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THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1875.



REV. EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D.

President of the General Conference.

BY THE REV. JOHN CARROLL

THE subject of this sketch is now about seventy-one years of age, having been born in the year 1803. He is a native Canadian, the son of the late Colonel Ryerson, of Vittoria, Ontario, who bore a commission under His Majesty George III. during the War of the American Revolution, and went to the province of

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New Brunswick at its close, whence he removed some years after to Upper Canada, and settled in the township of Woodhouse, where this son of his first saw the light.

Dr. Ryerson received the elements of a good education in his own neighbourhood, in which vicinity, we believe, one of the old style District Grammar Schools was established at an early day, and taught—if we have been rightly informed—first by a brother-in-law, and afterwards by his eldest brother, George Ryerson, Esq., educated at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y. Egerton subsequently, with the intention, it was believed, of devoting himself to the legal profession, attended the Classical School which flourished with considerable reputation fifty-five years ago in Hamilton, under the tuition of the scholarly Mr. Law, to whose training several of those afterwards distinguished in Canadian history owed their qualifications for public life. No one who has since become acquainted with Mr. Ryerson's legal and statesman-like cast and grasp of mind, will doubt that had he pursued the profession of the law instead of divinity, his career would have been as distinguished in that and its collateral occupations as it has been in the pathway to which early events gave him a bias.

He was early converted, and had become a member of the Methodist Church, in which two of his brothers were then ministers, perhaps three or four years. Furthermore, he was a licensed exhorter at the time of prosecuting his studies, as above mentioned. A vacancy had been created in the old Niagara Circuit by the sudden illness of the junior preacher, his own brother William, and he was persuaded by the Presiding Elder of the District, the Rev. Thomas Madden, to supply the disabled minister's lack of service. His compliance was the commencement of half a century of ministerial labour.

He entered on his duties in the circuit on Easter Sunday, 1825. His first sermon was preached at the "Thirty-Meeting House," from a text justly appropriate and of good augury as to his future success: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." At the last Quarterly Conference of that year he was recommended to be received on trial, and was

accepted by the Annual Conference, which met the following September within the bounds of his own circuit, namely in the "Fifty Mile Creek Meeting House," in the township of Saltfleet. Six in all were received on trial, three of whom were destined to be eminent: JAMES RICHARDSON, ANSON GREEN, and EGERTON RYERSON; and a fourth, to be much noticed and beloved; this was the quaint but amiable JOHN BLACK.

The next year he was the colleague of Mr., now Bishop Richardson, on the *York and Yonge Street Circuit*. Three things were observable of him at that time: diligence in study—often "consuming the midnight oil and preventing the dawn" for that purpose—fervor of spirit, and, when he rose above his youthful timidity and embarrassment, power in preaching. Some of his most successful efforts were in the York pulpit, during the session of the Provincial Legislature, before such celebrities as Matthews, Bidwell, and Rolph. The door of access to the Indian tribes of the Province was just then opening, and through the choice and influence of the Rev. Wm. Case, the founder of Methodist Indian Missions, Mr. Ryerson was appointed for the Conference year, 1826-27, to the newly-established Mission at the River Credit. He accepted the situation and entered upon his duties with alacrity and great promise of success.

But, "Man proposes, and God disposes." During this very year events transpired which developed his talents for writing, withdrew him from the Indian work, and gave complexion to the whole of his after life. The Rev. Dr. Strachan, then Arch-deacon of York, had shortly before preached and published a sermon on the death of the Lord Bishop of Montreal, in which he had seen fit to place the Methodist Ministers of the country in a suspicious light. A very spirited and powerful reply to those charges appeared in a provincial paper, very much to the delight of the Nonconformists of the country, by one who signed himself "REVIEWER." These articles were soon traced to the young missionary at the Credit, and awakened admiration from one side and hostility from the other. These letters were followed soon after by others from the same person, exposing certain disparaging statements from the above named detractor, given in evidence before a Committee of the British House of

Commons in a previous visit to England. From merely standing on the defensive, the new champion of the sects, and especially of Methodism, assumed the offensive, and carried the war into the territory of the dominant Church, exposing the injustice to others of her exclusive privileges and her exorbitant claims to one-seventh of the landed property of the country, embraced in the so-called Clergy Reserves. This controversy was continued full twenty years by papers and pamphlets, the heaviest part of the campaigning being undergone by him who first led the fight.

The succeeding two years of Mr. Ryerson's ministerial life, that is to say, 1827-29, were spent in the *Cobourg* and *Ancaster* Circuits, during the former of which years, his letters on the Church Establishment Controversy were published in book form. During this time the Canada Methodist Church had become independent of the General Conference in the United States and the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, with a constitution which gave the lay-officials or Quarterly Conferences of the Church a veto on all legislation which affected the laity, to the whole of which measure Mr. Ryerson gave a controlling co-operation.

At the Conference of 1829 a weekly organ of the Connexion was determined on, and Egerton Ryerson was elected Editor; and in the month of November the *Christian Guardian* was launched. That the paper was conducted with great ability and uncommon energy, both friends and foes admitted. From the fact that the Methodists had their legitimate civil and religious rights to win, in order to effect which it was necessary to influence the electors of the country, it is not surprising that their mouth-piece acquired somewhat of a politico-religious character, from the former of which features it was somewhat difficult to divest it when the occasion for it had passed away. In the meantime the paper did good service in winning for the body, first, the right of settling its church property, and secondarily, for its Ministers the right of solemnizing matrimony.

In 1832, when the British Conference proposed to send Missionaries into Upper Canada, and to avoid collision with whom a union was thought desirable, the subject of this sketch gave his influence to the measure, and was sent to the British

Conference as a representative to negotiate its details. Through his diplomacy it was brought to a completion in 1833. During this year, 1832-33, he vacated the editorial chair, which was occupied by the Rev. James Richardson. At the Conference of 1833 he was re-appointed to the editorship, in which he remained the next three years. This comprised the most critical period of the paper's existence, as respected public opinion both in and out of the Methodist Church.

The next two years he was in the pastorate at Kingston. In the fall of his first term the Rebellion took place, which compromised and overthrew several of the more prominent of the advanced Liberals in politics. One of these, Marshal S. Bidwell, Esq., Mr. Ryerson believed to have been unjustly expatriated, and drew his pen in his defence in the columns of the *Kingston Herald*, his old medium of communicating with the public, over the signature of "U. E. LOYALIST." This gained him plenty of obloquy from the Tory party, then in the ascendant, but revived the hopes of the cowed and dispirited Reformers, and, with the many in the country, greatly revived his popularity. During the year 1836-37 he made a visit to England, and was instrumental in obtaining a Royal Charter for the Upper Canada Academy, which has now grown to a University. Quite in accordance with public opinion, he was re-appointed Editor at the Conference of 1839, continuing in the office to 1840. During this period the question of the Clergy Reserves and Church Establishment was in some measure revived and fought over again, the Editor of the *Guardian* doing battle as of yore on the Liberal side, besides openly seconding Lord Sydenham in his measures of pacification and of union and consolidation of the provinces of Canada East and West. During these discussions many questions came to the surface which showed that the leading men of the British and Canadian sections of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada held conflicting opinions on public questions, and also that their interests and claims were diverse. The course pursued by the Editor greatly increased his popularity with what might be called the country party, but gave rise to proceedings which, in the issue, led the British Conference to withdraw from the Union. To settle these misunderstandings and prevent this

catastrophe, the Rev. Egerton Ryerson accompanied his brother William, by the appointment of the Canada Conference, to the British Conference in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in August, 1840, but without the desired effect. He was one of the most active in aiding to adjust the Canada Church to this sudden and enforced state of independence, which continued seven years.

For two years he was in the pastorate in Toronto, to which he gave his undivided attention. The period of this pastoral sojourn in the city, from 1840 to 1842, was probably the point at which he reached his zenith as theologian and preacher. The next two years, from 1842 to 1844, he was either the acting or nominal (as he was the *first*) President of the University of Victoria College, in obtaining the collegiate charter for which he was one of the most influential. During that period he wrote his well-known defence of Sir Charles Metcalf's conduct in dismissing his advisers, on which there will still be different opinions. In 1844 he accepted, "by the permission of the Conference," the office of Chief Superintendent of Education, and travelled in the United States and in Europe upwards of a year to qualify himself to devise and establish a system of public education for his native country. That post he has held ever since, a period of thirty years, not without challenge by individuals, but with the approval of all the intervening Governments, and greatly to the advancement of Common and Grammar School Education; both in the proper training and qualification of teachers, the multiplication and efficiency of schools, the furnishing of books and the formation of libraries, and the consequent extensive diffusion of knowledge. If any one wishes the precise statistics of the country's progress in educational matters during the last thirty years, are they not written in the book of the printed chronicles of the Education Department of the Province of Ontario?

Up to the time of his late appointment to the Presidency of the General Conference Dr. Ryerson had held few or none of the higher Connexional offices, save that he was four times Secretary of the Annual Conference, and Secretary of the First General Conference, instituted in 1828, during the time of its existence, thrice Representative to England, and twice to the General

Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. The Doctor's ambition has not lain in the direction of coveting offices, but (and there is no truly great man without ambition) in the direction of influencing public opinion on those questions and measures the carrying of which he deemed to be for the good of the Church or the country; and it was only when an office furthered these objects that he showed any care to obtain it.

The Doctor has been and is an impassioned and powerful preacher, a forcible writer, an able debater, and has shown himself efficient in every department of administration he has undertaken. His appointment at length to the highest office in the Methodist Church of Canada is an act graceful in his brethren, and must be grateful to his own feelings. Long may he be spared to his country and the Church of his choice.

COMFORT.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet,
 From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so,
 Who art not missed by any that entreat.
 Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet!
 And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
 Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
 In reach of thy divinest voice complete.
 In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,
 To lose the sense of losing. As a child,
 Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,
 Till, sinking on her breast, love reconciled,
 He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

ON PREACHING.

BY THE REV. S. S. NELLES, D.D., LL.D.

PREACHING may almost be regarded as peculiar to the Christian religion. Heathen religions have no systematic arrangements for the inculcation of moral or religious truth. Along the path of Revelation, even in the earlier dispensations, we find some traces of preaching, though not in the stated or regular way of the Christian economy; but among the most highly cultivated nations of heathendom there is a remarkable absence of what we may term the popular didactic element of religion. The Greeks and Romans were both intellectual peoples, fond of philosophy, poetry, and art, and also much given to worship; but religion had with them no moral or rational basis. Their worship was not joined with investigation; their temples had no pulpits; "the priest's lips did not keep knowledge;" their intellectual and their religious life did not truly interpenetrate each other. Christianity, while distinguished from other forms of faith by its divine origin, is equally distinguished by its fearless appeal to all reasonable discussion, and its capability of holding its own under the severest intellectual tests. No other religion so bound its disciples from the beginning to give an answer to every man asking a reason for the hope within them. Coming from Him "who knew what was in man," it touches man on every side of his complex nature, and disdains the conquest of his imagination or his will except through the illumination of his understanding, and the "bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." "The foolishness of preaching" is at once the symbol of its character and the means of its propagation.

