, with a view to injure his reputation and influence. But, though feeling deeply the injustice of these assaults, he calmly prosecuted the work of his ministry, avoiding rather than courting controversy.

In 1590 he was married to Elizabeth Real, the daughter of a worthy judge and senator of Amsterdam. Their domestic life was eminently happy. They had seven sons and two daughters, who all died in early youth, except Lawrence, who became a merchant of Amsterdam, and Daniel, who was an eminent physician.

About the close of 1602, the death of Francis Junius, Professor of Divinity at Leyden, called the attention of the curators of the University to Arminius, as the most suitable person to fill the vacant position. This appointment was strenuously opposed by the authorities of Amsterdam, who wished to retain his services in their city, and also by Gomarus, the chief professor at Leyden, and many ultra-Calvinist ministers, who strongly disliked his anti-Calvinistic opinions. But after protracted negotiation, and a fuller explanation of his views by Arminius, the opposition was withdrawn, and he was installed at Leyden as Professor of Divinity. On receiving the degree of Doctor in Divinity from the University, he delivered a masterly discourse on the Priesthood of Christ. The selection of a theme, so close to the heart of the Gospel, evinced the devout and practical bent of his mind; while

the manner in which he expounded this great subject amply vindicated his fitness for the important position to which he had been appointed. On assuming the duties of his new position, he found that the students of theology were largely devoting themselves to the study of the knotty, metaphysical speculations of the schoolmen, rather than to the great central verities of Christianity. He at once directed his efforts to correct this evil; and to bring them back to the direct and devout study of the Word of God, as the fountain of truth.

These efforts, and his known opposition to Calvinistic Predestination, provoked the hostility of Gomarus and those of similar views; and made Arminius the object of many bitter attacks, and false accusations; which, however, he bore with great equanimity. He did not publicly defend himself till 1608, when he vindicated himself in a letter to Hyppolytus; in an "Apology against thirty-one defamatory articles;" and by his noble and convincing "Declaration of Sentiments." The delivery of this elaborate and unanswerable discourse, before a full assembly of the States of Holland, convened at the Hague, may be regarded as the culminating event of the public life of Arminius. The occasion was imposing. He had for his auditors the chief men of his country, which then held a foremost place among the free and enlightened nations of the world. The questions discussed were the grandest and most important with which a human mind can grapple. The manner in which he expounded and defended his views of Divine truth was worthy of the occasion; and effectually confuted the accusations of his enemies, and for ever vindicated the clearness of his intellect, and the Scriptural soundness of his theological opinions. Though touching briefly upon several points respecting which he had been misrepresented, he dwelt mainly on objections to the theory of Predestination maintained by Calvin and Beza. His refutation of this theory, which had secured the allegiance of so many minds, was complete, irresistible, and overwhelming. He did not confine himself to a few leading arguments. He swept over the whole ground, piling up such an array of crushing objections, that all which has been since written on that theme has been, of necessity, little more than an amplification of his arguments and objections. In addition to arguments against Calvinism, based on its antagonism to the Holy Scriptures, to the

Gospel salvation, to the attributes of God, to the nature of man, to the nature of eternal life, to the nature of Divine grace, and to the nature and properties of sin; and objections based upon its being injurious to the glory of God, dishonourable to Christ, hurtful to the salvation of men, and in open hostility to the ministry of the Gospel, he shows conclusively that this doctrine was never admitted, decreed, or approved in any Council, either general or particular, for the first 600 years after Christ; that none of the Doctors or Fathers of the early Church, who are regarded as standard authorities, held it; and that it did not agree with the Harmony of the Confessions that had been published at Geneva, in the name of the Reformed Churches. It is difficult to see how any mind, open to the force of argument, could duly weigh the objections stated in this declaration of Arminius, and yet hold the dogmas which he so trenchantly refuted.

Early in the following year, a disease, brought on by unremitting labour and study, became extremely severe and prostrating. There can be no doubt, that the pain inflicted by the bitter attacks of his intolerant persecutors greatly aggravated his disease, and hastened his death. Though in great weakness and suffering, for some months he continued to lecture and perform other duties. On the 25th of July, 1609, he held a public disputation on "The vocation of men to salvation," which was his last public effort. He rapidly grew worse. Yet, in acute physical pain, he manifested no abatement of his usual cheerfulness and entire acquiescence with the will of God, till on the 19th of October, at the age of forty-nine years, while surrounded by praying friends, his truth-loving and devout spirit escaped from the jarring strife of earth to the peace and harmony of heaven. In the words of one of his biographers: "He was distinguished among men, for the virtue and amiability of his private, domestic and social character; among Christians, for his charity towards those who differed from him in opinion; among preachers, for his zeal, eloquence and success; and among divines, for his acute, yet enlarged and comprehensive views of theology, his skill in argument, and his candour and courtesy in controversy."

This high eulogy he justly merited. It is impossible to read his polemical discourses, which were often written in reply to what he considered to be severe and unjust attacks, without

admiring the uniform Christian courtesy with which he discusses the questions at issue. No angry retorts, nor acrimonious expressions disfigure the calm and cogent presentation of his views. Not less admirable is the modesty with which he gives his judgment on the questions he discusses. Though he had, during his whole life, applied his great talents to the study of sacred subjects, he humbly speaks of himself as a learner, willing to be taught, even by those against whom he contended in argument. While regarding with due respect the conclusions of the great men of other times, he called no man master. In his "Reasons for the Revision of the Dutch Confession and the Heidelberg Catechism," then the theological standards of the Protestant churches of Holland, he pointed out clearly and wisely, the danger of putting any human authority, however venerated, on a level with the word of God.

In his views of the right of freedom of opinion, and in liberality towards those whom he thought in error, he was far in advance of his times; and even in our times, but few have risen to his standard of charity and tolerance. Indeed, in his later years, he was not so much the mere advocate of a system of doctrine, as the champion of liberty of conscience and worship. Not that he was latitudinarian in doctrine, or held his own convictions of truth lightly. But in the distinction which he recognized, between truths that are essential to salvation and those that are not, he saw the ground for a comprehensive union between all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, in spite of differences on non-essential points. This recognition of the right of freedom of conscience specially distinguished the Arminians of that day from the Calvinists. Shortly after the death of Arminius, the States of Holland, acting by the advice of that noble Arminian statesman, John of Barneveldt, whose memory Motley, the historian, has recently so amply vindicated, issued an edict of full toleration to both parties, and prohibited the continuance of public controversy. The Calvinists refused to submit, and the strife became so furious, that the Arminians found it necessary to protect themselves from personal violence by appointing a safeguard of militia-men. Like the Puritans of New England, the Calvinists of Holland, while protesting fiercely against the attempts of Rome to violate their consciences, had no idea of allowing liberty of conscience to those who did not accept their dogmas. But we should not too severely

denounce those who persecuted the Arminians as heretics, unless we have learned to practise greater charity and toleration towards those whose theological opinions differ from ours.

As we glance back along the ages, though saddened by the bigotry and bitterness with which even those who named the name of Christ were sometimes arrayed against each other, we are cheered by catching glimpses of the many noble and heroic souls which rise above the darkness like divinely appointed sentinels, keeping watch over the welfare of a world that never knew their worth. To this immortal brotherhood belongs Arminius. The fogs of prejudice and intolerance, which so long obscured his just renown, are passing away forever.

“ Though round its base the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

OUR METHODIST TREE.

I.

LIKE one who stands beneath a giant oak,
That stretches forth its branches far and wide,
Extending its dense shade on every side,
Unscathed by tempest or fierce thunder-stroke ;
So stand we here to day, beneath a tree
Of God's own planting in this favoured land,
Which He has guarded with His mighty hand,
Till now it rises strong and fair to see.
A hundred years have shed their wintry snows
And summer showers around its spreading roots,
And still, by grace of God, it spreads and grows,
And still brings forth its rich and golden fruits ;
God grant its blessed fruit may still increase,—
Beneath its shadow may there still be peace.

II.

As from an acorn small that forest tree
Peered first, a feeble germ; above the ground,
While chill rains fell and skies inclement frowned,
Yet flourished still upon the emerald lea ;

So, from a weak and small beginning grew
 This tall and stately tree, that shaketh now
 Like Lebanon, and weareth on its brow
 Its leafy honours, fed by sun and dew.
 Fierce storms of wrathful hate assailed its youth,
 Like surging tumult of the battle strife,
 Yet still it rose, invincible as truth ;
 They could not crush its heaven-imparted life,
 Which flourishes in sturdy strength to day—
 God grant our tree may never know decay.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

BY THE REV. JOHN A. WILLIAMS.

PERHAPS no body of men ever met together to legislate for the Church under fairer prospects or greater encouragements than the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada. The branches of the Church they represented had been for some time engaged in a movement, by which, forsaking differences as the basis of fraternity, they might unite on the foundation of their essential agreement, and so stand on the platform of Christian brotherhood and equality. This, through the divine blessing, has been accomplished; and now, for the first time, they meet to legislate for the Church according to the basis they had each accepted. If the responsibilities were weighty, there was also much to cheer them. It would have been unpardonable ingratitude to have forgotten the past. True, there were no traditions reaching back into the misty centuries, but they had at hand, and within the memory of living men, a history of conflict, effort and achievement, such as has not fallen to the lot of any other Church in this Dominion; and looking out upon the Church of to-day, they accepted the means it possesses, the energy of its creed, the expansiveness of its economy, the intelligence and hearty liberality of its adherents, combined with the position which by divine favour it now enjoys, as a bright augury of its future success and triumph. We do not now care about the figures, which by some

are regarded as mere slate and pencil progress, but we look at the Methodist Church in this Dominion with feelings of devout gratitude. Feeble in its beginning, it was for years subject to reproach; scorned, if not persecuted; without an educated ministry; contending with poverty and undeserved disparagement; it yet pursued its one great purpose of spreading "Scriptural Holiness," and has had much to do in moulding those institutions which have made our country our glory and our praise. The present position of the Church will be taken by all who value loyalty to truth, as a marvellous expression of divine favour, and of what may be accomplished by sanctified zeal, courage and energy, directed to one purpose—the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Those who have been honoured with the position of directing the legislation and government of the Church in the past, have certainly shown a wise conservatism. While free from the charge of having made hasty experiments, they have, we think, escaped that fruitful source of error and mischief which attempts to fit the principles and methods of one age to the convictions and needs of another. They apprehended the fact that as the Church advanced in intelligence, wealth, and moral influence, it required and demanded a different treatment from that which was only suited to the formative period of its history. Instead, therefore, of following the example so characteristic of some of the Churches of the time, "of retiring on their centre," they gave prominence to the Christian, rather than to the Priestly idea, and effected such changes as met the necessities of the Church. By utilizing its various gifts and talents, they gave it breadth and fulness, compactness and efficiency, and, above all, peace, so essential to prosperity. We are not surprised that the "new departure," or re-arrangement, should take place so quietly, or that there should be such unanimity of sentiment, both as to its necessity and its adaptation to the wants of the Church at this time. It was not the result of hastiness. The best minds of the Church have been engaged on it for years, and much prayer has been offered to God for divine direction. It is true, the laity (that is of the Wesleyan section), were not asking for the privilege of sharing in the grave responsibility of directing the legislation and government of the Church; yet the ministry felt it could hardly justify itself in as-

suming the entire burden and labour of carrying out and bringing to maturity the various schemes of the Church's enterprise—which its increasing culture, wealth and social position were demanding—while so much talent and energy were to be found in the laity, which, if brought out and employed, would not only be a bond of union between the ministry and the membership, but would secure to the Church the large and more varied experience, the zeal and hearty co-operation, of the foremost men of the denomination. In this expectation they have not been disappointed.

As a Church Court, the General Conference is unique, both in its composition and in its functions. It comes under none of the theories of Church government of which we have read or heard. It is purely representative in its composition, both in reference to the ministry and membership. It has no *ex-officio* members; even its President is a representative of some Conference; while its business is almost entirely legislative. It differs from the Anglican Convocations of England, which are not representative, nor have they either legislative or executive power. Nor is it analogous to the Provincial Synod of the Anglican Church in Canada, for it has no House of Bishops. Unlike the Assemblies of the various Presbyterian bodies, the laymen are chosen irrespective of office, and it possesses no judicial authority. Nor does it find its counterpart in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. In its composition the laymen are equal in number to the ministry. It has no executive control over the Annual Conferences; nor has it either judicial or appellate jurisdiction. It is the most popular Church Court we know of, and furnishes a reply and a rebuke to those who are fond of speaking of the vassalage of the laity of the Methodist Church. The General Conference is the creation of the Annual Conferences and of the membership. It has grown out of the necessities which our success as a Church has entailed upon us. It is not so much the creation of a new power, as it is the employment of that directly which has hitherto, and for the most part, been applied indirectly, and adapting it to present requirements; furnishing another proof of the elasticity of the system, which can adapt itself to the changes incident to the expansion of the Church, without doing violence to time-honoured and well-tried principles.

The formation of the General Conference was not for the purpose of merging the aggregate powers of the old Conferences into it, but for the separation of the legislative and judicial from the executive departments. Being a representative body, and not possessed of Sovereign authority, restraints against abuses are imposed by the act of organization. A delegated power is of necessity a limited power, and can only be exercised for a defined object and purpose.

The restrictions by which the power of the General Conference is limited refer, 1st—To Articles of Faith; 2nd—To the General Rules; 3rd—To the Itinerancy; 4th—To the rights and privileges of ministers and members to trial and appeal; and 5th—To the rights and privileges of the Annual Conferences. The first four restrictions are absolute, the fifth may be removed with the consent of the majority of the Conferences. Yet within these limits the Conference found ample scope for the exercise of its wisdom, as the many subjects which it discussed abundantly testify. As the Annual Conferences are complete in themselves for administrative, executive and judicial purposes, neither the General Conference nor its officers have any oversight outside of those interests which are general and have been confided to them. A dual oversight would not only be inconvenient, but cumbersome, undesirable, and unnecessary. In this arrangement the Church has been true to its Wesleyan instincts, and has combined the important principles of Episcopacy and Presbyterianism in its management and oversight. It has not created an office which in time might pass into an order, but finds in the chief executive officer of the Annual Conferences that which is sufficient for supervision and direction. Nor has it been thought necessary, in order to the coherence and organic union of the Church, that there should be a superior officer, embodying in himself the idea of law, or the representative of an idea only.

The bond of union in the Methodist Church is found in a common faith, common law, and common interests. The General Conference is the fountain of law to the whole body; and the various "Boards," which from the fact that they are appointed by and are simply commissions of the General Conference, in which the Annual Conferences are not only equally represented but largely interested, are more likely to create and foster a connexional

feeling than any influences which one man, or a number of men could exert. There are few men in the ministry, and as few in the laity, that wish to go backward. The order is close enough, and the system is strong enough, for all practical purposes. There is no need among us for ecclesiastical reaction. Stronger life and richer truth will create reciprocal intercourse and closer fellowship. We see no reason to question the soundness of the principles which have been accepted. They seem to us simpler, truer, nobler, more in the line of the Divine order, than anything we know of in the various systems of Church government now in operation. In the mere light of sound sense and common experience, we think we have been wisely guided to the medium between two extreme systems. We have escaped official Episcopacy with its general supervision, and, by the powers vested in the Presidents of the Annual Conference, we have kept clear of extreme Presbyterianism. Earnest men, earnest in work and earnest in life, need but little regulating; while drones and laggards are not made effective, let the supervision be ever so complete. In giving the largest amount of independence to the Annual Conferences, the projectors of this new arrangement have acted in accordance with the genius of Canadian and English Methodism. If our history is worth anything in its teachings, then the lesson that comes to us is—the more self-reliance, the greater the success. There has been a gain in intelligence, Christian manliness, and efficiency, as men have been thrown upon their own resources, and from circumstances have been compelled to do what others had been in the habit of having done for them. The less of corporate form there is the better. Some there must be; but as the office of Methodism is to hold forth the truth in its most concentrated character, and to give to the world a living exposition of its divinity, the less it is encumbered by system, and the more it takes on of the practical element, the greater will be its intensity, and the more likely it will be to retain its ancient inspiration. The halo of completeness is not the most divine aspect of a system of organization; but its great power lies in the adaptation of a few great principles which are sufficiently broad to impart magnitude to its status without impeding its advance. The genius rather than the detail is of most importance to us. The blandishments of a splendid ideal are not to be brought into comparison

with that order which develops an undiminished energy and affords the best opportunity of breathing its sympathies as intensely as possible into the hearts of the people.

The admission of the laity to a more direct share in the government of the Church is a matter that is full of interest, yet it seems to be the order of Providence. It is a fact that has impressed itself upon the minds of many thoughtful men, that the purely ecclesiastical or Levitical character of the priesthood is rapidly declining; and vain and futile are all efforts to restore it to what it was even fifty years ago. The priesthood of the people is accepted and acted upon, and we see no reason to question the principle which is not now inaugurated, but more fully recognized. What would have been impracticable fifty years ago may be duty now; for the folly of one age is the wisdom of another. Optimism, as applied to any human being, is at best but a dream; and there is wisdom, even in Churches, in following the apostolic aspiration, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those that are before." Certain it is, that the laity of the Church have shown themselves to be as deeply interested in the progress of the truth as the ministry. Its purity, its honour, its attractiveness and its triumph are conjointly entrusted to them both; and, doubtless, their present position will be taken up as a part of their Christian vocation, which will be pursued with greater efficiency and more practical usefulness.

We refer not now to the work of the General Conference, to its legislation, nor its harmony of purpose; but as we look forward we pray that the Church may be equal to the work assigned it; that its various agencies may be strengthened; and that all its plans and enterprises may be worked with greater efficiency and success. With the experience of a half-century and more of missionary labour and blessing, may there be an appreciation of the grandeur of our work, and of the noble and God-like mission unto which we are called. May we contemplate wider fields of enterprise and grander undertakings. The First General Conference is an era in the history of Methodism in this Dominion which should stir the heart and lead to renewed and unreserved sacrifices. With the new organization, may there come the intelligent enlargement of our work, broader capabilities, a higher culture, the consecrated endeavour, the expansive sym-

pathy; the large-hearted benevolence, and the prayerful and religious thrift so essential to success. Above all, may there come to the Church such a divine baptism as to make its life an inspiration and a blessing, that the things which make for peace, for manliness, equity, and purity, may be more and more valued, and the bonds of a common brotherhood in Christ grow stronger and stronger.

HIGHER FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY THE REV. W. H. WITHROW, M. A.

"WOMAN should shrink from science as from vice," said the amiable Fenelon two hundred years ago. And this opinion seems widely prevalent still. It found striking expression in a special condemnation by the present Roman pontiff of the higher education of woman, as an attempt "to despoil her of her native modesty, to drag her before the public, to turn her from domestic life and duties, and to puff her up with vain and false science." And notwithstanding a thousand refutations, the same absurd charge has been reiterated a thousand times.

