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IRA D. SANKEY.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1877.

THE THEISTIC CONCEPTION OF THE WORLD.*

BY THE REV. WM. S. BLACKSTOCK.

THE book, the title of which constitutes the heading of this article, deserves to be read and studied by far greater numbers than are likely to either read or study it. The subject is important, and the treatment of it is able, but the style is adapted to the learned few rather than to the mentally undisciplined masses. Though the gifted author belongs to a democratic community, and is understood to be a democrat himself, his mode of treating the sublime theme discussed in these massive pages is by no means democratic; and, though the book which he has given to the world has many admirable qualities to commend it, it is not, in the proper etymological sense of the term, popular. Of course, this is not said to its disparagement, for it is substantially true of most books of enduring value. It is one of the most difficult achievements of genius and literary skill to produce a work which, while it commands the respectful attention of the educated and thoughtful, brings the truth which it discusses within the easy comprehension of the uneducated mind, and in the treatment of such profound and difficult subjects as that which is treated in this volume, it is an achievement which, probably, scarcely comes within the bounds of possibility.

* *The Theistic Conception of the World.* By D. F. COCKER, LL.D.

We have great confidence in the capabilities of our Anglo-Saxon mother tongue. The language with which Shakespeare and our English translators of the Bible have accomplished such marvels must have resources which are not easily exhausted. There can be but little excuse, as a general rule, for those authors who, writing for English readers, turn our noble language into an uncouth and scarcely intelligible jargon, by the importation of crude and unassimilated phrases into it from other tongues, living and dead. It must, however, be confessed that it is not always easy to express the technicalities of modern scientific thought in pure English without considerable circumlocution. This fact may be alleged in extenuation of what will probably be regarded by lovers of pure English as the most serious fault in the style of this noble volume. It is stately and grand, its rhythm often rising to the dignity of a magnificent oration, but it is not always English. It is just a little over-loaded with hard technical phraseology, though it is only just to the author to say that this is confined chiefly to the opening chapters of his book.

The object of this article, however, is not to criticise the style of the book, but to reproduce, with as much simplicity and perspicuity as may be, some of the arguments and conclusions of the author on some of those points which may be supposed to be most interesting to the general reader. Of course, it will be impossible, owing to the inexorable limitation of space, to enter into details; those who desire a fuller understanding of the several points touched upon in this article must examine the volume for themselves.

The very first thought suggested by the title of this book is, that there are conceptions of the world which are not Theistic. The Theistic conception, of course, is that which is founded upon the recognition of the existence of God; the Atheistic conception is founded upon the denial of this truth; and between these two comes in the Pantheistic conception, which partakes of the nature of both, but is identical with neither of these. Pantheism admits the existence of God, but it denies His personality; it affirms His existence, but it neutralizes His affirmation by denying the existence of anything else but Him. "According to this view, God is the universe itself: beyond and

outside of the world He does not exist, but only in the world. He is the Soul, the Reason, the Spirit of the world, and all nature is His body. In reality, God is everything, and beside Him there is nothing."*

It will be readily seen that, whichever of these views we adopt, it must very seriously modify our conception of the world. The world is not, it cannot be, to the Atheist what it is to the Theist; and to the Pantheist it is not what it is to either of these. The Theistic conception of the world, then, differs from all other conceptions of it.

This difference has respect, in the first place, to the origin of the world. Of course, neither in the creed of the Atheist nor of the Pantheist is there any room for the doctrine of creation; for, if the former of these were true, there would be no Creator; if the latter, there would be no creature; therefore, the idea of creation is necessarily excluded both by the one and the other. According to both these views, the world must be in some sense eternal; though, in respect to the *αρχή*—the original causative principle in which it had its beginning—that principle, the discovery of which has been the object of the pursuit of the world's greatest thinkers from the very dawn of speculative thought to the present—there will still be room for difference of opinion. With the Atheist, the first principle, the substratum and ultimate cause of all things, which was in the beginning, and existed from eternity, will be either matter or force; to the apprehension of the metaphysical Pantheist, it will be thought; while between these two, to use the words of Martineau, the believer in a personal God "fixes upon *Will* as the true balancing point of a moral theism."

This difference, too, has respect to the government of the world. Indeed, neither Atheism nor Pantheism is, properly speaking, consistent with the idea of government at all, if by government is meant intelligent supervision, control, and direction; neither, according to the Atheistic nor the Pantheistic conception of the world, can there be any such thing. There can be no government without law, but law, in its final analysis, is "the expression of a will enforcing itself with power." If there

* Christlieb.

is any propriety in the term "law," as applied to natural phenomena, it implies that in these phenomena we have the expression of the will as well as the manifestation of the power of a Divine Lawgiver. Sir John Herschel has only expressed what probably the bulk of mankind felt in all ages, though they may not have been able to formulate it in words, when he says, "It is but reasonable to regard the force of gravitation as the direct or indirect result of a consciousness or a *will* existing somewhere." Dr. Carpenter expresses the same truth, when he says that will "is the form of force which must be taken as the type of all the rest;" and adds that "force must be regarded as the direct expression of will." Wallace, another eminent scientist, says, "If we have traced one force, however minute, to an origin in our own will, while we have no knowledge of any other primary cause of force, it does not seem an improbable conclusion that all force may be *will-force*, and that the whole universe is not only dependent on, but actually is the will of a higher intelligence, or of a supreme intelligence."

Perhaps, there is no man living who better understands the drift and tendency of the purest and best scientific thought of the present time, or one whose testimony on such a subject as that under present consideration is entitled to more respect, than the Duke of Argyll. He says, "Science, in the modern doctrine of the conservation of energy and the convertibility of forces, is already getting hold of the idea that all kinds of force are but forms and manifestations of some one central force issuing from some one fountain-head of power. This one force, into which all others return again, is itself but a mode of action of the Divine Will." Even Mr. Herbert Spencer admits that the will-force in us—"the force by which we ourselves produce changes and which serves to symbolize the cause of changes in general—is the final disclosure of all analysis. . . . All other modes of consciousness are derived from our consciousness of existing force." And Comte, the father of the positive philosophy which has been the cause of leading so many to atheistic conclusions, while he declares the order of nature to be very imperfect, admits that "its production is far more compatible with the hypothesis of an intelligent will than with the

of blind mechanism." In view of these quotations, our author seems to be fully warranted in the assertion that "Physical science is surely coming into harmony with metaphysical thought."

According to this view, "law" is not mere sequence, not simply an observed order of facts, but the manifestation of an omniscient, an omnipresent, and an omnipotent *will*. All the forces of nature, which are found in such harmonious operation with each other as to suggest the idea that they are but so many different manifestations of the same force, find their unity in Him who "worketh all things after the counsel"—the deliberation, purpose, design—"of His own will." The Theistic conception gives us what the laws of nature can never themselves give—an account of their own origin. It traces the law up to the Law-giver, the force to the fountain-head of all power; and, in this way, gives the only rational account that can be given of the wisdom and the beneficence, the immutability and the exhaustless energy, of this operation. It gives to everything in nature a deeper significance, and invests it with a greater importance than it could otherwise possibly possess; because, instead of giving us the notion of a blind Cyclops—call it by whatever name we may, whether matter or force—working in the dark, without any rational motive, and toward no preconceived or predestinated end, it gives us the idea of a vast and complicated system of nicely-adjusted machinery under the infallible direction and control of an All-perfect Being, in whose absolute reality we have the ultimate ground, in whose infinite efficiency we have the adequate cause, and in whose perfect personality we have the sufficient reason, or final cause, of all existence—operating toward an end which, whether we can comprehend it or not, we may be sure is every way worthy of infinite wisdom, infinite power, and infinite love.

But the particular branch or department of the government of the world in which we are most deeply interested is that which refers to the development, the progress, and the destiny of the human race. To this—"The Providence of God in Human History"—Dr. Cocker devotes one of his most interesting chapters. The germ of this part of his essay he finds in the

pregnant words of the Apostle, viz.:—"God hath made of one blood all the nations of mankind to dwell upon the face of the whole earth, and ordained to each the appointed times of their existence and the bounds of their habitation, that they should seek after, and, indeed, feel after and find, the Lord." (So he translates Acts xvii. 26-28.) This accounts at once for the unity of the race and for its diversity. God has not only made the whole race of mankind of one blood, but He has superintended its division into separate nations, and its dispersion over the face of the earth. The several nations have not come into existence by chance, but by divine appointment. Both the time of the existence of each of them, and the geographical boundaries of its habitation, have been prearranged and determined by infinite wisdom; and the particular part that each was to play was not determined by accident, but is part of a divine plan, and the ultimate purpose of this providential arrangement and supervision is, that men may seek God, feel after Him, and really find Him.

This is the Pauline view of human history, and it evidently gives it a dignity and a grandeur which it cannot, according to any other hypothesis, possibly possess. According to this conception of it, history is a divine plan, and every separate part of it is, though in a way that transcends our comprehension, contributing its share toward the accomplishment of the divine purpose. Even those events which present to us the most untoward aspect, which cause us to tremble for the ark of God and for the future of the race, will, if this view be correct, be found in the end to not have been exceptions to this rule. Those things which do not occur by the appointment, do, nevertheless, occur by the permission of God; and every one of them has been foreseen and provided for. Even the malignant plottings of the enemies of God, and the efforts put forth by them to defeat the divine purpose, have been taken fully into the account, and when the whole drama is finished, even these will be found to have, under the overrulings of divine wisdom and power, contributed in some way to the bringing about of the predestinated result.

And here we have the true notion of providence, including

"intelligent forethought and timely provision for all contingencies"—a preconceived plan, constant supervision of its development, and the control and subordination of all finite powers and agencies in order to its completion.

In the study of this great subject, then, in its relation to human history, which the Scriptures constantly represent as the special field of divine providence our first duty is to ascertain as clearly as may be what is the divine purpose in respect to our race, the predestinated goal of human history. This can only be learned from Him who "sees the end from the beginning;" who has formed this divine plan, and is superintending its development. Whatever may be gathered from the philosophical study of the past, or be inferred from what appears to us to be the fitness of things, it is obvious that revelation alone can supply the principles which must constitute the light of history—the light in which even the darkest chapters may be interpreted, and its true philosophy evolved. It is true that speculative thought, even independently of the light of revelation, has led some of the great thinkers of the race to the conclusion that the goal of history, the point toward which all the movements of society are tending, is the highest perfection of humanity; but it has not discovered any authorized and infallible standard by which this perfection is to be measured. The question—In what consists the highest perfection of humanity?—has not been, and cannot be, satisfactorily answered by the unassisted efforts of the human intellect. It is only the All-knowing and All-perfect One who can disclose to us the grand ideal toward which His providence is leading our race.

Now, what is this ideal? The Bible does not deal in definitions: we must gather its teaching on this, as on other subjects, from general principles and scattered hints, rather than from any compact and definite statement. The ideal for the race must, however, be the same as for the individual; and in seeking the ideal of individual perfection we must take into the account every department of man's complex and wonderful nature, with all its capabilities, powers, and relations. He must be viewed, not merely as a physical and intellectual, but also as a moral and religious, being; and not only as an individual in some sense

complete in himself, but also as a being sustaining intimate relations with God and his fellow-creatures.

“Now, no man can be said to be complete—to be perfect; no man can be said to have reached his *τελος*, or end—to have completely fulfilled the divine purpose in his being—until he has developed in his thought, and realized in his life, the idea of the useful, the true, the just, the good, the pure, the divine. Loyalty to God and the truth, justice and charity toward men, self-control and purity of mind, intellectual discipline, and cultivated taste—these are the characteristics of the perfect man. Judged from the Christian standpoint, he is the perfect man who has attained to that ideal of moral and spiritual excellence which was exhibited in the human life of Christ—the grand embodiment of all that is ‘pure and true and just and lovely and of good report.’ The realization of this in the collective life of humanity must be the goal of history.”

Though human history is the special field of divine providence, no view of it would be complete which did not include the preparation of the earth for being the home of mankind. That this world was made for man, there is no rational ground of doubt. Much that is in it would have no value, no significance or importance, if he was absent from it. They are of no use whatever to the inferior orders of creation; and yet, what is most remarkable is, that these very things are found, in a vast plurality of instances, to be most essential to the comfort of man, most conducive to the development of his faculties and to the progress of civilization. In fact, the earth is a great store-house in which is treasured up an inexhaustible supply of all that is necessary not only to meet the physical necessities of man, but to stimulate his intellectual activity; to fill his imagination with images of beauty and grandeur, and so develop his æsthetic faculty and refine his taste; and, above all, to excite in him feelings of veneration and awe, and, at the same time, to inspire him with gratitude, confidence, and love toward Him by whom this magnificent home has been provided, so marvellously fitted up, and so amply and luxuriously furnished. Nowhere is the intelligent forethought, the anticipation of, and preparation for, the undeveloped necessities of the future, which are inherent

in the very idea of providence, more strikingly displayed than in this.

The enormous period during which this process of preparation was carried on prior to the advent of man upon the earth is itself significant; it would almost appear to be specially designed by the Creator to beget in the minds of His intelligent creatures the highest possible conception of the dignity of the forthcoming lord of this terrestrial creation, of the high value which He set upon him, and the deep interest which He took in his well-being.

The more intelligent and thorough our study of physical geography, and the more accurate our knowledge of the earth's surface, the more deeply are we likely to be impressed not only with the idea that man was the objective point of all the geologic changes which preceded his appearance, but also with a sense of the special adaptation of its fixed forms for his perfect development according to the divine ideal. That external, physical conditions, and especially the configuration of the earth's surface, and the distribution, outline, and relative position of land and water, exert a powerful influence upon the tastes, pursuits, habits, and character of man, is well-known.—(1.) The habits and characteristics of the dwellers in the temperate zone differ materially from those of the dwellers in the torrid zone; (2.) there is a marked difference between the mental habits and modes of thought of a people who dwell in the interior of an immense continent and those who dwell on the margin of the sea; and (3.) there is also an acknowledged difference between the mental character of the inhabitants of a bright and sunny climate, who breathe an elastic atmosphere, and are surrounded with the most inspiring scenery, and that of a people who dwell under a gray and sombre sky, and daily look upon the more stern and rugged aspects of nature. These several propositions will be readily assented to by every intelligent student of man and Nature. They are subjected to a careful and thorough examination by our author, and the general conclusions arrived at are thus summarized by him:—

"1. While the tropical climate of Southern Asia, of Africa, and of South America is unfavourable to the highest intel-

lectual and moral development, the temperate climate of Western Asia, of Europe, and of North America is peculiarly adapted to the advancement and perfection of the human race.

"2. The massive, unbroken continents of the south, shut in by immense oceans and impassable mountain ranges, are the seat of immobility, and the home of despotic power; but the deeply-indented and elaborately-articulated continents of the north, with their inland seas and large navigable rivers, are the theatre of activity, of progress, and of liberty.

"3. The sunny skies and glowing landscapes and inspiring scenery of the south of Europe are most congenial to poetry and music and painting and sculpture, and all that is graceful in expression and action; the deeper tone and the sterner features of the northern portion of Europe, 'whose skies are sombre, and whose mountains are rugged and gray,' determine it to be the home of practical industry and useful arts, of benevolent enterprises and philanthropic deeds.

"Bearing in mind these principles, we turn to history, in the belief that we shall find that divine providence has, at successive periods, placed the historic race in such geographical relations, and amid such physical conditions as have been most favourable to their intellectual and moral development." (Pp. 263, 264.)

The first fact appealed to in confirmation of this theory is, that "the human race really commenced its history in the midst of the continents of the temperate zone." Without attempting to fix the site of Eden, Dr. Cocker contents himself with pointing out "the second centre from whence the great historic race departed to overspread the earth"—the Armenian plateau which stands equidistant from the Euxine and Caspian seas on the north, and between the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean Sea on the south. "All the varied lines of evidence from history, ethnology, and philology," he remarks, "converge upon Western Asia as the cradle of the human race—the centre from which mankind departed to people the earth; and we are constrained to regard the early populations of that region as furnishing the typical standard, or average sample, of our species."

This, however, is precisely what, on purely zoological grounds, we should not have expected; we should have been disposed to

look for the original home of man in the tropical region, which is the *habitat* of the anthropoid ape, and where Nature puts forth her greatest energy. And here, too, we should have expected to find the nearest approximation to the perfect ideal of humanity. A careful comparison of the several zones and climates of the earth shows that "the degree of the perfection of the types of life, and the diversity and number of species, are proportional to the intensity of heat." This may be regarded as a law of the physical world. Hence we find, as a matter of fact, that nature goes on adding perfection to perfection from the polar region to the temperate zone, and from the temperate zone to the region of the greatest heat. Following, then, the ascending series, (especially if man is to be regarded as the lineal descendant of the anthropomorphic apes, as some of the materialistic scientists of the day would have us to believe), we might reasonably suppose that here would be found the proper home and *habitat* of man, and that the tropical man would be the highest type of humanity, and, physically speaking, the most beautiful of the race. This, however, is not the case. Man presents a clearly marked exception to the law which regulates the distribution and development both of animal and vegetable life. He is found in his purest and most perfect type at the very centre of the temperate continents; and, departing from this centre, we find him gradually losing his beauty of form, even to the extreme point of the southern continent, where his physical debasement and deformity reaches its lowest depth.

It is evident, then, that the law which has governed the distribution of the human race over the earth is an entirely different one from that which has presided over and regulated the distribution of plants and animals. The perfection of type, in the latter case, is in proportion to the natural conditions which are most favourable to the development of physical life; while the perfection of type, in the former case—the case of man—is exactly in proportion to the degree of intellectual and moral improvement, and to the physical conditions which are favourable to intellectual and moral development. In the one case it is "the law of a physical order;" in the other case it is "the law of a moral order."

The grand reason of this difference is found in the difference of nature and destiny between these two orders of beings. Plants and animals have attained the end of their existence already. They are not designed to be anything different from what they are. With man, however, it is altogether different; created in the image of God, he is a free, moral being; he possesses an intellectual, a moral, a spiritual nature, which is the essential element of his being—the true man—to which the physical man is merely a servant and minister; and the unfolding and the perfection of this spiritual nature is the grand end of human life—an end which can only be secured by the exercise and discipline of the spiritual powers.

“Who does not see a plan, a purpose, a Providence in this fact—that the cradle of the human race was placed in the midst of the continents of the north, and not in the centre of the tropical region? The balmy, but enervating, atmosphere of the equatorial region would have lulled man to sleep, and he would have made no progress. With an abundant supply for his natural wants, there would have been no motive to industry, to enterprise, and to the development of his intellectual powers. Unable to endure the rigour of a colder climate, and to live on a less exuberant soil, he would not have been induced to migrate to less favourable regions, and, crowded on a narrow area, the race must have been finally exterminated. But, planted in the temperate zone, in the midst of the continents of the north, so well adapted by their form, their highly articulated peninsulas, and their climate, to stimulate the active powers of man, to promote enterprise, to favour commerce, and hasten individual development and social organization, he was surrounded by conditions most favourable to the fulfilment of his destiny.” (Pp. 273, 274.)

To this is added the noteworthy observation that this, too, was the centre of religious light and the cradle of man's spiritual nature. Here, for ages, “the living oracles proclaimed the truth of God, and patriarchs, prophets, and seers were received into intercourse with the higher world;” and here, “in Palestine, the centre of the three continents of the Old World, and near five great seas—the highway of the world's travel and commerce—

Jesus of Nazareth taught the 'glad tidings of great joy' for the nations, and sent forth His apostles into all the world to preach the gospel to every creature."

Another fact, illustrative of the truth that the human race is not left to the direction of blind chance, but is under the leading of an all-wise and unerring Providence, which is infallibly guiding to that state of complete intellectual, social, moral, and spiritual development and perfection which is its predestinated end, is, "that those epochs of civilization which represent the highest degree of culture attained by man at different periods of his history, have not succeeded one another in the same place, but have passed from one country to another." The earth was not only intended to be the home of man, in which he should live, but also the school-house in which he should receive his education; "its highest function being to aid in his intellectual and moral training, and to furnish the conditions in which he may fulfil his noble destiny." Now, as none of the continents furnish all the conditions necessary for his complete development; but each of the northern continents, by virtue of its structure, climate, and physical conditions, has a special function to fulfil in the education of the race. God, in His providence, has led the human family from east to west, over the continents of the temperate zone, in order to secure to it the education, the moral advancement, and the final perfection which it is His purpose it shall finally reach. The centre of civilization is found first in Western Asia; from thence it is transferred to Greece, from Greece to Rome, and from thence — though our author does not note the fact quite as distinctly as he might have done—to the British Isles, which, during the last two or three hundred years, have been the focal point of the highest form of civilization that the world has yet seen; and, now that the westward march of civilization has reached its goal, the development of its highest possible type is looked for in the New World.

The successive stages in the education of the race are found to correspond with the successive stages in the development of the individual.—(1.) The period of submission to authority; (2.) the discipline of the conscience; (3.) the development of

personal liberty ; (4.) the training and discipline of the will under social law ; and (5.) the development of active philanthropy. The first of these corresponds with the *Oriental*, the second with the *Hebrew*, the third with the *Greek*, the fourth with the *Roman*, and the fifth with the *Christian* civilization. Each of these forms of civilization has contributed its quota toward the realization of the grand end toward which God, in His providence, has been leading mankind from the beginning. Each has yielded indestructible and imperishable fruit. Nothing that was pure and good in any of them can ever perish. All the rich treasures of the past—the perception of the eternal obligation of duty derived from the Oriental, the disciplined, moral sense which we inherit from the Hebrew, the æsthetic culture and intellectual freedom for which we are indebted to the Greek, and the jurisprudence which is the precious legacy bequeathed to us and to all coming ages by ancient Rome—have descended to us and are appropriated by Christianity. All that is capable of contributing in any way toward the intellectual, the moral, and the social well-being and perfection of man has been baptized and ennobled by the Christian spirit.