From this rational character and method of Christianity has arisen, among many other incidental advantages, the wider mental development of modern times. We are not of those who would sneer at Plato and Aristotle. As profound thinkers and earnest seekers after truth, they have never been surpassed. There are to be found many sound speculative principles and moral precepts scattered through the philosophic writings of the Greeks

and Romans. We are enriched beyond calculation by their vast "legacies of thought." But their philosophy was hardly intended for the masses, and was ill-adapted to supply what the masses needed. There remained a great gulf between the school and the people. The Christian pulpit, more than anything else, has bridged over this gulf. By bringing a doctrine and adopting a method suited to the common people, it has caused the common people to hear with gladness, and by means of this hearing has given birth to most of the distinctive advantages of modern civilization, not only those that are moral, but also those that are intellectual and physical. The pulpit is, in fact, the creator of modern systems of popular instruction, and in the press and the school has raised up formidable rivals to itself. From this intellectual influence of the pulpit, indeed, have come most of those questionings and conflicts which now trouble Christianity, and the wise management of which calls for such high measures of knowledge and skill.

There are some great matters that belong to all preaching worthy of the name. To leave out these, or to put them in the back-ground, is to preach another Gospel which is not another; and to preach without preaching the Gospel is to fall back upon paganism, by the deceptive use of nominally Christian methods; is, in fact, to give the people not a dispensation of Christianity, but a dispensation from it. In all preaching we look, first of all, for the essential saving truths of the Gospel: the authority of Revelation, the sinfulness of man, the divinity and atonement of Christ, justification by faith, the work and fruits of the Spirit, all practical forms of Christian excellence, and a future state of retribution. These, and kindred topics more or less implied in them, must ever form the staple of pulpit discourse. It is not enough that they be acknowledged; it is not enough that they be preached: they must be preached habitually and emphatically. They must stand out in bold relief amid all lesser topics, so that their power may be felt and their relative grandeur and importance not mistaken.

It is instructive and admonitory to trace the life and influence of the Church as connected with the faithful presentation of these cardinal truths. No one can miss them in the ministry

of Apostolic times; no one can fail to see their working in all the great Reformation, as that of Luther in Germany, and in all the great Revivals, as that of the Wesleys in England. No one, on the other hand, can fail to mark how they have been overshadowed, or displaced, or denied, or forgotten, in times of religious coldness or religious error and extravagance. These truths have, indeed, ever been a kind of stumbling-block to men, and involve questions of great perplexity to all thoughtful minds; yet behind the mystery of them lies the power of them. Experience shows that these alone are the truths adequate to sound the depths of man's soul, to stir him as he needs to be stirred; or to guide and heal him with a genuine guidance and healing.

The diversities of preaching, then, so far as legitimate, must lie within the range of these cardinal principles. And we may say that most of the exceptionable or powerless forms of pulpit effort come either from neglect of these truths as a system, or from an undue exaltation of some of them to the exclusion or depression of others. Particular sects sometimes fall in love with certain phases of evangelical doctrine, and, blindly enamoured of their little fragment of the Gospel, extol and emphasise it as if it were the whole, thus breaking the integrity and marring the beauty of the divine image. It is no reply to this to say, that out of our sectarian diversities and one-sidedness Providence will bring a higher kind of universality. Providence brings good out of many forms of evil, but we do not need to make work for Providence by indulging any erroneous tendencies of thought or action. We shall, at best, be sufficiently partial and fragmentary in our views, and we, therefore, do well to aim at the highest and fullest ideal conception we can form of this all-perfect religion.

Yet, while we maintain the importance of preaching all the great essential truths of Christianity, it is well to remember that this does not imply the bare and wearisome reiteration of them in the same old scholastic phraseology. Some preachers make the importance of the doctrines a cover for their own indolence. It is always easy to fall back on the mechanical and dogmatical assertion of the traditional commonplaces. But people are not interested or edified in that way. The more familiar and important the truths are, the more study and skill required for their

vivid enforcement. The disposition to run on smoothly and lazily in the well-worn groove of orthodox generalities is one of the besetting sins of ordinary preachers. The leading doctrines are, indeed, adhered to, and the changes rung on them with some intermixture of exhortation and declamation; but the doctrines are not sufficiently varied in their statement and illustration, nor adequately carried out to their practical issues and uses, so as to make them touch the many needs of daily life. Christianity is a life, not a mere theory. It is an eminently practical religion. Its basis is indeed doctrinal, and the outcry against doctrinal preaching is really an outcry against the Gospel, for without the doctrine there will remain only what Foster calls "an equivocal and fallacious glimmer of Christianity." The doctrines are, however, for light, and strength, and holy activity, and not for their own sake. They are the seeds or germs of new spiritual being, and must get a lodgment in the affections, that they may be fruitful unto "righteousness of life." Doctrinal systems, like the trees of an orchard in winter, are chiefly interesting and valuable because of the fruit they have borne or may bear again. The seeds of divine truth must be warmed, moistened, and softened in the heart of the preacher, and given to the hearer as living germs, not as old, dry limbs wrenched from theological books. They must already have grown, and blossomed, and borne fruit in the preacher's soul. If the doctrine be thus ensouled within him, it will naturally tend to work, like inspiration of old, through the speaker's individuality, and not come forth merely in the vague generalities of the system-maker. Such a preacher will instinctively cut loose, not from doctrine, but from cant phrases and stereotyped forms of statement. The word within him will give expansion, fecundity, and a kind of creative energy to his faculties. His heart will melt, his fancy will play, his tongue will be loosened, he will deal in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." His diction, his illustrations, his manner, his tones of voice, will all have caught a kind of inspiration. Without ceasing to be a theologian, he will now have drawn near to the sublimer height of the prophet. The weapon in his hand will still be the sword of truth, but it will glow, and glean, and glance as a sword of flame. Doctrinal

and orthodox preaching of this kind will always have power, and carry the day against all modern devices for winning the attention through something extraneous to the pure and simple Gospel of Jesus.

There is an easy transition from this point to a plea for *variety* in preaching—variety not only in the matter, but in the manner. No living man is like another, whatever system he may hold: dead men are soon much alike. If we will have living men in the pulpit, we must tolerate diversities. Many kinds of preaching might be mentioned, all of which are good, perhaps equally good. "Every man hath his proper gift of God, one after this manner, another after that." An affectation of eccentricity is always bad; but where the manner is the natural outcome of the character, and is accompanied by real excellences, we should bear with some peculiarities which may not be pleasing in themselves. Almost any manner that is natural to the man is better than tameness and insipidity. The dignity of the pulpit is no doubt to be preserved; but what is more undignified than to sleep in public, especially in a church, but above all in the pulpit? Colloquial freedom and uncouthness may be forgiven when there is an impressive presentation of God's truth. The important thing is to convert the people and build them up in the ways of holiness. All kinds of preaching not conducive to this end are of course radically bad; and foremost among them we must put that dignified and solemn dulness which from time immemorial has been the dry-rot of the pulpit. A flippant sensationalism is an opposite error of which we are now in danger; but even that will not prove an unmixed evil if it should at last render obsolete the old proverbs, "As dull as a preacher," "As prosy as a sermon."

Akin to this freedom and variety, so essential to power, is a certain Saxon homeliness of diction, and the use of illustrations drawn from common life, or at least from real life. These do not altogether harmonize with the traditionary ideal of a sermon, and are especially displeasing to some persons; but "the Great Preacher used them freely, and secured this high praise, that "the common people heard Him gladly." It is not easy, indeed, to draw the line between homeliness and offensive coarseness, nor will

what is effective with one congregation be always suitable for another; but he who has the tact to keep just within the safe limit will find his power augmented by the nearest allowable approach to the speech of the common people. Boys who have nothing to do but to amuse themselves may mount on stilts, but a man with a journey to make will ply his busy feet along the beaten road. Let him who has nothing to say use grandiloquence, but the preacher of the Gospel, burdened with his burning message from heaven, should pour it out with an impassioned directness and simplicity. Such earnestness is itself exaltation, and in any man of ordinary culture will give sufficient elevation of style. Robert Hall is a name justly revered by the Church, and his discourses are of a high order both in thought and expression; but if one were recommending a model to the young preachers of this day, he would, we think, wisely prefer some one of the type of old Hugh Latimer or Charles H. Spurgeon, dropping from each of these a few objectionable peculiarities. And if any one wishes to know what can be made of our simpler forms of English speech, securing even scholarly polish without loss of idiom or terse nervous diction, let him read the sermons published some years ago by the present Archbishop Manning. There are, or should be, as many kinds of style as there are writers; but there is to our English tongue a peculiar though indefinable cast, which is always strongly marked in our best authors. Swift, Cowper, Paley, and even John Locke, are good examples of what we mean; and, as some one has remarked, the same may be noticed with admiration in the conversation of English women. This vernacular and homelike turn of language is always the best for all addresses to the people, and especially for discourses from the pulpit. We need hardly add that it is not exactly the style we have in Johnson or Gibbon, or even Hall or Macaulay. The two former, especially, may serve to show what it is not.

There is, again, another kind of preaching, which may be called rhetorical preaching. In a certain sense, of course, all speaking is rhetorical, but the reference here is to an ambitious display of sounding words, pompous epithets, and rolling periods, — a discourse, so constructed, that the rhetoric seems to be the

end rather than the means, or if the means, then the means to the ignoble and unchristian end of winning applause for the speaker. The fitting sequel to such efforts is the newspaper paragraph of adulation, suggested or even written by the preacher himself. Doubtless there are all shades of this vice, but when at all prominent or marked it may be said to unmake the sermon, as it will, in fact, unmake both preacher and hearer. Let no one confound this spurious rhetoric with a clear, forcible, and burning eloquence, like that of Demosthenes; or the commanding charm of voice and action in Whitfield; or the inscrutable spell and arrowy words of Spurgeon; or the marvellous wealth of thought, fancy, feeling, language, and illustration, in a word, the infinite felicities of speech remarkable in Beecher; or the classic and chiselled finish, the happy wedlock of truth and beauty, the apples of gold in pictures of silver, with the unrivalled elocution of William Morley Punshon. In none of these do you get the impression that the man is speaking for display, in all of them you are likely to be filled with admiration of the truth rather than of the preacher, or, at any rate, with admiration of the preacher because of the truth. Some have doubted whether the most eloquent preachers are, after all, the most useful; but as regards these rhetorical showmen, these exhibitors of pulpit fireworks, one need have no doubt at all. They may make the rabble stare, but they make the judicious grieve; they foster a diseased appetite, they cause the people to loathe the plain truths of the Gospel, and if men are converted under such sermons, it must be notwithstanding the sermons rather than because of them. If all preaching were of this stamp, it would be an immense gain to have it superseded by well-conducted Bible classes.