Woman is none the less womanly because she is neither a fool nor a doll. The light of intellect does not dim the sparkle of her eye. A knowledge of letters need not tarnish the bloom of her cheek. A familiarity with high thoughts does not take the beauty from her brow. She is none the better helpmate because she has no sympathy with the studies and employments of her husband. She is none the more charming companion because her thoughts run in a narrow round. She is none the better mother for being engrossed in fashionable folly and frivolity. A knowledge of arithmetic does not unfit for the exercise of household economy. An acquaintance with the principles of physiology and hygiene is no disqualification for the duties of the sick room. Woman is none the better Christian because she knows nothing of the wonderful works of God around her. She is none the better fitted for the guidance of the present, and the moulding of the future, on account of her total ignorance of

the storied past. She is none the happier at home because she knows nothing of what is going on abroad. It in no wise

“Blurs the grace and blush of modesty”

to be familiar with the sublime truths of science. We are not aware that womanly virtue is more conspicuous in Spain and Italy, where girls are immured in convents, and restricted to the catechism, tapestry, and the spinet, than in Protestant countries, where they are exposed to those twin perils, heresy and letters.

A reaction against the notion that woman needs, or is capable of only a limited education, is taking place. Till recently, the facilities for higher female education have been very inadequate; and what there were were very expensive, and often very inefficient as well. The much-enduring paterfamilias was wont to groan in spirit as he read, with rueful visage, the formidable bills, with their interminable list of extras, from the aristocratic establishment of Madame Superbe or Monsieur Magnifique; and frequently found that his daughters acquired, in return for this lavish outlay, only a few shallow accomplishments and a smattering of half-a-dozen ologies. Girls were taught by worldly-wise mammas, that the great object of education was to secure an eligible marriage. Hence they were educated, as a general thing, for the parlor and the ball room, not for the plain prose of life—to coruscate for a time like social pyrotechnics, not to beam in the domestic firmament with a steady light like the unfading stars. A ladies' seminary was often like a theatrical attiring room, where girls were tricked out in filmy wings and gauzy loveliness for the ballet of pleasure, as though the world were an enchanted palace and life a fairy tale. No one was more injured by this mistaken training than woman herself. Her noblest powers were dwarfed, her range of thought was narrowed, and she was shut out from the intellectual enjoyments that ennoble and dignify our nature. Ampler provision for her soul-need in this respect is being made. Schools and colleges for her higher education are on all sides springing up, an augury of brightest promise for the future of our country. In this good work our own Church has taken the earliest steps and played the foremost part.

It has been the fashion to assume, as a matter of course, that the female mind is inferior in strength, acuteness, and capacity, to that of the other sex. Facts do not sustain this ungallant assumption. The names of Hypatia and Olympia Morata, of Catharine Hershell and Mary Somerville, of Felicia Hemans and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, are conspicuous refutations of the theory. But such literary distinction, it may be said, is exceptional among women. So also is it among men, notwithstanding far superior literary advantages. The best educationists, and those of widest experience, assure us that they find no inferiority in this respect in the gentler sex. With this very strikingly accords our own observation. Girls, wherever they have had an opportunity, have shown their ability to climb side by side with their brothers up the difficult steeps of learning, asking no favour, and often carrying off the palm from their male competitors.

But it is frequently urged, that they are physically incapable of prolonged application, and that the attempt to attain a high educational standard will be followed by an inevitable breakdown in the health. In a late number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Dr. Maudsley asserts, upon physiological grounds, the inability of young women to successfully undergo the mental labour and nervous strain necessary in a thorough educational course; and points, in confirmation of his opinion, to the delicate constitutions and physical debility of many American girls, as caused, he alleges, by this educational overstrain.

But his allegations have been examined, and successfully refuted, in a subsequent number of the same *Review*, by Miss Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, herself an accomplished physician, and the first lady to pass the rigorous examination of the London Apothecaries' Hall. It is found that girls may pursue such an educational course, not only without prejudice to their health, but often greatly to its advantage. Many who come to boarding school or college, invalids, return well. Girls who at home are always ailing, or think that they are, often become strong and robust. Indeed, the calm and regular routine of college life, with its constant, systematic, and pleasant employment; its early hours of going to bed and rising; its plain, wholesome diet; its daily

appropriate physical exercise ; its simple habits and rational style of dress, is highly conducive to physical health.

Moreover, the discipline maintained, at boarding school or college is as favourable to mental well-being as their physical conditions are for that of the body. It tends to develop in the pupil a self-reliance and independence of character, combined with a due regard to the rights and privileges of others. The rigid economy of time, and the prompt conformity to appointed hours for study, recitation, etc., that are enforced, are of incalculable value in the formation of habits for after life. A boarding school is a microcosm—a little world by itself. The meeting and mingling of different types of mind ; the wholesome emulation awakened ; the strong friendships formed ; the necessity for mutual concession, conciliation, and helpfulness ; are important elements in the development of character, and are an admirable preparation for the great world without. Besides, study can be more thorough, more comprehensive and consecutive, can embrace a greater range of subjects under a greater number of superior teachers and with better methods of instruction, than at home. It is also less subject to interruption from social engagements, from native indolence, or from the unwise indulgence of friends. The unartificial habits inculcated, the Spartan plainness of living and the simplicity of taste cultivated, tend to substitute an intellectual standard for one of mere wealth or vulgar ostentation. The elements of true happiness are seen to consist, not in dress and jewels, nor in upholstery and costly furniture, but in mental resources, which the poorest may possess. The moral and religious influence of the Christian family life enjoyed in most of our Ladies' Colleges makes them a means of spiritual blessing as well as of intellectual training.

The physical debility of many American and of some Canadian women is rarely the result of the educational strain they have undergone. It is seldom found in those who are remarkable for intellectual strength or acquirements. It is the general concomitant of a life of fashionable folly and dissipation. The late hours, heated rooms, unwholesome diet, and unhealthy habits and mode of dress of such a life, are a far greater tax on the vital force than is required for attaining high educational distinction. Moreover, the premature entrance into society ; its

competitions, petty rivalries, and ignoble ambitions; the stimulus of sensation novels, and often of the ball room and the opera; unduly excite the emotional nature of young girls, pervert the judgment, deaden the conscience, and weaken the controlling power of the will.

The greatest benefit of higher female education consists in the increased mental resources created, the intellectual discipline acquired, the strength of purpose and habits of industry formed. Few things are more pitiable than the listless *ennui* of fashionable young ladydom, which even the novel or the party can only for a time dissipate.

"It is not easy," says Miss Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, "for those whose lives are full to overflowing of the interests which accumulate as life matures, to realize how insupportably dull the life of a young woman just out of the school-room is apt to be, nor the powerful influence for evil this dulness has upon her health and morals. There is no tonic in the pharmacopea, to be compared with happiness, and happiness worth calling such is not known, where the days drag along, filled with make-believe occupations and dreary sham amusements."

It would be amusing to witness, were they not so weak and wicked, the amount of thought, the eager interest bestowed by young ladies who are neither mental dwarfs nor imbeciles, on the matching of a shade of ribbon or the trimming of a dress—upon the adorning of the mere casket, while the priceless and immortal jewel within is left unpolished and unwrought. It is absolutely pitiable to witness the strenuous but unavailing efforts to replace the fading bloom of youth by increased gaiety of apparel, and to conceal the ravages of time by the purchased adjuncts of artificial beauty.

The language of one of the Christian Fathers of the third century, Clement of Alexandria, with reference to the fashionable follies of his own time, are not inappropriate to-day. "Let woman breathe the odour of the true royal ointment of Christ," he writes, "and not of unguents and scented powders. Let her be anointed with the ambrosial chrism of industry, and delight in the holy unguent of the Spirit, and offer spiritual fragrance. She may not crown the living image of God as others do dead idols. Her fair crown is one of amaranth, which groweth not on

earth, but in the skies." In like manner says Tertullian to the dames of Carthage: "Let your comeliness be the goodly garment of the soul. Clothe yourself with the silk of uprightness, the fine linen of holiness, the purple of modesty, and you shall have God himself for your lover and spouse."

And all the while that women thus waste their time and energies in frivolous amusements the world is pulsing with grand heroic thoughts. Great and noble objects are invoking the aid of loving hearts and eager hands. God is calling the sanctified intellect and earnest will, to labour in the harvest field of life. And Christ, the immortal lover of the soul, woos it to divine and everlasting espousals.

It seems to be the penalty imposed upon a life of mere selfish pleasure-seeking, that real, lasting pleasure shall for ever elude the seeker's grasp. It is the divine benediction on the pursuing of some worthy life-object, that the pursuit itself becomes an ennobling passion and is its own exceeding great reward. So true is this, that the cases are frequent in which mental and bodily health break down through the intellectual inertia of a life of luxury—a mere round of fashionable amusement,—and the unhappy victims of consuming *ennui* become morbid, self-absorbed, and hypocondriac or hysterical.

Many girls seek escape from this listless life in marriage; impelled thereto, not by the high and holy inspiration of an absorbing, impassioned affection; but by mere ambition, love of display, or even a desire for change, or a blind yearning to fly from themselves. But the sacred duties of wife-hood and motherhood, thus rashly and unworthily assumed, are but ill discharged, and bring not the hallowed compensations and rich beatitudes they are designed to teach. The icy heart and empty head remain cold and vacant still. Even the touch of a child's hand often fails to thaw the ice, or its innocent love to fill the aching void within.

If higher education, therefore, makes girls more self-reliant, and less dependent on the protection or support of a husband, they will often make a worthier choice. They will not rush into rash and often wretched marriages as the only escape from a life of helplessness or from the reproach of spinsterhood. Better a thousand-fold to live and die in maiden solitude than desecrate

God's eternal sacrament of love by unworthily, or for base or sordid motives, assuming its awful and irrevocable vows.

We repudiate the idea so commonly entertained, that female education is only a lure to the gilded bower of matrimony, to enable woman to make her market in life and win a prize in the lottery of marriage. It has loftier and sublimer ends than these—the development of the noblest part of her nature, the intellect and the affections; the expansion and culture of all her powers. And even in marriage, we need not say how superior are the intellectual qualities, in commanding that respect without which no true love is possible, and in retaining the affections when the honeymoon's spell of glamour has passed away. Let woman, therefore, aspire to her rightful position as the true regent of society. Let her seek, for none other is clothed with such subtle power, to ennoble the character of the age, to mould the fashion of the time to fairer forms than ever seen before, to speed the world

“Down the ringing grooves of change”

to the golden age to be. Let her not outrage her entire sex by frivolity and sloth, but endeavor to elevate it to a loftier plane of being and a wider sphere of influence. Let her sway the heart of man, not merely by her charms of person and graces of manner, but by the more potent spell of intellectual power and moral goodness.

No culture can be too wide, too rich and varied, for her sublime and hallowed mission. The first Napoleon, when asked what was the great need of France, replied, “Mothers;” and he was right. And the great need of the world to-day is women who can worthily wear, as the queenliest dignity of life, the hallowed name of mother; lifting it high above the defilement of earth; making it a potent spell, a sacred talisman, at whose whispered utterance temptation and sin shall lose their power. Mothers may write upon that living palimpsest, a child's heart, lessons of undying wisdom that not all the vile chirography of sin can ever cover or efface—lessons that in after years will often flash forth in all their early vividness and power. In standing by a child's cradle they stand nearest to the vital forces which may change the character and mould the destiny of the age. They may lay their hands upon the hidden springs of action which, more

powerful than the Archimedian lever, may move the world. Their sublime work it is to nurse heroic souls and send them forth, full armed, to the stern battle of life, with the Spartan mother's mandate, as she handed to her son his shield—*ταυ η επι ταυ*—“With it or upon it, Victory or death!”

As a Church, therefore, we are wise in providing the amplest and best facilities for the higher education of our daughters; for upon them, even more than upon our sons, depends the entire moral future of our country. It behoves Christian parents that, while supplying the material wants of their children, they supply also their spiritual and intellectual necessities. Thus shall they bequeath them a legacy more precious than silver or gold; one which shall be wealth in poverty, solace in solitude, joy in sorrow, and true riches which cannot take to themselves wings and fly away. It behoves our daughters especially—for all education that is worth the name must be largely self-education—that they sedulously embrace every opportunity of self-improvement that they possess, not wasting their golden hours and enfeebling their minds by pernicious novel reading or by the pursuit of fashionable folly and frivolity.

Even though deprived of higher educational facilities, they may accomplish much by earnest systematic private study, and thus, in its highest sense, be well educated—disciplined in mind, and heart and will. And to all of us are abundant incentives to such pleasing labour; in God's great world around us, with its marvels for our admiration; in the storied past behind us, with its lessons for our instruction; in the great questions of the present, with their demands upon our sympathies and efforts; and in the grand future before us, with its holy hopes and glorious promises for our inspiration and encouragement.

A WATCHWORD FOR LIFE.

BE good, dear friend, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

—*Rev. Charles Kingsley.*

RECENT DISCOVERY IN AFRICA.

BY THE REV. WESLEY P. WRIGHT, M.A., B.D.

THE geological formation of Central Africa is primitive, showing an altitude above the sea level averaging nearly 4,000 feet. This elevated portion of the globe, built up in great part of granite sandstone rocks, has never been submerged, nor does it appear to have undergone any changes, either volcanic or by the action of water. Time, working through countless ages with the slow but certain instrument of atmospheric influence, has rounded the surface and split into fragments the granite rocks, leaving a sandy base of disintegrated material; while, in other cases, the mountains show as hard and undecaying an aspect as though fresh from Nature's foundry.

The surface of this vast interior is entirely exempt from the coarse, superficial drift that encumbers so many countries, as derived from lofty mountain chains from which either glaciers or great torrent streams have descended. All other continents have been successively submerged under the ocean to receive calcareous deposits. Thus Africa, in a geological sense, is unique among the continental systems.

Egypt is an extraordinary example of the actual formation of a country by alluvial deposit. It has been created by a single river. The great Sahara, that frightful desert of interminable, scorching sand, stretching from the Red Sea to the Atlantic, is cleft by one solitary thread of water. Ages before man could have existed in that inhospitable land, that thread of water was at its silent work; through countless years it flooded and fell, depositing a rich legacy of soil upon the barren sand, until the delta was created. Thus furnishing an area of uninterrupted productiveness, and having an unrivalled position for commerce, it took the lead in history as the most civilized and prosperous land upon earth.

As the Nile was among the first of known rivers, so it was unlike all others. In July and August, when European streams were at their lowest in the summer heat, the Nile was at its flood. In Egypt there was no rainfall—not even a drop of dew in those

parched deserts, through which, for 860 miles of latitude, the glorious river flowed without a tributary. Licked up by the burning sun, and swallowed by the exhausting sand of Nubian deserts, supporting all losses by evaporation and absorption, the noble flood shed its annual blessings upon Egypt. An anomaly among rivers, flooding in the driest season, unwasted in sandy deserts, where was its hidden origin, how explain its mysterious flow ?

Not only is the geology of Africa peculiar and its river system anomalous, but its lakes follow rules unlike those of most other lakes in the world. It has been a maxim of physical geography that lakes without outlets to the sea become salt ; and the Caspian and Dead Seas of Asia, and the Salt Lake of the Mormons, were adduced as examples. But Clapperton and Barth found that Lake Tchad had no outlet and was quite fresh ; and Burton and Livingstone found the same true of Lake Tanganyika, a magnificent expanse three hundred miles in length ; with the probabilities of a like result for several other lakes in the great table lands of Central Africa. Instead of deciding that isolation produces saltness, it will have to be left to geology to determine what sort of strata round a lake will produce brackishness, and what sort will have the opposite effect.

Most of the recent discoverers have entered Africa from Zanzibar. This point they reach by the way of the Red Sea and Aden, on the Straits of Babelmandel. Zanzibar is a tropical island of wonderful beauty and fertility. Unlike its larger neighbour, Madagascar, it has a very slight altitude above the sea, and everywhere shows the hand of cultivation in rich plantations of sugar, cloves, gum, rice, and similar products. The capital, holding about half of the population of the island, about 100,000 inhabitants, is thoroughly Arabian in appearance, with its flat-roofed buildings and occasional mosques. The government was formerly united to that of Muscat, in Arabia, but now there is an independent sultan for each. The Arabs are the ruling and the negroes the working class. There is a third class, consisting of about 5,000 natives of India, called Banyans, who have been British subjects, and these do most of the money-lending and trading both for the island and the mainland. Dr. Kirk is now

the British Consul at Zanzibar, and Captain Webb that of the United States.

It was here that Messrs. Burton and Speke fitted out the first expedition for the interior, in 1856. Caravans under the control of Arab traders had made regular journeys inland for scores of years, but no European had ever ventured upon the route. These traders brought back large numbers of slaves and great quantities of ivory, the tusks of elephants killed in the interior. They took with them for barter three things—cotton cloth, brass wire, and beads: the first for clothing, the second for coils, which the natives wear for ornaments around their wrists and ankles, and the third for chains around their necks.

Burton and Speke formed a caravan, much as would any Arab trader, and took the same articles with them to pay their way. These traders, during the course of their long traffic, have trained two classes of negro servants from the interior; the first to carry arms and be their guard, and the second to be porters and carry all the merchandise. Horses, oxen, and camels rapidly die off in this part of Africa, partly from the climate, but chiefly from the attacks of an insect called the tsetse fly, whose bite causes their death. It is found not to be hurtful to men or donkeys; which, if we choose to be satirical, may be regarded as a secondary proof of the Darwinian theory! Arabs are also necessary in a caravan as guides and leaders. And now comes the tedious part in the traveller's narrative. It is a constant history of stoppages, instead of journeys. The squabbles, quarrels, and mutinies of the incongruous elements of the caravan; the miasmatic jungles that are almost impassable; the intermittent fevers that keep half of the company sick (in reference to which Stanley gravely remarks, towards the last of his journey, that he was enjoying his twenty-ninth fever); the petty negro chiefs, who exact enormous tribute; the poor diet of maize, rice, and occasional animals that are bought or shot; the monotonous succession of miserable half-clad savages, whose squalid huts and wretched mode of life must of necessity all be described;—we leave all these for the reader to enjoy for himself in the pages of the travellers, simply remarking that Stanley is acknowledged to have given the most readable book on the subject.

The many difficulties just enumerated explain why it has

taken each of the expeditions about a year to pass over the five hundred miles to Lake Tanganyika. The first fifty miles from the coast is swamp, and is much dreaded on account of its malaria and its hostile tribes, who, being near the coast, have learned the use of fire-arms. After the first mountains are reached there follow the great table lands of the interior, about three thousand feet above the level of the sea. After two-thirds of the journey is passed, the now noted stopping place of Unyanyembe is reached, (see map). Here the Arab merchants have made a large settlement, building houses superior to those of the natives, and living in considerable luxury. They are very hospitable to travellers, entertaining them for weeks, and giving them such scanty information as their travel for slaves and ivory among the hundreds of tribes beyond has afforded them. Burton attributes excessive stupidity to the negroes, for he says they could not tell him accurately of places and rivers not twenty miles from where they had spent all their lives. Livingstone was much more hopeful of the African race.