And, now that the human race has been put in possession of all the elements of intellectual, moral, and spiritual progress, all that is necessary for the complete development and perfection of the individual and for the regeneration of society, a brighter day begins to dawn. All forms of intellectual culture are laying their tribute at the feet of Christ. Nature herself becomes more subject to man and to the religion of the God-man. Science multiplies the means of diffusing knowledge and the facilities for intercourse among the nations of the earth. The discovery of the art of printing opens the Book of Life to the millions of the race. Space has been annihilated by railroads ; by the help of steam continents have been united ; the electric telegraph is binding the nations more and more closely together, and the result is, that the common brotherhood of man is more clearly apprehended, and is receiving more practical recognition, than at any period in the past. The genius of Christianity begins more signally to reveal itself as a power acting on the social life of man. The forms and conditions of his earthly lot are being

wonderfully transformed and improved. Physical science is emancipating labour and constantly overcoming the sources of human suffering. Hygienic science is preserving life and extending the term of human existence. Philanthropic institutions are being daily multiplied, humanitarian and Christian enterprises most vigorously prosecuted, and a noble benevolence is rapidly supplanting the ignoble selfishness of former ages. Chalmers, Howard, Wilberforce, Hitchcock, Amos Lawrence, Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, and Mrs. Gladstone are representative men and women of the new age.

Christian civilization is no longer the property of any one nation alone. Now it embraces in its purposes and plans the evangelization of all the nations of the earth. The world is now the field of its beneficent operation. The accumulated wave of light and power from Oriental and Hebrew, Greek and Roman, civilization, with the divine element of Christianity superadded, which has been increasing in volume and force as it has been rolling on from age to age, is destined to roll back a tide of blessing upon the remnants of those ancient nations to whom we are indebted for so much, and to sweep northward and southward—

"Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole."

"WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH THAT SHALL HE
ALSO REAP"

A WONDERFUL thing is a seed—
The one thing deathless forever !
The one thing changeless—utterly true—
Forever old, and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom ;
Plant hate, and hate will grow ;
You can sow to-day—to-morrow will bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

THE REV. W. L. THORNTON, M.A.*

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

WILLIAM L. THORNTON was born in Huddersfield, Yorkshire, in the month of January, 1811. His parents, though not wealthy, moved in a respectable position, and were able to secure for their son the educational advantages which he valued and improved so well. Little has come to light respecting his youth, or the circumstances of his conversion to God. It is known, however, that he inherited the blessing promised to the seed of the righteous; and that in early days he consecrated himself to his father's God. His parents were devoted Christians, who for many years adorned their profession, and who commanded their household after them, in the fear of the Lord. Mr. Thornton, sen., was called to his reward with the same impressive suddenness as his lamented son, and, as far as can be ascertained, from the same physical cause. He died in the gig which was about to convey him to his appointment as a local preacher; but was spared to the verge of the allotted "threescore and ten years." The late President was converted to God in his seventeenth year, and with haste, which only extraordinary gifts and graces could justify, began to preach about two months afterwards.

While yet in his teens he became junior teacher in a well-known boarding-school in Leeds. He afterwards filled a similar position at Woodhouse Grove School, and in the autumn of 1829 returned to his father's house, purposing to devote himself to the ministry of the gospel. He was at this time known in the neighbourhood as "The Boy Preacher," and was greatly followed,—his youthful appearance contrasting with the maturity of the views

* Mr. Thornton, it will be well remembered, was President of the Wesleyan Conferences of Canada and of Eastern British America in 1864, and endeared himself to thousands by his rare Christian gifts and graces. The Memorial here given was read at his funeral sermon by his friend and fellow-labourer, our late beloved and honoured President. Both on account of the writer and of the subject very many in Canada will be glad to have it in a permanent form in our Connexional Magazine. It is here printed from the original manuscript.—Ed.

and thoughts which, in ornate language, he delivered to the congregations whom his youth attracted to hear him.

In the year 1830 he was proposed as a candidate for the ministry. Like some others who have become afterwards eminent, he had not universal honour in his own country;—and whether from local prejudice, or from honest conviction of his unfitness, or from the mannerism which, to some extent, remained with him through life, his recommendation was not unanimous. He passed his after examinations with much credit, and at the Conference of 1830 was appointed to Glasgow; in which city, and in Hull, he passed the four years of his probation. In the first year of his ministry, the Lord prepared him for great usefulness, by the common discipline of sorrow; for he was suffered first to go and bury his father, who departed, like Simeon, in peace, when his eyes had seen the son of his love, emulous to be baptized for the dead. He travelled afterwards, with much acceptance, in London, Leeds, and Bath. In the year 1841 he was appointed classical tutor at the Institution at Hoxton, afterwards at Didsbury; where he remained an assiduous and beloved labourer until the Conference of 1849.

The venerable Dr. Hannab, who was associated with him through all this period, thus speaks: "I cannot but call to mind those bright eight years,—bright, especially, as far as my intercourse with him was concerned. I cannot forget our seasons of pleasant and instructive intercourse, when we conversed on different portions of God's Holy Word; and when we sought to assist each other in our careful investigations; often have we expressed the wish that those days might return, that we might again wander to and fro amidst our quiet walks, on the skirts of Lancashire; and again talk on themes which are always fresh; which always yield something new. His attainments, mode of teaching, his habitual spirituality of mind, his high and pure moral tone—all gave him an influence over the students which one could not easily describe."

Testimony, from a stand-point more critical, and therefore, in some measure, more valuable, has been furnished from the students themselves. Let one of them speak—interpreter, we believe, of the unuttered speech of all,—“As a tutor, those who experienced

them will never forget his patience, kindness, and mildness of dignity. His exquisite taste and perfect accuracy must have been tried to the quick a thousand times, especially by some who had not been highly favoured with previous educational advantages. Yet, never was the humblest discouraged, if there was only an earnest and persistent effort to improve. The grand motive, which was ever kept before us, was the peerless importance of seeking to become able ministers of the New Testament. Our lecture-hall was thus a sanctuary, and the principle of emulation was subordinated to the great ends of the holy ministry."

This may be the place for a word upon his elegant and accurate scholarship, which fitted him to teach others; for he had the art of communicating happily the knowledge which he had laboriously acquired. We may have had profounder scholars amongst us:—it is believed we have had none whose knowledge of the classics was more thorough in its penetration of their niceties, and more keen in its perception of their beauty. He is said to have had as sharp an ear for a false quantity as any University Professor; and he was so at home in the sacred languages that he could discuss the construction of a passage in the Greek Testament, and bring parallelisms and annotations from his well-stored memory, with surprising readiness and correctness. His attainments in divinity were also extensive, and he had mastered the best writings in dogmatic and pastoral theology. His love of the beautiful at once cultivated and corrected his taste, so that it was said of him that "if he had not been a divine, he would have been a first-rate critic." But every study, however severe, and every accomplishment, however graceful, were subordinated to his great, loved work for Christ—flowers of many hues and odours woven into one garland, to cast at the feet of Him to whom he had dedicated the summer of his days.

In 1849 he was appointed assistant-editor, and two years afterwards, on the death of Mr. Cubitt, editor-in-chief; in which office he continued to the end. The literary service which he was thus enabled to render to the Church was of great and permanent value. In sterling matter, solid and thoughtful exegesis and suggestive biographical writing, the periodicals which he edited will hold their own amongst the religious literature of the

day. Where complaints have been made about them, we have been told that they were too good to be popular; and to some extent the complaint is true. It is possible that contributions might have been inserted which would have increased the interest, and not lessened the moral power; but if his taste was severe, and even fastidious, it was because his ideal was a lofty one; and he strove conscientiously to raise the masses to a higher intellectual level. He was one of those to whom work was at once an obligation and a luxury; and there are few who have more thoroughly imitated our founder in sustained and quiet toil; "never unemployed, and never in a hurry." He was an economist of time, and duty found him so much in the habit and system of obedience, that whatever was entrusted to him was "done—done in time, and done well."

In April, 1864, he embarked on a mission to the western Churches, carrying the fraternal salutations of his brethren to the General Conference of the United States of North America; and deputed to preside over the Conferences of Canada and Eastern British America. The commission confided to him was difficult, involved matters which required delicate handling and needed a union of qualities, which found their fitting home in the heart of our lamented friend. How well he acquitted himself—with what admirable tact, discrimination, and courtesy—with what mingled courage and kindness he proclaimed the truth—how freely and faithfully he preached Christ—how he won for himself an esteem and affection which were a priceless treasure, history tells. That portion of his address to the American Conference, which spoke of the state and principles of Methodism in the Old World, remains, with many of us, a memory and an inspiration still. We quote the words, as in some sort his latest testimony to the truth:—

"I must say that on the great doctrines of Christianity our pulpits give no uncertain sound. Other pulpits there are which deny the inspiration of the Bible, and the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, and which explain away His sacrificial work. A man may talk in that way once in our pulpits, but he will not do it a second time. In regard to the great system of Trinitarian doctrine, we claim to be as orthodox as Athanasius, and as evan-

gical as Augustine. And I am persuaded you are so also. We resolve to preach Christ, to preach Him in His divine majesty, in His atoning work, in His dying love. Christ is the all in all of the Christian ministry. His is the name which is above every name. He loved us and died for us; not only for our benefit, but in our stead. We never felt the necessity more than now of affirming man's utter fall, ruin, and hopelessness, and his need of a divine Saviour. Still, we proclaim a divine assurance of salvation as the common privilege of believers, the light of God's countenance, as set forth in the Old Testament, the testimony of the Spirit in the New. A true faith in the Lord Jesus, we know to be a faith which is of the operation of God. We hold, further, the doctrine of a full salvation in Christ, and a salvation for all mankind. The doctrine of universal atonement, taught so plainly in the Scriptures, is receiving tribute and homage on all sides; and not least from the aggressive missionary efforts of the age."

In these words we have, in brief, the elements of the late President's manly and harmonious theology; and in the enforcement of these truths by tongue and pen, and in their consistent illustration in the life, he spent his happy days.

At his last Conference, his brethren showed their estimate of his talents and graces, by raising him to the highest office in their body; and so conferring the greatest earthly honour which a Methodist preacher may lawfully covet, or can consistently enjoy. He presided over its councils with dignity, courtesy, impartiality, and skill; and was neither weak in the infirmity of yielding, nor rude in the insolence of power. If he had a fault in the chair of the Conference, it may be described in the words of a sorrowing friend of his, himself an elder who has been in like manner honoured, "In the conduct of public business he, perhaps, sometimes felt as if he could anticipate results which others had first to work out; and that his natural gift of facile expression tempted him to utter what belonged to others to say." But with all this he was neither dogmatic nor assuming; and, as with every other duty, there was an elasticity about him which impressed us with the idea, that even while he felt the most deeply the responsibilities of his high office, he had undertaken its obligations with a sense of privilege and pleasure.

As a minister of the Word, he was always richly evangelic: a sound expositor of Truth, an earnest and loving interpreter of the mind of the Holy Spirit, so far as he could attain the knowledge of it by careful study and fervent prayer. His preaching was instructive to the intelligent in no common degree; though the peculiarities of his delivery, and, perhaps, also, the sustained and subtle reasoning which lay behind his glowing words, prevented the full effect of his discourses upon the mind of the multitude. When preachers were his hearers, he was princely in suggestive teaching; and his full, ripe sheaves dropped many a bearded ear to recompense the gleaner's toil. His favourite theme seems to have been, toward the last especially, the glory of Christ in the full royalty of His mediatorial kingdom. Thus, while in America, his official discourses were: one from the Son of Man in the midst of the golden candlesticks; and a second from the Saviour's sublime vision of Satan as lightning, falling down from heaven. Again, at the Bradford Conference, the congregations listened,—thrilled and earnest listeners—as he preached with his wonted eloquence, and more than his wonted energy, from, "The hour is come, that the Son of Man should be glorified."

It would be wrong to omit some reference to his power in prayer. He prayed out of the Scriptures, perhaps, more than any of his brethren. Often would he commune with God in the sublime words with which the holy prophets spake. He had hidden the Word in his heart, and in his leadings of the devotion of the sanctuary, it welled up copious and strong. Often have the people felt that he had power with the Divine; and under his guidance they were conducted into the inner sanctuary and, as by the Chebar River, had visions of God.

In social life, Mr. Thornton was a blameless and beautiful character; faithful in friendship, with a native politeness which was of the heart; and a consideration for others, which is its truest expression. He did not *affect* the gentleman; but he was a Christian gentleman in all senses of the word. His was cheerfulness without levity; his conversational powers were great; he had an inexhaustible store of anecdote, a quiet wit, which sparkled in his eye, and fringed sometimes the borders of his words; and

a vein of sarcasm, kept for the most part in check, always in control, and which, like summer lightning, had no fork to wound. They who were privileged with his friendship account the memory of it a blessing; and mourn his loss with all the bitterness of individual sorrow. Such was the man whom we mourn—a devout and cheerful Christian, an instructive eloquent and preacher, a brother beloved and honoured above many, a sound scholar and theologian, a fast and generous friend.

In a sermon which he preached to the boys at one of the Connexional schools, he said once, "Godliness is a diadem of beauty upon every brow, but its gems are brightest, and its lustre most alluring, when it girds the temples of regenerated youth." His love for the young, which is breathed in living tenderness through the whole of this sermon, was indeed a passion with him; and he was never more at home, than when he was directing their opening minds, or leading them to the understanding of the sacred truth. His especial regard for the young was a great feature in his pastoral ministry, and, again to quote the words of Dr. Hannah, "he seemed to leave a fragrance behind him wherever he went, and to give evidence that, amid all the engagements of life, he was still aiming at one great object,—the object for which he was born; for which he was re-born, and for which he felt it was good to live."

His friends, and the Church at large, were rejoicing in his light; and anticipating for him a long period of blessed and helpful service, when the Master called him, and without a sight of death, he passed to his heavenly home. On Friday, February 10th, 1865, he was present at the service in aid of the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund. He spent the evening afterwards with his habitual cheerfulness, but was chilled on his way home by the bitter cold. On the following Sabbath, though in some pain, he preached twice; and then returned to his house, which he never left again. His last text was from the vision of Isaiah:—"Mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." And as he descanted upon the Lord's presence as the main element of Heaven, and upon the effects which the manifestation of that presence wrought even upon the holiest men, "it was as if an angel shook his wings;" for there were those present who felt

nearer to Heaven than they had ever felt before. A few short weeks, and his eyes saw the King in His beauty, and the land that is afar off. On the night before his death he had read the seventh chapter of Revelations, and had expatiated on the blessedness of those "who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white, in the blood of the Lamb." He rose in the morning, fancying himself better, and saying, with a truth, whose glorious force he knew not, "This is the beginning of a better day;" and so it was, for about ten o'clock he entered upon a day without night, and had "another morn than ours."

Stricken with a strange sorrow, mute almost from music and from worship were the hearts of his friends, as the sudden stroke was realized,—

Who sadly watched the close of all—
Life balanced on a breath,
Who saw upon his features fall
The awful shade of Death.
All dark and desolate they were,
And murmuring Nature cried,
"O surely, Lord, hadst Thou been here,
Our brother had not died."

But when its glance the memory cast
On all that grace had done,
And thought of life-long warfare passed,
And endless victory won,
Then faith prevailing wiped the tear,
And looking upward, cried,
"O Lord! Thou surely hast been here!
Our brother has not died!"

Blessed truth! "He that believeth on Jesus, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth, and believeth on Jesus, shall never die." May God send us the comfort of those words, that at our last end we may rest in peace, as our hope is this our brother doth.

Amid the silent tears of thousands, his remains were committed to the dust, in Abney Park Cemetery. Upwards of eighty of the ministers, who knew and loved him, followed him to the grave. There was no violet pall, nor many-coloured robes, nor

pomp and pageantry of sorrow ; but they bore him to his rest, as brave men bear a comrade-warrior who has fallen in an honourable field, each one girding himself, even in the moment of his deepest sadness, for other battles in the same Holy War, in hope of the same victory at last, through the grace and help of the same Captain of Salvation.

THE NEW BELL OF BRESLAU.*

BY M. E. THALHEIMER.

A KINGLY deed, O Kaiser !
 No alchemist of old
 E'er turned the baser metal
 To fairer, purer gold ;
 Or made, with grander cadence,
 Its tone triumphant swell
 From the roar of brazen cannon
 To the chime of the Sabbath bell !

Through the brutal din of battle
 Sounds a modulation sweet,
 And the tramp of the armed battalion
 Is but patter of little feet ;
 And grander than call of trumpet
 Or beat of the martial drum
 Is the voice from the Breslau belfry—
 " Let the little children come !"

Far over the western border
 Let the friendly accents go,
 And drown with their heavenly music
 The murmur of hate and woe ;
 Till foemen love as brothers,
 And the clangour of war shall cease,
 For the crowns of king and kaiser
 Shall be thine, " O Prince of Peace !"

*The old city of Breslau, in Silesia, has one of the finest Sunday-school buildings in the world. The Emperor William has given it a bell made from French cannon which were captured during the Franco-Prussian war.

THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

III.

My wish is accomplished. We are to go and hear Mr. Whitefield speak at Lady Huntingdon's house in Park Street. It came about in this way:—

A lady who is reported to have lately become very religious called one morning, and after some general conversation, began to speak of Mr. Whitefield's addresses in Lady Huntingdon's house. She strongly urged my aunt and cousin to go, saying, by way of inducement, that it was quite a select assembly—no people one would not like to meet were invited, or, at all events, if such people came, one was in no way mixed up with them. "And he is such a wonderful orator," she said; "no commonplace fanatic, I assure you, Evelyn. His discourses are quite such as you would admire, quite suited to people of the highest intellectual powers. My Lord Bolingbroke was quite fascinated, and my Lord Chesterfield himself said to Mr. Whitefield (in his elegant way), 'He would not say to him what he would say to every one else, how much he approved him.'"

"I did not know that Lord Chesterfield and Lord Bolingbroke were considered good judges of a sermon," said Evelyn, drily.

"Of the doctrine—well, that's another thing," said the religious lady; "but of the oratory and the taste. Garrick, the great actor, says that his tones have such power that he can make his hearers weep and tremble merely by varying his pronunciation of the word Mesopotamia; and many clever men, not at all religious, say they would as soon hear him as the best play."

"I have heard many services which seemed to me like plays," said Evelyn, very mischievously; "and I do not see that it can do anyone's soul any good to be made weep at the word Mesopotamia."

"Oh, if we speak of doing real good to the soul," rejoined the visitor,— "that is what I mean;" and in a tone of real earnest feeling she added, "I never heard anyone speak of the soul, and of Christ, and of salvation like Mr. Whitefield. While he is

preaching I can never think of anything but the great things he is speaking of. It is only afterwards one remembers his oratory and his voice."

And it was agreed that we should go to Lady Huntingdon's house the next time Mr. Whitefield was to preach.

"How strange it is," Evelyn said to me when the lady had left, "what things religious people think will influence us who are still 'in the world!' What inducement would it be to me to go, and hear a preacher, if Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Chesterfield, or all the clever and skeptical and dissipated noblemen in England liked him, and were no better for it? They try to tempt us to hear what is good, by saying the congregation is fashionable, or that clever people are captivated, or that the preacher is a genius, or an orator, or a man of the world, when I do think the most worldly people care more for the religion in a sermon than for anything else, and would be more attracted if they would say, 'We want you to hear that preacher, because he speaks of sin, and of Christ, and of the forgiveness of sins in a way no one else does.' I wonder," she concluded, after a pause, with a little smile, "if I ever should become really religious, if I shall do the same; if I shall one day be saying to Harry, 'You must hear this or that preacher; for he is a better judge of a horse than any jockey you know.'"

We have heard Mr. Whitefield.

And what can I remember?

Just a man striving with his whole heart and soul to win lost souls out of a perishing, sorrowful world to Christ, and holiness, and joy.

Just the conviction poured in on the heart by an overwhelming torrent of pleading, warning, tender, fervent eloquence, that Christ Jesus the Lord cares more infinitely to win and save lost wandering souls than man himself—that where the preacher weeps and entreats, the Saviour died and saved.

Yes, it is done. The work of salvation is done. "It is finished."

I never understood that in the same way before.

It is not only that the Lord Jesus loves us, yearns over us

treats us not to perish. He has saved us. He has actually taken our sins and blotted them out, washed them out of sight, white, whiter than snow, in His own blood.

It is not only that He pities. He saves. He has died. He has redeemed. The hands stretched out to save are those that paid the terrible ransom. He did not begin to pity us when we began to turn to Him. "When we were without strength, He died for us, ungodly"

"God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them."

"For He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

I never understood this in this way before; and yet there it is, and always has been, as clear as daylight, in page after page of the Bible.

All the way home Evelyn said nothing. Aunt Beauchamp was the only one who spoke; and she said it was very affecting certainly; but she did not see there was anything so very original. It was all in the Prayer-Book and in the Bible.

And then, after a pause, she added, in rather a self-contradictory way, "But if we are to be what Mr. Whitefield would have us, we might as well all go into convents at once. He really speaks as if people were to do nothing but be religious. He forgets that some of us have other duties."