We are not here censuring the use of any genuine graces of style. A bald and literal diction is not the best for any popular discourse. People must be reached through the imagination and sensibilities as well as through the understanding. Metaphors are often the most telling arguments. Nathan converted David with a parable, one of the shortest and most effective sermons on record. Nor do such helps from fancy imply any want of solid

sense. Plato, Bacon, Burke and other deep thinkers use them largely.

“The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.”

But the exhibitions of which we have been speaking are not faulty because of metaphor, or melody, or any of the true charms of eloquence. They indicate feebleness and want of cultivation rather than opulence or strength, and do as much violence to the laws of taste as to the spirit of Christianity.

In closing these observations we may touch briefly on the method of dealing in the pulpit with that corroding skepticism, which is eating, like a canker, into the heart of the popular faith. No preacher who ignores this fact will be the best minister for the times. But it may be doubted whether, after all, the pulpit gains much by frequent and violent attacks upon skeptical writers. There are occasions when such discussions may be wisely introduced, but some important considerations must be borne in mind. It is possible for the preacher to encourage the unbelief which he wishes to check. Sometimes his discussion will only serve to advertise publications which would not be known to his people, or to create an interest in that which is made so much of. An attack on Tyndall, or Huxley, or John Stuart Mill, not unfrequently promotes the sale of their works, and the perusal of their works will often have more effect than the hearing of the sermon which led to the perusal—especially as these writings are beautiful and masterly in their way, while the sermon may possibly have been neither one nor the other. It is well, therefore, for only competent men to undertake this task, and then only when it is called for by the state of mind in the preacher's congregation. It is not worth while to import into a country village a conflict that has just begun in some literary or philosophical centre, to inoculate a peasant with the diseases of a philosopher for the sake of curing him. If the preacher wishes to fortify his hearers against the danger when it comes, he will, we think, best do it by building them up in the faith of the Gospel, and in the simple old-fashioned way. Spiritual health will best ward off the infection. We all have our times of doubt and religious

perplexity, but it is marvellous how these pass away when we live near to God and busy ourselves with practical endeavours for the Redeemer's kingdom. A sweet hymn, a fervent hour of prayer, or a visit to the afflicted, will often disperse the doubts as the morning sun scatters the clouds.

Even when it is deemed necessary to handle these skeptics, it is wise to do so in good temper and in courteous terms. The influential skeptics of our times are, as a rule, not the coarse or illiterate infidels of former days. They owe their influence largely to their extensive learning, their graces of style, their suavity of manner, and their adoption of much of the pure morality of the Gospel. The preacher should not appear in contrast to his opponents in these respects. It is well also to recognize whatever of good there is in such writers, and to use the good as a leverage toward something better. The addresses of Paul at Athens and elsewhere are the preacher's best models in this kind of work. With what tact and conciliation does the great Apostle proceed in all his Epistles! Even rhetorical rules would suggest such a method; but beyond all rules of rhetoric are the intrinsic merits of candour, fairness, moderation, and truth. According to Professor Blackie, theologians are not remarkable for candour. If this reproach be merited, it is time it were wiped away.

Many examples, and some recent ones, remind us that it is well to take some pains to ascertain what men really hold, before assailing them. In physical contests men do not often fight against imaginary foes, but in the battles of thought a prominent part has been played by the "men of straw." Locke assailed innate ideas under a form in which no one held them, and Paley discusses the doctrine of a moral sense in a similar way. "His numerous adversaries (says Mill of the opponents of Bishop Berkeley) "have generally occupied themselves in proving what he never denied, and denying what he never asserted." And that such irrelevant attacks do not always arise from obscurity on the part of the authors assailed, is evident from Mill's additional and just remark, that Berkeley "was excelled by no one who ever wrote on philosophy in the clear expression of his meaning, and discrimination of it from what he did not mean." This kind of misrepresentation has been the stupid vice of controversialists.

in all ages. The spirit of the true inquirer is very different, as one may see by turning to the pages of Butler, or Cousin, or Jouffroy. We are far from supposing that Huxley and Spencer and Mill are in thorough unison with the religion of the Bible; but where they are out of tune they will hardly be set right by general invective, and argument, to be effective, must be well-directed. We shall find, moreover, that an honest endeavour to ascertain the skeptic's strong points will best show orthodoxy her weak ones. Even Achilles, we know, was not invulnerable in his heel. "For I conceive the skeptical writers," says Dr. Reid, "to be a set of men whose business it is to pick holes in the fabric of knowledge wherever it is weak and faulty; and when these places are properly repaired, the whole building becomes more firm and solid than it was formerly." In this age of crumbling creeds it will be well for the Church to heed these words, putting some improved masonry at the weak points in her venerable expositions, and thus turning to advantage the assaults of the foe. But while Christian scholars are thus engaged, let the preacher still pursue his work, by proclaiming to the multitudes, with power from on high, those moral and spiritual truths in which the persuasive and purifying virtue of the Gospel has been found chiefly to dwell.

MOSS.

BY ESPIRITA WYLDE.

Moss that its mantle fair
 Hangs round the lightning-blasted oak,
 Hiding stricken grandeur there,
 As it creepeth everywhere
 With its fairy touches rare,
 Maketh each ghastly cleft an emerald nook;
 So ruined lives in time a solace find,
 And have some beauty of a different kind,

THE INFLUENCE OF PHILOSOPHY ON REVEALED RELIGION.

BY THE REV. JAMES GRAHAM.

PHILOSOPHY—using the word in its widest extent, and in its old metaphysical sense—has been defined “The science of principles.” “It begins where men propose—from their past experience or the principles of their reason—to render a satisfactory account of themselves, of the universe around them, of that great Being who governs both, and of the precise relations in which these terms are connected with each other. Wherever the independent use of reason on these points exists, there is Philosophy, and *not except there.*”*

This is a great profession, but *Philosophy has not been so great a thing.* Independent of Revelation, it has never been able to step from the created to the Creator. From Thales to Hegel, the course of philosophical speculation, when it has attempted this, has fallen ingloriously down into the Pantheon of Polytheism, or the cesspool of Pantheism. But its failures in result are not so much to be regretted as its insolence before the Supernatural Revelation. It has assumed the air of a haughty mistress instead of performing the duties of an humble handmaid. It has injured Christian life more by poisoning the bread of life than by storming the citadel. Christianity has been more injured by the infusion of foreign elements than by the power of arms or the force of logic.

The walls of a long-deserted idol temple, situate in an Indian valley, are said to have been rent in pieces by the growth of large trees through them; but those trees are seen to be twisted and disfigured by the walls, for out of their trunks are seen protruding some of the petty stone gods once worshipped in the temple and built in the walls. So has it fared with the mighty tree which sprang from the mustard-seed of Christianity. After it had riven the temple of idolatry by its life-force, there were seen protruding from its own body some images of the gods it

* *Ancient Philosophy.* Prof. W. A. Butler. Vol. I., pp. 214 and 219.

had overthrown, in East and West. Doubtless, Christianity will outgrow these excrescences, and become sturdy as the oak of Bashan, and beautiful as the cedar of Lebanon. This is not attained yet; and tracing the course of error may hasten it, as observing the effects of poison may suggest the proper antidote. It is scarcely to be expected that Revelation would, or could, escape unhallowed speculation at any time, much less at the period of the introduction of Christianity. Speaking of this period, Max Muller says: "It was a period of religious and metaphysical delirium, when every thing became every thing, when Maya and Sophia, Mitra and Christ, Viraf and Isaiah, Belus, Zarvan, and Kronos, were mixed up in one system of inane speculation, from which, at last, the East was delivered by the positive doctrines of Mohammed, the West, by the pure Christianity of the Teutonic nations."*

The first evil leaven, of a philosophical kind, which disturbed and corrupted the early Church comes from the East—Gnosticism. This heresy—or rather bundle of heresies—sprang up in the latter part of the first century, spread over most of the civilized world in the second, and some of its sects continued down to the sixth. It sprang from a monstrous chaos of religious and philosophical eclecticism, and bears the marks of its parentage. Judaism and Christianity, Persian Dualism and Hindu Pantheism, are the chief elements in this unique progeny. It is not our design to exhibit the doctrines of Gnosticism; but as it was its philosophical principles which necessitated its position towards Revelation, they must be kept in view in ascertaining its influence on Christianity. God is, with the Gnostics, the sum of being, silent, abstract, and, for human minds, almost non-existing. Matter is eternal. A number of *Æons* emanate from the Divine *Pleroma*: some good and some bad. The lowest *Æon* made the world out of pre-existent matter; and the highest *Æon* was Christ. He did not come to rescue all from the evil of matter, but only some higher natures; the rest had become hopelessly entangled in the net of matter. One sect divided Christ into two distinct persons, one heavenly and the other earthly; the two became one at his baptism, and again separated at his cruci-

* *Christ and other Masters.* By Archdeacon Hardwicke. Vol. I., p. 32.

fixion. One sect taught that the whole of the Old Testament was the offspring of the Demiurge, or lowest Æon, and bore the stamp of his base and revengeful nature. Others held that Christ and his Apostles were partially under the influence of this Demiurge, and what they taught was expressed in accordance with the blindness of those whom they addressed.

Hobbes, the distinguished author of *Leviathan*, is reported to have said: "If reason be against a man, a man will always be against reason;" and so, if Scripture be against the Gnostics, they would be against it. By degrees they excluded most of the books of the New Testament, especially those which contained attacks upon their system, and substituted a number of writings by a host of newly-generated prophets of their own. The test principle on which their subdivision of the Bible was based, was an "inner light," which they asserted to be above all question. Their philosophic basis was Pantheism, and the whole process was one of necessary evolution. This religious conglomerate of Monotheism, Pantheism, Spiritualism, and Materialism, was the source of much perplexity to the early Church, and of the corruption of Church teaching. Perhaps most people will agree with the late Professor Butler, who has said of the course of Gnosticism: "If it be warrantable to judge of the procedures of the invisible enemy of Christianity, as we trace those of its protecting Providence, assuredly it is no enthusiasm to affirm that in the almost incredible absurdities of Gnosticism, supported by men of authority, learning, and acuteness, we may detect a fatuity more than is *natural* to man, an inspiration of evil which alone seems sufficient to account for the facts."* This "inspiration of evil" survives the dissolution of the sects, and appears again upon the stage.