The limits of this article entirely prevent us from describing the productions of the country, its minerals and its plants, or the manners and customs of the people. We will simply mention that most of the families practice spinning and weaving, though they prefer to obtain by barter English and American cottons. Their method of reducing iron ores, which abound among the sandstone rocks and give a red color to the soil, deserves a short description. They make a sort of oven in the earth, in which they place the charcoal and the ore. For bellows they take an earthenware kettle, having a tube from the bottom reaching into the fire, and cover the top with leather, to which is attached a handle. This handle, working something like a churn, as it descends depresses the leather cover, and that pushes the air before it into the fire. By these rude means they make very efficient implements both of husbandry and war.

The next ivory and slave mart beyond Unyanyembe occupied by Arabs is Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, as shown on the map. Here Messrs. Burton and Speke had the exquisite pleasure of being the first travellers to behold this beautiful inland lake; and here, fourteen years after, Stanley had the equally great delight of meeting and supplying the wants of

Africa's greatest explorer, the long-lost Livingstone. These first travellers tried in boats to reach the head of the lake, but, from hostility of the tribes, could only go within ten or twelve miles of it. They desired to ascertain whether the river at its head flowed into it or out of it to the north, in which case it might be connected with the Nile. It was reserved for Stanley and Livingstone to solve the doubt, by ascertaining that it flowed into the lake, and hence was entirely disconnected from the Nile. For this exploit Stanley received the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society.

On Messrs. Burton and Speke's return to Unyanyembe, the latter was despatched northward about one hundred miles to the locality of a reported lake; and here, in August, 1858, Captain Speke reached the southern extremity of a lake, which he named the Victoria N'Yanza, and which he at once declared to be the long-sought source of the Nile. The two travellers were never friends after this, and published their books separately, with many disparaging allusions to each other.

Speke, after reaching England, received help to form another expedition, and, in connection with Captain Grant, entered Africa again from Zanzibar, with the usual motley caravan, but this time with the advantage of some Arab leaders who had been in the former expedition. The next year Sir Samuel Baker, accompanied by his wife, resolved to enter upon this region of exploration—fascinating from its very perils—by going up the Nile from Egypt towards its source, with the hope of meeting Captain Speke as he came towards the north. Messrs. Speke and Grant followed the caravan route to Unyanyembe, came northward to the southern end of Victoria N'Yanza—followed the lake for a short distance—were compelled to leave it and take their course to the west, and then to the north—but, after some months, to their great joy, sighting, as they thought, the same lake again, they followed it to its northern extremity, and there, equally to their delight, found that the waters of the lake flowed out of it in a fine stream to the north. Thus the goal was almost reached. They followed the stream northward—were forced to leave it—but travelling north-west, struck it at a point where there were some falls, and where Kamrasi, the head chief of a very large district, resided and showed them the greatest

hospitality. They heard here that the river flowed westerly and entered a lake, and that the waters of this lake flowed out again to the north. They could not investigate the truth of this, but pursued their course, coming upon the Nile again, and reaching, at last, Gondokoro, the remotest trading station from Egypt towards the sources of the Nile.

Their joy can be imagined when they found Sir Samuel Baker and his expedition here ready to give them a hearty reception. Sir Samuel describes the meeting as follows.—“I heard guns firing in the distance. Some ivory trader’s caravan seemed approaching. My men rushed madly to my boat, with the report that two white men were with them, who had come from the sea! Could they be Speke and Grant? Off I ran, and soon met them in reality. Hurrah for Old England! My countrymen had really discovered the source of the Nile! The mystery of ages is solved! When first I met them, they were walking the banks of the river towards my boats. At a distance of about a hundred yards I recognized my old friend Speke, and with a heart beating with joy I took off my cap and gave him a welcome ‘hurrah!’ as I ran towards him. For the moment he did not recognize me; for as I was totally unexpected, my sudden appearance in the centre of Africa appeared to him incredible. We were shortly seated on the deck of our boat under the awning, and such rough fare as could be hastily prepared was set before these ragged, careworn specimens of African travel, who had not for three years seen the face of a white man, friend or foe. As a good ship arrives in harbor, battered and torn by a long and stormy voyage, yet sound in her frame and seaworthy to the last, so both the travellers arrived at Gondokoro. I looked upon them with pride as my countrymen.”

The travellers took their trusty company of eighteen blacks, now immortalized as “Speke’s faithfuls,” down the Nile; kept them at Cairo for some time seeing the sights; had their photographs taken to adorn his book of travels; and sent them on their way, loaded with presents, by the Red Sea and Aden, to their home in the sunny isle of the Equator—Zanzibar. It now remained for Baker to find the other reported lake, and see if it also was connected with the Nile. This would involve, on the part of himself and wife, a two years’ conflict with tropical fevers

and tropical savages; but they were ready for the sacrifice. He says in his journal: "Had I been alone, it would have been no hard lot for me to die upon the untrodden path before me; but there was one who, although my greatest comfort, was also my greatest care. I shuddered at the prospect for her, should she be left alone in savage lands at my death; and gladly would I have left her in the luxuries of home, instead of exposing her to the miseries of Africa. It was in vain that I implored her to remain, and that I painted the perils still blacker than I then imagined them myself. She was resolved, with woman's constancy and devotion, to share all dangers, and to follow me through each footstep of the wild life before me." He succeeded in taking up the clue where Speke left it; followed Speke's Nile till it emptied into a noble lake, only, however, to issue forth again at its northern end to form the great White Nile; thus giving two great lakes as the real sources of the Nile. He named his lake Albert N'Yanza, as a counterpart to Victoria N'Yanza. He was unable to go far south on the lake, and he was also compelled to leave the exit of the waters at its northern extremity unexplored.

We now turn to the labors of Dr. Livingstone. David Livingstone, at the age of eighteen, was a cotton weaver in a manufactory on the banks of the Clyde, near Glasgow. Always ambitious of learning, he at length succeeded in saving enough from the earnings of a part of the year to devote the rest of it to the studies of the medical profession. In time he took his degree, but now formed the purpose of becoming a missionary in foreign lands. He placed himself under the training of the London Missionary Society, at first proposing to go to China. But this country being closed by the opium war, his attention was called to Southern Africa by the successful labours of the Rev. Robert Moffatt, and in 1843 he began his toils in that land. All the districts in southern Africa have made great progress of late years in Christianity, and civilization. Scores of evangelists, both English and native, are cultivating this field with success, giving proof that the African character is capable of fine development. After a few years Livingstone gave himself chiefly to exploration. In 1849 he discovered Lake N'Gami, a small lake in southern Africa.

From 1852 to 1856 he went entirely across this part of the

continent, through parts never before explored, taking in his course the great river Zambesi, across to the Portuguese possessions in Angola. The town he reached on the coast, called Loanda, contains 10,000 inhabitants, many of them Portuguese, with a fort, church, stores, and even schools.

The Portuguese bishop was very kind to Livingstone, who remained here some time to recruit his health. The bishop, who is governor also, makes great efforts to introduce schools, and to have legal marriage ceremonies introduced among the natives. In following the Zambesi to the opposite sea-coast, Livingstone found the falls of Zambesi, among the most wonderful in the world. He now returned to England and published his travels, which are brought down in this book only to the year 1856.

He afterwards spent three years in the region north of the Zambesi, in company with some other travellers, and fully investigated a new lake, called N'Yassa, which has an outflow into that river.

In 1866 he made his last memorable entrance into Africa, from the same point as the two expeditions of Messrs. Burton and Speke, viz., Zanzibar, but taking a more southerly route. Within a year he had reached a point somewhat south of Lake Tanganyika. Here he was deserted by one of his Arab leaders, named Musa. This Arab eventually found his way to Unyamembe, and, to cover his own perfidy, made up the story that Livingstone had been killed in a conflict with the natives near a southern lake. This account, reaching Zanzibar, caused the suspense and anxiety of many years in England in reference to his safety. One or two of his letters, out of scores sent by the Arab caravans, reached Sir Roderick Murchison, and this well-tried friend never doubted the explorer's safety. Murchison himself, however, died just before the triumphant exploit of Stanley, and one of the latter's saddest offices was to give the news of his death to the veteran traveller.

In this far isolated position Livingstone continued his researches, and then followed the brilliant discovery of an entirely new river and lake system in Central Africa. He had formed the opinion, as expressed in his book of travels in 1856, that the central portions of southern and equatorial Africa were elevated table lands, but generally depressed in the middle in

north and south lines. This depression was the cause of Lake N'Gami in the south. The Zambesi had a long southern direction from the same reason. The line of the N'Yassa Lake was north and south. The Tanganyika of Burton and Speke was the same. Thus he predicted that further west there must be a great central watershed, with rivers and lakes. It was reserved for him to verify the correctness of his own prophecy. He passed over six hundred miles of this great watershed to the west and south-west of Lake Tanganyika, finding at the south Lake Bengweolo, then Moero, then Kamolondo. He heard of a lake to the south-west, which he called Lake Lincoln, and of an unknown one to the north, which he could not reach, all connected by a river named sometimes Luapula, and sometimes Lualaba, which he describes as a vast river like the Mississippi—probably more remarkable for width than depth. In the midst of these weary wanderings amongst tribes never before visited by whites, he made one return eastward to Ujiji, the great ivory and slave mart for Zanzibar and the sea-coast. Here he hoped to find supplies; but in this he was disappointed—the repeated attempts of the British Government and of his friends being frustrated by the villany of the caravans. Leaving a small depot of goods at Ujiji in charge of an Arab, (only to find it used up when he came to claim it), he plunged again into the unexplored wilds of a district called Manyema. This was a region abounding in ivory. The Arab traders had only entered it within two or three years. The natives had never seen firearms, and the Arabs could practise barbarities which they would not dare to engage in with tribes nearer the coast. Hence they would burn villages, make wholesale slaughter of the natives, capture all the youths for slaves, and all the ivory for barter, and retreat towards the sea-coast with their ill-gotten gain. Livingstone followed up his great river into this region to the fourth degree of south latitude. He heard of a great lake in advance of him, but from the lack of supplies and the hostility of the tribes, who confounded him with the Arabs, he was forced to turn back. Just at this point, then, occurs the blank of about one hundred miles between Livingstone's system of the Lualaba and the N'Yanza Lakes; and to this date (November, 1874,) it is still unsettled. Our own opinion, how-

ever, is that Livingstone's lakes do not connect with the Nile system. He arrived at Ujiji in October, 1871 (after five years' travel from Zanzibar), much exhausted and worn out by fatigue. He found that his supplies had been wasted by the Arab under the excuse that his master was probably dead; those sent from Zanzibar had been stopped at Unyanyembe, and had also disappeared.

On the 10th of the next month Livingstone was startled and rejoiced by the firing of guns, and the shouts of the natives that a white man and his caravan were descending the mountains to the town. Soon he grasps the hand of Stanley, and finds himself at once, from being a poor dispirited traveller five hundred miles from help, now rich in the possession of all that his heart could wish. Many long hours it took him to hear and read the news of the outer world, from which he had been cut off for five long years; and many hours it required to tell to his adventurous rescuer the story of his hardships and discoveries. After five months living and travelling together, they parted with mutual regret at Unyanyembe. Dr. Livingstone describes his latest plans in a letter dated on the 1st July, 1873, as follows: He would spend eight months going over the southern line of his discoveries on the great watershed, so as to be sure of many points undetermined. On this route he was already acquainted with the chiefs, and would find them friendly. Having accomplished this route, he would thank Providence and return home. He did not seem to intend to take up the line of exploration broken off at the north. Probably he thought the Manyemas too hostile. He was strongly of the opinion that this river system continued on to the north until it emptied into the Albert N'Yanza, the lake discovered by Sir Samuel Baker. Yet the purport of the letter does not seem to give any encouragement to the conclusion that Livingstone himself hoped to solve the problem.

The untimely death of the great explorer, before being able to solve the great Nile problem, is fresh in the memory of all. The route of the distinguished travellers above mentioned may be traced on the map accompanying this article.

THE WATCH AT THE SEPULCHRE.

From east to west I've marched beneath the eagles ;
From Pontus unto Gaul,
Kept many a watch on which, by death surrounded,
I've seen each comrade fall.

Fear! I could laugh until these rocks re-echoed,
To think that I should fear—
Who have met death in every form unshrinking—
To watch this dead man here.

In Dacian forests, sitting by our watch-fire,
I've kept the wolves at bay ;
On Rhetian Alps escaped the ice-hills hurling
Close where our legion lay.

On moonless nights, upon the sands of Libya,
I've sat with shield firm set
And heard the lion roar : in this fore-arm
The tiger's teeth have met.

I was star-gazing when he stole upon me,
Until I felt his breath,
And saw his jewel eyes gleam : then he seized me,
And instant met his death.

My weapon in his thick-veined neck I buried,
My feet his warm blood dyed ;
And then I bound my wound, and till the morning
Lay couched upon his side.

Here, though the stars are veiled, the peaceful city
Lies at our feet asleep,
Round us the still more peaceful dead are lying
In slumber yet more deep.

A low wind moaning glides among the olives
Till every hill-side sighs ;
But round us here the moanings seem to muster,
And gather where *He* lies.

And through the darkness faint pale gleams are flying,
That touch this hill alone ;
Whence these unearthly lights ? and whence the shadows
That move upon the stone ?

If the Olympian Jove awoke in thunder,
His great eyes I could meet ;
But his, if once again they looked upon me,
Would strike me to his feet.

He looked as if my brother hung there bleeding,
And put my soul to shame ;
As if my mother with his eyes was pleading,
And pity overcame,

But could not save. He who in death was hanging
On the accursed tree,
Was he the Son of God ? for so in dying
He seemed to die for me.

And all my pitiless deeds came up before me,
Gazed at me from his face :
What if he rose again and I should meet him !
How awful is this place !

—*Sunday Magazine.*

IS MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS BELIEF ?

BY REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.

PART I.

AM I responsible for my belief? is not a question of mere curiosity or moral philosophy, but one of great practical importance to every individual. It is a problem of the utmost moment; it vitally affects the purpose of being and the welfare of man; and because of the close and inseparable connection existing between our faith and our actions, the resolving of it very nearly concerns both our present and future happiness.

By beliefs, we understand, the views held on moral and

religious subjects—the summary of the articles of our faith. They are not merely intellectual conceptions, but persuasions; convictions that touch the conscience, sway the feelings, and control the conduct.

They are not the crude products of the brain alone, they have the gold dust of the moral element sifted over and through them. They are truths which have been received by the intellect, after they have flowed through the heart; truths which men do practically receive and make the inspirations of their life.

Responsibility is liability to account, awful and sacred. There is thrown over us, and implanted within us, a consciousness of the existence of a Being superior to us, to whom we are answerable in all the relations of life. Belief in God is a logical and moral necessity for man. Human thought must recognize a Supreme being, just as certainly as it recognizes itself. "The perception of his own relativity, leads man to the idea of some higher Being on whom his own existence depends, and this Being he can only conceive as one that is absolute—above himself and above nature—that is, God." Responsibility is accountability to this Being. It is personal. "Before God, face to face, each soul must stand to give account."

Now is every man responsible to God for belief as well as for actions? The answers given to this question lie at the extremest poles.

Some of the profoundest of modern thinkers, among them the grandly-gifted Brougham, Carlyle, with the watchword of self-assertion, and Emerson, with his fantastic incoherence, declare that belief is an involuntary act—that a man necessarily believes according to the view his mind takes of the evidence; it is beyond his control, it is forced, and he is therefore no more responsible for it, than he is for the colour of his skin or the height of his stature. And the practical judgment of the men of the world is, that it matters not what a man's faith is, so that his actions are right, or at least so long as he is sincere.

Another class of philosophers and theologians assert, that man is responsible for every conclusion at which he arrives, for every opinion he forms; that his character and destiny depend not upon his sincerity, but upon the *correctness* of his creed; that just as the laws of nature do not shield a man from the con-

sequences of error, so spiritual laws hold on in their course, and the results accord, not with the false belief, but with the absolute truth of the case. Just as when the bank, supposed to be secure, in which is invested the savings of a life-time, goes down, the shareholders are ruined in the crash, notwithstanding the favourable opinion which they had of their stocks; just as the ship master who trusts in a false chart, will find his vessel reeling and staggering on the shoal, or battered and broken on the inexorable rocks, despite his assurance of safety; so a man in sincerely following the path which he thinks is right, if it be really wrong will go to disaster and soul-wreck; for God will punish a man though he walk conscientiously up to his convictions, if those convictions are mistaken and do not answer exactly to the nature of the thing believed.

We submit whether the truth in this as in most other subjects does not lie between these extremes. Certainly man is responsible for all that he thinks, feels, and does, but not for all in the same way or degree.

We begin the inquiry by searching for the ground, the basis of responsibility. It does not exist in the intellect alone, but in the moral nature, in free moral agency. It implies an essential attribute—the freedom of the will. By will is meant, that “faculty of the mind in whose exercise there is not felt the element of necessity,” “that power of the soul by which it is the conscious author of an intentional act.” And freedom of will is the immunity to put forth, in the same circumstances, either of several volitions. Take a certain resolution and say, “It is my will I shall do so;” and then ask yourself, “Could I not will and act otherwise?” Most certainly, and this it is that reveals the fact of liberty; as Dr. Johnson says, “We know it, and that is the end of it.” Man feels himself free, and to deny human liberty is to deny the fundamental fact of our nature. *Only* the free man is a responsible being. Hence Materialism, in annihilating all morality and amenability, denies freedom of the will, and plunges us into the grave of fatalistic necessity. Vogt tells us, “Free will does not exist, neither does any responsibility. At no moment are we our own masters, any more than we can decree as to the secretions of our kidneys.” Paine pronounces “man a beast in human shape, led by humour and instinct. But being full of

pride and conceit, the beast fancies that it moves in accordance with its own will, and that there is no whip urging it forward."