When she took refuge in her vinaigrette, and said in a very timid voice, "My darling Evelyn, you look quite pale. Much of the excitement of this kind would make us both quite ill. The man is so terribly vehement, he makes one feel as if one were in all of life and death. Such preaching may do for people with nerves, but it would soon kill me. I am only too glad I escaped without an attack of hysterics. And," she continued, "I was that a few days since Lady Suffolk was there by invitation. I really wonder a person of Lady Huntingdon's character should invite such people to her house. My dear," concluded my aunt, "I do not think the thing is respectable, and I wonder Lady Suffolk proposed our attending such an assembly. Indeed, I wonder myself for consenting to go. It is not at all a kind of place where sound church people to be seen at. I would not have the

archdeacon know it on any account; for I am sure Dr. Humden would think I had been out of my senses."

And soothed with so many restoratives, ecclesiastical, social, and medical, Aunt Beauchamp relapsed into her usual state of languor and self-contentment.

But Evelyn said nothing. Only when I ventured some hours afterwards to knock at her bedroom door, she opened and closed it in silence, and then taking both my hands, said, in a soft, trembling voice, "Cousin Kitty, I am very full of sin! I really think I am worse than any one, because, being myself so wrong, I have so despised every one around me. I have been a pharisee and a publican all in one."

And then she burst into tears, and buried her face in her hands. But in a few minutes she looked up again with a face beaming with a soft, child-like, lowly peace, and she said, "But Cousin Kitty, I am happier than I ever thought anyone could be. For I do believe our Lord Jesus Christ died for my sins, and he really washed them away. And I do feel sure God loves me even me; and I think He really will by degrees make me good—I mean humble, and loving, and kind. I do feel so at home—Cousin Kitty," she added. "I feel as I had come back to the very heart of my Father—and oh, He loves me so tenderly, and infinitely, and has been loving me so long. Yes, at home, and at rest," she sobbed; "at home everywhere, and forever, and forever."

The next morning Evelyn came to me early, pale, but with great calm on her frank, expressive face. "Kitty," she said, "I have had a strange night. I could not sleep at all. It seemed as if the sins of all my past life came up before me unbidden, as they say the whole past sometimes comes vividly back to the drowning man. I saw the good I had left undone, the evil I had said and done, and the pride and selfishness at the bottom of it. And almost more than anything, I felt how unkind, and even unjust I had been to mamma; how ungenerous in not veiling many of her little infirmities; for I know she loves papa and Harry and me really better than all else in the world. I felt I must come with the first light and confess this to you. For one night came back to me, Kitty, years and years ago, when I was a little

child. Harry and I had the scarlet fever, and I saw before me, as if it were yesterday, my mother's pale, tender face, moving from one little bed to the other. I remember thinking how beautiful and dear she was as she sat by the nursery fire, and the flickering light fell on her face and her dark hair, and how she started at any movement or moan I or Harry made, and came so softly to the bedside, and bent over me with such anxious love in her eyes, and said tender little soothing words, and smoothed the pillow, or kissed my forehead with the soft kiss which was better than any cooling draught. Since then, indeed, we have been much away from her, and left to governesses and tutors; but Kitty, think what a blessing it is to recall all that early affection now, instead of bye-and-bye, when it would be too late to say a loving word or to do a thing to please her in return! *Now* I can bear to think of this, and of all my coldness and impatience, with the thought of the Cross and of God's forgiving love, and with the hope of the days to come. But only think what it would have been to have seen it all *too late*."

It seems as if, in coming back to God, Evelyn had come back all that is tender and true in natural human love.

I suppose this is conversion. The joy of such a waking must be very great. But it is joy enough to *be awake*, however little we know when and how we awoke—awake in the light of our heavenly Father's love to do the day's work He gives us.

To-day Evelyn smiled and said to me,—

"I think I should not mind now their talking over my case at Betty's tea-parties. I had rather not, but if there was kindness at the bottom of it, I need not mind much. But Betty," she continued, "I do think still it is not possible to talk fully and much of our deepest feelings of any kind. I think it is a waste of power which we want for action."

"We certainly need not sit down to talk of our own feelings," she said. "There are moments when they will come out. And there is so much in the Bible to speak of without talking about ourselves."

"Yes," she said; "I think setting ourselves to talk religion is weakening. Think of Harry and me having a meeting to discuss

which of us loved our parents best, or whether we loved them better yesterday or to-day! Yet there are sacred times when we *must* speak of those we love."

Aunt Beauchamp is rather puzzled at the change in Evelyn. Evelyn has tried to explain it to her. But she says she cannot at all understand it. "*Every one* believed in Christianity except a few skeptics like Lord Bolingbroke. *Of course*, the work of our redemption was 'finished.' It was finished more than seven hundred years since. Mr. Humden preached about it, always, at least on Good Friday. And why Evelyn should be so particularly anxious about having her sins forgiven, she could not conceive; she had always been charming, if at times a little *espigol*. But if she was happy no one could object."

There is nothing striking in this change in Evelyn, but it is pervading—a gentleness in all she says and does; which, with the natural truthfulness and power of her character, are very winning. And this I notice especially with regard to her mother—a deference and tenderness, which, with no peculiar demonstration of affection, evidently touch Aunt Beauchamp *more than she* knows. She begins even to venture to consult Evelyn about her wardrobe.

Evelyn does not ask to go again to hear Mr. Whitefield. But she has asked to go with me to see my poor old Methodist orphan woman, who has disappeared from our door-steps, and now lies contentedly on her poor bed, coughing and suffering, waiting the Lord's time, which, she says, is sure to be exactly right. The dear old soul gets us to read to her chapters from her old Bible, and hymns from Mr. Wesley's new hymn-book; and repeats to us bits from Mr. Wesley's sermons. And perhaps, although sometimes the grammar is very confused and the theology not very clear, the strength of God made perfect in the weakness of the dying-bed may help us both as much as the mighty power of Mr. Whitefield's eloquence.

To-day Hugh Spencer called on his way from Cornwall to Oxford.

At first he called me Mrs. Kitty, and was very ceremonious. But I could scarcely help crying, I was so glad. It was like

little bit of home. But he did not bring a very good account of mother, and that made me cry in earnest. And when he saw that he dropped naturally into his old manner—always so kind, and like truth itself.

When he was gone, Evelyn asked me who he was, and why I had not said more about him.

“He looks,” she said, “a man one could trust.”

But why should I? He is only like one of ourselves.

I am so glad and thankful. Aunt Beauchamp is going again to Bath for the waters. And from Bath, father or Jack is to fetch me home.

I am so happy, I can scarcely help singing all day. I hope it is not ungrateful. They have all been so very kind to me in London.

To-day Evelyn went with me to wish good-bye to Aunt Henderson. Aunt Henderson was very kind in her hortatory way. She told me she had heard with thankfulness that Evelyn had become serious. But she advised her not to run into extremes. Young people brought out of the world were very apt to run into the other extreme of fanaticism. She hoped Evelyn, if she was indeed sincere, would keep the golden mean. It had always been her endeavour to do so, and she had found it the wisest plan.

At home again! With what longing I have looked forward to the moment when I should be able to write those words. And now I can scarcely see to write them through my tears.

For mother looks so ill, so terribly gentle; her step, always light, so noiseless; her voice, always soft, so low and sweet; her smile so tender, not like the dawn or the echo of happy laughter, but like the light struggling through tears.

Can these few months have made such a change, or have I been blind? Father does not seem to see it, nor Jack. Can it be, after all, only that, coming out of the glare of that brilliant London world, everything in our quiet world at home looks pale for the time?

Because the house and the furniture, and all look so different. I never saw before how the bit of carpet in the parlour is worn

and colourless ; nor how the chintz curtains are patched ; nor how mother's Sunday dress itself is faded.

And these cannot have changed much in a few months.

It was the tender anxiety in mother's eyes that I should find everything especially pleasant and bright, that so nearly turned the smile in mine own into tears whenever I looked at her. It was the ostentatious exhibition of all the grandest things that gave me the little pang when father took off his best coat, which he had put on to welcome me, and mother took it from him, and folded it so carefully in its white covers, and laid it on its shelf in the cupboard.

For it is no grievance to have to take care of one's clothes ; I am sure none of us feel it so. And I would not, if I could, have our dear old furniture sink into the mere decorative ciphers such things are in rich men's houses, instead of being the dear, familiar, old letters on which so much of the history of our lives is written.

No ; it was just the strain to be at high-holiday pitch which was too much for the carpet, and the curtains, and our precious mother, and me.

After writing these words my heart was too full for any more, and I closed the Diary, and prepared to go to sleep, lest mother should see my candle burning too late, and be anxious about me. But it was too late already. The soft touch was on the latch of the door, and before I could possibly extinguish the light and hide my tears in the darkness, mother was beside me.

"My darling !" she said, a rare word for her, "you are over-tired. You are not well. You should be in bed before this. We must come back to our homely, old, country ways."

"Indeed I am not tired, mother," I said, trying to speak steadily.

"Has anything troubled you, darling," she said, "while you were away ?"

"Oh, no," I said ; "every one has spoiled me with kindness."

"Spoiled you for the old home, Kitty ?" she murmured.

She had given me a right to cry, and I sobbed out, "Oh mother, it is nothing but you ; you are so pale, and things have been troubling you, and there has been no one to see it."

She was too truthful to comfort me with a deception. She only smiled, and said, "Does no one see but you, Kitty? Well, supposing I say I have missed you day and night, and never knew what you were to me till you went away, will that comfort you, Kitty? Shall we cry because it is all right again?"

"I will never leave you again, mother, as long as I live," I said passionately.

"As long as we both live, darling," she replied very quietly. "If it is God's will, and not very selfish in me, I do trust not."

I was calmed by her words.

It was only after she had seen me safely in bed, and closed the door, and come back again to give me another kiss before she left me, that her words came back on me with another meaning.

"As long as we *both* live."

And then they echoed through and through my heart, like a passing bell through a vault. And I tossed to and fro, and could not sleep, until I remembered I had not said my prayers.

The first night of my coming home! the thing I had prayed for evening and morning, and often in the day, ever since I had left home, and I had gone to rest without a word of thanks to God!

I was appalled at my own ingratitude. I rose and knelt by the window in the moonlight, which quivered through the branches of the old elms, and shimmered on the leaves of the old thorn, and chequered the floor through the diamond lattice panes.

It was that I wanted—only that—prayer with thanksgiving. It did me good from the moment I began.

And what wonder? Prayer is no soliloquy. The Bible says, when we call on Him, God bends down His ear to listen, as a father bends down to listen to a little child. Yes, God listens! He heard me as I confessed my ingratitude and my distrustful fears. He heard me as I gave Him thanks; He heard me as I committed mother to His care.

Ungrateful! God had been watching mother all the time, understanding her inmost cares, and caring for her.

"And He will care for us, *as long as we both live.*" Yes, when I breathed even *those* words into His ear, the terrible death-chill seemed to pass from them.

"As long as we both live" here on earth, and, then, when we have no more cares to cast on Him, He will still care for us both forever and forever.

"I have heard that parson that the other parsons can't abide," said Betty next day, "and who turned my brother-in-law into a lamb; and he said we are all born idolaters, no better than the heathen, unless we love God. And then he went on to say what were our idols. At first I thought he was going to let us all off easy. For he spoke of the rich man worshipping his riches, and I thought of the old miser at Falmouth, who counts out his money every night; and then he spoke of the great man worshipping his acres, and I thought, there was a hit at our squire, who wouldn't let master have that bit of a field that runs into ours; and then he spoke of the foolish young hussies making an idol of their ribbons, and I looked round on a many such that were there, to see how they liked that."

"Then the parson, after all, said nothing which particularly suited you, Betty?"

"Suited! no, Mrs. Kitty, he did not surely; as little as a rod suits a fool's back. And a fool I was to go, when Missis warned me not."

"You did not like what he said, then?"

"I should think not," she replied. "I should like to know who would like to be stuck up in the stocks before the whole parish, and pelted with dirt and stones, not in a promiscuous way like, but just exactly where it hurts most!"

"How was it, Betty?" I ventured to ask.

To my great amazement, Betty's voice suddenly failed, and she began to cry. Never before had I seen her show any sign of feeling, beyond a transient huskiness of voice, or a suspicious brushing of her hand over her eyes. She was wont to be as much ashamed of tears as a schoolboy. But now her tears became sobs, and it was some little time before she could speak.

"Mrs. Kitty," she said, "it was just as I was thinking who he'd hit next, and smiling to myself to see the poor fools sobbing and fainting around me, when down came the word like an arrow right into the core of my heart; and there I had to stand writhing, like a fish on a hook, while the parson drove it in; and

he as quiet all the time as if he'd been fixing a nail in the right spot to a hair's-breadth, in a piece of wood that musn't be split. I could have knocked him down, Mrs. Kitty; but there I stood, fixed and helpless as a worm with a pin through it."

"But what did he say, Betty?"

"Mrs. Kitty," she said, "he made me feel I was no better than a natural-born heathen, and that the idols I had been worshipping, instead of God, were things an Indian savage would have been ashamed of."

"What were they then, Betty?"

"Why, just my dairy, and my kitchen, and myself," she said; "the very pats of butter which must be better than any in the country, and the stonefloor I've been as angered to see a footmark on, as if it had been the King's footstool."

"The parson did not speak about pats of butter and kitchen floors?" I said.

"Not in so many words," she replied; "but I knew well enough what he meant, and so did he; the passions I've been in with Master Jack and you about your tricks, and with old Roger about his dirty shoes, and all."

"But, Betty," I interposed, "Jack and I and Roger were provoking and wrong often; and the kitchen and the dairy were the work God had given you to do, and you *ought* to care about them."

"What's the use of struggling, Mrs. Kitty?" Betty replied, hopelessly shaking her head. "It's no use; the wound is there and the word is there, working and rankling away in it like a rusty nail. 'I'm a poor, sinful woman, Mrs. Kitty, and that's the end of it, and I see no way out of it.'"

"But, Betty," I said, "did you not go again, and try to get comfort?"

"I did indeed, although I had little hope of getting comfort," she said. "All the time he was speaking, he looked at me through and through like, but I never flinched. I looked at him back again; and I set my face, and said in my heart, 'You've caught me now, but I'll never let you try your hand on me again.' But when he had stopped and I had got away, it seemed as if something were always drawing and drawing me back, like a moth

to a candle. So at last I went again. A lot of folks from the mines and the fishings were met on the side of the moor, and a man preached to them from the top of a hedge. But this time it was not the parson, Mr. Wesley; it was a chap from Yorkshire—a stout, tall fellow, strong enough to throw any wrestler in Cornwall. At first I thought he was speaking a foreign tongue; but when I made him out, I found he was worse than the other. The parson drove that one nail home into your heart, and kept it there in one spot, struggle as you might; but the Yorkshireman knocked and pounded you about until there was no sound place left in you from top to toe. He made me feel I had been doing, and speaking, and thinking, and feeling wrong every day of my life, and was to this day. And that was all the comfort I got for not minding Missis.”

“But, Betty,” I said, “there *is* comfort, there *is* balm for such wounds; that was not *all* these Methodists said?”

“No,” she replied, mournfully, “folks say they spoke wonderful gracious words about our Saviour and His death and His pity. But all I know is, it all turned to gall for me. They say sugar turns to vinegar when folks’ insides are wrong; and I suppose the sweetest words man or angel ever spoke would be sour to me, as long as my heart is all wrong. Why, the very thing that makes me worse than the Indian savages, is the Lord’s pity and what He went through for me, for they never heard of it, and I have.”

“But, Betty,” I said, “there is prayer! You can pray.”

“I always thought I could, Mrs. Kitty,” she said, “until I came to try. I’ve always said the Lord’s Prayer every night, and the Belief and the Commandments on Sundays. But when I came to want something and ask for it, it seemed as if I could not pray at all; pray, of course, I might, but it seems as if there were no one there to mind.”

“Betty,” I said, “I think you really do know our Lord’s pity and grace as little as the Indians. You speak as if you were all alone in your troubles, when all your troubles are only the rod and staff of God bringing you home.”

“Maybe, Mrs. Kitty,” she said; “but I can’t see it. I only feel the smart and the bruises, and they worrit me to thut degree.”

I can barely abide Roger, or Master Jack, or you, or Missis, or anybody. I even struck at old Trusty the other day with the mop—poor, harmless, dumb brute—as if it was *his* fault. But he knew I meant no harm, and came crouching to lick my hand the next moment."

"Oh, Betty." I said, "the poor beasts understand us better than we understand God! They trust us."

"And well they may, Mrs. Kitty," said Betty, "for they never did any sin. But the Almighty never made us to bury our souls in pats of butter and pans of milk, and forget Him, and fly into rages about a bit of dirt on a kitchen floor. And until that can be set right, I don't see that anything is right, or that I can think with any comfort of the Almighty."

"STABAT MATER."

Jews were wrought to cruel madness,
Christians fled in fear and sadness;
Mary stood the cross beside.

At its foot her feet she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle sufferer died.

Poets oit have sung her story;
Painters decked her brow with glory;
Priests her name have deified.

But no worship, song or glory,
Touches like that simple story—
"Mary stood the cross beside."

And when under fierce oppression,
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified.

But if love be there true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the cross beside.

WORTHIES OF EARLY METHODISM.

SILAS TOLD, THE PRISONERS' FRIEND.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE life of Silas Told was one of extraordinary vicissitude. He has left the record of his remarkable adventures, written with a vividness of detail that Defoe might have envied. He was born in the ancient seaport of Bristol, in the year 1711. Both his father and grandfather were eminent physicians and landed gentlemen. But, through misfortune and ill-advised speculation, the family, on the father's death, was reduced almost to poverty. Silas received a meagre education at a charity hospital, endowed by a wealthy East India merchant. Here, even in boyhood, he was the subject of deep convictions of sin and of subsequent religious enjoyment. While swimming with some school companions he was well-nigh drowned, and, with difficulty, was brought back to life to pass through tribulations which "seemed like a sea of blood and fire."

In his fourteenth year he was apprenticed to a West India sea captain. In the hard school of the ship's fore-castle, he received such barbarous treatment that he thought he should have broken his heart with grief. But the orphan cabin-boy, alone in the wide world, had no friend to whom he could apply for redress. On the Spanish Main the crew were several weeks on the short allowance of a single biscuit and half a pint of foul water a day. At Kingston, Jamaica, they were overtaken by a hurricane, and of seventy-six sail in the harbour only one escaped destruction.

For miles along the shore the drowned seamen were cast up by the waves and devoured by the vultures. The poor lad was abandoned, ill of fever, in the port of Kingston, without money or friends, and lay down to die on a dunghill. Here he "pondered much upon Job's case, considering his own condition similar to his." Rescued from death by a London captain, he returned to England, and was soon shipped with a Guinea slaver, bound for the coast of Africa and the West Indies. A greater villain than

his new master, he writes, he firmly believed never existed. From the negro savages he received more kindness than from his own countrymen. The appalling cruelties of that floating hell, a slave ship, were never more vividly described. Battered down under the hatches, half the human cargo were suffocated in a single night. Driven to frenzy by outrage and wrong, the slaves rose in mutiny. Overpowered by their tyrants, many plunged overboard and were drowned. Lust, and bloodshed, and murder rioted unrestrained. "The mariners," says Told, "seemed greedy of eternal death and damnation." The unhappy boy, amid these vile companionships, plunged recklessly into sin; yet, through the mercy of God, his terrified conscience was never without fear of death, hell, and the judgment.

The outrages and wrongs wreaked upon the hapless slaves in Jamaica were too revolting to be described. By an awful and inevitable retribution, such wickedness degraded masters as well as slaves; and in his many sojourns on the island Told never met a single person having the fear of God, or even the form of godliness.

With a sailor-like vein of superstition, he tells us that, on the same voyage, the captain being sick, a hideous devil-fish followed the ship for eighteen hundred miles, and on the captain's death disappeared, and was seen no more.

During a later voyage the vessel in which Told sailed was captured by Spanish pirates, and the crew were informed that every one of them should be hanged, and that without ceremony." The prize, with its crew, made its escape, however, but only to be wrecked upon a rocky shore. The crew were rescued by a New England vessel, but were again wrecked on Martha's Vineyard. Reaching the mainland, they set out for Boston, but were arrested for travelling on Sunday. In Boston, "a commodious and beautiful city," Told remained four months, and marked contrast to Jamaica!—never heard an oath uttered, nor saw any Sabbath-breaking, nor found an individual guilty of extortion. "Would to God," he exclaims, "that I could say this of the inhabitants of Old England."

After several other voyages, in one of which, through stress of weather, the ship's company could dress no food nor change their

wet clothing for six weeks, the whole crew were pressed for the royal navy. The commander of the ship to which Told was assigned, in striking exception to many of his class of that age, was a devout Christian, and used constantly to visit the ship's invalids on his knees at their bedsides. The story of Told's short sailor-courtship and marriage is recorded in four lines. He now joined the royal fleet of twenty-four ships of the line, which soon sailed to Lisbon to protect the Brazil fleet from the Spaniards. They lay at anchor in the Tagus ten months, and then returned to Chatham, which movement occupied another month. Those were the leisurely times before the days of steam and telegraphs.* Told was now paid off, and, disgusted with the hardships and wickedness of a life before the mast, he never went to sea again.

"Being now married, and desirous of living a regular life," as he says, "he habituated himself to church-going;" but, finding churchmen living as others, he hastily concluded that religion was a mere sham. He obtained the position of a schoolmaster on the magnificent salary of £14 a year. The curate of the parish frequently decoyed him to his lodgings to join him in smoking, drinking, and singing songs, so that often he could scarcely find his way home. As the sailor once quoted a text of Scripture, the parson exclaimed, "Told, are you such a blockhead as to believe that stuff? It is nothing but a pack of lies." Such clerical influence and example certainly did not deepen his conviction of the reality of religion.