When Alexander died at the head of his victorious squadrons, he left to his successors a heritage of strife, and to Egypt a city destined to a fame outlasting his empire. This city was ancient Alexandria. It became the commercial, philosophical, and religious "exchange" of the then civilized world. Here met the theosophies of East and West; here Neo-Platonism was founded and flourished; here Christianity unfurled the banner of the

**Ancient Philosophy.* Vol. II., p. 319.

cross in the midst of the most learned and subtle eclecticism the world had yet witnessed. In succeeding ages the "Alexandrian Schools" became the seed-box of heterodox speculation, and the armory from which the Christian selected his weapons of defence. It might have been expected that the mode of Christian defence and elucidation in Alexandria would assume a somewhat new aspect; but it ought to be expected that both the Jew and the Christian would have conserved the purity of a Revelation given and sanctioned by God himself. Both, to some extent, were unfaithful to their trust. Philo, an Alexandrian Jew, endeavoured to unite the authoritative Monotheism of the Old Testament with the speculative philosophy of Plato. As Creator, God manifests himself to man, and he is then called "The Beginning—the Name—the Word—the Primeval Angel." These phases of Revelation are to God as burning to heat, or cold to snow. The Logos is the Divine Idea; all spiritual and sensuous existence derives its origin from him; as a power of nature he is immanent in it, as the World-Spirit. Philo holds that the greater part of the Pentateuch may be interpreted allegorically; that only the Ten Commandments are the fundamental rules of the Jewish Theocracy; the rest "are entirely owing to Moses." With him, God could not influence the world for want of a point of contact; but he created an intermediate class of beings through whom he could act in and upon the world. These are not "ideals" in the Platonic sense, but real, active powers surrounding God as attendant beings.* The Logos comprises all these powers in his own essence. Man is the offspring of this Logos, through whom he participates in the Deity. The soul is pre-existent, virtue and vice carry their own punishment in themselves, and the universe is not disfigured by the presence of a personal Devil. Such is scarcely a bird's-eye view of the result of this system of speculation, when applied to Revelation. Philo tells us he received these doctrines in a "trance." If it be so, he certainly was entranced with Gnosticism and Neo-Platonism, unconscious of their palpable contradiction to the Scripture he professed to interpret. His trance doctrines, with a mixture of others, are embodied in the so-called Reformed Jews of the

* The personality of the Logos in Philo is questioned by Dr. Dorner.

present day. Philo's system of speculation resulted in Plato travestied and a Jewish heresy founded; it has committed the mistake of supposing that the religion of philosophy is necessarily the philosophy of religion; it shows that its author, "though a Jew, belonged less to Jerusalem, after all, than to Athens." *

It matters not, in respect to our present purpose, who were the historic founders either of the Neo-Platonic or of the Christian school of Alexandria. With respect to the latter, nearly all are agreed that Clement and Origen were its chief representatives, that it has been largely influenced by the Neo-Platonic school, and that it has exerted a very injurious influence on biblical hermeneutics down to the present day. Origen did for the New Testament what Philo did for the Old. The influence of the Alexandrian schools on one another, and the results of both on Revealed Religion, are thus graphically and truthfully presented by the younger Vaughan :

"We are told that the sea-gulls of Abyssinia are wont to baffle the attacks of the hawk by vieing with their assailant himself in the height to which he must soar for the success of his stroke, thus preventing him from attaining that elevation above them which may enable him to make the fatal swoop. Somewhat similar were the later efforts made by philosophy in Alexandria. It was assailed by religion, and it aspired to become a religion. The religious spirit of Platonism was drawn forth, arrayed, and eulogized by Plotinus. Founded on his metaphysical system, there arose under the hands of Porphyry and Jamblichus a kind of philosophical Church. The unnatural pageantry was soon over. It was left for Proclus to weep over the remains and pronounce the funeral oration. The principal of the catechetical—Christian—school was constantly called upon either to teach or to confute those who had been educated in every variety of philosophical creed. Pantænus and Clement, accordingly, were men of learning equal to the demands of their office. With the writings of Plato, and of the later Platonists, they were perfectly familiar. The active mind seldom fails to evince a strong attachment to those subjects which have long employed its powers. For this reason the philosophy of which the Christian catechist had become a proficient was used, ere long, as something more than a means to an end. The servant was raised to the rank of an intimate associate. Philosophy was not merely the medium

* *Hours with the Mystics.* R. A. Vaughan. Vol. I., pp. 52, 53.

through which he reconnoitered the position of the enemy; it was a glass with whose services he thought it impossible to dispense even when Christian truth was the object of his contemplation. This weapon was not only assumed at the cry of assault, and powerfully wielded in the heat of controversy, but was worn constantly as a part of the every-day dress. The advocates of Christianity thought it secure from the attacks of philosophy by making it philosophical—much as swimmers have protected themselves against crocodiles by smearing themselves with their grease. It was this policy which furnished vantage-ground to a system like that of Ammonius Saccas, and which became, moreover, the source of much that was corrupt and contentious among the friends of religion themselves.”*

No matter what claims for Christian service may be preferred, or conceded, in behalf of the Alexandrian Christian school, it must be mournfully confessed that it somewhat injured Christianity by the introduction of foreign elements. Origen, the most illustrious pupil of the school, like Philo, under the influence of the “allegorical method,” seems at times to have exclaimed, as did Faust when in pursuit of the *ignis fatuus* :

“ The limits of the sphere of dream,
The bounds of true and false are past ;
Lead us on, thou wandering gleam—
Lead us onward far and fast.”

The people of Nuremberg are said to have been in the habit of hanging a bell under the table during their festivities, and when any expression exceeding the bounds of propriety escaped from any guest, the bell immediately rang and called him to order. It is greatly to be regretted that those fervid-brained Easterns paid no attention to the warning-ring of God, “Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.” Neo-Platonism differed somewhat from Gnosticism, as it endeavoured to unite the speculations of East and West, while the “lawless mysticism”† of the East predominated in Gnosticism. But in their attitude towards Revelation they were one. The “inner light” of the Gnostics and the “ecstasy” of the Neo-Platonists were sufficient to found philosophy and religion, independent of all Revelation.

* *Essays.* By R. A. Vaughan. Vol. I., pp. 8, 9.

† Art. *Neo-Platonism* in *Chambers's Encyclopædia.*

The same spirit appears in another body which now hovers in sight.

Manicheism, like Gnosticism, hails from the East. Of Mani, or Manes, or Manicheus, accounts differ widely. The system, however, is pretty well known. It was intended to produce a religion by the fusion of Zoroastrian Magism, Buddhism, and Christianity. In the system, Manes, its founder, was to be the "Paraclete," or "Organ of God." It embodied the Dualism of Persia—the Light and Good, the Dark and the Bad. These answer to the Ormuzd and Ahriman of the older Magism, for both are eternal. Twelve Æons again emanate from the "Primal Light." A ray of the supreme Light is in Man, but it was mixed with the Bad, which is Matter. The Old Testament they rejected unconditionally; and of the New Testament they retained certain portions revised and redacted by Manes, as the Paraclete of the supreme Light. Manicheism can scarcely be called a Christian heresy, any more than Mohammedanism or Mormonism. The sect spread into Italy, the south of France, and Germany, and did not entirely disappear until the time of the Reformation. The Priscillians, Katharenes, Josephenians, Paulicians, Cathari, and Albigenses, have been charged with Manicheism. Lactantius and others have taught doctrines tinged with some of the Manichean notions.

But its influence on Christian thought must chiefly be determined by one man, and one question about that man. The man was Augustine; and the question is, Were his absolute, unconditional decrees derived from Manicheism? There is a wide difference of opinion on this question. A few facts and opinions may here be presented on the case. Augustine was a Manichean up to his conversion, at the age of thirty-two years. Speaking of the influences under which his opinions were formed, Hagenbach says: "Perhaps some vestiges of his former Manichean notions, of which he was himself unconscious,"* may have clung to him. A writer in the *Homilist* says: "Though he wrote against it, perhaps he never quite lost the taint."† Augustine was charged by his contemporaries with Manicheism. On the whole, it is

**History of Doctrines.* Vol. I., p. 301.

† First Series, Vol. IV., p. 283.

probable that his peculiar doctrines were somewhat shaped by his pagan philosophy. From whatever source they may have been drawn, or whether altogether original, they are paralleled in pagan philosophy, and have been supported—like Gnosticism and Manichæism—by tampering with the Divine Word. They are contrary to the Catholic doctrine previously taught, and never received the sanction of the Church. Augustine is a greater heretic than the Donatists or Pelagians. There is no difference between Manes and Augustine, only that the Persian pagan needed two Gods to do what Augustine makes the one God of Christianity do. Ormuzd and Ahriman equal the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. His predestination, and that of Calvin and the Westminster Confession, involves, by logical consequence, that God is the originator of good and evil. Pressense, in his late work, *Heresy and Christian Doctrine*, properly places Augustine's predestination when he says: "It is indeed worthy of observation, that predestination made its first appearance under the garb of heresy. It was the very soul of Gnosticism." Dr. Whedon says truly: "Predestination was Gnostic, anti-predestination was Catholic. It is very useless for Dr. Hodge to endeavour to turn this point by telling us that these early Fathers were undeveloped in their theology, that they differed among themselves, that we have but scanty remains of their works, etc. On this point of predestination their theology was developed to the most admirable perfection by the controversies with the heresies in which they were trained. On this point there is no such want of documents as to leave any doubt that the entire Catholic Church, previous to Augustine, held the prominent point of Calvinism to be a heresy."*

These mischievous errors, mingled with others, passed down through the mediæval and scholastic ages, and at last almost paganized the Church. Plato filtered through Plotinus, and Aristotle through Averroes, moulded the so-called orthodox Church during eight centuries, more than the teaching of Christ and his Apostles. The influence of Augustine has been, and is to-day, widely pernicious. Possessed of a vigorous intellect,

* *Methodist Quarterly Review*, April, 1874, p. 332.

fervid emotions, and unwearied energy, he was a true representative of—

“The land of the cypress and myrtle,
Where the rage of the vulture, the voice of the turtle,
Now melts, and now maddens.”