Responsibility is taken away as soon as man is placed under an iron necessity. Power must underlie obligation, and a man is not accountable for what he cannot help. Hence, all virtue and vice lie within the territory of the will, and here is the corner-stone of the edifice—the golden key for unlocking this door of difficulty. Since the doctrine and all the consequences of moral accountability are based in reason and free will, a man must be responsible for his beliefs so far as they result from the exercise of his rational free will. How far then are beliefs dependent upon the exercise of the will? Let us examine their formation. We grant that many of our beliefs are formed upon irrational grounds. The religious notions of the great majority are collected just like the particles of dust on their garments, not after having been examined and approved, but because they happened to be where they were flying about; we follow the herd, we chime in with the *vox populi*; we float aimless and wind-piloted down the general tide; we look at realities only through the stained glasses of prevalent beliefs, and see things in false colours, and distorted relations. There are the disturbing media of passions and prejudices. Our beliefs are often local, and belong to the time and place in which we live, to the books we have read, the society we have frequented, the education we have received. We grant also that many are incapable of forming opinions for themselves, and must look at things through their leaders. Many live, too, where the mists of superstition lie heavy upon the land. Infinite labour on their part will not sweep away the fog, it is difficult to ascend and look over it, and their vision is strained to catch the first glimmerings of truth. But human power and human duty are co-ordinates, and every man has a responsibility commensurate with the measure of capabilities and facilities vouchsafed him for the discovery of truth and duty. With us, in the full noontide of Gospel light, but little allowance can be made for mental imbecility, though many do carry about with them powers and faculties, whose culture gives them less anxiety than does the regulation of the watch that ticks in the vest pocket; but little allowance can be made for involuntary bias superinduced by providential allotment; for while we may candidly cling to pre-

conceived notions, we are morally bound to examine their foundations and form candid conscientious beliefs.

In forming a belief for ourselves there is first the understanding, an ever-active, never-resting faculty, pouring in its ever-swelling flood of thought and ideas. It acts upon experience, takes cognizance of the limits and mutual relations of things. Its province is to comprehend. Then there is reason, the analyst, the cold calculator, the judge, which compares, considers, estimates, weighs, draws inferences and deduces conclusions from the facts and evidence produced by the understanding. There is liberty of choice, a will vacillating between two different series of ideas, weighing the conflicting grounds, and at last giving the preference to one or the other. If a *moral* distinction is involved we are bound to decide for the right; the moral sense is deeply and firmly grounded in our nature. It is a perception keen and accurate, a light to be seen as plainly as the sun in the heavens, a voice to be heard as distinctly as the thunder's crash. This conscience is a fire within that the earth did not kindle, the Shekinah dwelling face to face with the soul, that moral faculty whereby we discern with inward certainty what is right and what is wrong, for it testifies to the law of God implanted in us. "It is that in me," says Professor Maurice, "which says I ought or I ought not."

The choice of views, then, must be the choice of conscientious judgment, the choice of one earnest in the love of truth, of one ready to renounce at any sacrifice, however costly, all that is erroneous and imperfect, and follow the true and the good. Here is the kernel of the matter. Man is responsible for whatever of wading power enters into the production of his belief. And this runs through the entire process. We can no more separate the evidence on which the belief rests from the voluntary collecting of evidence, than we can separate effect from cause. The power of directing attention, too, belongs to the will. It may bid the mind to go on collecting, or to refrain—be painstaking or careless and shuffling. It may gather up all that bears upon one side of the question, and refuse to examine the other. The will is also concerned in the mode of dealing with evidence when collected. It may not allow the judgment to surrender itself to facts simply as they appear. It may bribe the judge,

refusing to abide by the consequences of any decision that common honesty should require. Even where conscience is concerned the will may overpower the light within, and produce moral blindness. You cannot say that belief is an involuntary act, for no man's religious belief is the product of mere intellect. The mind may be cold as an abstraction in demonstrating a theorem in Euclid, or scrutinizing a physical or scientific truth; but it cannot go through the steps leading to a conclusion in morals without carrying sympathy with it—like or dislike, approval or disapproval, and this will give a tinge and colouring to the result. The moral element of our nature cannot be in a state of indifference on subjects that relate to dispositions and duties, and consciously or unconsciously will give a bias. Man is responsible, then, *for the way in which he has arrived at his beliefs*; and strictly speaking the ground of responsibility lies in the endeavours we *make to secure right beliefs*, rather than in the result.

HOW JOE PREACHED BEFORE THE SQUIRE.

"ABOUT thirty-four years ago," said a veteran Methodist minister, "I was stationed in a rural district in Yorkshire. I was one evening going to an appointment at the village of Norton, when I was accosted by a farm-labourer just returning from the field. He was a class-leader, and, in his own eyes, a man of great importance. When he saw me, he called out in a loud voice—

"'Halloa! parson.'

"I stopped, and asked him how he was.

"'Oh! hearty,' he cried. 'I suppose you havn't heard?'

"'Heard what?' I enquired, thinking something serious had occurred.

"'Why,' said he, grinning in a most ludicrous manner, 'Th' Squire and his lady wor at th' chapel on Sunday.'

"'I'm glad to hear it,' I remarked. 'I hope they heard a good sermon, and profited by it;' and reminding him of the evening service, I walked on, leaving him standing in the middle

of the road, evidently astonished that his important piece of news had not taken a greater effect on me. I was not at all surprised at the Squire's visit, though, I must confess, I felt a little pleased to hear that he had been among our people. He was a rich man, and well educated, but quite plain in his manners and conversation. I had several times called at his house to ask for donations towards carrying on the good work, and he had always responded liberally, and expressed his good-will towards us; 'For,' said he, 'it is a good work, and there is plenty of it to be done before you get the people civilized.'

"On reaching the chapel, I found the one topic of conversation there was the Squire's visit; and at our official meeting after preaching the leaders began discussing the merits and demerits of the local preachers, and their fitness to preach before the Squire, and even myself and my colleague came in for our share of criticism.

"'It wor a blessing,' said a grey-headed old man of near three-score years and ten, 'that Johnny wor planned last Sunday; for if it had been some on 'em as are on th' plan th' Squire would ha run away. I fairly trembled lest Johnny should begin a shouting as he does sometimes.'

"'Aye,' said another, 'we mun be more careful who we han in th' pulpit. Th' head parson there mun get here as often as he can of a Sunday.'

"'But how do you know, my good man,' said I, 'whether the Squire would care to hear me preach?'

"'Well,' replied an old farmer. 'I think he would; though for that matter, yo' make a girl noise sometimes.'

"I could scarce keep from laughing outright at these foolish men; and yet I felt sorry to see this spirit of pride and worldliness creeping in among them. It was quite evident the Squire's coming among us would have a bad rather than a good effect, for the congregation would hear the sermons not for themselves, but for him; and if this was the case, the spiritual life and power of our little society would soon die. I scarcely knew what to do or what to say. I was instructed to be careful who I sent to preach, and I found there were only two or three of the local preachers who were considered fit to preach a sermon to the Squire and his lady. However, I told them not to say too much.

on this matter, but pray to God to give them more grace and humility; and as to the Squire, why he might never come again among us. With this advice, I left them.

“Several months passed away, and the work of God prospered under our hands in all places except Norton. Here great changes had taken place. The Squire and his lady now attended our chapel regularly, and a special pew had been assigned them. This pew was lined with crimson cloth; velvet cushions were on the seats, and stools, covered with rich carpet, were used for foot-rests. The Squire’s pew was so grand that a number of the officials embellished *their* pews with cushions; and a sum of money was voted for repairs and painting. The communion table must be re-polished, and the pulpit stairs have a carpet on; and it was whispered about that the window behind the pulpit ought to be of stained glass, so as to throw a softer light into the chapel, and keep the sun¹ from coming too powerfully into the eyes of the Squire and his lady. It was astonishing, also, to see the change in the dress of the congregation. The women (especially the young ones) tried to imitate the Squire’s lady, and the men imitated the Squire. They also began to talk fine; and I laughed heartily at their attempts in this respect—such a mixture of vulgarity and refinement!

“But what became of their religion? Where was their love for perishing souls? What had become of their impassioned prayers for the outpouring of God’s Spirit? No hearty ‘Amen’ now proclaimed the happy enjoyment of the sermon. Scarcely a sound was heard while the preacher was pleading with God in prayer. If he spoke in a loud tone, the congregation blushed and hung down their heads, or cast side glances at the Squire. And woe be to him if he blundered, or became puzzled what to say. The officials would gather round him at the close of the service, and frowningly ask him whether *he* thought himself fit to preach in *their* chapel. What would the Squire and his lady think! And he was warned not to come again, unless he had got something better to say, and could say it in a better manner. The consequence of this was, I had a difficulty to get any of the local preachers to preach at Norton; and several of them were so insulted and grieved that they threatened to have their names taken off the plan.

“I was sorely perplexed what to do. I saw with sorrow the change which had come over this once humble people; and the words, ‘Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion,’ often came to my mind. I preached to them faithfully from the pulpit, and talked to them plainly in the official meetings; but all to no purpose. The evil grew; and I saw that something must be done, or there would soon not be a spark of vital religion left among them. Pride and vain glory were eating godliness up.

“I never possessed the bump of craftiness to any great extent; but I saw I should have to exercise craftiness in order to put a stop to this growing evil. The disease had become desperate, and a desperate remedy would be needed; and I waited my time to carry out an idea which had come forcibly into my mind.

“In one of the villages distant about nine miles from Norton, lived a man whose heart God had changed. He was one of the roughest and most uncultivated men I ever knew. His ignorance before his conversion must have been fearful. When a lad only six years old, he was left without father and mother, and his grandmother took him to live with her. But she was so poor, that little Joe had to go and work in the coalpit. As he grew in years he grew in sin; and there was not a more wicked young man in all Yorkshire. He delighted in drinking, fighting, foot-racing, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and every description of wickedness. His mind was dark as night. He could not tell one letter from another. His old grandmother, a good though ignorant woman, talked and prayed with him often; but all to no purpose. He sinned continually, and was deep-dyed.

“But Joe one night entered our chapel at Gainsford, and there the Spirit of God showed him his vile and polluted condition, and he was soon as miserable as a guilty soul and an awakened conscience could make him. He wept, and cried for God to have mercy on him, in the chapel; but it was no use. He went out of the chapel into the lanes, and there he startled the birds from their nests, and made the rabbits run away in fright by his cries for mercy. Sometimes he ran as fast as he could, and then suddenly prostrated himself on the ground, weeping and crying to God to tell him He forgave him. Thus Joe rambled about until near two o’clock in the morning, and

then, prostrating himself before the cottage door in which he lived, he told God he wouldn't enter there again unless He blessed him. God did bless him, and he sprang upon his feet, shouting and praising God so loud that he wakened all the people in the house, who came running down stairs, thinking Joe was gone mad with drinking.

"But a great change had come over Joe. He became one of the most regular attenders at the chapel, and never missed a prayer-meeting or a week-night service. He could not learn to read, but his mind was ready to grasp a good hymn; and several of these he committed to memory. He was also very powerful in prayer; and when Joe was on his knees in the prayer-meeting there was always a holy influence. He carried his religion with him down the coalpit; and it had come to my knowledge that he was in the habit of exhorting his fellow-workmen during the dinner-hour to flee from the wrath to come, and several had been powerfully wrought upon, and were giving evidence of a newness of heart in their lives.

"'Now,' thought I, 'if I can manage to get Joe into the pulpit at Norton some Sunday morning, he will take a good deal of that sinful pride out of them. And if the Squire is offended at him, let him take himself off; for since he came the great object I have in view—the conversion of sinners—has been frustrated.'

"It was not long before I had my opportunity. The person appointed to preach sent me word he could not go, and he requested me to get a substitute. 'Now, Joe,' said I to myself, 'thou shalt have a turn before the Squire and his lady. May God bless thee, and make thee the means of doing these poor blinded people at Norton good.' A difficulty, however, was in the way. There was a rule of the Connexion that no person should preach in any of the pulpits without permission from the Circuit Committee and the Superintendent Minister. Of course, I being the Superintendent Minister, was easily persuaded; but the difficulty was with the Circuit Committee. When I brought the matter before them of the inability of the planned preacher to attend his appointment at Norton on the following Sunday, I asked them if they had any one to propose in his stead.

"'No,' they all said. 'Have you any one?'

“ ‘Yes,’ I replied.

“ ‘Who is he?’ asked one.

“ ‘Mr. Joseph King,’ I replied, and waited the next question with some anxiety. But the next question showed me my man was not known to them under the title of MR. Had I said Joe King, they would have found me out at once, and no doubt refused the requested permission.

“ ‘Is he a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost?’ said the chief official.

“ ‘He is,’ I replied.

“ ‘Then he will do. You can let him know to-morrow.’

“ If they had asked me whether Mr. Joseph could read or write, or questioned me about his knowledge of doctrine or Scripture, I should have been puzzled. But I could conscientiously say that he was a man ‘full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.’ I rejoiced as I wended my way home that night, for I thought I saw the hand of God in this attempt of mine to get Joe into the pulpit at Norton.

“ I saw Joe the next day, and told him he was appointed to exhort the people on the following Sunday at Norton. He stared at me for a moment or two, and then said—

“ ‘Is that true?’

“ ‘Certainly, Joe,’ I replied. Don’t say another word about it; but let the Lord know in prayer; and He will enable you to say something profitable to the people.’

“ Joe’s eyes filled with tears, and he promised me faithfully he would attend.

“ Sunday morning came. The birds sang, and all nature seemed glad to welcome the return of God’s holy day. Joe wended his way towards Norton, joining with the birds in singing God’s praises, and at the same time lifting up his heart in prayer for a blessing on his coming labours. On passing through the village he attracted considerable notice, for his dress was something extraordinary. He wore a pea-green coat with brass buttons, a red plush waistcoat, and buckskin trousers; his necktie was of a glaring yellow, and on his head was a wide-awake hat. A score or two of children and young persons followed him to the chapel, and when he arrived there, and made known his errand, there was quite a commotion. The officials could not

believe their own eyes, and one of them pompously said to him:—

“ ‘ Who sent *yo'* to' preach ?’

“ Joe, quite unconcerned, replied,—

“ ‘ God and Mr. Langworth.’

“ ‘ If that mon goes into th' pulpit,' said another, ‘ I'm off home.’

“ But Joe had come to preach, and preach he would ; and very soon he was on his knees in the pulpit. His bristly hair, more like a hedgehog's back than anything else, was just seen sticking above the pulpit top.

“ Soon there was a whisper that the Squire was coming. And sure enough he was, and what seemed to the people worse than all, there were five ladies with him. Several of the officials went out, and both the women and men that remained held down their heads for shame. But Joe gave out a hymn which he knew well, and after the hymn he engaged in prayer. The Lord blessed him wonderfully in praying, and when he rose from his knees he saw not a few of the congregation in tears. Joe took for his text ‘ The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.’ He could not preach a sermon in the orthodox manner ; but he began telling the people how wicked and sinful he once was ; how he had been left when but a child without parents, and sent into the coalpit to work among wicked men ; and how he soon learned to curse and swear and drink worse than any of them. He told them about his grandmother's prayers, and the tears trickled down his cheeks as he related his last interview with her. She got him to kneel down by the bedside, and put her trembling withered hands on his head, and with tears made him promise he would meet her in heaven. He promised her ; but when she was dead and buried he forgot his promise, and became more wicked than ever.

“ Thus Joe went on relating his past experience, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the chapel. When he spoke of God's mercy in sparing him through all his wickedness, and how at last He troubled him so much with a guilty conscience that he was obliged to cry for mercy, there was loud sobbing in the Squire's pew. Joe saw the Squire weeping, and in his joy shouted out, ‘ Glory ; glory be to God ! Though I was as black a sinner as the

devil could make me, and far deeper sunk in the miry pit than any of yo' here, the Lord lifted me out, and pardoned all my sins, and set me free, and proved to me that 'the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, does cleanse from all sin.' I'm on my way to glory. I shall keep my promise to my poor old grandmother, and shall one day meet her in heaven.' The Squire wept; the five ladies wept; and the congregation wept.

"When the service was over, the Squire took Joe in the carriage to dine with him. When they arrived at the big house in the park, the servants were full of wonder at seeing the grotesque guest of their master. They looked at each other, and one of them went to the old coachman and enquired who this man was. When they learned that he was a 'Methodist parson,' they began to giggle and laugh, and say the Squire had brought him for a joke, to amuse the lady guests. But what was their astonishment to learn, when dinner was over, that the Squire and Joe had retired into one of the private rooms, and were praying together. Yes, God's arrows had pierced the soul of the wealthy Squire. Joe's sermon in the morning, by God's blessing, had opened his spiritual eyes, and showed him his lost, sinful condition. *He had had a grandmother, who had made him promise her before she died he would meet her in heaven.* So far he had neglected to get ready for heaven, but now he cried for mercy, and that cry reached the mercy-seat, and answers of pardon descended. There was joy in the presence of the angels in heaven over the Squire's repentance that Sunday afternoon.

"In the evening the chapel was crowded, and many could not get in. Joe again delivered a powerful exhortation. A rather humorous incident occurred during the evening service. The candles wanted snuffing, especially those at each side of the pulpit. Now Joe was one of those men who never attempted to do anything which he was sure he couldn't do. There were snuffers to snuff the candles with, but Joe knew very well if he had used them he would have snuffed the light out altogether, and so he used his fingers. This left a black mark on his fingers, which somehow was transferred to his upper lip, and gave it the appearance of a moustache. The people, at seeing this, could not keep back their smiles. But soon Joe's powerful

words made them forget his appearance, and many of them could see him only through their tears. It was a glorious time. Many found peace with God, and many more went away from the chapel groaning under their burden of sin, to weep alone until they found forgiveness of God through Jesus Christ.

"The Wednesday week following I had to go to Norton to preach in the evening. As I was passing through the village an old woman called out—

"'Holloa! Mr. Langworth, you have done it at last.'

"'Done what?' I asked, feeling somewhat timid; for I had not then heard how Joe had gone on.

"'Why, man, there never was such times before. Glory be to God. That fellow you sent has turned Norton upside down. Hey, praise the Lord. My old man has gotten converted, and our Sally. Glory, glory!'

"Many will praise God throughout eternity that Joe the collier went to Norton."

MY FIRST CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY. -

BY THE REV. C. S. EBY, B.A.

EIGHTEEN Hundred and Sixty-Eight was fast becoming an old year. The sowings of spring and the reapings of summer, had been rapidly followed by the sere and yellow leaf; and now, gaunt bare limbs trembled in the chilling rain, sparse locks were becoming more gray, and nature was weaving a shroud. The hurrying crowd in the dirty old streets of Halle trampled the melting snow into slush and mud. The air seemed dismal and drear, a dampening fog penetrated the warmest fabric of the weaver, and pierced even the marrow of the stranger's bones. But there was a brightness and a cheer in the faces of Germans, which told of warm thoughts and kindly impulses, fashioned and welded at love's forge in the heart.