He shortly after found employment with a builder in London. One day a young bricklayer asked him some question on business. He answered him roughly, which treatment the young man received with much meekness. "This," says Told, "struck me with surprise." That young man, by his meek silence, had preached an eloquent sermon, which led to Told's conversion, and, through him, to the conversion of multitudes of others.

His new acquaintance introduced him among "the people called Methodists." Told tried to stifle his convictions by cursing and swearing at his young friend, who had been so largely the cause of them; but he bore it all with unwearied patience.

* Even half a century later, Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, was a whole year in making the journey from Copenhagen to Rome.

without returning one evil look or word. "His countenance," says Told, "appeared full of holy grief, which greatly condemned me."

Told was at length induced to go to early Methodist service at "the Foundery." He found it a ruinous old place which the Government had used for casting cannon. It had been abandoned, and was much dilapidated. Above the smoke-begrimed rafters was seen the tile roof-covering. A few rough deal boards were put together to form a temporary pulpit. Such was the rude cradle of that wondrous child of Providence called Methodism.*

Exactly at five o'clock a whisper ran through the large congregation that had assembled, "Here he comes, here he comes!" Told expected to see "some farmer's son, who, not able to support himself, was making a penny in this low manner." Instead of this, he beheld a learned clergyman of the Established Church arrayed in gown and bands. The singing he much enjoyed, but the extempore prayer savoured rather of dissent for Told's sturdy Churchmanship. Wesley's text was, "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you." The words sank into the heart of the long-storm-tossed sailor, weary with bearing his load of sorrow and sin. "As long as I live I will never leave this man," he exclaimed, with a characteristic, generous impulse. He was soon met by persecution. "What, Told, are you a Whitefieldite?" jeered his boon companions. "As sure as you are born, if you follow them you are damned," admonished those zealous enemies of Methodism. His wife, also, although, he says, "a worthy, honest woman," swore at him, and said, "I hope you have not been among the Methodists. I'll sacrifice my soul rather than you shall go among those miscreants." Thus was the despised sect everywhere spoken against. His firmness and affection, however, overcame her opposition.

Told was soon requested by Mr. Wesley to undertake the teaching of the charity children at the Foundery school, at the salary of ten shillings a week. At this work he continued for seven years, having the children under his care from five in the

* Wesley assigns as the epoch of Methodism the formation of the United Society, immediately following the purchase of the Foundery in 1739.

morning to five in the evening, both winter and summer. During this time he educated two hundred and seventy-five boys, "most of whom were fit for any trade." Thus early did Methodism grapple with the social problem of the education of the ignorant masses of the population.

One morning as Told, with his scholars, attended the five o'clock sermon, Mr. Wesley preached from the words, "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me not." The generous-hearted sailor was conscience-stricken at his neglect of what was now revealed as a manifest duty, and was "filled with horror of mind beyond expression." Learning that ten malefactors were lying in Newgate under sentence of death, he committed his school, without an hour's delay, to the care of an usher, and hastened to the prison.

Silas Told had at length found his vocation. For five and thirty years he continued to burrow in the dungeons of London and the neighbouring towns—often literally to burrow, for many of them were underground—carrying the light and liberty of the Gospel to their dark cells, and to the still darker hearts of their inmates. The unvarnished story of his experiences abounds in incidents of the most thrilling and often harrowing interest.

He was often locked up with the felons all night before their execution; he sat beside them as they rode to the gallows in the death-cart, with the halter on their necks, sharing with them the jibes and jeers, and sometimes the missiles, of the inhuman mob who gloated on their misery; he prayed with them and exhorted and comforted them as they stood on the brink of eternity; he begged or purchased their bodies for burial; and often succoured their wretched and suffering families. He led many to repentance and forgiveness of sins. Hardened criminals broke down under his loving exhortations; and turnkeys, sheriffs, and hangmen wept as they listened to his prayers. Friendless and degraded outcasts clung to him for sympathy and counsel, and through the manifestation of human love and pity caught a glimpse of the infinite love and pity of Him who died as a malefactor to save the malefactors. Through his influence the felon's cell became to many the antechamber of heaven; and to those that sat in darkness and affliction and terror, light and joy and

gladness sprang up. The ribald oaths and obscene riot of the British jails—then the vilest in Europe, save those of the Inquisition—often gave place to the singing of Christian hymns and the voice of prayer and praise. At one time Told had a Methodist society of thirty members, and at another, of thirty-six members, among the poor debtors of Newgate. Yet was he “very cautious of daubing them with untempered mortar,” but sought to bring about their real and permanent conversion. The chief opposition to this Christ-like work came from the “ordinaries” or chaplains, whose hireling and heartless service was put to shame by the intense and loving zeal of this voluntary evangelist. But he burst through every obstacle, and, “in the name of God, would take no denial.” The appalling condition of that prison-world, with which he became so familiar, makes one recoil with horror. In many of the prisons there was little or no classification of age or sex, and hardened felons became the teachers in crime of youthful offenders against cruelly unjust laws. The extortion and rapacity and inhumanity of jailors and turnkeys seem to us almost incredible. The dungeons reeked with squalor and wretchedness and filth. Honest debtors were confined, sometimes for years, in odious cells; and, as a favour, were permitted, caged like wild beasts, to solicit the precarious charity of passers-by. Men and women were dragged on hurdles to Tyburn, and hanged by the score, for forgery, for larceny, for petty theft. And, worst of all, Told cites certain instances which demonstrate, by the subsequent discovery of the real criminal, that sometimes innocent persons had fallen victims to this sanguinary code. One young woman was thus judicially done to death, although even the sheriff was convinced of her innocence. A ribald mob clamoured for her blood, her religious resignation was jibed at as hardness of heart, and so great was the popular fury that Told, going with her to the gallows, was in imminent peril of assault. Her innocence was afterwards completely established. Told records the tragic circumstance of a poor man who was hanged for stealing sixpence to buy bread for his starving wife and babes. Their parting in the prison was a harrowing scene. Told collected from a poor Methodist congregation a sum of money for the destitute widow, and successfully overcame the

official brutality of the poorhouse guardians, so as to obtain for her parish relief.

On another occasion the multitude, when exhorted by Told to pray for the passing soul, answered with a shout of execration, and a shower of stones that endangered the life of the culprit before the law could do its work. "Nothing could have equalled them," says Told, "but the spirits let loose from the infernal pit." Yet all this did not draw off the mind of the dying woman from resting in that supreme hour on the Lord Jesus.

Sometimes a rescue of the culprit was attempted by his friends. A volley of stones would assail the sheriff's *posse*, and a rush would be made toward the gallows. Then the ghastly proceeding would be hurried through with the most indecent despatch and confusion.

Yet the frequency of this awful spectacle did not diminish crime. On the contrary, it flourished, seemingly unrestrained, beneath the very gallows. Familiarity with scenes of violence created a recklessness of human life and propensity to bloodshed. Often the confederates of the felon surrounded the gibbet and exhorted the partner of their guilt "to die game," as the phrase was. Even the sheriff's officers sometimes incurred the penalty they had often assisted to inflict. We may well rejoice that, through the ameliorating influence of a revived Christianity on the penal discipline and social life of Christendom, such scenes of horror are now scarcely conceivable; and may we not hope that under its wider sway the dread shadow of the gallows may soon cease to affront the day?

Sometimes the faithful warning and most solemn adjuration of this hero-heart, burning with such passionate zeal to "pluck poor souls out of the fire," though he probed the guilty conscience to the quick, failed to move men to repentance, even on the awful brink of perdition; but many, without doubt, found, through temporal death, eternal life.

Sometimes Told had the great joy of conveying a reprieve to the condemned. After a convivial election dinner, three young sprigs of nobility, half crazed with drink, diverted themselves by playing highwaymen and robbing a farmer. One of them, an officer on one of the King's ships, was betrothed to Lady Betty

Hamilton, the daughter of an ancient ducal house. The lady importuned the King upon her knees for the life of her lover. "Madam," said His Majesty, "there is no end to your importunity. I will spare his life upon condition that he be not acquainted therewith till he arrives at the place of execution." The condemned man fainted with joy when the reprieve was communicated to him; "but when I saw him put into a coach," says Told, "and perceived that Lady Betty Hamilton was seated therein, in order to receive him, my fear was at an end."

Such were some of the checkered scenes in which this humble hero bore a prominent part. He was not only a remarkable trophy of divine grace, but an example of the power of Methodism to use lowly and unlettered men in evangelistic and philanthropic work. And what was the inspiration of this unwearying zeal? It was the *entire consecration* of an earnest soul to the service of its divine Master. At a time when Told rose daily at four o'clock, attended morning service at five, and toiled every spare hour for the prisoner and the outcast, he was agonizing in soul over the remains of the carnal mind. Like the psalmist, he even forgot to eat bread by reason of his sin. Often he wandered in the fields till near midnight, "roaring for very disquietude of soul." If he might, he would have chosen "strangling rather than life." At length deliverance came. The heavens seemed visibly to open before him, and Jesus stood stretching forth His bleeding palms in the benedictions of full salvation. Tears gushed from the eyes of the impassioned suppliant, and, in ecstasy of soul, he exclaimed, "Lord, it is enough."

Thus was he anointed to preach good tidings to the prisoners, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty of soul to them that were bound. Like the Lord he loved, he went about doing good, till, with the weight of well-nigh seventy years upon him, "he cheerfully resigned his soul into the hands of his heavenly Father."

THE SPARROWS.

BY WILLIAM KIRBY.

On seeing a flock of English sparrows at my door, on the shore of Lake Ontario,
December 10th, 1876.

I SAT within my window, and looked forth
Upon a scene of cold magnificence.
Winter was come—Canadian winter—keen,
Rough, hardening, maker of sturdy men,
And women fairer than the south wind knows.
My garden, lately full of summer bloom,
Lay 'neath a sheet of snow—flower and leaf
Cut down by killing frost were dead and buried ;
Knee-deep the sombre trees stood gaunt and bare,
With all their buds sealed up until the spring.
A plain, the threshing-floor for winter's flails,
Wind-blown and swept, lay just beyond the lawn
Where drifts of winnowed snow heaped high and wreathed
Like curling ram's horns, over-peered the hedge,
And filled the garner of the cold north wind.
Beyond the plain, 'neath banks precipitous,
Stretched the vast lake covered with floating ice,
Its billows striving vainly to lift up
Their angry crests above the icy mass
That overlay the struggling, groaning sea ;
While the Frost-giant's breath in the keen air
Rose up like steam against the northern sky.

The scene was grand, but use so blunts the sense—
For thirty winters I had seen the same,—
That, like the weary king, I looked and said :
“ There's nothing new of all beneath the sun ! ”
Of vanities the vainest is to live,
If each to-morrow be as yesterday,—
A beaten round that ends where it began.
God's presence and creative touch on all
Seemed things far off with boyhood's happy days,
Shut up in Eden like the primal world,
With flaming swords to guard it evermore.

But yet, though overlaid with years and care,
The boy is in the man. The Eden seen
By eyes of innocence in life's awaking,

Is like the lily's root beneath the snow,—
Asleep, not dead, ready to bloom again
Clothed in the spring with robes new wove in heaven.
I, too, had shared the common lot; eaten
The fruit forbidden, drank, to quench my thirst,
Of cisterns hewn by men; still more unsated
The more I quaffed the bright, dead waters; while
The living stream beneath God's threshold, ever
Gushed forth a flood to swim in like a river.

So sat I yesterday with weary eyes
Looking at leafless trees, and snow-swept plains,
And broad Ontario's ice-encumbered sea.
My thoughts had wandered in a waking dream,
Across the deep abyss of vanished years,
To that dear land I never saw again.
When suddenly a fluttering of wings
Shook the soft snow—a twittering of birds
Chirping a strange, old note, but heard before
In English hedges and on roofs red-tiled,
Of cottage homes that looked on village greens!
An old familiar note! Who says the ear
Forgets a voice once heard? the eye, a charm?
The heart, affection's touch from man or woman?
Not mine at least! I knew my own birds' language;
And recognized their little forms with joy.

A flock of English sparrows at my door,
With feathers ruffled in the cold north wind
Claimed kinship with me—hospitality!—
Brown-coated things! not for uncounted gold
Would I have made denial of their claims!
Five! six! ten! twenty! But I lost all count
In my great joy. Whence come I knew not; glad
They came to me, who loved them for the sake
Of that dear land at once both theirs and mine.

I ran to get the food I knew they liked;
Remembering how—a child—in frost and snow
I used to scatter crumbs before the door,
And wheat in harvest gleaned to feed the birds
Which left us not in winter, but made gay
The bleak, inclement season of the year.
The sparrows chirped and pecked while eyeing me
With little diamond glances, like old friends,
As round my feet they fluttered, hopped and fed,
In perfect confidence and void of fear.

Their forms, their notes, their pretty ways so strange,
 Yet so familiar—like a rustic word
 Learned in my childhood and not spoken since—
 All ! all came back to me ! and as I looked
 And listened—a thousand memories rose up
 Like a vast audience at the nation's song !

Old England's hills and dales of matchless charm,
 Sweeping in lines of beauty, stood revealed :
 Her fragrant lanes where woodbine trailed the hedge,
 And little feet with mine ran side by side
 As we plucked primroses, or marked the spot
 Where blackbird, thrush or linnet reared its young,
 While sang, the cuckoo on the branching tree.
 Those meadows, too ! Who can forget them ever ?
 So green ! with buttercups and daisies set,
 Where sky-larks nested and sprang up at dawn
 To heaven's top, singing their rapturous lay !
 Those gentle rivers, not too large to grasp
 By the strong swimmer of his native streams ;
 Those landward homes that breed the nation's strength ;
 Those beacons cliffs that watch her stormy seas
 Covered with ships that search all oceans round ;
 Those havens, marts, and high-built cities, full
 Of work and wealth and men who rule the world !
 All rose before me in supernal light,
 As when beheld with childhood's eyes of strength,
 And stirred my soul with impulses divine.

My heart opened its depths—glad tears and sad
 Mingled upon my cheek, which forty years
 Strange winds had fanned and heat and cold embrowned.
 God's hand is nearer than we think—a touch
 Suffices to restore the dead : a word
 Becomes a wonder of creative power.
 The little sparrows in their rustic speech
 Talking a tongue I knew—this message brought
 From Christ who spake it, merciful to man :
 "Are not two sparrows for a farthing sold
 And not one falls without the Father's leave ?
 Fear not therefore ! for of more value, ye,
 Than many sparrows, yea, whose very hairs
 Are numbered by the loving care of God."

I blessed the little messengers who brought
 These words of comfort to my lonely heart,
 To teach me resignation, hope and peace.

Like children in a darkened room we fear,
Despairing of the light when 'tis most nigh.
And when thou feel'st forgotten of His care,
Eating thy crust with discontent and pain,
Perplexed with bootless questionings of fate,
Or racked by stern inquisitors of doubt
Over life's issues and the ways of God ;
Be patient. Bide thy time. All will be well.
The callow bird must wait its wings to fly,
And so must thou ! God's love is law in love,
Working in elements of moral strife
That will not yield obedience but with pain.

“ Perfect through suffering.” Comprehend'st thou that ?

Upon the cross who was it dying, cried,

In the last agony that rends the soul :

“ Eli ! Eli ! Lama sabacthani ?”

No other way ! Christ, too, must drink that cup

Before His human life was made divine

And our redemption possible from sin !

Or if a gentler lesson thou would'st learn,

Dismayed at those tremendous mysteries,

Think of the birds, the lilies, all things, He

Takes care of to the end : why not of thee ?

But while their round of life is here complete,

Thine but begins ! The law of laws is love,

That needs two worlds to perfect all of man,

And an eternity to teach God's ways !

Wait humbly, then ! placing thy hand in His

To lead thee from the dark up to the light !

Although the floods beat high against thy house,

And earthly clouds obscure thy mortal sight,

“ God sits upon the flood—a king forever !”

And in those clouds at last shall be revealed !

Build on the rock thy soul's foundation firm,

And thou shalt stand unshaken in the storm !

The sparrows trusted thee—trust thou thy Lord

OUR RECENT GAINS AN EARNEST OF FUTURE AND GREATER GAINS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A.

II.

IN looking back on the means which were employed in connection with the success of last year, we learn by a process different from one with which we are familiar. We often hear of men learning by their failures; and, doubtless, wise men do learn by their failures, though unwise ones do not. But, after all, the wise learn more, and better, by their successes than by their failures. Failures teach us only what to avoid; successes teach us what to do. Learning to step well is better than merely learning to shun what made one trip. During a deficiency of success all are disposed to dwell upon causes of decline. That is not without its uses. But prosperity teaches us to dwell on causes of growth; and that has uses far more fruitful. For one man who ever governed a circuit more successfully by noting causes of failure among men who do fail, ten have learned to do so by noting causes of success among the happy men who are named in a circuit as those under whom the work was thriving. Failures, doubtless, tend to reproduce, and even to multiply, themselves; but successes have even a quicker power of propagation. Let a leader hear of additions to the class of his neighbour, and of conversions taking place in its meetings; let a youth hear of his friend having invited an acquaintance to the house of God, and succeeded; let a local preacher hear that the last time such a brother preached at the place to which he is going, there was a blessed influence, and souls were brought to decision; let a young minister hear that one who stood beside him for examination at the district meeting is witnessing a blessed revival in his first circuit; and each one of them will be stirred up to seek a similar blessing. Thus does one fruitful year call another after it. It yields more labourers to carry on the work, while the old labourers have more heart and faith; and, what is one of the most forceful elements of power, more experience in succeeding.

When in 1859 we had an increase of fifteen thousand, the next year did not bring us fewer, but more; we had seventeen thousand in 1860. In forming our ideas of the scale of increase which we ought to expect it is well, on the one hand, to avoid unduly depreciating the past; and, on the other hand, to avoid contentedness with results which will never convert the world. The increase to our societies in the United Kingdom, during the last twenty years, has been very much greater than the total number gathered on the same ground by John Wesley in his lifetime, and left behind at his death. Roughly speaking, he had been doing Methodist work for fifty years. This comparison, in one point of view, leads us to say, that we of to-day ought to take courage. In another point of view, it ought to make us say, How much easier is it to add a hundred thousand to two hundred thousand, already gathered, than to raise eighty thousand out of nothing! Our opportunities to-day are incomparably greater than they were in John Wesley's time. When he died there were only about nine millions of souls in England and Wales. Towns were fewer, population more dispersed, congregations smaller, and the facility of acting on large numbers greatly inferior to what they are now. The outfield population of our great civic and industrial centres is now much larger than it was then. It lies in masses, and its surface is within reach, if we only knew the way to its heart. That whole lump has to be reached. In some respects temptations are worse than ever. The flare of our drinking dens was never so garish. Yet holiness has to be written upon "every pot in Jerusalem." Nor let us despair; if, since the death of John Wesley, the population of England and Wales has been multiplied by two and a fraction, the members of our societies have been multiplied by five and a fraction. But the work is not to be done by an increase of ten thousand, or even twenty thousand, a year. At that rate the world would be winning the race. It is not to win. It is to be overcome. The whole world belongs to Him who made it. All the men that sin upon its surface belong to Him who bought them with His own blood.

"Attempt great things for God," said William Carey, "and expect great things from Him!" Oh, the evil done to the work

of God by small ideas! "He that sitteth in the heavens" is the source of our battle-strength, and He is the only correct measure of it. All ideas measured on a smaller scale are essentially false ideas. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that the Redeemer of the world should convert a hundred thousand souls in England, through our instrumentality, this incoming year? In England and Wales we now have a population of, say, twenty millions. What is our membership among so many? It is, indeed, but a little leaven. Yet, were we alone—and thank God we are far from being alone, but were we alone—the little leaven is capable of leavening the whole lump.

Had but a deeper influence of grace possessed us all—ministers, local preachers, class leaders, teachers, members—how many who now are all but Christians would have become so in reality! With a true and sustained quickening, would it not be easy to double our numbers in all our great centres? Never was our material preparation for an increase such as it is now; and God would not have given us that preparation had He not great things in store for us. What so glorious as a real and vast increase of the living Church of God? What is there told of Dr. Bunting that raises the same feeling as the fact, that during one appointment in Manchester he witnessed an increase which doubled the societies? What is there to be told of Mr. Benson which raises the same feeling as the fact, that at his death it was believed that his spiritual children numbered ten thousand? It is only by results on such a scale that England is to be converted.

Let us beware of discouraging the expectation of results on so wide a scale, either in our own hearts or in those of others. If we discourage them, let us do it knowing what we do—no less than discouraging hopes of the conversion of England. And if England is not to be converted, how is the world to be? How can we say, to believe for the conversion of a whole nation! Yet, and yet, is it quite easy to believe that wickedness is evermore devouring its victims, to ravage families and make ruin of souls and bodies, as it is doing now? Surely He who took upon Him the form of this our race, and its sorrows, has better things in store for lost but ransomed man!

Had British Methodism fulfilled its early promise, it might have had a million members this day. Our rate of progress, measured by that of new countries, seems slow. Satisfactory reasons may be found for a considerable difference. But it is the property of living Christianity to adapt itself to the conquest of such difficulties as it has to face. Certain it is, that if we do not greatly increase our rate of progress, either England must remain unconverted, or the Lord will work through other Churches in a greater measure than through us.