The Romish and High Church sacramentalists, the Antinomians and Erastian Broad Churchmen, may all quote the authority of this so-called orthodox Father. For his purpose he scrupled not to tamper with the Sacred Writings. He has living representatives now, and so have the Alexandrian Gnostics. Some naturalists are said to be so trained in observing resemblances, that they can immediately discern them between pigs and humming-birds. We do not need so practised an eye to discern the successors of the Gnostics in these days. There is no mistaking them. Those who ridicule an infallible Bible, who sneer at infallible inspiration as “Bibliolatry;” those who possess a “verifying faculty,” which enables them to detect what is and what is not inspired in the Bible; who can set aside Moses and the prophets, and suggest either the ignorance or dishonesty of Him in whom dwelt “all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge;” those who can reduce the Atonement to a matter of sympathetic feeling, or a sorrowful confession of sin on our behalf; those who call evil good and good evil, by making God the author of both; those who reduce the Resurrection to a shadow, and the Devil to a metaphor; those who convert the sacraments into theurgic magic to cancel sin, and create a new life within the ribs of death, without the instrumentality of truth or the exercise of faith;—*those* are the legitimate successors of the Gnostics, not of the Apostles.

The Scriptural Church has no such parentage, nor can she enfold such offspring without forfeiture of her character as the Church of the living God, the pillar and the ground of truth. How mournful the picture of a continual defacing of the Divine features of Revelation by proud, ignorant, philosophical speculation! We talk about the first centuries of a *pure* Christianity. But such has never been a fact. “The history of every age, from the beginning of the Gospel until now, too clearly shows that a

speculative philosophy has ever been tampering with the law and the testimony, corrupting the simplicity and weakening the power of Christian truth, and been a subordinate cause in producing, or aiding, the irreligion and skepticism of cultivated minds. The Pauline epistles testify that, before the Apostles had left the world, Philosophy, in some of its forms, was seeking to exert an evil influence on the Church, so that Paul needed to protest against its intrusion, and warn the disciples of its spirit.* This spirit is now rife, and its root-error is, that man is capable of sitting in judgment upon the contents of Revelation, instead of patiently examining the evidences that accredit its Divine authority, and rightly interpreting its meaning. "In all cases," says Neander, "the Gnostics were for explaining outward things from within—that is, from their intuitions, which were above all doubt."

Just now, judging from some clouds that float in the horizon of American Methodism, we are not to be let go "scot free" of the old Gnosticism. Some Doctors of Divinity seem to manifest premonitory symptoms of this old epidemic. One Doctor teaches the "sleep of the soul between death and the resurrection;" a second teaches "ivanities" touching the resurrection of the body, which make the editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review* cry out "involuntarily, half quoting and half original," St. Paul's "thou fool;" a third, in *Outlines of Theology*, intended as a part of the "Normal Outline Series" for Sunday-schools, teaches the "inferiority of angelic to human nature," and "the embodiment of the Logos in a nature between the two, constituting a pre-existent God-man;" and more, that "creation has advanced from spiritual polyps through spiritual serpents," etc., up to "spiritual humanity."† No doubt all this will be considered by many as evidence of a free, cultured, and original mind; but some will know its original den. To all it ought to suggest watchfulness.

Finally, let us hail, from whatever quarter it may come, any element that will quicken us to a more vivid apprehension of divine realities, but jealously watch against every speculation that would transmute a Christianity founded in facts into a

* *Aspects, Causes, and Agencies of Infidelity.* By Rev. T. Pearson. P. 354.

† *Methodist Quarterly Review*, April, 1874, pp. 332-338.

matter of the mind's own shaping. The testimony of history has been repeatedly given against those who imagine that to set aside the supreme authority of Scripture would promote the religious life of men. The Divine Spirit is with us yet, and the elevating wisdom of the inspired page unexhausted still. The hope of our age lies, not in a conceited defiance of the control of Revelation, but in our ability more fully to apprehend the counsels God has given us concerning Himself. This will yield satisfaction to the soul. Without it, all else will only

“Cloy the hungry appetite
By bare imagination of a feast.”

PATIENCE.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

I.

I saw how the patient Sun
Hasted untiringly
The self-same old race to run,
Never aspiringly
Seeking some other road
Through the blue heaven
Than the one path which God
Long since had given:—
And I said:—“Patient Sun,
Teach me my race to run,
Even as thine is done,
Steadfastly ever;
Weakly, impatiently
Wandering never!”

II.

I saw how the patient Earth
Sat uncomplainingly,
While, in his boisterous mirth,
Winter disdainingly

Mocked at her steadfast trust,
That from its icy chain
Spring her imprisoned dust
Soon would release again:—
And I said:—"Patient Earth,
Biding thy hour of dearth,
Waiting the voice of mirth
Soon to re-waken;
Teach me like thee to trust
Steadfast, unshaken!"

III.

I saw how the patient Stream
Hasted unceasingly,
Mindless of shade or gleam,
Onward increasingly,—
Widening, deepening
Its rocky bed ever,
That it might thus take in
River by river:—
And I said:—"Patient Stream,
Hasting through shade and gleam,
Careless of noontide beam,
Loitering never;
So teach thou me to press
Onward forever!"

IV.

I saw how the Holiest One
Sat in the Heaven,
Watching each earth-born son
Sin-tossed and driven,—
Watching war's mad'ning strife—
Brother 'gainst brother,
Reckless of love and life,
Slaying each other:—

And I said :—" Patient One,
 On Thy exalted throne,
 Never impatient grown
 With our dark sinning,
 Though all its depth Thou'st known
 From the beginning—

v.

" Though Thy fair Earth has been
 Blood-dyed for ages,
 Though in her valleys green
 Carnage still rages,
 Thou, o'er whose brow serene,
 Calmest and Holiest !
 Angel has never seen,
 E'en toward Earth's lowliest,
 Shadows impatient sweep ;
 Teach me, like Thee, to keep
 In my soul, still and deep,
 Wavering never,
 Patience—a steady light,
 Burning forever ! "

Woodstock, Ontario.

A PRISONER RELEASED.

BY F. M. F. SKENE.

PART I.

THE gaol in the ancient city of Y—— is a dark, massive old building that has remained unchanged among all the modern improvements which have produced our model prisons and new convict establishments. A portentous wall, thick and high enough to stand a siege, surrounds it on all sides, leaving only a portion of the roof visible to the outer world. Through this wall a huge black door, guarded on either side by two enormous cannons, leads into an enclosure which is mournfully ornamented by a few sickly plants languishing in the perpetual shadow. Here the gaol itself stands—a great mass of gloomy stone, pierced at rare intervals by

little oblong windows, closely barred and not more than a foot in height. Another black door, as menacing as the first, gives entrance into a stone hall, the walls of which are decorated with handcuffs and various other formidable-looking instruments. From this centre, iron-clad doors, turning on a pivot, lead into those portions of the building where the treadmill, shot drill, and oakum-picking are going on all day, while a steep stone staircase ascends to the upper regions, where the inconceivably gloomy little cells are placed, which are only rather better than the black hole destined for the improvement of refractory prisoners. Altogether it would not be easy to imagine a more forbidding place of incarceration for offenders against the majesty of the law.

One morning in the early part of the year, when earth, and air, and sky were all filled with the inexpressible sweetness and beauty of returning spring, a prisoner lay upon his narrow bed, in a cell at the very top of this old gaol. Very dark and cold was the cell, while the glorious sunshine was lavishing its light and warmth on the free air without, and the convict shivered as he drew the coarse, brown coverlet closer round his gaunt, attenuated frame. The outline of his massive limbs, now shrunk and wasted, was plainly seen through the scanty covering, and showed that he had been a tall, powerful man, of great physical strength; while the strongly-marked features of the wan, thin face were even yet expressive of the energy and determination which he was never more to exercise for good or evil—for the man was sick unto death. He had entered almost the last stage of lingering decline. His thick black hair was matted with the heavy dews which drained his strength every night. His broad chest, where the bones seemed almost starting through the skin, was shaken continually by his hacking cough, and the large muscular hands that lay on the coverlet were powerless as those of a child. Only his eyes, dark and keen, retained some of their former fire, and shone with feverish brilliancy under the bushy black eyebrows which overhung them. It was sad to see the wreck of so much physical power, but sadder still to note the expression of hopeless misery on the sullen face, which told of a soul wasting under far more deadly evils than those which were consuming his worn frame. A jug of water stood on a chair by his side, with which he tried

from time to time to cool his parched lips; but it was a fiercer thirst which made him look up continually with such an eager, longing gaze to the dismal little window, and then turn, sighing impatiently, to bury his face on the pillow.

Meanwhile the governor of the prison, a grave, somewhat stern-looking man, was standing in his own sitting-room below, talking to a lady who had just come in.

She was a habitual visiter at the gaol, and had permission to see the female prisoners whenever she chose; but she was only allowed to visit the men when serious sickness detained them in their separate cells. It happened, however, that she had been absent since the prisoner we have been describing had been so ill as to be confined to bed, and she had hitherto known nothing of his case.

"I have been hoping you would come, Miss M——," said the governor; "we have got a sick man just now whom the chaplain can make nothing of, and I do not like to think of his going out of the world like a dumb beast, as he seems to be doing."

"Is he dying, then?"

"Dying as certainly as ever man was. The doctor says he cannot live till his term of imprisonment is over, and that is in a month from this time. He is consumptive."

"Who is he?" said Miss M——.

"That is more than any of us can tell you," replied the governor. "He calls himself John Hill, but he owns that is not his real name. He will not say where his native place is, or where his friends are, because he is afraid we should let them know of his hopeless illness, and he says he has been such a disgrace to them all, they would wish nothing better than that he should die and be buried in some distant place, where they could never hear of him again."

"Poor fellow!" said Miss M——.

"Ah, but you ought to know he has been a very bad fellow, too. He has had twelve months here for burglary, and the only thing we really know of him is, that he has been in several gaols before. We traced him back six or seven years, and the most of that time he has spent in prison for different offences, and his conduct in here has not been such as to let me show him much

indulgence, even since he has been ill. I wish you to see him because the man is dying, and I am bound to do what I can for the good of his soul; but you must not suppose I expect you to be able to move him one way or other; he is as sullen and dogged with the chaplain and the rest of us as ever he can be. He is past reformation; you may depend upon it he will die the villain he has always been."