The old market place and the crooked streets became almost a forest of evergreen trees of every size, from the tiniest shrub to the towering sapling, which were shortly to flourish and bear

a wondrous fruit in a thousand homes, from the rude hut of the beggar to the castle of nobles. The baker shops displayed in lavish quantity the cake that is annually made to represent the Christ-Kindchen,* and around it confectionery of every shape and every hue, remembrancers of the marvellous story of the Incarnation, and souvenirs of the wondrous manger. Shops, and booths, and market stalls teemed with unlimited stores, and an endless variety of trinkets, and ornaments, and useful articles of every description suitable for presents, from the costliest robe of silk to the bead-embroidered slippers; playthings and rare things, brought together from the toilers of Siberia, the glass-blowers of Bohemia, the wood carvers of Schwarzwald, and the

* The reader of German Christmas stories has no doubt often wondered what was meant by the "Christ-Kindchen" or "Christ-Child," and the "Christbaum" or "Christ-tree," and if you were to ask the Germans themselves they would probably be as much puzzled as yourself. Many modern Germans, especially, perhaps, converts to Methodism, and others who have gone farther from Mediæval times and usages than Lutherans and Roman Catholics, have given up the terms as irreverent and belittling to the Saviour. After studying the matter somewhat, however, I confess I cannot sympathise with this feeling, and would retain the old names. The "Christ-Kindchen" is the Christ of the old legends, when as a boy, long before entering on His great public work, the inherent Divine Power turned even his play into the working of miracles. It is an expression of that Christ-spirit described in an old ballad, where He is represented as wishing to play with certain children, and they rudely repulse him as follows:—

"Nay, nay, we are lords and ladies' sons,
Thou art meaner than us all;
Thou art but a silly fair maid's child,
Born in an ox's stall."

Having told His mother the insult—

"Then," said she, "go down to yonder town,
As far as the holy well,
And then take up these infants' souls
And dip them deep in hell."

"Oh no! Oh no!" sweet Jesus then said,
"Oh no! that never can be,
For there are many of these infants' souls
Crying out for the help of me."

This is the "Christ-Kindchen" of Germany, the personification of the love of children, Christ in His infant form, loving, watching, caring for other children; and this is the soul of that old celebration of our Lord's infancy, which retains its hold so firmly on the German heart and life, while half-forgotten by other peoples.

busy workers of every clime, to serve a people now seized with the annual fever of pleasure-giving and the planning of surprises.

Of all the bright phases of German home life, and they are by no means few, none are more pleasing than the celebration of Christmas Eve, or, as they call it, the "Happy Eve." The influence of this occasion is by no means ephemeral, for throughout the web of the year's experience, whether dark or bright, are woven as silver threads the forethoughts and afterthoughts of the happy Christmas time.

The University term had almost closed. The ranks of students were growing thinner as they scattered to every point of the compass, eager with hopes, and happy in the thought of the yearly reunion. I stood at the window of my lonely room, and peered into the gathering darkness, where the pattering rain sounded on the pavement like muffled footsteps of the ghosts of fancy; and as I thought of the scenes in the homes of my friends far away, while I was alone in the land of the stranger, [the mercury sank low in my heart's barometer. A quick rap at the door broke my reverie, and before I could say "come," in sprang my friend Oscar, with a glad smile in his face and an open letter in his hand. "Carl," says he, "I bring you the greetings of my parents, and an earnest wish that you should accompany me home to spend with them the Christmas holidays." And then with sweet German simplicity he threw his arms about my neck and kissed me, as an expression of joy at the result of his negotiations, which had gone on quite unknown to the object of them.

Oscar was the son of a village pastor, and near the close of his student life. His habits were regular and diligent, and altogether he was a *rara avis* amongst German students, for he neither smoked nor cared much for the "Lager." From being acquaintances we grew into friends and companions, and exchanged the formal "you" for the more genial "thee" and "thou" of the expressive German tongue. The invitation was a pleasant surprise, and I was not slow in accepting it, for I would now have a rare opportunity of seeing a real Christmas festival in a genuine German home.

Christmas fell on Friday that year. Wednesday morning we started, but Oscar hearing of a cousin's death, left me to

continue my journey alone, while he went to comfort the afflicted family. No welcome could be warmer than that I received when, weary and half sick, I arrived in the night at the parsonage of Badersleben. The kindness of the dear people seemed to know no bounds, and I was shortly in bed and buried in an ocean of feathers; feathers above and feathers below, and a seemingly measureless abyss of feathers all around. Oh! the comfort of that bed! I feel it yet. After lying on a hard student's bed, where one dare not stretch himself for fear of breaking off foot-board or head-board, where one can't turn over without landing on the floor, and where the feather tick used as a cover, seems evidently made to keep one warm in spots,—to get into such a place of nightly rest as this was, where you seem for ever to be sinking into deeper depths of bottomless comfort, and have ample room and covering for feet and shoulders and head, although kept at their natural distance from each other,—that's a delight that would be worth a term of misery to experience.

No wonder that one should sleep soundly and long, and put in a late appearance in the morning. For breakfast an inexhaustible coffee-pot is provided, and kept hot; on a table stand cups and saucers, milk and sugar, with long slices of coffee-cake. Each person, as the different members of the family appear, whether early or late, helps himself to coffee and cake, so that the late risers need not be conscience-stricken at the idea of keeping the family waiting.

At dinner, however, we all come together, and now I can introduce the real *dramatis personæ* of this sketch. In a spacious and neat, though plain dining-room, stands a long table. At the head sits the dear old father and pastor, jolly and stout, his countenance indicative of a whole magazine of kindness. At his left, the mother, a perfect reflection of his own good nature, but a rheumatic invalid. Next him on the right, the place of honour, sits a lank Canadian. Then come three grown daughters, plain but scrupulously neat, and shining by means of their goodness and intelligence,—just such as St. Paul would glory in; a thoroughly boyish boy of twelve years, and a pretty little girl of six summers. This little lump of humanity is as wild as a deer, romping and rollicking through the house; she

gets into all sorts of mischief, but is the pet of all. Her pet name was "Iby," pronounced "Eby," a word which was constantly ringing through the house, and it took me some time to become accustomed to hearing ever and anon from gentle lips, "My darling Eby," etc., without feeling an undefinable,—well, a something. And then comes last, but not least, a widowed aunt, who is really one of the family.

In a large room upstairs the famous Christmas tree had already been firmly fixed in a plank, and after dinner, we young folks went to work to load it with an innumerable variety of tiny sugar toys, gilded apples and walnuts, and fluttering gold and silver foil; then the little wax tapers were fastened on the branches, and we were banished from the place. During the whole day hands were busy, and mysterious conversations were going on, hidden things were handled carefully; everybody had secrets to keep from everybody, and all were on tiptoe of pleasurable excitement and expectation.

Evening comes. A letter from Oscar tells us that he cannot arrive till to-morrow. Everyone is sorry, but he will not be forgotten. After tea, about seven o'clock, the father and mother go up to the now mysterious room to see that the arrangements are all complete. They return, the ring of a little bell brings the members of the family, servants and all, into the dining-room. The two youngest repeat each a poem, which they have learned for the occasion, and then they all sing together a grand Christmas hymn, after which young and old bow before God, while the father pours out his soul in earnest comprehensive prayer. He leaves us now for a moment. We hear the tinkle of a bell, and there is a general stampede upstairs and into that wondrous apartment. It doesn't look like the same place at all. The simple old room seems transformed into a gorgeously decorated and brilliantly lighted cave of the fairies. There, as centre of attraction, and only source of light, stands the "Christ-baum," with its hundred flames, reflected from as many gilded apples and nuts, in the dark setting of fir branches, extending almost to the ceiling like a pyramid of flaming stars.

But that isn't all. There stands a long table, which has come as if by magic, laden with piles of presents useful, ornamental, and rare. The father takes the members of the

family one by one, by the hand, and leads them to separate piles on the table. They are sure to find something for which they have been secretly longing, and wonder how anyone suspected it, and as soon as they find out who are the donors of the different articles, they fall to thanking and laughing, kissing and weeping for joy, as they think of the love which prompted this or that gift, and the occasion which settled the choice.

As I stand looking on in wonderment, and half-entranced, the father takes me by the hand and leads me to a pile of articles at the end of the long table. Here is a plate heaped with apples, crowned with a honey cake large as the plate itself. And then a book, on which is written "Dem lieben Mr. Eby," a pretty book mark, upon which I had seen busy fingers working through the day, all unconscious as I was of its destination, and a fine engraving of Luther's Monument at Worms. These things may have cost but little; they gave me, nevertheless, as much pleasure as if they had been of far greater value, from the spirit of kindness in which they were given.

As soon as the first storm of congratulation and thanking had subsided, one after another slips out, and returns with some new surprise for papa or mamma, or aunt, or brother or sister, or the stranger, whereupon the first scene of amazement and joyous demonstration is repeated, over and over again, on a smaller scale. My pile is increased by the addition of two articles. First the little boy brings me a fine cake of — soap! and then my wee namesake trots up with a piece of flannel rudely edged and hemmed by her own chubby hands, as an accompaniment to her brother's gift. These two articles must not be looked upon as containing a latent hint, but rather as kindly meant gifts of things indispensable to a European student or traveller. After singing a hymn of Christmas thanksgiving—and I think I never heard sweeter sung—the lights were blown out by means of a long tube, and we betook ourselves to the soothing feathers.

Friday, Christmas morning, service is held at nine o'clock in the quaint, cold, old-fashioned church. The good peasant women came trooping in, dressed in plain homespun, with little black pyramids on their heads, and the men with coats extending

nearly to their heels, slit up behind almost to their shoulders, and fortified front and rear with innumerable buttons. The sermon was a plain, impressive gospel message. In the meantime Oscar had arrived and brought us new cheer. Service again at one o'clock, and then followed a pleasant afternoon of conversation, theological with the father, religious with the old ladies, and about America with them all.

At dark Oscar is banished from the room of the Christmas tree. The rest all gather in, and light up the tapers anew, and spread his presents on the table. At a given signal he enters, is greeted by a hearty song, and the performance of the preceding evening is repeated with variations. "Oh," exclaims Oscar, "I met with a friend on the way." And out he goes and produces one little present after another, until everyone bears off some memento of his kindness and thoughtfulness.

Saturday was kept as sacredly as Friday, with religious service and suspension of all secular work. Sunday was the third of the three Christmas festival days, but was kept far less sacredly than the other two. I noticed work going on that day that was untouched on the preceding two, and I remember particularly that the little boy was despatched with a piece of money to buy a loaf of bread. The days of the following week slipped rapidly by, amid visits, rambles, reading of German and English, and music, while the tree, little by little, was stripped of its sweet and gilded fruits. While reading Dickens' Christmas stories, in English, with the young ladies, I couldn't help asking myself how many daughters of country pastors in Canada could enjoy the reading of German tales in the original? My time was up, and off I started to college and my books again.

The shadows that were thrown over those days were few and small, while the good that I received went back with me to Halle, and lingers with me to-day, for no sweeter picture dwells in my memory than that of my first German Christmas in the old Parsonage of Badersleben.

THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY THE REV. B. SHERLOCK.

THE caption of this paper indicates a subject which has always been germane to Methodism. The many denominations which, bearing the name of Methodist, are now filling the world with their liberal evangelism, carry in company with their Arminian Theology, their Itinerancy, and their Class-meeting, the charter and the offer not only of a present and free, but also of a *full* salvation. A look at the history of the movement reveals the origin of this characteristic. When the Holy Spirit entered the heart of Wesley, He took possession of a mind that was as free from religious prejudices as it was from intellectual crookedness; and we may also add, from sensual tendencies. His mind was, we believe, as near to the Christian type as any of that age that could be found; and only needed to be "strangely warmed," as it was in the Aldersgate meeting, to enter upon a career of rapid progress in all that is truly Christian. With few "weights" to lay aside, and almost no special "besetting sin," we see him running the race of consecrated Christian work. And what is the result? Why, that being so entirely devoted, he can plead the promises of Christ—he becomes clothed with the Spirit of Christ, and that Spirit is conveyed by every sermon, is revealed in every hour of active life, and men are moved to prayer and holy living after the pattern drawn in the pages of the New Testament.

Wesley watches the growth of this work of God—at once its rejoicing leader and its calm judicial critic. It needed but a short period of this "hungering and thirsting after righteousness" till many were filled. That filling was the beginning of the "Higher Christian Life" of the period; and the director of the movement is seen collecting the phenomena in the sieve of Scriptural common sense, and by its action there is left those golden grains of truth, which we have in his short but invaluable book, "A Plain Account of Christian Perfection."

From the decisions recorded in that treatise he never varied in any important point, but so constantly insisted on the truth of

the doctrine, so earnestly pressed upon believers the privilege, as to give character to the whole Methodist movement, as the movement of a people whose rallying march-cry is "Let us go on unto perfection."

Possibly as the result of holy rivalry; more probably from the independent moving of the blessed Spirit, many outside the Methodist pale are in these days of wide-spread Christian revival seeking and finding the same treasure. It is from some of these that the title of this article has come into the modern discussion of the subject. It is a phrase which, to say the least, does not provoke the prejudices which start into life at the mere utterance of some expressions which, though abundantly Scriptural, have been associated with unscriptural fancies and developments. A book written with this title by an American clergyman has done eminent service to the cause it advocates. As others are nobly falling into line, we, to whom this banner was first committed in modern times, must not lower it in presence of a hostile world, or of a captious or indifferent section of the Church around us. For no one can read the history of the movement called Methodism without discovering, with the philosophic and eloquent Stevens, that this was the peculiarly potential idea of its earlier triumphs.

A vigorous controversy has waged concerning this theme, in which philological learning, psychological acumen, and positive experience, have each had their say, producing within the last few years an abundant literature on the topic. It is well that many voices should call attention to so vital a truth; but he that would for himself lay hold on the pure truth must live in the light of that promise of the Master—"If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." Trusting to that promised enlightenment, and wedded to none of the sharply-worded theories which controversy has evolved, let us offer a few thoughts in the hope of commending this great truth to conscience and common sense.

The Higher Christian Life of the sanctified is "higher" because it is a life of complete faith in every clearly understood promise of the Saviour. But that does not describe the experience of the majority of sincere Christian professors. There are promises which to many indicate blessing which they never lay hold on—they are not grasped and handled with the "mine" of conscious

possession, and the sad consciousness of such finds a voice in the expression, "I live far below my privilege." But there are perfect believers in the Pope and his infallibility, there are perfect believers by the million in the Koran and in Mohammed its author, there have been perfect believers in Joseph Smith and his pretensions; why should there not be perfect believers in Christ? In the case of those devotees of falsehood there is often a sacrifice of everything personal, domestic, and social, because that faith of theirs involves and requires it; and the Church of to-day folds, as the Church of the past has folded, many who have "left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake," and who have "received manifold more in this life," in the glory and wealth of their inner being, and who, because Christ has lifted them into the moral sphere in which he himself lives, do live a life that is grandly and gloriously "higher" than that lived by many around them. And this is not fanaticism, for Christ teaches it, and demands it of the writer and the reader.

Again, this life is "higher" because it is a life of perfect obedience to every clearly understood precept of the Master and Teacher—Jesus. The perfect faith described above involves this perfect obedience; for the Antinomian idea of faith separated from works is as fully contrary to the constitution of the human mind as it is opposed to the text of Scripture. So in this life the self-denying requirements contained in the words of Jesus are adopted and made the law of life. And this obedience is not rendered to Jesus in the form in which a distorted fancy paints him, nor to Jesus as a fallen Church may represent; but to Jesus as he speaks in the narrative of the Evangelists—painting the portrait of moral purity with the hand of a Master of masters, and issuing his commands as one having authority, the authority of Him who "shutteth and no man openeth," and to whom "all power is given in heaven and in earth."

This kind of life keeps the servant of Jesus near his Master, and therefore is "higher" than that of those who follow him afar off, and thus lose the holy smile which makes every drudgery a joy; the ever accessible wisdom which turns every unravelled puzzle into a new cause of adoring love; and the ever present hand of Omnipotent Power which smites sin with paralysis, causes Satan to flee, and converts the erstwhile impossible things of Christian

living into triumphant achievements. It is this phase of obedience which is distasteful to the natural man; the glory might be desired, but the cross is feared, and the answering fire descends not to the altar while the sacrifice is refused or delayed in its offering.

But this life is "higher" also because it brings with it a strange and blessed peace—the fruit of the new unity of aim and motive which is one of its best characteristics. There is no longer that vague unrest of soul which is so common, varied by the conflict of contending passions and attractions, each pressing its claim on the citadel of the will, each prevailing in its turn or else checked and chafed by its counter-influence. One master, and one only, reigns in the inner sanctum of the soul. Self-will, that despot under whose iron rule all true virtue dies, is dethroned and cast out, and a "stronger than he" rules with pleasing sway, not as a monarch across the sea may rule a distant colony but with a present, subduing, hallowing, purifying power. No red glare of mere animal passion discolours the impulses of the soul, no tough cords of prejudice bind the spirit to the service of one special set of men, no pile of accumulated gold presses to earth its heavenward aspirations, no empty shout of popular applause dulls the ear to the Spirit's voice, but that voice ever holy, ever loving, ever potent over the obedient powers,

"Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in the heart a little heaven."

But is there no consciousness of inward opposition to holiness? Yes; but it is the opposition, not of a rebel in arms, but of a subjugated foe. For the forts are manned, the passes are guarded, and the whole territory is under the governing hand of the Sanctifier of human souls, and there is peace.

This life is not necessarily full of fancy emotions, nor is it as a matter of course ornamented or disfigured by visions and trances. Trances of this class come to persons of peculiar organization, some of whom are found among the sanctified, but they are not peculiar to them. It does not lift men into a place where cynical criticism may be safely indulged on the imperfections of others. It does not send men to the hermit's cave or to the monastic cell. It does not "disfigure men's faces that they may appear unto men to fast," but it sends men to the plough,

the loom, the counter, the forum, or the pulpit, as men among men, but men filled with the heavenly manliness of Jesus—temperate in appetite, strong in the consciousness of heart purity, rich in that "Perfect Love which casts out fear" and makes the man a pillar of strength in the church of God.

We have just written the words, "Perfect Love," a phrase which, to the minds of many, represents comprehensively the whole experience. It may, however, be looked at as a distinct element of the Higher Christian Life. In that light, however, it will scarcely admit of analysis. As the thing called life retreats ever into mystery, beyond the scalpel of the anatomist and below the furthest question of the philosopher, and yet is the most undoubted of all facts, so does this element of Love—perfect love, the pure essential love of God in the soul, elude the definition of the man of metaphysics, and baffle the art of the rhetorician. But it is "revealed unto babes." When childlike faith prepares the way, it demonstrates its own presence by the divine illumination with which it glorifies the promises of the Word, and by the new chorus of praise which it awakes, in which every faculty of the soul gladly lifts its voice, filling the inner man with a harmony akin to that of heaven itself. And then, when, as the inevitable consequence, the whole cluster of ripe Christian graces enriches the outward life, there is realised the ideal of Christian life, for which the ambition of the sincere soul longs and prays in its times of greatest earnestness and holy desire.