If any one were asked to sit down, and, after reflection, say what would be the smallest rate of increase in British Methodism consistent with a state of health sufficient to insure its preservation, and the maintaining of its comparative rank as a denomination, without taking into view any mission to convert the nation or the world, would he be likely to name a rate of increase less than five per cent. yearly? Yet, five per cent. a year would give us, to begin with, an increase of eighteen thousand. All below that is less than would be pronounced necessary for the mere purpose of self-sustention. Imagine Methodism reduced to a struggle for self-sustention! Our mark is higher; our calling higher; our prize a thousand times higher! The realm for Christ! the world for Christ! These are our proper aims; and all which fall short of them, fall below our calling.

In aiming at the conversion of all men, each individual must feel that his part in helping it forward is best fulfilled, first, by personal consecration, and, secondly, by building up whatever interest of the Church may be confided to him—in a family, numbering, perhaps, but two or three, in a household of many members, in a class, or in a school. But if our zeal for the general interest is best shown by fulfilling our particular task as good servants, we must, nevertheless, always bear in mind the fact that our particular task will be greatly ennobled if viewed as a portion of the means to the general end. Each particular labor best contributes to the safety of the ship by pulling his own rope; but how much of the vigour with which he pulls springs from the vivid feeling that he is helping to save himself and those who sail with him! Every superintendent of a circuit

will feel that his greatest possible contribution to the prosperity of the Connexion, and through the Connexion to the prosperity of the Catholic Church, and through the prosperity of the Church to the renovation of the whole world, must consist in the spiritual prosperity of his own circuit. Yet, how much will the dignity and joy of his Sunday morning's walk be heightened, if, when starting for his own work, and in his mind's eye seeing all his fellow-labourers in the circuit starting for theirs, he vividly realises the fact that the labours of the day will tell upon the conversion of the world!

We alluded, some time ago, to the vast power for good which resides in fifty thousand converts, if made the most of for God and for His Christ. Although it is only by converts, and the multiplication of converts, that the world is to be won, it would seem certain that there are some converts, even sincere ones, who in a lifetime do extremely little to advance the cause of God. Indeed, one may sometimes hear the melancholy question whether some good men do not on the whole do more harm than good. One must admit that there are men, whose sincerity one cannot doubt, who seem as often to stand in the way of the work of God as to help it on. Others, again, by inconsistent lives, seriously hinder it. One convert of a high quality is worth twenty of a low quality for the purposes which the Church has to carry out for her Lord. The particulars on which the value of a convert depend are principally: the degree of his Christian instruction before conversion; the depth of the work of the Spirit in the process of conviction and conversion; and the care with which, after conversion, he is trained, taught, and led on to entire sanctification. Preparedness by sound Christian instruction before conversion not only promotes the steadfastness of the convert himself, but it also fits him for instant usefulness, and greatly increases his power in those early attempts which have the immense advantage of being made under the impulse of his first love—an advantage which ignorance grievously frustrates.

Again, slight conviction of sin, and a faint evidence of acceptance, do not produce those ardent converts who lay hold upon others and compel them to come in. Depth, either in conviction or in the evidence of acceptance and the comfort

flowing from it, will produce force of spiritual character; but especially will that be secured by depth in both. He whose conviction has been a deep wounding with the Spirit's sword, whose healing has been a mercy "exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus," becomes the willing, the swift, the persevering seeker for the sheep that are gone astray.

Next to what can be done for a soul before conversion, or in the process of it, comes that which can be done for the young convert. While the heart is warm in the first love, and the feelings ductile, all lessons pointing to a higher holiness are welcome. The response to them is then both prompt and practical. Lessons which come informally in prayer, in relations of experience, and in action—in whatever department of the work of God—are invaluable. And in this sort of instruction the means supplied by Methodism are incomparable. But the value and effect of informal teaching greatly depends on the quality of set teaching. Here, again, Methodism does not leave the young Christian entirely dependent on the pulpit. The wise class leader helps the new member to define many a confused thought, to correct many an incipient error, and to form sound opinions on the elemental truths on which all experience and life are built.

Still, much remains to be done among us to make regular instruction in the things of God more complete. Many of our critics say that the proportion of Methodist backsliders is greater than that of defections from the ranks of any other body. The truth of that allegation we cannot test. But we know that the proportion is mournfully large. Were it not so, our increase would, year by year, be very different from what it is. Were our young converts more carefully taught the Word of God, more systematically trained in the habit of reading and interpreting it, they would greatly gain in stability and consistency. Though such teaching ought not to be confined to the pulpit, yet the pulpit itself ought to become increasingly expository, doctrinal, and argumentative. We do not mean pugnaciously argumentative. But the habit of using the reason, and comparing spiritual things with spiritual, ought to be cultivated. In every contest of principles, the race will, in the long run, be with the

thinkers. Methodism ought to rear up successive races of close, clear, and earnest thinkers.

Henceforth, we shall have to contend, at least in most agricultural districts, with educated antipathies, to a degree beyond what our fathers knew anything about. The rude repugnance of an unschooled rabble was a loose barrier compared with the self-complacent prejudice of those who, during the whole term of childhood, have had contempt and aversion instilled with the daily lesson. In Roman Catholic countries it is often remarked that, though very large numbers of the pupils of Jesuit schools are infidels, very few of them ever become Protestants. Where the education of the convictions fails, that of the antipathies may succeed. When men say that you cannot make children theologians, they utter but a half truth, which, even if it were a whole one, would be nothing to the point. You can make children good haters and great despisers. Antipathy and contempt are, in childhood, very susceptible. Now, we as Methodists cannot educate antipathies, while we shall have increasingly to contend with well-schooled aversion. But we can educate convictions and attachments; and in the long run they are stronger as well as holier. We ought, henceforth, to set ourselves to educate convictions and attachments as we have never yet done.

Early Methodism was remarkable for clear opinions, strong convictions, warm attachments, and the absence of antipathies, except the grand antipathy against sin and all that favoured its spread or upheld its withering reign. The attachments which can be most relied upon for permanency are those which are based on profound convictions; and the only convictions which deserve the name are those that rest upon clear ideas. More and more it becomes our need to have the truths of Christianity, both elementary and complex, clearly apprehended. We need more instruction in the pulpit, more instruction in our social meetings, instruction, higher and more regular, in our Sunday-schools. We want a deal more instruction in our singing. And who shall measure the value of singing as an evangelistic agency, whether for conviction or conversion, for teaching or for moving the feelings, when it unites the two qualities of godly fervour and adequate culture?

The promise to Abraham, which seemed hard of fulfilment, was that he should be the "father of many nations." The promise to the Church, which seems hard of fulfilment, is that she should be mother of many nations. In the case of Abraham, time, nature, experience, were all against the fulfilment of the promise. Only faith was for it. *God* had said it, and the promise of *God* would never fail him who trusted it. So faith made light of time, nature, and experience, and made *God* all in all. And by this faith "sprang there even of one, and *him as good as dead*"—there is the point where our unbelief is met—"him as good as dead." "*That is I,*" says many a one, longing for a line of spiritual children which shall stretch along the whole course of time, and shine as stars for ever and ever, when time shall be no longer. "*That is I,*" he repeats; "*I am as good as dead; the Church is as good as dead; the time for marvels of grace is past and gone; and the way for the triumph of the world is prepared and made straight.*" But the promise abides. "*He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh*" at all the labour to prepare paths for the triumphant march of unbelief. He will lead those who have faith in Him by a way that they know not, and bring them, poor and ill-equipped, emerging from the desert, as victors and as captors, into strong cities, that now proudly tower, "walled up to heaven." *Jesus shall reign.*

We may be "as good as dead." What of that? Our deadness will be turned into proof that *He* liveth, that in Him is life, and that the life is the light of men. Methodism, at least British Methodism, has done its work, and is as good as dead! Be it so. Let us, as a branch of the Church, cast out all jealousy of others, put away all boasting or self-trust; see, feel, own our defects. Let us spend no time in praising Methodism, as little as possible in defending it, a good deal in learning to comprehend its spirit, and very much in working it. The best praise of Methodism is to work it so as to exalt the praise of Christ. The best defence of Methodism is to work it so as to subdue the enemies of Christ. The best contribution to Methodism is to work it in faith that out of one, out of this one among many Churches, this one, if you please, even though "as good as dead," shall spring as many as the stars of the sky in multitude, and as the sand which is by the sea-shore innumerable."

THE HARMONY OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

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

I.

THE relation of science to religion has always been a subject of deep interest to enlightened and reflecting minds. How to behold that relation has been, for many ages, the problem of the philosopher and theologian. In not seeing the coincidence and dependency of truths discovered with truths revealed, the fiercest opposition has arisen, which has operated disastrously as well upon science as upon religion. These opposing views, which have long prevented a proper alliance between subjects whose harmonious action is so needful to the development of each, may receive some explanation in the following observations:—

Both scientific and religious men have failed to bear in mind the respective objects of each science, and that different principles of interpretation are demanded in the two departments. The grand aim of science is, by an induction of facts, to discover the laws through which Deity operates in the created universe. On the other hand, the exclusive object of religion is moral character. In view of this difference we must not expect to find the doctrines of religion in treatises on science, neither are we warranted to look for the principles of science in the Bible. Indeed, the language of revelation describes all natural phenomena according to apparent, rather than actual truth. As the exactness of statement which science requires is not employed, it is clear that scientific discoveries are not anticipated by the language of inspiration. Yet learned men have acted towards it in the spirit of the mathematician who threw down Milton's "Paradise Lost" with the contemptuous expression, "It proves nothing." Moreover, there is not anything in Scripture statements which these discoveries contradict or invalidate. Now this is not true of any other professedly inspired books. For "the Koran and the Vedas are often in direct collision with astronomy, geology, anatomy, and physiology; and when you have proved them false in science you have destroyed their authority in religion." Here

is a circumstance which gives a more striking evidence of the divine origin of the Bible than if it had contained a revelation of the whole system of modern science.

We hold that nature and revelation are but different developments of one great system emanating from the same Infinite Mind. In such a case there cannot be any inconsistency or opposition between religion and science, since all truths from the God of truth must harmonize. Each science may look at the same facts from different points of view. For instance, if religion speaks of the God who rolls the stars along, science shows the laws by which they are rolled along; yet this does not make a contradiction. They may be the opposite poles of thought, but, like the two poles of a magnet, each is a necessary part of the entire system. "Only let the investigation," says Dr. Pye Smith, "be sufficient, and the induction honest . . . religion need not fear; Christianity is secure, and true science will always pay homage to the divine Creator and Sovereign, of whom, and through whom, and to whom, are all things, and unto whom be glory forever." The alliance between true religion and true science is, then, at once natural and necessary; natural, by the common basis of the truths which they acknowledge; necessary, for the better service of humanity and the glory of God. But in order to see their agreement clearly we require the inspired Bible, interpreted by an inspired commentator; and a complete science, all of whose facts shall be fully known and understood.

However, religion is more than science. Scientific truth, so far from enabling us to dispense with religion, only proves the urgent need of a divine revelation. When rightly understood, its principles bring us into a dilemma, out of which the Bible alone can give deliverance. Science speaks of infinity and eternity, but these, without the revelation of a living and merciful God, are a bitter mockery to our spiritual nature. Science tells of law—for we see God rising in all the grandeur of an infinite Creator and in the sublimity of a moral Sovereign—but no voice comes forth to cheer when the soul is dying to be assured of divine love. Science opens the past; but we, on the verge of the grave and panting for immortality, want something

which shall pierce the darkness of the future and bear us safely through the valley of the shadow of death.

Scripture and science alike testify to the great fact that there was a beginning. They also allude to a period, before the fabric of the universe existed, when God alone was the sole occupant of space. This truth the Bible announces with such emphasis that none but God could have so described His own handy-work. The sublime opening of the Book of Genesis—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth"—at once lays a broad and sure foundation for true theology, and affirms creation to be the direct and immediate act of Divinity Himself. This simple sentence shuts out all false theories of creation by declaring the true one. There is no room left for a barren atheism; none for a fruitful pantheism. We are thus called upon, as with the voice of thunder, to acknowledge the august Being who created the heavens and the earth. The doctrine thus strikingly proclaimed is clearly sustained by the facts of science. There have been, and there still are, those who, reasoning on the fancied stability of natural things, do not distinguish between the universe and God, and who conclude matter to be eternal. In modern times this idea has been made the basis of a refined system of atheism, which, in the pantheism of Spinoza, the more readily attracts skeptical minds. Upon the notion of an eternal series of things the atheist mainly relies to overturn the argument which the theist claims in proof of the divine existence. The records of geology, however, contain memorials of a period when not one of the existing races of animals was upon the earth. It further declares that man, the head of creation, was produced last and completed the divine plan. "With the introduction of man into the scene of existence," says Hugh Miller, "creation seems to have ceased, simply because God's moral government had begun."

Man by a mighty mind-power rises supreme and has mounted the throne of the world. He rules its mechanics and chemics. "gathers its retinue from darkness and from light, is swift of wing and sharper than the wind in his keen insight of thought." How then should spirit be born of matter?

The instances of direct creative power, the last of which exhibiting such mental and moral grandeur, disturb and overwhelm the advocates of the development theory. The chief British exponent* of the hypothesis proposes a special method to account for the ascending phenomena of organic creation to which geology testifies; but, unfortunately for him, it utterly fails when examined in detail. Indeed, Prof. Huxley's ideas on protoplasm, as given three years ago at Liverpool, break it down completely. At the same time the crowded worlds of fossil geology present no remains whatever of species in a state of transition into other species. Striking as the resemblance may be between any two, still the differences are specific. Darwin himself admits "that this is the most obvious and grave objection" to his theory; while Owen, the anatomist, has shown that species are permanent and can never be transmuted. Thus geology, which has been supposed to favour the idea of the world's eternity, is the only science, as Dr. Chalmers has grandly shown, that can prove its non-eternity; while it further shows the wondrous harmony manifested in the proportions of that nice sequence in which the various creations are so exquisitely arranged. Moreover, the very order observed in creation seems to show that divine power loved to manifest itself by gradual unfoldings. We rise from the inanimate to the organized, and from the irrational to man; and whatever may be the duration of the ages of the past, men of large thought and patient investigation have concluded that the Scriptures have not determined the time of the beginning. Then the matter of chaos was produced, but *when* the world with its present furniture was made Moses does not define. It is obvious, from the language of Genesis, that no limitation of time is stated. This gives the expansion of astronomical and geologic æons the most ample warrant.

Indeed, had the Scriptures allowed no interval between creation and organization we should have stood perplexed in the reconciliation of its assertions with modern discoveries. For the facts of science indicate an immense length of time since primeval chaos. Geology furnishes conclusive evidence of the antiquity of the matter of the universe. In proof of this we give

* Author of "Vestiges of Creation."

three groups of facts: We find that the fossil remains lie entombed in situations which the action of the deluge, however violent and extensive, could never have reached; they are far below the strata which form the outermost rind of the earth's crust; they are so classified that all the appearance of a gradual deposit is manifest; and their skeletons represent creatures, whether considered in their dimensions or their forms, such as have not even analogous species at the present time. From astronomy we give one evidence to corroborate these facts: If we divide the distance of the remotest stars by the velocity of light, we will find the length of time since the light left those stars. Now there are stars so far distant that the light which reaches us from them must have taken its departure before the assumed period of creation. Nebulæ have been discovered by Sir W. Herschel, so far beyond stars of the twelfth magnitude that we can form no conception of their distance; and the nebulæ which can be seen by the most powerful telescope, were certainly in existence about two millions of years ago. "If our investigations should lead us to attribute to the earth, and to the other planetary and astral spheres, an antiquity which millions or ten thousand millions of years might fail to represent, the divine record forbids not the deductions."* We observe that the Bible finds ample room for the ages required by the conclusions of these sciences; and as they are studied and understood we will enjoy help to understand the existence, eternity, and omnipotence of God.

Creation in all its departments displays the unity of the divine plan. Adaptation and design manifest in the natural world are as wide as creation. The entire mechanism of the universe is a series of harmonies which exhibit in a striking manner the infinite wisdom of their Author. "We never," says Paley, "get amongst such original or totally different modes of existence as to indicate that we are come into the province of a different Creator or under the direction of a different will." In all the varieties of form and structure in the organic and inorganic kingdoms of nature there is but one purpose. The four great divisions of

* Dr. Buckland. Same view held by Drs. Pye Smith, Hitchcock, Chalmers, King, Pond, Bishop Horsley, and others.

the animal, and the prevailing types of the vegetable kingdom, were established at the commencement of organic life, and during successive periods the same general plan has been observed. The chemist finds the oldest granite rocks and other compounds which compose the rocks of different ages, just as invariable in their composition as those most recent. Clear evidence of the identity and permanence of law in electricity and meteorology is furnished in abundance; and that each family of animals and plants has an intimate and fixed relation to each other. Comparative anatomy and physiology are deeply interesting studies in this particular. An ancient anatomist, Galen, was so enamoured of his favourite study that he thought every bone of the skeleton was a verse, and every joint a stanza in a hymn of praise to God; and a modern anatomist, Sir J. Bell, has written a treatise to prove, from the human hand alone, the being and attributes of the Almighty. So widely does the law of harmony and the correlation of animal structures extend, that from a single bone of an unknown creature the skillful anatomist can construct the whole skeleton, and then clothe it with muscle and point out its food and habits of life. This correspondence nature works out even to the minutest detail.

Again: How fruitful in the most impressive evidences of divine wisdom and goodness is the human frame! On the one hand, its elaborate structure, so nicely and accurately wrought; and on the other, its diversified yet never conflicting action, at once so exquisitely interwoven and faultlessly harmonious, and so arranged that there is the greatest strength with the greatest lightness and elegance, gives special significance and beauty to the crowning work of God's creation. There is also in the use of the senses and forces not only utility, but the highest pleasure, so indicative of prevailing divine benevolence. The utterance of the Psalmist, awakened on a comparatively inadequate view of the subject, is here irrepressibly produced in every breast: "I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

But the sciences are a great brotherhood, and with united voice they claim their creator, God. Mathematics, regarded as barren of religious application, is, after all, the very gateway into the majestic universe that sparkles about us. It has been

fully recognized that the laws of mathematical science form the framework of nature's operations, and are essential to the argument for the divine existence. They likewise beautifully illustrate the divine character. Numerical exactitude lies at the base of all nature's movements. The heavenly bodies are controlled by infallible precision, and guided from century to century through the action of laws which have no "variableness nor shadow of turning." Change in the least degree a mathematical principle, and the order and harmony, so conspicuous in the material world, would produce confusion and endless chaos; while the uninterrupted operation of these unalterable laws ensure permanency. Nature's "admirable geometry" irresistibly points to nature's great Geometer!

In passing, our attention must be directed to similar and more wonderful operations of exactness. The union of elements in chemistry, known as chemical affinity, is effected with such numerical precision that the balance of nature's ingredients is preserved and existing forms maintained on the strictest mathematical basis. In the mighty movements of the heavens, as well as in the most minute and hidden movements of matter, we deal with the same rigorous measurements. By this it is seen to be the most literal, scientific truth, that the "mountains are weighed in scales and the hills in a balance." We are here treading on the borders of one of the most interesting fields of investigation. We allude to the marvellous and varied combinations of the few elements of chemistry which create the rarest beauties of the parterre and the most delicious fruits; and by the slightest change in arrangement evolve from the same materials the deadliest poisons. Perfect wisdom and benevolence must have arranged these various agents!

COUNT not things as small or great,
Rather count as wrong or right ;
On the right side throw your weight,
Feeble be your blows or strong,
Be your service brief or long.

WALL STREET—RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

BY THE REV. JOHN LATHERN.

It was my fortune to visit Wall Street, the Stock Exchange, and the Gold Room, at a time when the rise in gold had disturbed financial circles. It was not, at that time, a panic or a national crisis; but only an eddy in the fierce current of speculation. Bulls and Bears were troubled and agitated; and, to a stranger, even at that time, Wall Street seemed more like pandemonium than a meeting of gentlemen for the transaction of business in gold and stocks.

There was not, perhaps, on the whole globe, that day, a sight which more fitly or fully typified and represented the eager, passionate, over-mastering thirst—the hot, rapid, reckless race for riches—than did that scene, when, under the pressure of uncertain and unsteady prices, gold and costly stocks were bought and sold.

There are always in Wall Street a number of speculators who believe that gold will decline in prices; and who, consequently, sell gold, which they have not then in possession, to be delivered at a given date, with the expectation that, previous to that time, it may be purchased at a lower figure, and thus leave a margin of profits. These operators are the Bears of Wall Street. Their interest is to manipulate and manœuvre for a fall in the price of gold.

The most disastrous operation, financially, that has ever damaged and convulsed the business and the finance of this continent, culminating in the memorable *Black Friday*, was the consequence of reckless and unprincipled speculation in gold.

The crops of that year, 1867, were large. The country was generally prosperous. American securities were in demand in foreign markets. An unusually large number of Wall Street men were operating on what is called the "bear side."

The principle manipulators in that disastrous movement, according to a writer in *Harper's Magazine*, were known as the *Clique*. The two master-spirits were Jay Gould and James

Fisk. Gould, a small, silent, cadaverous-looking man, was a subtle and daring operator in gold and stocks. The name of James Fisk, jun., who was first known as "Jubilee Jim," and then as the Prince of Erie, has acquired a mournful and unenviable notoriety. He is said to have commenced business as a pedlar, and by the veteran Daniel Drew, who since then has become a financial wreck, was introduced to Wall Street.