"Well, I shall be glad to go to him," said Miss M——, and the governor called the head turnkey to show her to Hill's cell. This turnkey, a gaunt, powerful man, was a corporal on half-pay, a good honest fellow as ever breathed, and he entertained quite a romantic friendship for the lady who, as he expressed it, "took such a wonderful deal of trouble with this precious lot of blackguards."

"You'll have a stiff job with this here chap, ma'am, if you are going to try to make a Christian of him," he said, as they toiled up the steep stone staircase together. "You should just hear him swear!"

"Well, I think I would rather not," she answered, with a smile; "but perhaps there is a little good in him somewhere, Perry, which you have not discovered yet."

"If there is, ma'm, you'll be the one to find it out, I know very well; but I will say this, bad as he is, I am sorry for the poor fellow, he do pine and groan so for his time to be up that he may go out from here, and it is certain sure he'll never go out but in his coffin. I'll just run on and see if he is ready for you."

He hurried up the remaining steps, and as he unlocked the door and went into the cell, she heard him say to the prisoner,—

"Here's a lady come to see you, Hill, so see that you mind your manners, and don't turn your back on her as you do on the parson."

He held the door open for her till she passed in, and then went out, closing it after him, and saying that he would remain within call till she was ready to leave the cell.

Miss M—— sat down beside the prisoner, who was now lying with his hands clasped above his head, gazing up at the window, and he turned his eyes upon her, as she took her place, with a

half indifferent look of surprise and curiosity, but without the slightest change in the expression of dogged hopelessness which was the marked characteristic of his face. As she looked on the guilty, despairing man before her, dying in ghastly defiance of all those who might have given him hope in his death, her heart went out to him, in a compassionate tenderness, which shone in her eyes and thrilled in her voice, as she addressed him in the gentlest of accents. She told him how she grieved to see him so ill, how very hard it must be for him to lie there suffering day and night, and how much she felt for him in all he had to endure. Not a word did she attempt of religious teaching; not the slightest allusion did she make to his position as a criminal. She spoke to him as she might have done to her own brother had he lain there suffering before her, and the look of surprise in the prisoner's eyes deepened as he listened to her. The hopeless gloom of his face did not lighten, however, as he said—

“I be mortal bad, sure enough; but I shall never be better till I get out of this awful place.”

“It must, indeed, be dreadful for you to be here,” she answered. “I pity you so much, for I know how you must long for the fresh air and the green fields.”

“Ah, that I do!” he said, with a gasping sigh.

“The night is your worst time, is it not?” said Miss M——. “I always think the long, dark hours must be terrible here; you are locked up so soon, it must make the time seem as if it would never end.”

“And that's true enough,” he answered. “I've been like to hang myself many times o' nights.”

“I am glad you have one of the men to stay with you now you are so ill. I hope he is attentive to you?”

“He is little enough good to me, ma'am, for he sleeps like a blessed 'un all night. It most drives me wild to see him, for I can't sleep; this cruel cough keeps me waking, sure enough.”

“Poor fellow,” she said, compassionately. “The cha'nain comes to see you in the daytime, does he not? That must make a little change for you?”

“Yes,” he said, sullenly; “he comes to tell me about hell, and I don't want to hear him; I shall taste it soon enough!” and

he shuddered. She looked at him sorrowfully for a moment, and then by a sudden impulse exclaimed—

“Oh, Hill, you do not know how sorry I am for you; do tell me if there is anything in the world I can do for you; I should be so glad if I could help you.” He turned round and stared at her in utter amazement.

“I’m not a man as any one would help,” he said at last. “Knocking me about, and flinging me into gaols is the best of treatment I gets.” He tried to take up the jug of water as he spoke, but it was almost too heavy for his trembling hand. Miss M—— raised it, and held it to his lips. He drank some eagerly, and then pushed it away. “Taint no good; it leaves me as dry as I was.”

“I do not think the water is fresh,” said Miss M——, as she looked at it.

“No, it’s bad, like everything else in this wretched place.”

“And you are so thirsty,” she said, with genuine sympathy. “I think, however, I could get you something to drink which would be more refreshing than this plain water. Do you know what lemonade is?”

“Is that something with lemons and cold water, and just a little sharp to the taste?” he asked eagerly. “I had some of it at a fair once. Oh, I should like some of that, ma’am. Could you get it for me?”

“I think I could,” she answered. “You know it is against rule for me to give you anything myself; but the doctor would, I am sure, order you to have whatever you required; so I will ask the governor to let you have some at once, and I will get it for you immediately.”

“Oh, ma’am, I shall be so much obliged to you. I do seem so parched, and you wouldn’t believe what a fever I be in at times.”

“I can well understand it,” she said. “Your head is very hot now, is it not?” And she laid her hand gently on his forehead. As he felt the cool, soft touch, he closed his eyes with a sort of sigh of contentment, murmuring, “that is beautiful!” His head was burning; and, that he might have more permanent relief than her hand could afford, she dipped her handkerchief in

cold water, and laid it on his forehead. He looked up at her gratefully.

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you, ma'am; but do you think," he added, with a half-timid, wistful eagerness, "that I shall be having some of that stuff soon as you spoke of to quench my thirst?"

"You shall have it almost instantly," she said, smiling. "I will go at once, and make it at my house; and I will bring it back myself, and give it to the turnkey to bring to you, so that you may have it without delay; and I will send you some oranges, too; you would like them, would you not?"

"Oh, that I should!" he said, earnestly.

"Then I will leave you now, that you may have them as soon as possible;" and, evidently to his great surprise, shaking hands with him, she left the cell.

Perry was overlooking the work of one of the prisoners who was cleaning the passage, and the man was one whom Miss M—— had known when he was ill; so she stopped to speak to him while the turnkey went to lock the door of the cell she had left. As he did so, she heard Hill say to him—

"If you please, sir, would you tell me if that lady is paid for coming here the same as the chaplain is?"

"Paid! bless your stupid brains, whatever makes you fancy such a thing as that? Paid! I should think not, indeed. She's got money of her own that she gives to them as needs; and sadly she's imposed upon, poor lady. But the notion of the like of her being paid! Just you take care I never hear you say such a word again."

"I meant no offence," said Hill, humbly. "Do you think, sir, she will come again to see me?"

"Sure to; she is always here two or three times a week, and she is certain to come up to you."

The turnkey came out as he spoke, and locked the door behind him; and as Miss M—— followed him through the long passages, she felt more than ever saddened at the condition of the poor prisoner she had left. It was so evident from what he had said to Perry that the possibility of kindness which was not compulsory or the result of self-interest had never before been

made known to him in the dark, struggling, wretched life he had led.

With some little difficulty, she persuaded the governor that lemonade and oranges came within the definition of the doctor's order—that Hill was to have whatever was requisite, and he promised that they should be faithfully conveyed to the prisoner as soon as she sent them.

When Miss M—— next visited the gaol, somewhat sooner than usual, as she felt anxious to see the poor man again, the turnkey told her that Hill had never ceased asking when she would be likely to come, and his pleased, respectful greeting as she went in was so different from the gloomy indifference he had manifested on her first visit, that she was quite surprised. She soon saw, however, that it was owing simply to the discovery he had made that she was not, as he expressed it, paid for coming, but that it was genuine interest in himself which brought her. After having told her eagerly how much relief he had derived from the fruit and other things she had sent him, he said, looking at her earnestly—

“It is wonderful goodness in you to come and sit in this here cell with a poor wretch like me. I do think it is wonderful.”

“Indeed, Hill, I assure you it is the greatest pleasure to me to come to you, because I hope so much that I may be able to comfort you.”

“And you wish to comfort me?” he asked, with a wistful inquiring look that was very touching.

“With my whole heart,” she answered warmly. “I am so grieved at all you have to suffer that there is nothing I would not do to relieve you if I knew how.”

A sudden fit of coughing checked him as he was going to answer, and when it was over he lay back exhausted, while she bathed his face and hands with a gentle touch, which seemed to calm him strangely. When he could speak again, he yielded to the natural craving for human sympathy from which he seemed to have believed himself altogether shut out before, and began to tell her of all his many physical sufferings in complete detail, finding apparently real pleasure in the mere sound of her voice as she answered him with words of earnest compassion. He was

dwelling on the long sleepless nights of feverish restlessness, and she said—

“Perhaps if you should grow worse, they will think it necessary that you should have a regular sick nurse to sit up with you, and if they do, I will ask the governor to let me come. I am a very good nurse,” she added smiling.

He opened his eyes in astonishment.

“You, ma’am, to come and sit up all night in this cold cell with me!”

“Yes, why not?” she said.

“And you would do this for *me*?”

“Indeed, I would most gladly.”

“I could never have believed it!” he exclaimed, as if speaking more to himself than to her; then his eyes turned involuntarily to the window which his gaze was ever seeking. “Ah!” he said, “I am safe to get worse if I stay in this dreadful place much longer. I believe it would be the death of me if I had not the chance of getting out soon; but, after all, if it were not that they say it will be worse for such as I am in kingdom come, I might as well die as live, for I’m a poor forsaken wretch without ever a friend in the world.”

“Don’t say that,” exclaimed Miss M——, taking the bony wasted hand in both of hers. “You must never feel lonely or forsaken any more, for you have got me for your friend now, and I will be a true one to you as long as you live.”

“You my friend!” he said slowly, turning round to look at her. “A lady like you my friend! You never mean it, surely.”

“Do you think I would deceive you?” she said very softly, bending over him, and meeting the gaze of his wondering wistful eyes.

“You don’t look like one as would.”

“No, indeed, I would not. I really mean what I say when I tell you that I want you to take me as your own true friend who will never fail you; and you must speak to me of all your troubles as you would to your mother or sister, and tell me everything you would like me to do for you.”

“A friend! my friend!” he said, repeating the words as if he could not bring himself to realize their meaning. He was

silent for a moment, then suddenly grasping her hand almost convulsively, he said—"Ma'am, when I came into this wretched place I thought it was all over with me, and that there wasn't a chance of any good ever coming to me in the world again. When I took my trial there was not a soul to say a word for me, and all as ever knew me before would have been glad enough I should rot and die in the gaol and be buried like a dog. I knew that right well, and I did not believe any one would ever look at me again, except to curse me for a vagabond, and now I have got a friend! a friend!" And as he lay holding her hand in his, tears gathered slowly in his dark sunken eyes and rolled over his cheeks. How long was it since the blessed dew of tears had come to soften the arid desolation of that poor hopeless soul, like waters from heaven falling on the burning sand of a desert waste! As Miss M—— watched him weeping quietly, and almost unconsciously, his lips still forming the word that had had such power to move him, a bright hope rose in her heart for him, that those poor wandering feet might even yet attain to the eternal shore, and the weary, sin-stained man lie down to rest for ever in the everlasting Arms, for the heart that had been touched by the divine fire of love, when seen through human agency alone, faint and feebly, would surely open wide to receive the glorious fulness of that eternal Tenderness which is the charity that never faileth, and life for evermore. But she could do no more that day. The turnkey came to tell her it was time to lock up the prisoners for the night, and she was obliged to loosen her hand gently from Hill's grasp, and, with a few kind words, leave him to his solitude.