But where is the ladder by which we may climb to this altitude of bliss? It is nigh thee, reader; its steps are two—steps that blend together in one experience. They are, utter consecration, and absolute faith—faith that the Redeemer claims your consecration now, consecration that bears down with destructive pressure upon all unbelief—faith in the present, accepting, purifying Jesus, that pushes, with its offering in hand, to the purple fountain of atonement—and then "the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin," and the satisfying fulness of God fills the soul. So it has been with many in the past. So it is with a rapidly increasing number in the present. So may it be with the reader for ever!

GREAT PREACHERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

JOHN OF THE GOLDEN MOUTH.

BY THE REV. W. I. SHAW, B.A., LL.B.

THE prejudice of modern times against patristic biography and literature has naturally arisen from the rubbish of vain legend and silly fable with which Romanism has surrounded those men of God who, fifteen centuries ago, stood up as faithful witnesses for Christ; and so intelligent men now are as little moved by the recital of their virtues and miracles, as were Longfellow's jovial monks, when draining their wassail bowl, by the voice of the Reader as he

“Droned from the pulpit, like the murmur of many bees,
The legend of good St. Guthlac, and St. Basil's homilies.”

So uniformly extravagant and unreal have the idolatrous worshippers of the Fathers made their lives, that the biography of one saint would serve for that of any other, much in the same way and with as little change, as the sign painters, according to Macaulay, touched up the portrait of Admiral Vernon into that of Frederick the Great. Each biography is encrusted with fable and tinged with superstition. Strip off this rubbish and you find within real men; men sanctified and consecrated to the most difficult part of the grandest undertaking that ever employed human power; men who were defenders of the Christian faith, when Christianity had little of the honour and influence it now commands; men who in the forlorn breach bravely gave their lives, and over whose sufferings Christians of to-day march to reach the height of truth and privilege and freedom we now enjoy.

John, afterwards surnamed Chrysostom, or John of the Golden Mouth, was born at Antioch in the year 347. As his father died early, it was left for his pious mother, by the genial influence of maternal Christian love, to develop in him those noble traits of mind and character which afterwards made him so distinguished. Having commenced his studies when quite young with the Bishop of Antioch, with whom he spent three years, he

then entered the school of the rhetorician Libanius, who, when once asked which of his pupils would succeed him, replied, "John, if the Christians had not stolen him from us."

When twenty-one years of age he commenced the life of a hermit, much against the entreaties of his mother, who was so sensible as to know that it is not God's design that talent should be buried in solitude, but that it be used for good out in this anxious, suffering, busy world of ours.

After spending six years in seclusion and study, he entered upon public work as a reader in the Church, and at the age of 35, in the year 382, he was ordained a presbyter of Antioch, where, three centuries before, the disciples were first called Christians. He could not labour amid the moral contagion of a great city, half heathen and half Christian like this, without seeing sin in its most hideous forms. Even the Christians were abandoned to the vices of the heathens, and left the church on Sabbath to attend the theatre or take part in pagan orgies. His heart sickened at the sight, and with his Bible he hid him again to the desert, only to learn, however, that unless he could banish himself from himself, he could not in his natural state banish himself from sin, and to be confirmed in a conviction he used often to repeat, that "sin is the only evil."

He came back among his townsmen prepared to war against sin to the death. He appeared amongst them another Elijah or John the Baptist, in his personal simplicity a reproof of the luxury of the times, and in his burning words a bold reformer and fierce denouncer of vice. Thousands flock to hear him in the great Basilica. Every eye is fixed on that emaciated face, lit up with the glow of enthusiasm, every ear drinks in the melodious flow of speech that rolls through the sanctuary, now deep and solemn, and now thrilling with compassion. As one heart after another is electrified with oratory, the church re-echoes with a deafening applause. If this is the authority for such a practice in some American churches at the present day, the ministers of such churches ought, on the other hand, to remember how Chrysostom reproves the people for filling the house of God with the noise and clamour of a theatre, telling them that these plaudits for a moment fill him with pride, but afterwards produce the

deepest sorrow, as they prove that he has only moved their admiration without reaching their conscience.

After preaching in Antioch for twelve years, he was made Bishop of Constantinople, which then ranked next after Rome as an Episcopal See, and by the middle of next century claimed the same importance as the Capital of the West. Endowed with the power of a metropolitan Bishop, he set about the work of reformation with a vigorous hand. He began with the clergy, who were both lazy and dissolute, and different spiritual and charitable enterprises were commenced and prosecuted by him with success. In the Church of St. Sophia, where he frequently preached every day in the week, he was the same vehement and popular, though elegant and eloquent orator he had been in Antioch. He found something else to engage him in the sanctuary beside bowing down to the East and then to the West, and going through various spiritual gyrations which make the rituals of Greek and Latin Christianity to appear to this nineteenth century as senseless mummary. Like a true apostle, he aimed at the conversion and reformation of the people. Being as strong a believer in the liberty of the human will as any freedomist of the present day, he was most forcible in reminding the people, in every discourse, that the issues of their destiny were in their own hands, and therefore eloquently appealed to them to choose eternal life.

But a storm of trouble was gathering before him. Like his Divine Master, in his impartial denunciations of sin he spared not those who were in high places of honour. He fearlessly assailed the court as well as the clergy and people. The diadem on the head of the proud Empress Eudoxia did not prevent his calling her a Jezebel. Through the intrigues of his envious foes, he was at last summoned to appear before a council to answer forty-six charges, all of them frivolous or false. Having refused to appear before this court, as he denied its jurisdiction, he was deposed from office and banished to a port on the Black Sea.

As soon as this was known, the whole city broke out into a tumult and demanded the recall of the favourite bishop. Eudoxia wrote to him at length to return. But on his return his stay was short. A silver statue of the Empress had been

set up, opposite the Church of St. Sophia, with many heathenish ceremonies. The fearless bishop's fiery indignation was aroused, and ascending the pulpit, he began his discourse thus.—“Now again Herodias raves and is vexed, again she dances, again she desires John's head in a charger.” These words procured his downfall and banishment to Armenia, where his constitution, already weakened by labour, gave way under the cold, severe winter of his place of exile. His guards, in conveying him thither, by his enemies' orders treated him with the utmost inhumanity. He entreated them to allow him to rest by the way. They cruelly refused; but they had not gone far when nature sank, and the martyr spirit made its escape from a degenerate Church, a wicked world, the cold storms of that Armenian winter, and the inhumanity of those cruel guards, to join the triumphant ranks of the pure redeemed.

Thus St. Chrysostom, in the year of our Lord 399, and in the fifty-second year of his age, finished his noble career. He had not lived long, but he had lived with all his might. Three hundred and fifty sermons, six hundred and twenty homilies, two hundred and fifty letters, a work on the priesthood, and some tracts on monasticism, show his literary activity; while his pulpit efforts present him as one of the greatest masters of eloquence in the whole history of the Christian Church, and certainly the prince of patristic preachers; and above all, his crowning virtues of self-denial and courage place him before us as one of heaven's own noblemen. Amid storms of opposition, like Longfellow's “Statue over the Cathedral door,”

“So stands he calm and childlike,
High in wind and tempest wild.”

BROKEN LIGHTS.

Our little systems have their day,—
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

—*Tennyson.*

CHRISTMAS AND ITS MEMORIES.

BY THE REV. W. H. WITHROW, M. A.

WHAT heart does not beat faster at the thought of the returning Christmastide? What tender recollections, joyous or pathetic, it awakes. How the ice of selfishness thaws under the genial influence of the season. His nature must be callous indeed, who does not feel some generous impulses, or is not touched to gentleness and ruth at the anniversary which commemorates God's great gift to all mankind. The echo of the angels' song upon the plains of Bethlehem is now more clearly heard than at any other time. Even the poorest realize something of the common brotherhood of men, and, let us hope, something of the common Fatherhood of God. To the children, this joyous season brings its cakes and candies, its picture-books and toys; to their elders, the family gatherings, the renewed friendships, the exchange of love gifts, and the memories of the dear departed who keep the feast on earth no more. To many it brings also a poignancy of sorrow, felt at no other time; for it brings more vividly to mind the loss of loved ones who sat with us around the Christmas hearth and at the Christmas board, till the soul aches

"For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

But by a merciful compensation in this world of loss and sorrow, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and hearts are never more buoyant than at the happy Christmastide. Our genial-hearted Saxon ancestors especially designated the season as "*Merrie Christmas*," and celebrated its return with boisterous mirth and careless jollity. They dragged the yule log to the ample hearth, heaped the hospitable board, filled the flaggon high, and with song and dance and merry jest wore the night away. Their rude feasting often partook more of the licence of the Roman December Saturnalia, of which Christmas is perhaps the lineal descendant, than of the character of a Christian religious festival.

Many of our Christmas customs have their roots away back

in pagan or papal antiquity. The very date of Christmas was probably determined by the great Celtic or Teuton Yule-feast of the winter solstice, a commemoration of their heathen gods. The first historic trace we find of it is about the time of the Emperor Commodus (180-192 A. D.). But at first it was a moveable feast like Easter, being held in January, April, or May, by different Churches.

The use of holly and mistletoe in Christmas decoration is a relic of druidical superstition, these being sacred to Balder, the Sun-god, and therefore employed as a spell against evil spirits. The pleasant custom of Christmas gifts is a reminiscence of the offerings of the Magi to the infant Christ. St. Nicholas, dear to all children as Santa Claus, was a wealthy Greek, living in Constantinople, who at Christmas time gave rich presents to the poor. For his piety he was canonized in the Greek Church, and became the patron saint of Russia and the patron friend of children throughout the world.

Some of the beautiful Christmas customs of the German people are described by an accomplished contributor upon another page. It is an ancient superstition, which we should think would speedily yield to experiment, that if you go into a stable at midnight on Christmas eve, you shall find the cattle on their knees in homage to their Maker.

To another superstition Shakespeare makes Marcellus refer in the play of "Hamlet," on hearing the crowing of a cock:

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long :
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad ;
The nights are wholesome : then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

Christmas has ever been a favourite theme of the poets; indeed it was one of the unfulfilled dreams of our youth to edit a volume of Christmas songs, chansons, and roundelays. But no singer has ever presented such a noble offering to the incarnate Lord as the blind bard of the "Paradise Lost," in his sublime "Hymn on the Nativity:"

“Nor war nor battle sound
 Was heard the world around ;
 The idle spear and shield were high uphung ;
 The hooked chariot stood
 Unstained with hostile blood ;
 The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was nigh.

The helmed cherubim,
 And sworded seraphim,
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed ;
 Harping in loud and solemn choir,
 With unexpressive notes to Heaven’s new-born Heir.
 And all around the courtly stable
 Bright harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.”

Many of the simple carols which from time immemorial have been sung on Christmas eve are of remarkable beauty, and often have a quaint and infantile expression that renders them singularly attractive. Some that for centuries have floated out upon the midnight air, mingling with the sweet jangling of the Christmas bells, still linger in quiet villages in England, France, and Germany. The following will serve as familiar examples in our own language :

“God rest you, merry gentlemen,
 Let nothing you dismay,
 For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
 Was born upon this day
 To save us all from Satan’s power
 When we were gone astray.
 For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
 Was born on Christmas Day.”

Still more ancient is this, whose tender pathos made it a universal favourite :

“As Joseph was a-walking, he heard an angel sing,
 ‘This night shall be born our Heavenly King;
 He neither shall be born in housen nor in hall,
 Nor in the place of Paradise, but in an ox’s stall.
 He neither shall be clothed in purple nor in pall,
 But all in fair linen as were babies all ;
 He neither shall be rocked in silver nor in gold,
 But in a wooden cradle that rocks upon the mould.’”

The following has a quaint old ballad-refrain that lingers pleasantly upon the ear, like the ringing of the Christmas chimes :

“ I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ;
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three ?
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ;
Our Saviour Christ and His Ladie,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ;
And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ;
Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas Day in the morning.”

And through the ages this ministry of song has not been unavailing. In an era of violence and rapine and blood, rude hearts would be touched to tenderness, and the exercise of gentle charities be cultivated by its hallowed influence. Longfellow has beautifully depicted this in his exquisite poem, “ The Norman Baron :”

“ In the hall the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail :
Many a carol old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

‘ Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in the manger ;
King like David, priest like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free ! ’”

The dying baron listens to the strains, and, impressed with their solemn depth of meaning, decrees the manumission of all his serfs and vassals, and, as soon as the pious act is done, appears before their common Lord.

“ Many centuries have been numbered,
Since in death the baron slumbered,
By the convent’s sculptured portal
Mingling with the common dust.

But the good deed through the ages,
Living in historic pages,
Brighter glows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth and rust."

Nor is the returning season without its lessons of practical beneficence to us. Its first evangel was that of peace on earth and good will to men. Let the law of peace dwell in our hearts and overflow in our lives. Let souls estranged be once more knit together. Let us manifest our good will by good deeds. Let us commemorate God's great gift to us by remembrance of His suffering poor. As we sit at our cheerful board let us not forget those whose table is bare, whose hearth is cold, and whose homes are desolate; and, in ministering to their necessities, we shall experience a nobler joy and share a richer feast than earth's proudest splendour or most sumptuous banquet could afford. Let us seek, above all, to lead men where the young Child lay. Let us imitate the conduct of the pious shepherds who hastened to tell the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth. Let us endeavour to make known the blessed mystery of the Incarnation, not merely as a historical fact, but as a hallowed consciousness in every soul. Let us draw near with adoring gratitude and accept God's unspeakable gift of His dear Son. Let us bring the offering of a penitent and loving heart. Let us consecrate ourselves to His service. Let us live to promote His glory in the highest degree, to hasten the blessed reign of peace on earth, and to exhibit, in blessed helpfulness and sympathy and eager charity, good will toward all men.

When Christ came to our world there was found no room for Him in the inn. So also when He comes to our hearts He often finds no room therein. Filled with worldly guests and sinful thoughts, the rightful Lord of those hearts is excluded therefrom. Oh, open wide the guest chamber of the soul, make Christ the constant inmate of the heart, and thus shall this be the happiest, happiest Christmas that ever you have known.

EDITORIAL.

SALUTATORY.

It is not without feelings of profound gratification that we address our readers through the pages of the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. We have received great pleasure from the numerous expressions of sympathy with its establishment which have already reached us. We hope that we have not disappointed the expectations of our friends, which we know were high, in this first number. We feel, nevertheless, a great solicitude as to the future of this important enterprise. We are not insensible as to the difficulty of the undertaking and the weight of the responsibility which it involves. Where so many literary ventures have failed, can this new candidate for public favour succeed? We believe that it can; for next to our dependence upon the blessing of God is our confidence in the Methodist people of this Dominion. We appeal, therefore, to their loyalty and liberality to aid us, by their patronage, and sympathy, and influence, to furnish a periodical which shall be worthy of our country, our Church, and our people.

We hope to make our Magazine an exponent of the religious and intellectual life of our rapidly extending Church, a bond of union between its widely severed parts, and the vehicle for the expression of the most mature thoughts of its best thinkers. We purpose also to give a brief life-record of the noblest examples of Christian character among us, to furnish wholesome reading for Christian households, and to foster the growth of a sound native literature in our young Dominion. We shall endeavour to promote all the varied interests of our common Methodism, and to further its great mission of spreading Scriptural Holiness throughout the land. We shall seek also, with the aid of able contributors, to discuss the religious and social problems, the

great living issues of the times, in a devout spirit and from a Christian point of view. A condensed review of recent books and higher literature, and reprints of the ablest articles in leading British and American periodicals, will bring before our patrons the best thought of the age. A monthly survey of passing events will indicate the progress of humanity both at home and abroad. A department of Church Architecture will be illustrated by designs prepared by thoroughly competent architects. A summary of Religious and Missionary Intelligence will be given, and a department on Art and Music will cultivate the æsthetic tastes of our readers. Several of the foremost writers of the Methodist world will regularly contribute to our pages. We believe, that if adequately sustained, our Magazine may be made a power for good in this land. We ask, therefore, for the support, not merely of the different branches of the great Methodist family, but of all lovers of evangelical religion and wholesome literature.

THE AGE AND ITS DEMANDS.

No sign of the times is more marked than the marshalling of the forces of truth and error for the grand conflict, whose issue shall be the overthrow of Satan and the subjugation of the world to Christ. Infidelity was never more subtle and insinuating in its spirit, nor more bold in its advances. It undermines the foundations of social life, claims the domain of science as its own, and seeks, like Lucifer, to hurl the Almighty from His throne and to banish Him from the universe He has made. Romanism is compassing sea and land to make proselytes, is asserting her absolute dominion over the bodies and souls of men, and is seeking to regain her sway over countries long the bulwark of Protestantism. The increase of riches has caused also an increase of luxury, and in many cases an intenser worldliness of spirit and opposition to evangelical truth than under simpler conditions of society obtained. The daring and heaven-defying wickedness of our criminal record startles us by the revelation of the elements of social convulsion seething beneath the surface of our modern civilization.

But, on the other hand, the Church of Christ, we believe, was never so instinct with spiritual power, nor such a grand aggressive agency as it is to-day. The hosts of God were never so numerous, so well equipped, so full of holy zeal, so valiant for the faith, so confident in the Divine guidance of the great Captain of their salvation. Their different cohorts and battalions are realizing, as they never did before, amid their manifold divisions, their higher unity as one mighty phalanx, as one grand army of the Cross. The trumpet sounds the onset. A bold advance movement all along the line against the kingdom of Satan, seems the common impulse of Christendom. We live in an age of marvellous spiritual quickenings. Everywhere the flame of revival is kindling. In the most staid and conservative communities the holy fire is burning, imparting a strange warmth to their experience, a fervid glow to their evangelistic efforts.

This, then, is no time for the Methodist Church to forfeit her birth-right as a Revival Church. This is her very condition of existence. This is her vital air. When she loses this characteristic she is already smitten with paralysis and decrepitude. And now, with the ampler resources, the broader culture, the more efficient organization which she possesses, she must be true to the traditions of her early youth, she must continue to be pre-eminently a soul-saving Church. And never was Church called to nobler mission than the Church of our affection in this land.

Our own country offers as grand a field of labour as any under the sun. Its future beckons us onward to sublimest possibilities. It is a solemn thing to stand by a child's cradle and to feel that we may make or mar its destiny. But it is a more solemn thing to stand by the cradle of a nation, to feel that we may greatly aid in moulding its institutions and shaping its character for ever. And this position as a Church we occupy. If we be faithful to our trust, generations yet unborn shall rise and call us blessed. If we be recreant to our duty, we shall lose the grandest opportunities of usefulness with which any Church could be entrusted.

Let us not be satisfied with past achievement or present attainment. Let the vantage ground we now occupy be but

the starting-point for still greater efforts and wider conquests than we have ever attempted before. The Church has all the organization necessary for fulfilling her divine mission. She has abundance of material resources at her command. God's people are not now a persecuted remnant, as they were in the days when a handful of men turned the world upside down. The meek inherit the earth. The followers of the lowly Nazarene have been entrusted with the stewardship of God's bounty. What is now needed, is the spirit of consecration, the divine anointing, which inspired and enbraved the primitive believers for the conquest of the world. And, in answer to fervent prayer, this condition of success shall not be wanting. Endowed with the baptism of power, the Church shall go forth to grander victories than she has ever known.