The banks at that time were estimated to have in their vaults about twenty millions of gold. The Government was also selling gold, at intervals, a million at a time. The plan of the conspirators was to buy up and control all the gold in the market. A monopoly of gold was thus secretly gained by the clique. Gould, Fisk, and their coadjutors became, for the time, masters of the situation. To those who needed gold and must have it, for the fulfilment of contracts, they would only sell at ruinous prices. The "bears," however, were not the only sufferers. To maintain their monopoly the clique had to buy gold at high rates.

On that well-remembered September morning the collapse came. Great firms went down with a crash. Solid stocks depreciated in value. Fancy values were swept away. Rich men became suddenly poor. Millionaires found themselves in the grasp of the sheriff. Wall Street, as represented in an expressive cartoon, was in ruins; and from the dust and *debris*, of beams and bricks, the wreck and ruin of many once stable and flourishing houses, Columbia, with a sorrowful countenance, escaped as best she could, but badly bruised.

The sweeping away of fortunes, at such a crisis, is not the saddest thought. There are wrecked lives—gifted men who early succumb to the terrible pressure.

My last visit to Wall Street was at the close of September 1873. The financial panic of that month is still freshly remembered. For eleven days the Stock Exchange was closed, and Wall Street was in mourning. Scarcely ever, perhaps, was a great commercial community scathed and smitten by a blow so sudden and so paralyzing.

According to the old historian, Herodotus, when the Persian monarch, Darius, and his mighty hosts invaded Attica, the Athenians sent to Sparta, a herald named Pheidippides,

implore help against the Persians. The herald was met near Tegea by the god Pan. This great god of forests and flocks was dreaded by the Greeks. He was reputed to have frightened by his loud voice the Titans in their war with the gods. The Athenians he had often helped in battle, he declared to Pheidippides, and would help them again in this great national emergency, if they would only render to him suitable worship. The defeat of the Persians at Marathon was accompanied by a sudden terror which seized upon great masses of men without any visible cause. Such mysterious and paralyzing fear came to be ascribed to the god Pan. The word *panicon* in this sense has passed into the language and literature of modern nations. And because the convulsion which shook Wall Street in 1873, came suddenly, mysteriously, like thunder from a clear sky, it has come to be known, in the annals of commerce, as the *financial panic*.

Such was the consternation and frenzied excitement produced by that panic, that the managing committee decided to close, for a time, the doors of the Stock Exchange.

Only General Grant, it was supposed, could save the country from commercial ruin. In virtue of office he was bound sacredly to protect the national exchequer; but as a measure of relief he was urged to authorize the banks to draw upon the Treasury Reserve—which was at that time over forty millions of dollars. The demand meant in reality that he should throw open the doors of the Treasury vaults to bankers and gold speculators—almost mad with passion and excitement. “You can violate the law,” was the terse and statesmanlike reply, for which the country ought still to feel a debt of gratitude, “the presidents of banks may violate law and be sustained; but the President of the United States cannot violate the law.” The charge of Cæsarism had been made against General Grant, and, at the time, a capital caricature made a good hit. The heavy doors of the New York Treasury, fronted by massive granite columns, were closed and bolted. They were guarded by a powerful mastiff, with heavy underjaw, impassive expression, and a decidedly Grant cast of face and feature. Wall Street men, led up by Reverdy Johnson, having a petition asking for the Treasury Reserves, make their

way up the flight of steps that lead to the Treasury building. With his back to one of the granite columns, in slouched hat and striped trousers, Uncle Sam sits whittling a piece of wood. "Look out, boys," he says, with the utmost nonchalance, to the Wall Street men, as they get dangerously near to the mastiff, "they say he's a *seizer*"—Cæsar.

After eleven days, during which stocks were said to have shrunk in value to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars, on the 30th September, the doors of the Stock Exchange were again opened. The following lines, a parody upon Tennyson's charge at Balaclava, was posted by some one upon the door. Having all the force of truthful delineation, it is said to have been duly appreciated by those whom it most concerned.

One per cent., five per cent.,
Ten per cent. downward,
Into the Stock Exchange
Rushed the Six Hundred.
No time to reason why,
No time to make reply,
Sell ! sell ! the only cry !
Into the Stock Exchange
Rushed the Six Hundred.

Oh ! what a sight was there,
Arms lifted high in air,
Tearing each other's hair—
Outsiders wondered !
Nothing would do but sell—
Lower the market fell,
"Who can this tempest quell ?"
Half of them thundered,
Out of the Stock Exchange
Rushed the Six Hundred.

Closed were the doors that day,
Closed on that fearful fray,
Closed on that Saturday,
When some one blundered.
May it this lesson teach—
"Go not beyond your reach !"
When all this motto preach,
Friends are not sundered,
Back to the Stock Exchange
Come, ye Six Hundred.

That business panic, which thus commenced so disastrously in Wall Street, has, in its effects, been felt over the entire continent; and even yet has scarcely spent its force. Of course, in the Dominion we have not been favoured with exemption. There is, in financial affairs, such an interlacing and inter-threading of interests, that, no matter where, in commercial crises, the first shock may be felt, when one member suffers every member suffers with it; and so every few years the business world seems doomed to disruption and dislocation. The worst failures, perhaps, and those which have brought most of embarrassment are the consequence of a system of endorsement which, in many cases, not only ruins the endorser, but proves a fatal thing to the parties accommodated—a temptation to an expansion of business beyond their means. One could wish that a system, which has done so much to paralyze legitimate credit, and which has wrought so much commercial wreck, were altogether banished from the domain of honourable commerce.

Another cause which has contributed to financial panic and disaster may be found, perhaps, in the enormous expenditure and the excessive extravagance in which almost every class of society on this side of the Atlantic has been plunged. According to the estimate of Mr. Macdonald, a merchant prince of the Queen City of the West, "Eighty per cent. of our failures are the consequence of extravagance." A very suggestive paragraph, about the time of the last money panic, appeared in an American paper: A piece of lace, as fine as gauze and as costly as diamonds, was offered for sale in Europe. Queens declined to purchase at the enormous price demanded. The wives of wealthy bankers passed it by on the other side. An American lady heard of the lace and the fabulous price, and sent a cheque for the amount. A year or two later the estate of that lady's husband passed into the hands of trustees, and amongst the sufferers were many whose hard-earned savings had been entrusted to him for security. The fact is representative. The moral can be easily drawn. By individuals and communities the penalty of excess must be, sooner or later, paid.

Commercial constituencies must be regenerated and purified there will be scum floating upon the surface, indicating

the elements of corruption and impurity which seethe and simmer in the boiling caldron. The level of morality and of high tone in representative bodies is usually determined, upon the average, by the dominant elements of society. Only when the untarnished lustre of high and honourable dealing are reflected in the public life and in the commercial transaction of this Dominion can we proudly boast:—

“Canadian blood has dyed Canadian soil
 For British honour that we deemed our own,—
 That binds us to the distant sea-girt isle
 Our fathers loved, and taught their sons to love,
 As the dear home of freemen, brave and true—
 And loving honour more than ease or gold.”

It may be in place to say that the attraction of Wall Street was not, in the case of my visit referred to, the glitter of gold or the possibilities of speculation in its troubled arena; but in the striking, unique phases of life there presented, and the impressive lessons which such a scene has always suggested.

There is no necessity in this connection for the use, in an accommodated sense, of the sublime words of the inspired apostle—recently quoted by a gifted preacher as applicable to loss sustained in the failure of investments and securities—“I would that ye were altogether such as I am, *except these bonds.*”

The “moral,” if one needs to be added, was very pointedly stated by one of our Western ex-Presidents on a recent visit to the Eastern Provinces. He related in a graphic manner his experience in Wall Street. He was asked if he had ever been there; replying in the negative, he was taken up into the gallery and saw a class of men called the “bulls” and “bears.” This was a most wonderful sight to him—people clipping their fingers and screaming what they were willing to give. It really seemed extraordinary, and he felt constrained to say that if Christians acted in that way they would be called fanatics; but he would like to see such a spirit displayed, an anxiety to invest in the great work of Christian enterprise that yields such rich returns.

OUT IN THE COLD.*

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

Out in the cold !
O monks of old !
Peep from your half-closed door,
Through the taper's flick'ring rays,
Down where on the dead ye gaze,
Dead on your marble floor.
Say ! were ye sleeping, ye monks of old,
That ye left the wayfarer out in the cold ?

Out in the cold !
The traitor bold
Knocked on the carven oak ;
None of ye heard,—
No man of ye stirred,—
The thud of his mail-clad stroke.
And long before the matin-bell tolled,
The knight lay frozen out in the cold.

Out in the cold !
The world grown old,
Hoary with frost and snow,
Drives men in
By peril and sin
To the church's gateway below.
Though to all good they be traitors so bold,
Shall her deaf ears leave them out in the cold ?

Out in the cold !
The young and the old,
Weary with sorrow and pain ;
Childhood's soft knocks,
Bold, heavy shocks
From men who would enter amain ;
Church of the holy ! your death-knell is tolled,
If longer ye let them stay out in the cold !

Oh, not in the cold !
Its taper to hold
The church has opened its door ;

*Suggested by a painting in the Centennial Exhibition, wherein Buoso Da Duera, a traitor to Manfred, King of Sicily, lies dead from starvation and cold on the steps of a convent church, from whose half-opened door the monks are gazing timidly out.

Its portals are wide,
 There is room inside
 For the needy forevermore.
 No longer it weareth this shame as of old
 Of leaving its suppliants out in the cold.

Not in the cold !
 Into the fold,
 Warm with love's radiant fire,
 Drawing them in,
 Stooping to win,
 Raising the fallen higher.
 Pure and unsullied, its banners still hold,
 Nor leaves it a ransomed one out in the cold !

WILLIAM CARVOSSO; OR, THE HIGHER LIFE
 ILLUSTRATED.

BY THE REV. G. O. HUESTIS.

FOR more than forty years the name of William Carvosso has been familiar to the readers of Methodist biography. Multitudes have cheerfully testified that they have received much spiritual good from the perusal of the records of his marvellous life. The beneficial mission of that admirable memoir has not yet been fully accomplished. All young converts, especially, should read it. With the hope of inducing many to do so, we present the following sketch of this remarkable man of God :—

Carvosso was born in 1750, in Cornwall, England, and born again in 1771. For nearly twenty years he attended the parish church, without any apparent, spiritual benefit. As a young man, he was exceedingly thoughtless, and became very wicked, before his conversion. A sister, residing twelve miles distant, having obtained peace with God, hastened home to tell the good news, and to urge the family to seek the same blessing. Through her earnest entreaties, William was induced to attend, for the first time, a Methodist meeting. The faithful Gospel preaching of Thomas Hanson not only arrested his attention, but touched his heart. He was deeply convinced of sin, and went home a

penitent seeker of mercy. He made a solemn promise to serve the Lord, and immediately renounced all forms of iniquity and all sinful companionships. For many days he struggled hard with the subtle and resolute tempter of souls. At last he resolved—"I am determined, whether I am saved or lost, that, while I have breath, I will never cease crying for mercy." Immediately the blessing came. "His soul was set at liberty." The Spirit's clear witness to his adoption enabled him to cry, "Abba Father."

This experience has the old Methodistic ring. We easily discover here all the marks of a genuine conversion. For two days after he was silent respecting the great change he had experienced; but then, breaking through the snare of the devil, he saw clearly the inseparable connection between believing with the heart unto righteousness and making confession with the mouth unto salvation. He became at once a true witness for God. Without delay, he and a brother, who had just found the Saviour, united with the Methodist Society at a place called Mousehole. Among his first classmates was Richard Wright, who was shortly after sent by Mr. Wesley, in company with Francis Asbury, to preach the gospel in America. For three months the young convert was continually rejoicing in a conscious sense of sins forgiven. Nor did he anticipate any conflict, except from the world without and the great adversary. But now began a warfare from within, which greatly perplexed his mind. He soon perceived, and felt with grief, the inbred corruption of his nature. At the same time, he had no doubt of his acceptance with God. By a careful and prayerful reading of the Scriptures, he was convinced that what he now needed was not justification—he had that already, but holiness, or entire sanctification. It was before he had read any other book on the subject of full salvation, or conversed with Christians who believed or enjoyed the blessing, that he discovered that it was his privilege not only to be forgiven, but to be cleansed from all unrighteousness. For about six months he earnestly sought this grace, nor did he seek in vain. While in a prayer-meeting deliverance came. "I was," he says, "emptied of sin and self, and filled with God." Thus, less than one year after his conversion, he was led by the

Spirit and Word of God into the "Canaan of perfect love." Here we plainly discern the groundwork of all his future usefulness. Success in doing good is always associated with holiness. Shortly after this, in reading Mr. Wesley's pamphlet on "Christian Perfection," he was greatly surprised to find how accurately that man of God had described his experience while seeking to enter into the "higher Christian life."

Two years after this, we find him discharging, with great fidelity and acceptance, the important duties of a class-leader. His supreme love to God, prayerful reading of the Scriptures, firmness of purpose, energy of character, and burning zeal eminently fitted him for that responsible position, peculiar to the Methodist Church. If it were possible to translate, or give to the world in human language, the results of this spiritual training school for young converts, there would be, henceforth, less enquiry respecting the causes of the marvellous success of Methodism. For the full development of the Christian character of Mr. Carvosso, he was doubtless largely indebted to the class-meeting. Holiness not only prepares human beings for the heavenly state, but also for the right discharge of life's varied duties—domestic and social. Seven years' experience of the perfect love of God hindered not Mr. Carvosso from desiring and realising the mingled enjoyments and trials of married life. Judicious attention to his wife, little ones, and farm interfered not with his growth in grace and Christian usefulness. Though the wardrobe and the larder were often but scantily supplied, he yielded not to undue anxiety, but learned to cast his care upon the Lord. His trust in Providence was always associated with economical habits and diligent attention to business. He abhorred sloth and worldly vanity; hence he prospered in the world, and soon realised a competence. His mind now became greatly exercised about the conversion of his children, who had come to years of discretion. Pleading in faith, before the mercy-seat, that gracious promise of our covenant-keeping God—"I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring," it was not long until the promise was fulfilled in reference to his dear ones. This token of the Divine favour and faithfulness awakened in his soul ardent feelings of gratitude.

After many years of laborious toil, sweetened by much domestic comfort and success in doing good, a dark shadow crossed his pleasant pathway. His dear partner, with whom he had lived so happily for thirty-four years, was removed, after a severe and protracted illness, from a suffering to a reigning Church. His anguish of heart was somewhat relieved by the assurance that she died in the Lord. This event took place in the year 1813. The next year was remarkable in Cornwall for one of the most powerful and extensive revivals ever experienced in that part of England. Mr. Carvosso was not only greatly blessed in this mighty outpouring, but was made a blessing to multitudes. His exhortations and prayers were attended with such divine unction that many, who for weeks had been seeking pardoning mercy, quickly obtained the blessing after listening to his earnest words. He apprehended the important truth, that human agency is not ignored in the salvation of sinners, even in times of revival; and that it might be used either to hinder or advance the work of the Lord. He found out that the right use of human effort was sure to be attended with the saving influences of the Holy Ghost.

Not long after the death of his wife, he deliberately gave up worldly business, and devoted all his time and energies to the cultivation of the moral vineyard around him. Living at his daughter's house, he was free from domestic care. Much time was now spent in visiting classes and conducting prayer-meetings in contiguous places. His simple, clear, and forcible style of presenting gospel truth was owned of God in a remarkable manner. He carried religion into the world, and was eminently successful in introducing the subject wherever he went. There seemed to be a holy atmosphere about his person. He had power with God, and prevailed. Many marvellous instances of sudden awakenings and conversions, in connection with his labours, are recorded in his valuable memoir. Fain would we transcribe some of those wondrous displays of grace, but a magazine article is too limited for details.

In his sixty-fifth year, Mr. Carvosso, with a desire to be more useful, learned to write. Previously to this, he could do nothing more in that line than to mark the "P.'s" and "A.'s" in his

class-book. He soon mastered the art, and began to use the newly-acquired accomplishment in spreading Scriptural holiness throughout the land. His epistolary correspondence would make a large-sized volume. Many of his published letters are full of excellent theological ideas, expressed in language appropriate and beautiful. Some of his expositions of Christian doctrine would do credit to a professor of theology. His first letter was written to his son Benjamin, who had just entered the ministry, and was stationed at Plymouth Dock. Scores were benefitted by his spiritual letters, when they had not the opportunity of hearing his voice. How remarkable that a man of only ordinary ability, and very limited education, should be made so useful in extending the Redeemer's kingdom! And not only while living on earth—"He being dead, yet speaketh." The results of his living efforts to promote holiness were much more limited than those of his memoir. Perhaps, no book in Methodism has done more to popularize the doctrine of holiness than the "*Life of William Carvosso.*" He preached Christ, though he was neither a regular nor a local preacher—simply a layman—a class-leader and exhorter; and yet it is probable that many ministers will have, in the day of the Lord Jesus, fewer stars than he in the crown of their rejoicing. We would not, however, intimate that equal devotion to God would, in every case, result in equal success. Something is due to the natural structure of the man's mind. Decision, firmness, determination, associated with strong faith, constant joy, deep sympathy for souls, fervent prayer, consistent conduct, holy zeal, and perseverance in doing good, will, doubtless, in every case, ensure success. In 1820, his son Benjamin was sent as a missionary to New South Wales. The father felt it no small trial to part with a favourite son, in all probability for life. But, after ten years, he returned, and had the privilege of watching, with tenderest solicitude, over the declining years of his beloved parent. Four years after the son's return from the mission-field, the father, in his eighty-fourth year, in the full triumph of faith, went home to God.

MAITLAND, *Nova Scotia.*

EDITORIAL.

A TALK WITH THE CHILDREN ABOUT HEAVEN.

A YOUNG lady was once walking on the sea shore, and beheld, at a distance, a white figure standing motionless upon the sands. As she drew near, she saw that it was a poor idiot boy, gazing up into the sky. She asked him what he was looking at and was greatly surprised to hear him answer, that he was trying to see God. He had been told that God lived there, and that his grandmother, who had just died, had gone thither, and he wanted to see them.

Now, we have all gazed at the summer sky, and longed to pierce its blue depths, but we never saw the glories of Heaven. Yet, there have been those who were permitted to behold the secrets of that far-off land. Saint Stephen, you remember, the first martyr of our holy faith, in the hour of his death, as the stones of the persecutors fell fast upon his bruised and bleeding body, looked up steadfastly into Heaven and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. About sixty years afterwards, John, the beloved disciple, in his old age, on the lonely isle of Patmos, saw a door opened in Heaven, and beheld the wonderful vision of the throne of God, and the sea of glass, and the four and twenty elders, and the great multitude, which no man could number, clothed with white robes and having palms in their hands; and heard the sound of the harpers harping with their harps, and the song of the redeemed, like the voice of many waters. That glorious revelation has comforted the hearts of God's people through the ages from that day to this, and in every land beneath the sun. Amid persecutions and tribulations, and even fiery pangs of martyrdom, they have been cheered by the music of that song and the rapture of that blessed vision. And we, too, amid the joys and sorrows of our present life, should comfort our hearts with the thought of the

greater joys of Heaven, which shall end all the sorrows of time.

As we think of Heaven, we should remember that only the good are there. Within those gates of pearl there shall in no wise enter anything that is impure or unholy, or that loveth or maketh a lie. The inhabitants all have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. By nature we are impure and unholy, and have defiled the garments of the soul. We, therefore, cannot go to Heaven without a purifying to fit us for that happy place.

John saw a great multitude in Heaven. Just think what a countless company will be there. First, all who die in infancy and early childhood, in every age, and in every land, through the atoning work of Christ are the heirs of Heaven. Now, more than half the race have died thus, and, beyond a doubt, are so saved from the awful consequences of sin to gladden the many mansions of the skies. Then, think of the many millions who, since the first promise of the Saviour, have repented of their sins and have died trusting in His salvation. Then, we believe that in the latter days, when the glory of God shall cover the earth, and no man need say to his neighbour, "Know the Lord," for all shall know Him, from the least unto the greatest, that the multitude of the saved shall be so vast, as compared with the number of the finally lost, as most amply to vindicate the goodness and mercy and love of God against the wicked reflections that have been cast upon them.

And what are this great multitude doing? They sing salvation to our God, and serve Him day and night in His holy temple. We once heard about five thousand children singing together, and, as their voices rose, and sank, and swelled, they seemed to bear up the soul on the billows of sweet sounds till it was lifted quite above the things of time. But how insignificant was that, compared with "the seven-fold chorus and harping symphonies of Heaven!" And they serve God day and night;—doubtless, in many ways which we cannot now conceive, but which shall be an ever fresh delight to the soul.

Whence came this innumerable multitude of the redeemed! "These are they," said the elder, "which came out of great

tribulation,"—up from the sorrows of time, up from the shadows of earth, into the joys of eternity, into the light of God. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Blessed words! How full of consolation to the world-weary and the sorrowing, to the hearts that ache with anguish, to the eyes that fail with wakefulness and tears. Soon, if they seek a meetness for that holy place, they may join that white-robed multitude on high. Then their last sigh shall be heaved, the last tear shall have fallen, the last sorrow shall have passed forevermore away. They, too, may wear the fadeless crown and sing the everlasting song and wave the palm of victory over death and the grave at last.

How came these redeemed ones to this holy, happy place? They "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." They had no fitness by nature for those holy joys, any more than any of us. They were the children of wrath, even as others—of like passions with ourselves. They were impure and unholy till they were cleansed by the blood of Christ.

Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.
I ask them whence their victory came
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

And some we know are with that blessed throng. Some with whom we have sung the praises of God on earth now sing His praise before His throne. Some, whose feet have walked with ours life's weary ways, now walk the golden streets on high. They faded away before our eyes, racked with pain, wasted by disease, conquered by death. But now they are alive forevermore. The tie that binds our souls to theirs becomes the stronger as death smites at it in vain. They are not lost, but only gone before.

If we would join that blessed company, we, too, like them, must be cleansed from the guilt and pollution of sin by a loving trust in Him who taketh away the sins of the world. If we would sing the song of Moses and the Lamb on high, we must learn to sing it here. If we would walk in white with Christ hereafter, we must walk in white with Him on earth.

Nor may we forget the solemn thought that, for those who come not to Christ for the cleansing of their souls, there is another place and other company. There, too, is a great multitude, clad not in the white robes of righteousness, but in the crimson livery of guilt. They wear no crowns of gold, but crowns of living fire, of burning memories, of stinging thoughts. Instead of the unfading joys of eternal life, theirs is the bitter doom of everlasting death. Let all who read these words avert that awful fate by hastening to the fount of cleansing, and wash their robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb. Let our conversation be in Heaven, whence also we look for the coming of the Lord Jesus. Let our treasure and our hearts be there, and let us live in a constant preparation for an instant summons to its glorious yet solemn scenes. Let us strengthen our souls in all holy desires and purposes by the contemplation of its hallowed joys.

Oft in its hours of holy thought,
 To the human soul is given,
 The power to pierce through the veil of sense
 To the blissful scenes of Heaven.

Then, very near seem the pearly gates,
 And sweetly the harpings fall,
 And the soul is restless to soar away,
 And longs for the angel's call.

Not long and dark will the passage be,
 That leads to those realms of bliss,
 But the "Welcome" be heard in a brighter world
 Ere the "Farewell" is hushed in this.

A CRAWFORD-LINDSAY PASSED AWAY.

BY THE REV. JOHN CARROLL, D.D.

DEATH is abhorrent to human kind: we shrink from it in our own persons, and we deprecate it in prospect, or deplore its occurrence to our friends. There is something exceedingly depressing to an active mind, anxious to achieve something of value for himself and others—to learn more and do more than he has done already—to contemplate the certain prospect, at no distant day, of having his inquiries and activities ended, and of having the vision of this fair world shut out from his rapturous view. And it is scarcely less depressing to have “brother and friend put far from him, and his acquaintance into darkness.” There is something particularly mournful to the mind of the friend, who has been interested in a locality, to come back, after his pilgrim wanderings in other parts, and to miss those with whom he had held sweet converse; and from whom he had received counsel and kindness. These inevitable changes would leave us utterly inconsolable, were it not that the hopeful light of Christianity has “dawned on the night of the grave.”

Such were my sorrows and such my consolations upon visiting the vicinity of Hornby, after a lapse of forty-eight years from my first acquaintance with it—an absence of almost interrupted continuance. All the then elderly people had become old, and died a long generation before. Those who were their grown-up sons and daughters had also filled up the measure of their days and gone the way of all the earth. Many of the third generation had also fallen by the way, and those of them who survive are now among the middle-aged or elderly. But with regard to nearly all who have gone, I and

their friends have the consoling hope of rejoining them, where

“O'er the heavenly plains they range,
Incapable of woe.”

I was particularly impressed with what had occurred to the Lindsay and Crawford, two of the pioneer families of that early settlement. These families, I believe, were somewhat related before leaving Ireland, and their connection was strengthened by intermarriages which took place in this country.

About the latter part of July, 1828, a trembling youth of scarcely nineteen years, then in the second week of my itinerancy, I rode up on Saturday afternoon to the house of the leader and exhorter of the society at Lindsay's meeting-house, Mr. Patrick Crawford, sen., preparatory to preaching in the neighbourhood the next morning. I had been informed that Mr. C. was very hard on incompetent preachers, of whom the Methodists from the old country thought the Canada Connexion had too many, and to which class I was sure I myself belonged. It was in the height of hay-harvest, and the family were all abroad. The front door stood ajar, and I walked in; the back door was also open, and I passed through it out into the back yard: a venerable man of sixty-four, thirsty from the hay field, was drinking out of

“The old ocken bucket that hung in the well.”

When he lifted his head, his eyes fell on the stripling, and he accosted him thus: “This is our new preacher, I presume?” I responded timidly, “Well, sir, I am sent here as an experiment to see whether or not I will make a preacher.” The dear, fatherly old man broke forth in

words of cheer which revived my fearful young heart: "Never fear, young man! Any young preacher in that humble spirit is sure to get on."

At that time, George, Mr. Crawford's eldest son, was an active man of enterprise in the eastern part of the Province, completing his contract for building a section of the Rideau Canal, whence he rose, until he had won the right to prefix Honourable to his name, and had the honour of giving a son to be Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. James, the second son, was married at that time to the eldest daughter of the once "Squire," or "Captain," but then Rev. John Beatty, and was living on the Beatty homestead, on the Credit Flats, where Meadowvale now spreads its beauties to the passing eye. This godly, Christian gentleman and lady, along with his enterprising brother Lindsay, were most helpful members of my flock in Hamilton city from 1851 to 1854, both of whom have since passed triumphant home. Thomas, a respected local preacher, who never removed far from the old hive, ended his labours a very few years ago, and another brother, Patrick Crawford, the second, still survives in Hamilton. Mrs. McKenzie, of Georgetown, is also one of this household. Now I am called to record the name of another out of this excellent family, namely,

ROSANNA CRAWFORD LINDSAY.

She was born in the family's native county, Leitrim, Ireland, in 1804, and came with the family to America, and finally settled in Trafalgar, in 1819. She was married to Mr. James Lindsay, a neighbour's son, in 1824, at the early age of nineteen, four years before my introduction to the household. Having then a home of her own, I saw but little of her, only she must have been in society, for at the time of her death, Dec. 14, 1876, she had been a member of

the Church during the long space of fifty years. But as I had little or no acquaintance with her experience and character, I must leave the rest to be told by her assiduous pastor, the Rev. George Richardson, who, like Bunyan's "Greatheart," was her guide down to the Jordan of Death. Whatever there was of fear or triumph, of clouds, or of visions of "shining ones," he will inform the reader:—

On coming to this circuit last July, I found Sister Lindsay a member in "good standing" at the Hornby appointment, but in a very debilitated state of health. The "tabernacle" gave evidence of dissolution at no distant day. Indeed, she was only able to attend a public service once after Conference. But the class-meeting that morning was a time never to be forgotten by those who were present.

From this time she gradually sunk into the "arms of death." During my visits I was very much pleased with her clear views of Methodist doctrine, based on the Word of God. She was very familiar with our hymns. But the most pleasing feature of her last days was her rich, sweet experience of full salvation, through the blood of the Lamb. Through her long illness and extreme weakness she was mercifully preserved from doubt and complaining.

My colleague, the Rev. J. T. Smith, lived near, and was wont to cheer her by his presence and prayers. He also administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which was a season of refreshing to all present, and an unspeakable joy to her heart.

The Lord directed me to her bedside a short time before her decease, which was indeed a "Heaven below." Although she was unable to lie down in her bed, Jacob-like she leaned forward on pillows and pronounced blessings on us all. As I took her hand to say "good-night,"

she summoned all her strength, and offered the following prayer, "God—bless—all—His—peo—ple."

In a few hours after this she quietly passed away. And now, thank God, she lives in a higher sense than was possible for her on

earth. With a wider mental sphere and purer moral surroundings her emancipated spirit can

"Range the sweet fields on the banks of the
river
And sing of salvation for ever and ever."

IRA D. SANKEY.

THE mission of sacred song in the evangelizing of the world is incalculable. Into many a heart that is barred and bolted against preaching or teaching, the truth of God may glide on the sweet music of some holy hymn. Through the ages, the holy psalms of the sweet singer of Israel have voiced the aspirations of God's people, and, lisped by the pallid lips of the dying, have strengthened their hearts in that supreme hour. In the early Christian centuries, St. Chrysostom tells us, the waysides and the meadows were vocal with the praise of Christ. The new doctrines of the Reformation sung their way into every corner of Germany on the wings of Luther's joyous hymns and carols.

The gladsome experiences of Methodism found utterance in the sweet lyrics of Charles Wesley, which have sung themselves around the world. The spiritual fervour of recent revivals finds its best expression in the tide of holy song in which the voice of vast city congregations and of humble cottage prayer-meetings blend, as in a grand chorus, their various strains. And perhaps the sweetest coryphæans of this grand choir, who almost in every land and in many tongues lift up their voices to God in the same strains of praise, is he whose portrait we give as our frontispiece.

Ira David Sankey was born in Edinburgh, Pennsylvania, U. S., in 1840. His father was a member of

the State Legislature and president of a bank. Both parents were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Young Sankey had good educational advantages and sound religious training. It was in Sunday-school that he received his first religious impressions. At the age of seventeen he joined the Church and was soon after made superintendent of the Sunday-school and leader of a class of seventy or eighty members. He now began to use his gift of song for the glory of God and the delight and profit of man. He was a soldier during the war of the Union, and retained his faith and zeal amid the temptations of army life. He became President of the Y. M. C. A. of Newcastle, and thus came into contact with Mr. Moody, in 1871, at the National Convention of the Associations, at Indianapolis. At the close of the meeting Mr. Moody abruptly told him that he wanted him to come and help him in Christian work in Chicago, that he was the man for whom he had been seeking for eight years. After making the strange proposal a matter of prayer he consented. Since then, like Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, they have laboured together in the Gospel, Mr. Moody being the eloquent Mercurius, and Mr. Sankey being the sweet-voiced Apollo with his heavenly lyre, drawing the hearts of men to the truth. Though singing is his *forte*, he also preaches, exhorts, prays and aids in

the inquiry meetings with great power and impressiveness. After the great fire of Chicago, the evangelists were invited to visit Great Britain. They went forth with their Bible and hymn-book, full of faith in God. It was destined to be sorely tried. On their arrival, they found that both the gentlemen, by whose invitation they had come, were dead. But God soon raised them up other friends, and they went on their way preaching and singing the Gospel from city to city, God greatly owning their labours.

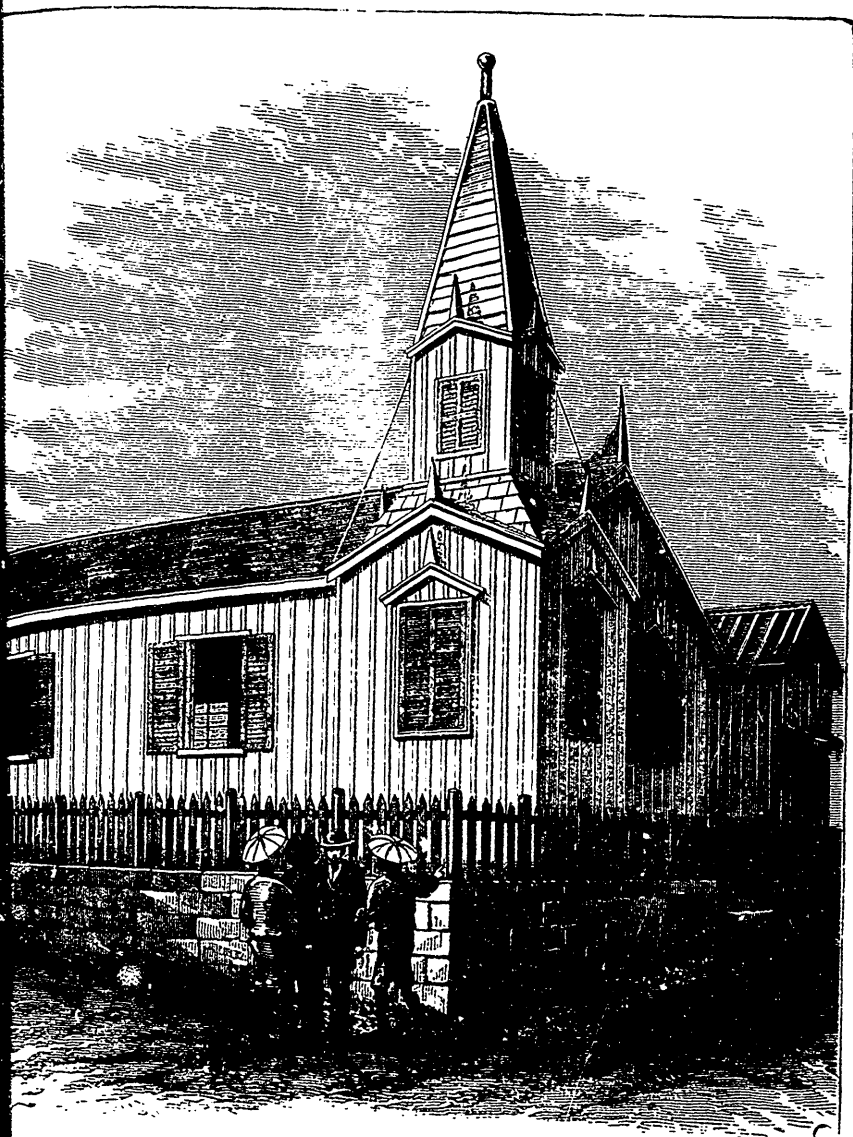
Mr. Sankey does not profess to be a musical *artiste*, although as a

vocalist he has not many equals. Possessed of a voice of great volume and richness, he expresses with exquisite power and pathos the fulness of the Gospel message. The music never disguises the words, the airs sung are always simple and sweet, and sometimes singularly plaintive and touching—as in the “Ninety and nine” and “Jesus of Nazareth passes by.” Through the hallowed influence and winsome tenderness of his sacred songs many hundreds of hearts, obdurate to other means, have been melted to tenderness and brought to God.

THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH IN JAPAN.

THROUGH the courtesy of the Missionary Secretaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, we are enabled to present to our readers the accompanying engraving of the first Methodist Church in Japan. It is situated at Yokohama and was originally erected for the Baptist Mission. It was purchased for the M. E. Church by Dr. Maclay, the resident missionary of that body, and is now regularly occupied for Methodist service. It is thirty-six feet by fifty, and will comfortably seat two hundred and fifty persons. A Sunday-school and day-school are connected with the Church which are both in a flourishing condition.

We are glad to record the continued success of our own missions. An aggregate of seventy-eight baptized converts is the result of the labours of the two honoured brethren first sent to this promising field, and three of these are recommended by the district meeting to be received on trial for the ministry of our Church. We believe that the most effectual way for the evangelization of Japan is by the employment of a native agency. Let us pray, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that amongst these new converts he will raise up labourers for the glorious harvest of immortal souls to be gathered into His Kingdom.



THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH IN JAPAN.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

WESLEYAN METHODISTS.

The Rev. A. M'Aulay, President of the English Conference, is almost ubiquitous. He no sooner closes a convention in one part of the kingdom, than away he goes to another, where all the neighbouring ministers, and many laymen, are brought together for consultation as to the best means of promoting the work of God. Such gatherings cannot fail to do good, as the great aim of every address and essay seems to be centred in this idea, "How can I be more holy?" Our exchanges tell of the hallowed influence which attend these gatherings. The Parent Body is setting an example to all its branches in every part of the world. Rev. R. A. Temple, President of our Nova Scotia Conference, has been engaged in a similar manner to President M'Aulay. A recent number of the *Wesleyan* contains a very cheering account of a Convention at Shelburne, which was a season of refreshing, coming from the presence of the Lord.

The London *Watchman*, in a review of the Wesleyan Mission field, congratulates its readers on the large number of converts reported for the last Conference year, and the many hopeful indications in nearly all the stations. It also says that new fields are engaging the attention of the Parent Society. . . . Zululand, with three hundred thousand inhabitants, implores missionaries; the tribes which surround the Transvaal, and which are giving President Burgers so much trouble, would welcome the Gospel; groups of people on the Gambia, Niger, and in the direction of Timbuctoo, are accessible to Christian labour.

Five missionaries, on their way to Africa, have had a narrow escape

from drowning by the wreck of the steamship *Windsor Castle*, in which they were passengers. They lost much valuable luggage.

A missionary on the Gold Coast sends an account of the labours of two Sabbaths, on which he baptized one hundred and fifty persons, and administered the sacrament to eleven hundred persons.

In itinerating among the Gold Coast villages, the missionaries have made good use of Sankey's hymns, which they have translated into the native language; the singing of them is a powerful means of captivating the heart and instructing the mind.

JAPAN.

The progress of the truth in this country is truly marvellous. Nee Sima, a converted native, educated in America, who thrilled the annual meeting of the American Board in 1875, by his farewell address, has just sent the following cheering intelligence:—We have established, through the liberality of our American friends, what I trust will be a nucleus of our future theological seminary. Of our forty-seven boarding students, more than half are Christians, and they propose studying for the ministry. One of them is a first-rate worker and preacher. I believe the Lord is with us, and is doing His work for us and with us.

Mr. Yamamoto is the legal adviser of the Kioto Government, and is a man of marked ability, a deep thinker, and is regarded as one of the best men in Japan; he has adopted the Gospel message, and is convinced that Japan cannot be saved by any other means than Christianity.

One who has an extensive knowledge of Japan writes thus:—"In

1870 there were not ten Protestant Christians in the empire. There are now (May, 1876) ten churches, with a membership of eight hundred souls. Gently, but resistlessly, Christianity is leavening the nation. In the next century the native word, *inaka* (rustic) will mean heathen. With those forces that centre in pure Christianity, and under that Almighty Providence who raises up one nation and casts down another, I cherish the firm hope that Japan will, in time, take and hold her equal place among the foremost nations of the world, and that, in the onward march of civilization which follows the sun, the sun land may lead the nations of Asia that are now appearing in the theatre of universal history."

In the city of Tokio, ten thousand people are said to attend the missionary churches. The changes going on in Japan are full of encouragement to Christians. Buddhism is declining. In a single district, seventy-one temples have, since 1873, been converted into dwelling houses, or used for other secular purposes. During the last seven years upwards of six hundred temples have been diverted from their original object. Our own missionary, Rev. G. M. Meacham, resides in a Buddhist temple. The letters from Bro. Meacham and Bro. Eby, in the *Missionary Notices* and *Guardian*, are of thrilling interest, and warrant the highest hopes of their success.

MEXICO.

Facts have just been published which clearly prove that the Church of Rome is as intolerant as ever she was in the dark ages. A missionary writes thus:—"Two young men attended our Protestant services, and had each bought a Bible, and had also in their possession copies of all our tracts. They had not yet broken entirely from the Catholic Church, but were gradually feeling their way. One of the priests called them to

his presence in a church, and asked them,—'Do you go to Protestant service?' They answered, 'Yes, sir.' 'Have you Bibles and other prohibited books?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Bring them to me.' They were brought, and burned before their eyes. That was not all. One was kept a prisoner in the church for twenty days, and the other was made to go upon his knees and lick the floor with his tongue, and, as the floors are very rough, being made of brick, it wore his tongue until it bled, and caused great suffering.

The Rev. Dr. Butler, Superintendent of the Missions in the Methodist Episcopal Church, is undergoing the experience of a second revolution, having been in India at the time of the Sepoy rebellion. "We are in the midst of civil war," he writes. "Two armies of nearly twenty thousand men are approaching each other. We do not anticipate danger to our work or ourselves, yet there is liability enough to lead the Church to remember us before God in prayer, that we may be preserved to do His work when all this conflict and bloodshed have passed away."

A few weeks ago Rev. J. W. Butler (son of Dr. Butler) and Mr. P. Robertson were going to Ameca, and were stopped by a party of "regeneradores," who searched them for arms. Enquiry was made as to whether they had ammunition in their trunk, and they replied, "None that you will want." It was examined, and found to contain tracts and hymn-books—the Lord's ammunition. The officer was invited to help himself, but he replied, "That sort of ammunition does not answer our purpose."

There are many in all Mexican cities who would be glad to take advantage of a disturbed hour to injure the missionaries, if they dared. This was actually attempted in Guanajato. Anticipating trouble, Messrs. Craver and Siberts had taken the precaution to securely close their house. When the excitement was at its

height, a great mob, not less than three thousand in number, crying, "Death to the Protestants!" completely overpowered the guard which the Governor had placed in front of the missionaries' house, and threatened to exterminate the mission families. For awhile their clamour and throwing of stones were terrible. Not an entire window was left in the building. In the midst of all the excitement, the missionaries were hard at work barricading the doors with a large number of sun-dried bricks, which they had previously secured, while their noble and devoted wives were at the same time cheering them, by sweetly singing, "I need Thee: every hour I need Thee." Happily they escaped without bodily harm. In the city of Mexico and in Pachua, special services had been held, and the result was that more than a hundred had professed conversion.

CHINA.

The success of the Gospel in this empire ought to fill every Christian with gratitude. There are, at least, ten thousand native Christians, most of whom are active in Christian work. Fifty thousand native patients are annually treated in Protestant missionary hospitals, and over five hundred different books, religious and educational, have been printed in the Chinese language by Protestant missionaries. The prospects were never more hopeful. A year ago a Methodist place of worship at Vong Ping was destroyed by a mob, but it has now been rebuilt, a sum of money has been paid for the loss of the books and other property, and an apology sent to the United States consul.

The migrations of the Chinese to America will be overruled by God for good. Seven hundred and fifty Chinese attend the Methodist Mission Schools of San Francisco, and about one thousand go every Sunday to the Sunday-schools. Three hundred Chinese have been received as

members of the Protestant Churches of California, and, in addition to these, several hundreds belong to Christian Associations, where they are studying Christian doctrines.