P R A Y E R.

AH! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,
Crushes to earth our hope, and under the earth, in the grave-
yard,—
Then it is good to pray unto God; for his sorrowing children
Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and helps and consoles
them.

—*Bishop Tegner.*

IS MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS BELIEF?

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

PART II.

IN the search for truth, conscience is an intelligent guide, and we are to cherish and consult this inward light. True, conscience may err, be defiled, enslaved or blind, or drugged by the very air it breathes; it may become darkened and confused by sin unless enlightened by God's word and Spirit, and needs to be guided, regulated, and supplemented by the infallible *Revelation* of God. Yet it must be followed; for it is only by pursuing what seems to us to be right that at last we see clearly what is right. The man who tampers with the convictions of his conscience tampers with the *truth*; for though the revealed Word of God is above everything else, is indeed the only criterion of our belief, yet a written revelation supposes as a condition this moral faculty, and to put out our eyes would be the same to us as to pluck the sun out of the firmament.

In the search for a correct belief we must use all the aids to truth as we have ability and opportunity, avoiding all known error. A man violates his accountability to God when he holds his opinions in careless and voluntary ignorance. He is as much responsible for his errors of creed arising from wilful ignorance of truth and duty, as though he had disregarded their known intimations. On the same principle which makes it culpable to disregard and do violence to known truth is he culpable; for he has not made a proper use of the light which he might have obtained. The man who conscientiously and according to his abilities seeks the full knowledge of the truth, turning thankfully to the light from whatever side it may come, may still be in error and yet not be blameworthy; his error is involuntary; he has earnestly, diligently, honestly sought after the truth! On the other hand, the man who in embracing religious views has no regard to the divinely-instituted criterion—does not bow with reverence before the majesty of truth, but yields to the influence of authority, or self-interest, or circumstances of convenience, is culpable,

though his creed were perfect as an angel's. Why? Because he has violated duty in his disregard of truth. He has followed that which might have carried him to the extreme of error. The man himself is *false*; will his creed save him? Job was perpetually falling into false doctrine, yet he was a true man searching after truth. His "miserable comforters" were generally right, but they were "orthodox liars." He who earnestly, humbly, truly holds false doctrine will, we conceive, fare better so far as his eternal destiny is concerned, than the man who holds right doctrine from indolence or cowardice, or an indifference to truth, "who holds the truth in unrighteousness." Thus, then, from another point we arrive at the conclusion that a man is neither condemned nor approved on the ground of the perfection or imperfection of his creed, but on the ground of the motives which led him to receive or to reject it; on the ground of the use he has made of his powers and of the light and knowledge afforded him.

To all this an objector may say: "Then it matters not what a man believes, whether truth or falsehood, or whether he has any belief at all, so long as he is sincere and candid." We answer, It does matter. Human life depends largely upon what men believe. Erroneous beliefs drift into practice, and tinge and colour the whole life and character. But a man may be involved in the errors of a system—may suffer for what he believes without violating his accountability to the Supreme Being. Our theory is that men are responsible for the endeavours they make to secure right beliefs, and as God has furnished sufficient evidence of truth, we hold that when the mind is rightly constituted and the heart rightly influenced, and examinations thorough-going and honest, the conclusions in the main will be in harmony with truth. We speak not of technical theological teachings, but of those certain essentials—those principles of the Christian religion which constitute the rational basis of the faith it inculcates, and which solve the problems of all natural religion. Guizot, in his "Meditations on the Essence of Christianity," lays down five dogmas which are believed alike by all Christendom, and which he holds to be the solution of those religious problems that every man carries in his breast and from which he cannot escape. There is the dogma of Creation, attesting the existence of a personal God;

of Providence, explaining and justifying prayer; of Sin, explaining the origin of evil; of the Incarnation and of Redemption, which remove man from the consequences of evil, and open up the prospect of a life to come. These belong not only to Bible traditions, but to the traditions and mythologies of all nations, barbarian or civilized, ancient or modern. Idolatries, fables of the golden age, incarnations, sacrifices; what are these but dark outlines of those great fundamental doctrines? What though these truths be complicated and confused with allegories embeded in errors and heaps of rubbish; yet between the moral precepts of Revelation and the moral sense of humanity there is a wonderful harmony. The law revealed in the Bible and the law written in the heart are one and the same. It is difficult for us to distinguish points fundamental from points of mere opinion. We substitute religious vagaries, whims and conceits for essential truth, and may set aside as non-essential, portions of her very heart. Yet, surely we would not doom the great masses of humanity to eternal death because the dispensation under which they have been placed is so much less privileged than our own. The benefits of Christ's death reach beyond those merely who have had access to the written Word, and by virtue of His redeeming work, a "measure of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal," for enlightenment and guidance. God has light enough to be Himself even in the twilight of Paganism, Brahminism or Mohammedanism. The people "who sit in darkness" shall with us be judged according to what they have "of the spirit of faith and purpose of righteousness."

Applying this principle to the case of the infidel, we hold that he violates the law of accountability. Infidelity is a science to forget God. The unbeliever wilfully rejects the counsel of the understanding, and refuses to obey the dictates of conviction. If there has been no warning inscription before the avenue of error into which he has entered, if he has been forced into his infidel opinions by accidents which he could not control, if he has struggled with difficulties which he could not surmount, or has been the sport of currents which he could not resist, then is he blameless. But it is not so. His choice has been governed not by a regard to truth, but determined by ignorance, prejudice, and

subserviency to an evil heart. The man who asserts that there is no God—a perfectly monstrous hypothesis; that conscience is an empty babbler; that there is no moral distinction between truth and falsehood, honour and dishonour, purity and impurity; that the Bible is, at best, a tissue of lies; desires only a refuge from the *demands* of religion. Christianity is built on rational evidence. It claims investigation. Its genius has moulded the laws and fashioned the lives of nations. It has commanded the homage of intellect and the suffrage of learning. Its beautiful sanctities, its holy charities, its glorious aspirations, have transformed the world. It is a religion with evidence, and the skeptic who rejects it has made reason subservient to his perverted will and a heart repugnant to the truth. He is held responsible for his unbelief, and the more deeply responsible because of the tremendous issues involved. We are morally bound to investigate with care and candour, and in the proper spirit, before we venture to reject or dare to deny.

We have another objection to answer. It is this: "If a man is not responsible for the correctness of his creed, there is hardly anything for which he is responsible. If actual beliefs are not the subject of responsibility, it is absurd to maintain that actions which are but their embodiments can have a moral character."

We grant that without a foundation of principles, there can be no security for right actions, and that good fruits will not follow from false principles. But what shall be said of those whose creed is considered good but whose lives are bad, or of those who hold views strongly heterodox but whose lives are orthodox? Moreover, what is truth for man, and what is to be the standard? Does truth exist because we perceive it, or do we perceive it because it exists? Truth is given as a Divine thought,—a sovereign fact; its reality is independent of us—it is absolute. Now is man to be judged by this absolute law of God, by the rule of absolute right, or by the relative law of conscience? We believe that while the Bible is the standard for all, the truth which shall judge man is human truth. But how imperfect our faith. What a catalogue of opinions! A thousand jarring creeds, each professing to teach the will of God—each professing an exclusive possession of the truth. Romanists, Protestants, Mohammedans,

Buddhists, Pagans, each has the whole complement of truth—each has exhausted the spiritual, discerned all truth, plucked all the fruit off the tree of knowledge, so that “nothing but leaves” remains. All other men, of all times and countries, have spent their lives in blind error; all are lost and erring except the little section of our infallible creed. Yet in these creeds there is the constant change and progress of doctrine. The formulas of one age cannot adequately define the fresh experiences given to another. The new wine cannot be put into old bottles. Personally, we can scarcely hold for our own use a system of dogmatic truths. Much to which we have clung hitherto is set afloat and drifting away. The ground whereon we stood has slidden off. We have listened to honest doubts and torn up old beliefs by the very roots. We once thought that in the narrow shell where we have been prisoned, the whole ocean of truth rolled and roared. Now we peep out upon the “vast deep” and see not limit nor shore.

In spite of the weak pride of consistency and anxiety to be true to our principles, we are forced to question whether our very principles be true. We grow; our apprehension enlarges; we get more light, deeper experiences, and have to modify and even reverse what once seemed truth itself. All this shows that the most enlightened see only broken arcs of the perfect circle of truth—behold not the beautiful temple of truth in its entirety, but only fragments torn out of their connection and place, and catch only snatches of the immortal harmony. Woe, woe, woe to us; woe upon the race if we cannot be saved without a *perfect* creed.

What saith the Scriptures? for here as in other matters, “to the law and to the testimony:”

“This is His commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ.” “He that receiveth His testimony hath set to his seal that God is true.” “If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.” “The just shall live by faith.”

Men are to be saved, then, not by a faultless creed but by simple trust, that is, by cleaving to the Lord Jesus Christ and His truth, so far as revealed to the soul. “This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather

than light because their deeds are evil." "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God." The warning is: "Take heed, brethren lest there be in any of you an *evil heart of unbelief* in departing from the living God."

A BEGGAR.

BY ADELAIDE ANN PROCTOR.

I BEG of you, I beg of you, my brothers,
 For my need is very sore;
 Not for gold and not for silver do I ask you,
 But for something even more:
 From the depths of your hearts' pity let it be—
 Pray for me.

I beg of you calm souls whose wondering pity
 Looks at paths you never trod:
 I beg of you who suffer—for all sorrow
 Must be very near to God—
 And the need is even greater than you see—
 Pray for me.

I beg of you, O children, for He loves you,
 And He loves your prayers the best:
 Fold your little hands together, and ask Jesus
 That the weary may have rest,
 That a bird caught in a net may be set free—
 Pray for me.

I beg of you who stand before the altar,
 Whose anointed hands upraise
 All the sin and all the sorrow of the ages,
 All the love and all the praise,
 And the glory which was always and shall be—
 Pray for me.

I beg of you, I beg of you, my brothers,
 For an alms this very day ;
 I am standing on your doorstep as a Beggar
 Who will not be turned away,
 And the Charity you give my soul shall be—
 Pray for me !