Let her, therefore, with renewed courage, with holy zeal, and high resolve, gird on her armour afresh for the conflict against Satan and sin. Let her set no narrow bounds to the field of her labours for God and man, but let her, with a mighty faith, claim the whole broad continent for Christ.

A NATIVE METHODIST LITERATURE.

ONE important object of our MAGAZINE shall be the development and fostering of a native literature. We could easily fill our pages with the best productions of the European press. But that would frustrate a cherished purpose which we have in view. We shall from time to time re-produce such papers, not only for their intrinsic excellence, but as models of style and of treatment of the subjects discussed. But we wish most of our articles to have a distinctly national flavour—to be an indigenous growth and to be racy of the soil. It is not so very many years ago since an English Reviewer contemptuously asked, "Who reads an American book?" Since that time the names of Bancroft, Irving, Prescott, Motley, and Parkman, of Longfellow, Bryant and Whittier, have vindicated their claim to an honoured place in the world's guild of literature.

More recently still an English publisher rejected the MS. of a Canadian author because "No one," he said, "would read a

Colonial book." It is true that the Colonists have for the most part distinguished themselves in the world of action rather than that of letters. They have been fighting England's battles, and carrying England's name to the ends of the earth, and founding a Greater Britain for the extension and diffusion of British liberties, British institutions and British laws. But they have not been altogether idle in the world of letters. A Canadian's "History of Charles the Bold," is an acknowledged masterpiece of literature. A Canadian dramatic poem, "Saul," extorted from a British critic the praise that few grander things have been done since Shakespeare wrote. Canadian history has been well and fully written by Canadian pens. The Canadian press will compare favorably with that of any land. A Canadian, Sir W. Logan, and Principal Dawson, and Professors Croft and Hind, are acknowledged masters in science the world over. And we hope that our CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE shall be a not unimportant contribution to the fostering and development of a worthy Canadian literature.

But the culture of literature in itself is not our object. That is only a means to an end. Unless literature is instinct with high moral principles it will be a curse rather than a blessing. It is a literature loyal to Methodism and to truth that we wish to develop—a literature that shall unfold our principles, defend our doctrines and illustrate our polity. Yet it is not a narrow, sectarian literature that we seek to educe. Methodist bigotry is the worst kind of bigotry, because it is so opposed to the genius of Methodism's free institutions. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; these things we shall endeavour to promote and to urge upon the hearts and consciences of our readers.

We do not purpose to confine ourselves exclusively to what might be called strictly religious subjects. The late Dr. Arnold remarked that what the times demand is not so much a distinctively religious literature, as secular subjects treated from a religious point of view. We believe that the age wants both of these kinds of literature, and it is our purpose to contribute to the supply of that want. We hope that all the varied interests

of our religious and social life will be duly treated in these pages. We do not expect that every article will be of equal interest to every one. But we hope that every one will find something adapted to his taste, and meeting his intellectual and spiritual needs.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE OLD CATHOLIC CONGRESS AT BONN.

A NUMBER of the leading men of the English, Continental, and American Episcopal Churches recently held a Conference in the city of Bonn, whose purpose appears to have been to consult about the possibility of bringing into living unity, by alliance, the Anglican, Old Catholic, and Greek Churches. While the Convention, judging from the reports of its proceedings, will not have any practical effect in consummating the union sought, yet matters of profound interest and importance were suggested and illustrated by it. For instance, we find that the Old Catholics have doubled their number since 1873, and, what is better, are increasingly emancipating themselves from the yoke of Romish error. Amongst the propositions submitted by Dr. Dollinger, it is stated that the Old Catholics agree that the Apocrypha is not of the same authority as the books of the Hebrew Canon, that salvation cannot be procured by merit of condignity, that the doctrine of works of supererogation and merits of the saints transferable to others by the rulers of the Church is untenable, and that prayer to the Virgin Mary is useless. The Article on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, while unsatisfactory to us, is yet a great step in advance of the Romish standard. Certainly the Old Catholics have made progress that is wonderful. Between them and Rome there is an almost infinite chasm on many points. Still they are far from being Protestants, and stand at a great distance from that simple gospel taught by our Lord and His apostles. As for the Greek Church, with its seven sacraments, triple baptism by immersion, belief in the "real presence," adoration of the host, the

practice of prayers for the dead, invocation of saints, the merit of good works, and other false doctrines and devices, it is immeasurably behind Dr. Dollinger and his friends. But why the willingness and desire to fraternize with these bodies on the part of such men as Dean Howson and Canon Liddon, who, although High Churchmen, have been regarded as tolerably sound in the faith; and why should they travel all the way to Germany to seek such a union, while the Nonconformists at their very doors are not offered even a friendly communion and co-operation? But lo! the reason leaks out at the Conference itself. The Old Catholic and Greek Churches have prelatical orders! of which poor English Nonconformity is destitute. And thus the figment of apostolic succession, false and foolish in itself, "covers a multitude of sins." How much better to plant themselves on the basis of holy Scripture alone, with Christ as their head, to throw tradition and antiquity to the winds, to cultivate a diviner charity and a burning zeal for souls, and under the baptism of the Spirit go out to work for God, and vindicate in this way their right to a place among the tribes of Israel, than to try and patch up a three-cornered union between Churches which, if thrown into one, would retard the progress of each and all towards the truth.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

The recent important meeting of the Canadian Branch of the Evangelical Alliance held in Montreal, was a beautiful evidence of the manner in which the various denominations are drawing more closely toward each other. The value of this evidence is increased by the fact that the "Alliance" was convened in the metropolis of the Papacy of this Dominion. Those stirring addresses, and that magnificent scene witnessed in St. Paul's Church, when Episcopalians, Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Baptists sat down together as the children of one family at the Lord's Table, must go far towards rebuking the assertion so often made by Romanists, that Protestants are sadly divided amongst themselves, while the Papacy is a unit. There was a far greater harmony amongst the parties represented at the Alliance than can be found amongst the various orders of Romanism on this continent. It is, moreover, exceedingly re-

refreshing to see the tendency of denominations bearing the same general name to bury minor differences and unite on a broad common platform. In this matter Methodism has taken the lead, and it is most devoutly to be wished that in a short time all names indicative of Methodistic sections shall be dropped, and that there shall be but one Methodism—reaching from the sunny Bermudas to those distant regions traversed by Franklin and his companions. The brethren of the Presbyterian bodies are to be congratulated on the issue of their negotiations in relation to a general union amongst themselves. All who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity will bid them God-speed, and see in this movement a vast augmentation of Christian influence and power.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

It is a striking fact that Methodism has, from the first, been peculiarly free from doctrinal dissensions; and to-day oneness of belief and teaching obtains more within her pale than in any other branch of the Church of Christ. Episcopalianism is distracted with Ritualistic and Broad Church tendencies; Presbyterianism is disturbed on many questions; Congregationalism has of late years gone rapidly away from the old Calvinian system; while Baptists are greatly agitated with the "Open Communion" question. But, with the exception of one doctrine, the pulpits of Methodism are in perfect harmony in the mode of presenting truth, and her teaching is the same as when Wesley preached. That exception relates to the doctrine of "Christian Perfection," to which attention is particularly called by a theological strife between Dr. Whedon, of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, and certain prominent advocates of the Higher Life in the sister Church across the lines. Without doubt, there is a diversity of opinion upon this question, and diverse ways of dealing with it, not at all calculated to be beneficial. This arises in great part, we are persuaded, from the fact that the writings of Wesley, Fletcher, and other masters of Arminian theology have, to a lamentable extent, been superseded by shoals of hastily prepared and ill-digested books on holiness, dealing more with the sentiment of the question than with the doctrine, and withal so dogmatic and exclusive, in many cases, as to repel the thoughtful and cultured mind. Every tyro in theology seems to suppose that he has a right to speak in

print upon this matter, and the result is an inundation of weak, illogical, and un-Wesleyan *brochures*. We have heard many good and able men among us object most strongly to the teaching of this class of publications. We have heard none taking exception to the doctrine as taught by Wesley and Fletcher. The general plan of Wesley's little work on Christian Perfection may not be the best that might be adopted; it would be a boon to the Church if some competent person would change the "Question and Answer" system, and throw the book into a more attractive form; but if the work as it is were studied, mastered, and taught, we should have a clear Scriptural knowledge of this vital doctrine, and those occasions of offence, that so often arise now through imperfect presentation of it, would be done away with.

RITUALISM IN GREAT BRITAIN AND CANADA.

Mr. Gladstone's article on Ritualism, published in the *Contemporary Review*, has attracted much attention; partly because of the position of the writer and his supposed sympathy with Rome, and partly because of the general bearings of the question discussed. Certainly no one will any longer accuse him of a leaning towards Romanism; and yet but few, if any, will be quite satisfied with his conclusions. Perhaps the strongest thing he says, and it is as true as it is strong, is that "Wherever the growth and progress of ritual, though that ritual in itself be suitable and proper, is accepted, whether consciously or unconsciously and whether in whole or in part by the individual, as standing in the stead of his own concentration and travail of spirit in devotion, there the ritual, though good in itself, becomes for him so much formality." But then the Ritualism of the Church of England to-day is not only all that, it is more; it is paying divine homage where there is no divinity, it is enslaving to the religious principle in man, it prevents the head from being enlightened and the heart from being renewed, it obscures spiritual worship, it teaches actual falsehood, it exalts the sacrament into a sacrifice, it encourages and fosters the mistakes and errors of the Papacy, and its legitimate tendency is towards Rome. That this is true in this country as well as in England, no one can doubt who is acquainted with the pub-

lications and practices of the Ritualistic party. And he who has no fear of the spread of the system, is not acquainted with its underlying principles. We all know the native tendency to form and ceremony, and to sensuous representations of spiritual realities on the part of the heart that is destitute of Christian life, yet anxious to maintain some sort of a Church relation and communion. The true corrective of Ritualism is a revival of pure and undefiled religion. In the early ages, when the Gospel ceased to be preached in its simplicity and power, when worldliness crept into the Church, when bishops were lords and churches were like royal basilicas, ritualistic practices increased. On this continent a wholesome check may be given to innovations by the rise of the Reformed Episcopal Church that has succeeded in gathering a few congregations in Canada as well as in the United States. That it has already had this effect is manifest from the acts and discussions of the Church Congress recently held in New York. And among us, if it should do nothing more than awaken increased attention to the encroachments of Romanizing tendencies, it will not have existed in vain. The great danger with nearly all such organizations, however, struggling for a position, is leaning for support upon secular societies and institutions. If the Reformed Church fails to develop a high-toned spiritual life, its days will soon be numbered.

In his recent pamphlet on the "Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance," Mr. Gladstone has widened, if that were possible, the breach between himself and his previous Romanist admirers. He speaks of the revival of these papal claims as the "disinterment of hideous mummies," and expresses his alarm at the aggressive policy of Rome, as sapping the very foundations of civil government, and threatening, if it be successful, to bring the social fabric in ruin to the ground.

Whatever may be the result of the sentimental, and, as we believe, transient Catholic revival in Great Britain, it is strikingly significant of the waning influence of Romanism as a political power, when the great leaders of both parties in the nation deliberately, and of set purpose, assail the very bulwarks of that system, as Mr. Disraeli did in "Lothair," and as Mr. Gladstone has done in his recent pamphlet.

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

At the recent Annual Meeting of the Social Science Association held in Glasgow, a matter of importance to Canadians was discussed in an elaborate paper read by Sir George Campbell, K. C. S. I., in which it was affirmed that under present arrangements Canada was a burden and a risk to England; that the moment an Englishman reached our shores he became intensely local in his views, ready to decry the interests of the Mother Country; and that, in these circumstances, the only rational thing to do was to cut the connection altogether, and let Canada go free. To us, however, it is gratifying to know that such sentiments are entertained only by a few garrulous K. C. S. I.'s, and certain unimportant political adventurers. No one acquainted with the people of this country would venture to say that any considerable number of them, whether "to the manner born" or otherwise, are indifferent to the interests of the Empire as a whole. While possessing a profound love for our country, and an ever-increasing desire for its prosperity, yet never do local feelings or prejudices interfere with that true loyalty to the Queen and throne of Britain which, we venture to affirm, is not excelled in England itself. The ovations that everywhere met Lord Dufferin in his late tour through the country were given him, not because of his personal excellences—though in this respect he is one of the most popular Governors we have ever had—but they were the outgrowth and the legitimate expression of that unadulterated loyalty that lies at the base of our political life and character; and as to the idea of Canada being "a burden and a risk" to England, the words are wholly meaningless in this relation. It would not be consonant with the design and character of this publication to discuss political questions from a party standpoint, nor shall we do so. We shall not, therefore, express any opinion on the formation of the Canada First party. We shall merely observe that a healthy Canadian sentiment and spirit may be developed without advocating anything looking towards Independence. Suffering no grievance, possessing all possible liberty, prosperous and contented, the people, as a whole, seek no change in their relations to the throne. And yet we confess our inability to discern grounds for the fears entertained by some of our

complete ruin, or our absorption by the powerful neighbours to the south of us, even if the aims of the most enthusiastic advocate of Independence were realized. Still, placed as we believe we are by Providence in the position we now hold, it is safer to work out to the utmost the possibilities of that position, looking to Him for guidance and acknowledging Him in all our ways.

BOOK NOTICE.

The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer: Being an Examination of the First Principles of his System. By B. P. BOWNE, A.B. New York: Nelson & Phillips; Toronto: S. Rose.

THE Philosophy of Herbert Spencer presents an exceedingly fascinating aspect to the tyro in metaphysical or scientific studies. He is master of an eloquent and picturesque style. He treats abstruse subjects in a remarkably lucid, not to say luminous, manner. He is apparently reverent and devout in his discussion of those first principles of religion which lie at the foundation of all philosophy. He claims for his system, that, so far from being atheistic, it is the only one that demonstrates the existence of a God. Instead of Goliath-like hurling defiance against the army of the living God, he claims to be a champion of the truth. His New Philosophy certainly contains some of the grandest generalizations that have been uttered since Bacon's time, and they have been clothed with a beauty of language, and enforced with a felicity of illustration not unworthy of that great master. The grandeur of his scheme is not excelled by that of the *Instauratio Scientiarum*, and even the acute mind of Aristotle furnishes examples of no more subtle reasoning than many of Spencer's lines of argument. His practical contributions to the noble science of education are of great and universally-admitted value. His influence, as the most distinguished apostle if not the founder of the doctrine of evolution, on a great intellectual movement of his time, at least entitles his system of philosophical teaching to a respectful consideration. Invective and denunciation are a cheap substitute for argument, and generally excite

a sympathy in the lover of fair play for the man or system attacked with such weapons. We have therefore often wished that some of those well-meaning but inconsiderate champions of orthodoxy, whose temerity was frequently only equalled by their ignorance of the points at issue, would refute the erring philosopher instead of denouncing him.

But in B. P. Bowne, Spencer has found an antagonist of a different sort—one with an intellect not less acute than his own, with dialectic powers as keen; one who follows him through all the labyrinthine windings of his devious line of argument, and exposes the cardinal errors of his system and the hollowness of its pretensions. Spencer's magnificent generalizations are the mere poetry of science, the dreams of an enthusiast. They fare but poorly in the relentless grasp of the cold logic of Mr. Bowne. The New Philosophy, when thus examined, is like the huge bronze statue of Boodha, near Yeddo, in Japan; imposing, indeed, in outward aspect, but within, a vast extent of resounding emptiness. Or, to change the figure, it is like the great image of Nebuchadnezzar's dream, whose head was of gold, its body silver and brass, but whose legs and feet were of iron and clay. Symmetrical and beautiful at first view; on examination, lo, its foundations are unstable, and crumble at the touch of truth—the stone at whose smiting the lofty statue is broken in pieces. Mr. Bowne has the rare merit of treating a somewhat abstruse and metaphysical subject in an exceedingly vivacious, yet in no wise flippant manner. He unites in unusual wedlock an easy grace of style with the solid quality of sound learning. He uses alike the ponderous mace of a merciless logic and the glittering rapier of a keen and polished wit. His touch is at times dainty as the fillip of a lady's finger, and at times as strong as a Titan's blow.

The first part of Mr. Spencer's Philosophy is called "The Laws of the Unknowable." He aims to establish the true sphere of all rational investigation. He insists, indeed, upon the existence of a God; but like him who was worshipped on Mars' Hill, he is an Unknown God, and he must ever remain unknowable. Such theism, however, is a poor foundation for Christian belief. The trembling soul, peering wistfully into the dark inane, finds little comfort or support in these cold speculations about "the Absolute," "the Infinite," "the Unconditioned."

Mr. Bowne applies the *reductio ad absurdum* to these "Laws of the Unknowable," and reasserts the ancient doctrine, old as the human soul, of a personal, real, living, loving God.

"But while insisting upon a real knowledge of God," says Mr. Bowne, "I am very far from claiming a complete one. 'Who can search out the Almighty to perfection?' has been the language of the best religious thinkers from the time of Job until now. All our science and all our theology are but the slightest surface play on the bosom of fathomless mystery; but this is a very different thing from saying that what we know is untrustworthy. Measureless mystery wraps us round, and gulfs of nescience yawn on every side, but what we know is sure. The little island of knowledge, though washed on every side by the boundless ocean of the unknown, is still anchored in reality, and is not a cloud-bank which may at any moment disappear into the void." (P. 72.)

"Out of this blank abyss of total darkness, (*i.e.* philosophical pure idealism,) neutral alike to good and evil, no inspiration of the soul can come. Religion cannot live on nescience, and reverence is impossible toward a blank. Though, to be sure, we now see through a glass darkly, yet the image there discerned must not be wholly distorted. In contemplating Him, (the Infinite One), we shall ever be as men watching in the darkness of early dawn, with a deep sense of awe and mystery pressing upon us; still there must be a glow on the hill-tops, and a flush in the upper air. There must indeed be the solemn silence, that reverence may bow low and worship; but there must also be the voice which we can trust, bidding us be not afraid." (Pp. 77, 78.)

The second part of Mr. Spencer's System treats of "The Laws of the Knowable." Its scope is very ambitious. "It is," our author remarks, "an attempt to rewrite the book of Genesis on the *a priori* plan, and from a scientific stand-point; to exhibit the method by which the primal cloud-bank, without any directing mind, has spun and woven itself into a universe which seems a miracle of design"—how cosmos emerged, self-evolved, out of chaos, and how the original fire-mist condensed into a myriad of worlds teeming with sentient and intellectual

life. This cosmogony, which seems like a madman's dream, is the sober theory of the New Philosophy.

Mr. Bowne points out the wide gulf existing between inorganic and organic matter, which the evolutionists vainly try to bridge; and the still wider gulf between matter, however highly organized, and mind.