The Rev. W. Pollard writes thus from British Columbia:—"Sam Sing, the first fruit of our Chinese Mission School, is studying with me for the ministry. He is a gifted young man, and has many qualifications for a public speaker. He is fluent and full of fire. His style of speaking is figurative and impressive. He is studying the English language, which, of course, is hard enough for a foreigner. He is supporting himself by washing and ironing. He is very faithful to his studies and all the means of grace. Should he remain with me till March, and then spend one year with Brother Gibbs, at San Francisco, I think he would be qualified for our Mission work. This country is being filled up with Chinamen. No other church is in the field."

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, NEW ENGLAND.

This branch of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose headquarters is Boston, is doing a good work. The Woman's Society of the whole church resolves to raise this year \$100,000. Recently, the Society sent two ladies to China whose labours are confined to their own sex in Pekin. The orphanage in Mexico is mainly supported by this branch. A female physician in India is also supported from New England. Her labours have been abundant, inasmuch as she had seven hundred and thirty cases at the dispensary, and made one thousand six hundred and twenty-eight prescriptions in one year.

It is gratifying that so much is being done by women. The California branch of the same society has purchased a lot for a refuge and home for Chinese women. The cost is \$10,000.

Nine ladies recently left England

as Missionaries to the women of India. In an address at their farewell meeting, Canon Duckworth said that a native gentleman made the discriminating remark to him while in India with the Prince of Wales, "We want not Christianity from England but Christians."

New London County Committee has sent out twenty-one ladies as foreign missionaries.

The review of the month convinces us that there is a great need for self-denial on the part of Christians of all denominations. The Mission treasury everywhere is empty. Our treasurers are calling for \$200,000, every cent of which is needed. Several Missionaries will not this year receive \$500. Besides earnest appeals are coming from Berruda, Japan, British Columbia, and the North-West. Surely this ought not to be. We commend the following to those of our readers who are wealthy. A collection was recently taken at Boston on behalf of Missions. A gentleman gave his usual amount of one thousand dollars, and then said as the times were hard he must add another thousand.

A lady, who does not believe that the women should make all the sacrifices, makes a clever turn upon Dr. Tyng, jun., who said that if the women of his congregation would wear one instead of three-button gloves, the saving would support his orphan house. She says, "If Dr.

Tyng does not succeed with his gloves, let him try cigars; there would be more than the saving in gloves. He would gain by it, and the men of his congregation would be cleaner and live longer." Let all our lady friends make this bargain with their smoking friends for the future.

—Bishop Pierce, at a Missionary meeting some time ago, said,—“The question is not whether the heathen can do without the gospel, but whether we can be saved if we do not give it to them.”

—Dean Stanley has again shown his liberality by inviting the Rev. Dr. Duff, the veteran Missionary and Free Church minister, to deliver the annual Missionary sermon in Westminster Abbey.

—Just as we go to press, we have received a copy of the Form of Prayer adopted for the use of the Dominion Parliament. Mr. Macdonald has done good service to the cause of religion by urging upon Parliament, in the face of considerable opposition, the duty of recognizing the government of God in the affairs of the nation.

—Our readers will be glad to learn that the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, the venerable President of the General Conference, has returned to his home, after an eight month's absence in Great Britain, in his usual vigorous health. His visit to the English Conferences was highly appreciated and was productive of much good.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Life of John Locke. By H. R. FOX BOURNE. New York: Harper and Brothers.

It is remarkable that though John Locke has been recognized during a period of two hundred years as one of the greatest of the great men who have employed the English language

as the vehicle of thought, and whose writings have enriched our literature, his life has never been written until now. Brief and fragmentary works, it is true, have been given to the public, containing much interesting and valuable information respecting him and the part he played; but

hitherto nothing worthy of the name of a biography of the great metaphysician has been produced. The result has been that thousands who have read and studied his great work on the "Human Understanding," and others of his writings, have known little or nothing of his history, or of those influences which were at work in forming his character and determining the bent of his genius.

In producing this admirable record of his life, Mr. Bourne has not, however, merely ministered to a natural and laudable curiosity. He has rendered an important and much-needed service to the cause of letters; while he has told with tact and taste the story of the personal history of this great man, he has at the same time disclosed to us the fountain of many a stream of thought, which has given fertility and beauty to our own as well as to preceding generations. Locke was, in the best sense of the term, a reformer; and though he is best known as a metaphysician, it may be doubted whether in anything he performed a more important service to humanity than in the part he played as the champion of civil and religious liberty. Of course, the life of such a man as Locke must needs be studied in the light of the time in which he lived—his personal history is, in fact, substantially the history of his age; and it is probable that many a reader of these volumes will acquire from them a clearer view of one of the most important periods of English history, especially of the great moral and intellectual forces by which its character was formed, and by which its influence has been projected into the future, not only than he ever had before, but than he could have readily acquired from any other source.

The introductory sentences of this work are not only interesting and important as fixing the date of his birth and of that of the principal of his contemporaries, they are also suggestive of the character of the contents of these volumes. "John

Locke was born on the 29th of August, 1632; forty-four years after Hobbes, thirty-six after Descartes, twenty-four after Milton, and in the same year as Spinoza; ten years before Newton and fourteen before Leibnitz. He died on the 28th of October, 1704. Berkeley was then twenty years old, and Voltaire ten. Hume was born seven years, and Kant twenty, after his death. He was in his seventeenth year when Charles the First was beheaded, and in his twenty-eighth year when Charles the Second was allowed to assume the English Crown. He was sixty-seven when William of Orange was made King, and he lived through two and a-half years of the reign of Anne." It will be readily seen that the life of a philosopher, a political reformer, and a man of letters, who lived at such a time, and who took a deep and lively interest in all the great questions which occupied and agitated the minds of men, must be fraught with no ordinary interest.

The style in which Mr. Bourne has performed his work is admirable. There is no attempt at fine writing; on the contrary, there is a simplicity and homeliness about both the thought and language which, by all persons of good taste, will be recognized as one of its chief charms. Full of information, and abounding with great thoughts, it is nevertheless so gossipy and companionable that one no more thinks of growing weary of its pages than he would of tiring of the conversation of a friend. The manner in which the publishers have done their part is worthy of all praise. These two superb volumes will be an ornament to any library; and no English library will hereafter be complete without them.

W. S. B.

A Hundred Years of Methodism

By MATTHEW SIMPSON, D.D.
LL.D. Crown 8vo., pp. 369. New
York: Nelson & Phillips. To-
ronto: S. Rose.

Methodism and the Centennial of American Independence. By the Rev. E. M. WOOD, Ph.D. Crown 8vo., pp. 414. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Toronto: S. Rose.

These books have many points of resemblance, and also some of difference. They both spring out of the Centennial Anniversary of the American Republic, and are occupied chiefly with the wonderful progress of American Methodism during the century. Bishop Simpson's book is more historical in its method, and traces the origin, development, and marvellous progress of the Church of which he is an honoured leader. He follows chiefly a chronological order, which often separates subjects which are logically connected. The notices of Canadian Methodism are brief, but very kind. The account of the growth of the publishing interests of the Church from small beginnings till they have become the largest of any religious body in the world, is very remarkable. The Educational, Missionary, and other institutions of the Church are severally treated, and an account of its doctrines, usages, and economy is concisely given.

Dr. Wood's volume is less historical in its character and more discursive and philosophical. It discusses, in two sections, the loyal and patriotic services, and the liberal character of the Church. Under the first head is treated the loyal constitution of the Church, its protests against national evils—as intemperance and slavery—and its record in great public questions.

In the second section is treated the origin of episcopacy, the prevailing eldership, lay delegation, revenues, woman's work in the Church, liberality of doctrine, methods of propagandism, and the like. The chapter on the advantages of the episcopacy is admirable, and the arguments in favour of extending the term of ministerial appointment and the duties of the office, we think, are effectively proposed of. Both books contain

copious statistical appendices, but neither has an index, which, in works so valuable for reference, we think a serious defect.

A Mad World and its Inhabitants. By JULIUS CHAMBERS. Toronto: Belford Brothers.

The best guarantee against abuses in public institutions is publicity. Let public attention be focused on any wrong and it will shrivel and disappear under the "fierce light" of that intolerable blaze. Newspaper journalism has, in this respect, rendered great service to public morality. Watchful with more than the hundred eyes of Argus, it guards the interests of the common weal. It appeals at once to the supreme court of Public Opinion. It pours a flood of light upon the hidden works of darkness, and the foul and loathsome things that burrow in obscurity slink away. Thus Howard purified the prisons of Europe, Clarkson and Wilberforce abolished the slave trade, and the Abbe Pinel debarbarized, in France at least, the treatment of the insane. Hence the Inquisition, the Vehmgerichte, the Council of Ten, are impossible in the free atmosphere of this century. There still linger kindred evils, however, relics of the middle ages, like hags of darkness lingering in the light of day. The abuses possible in private lunatic asylums are of this character. In the New York Legislature, in 1871, two Bills passed the Assembly, amending the law under which commitments of lunatics took place. These Bills, however, failed to pass the Senate, through the influence, it was affirmed, of the head of a large private asylum, the immense profits and gross abuses of which had been the subjects of journalistic comment. To ferret out the truth concerning these allegations of wrong, a special correspondent of a leading New York Daily, by feigning insanity, obtained a committal to the institution under animadversion. His account

of the events leading to his committal is very sensational, and some of his tactics were quite objectionable; but the record of his mad-house experiences and of the atrocious treatment of the inmates is quite tragical. Released on a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, his report produced a great sensation. Several patients confined as insane were discharged, and a commission of lunacy was appointed by Governor Hall, of New York, for the rectification of these abuses. The possibility of such illegal detention is an anomaly in a free state, and we are confident would be impossible in Canada.

Hymnal for use in Prayer-Meetings, in Sabbath Schools, and on other occasions. 12mo., pp. 122. Conference Office, Halifax, N.S. Paper, 15 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

This is a very judicious selection of hymns for use in public and social religious meetings. It has been compiled by the Eastern Section of the Hymn-Book Committee, appointed by the General Conference to prepare the materials for a new Hymn-Book, to be submitted for consideration to the next General Conference. The greater part of this book is taken from the unrivalled collection of hymns by Charles Wesley, so rich in Christian experience and in Methodist theology. It also embraces many of the very best of the "Gospel Hymns" which have been so owned of God in recent evangelistic work. It meets a felt want in supplying our congregations with a cheap, yet copious collection of sacred songs, to the exclusion of what is ephemeral or objectionable, much of which is found in many of the popular manuals. This collection of two hundred and fifteen hymns will be found, we think, a richer Christian anthology, for its extent, for the use of the people called Methodists, than any that we know elsewhere. The book is exceedingly well printed in clear type, on good paper, and is

exceedingly cheap. It may be ordered from our Book Room at Toronto or Montreal, or from the Publishing House, the Methodist Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

Ten Years of my Life. By the PRINCESS FELIX SALM-SALM. Pp. 385. Detroit: Belford Brothers.

The career of the author and heroine of this book is a striking illustration of the old saw, that fact is stranger than fiction. She was born in Phillipsburg, in the Province of Quebec. With her face as her fortune she set out to make her way in the world. In 1862 she captivated the Prussian Prince Salm-Salm at Washington, who married her and introduced her to the titled society in which he held a high rank. This book gives the record of the subsequent decade of her life. That period comprehends three of the most striking events of modern times--the American civil war, the fall of the Mexican Government of the Emperor Maximilian, and the Franco-Prussian war. Of all these the princess was a spectator, and with her husband was in some sense an actor in those stirring scenes. She subsequently visited Spain, Italy, and Germany. Her position enabled her to become acquainted with the leading persons and to be an eye-witness of the most important events of those years. The reader must not expect very profound philosophy, but much gossip information and shrewd criticism of leading men and women of the age. One of the best things about the princess is that in her exaltation she has not forgotten her humble parents. After her marriage she paid them a visit and, we are informed, is the main instrument of their support.

The Witness of Art; or, The Legend of Beauty. By WYKE BAYLIS. London: Hodden and Stoughton Wesleyan Book Room.

This is a rather fanciful book on the mission of Art as a daughter

the Great King, to reveal the beautiful to His children. It is strikingly suggestive of Mr. Ruskin in its quaintness of manner, its subtlety of criticism, and also in its elevation of sentiment and eloquence of diction, although it is sometimes rather rhapsodical in style. Another affectation, is the repetition of whole paragraphs of the book *verbatim*, and the use of strange titles: e.g., Landscape Art is treated under the heading, "Blessing the Cornfields." The book, however, contains many wise suggestions. According to our author, Ancient art expressed only physical beauty, strength, or symmetry, and so fell into sensuousness; Medieval art expressed religious feeling, irrespective of beauty, and so fell into conventionalism; and both ignored the study of landscape. The mission of Modern art is to combine the excellence of the two, to sit lowly at Nature's feet, and to interpret her spiritual teachings, as well as to set forth the varying phases of human character and emotion.

The Bastonnais: A Tale of the American Invasion of Canada in 1775-76. BY JOHN LESPERANCE. Toronto: Belford Brothers.

In the stirring events of our own national history will be found episodes of as romantic and thrilling interest as any connected with the days of chivalry or of the Knights Crusaders. The storied memories of the fortress rock of Quebec are a fine theme for a writer or painter. In this book the author gives a vivid picture of the siege of the ancient city by Arnold who subsequently died a traitor's death, and the brave Montgomery who fell at the craggy foot of Cape Diamond on the last night of the year, 1776, and whose bomb confronts the eddying tide of Broadway's living flood in New York City. Mr. Lesperance skilfully reconstructs the Canadian past of a century ago. The mutual jealousy of the English and the French, the sympathy of some of the latter for

the invaders, the bravery of the siege, the assault and the defence are graphically set forth, and a tender human sympathy is awakened by the hopes and fears and varying fortunes of the actors in this stirring drama with whom we are made acquainted.

The Golaen Butterfly. By the author of "With Harp and Crown," etc. Crown 8vo., pp. 455. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

American humour, with its characteristic vein of exaggeration, is largely introduced in this book. The mingled shrewdness and simplicity of a successful miner and oil speculator introduced to London society develops great possibilities of satirical humour, of which the authors have not failed to take advantage. The efforts of the Western hero to master the mysteries of Browning and Carlyle, preparatory to an anticipated meeting with these gentlemen and other literary celebrities at dinner, is a very amusing episode. We cannot altogether commend the entire treatment of the subject, but its extreme cleverness no one can deny. The *London Times* concludes a column of eulogistic criticism of this book with the statement, "It will certainly add to the happiness of mankind, for we defy anybody to read it with a gloomy countenance."

Sorrento and Inlaid Work. A Complete and Practical Manual on Scroll Sawing. By ARTHUR HOPE. John Wilkinson, Publisher, 55 Lake Street, Chicago. Price \$1.50.

Visitors to the Centennial Exhibition were delighted with the new and beautiful art of scroll sawing and with the wonderful work thus accomplished. This book is intended for the use of amateurs and others, explains fully and clearly how hand and machine scroll sawing is done, how to polish, overlay and inlay, make silhouettes, etc. It is illustrated with

fifty full size, beautiful designs, engraved on wood by first-class engravers. The designs include twelve new, original and beautiful full-sized patterns for brackets, easels, paper knives, frames, book stands, and shrine frames; twelve of Konewka's beautiful silhouettes, and twenty-six graceful initial letters, in silhouette style, suitable for inlaying, overlaying, embroidery, etc. The materials for the work are inexpensive. It is a delightful recreation, and will enable the amateur artist to beautify home at very small cost.

Life and Letters of Rev. Dr. McClintock, (late President of Drew Seminary.) By GEO. R. CROOKS, D.D. New York: Nelson and Phillips.

This volume details the progress of Dr. McClintock from a clerkship to the highest positions of honour and usefulness. It is a complete record of the career of the laborious student, the versatile author, and eloquent preacher, and presents in his letters his opinions on the leading questions of the age. What strikes us especially is the enormous industry of the man, and the diversity and extent of his accomplishments and exquisite combination of rare talents, sound learning, and deep piety. This model biography having recently been the subject of a special article in these pages, we need only again commend it to those, especially of our ministerial readers, as have not yet read it, as a most stimulating and profitable book.

The Believer's Victory over Satan's Devices. By W. L. PARSON, D.D. Pp. 312. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Toronto: S. Rose.

This is a very admirable book for its force of thought, animation of style, spiritual fervour, and numerous practical illustrations. It discusses from a new point of view and in a novel manner the doctrine of the "Higher Christian Life," which, for

nearly a century, found almost its sole, unflinching witness in Methodism. The author is not a Methodist, and his views are not always in harmony with Wesleyan theology. It is, nevertheless, a very stimulating and suggestive treatise. It exhibits some new and sparkling facets of the same gem, and, in a new vocabulary, teaches with fresh force a familiar doctrine, which is more and more becoming common to all evangelical Churches, and which, indeed, has found some of its most saintly exemplifications in the Presbyterian, Anglican, and Romish communions.

The Home Cook Book. Crown 8vo., pp. 384. Belford Bros., Toronto.

We dare not venture to criticise the mysteries of the *cuisine*, but the recipes of this book have the guarantee of having been "tried, tested, and proved." They are furnished by ladies of Toronto and other Canadian cities, and are therefore better suited to the necessities of Canadian domestic economy than the foreign modes sometimes adopted. The profits of the book are appropriated to the Hospital for Sick Children, a most worthy charity, supported wholly by voluntary and spontaneous contribution. While benefiting themselves, purchasers may also help this deserving object. The book contains also important hints on table etiquette, social observances, and other of the "minor morals" of life.

The London Quarterly Review.
January, 1877.

Among the contents of the January number of this able Methodist Quarterly are a timely paper on the Turkish Power, its history, etc., showing its ineradicable barbarism; an interesting sketch of Romish Literature in China; a learned article on Hindoo Pantheism; a soul-stimulating review of the life and labours of Charles G. Finney; an exegetical paper on the Hidden Life in the Colossian Epistle; a graphic sketch

of Arctic Heroes; a discriminative criticism of George Eliot's novels; and, best of all, we think, a philosophical paper on the Anglo-American Churches of the United States; together with a variety of literary notices. This is an excellent Quarterly for Methodist ministers. It represents the best literary culture of English Methodism.

Methodist Quarterly Review, January, 1877.

The trenchant book criticisms by the editor, Dr. Whedon, continue to be the most attractive feature of this excellent Quarterly. Besides these, the present number contains articles on Language and History by the Editor of the *Methodist*, New York; an irrefragable argument, as we judge, against the immense antiquity of man, by Dr. Andrews; an interesting *resume* of the Chautauqua Scientific Conference, by Prof. Wm. Wells; an able article by Prof. Bennett in vindication of the patronage of Christian art by Protestantism against the allegations to the con-

trary; a learned and eloquent paper by Prof. Blyden, of Siberia, himself a pure Negro, on Mahommedanism and the Negro race; and a destructive criticism, at once of the Nebular Hypothesis, and of Mr. Slaughter's recent book against it.

The Lives and Labours of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Crown 8vo., pp. 460. Engravings. Toronto: A. H. Hovey.

In this volume Dr. Boyd gives a succinct account of the early history, and a very full report of the labours in Great Britain and America of the two distinguished evangelists whose names it bears; also, specimens of the sermons and prayer-meeting talks of Mr. Moody. It is prefaced by a highly commendatory introduction from the pen of the Rev. J. Potts, and gives the fullest account that we have seen of the great religious awakening, both in the Old World and the New, that has accompanied the labours of those men, so greatly honoured of God in the salvation of souls.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

NAME.	CIRCUIT.	RESIDENCE.	AGE	DATE.
Mrs. Ryal	Percy	Percy, O.....	39	Oct. 14, 1876.
Mrs. Agnes T. Taylor	Shelburne, N.S.	Shelburne	12	Dec. 4, "
Mrs. J. B. Langille ..	River John, N. S.	River John....	20	" 13, "
Mrs. E. G. Rogerson..	St. John's, N. F.	St. John's	57	" 23, "
Mrs. F. G. Cowen....	Windsor, N. S..	Windsor	69	Jan. 18, 1877.
Hugh Mathewson, Esq.	Montreal	Montreal, P. Q.	64	" 21, "
Minnie Walton	Toronto	Toronto, 2nd C.	22	" 24, "
Wm. Hiram Phelps, Esq. ..	Mt. Pleasant ..	Mt. Pleasant, O.	73	" 26, "
William Millicent Ford Hall ..	Brantford.....	Brantford, O...	40	" "
Mrs. E. G. Buckley ..	Guysboro', N. S.	Guysboro'	24	Feb. 3, "

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

My Song shall be of Jesus.

"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Ps. 34: 1.

Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. My song shall be of Je - sus, His mer - cy crowns my days,
2. My song shall be of Je - sus, When, sit - ting at His feet,
3. My song shall be of Je - sus, While pressing on my way

He fills my cup with blessings, And tunes my heart to praise;
I call to mind His goodness, In med - i - ta - tion sweet;
To reach the bliss - ful re - gion Of pure and per - fect day.

My song shall be of Je - sus, The pre - cious Lamb of God,
My song shall be of Je - sus, Whatev - er ill be - tide;
And when my soul shall en - ter The gate of E - den fair,

ritard.
Who gave Himself my ran - som, And bought me with His blood
I'll sing the grace that saves me, And keeps me at His side
A song of praise to Je - sus I'll sing for - ev - er there.