The physical refuse to correlate with the vital forces, and still less will they correlate with mental phenomena. The spontaneous generation of life is a tremendous assumption, which is contradicted by the keenest scrutiny of science. The spontaneous genesis, in even the highest anthropoid ape, of a spiritual essence, with a power to love like an angel or hate like a demon, is a theory equally devoid of rational basis. We shall find, we fear, no simpler solution of the problem than the authoritative announcement of Scripture, that God breathed into Adam the breath of life.

One cardinal defect in Mr. Spencer's method of inquiry, in common with that of most theorizing philosophers, is that he is misled by the very subtlety of mind which is so apt in the detection of ingenious analogies, which analogies are allowed to have all the weight of demonstrative evidence. It is remarkable that a profound scientist should pursue so unscientific a method. It is, however, a by no means uncommon error of highly accomplished observers in the realm of science, when they leave the solid ground of the physical and attempt to philosophize in the domain of the metaphysical, to be led astray by those very conceptions which have been the instruments of their physical discoveries. Such an example our author treats as follows.—“The fact of law, by a most remarkable confusion of thought, is offered by some scientists as a sufficient explanation of the universe. What, now, is scientific law? It is admitted by every one that the laws of strictly inductive science are but generalizations from observed facts; and that even when correct, they express nothing but orders of co-existence and succession. Such a law . . . is only an epitome, a shorthand expression of the observed facts. . . . The laws of nature are the methods of nature, and are the very things to be explained.” (P. 232, 233.)

But this reign of law carries the devout philosopher back

to the Supreme Lawgiver, the great First Cause of all things, who stands behind every secondary cause, gives efficiency to all secondary laws, who reigns and rules throughout the universe, and in whom all things live and move and have their being.

The following is our author's conclusion of the whole matter:—"An ambitious attempt, and a dismal failure, is our deliberate verdict upon the so-called New Philosophy. There are, to be sure, many ingenious and profound remarks scattered through Mr. Spencer's books. There are, too, faint glimpses of many of the deepest truths of psychology, but there is an utter failure to appreciate their meaning. Philosophy is not to be estimated by its epigrams and profound remarks, but by its underlying principles. Apothegms and proverbs serve for quotation, but they are not philosophy."

Without committing ourself to an endorsement of all Mr. Bowne's criticisms and conclusions, we can, at least, commend his book as the most acute and brilliant refutation of the materialistic philosophy which he combats, that, in our opinion, has yet appeared.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

As no religious magazine would be complete without a Missionary Department, we design to give our readers a summary of the most recent intelligence from all parts of the Mission field, giving prominence to the Missions of our own denomination, but, as far as our space will allow, recording also what our brethren of other Churches are doing.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

The last Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society of Great Britain is on our table. It is a pamphlet, or rather a volume, of 320 pages, and gives a condensed account of the work which the Society is carrying on in almost all parts of the world. The following is a summary:—

Central or Principal Stations, called Circuits	908
Churches and other Preaching Places.....	6,953
Ministers and Assistant Missionaries	1,213.
Other Paid Agents, as Catechists, Interpreters, Day School Teachers, etc.	4,717
Unpaid Agents, as Sabbath-school Teachers, etc.....	25,043
Full and Accredited Church Members.....	173,551
Members on Trial	16,518
Scholars, deducting for those who attend both the Day and Sabbath-schools	261,983

Twenty-six Missionaries have been sent out during the year. Seven Missionaries and two Missionaries' wives have died during the same time. The income exceeds that of all former years, being more than \$862,000, and is only surpassed by that of one other Missionary Society.

How marvellous has been the progress of the Society since its inauguration at Leeds in 1815! Since the Report was published, other Missionaries have gone to their rest, among whom is Dr. Hoole, who was senior Missionary Secretary and had been connected with the Society more than fifty years.

The Monthly Missionary Notices contain interesting accounts of what is doing in various parts of the work. In South Africa great complaints are made of the injurious effects which follow the introduction of intoxicating liquors among the Bechuanos by Europeans. Ritualism has found its way to Natal and Cape Colony with the same results as elsewhere. The defeat of the King of Ashantee has removed the greatest obstacle out of the way of the progress of the Gospel in Western Africa.

From the West Indies there are graphic details of herculean labors, reminding us of some of the early scenes in that celebrated Mission field. One Missionary preaches four times every Sabbath, and rides eighteen miles under a burning sun. Another occupies four stations, has four day-schools and four Sabbath-schools, and eight hundred members to look after, and rides some ninety miles every week. Surely he need not be "unemployed, nor triflingly employed."

Dr. Wiseman recently visited Italy, and dedicated a church at Naples. Signor Aganti preached the first Italian sermon. He was formerly one of the most popular Roman Catholic priests in

Southern Italy. The Wesleyans have twenty-one Circuits, and in May last the first District Meeting was held in Rome, which was attended by twenty-four Missionaries, twenty-one of whom were native Italians. The persecutions endured by the native converts are of the most aggravated description.

The truth is progressing; and while English noblemen like the Marquis of Ripon, bow the knee to the Pope, men of great distinction are becoming weary of their thralldom, and throwing off the papal yoke. Recently, Don Alceste Lanna, late Professor of Theology in the Vatican, followed the example of Ex-Canon Grassi, and connected himself with the Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the Rev. Dr. Vernon, at Via Cremona. Dr. Lanna is said to be a man of more than ordinary ability, and possesses great influence among the leading families of Rome.

The calls for help are more numerous than the Wesleyan Missionary Society can answer. It is only a few years since, that a Mission was commenced at Vienna, and now the whole of Austria could be occupied; and elsewhere doors of usefulness are opening which no man can shut.

Fiji is at last annexed to the British Empire, with Sir Hercules Robinson as the Governor. The group of islands, numbering some two hundred and twenty-five, is designated by a Missionary as, in physical aspect, "a remnant of paradise." The triumphs of the past forty years have been marvellous; and now there is added to civilization, by the preaching of the Gospel, a country which may soon be made capable of supporting 3,000,000 or 4,000,000, where there are now less than 300,000 inhabitants.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Fifty-fifth Annual Report of the Missionary Society of this Church was issued in January, 1874. The Foreign Missions are situated in Africa, South America, China, Germany, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, India, Bulgaria, Italy, Japan, and Mexico. The Domestic Missions are connected with all the Home Conferences, but are chiefly among the Foreign population of the Union, such as the Welsh, Germans, Scandinavians, Chinese, and the Indians. The total number of Missionaries at home and abroad is 3,170. The income for the present year is \$675,080 32; but

this amount is inadequate to the wants of the Society; hence there is a debt, of about \$150,000, which occasions the Board great anxiety. The income in 1823, when the Missionary Society was formed, was only \$823 04. Bishop Harris has visited all the Foreign Missions of the Society during his recent tour round the world, which has occupied little more than two years. The Society has sustained an irreparable loss by the death of Dr. Eddy, one of the Secretaries, who was "in labours more abundant." Perhaps if he had worked less, he might have worked longer. Dr. Eddy was a noble champion for the truth, and his death was one of the most triumphant that has occurred in modern times. His dying sayings should never be forgotten. The Missions in India of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which were established by Dr. Butler, who has also been honoured to lay the foundations of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Mexico, have been eminently successful. A Theological School has been established at Bareilly. A Centenary School has also been formed at Lucknow, both of which are doing a good work. There is a Publishing House at Lucknow, which issues five different papers, weekly, semi-monthly, and monthly. The ladies of the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the name of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, are doing a noble work. This Society recently sent a band of devoted women to India, among whom is a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Lore, editor of the *Northern Christian Advocate*. She goes as a medical missionary, and is esteemed as a lady of more than ordinary intelligence and piety.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

This Church, for several years past, has been comparatively isolated from the Wesleyan family; but we trust that there will be closer fraternization in future. The Church contains thirty-four Annual Conferences, with 3,134 ministers, and 659,677 members. In all the Conferences there are several important Domestic Missions—among the destitute White settlers, the German emigrants, or the Indians, besides Foreign Missions in China and Mexico.

There are not so many coloured people in the Methodist Episcopal Church South as we had supposed; but this is ex-

plained by the fact that in 1870 "The Coloured Methodist Episcopal Church in America" was formed, which has been so successful, that now it contains fifteen Annual Conferences, with four Bishops, 607 Ministers, 74,799 members, and 49,955 Sunday School scholars. This Church is greatly assisted by the Church South.

THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

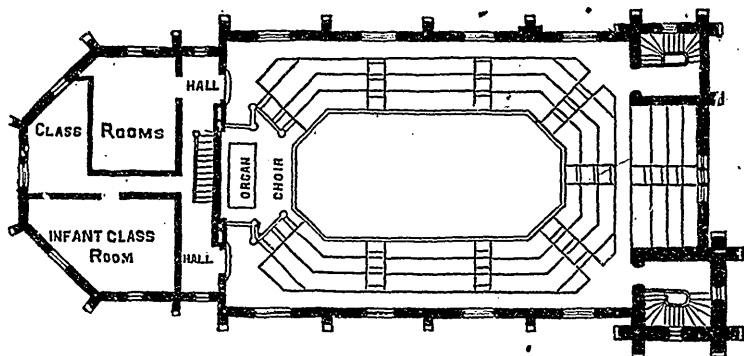
The decision of the late General Conference to drop the word Wesleyan from its time-honoured cognomen, was regarded with great regret by some of our oldest and most venerated friends, but we believe the change is approved by the majority in the Church. Not a few of the journals of Canada and the United States have also expressed their approval, and we think that the signs of the times indicate that before long there will be such a fusion of the branches of Methodism, that the name will be universally acknowledged as the most appropriate designation of the entire Church.

The Jubilee Report of the Missionary Society has just been issued, the reading of which has constrained us to say, "What hath God wrought!" The following is a summary of the Missions—Missions to the settlers of British Columbia and Red River, fourteen, with fourteen missionaries, missions to the Indians of the Saskatchewan, Hudson's Bay Territory, British Columbia, and the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, forty, with twenty-nine missionaries and twelve assistants, six French and six German missionaries, together with two missionaries in Japan—making a total of two hundred and thirty-one missions and two hundred and fifty-nine missionaries. Besides these, there are day-school teachers, interpreters, and circuit ministers supplying bands of Indians, which make a total of paid agency of three hundred and twenty-eight, who are labouring from Metis and Gaspé to the borders of Alaska and the densely populated islands of Japan.

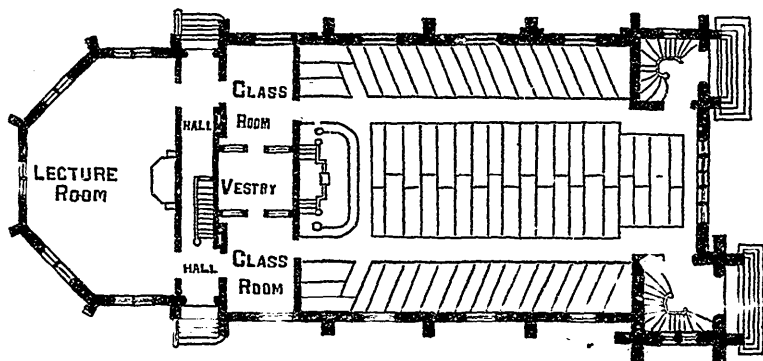
The total receipts for the year amount to \$117,940.57, being an increase of \$9,572.21, which is the largest increase in the history of the Society. But the expenditure has exceeded this amount by no less a sum than \$5,754.96, so that the income for the present year will need to be still greatly increased, and we doubt not that this will be the case. The givings of the Metho-



NEW METHODIST CHURCH, AYLMER, ONT.—PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



GALLERY PLAN



GROUND PLAN

LANCLEY LANGLEY & BURKE
ARCHITECTS
TORONTO.

NEW METHODIST CHURCH, AYLMEB, ONT. — PLANS.

dist people in Canada are far larger, in proportion to their numbers, than those of their fellow-Methodists in the United States—about three times as great, we think. But they are not so large as those of their brethren of the Mother Church in Britain, who, for the most part, are less able to give than are we. The recent confederation of Methodist Churches in Canada, it is hoped, will result in much larger Missionary revenue than was previously received. Not the least interesting part of the Report is that which contains the account of Dr. Taylor's visit of inspection to the Missions in Manitoba and the North-West. We are struck with the extreme economy of the management of the Society, seeing that the salaries of its officers, accountant, etc., amount to only about three per cent. of its disbursements.

The accounts from the various Domestic Missions are encouraging; in some of the German Missions there are signs of improvement. A Mission, we think, should by all means be commenced among the Norwegians, of whom there are hundreds in Ontario, who are like sheep having no shepherd. From British Columbia there comes the glad tidings of good being done, both among the whites, the Chinese, and the Indians. From Japan there is joyful news. Dr. McDonald baptized eleven persons on one Sabbath recently, at Shedzuooka, and organized a Methodist Church, with a native class-leader and assistant; and Mr. Cochrane expected soon to baptize as many at Yeddo, where he hoped also to form a native Church.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE

WE have great pleasure in presenting our readers the accompanying plans and perspective view of the new Methodist Church at Aylmer, Ont. They have been drawn on wood by an accomplished artist, after the design of Messrs. Langley, Langley and Burke, expressly for this Magazine. We are persuaded they will sustain the distinguished reputation of these gentlemen, already so well known as the designers of the Metropolitan Church and new Post Office, Toronto, and many other public and private buildings in Canada. We are happy to announce that

this Magazine will be enriched by a series of designs of churches and parsonages by the same architects.

The design in the present number is not a mere theoretical one, but one that has stood the test of practical experiment. The building is now approaching completion, "and," writes Rev. W. McDonagh, the minister of the circuit, "is greatly admired by all who see it. It is the general impression," he adds, "that nothing as neat and complete in every respect has been erected in any town of the size in Canada." The contract price is \$15,800. The Ladies' Aid Society have raised, in addition, nearly \$2,000 to trim and upholster the church, and hope also to be able to purchase an organ. The following is the technical description of the building furnished by the architects:

This building is Gothic in design, of the early English period. It is faced with white brick, relieved with string courses and weatherings of Ohio stone. The church occupies an area of 48 feet wide by 82 feet in length; the lecture room is 43 feet by 37 feet. A portion of the area has been excavated to form furnace rooms, and the furnaces are so distributed as to equally heat the whole building.

On the ground floor the front is partly occupied by the tower at the left-hand corner, and at the other by a porch; each of these contains a staircase to the gallery. The rear portion of the audience room under the gallery is occupied by class rooms and vestry, in front of which, in full view of the whole house, is the pulpit platform. The lecture room extension, on the ground floor, is occupied by the lecture room and a commodious hall, which contains a staircase to the class rooms over the lecture room, and serves also as a means of exit from the rear portion of the audience room and gallery. The gallery is supported on cast-iron columns, and is three seats in depth. The organ and choir are located in the gallery immediately back of the pulpit. The ceiling of the audience room is 35 feet high, of a semi-elliptical form, divided into panels by moulded plaster ribs. The ceilings of the lecture room and of class rooms above are 12 feet in height. The seats on the ground floor of the audience room will accommodate four hundred, and those in the gallery three hundred persons, giving a total of 700, while on special occasions as many as 1000 may be seated, by means of extra seats in the passages. The lecture room has accommodation for about 170. The height of the edifice from ground line to ridge is 58 feet; the height of tower 73 feet, and of spire 69 feet; the extreme altitude to the top of the iron finial is 152 feet.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND MUSIC.

Dr. F. W. Farrar's *Life of Christ* has now reached a tenth edition.

Miss Arch, daughter of Joseph Arch, the English labour champion, has made a successful *début* as a lecturer.

The second edition of Tyerman's *Life and Times of John Wesley*, is announced by the London Publishers.

Mr. John Stuart Mill's posthumous work has appeared in England under the title *Three Essays on Religion*.

Parkman's new book, *The Old Regime in Canada*, is a decided success. A full review of it is crowded out of this number.

The speedy publication of the memoirs of Juarez, making important revelations concerning Maximilian and Bazaine, is announced.

St. Petersburg was fixed upon as the place for the next annual meeting, in 1875, of the International Congress of Orientalists.

Sir Samuel Baker's new book, *Ismalia*, being the narrative of his expedition to Central Africa for the suppression of the slave trade, is out in London.

The Government of Russia has given permission for the reproduction in the Russian language of the periodical called *The British Workman*. A Spanish edition of the same journal is allowed to circulate in Spain.

A dispensary for women has been established at Benares, the holy city of the Hindoos, by one of the princes of India. Miss Banks, M.D., has charge.

Prof. Wyville Thompson has sent home from the Challenger Expedition sixty cases of specimens, preserved in alcohol, &c., which will remain unopened until he returns.

Dr. H. Alleyne Nicholson, formerly of Toronto University, has been appointed to the chair of Biology and Physiology about to be established in the Durham University Colleges of Medicine and Physical Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Prof. Haeckel, of Jena, has just published a new popular work on Darwinism in its application to man. It is entitled *Anthropogenie*, and is copiously illustrated. A translation of his earlier popular work, under the title *History of Creation*, is in the press.

John B. Gough is said to have one of the finest collections of Cruikshank's pictures in America, numbering over two thousand.

The Swiss population of the United States are raising a subscription to erect a monument to their distinguished countryman, Agassiz. The sum required is \$300,000, of which half has been already subscribed.

Mr. Marshall Wood's bronze statue of Her Majesty, has been removed from the Queen's Park, Toronto. The same gentleman's costly design for laying out the grounds around the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa has been rejected, and one of much greater simplicity adopted.

We would call attention to the excellence of the wood engravings in this Magazine. We consider them a credit to Canadian Art. We cannot promise a steel engraving with each number, but we purpose to give one at least twice a year—with the beginning of each volume. We hope to give, altogether, between thirty and forty engravings in a year.

Dr. Von Bulow, the great pianist, has quite recovered from his recent illness, and is now in London.

"God Guard Canada," is the name of a new National Anthem, published by J. F. Davis, of Toronto; the words are by H. T. McPhillips, and music by Marquis Chisholm.

The Toronto Philharmonic Society has given two very successful renditions of Handel's "Creation." They purpose during the holidays giving the sublime oratorio of the "Messiah," in a style superior to anything hitherto attempted in Canada.

In a competition of church choirs at the Liverpool festival, England, the first prize was won by the singers from the chapel of a blind school, and a generous listener doubled the amount of the prize, which was £10.

We would call attention to the specimen page of the new Hymn and Tune Book accompanying this number. One of the tunes is by a resident in Toronto, and both are worthy accompaniments of one of the noblest Christian lyrics in the hymnody of the Church.

This department of our Magazine has been unduly compressed this month. We hope to give it greater prominence hereafter.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE offers a first-class advertising medium. It will, we anticipate, find its way into all the best families of our large Connexion throughout the Dominion, and will be carefully preserved. Our rates will be made known on application.

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