OUR MISSIONS.

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

EVERY great religious movement has been accompanied by intense missionary zeal. The day of Pentecost was the prelude to the diffusion of the Gospel by apostolic labours from the banks of the Indus to the banks of the Rhone, from the highlands of Abyssinia to the rugged mountains of Caucasus. The mediæval Church, in the time of its greatest purity and spiritual power, sent its monkish missionaries into the depths of Thuringian forests, and to far Iona's lonely isle and storm-swept Lindisfarne. The Lutheran Reformation awoke the missionary zeal of the long torpid Church. The Catholic revival which followed was characterized by the apostolic labours of *Loyola and Xavier*, and the missionary enthusiasm of the Jesuits—in the Old World, in India, in China, and Japan; and in the New, from the waters of the La Plata to the waters of the Nipissing, from the coasts of Newfoundland to the Rocky Mountains.

This missionary spirit is especially characteristic of the movement called Methodism. As if conscious of its destined universality, its founder with prophetic soul exclaimed, "The world is my parish." His burning eloquence kindled at the altar of eternal truth, the apostolic Whitfield, like the angel of the Apocalypse, preached the everlasting gospel to millions in the Old World and the New.

On many a field of sacred toil have the agents of the Wesleyan Church vindicated its title to the distinction of being pre-eminently a missionary Church—amid the cinnamon groves

of Ceylon, in the crowded bazaars or tangled jungles of India, among the teeming populations of China, beneath the feathery foliage of the tropic palm in the sunny islands of the Southern seas, amid the dense darkness of African barbarism, and beside the mighty rivers which roll in solitary grandeur through the vast wilderness of our own North-West. With a prouder boast than the Roman poet they may exultingly exclaim, "What place now, what region in the earth is not full of our labour?" *

In every land beneath the sun this grand old Mother of Churches has her daughters fair and flourishing, who rise up and call her blessed. The Sabbath chant of her hymns, like the morning drum-beat of Great Britain's garrisons, engirdles the world. And we, in the virgin lands of this new world, have endeavoured to be faithful to the traditions and spirit which have characterized Methodism everywhere. From the beginning we have been a missionary Church. And now, with our new organization, our ampler resources, and our broader fields of labour, we must maintain our missionary character, and go forth to grander conquests than we have ever attempted before.

At this juncture in our history, a survey of our mission field, and examination of the varied character of our mission operations, may not be uninteresting nor uninstrucive.

OUR DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

This department of missionary effort must always continue to largely occupy our care. These missions have especial claims on our sympathy and support. They are in our immediate vicinity. Their spiritual necessities are forced upon our notice. There will always be young and poor and feeble circuits, for the most part in the backwoods settlements, which require fostering and assistance in the early years of their history. The adventurous spirit and the sturdy independence of character which lead the hardy pioneer to hew out for himself a home in the wilderness, and to push still further the frontiers of civilization, carry him also beyond the privileges of the sanctuary and the

* "Quis jam locus, . . .

Quæ regio in terris nostri non piena laboris?"

—Virg. *Æn.* vv. 463, 464.

influence of the Gospel: When the six days' strenuous toil is ended, and the blessed Sabbath's rest has come, his thoughts turn fondly to the home of his childhood and the Christian companionship of other days, and the dark and gloomy forest seems more sombre for that it is uncheered by the sound of the church-going bell, or by the Christian hymn of praise. The hardy frontier man generally has, at first, all that he can do to procure food for himself and his family, to get a roof over their heads, to fell the forest, plough the glebe, and cultivate the acres rescued from the wilderness. He cannot himself procure those Gospel ordinances to which he may have been accustomed in older settlements; and sometimes even his dead are laid in the grave without those solemn rites of religion which do so much to mitigate the bitterness of parting. But he is not long left without the ministrations of the sanctuary. Wherever the ring of the woodman's axe or the crack of the hunter's rifle is heard, there the Methodist missionary soon follows as the almoner of the Church, breaking the bread of life to those who are perishing for lack of knowledge—sharing the hardships and privations of the people among whom he labours, partaking of their often coarse and scanty fare, sympathising with their sorrows, and rejoicing with them in their simple joys. He thus helps to lay broad and deep the foundations of a Christian civilization on those eternal principles of righteousness and truth which alone are the cornerstone of national greatness, the pledge of the stability of national institutions.

It has been said that he is the benefactor of his race who makes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before. If this be so, how great a benefactor of mankind is he who subdues the immemorial forest and converts it into a cultivated farm. He adds to the wealth of the universe, cheapens bread for God's great family of the poor throughout the world, and is the advance guard of the great army of civilization—narrowing the area of the wilderness and conquering it for man.

Imagination can scarcely keep pace with the rapid changes that are thus wrought. Where but yesterday, as it seems, the solitude was disturbed only by the gliding of the Indian's light canoe, or the melancholy cry of the water-fowl, the stately

steamer swan-like breasts the waves, and the busy hum of industry makes vocal all the air. Where the hurtling of the hunter's arrow startled the red-deer feeding in the forest glade, the shriek of the iron horse awakes the echoes far and wide. Where, within the memory of men now living, the only human habitation was the Indian wigwam, now rise noble cities with crowded populations, and adorned with stately architecture. The keeping pace with these enormous strides will tax to the uttermost the missionary energies of our Church. But in consequence of this rapid development the remote mission station soon becomes a new source and centre of missionary effort; like the banyan-tree extending its branches, which in time take root in the earth, and become themselves parent stems. Thus it is the truest economy to liberally sustain these domestic missions during the period of their dependence, at the same time teaching the principles of self-reliance, and awaking the ambition to become in turn contributors to the missionary revenue, and to repay with usury the help they have themselves received.

OUR INDIAN MISSIONS.

In the library of the Harvard University, near Boston, is an old and faded volume, which possesses a profound and pathetic interest. No man can read its pages. In all the world there is none who comprehends its mysterious characters. It is a sealed book, whose voice is silent forever. Yet its language was once the vernacular of a numerous and powerful race. But of those who spoke that tongue there runs no drop of kindred blood in any human veins. It is the Bible translated for the use of the New England Indians by Eliot, the great apostle of the native tribes.

This worn and meagre volume, with its speechless pages, is the symbol of a mighty fact. Like the bones of the dinornis and megatherium, it is the relic of an extinct creation. It is the only vestige of a vanished race, the tombstone over the grave of a nation. And similar to the fate of the New England tribes seems to be the destiny of the entire aboriginal race on this continent. They are melting away like snow before the

summer's sun.* Their inherent character is averse to the genius of modern civilization. You cannot mew up the eagle of the mountain like the barnyard fowl, nor tame the forest stag like the stalled ox. So, to the red man the trammels and fetters of civilized life are irksome and chafe his very soul. Like the caged eagle, he pines for the freedom of the forest or the prairie. He now stalks a stranger through the heritage of his fathers, an object of idle curiosity where once he was lord of the soil. He dwells not in our cities. He assimilates not with our habits. Like a spectre of the past, he lingers among us in scattered "reserves," or hovers upon the frontier of civilization, ever pushed back by its advancing tide. Already the arrow-heads and tomahawks of the aboriginal tribes are collected in our museums as strange relics of a bygone era.

Now, we who possess their lands owe a duty to this perishing race. The original occupants of the soil have inalienable rights, conferred by the great Suzerain of all the earth, which no man may innocently ignore or deny. Not that it is for a moment conceivable as the will of Providence that these broad lands, already the homes of millions, and prospectively of millions more, should forever continue the hunting-ground of the wandering children of the forest.† We believe every supplanting of a weaker by a stronger race to be a step towards a higher and nobler human development. But the right of conquest does not free from obligation to the conquered. We in Canada are in the position of wardens to those weak and dying races. They look up to our beloved sovereign as their "Great Mother." We are their elder and stronger brethren, their natural protectors and guardians. How have the duties springing from that relationship been discharged? The Government, it is true, has exercised a paternal care over the scattered fragments of these once nume-

* "Sixteen millions of aborigines in North America," says Dr. J. C. Nott, "have dwindled down to two millions since the Mayflower discharged on Plymouth Rock." The race is running out, he adds, "like sand in Time's hour-glass."—*Types of Mankind*, p. 409.

† "It is estimated that in a forest country each hunter requires an area of not less than 50,000 acres for his support."—Sir John Lubbock's *Prehistoric Times*, p. 281. Under skilful agriculture a single acre will almost support a man.

rous tribes. It has, where practicable, gathered them into reserves, bestowed annual gifts and pensions, and kept them in a state of tutelage, which, however, has enervated their moral fibre. But the influence of the white man's civilization has been more a bane than a blessing. His vices have taken root more deeply than his virtues. His accursed fire-water has swept away its thousands and demoralized whole tribes, and the diseases he has introduced have threatened the extermination of the entire race.

Many of these tribes are still pagan. They worship the Great Manitou and sacrifice the white dog. They are ruled by cunning medicine men and are the prey of superstitious fears. Others give an unintelligent observance to the mummeries of a corrupt form of Christianity, and regard the cross only as a more potent fetish than their ancestral totem. Romish missionaries, indeed, have been indefatigable for three centuries in their propagandist zeal. No more thrilling records exist than those of the heroic lives and martyr deaths of many of the pioneer Jesuit Fathers, who taught the blended worship of the Virgin Mother and Divine Son to savage tribes beside strange streams and amid remote and pathless forests. The footsteps of these pious adventurers—a spiritual knight-errantry more noble than the steel-clad warriors of old—may be traced all over this continent, in the names of saint or martyr given to the great natural features of the landscape all the way from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi.

Her Indian Missions have been one of the chief glories of Canadian Methodism, and of all the Protestant agencies among the native races, hers have been the most successful. She has now forty missions, employing twenty-nine missionaries, seventeen interpreters, nineteen teachers, and twelve local assistants, or a total paid agency of seventy-seven. There are no more difficult mission fields in the world than those of the "Great Lone Land" of the North-West. The devoted servant of the Cross, unlike the missionary to India, China, or Japan, goes forth to a region beyond the pale of civilization. He is surrounded by savage and often hostile tribes, cut off from human sympathy and from intelligent and congenial companionship. His social

isolation is sometimes almost appalling. Communication with the world is maintained only by infrequent and irregular mails, conveyed by long and tortuous canoe routes in summer, or on dog-sleds in winter. He is exposed to the rigours of an almost arctic climate, and often suffers privation of the very necessaries of life. The unvarnished tales of some of our own missionaries lack no feature of heroic daring and of apostolic zeal. The Rev. E. R. Young, with his newly-wedded wife—a lady of culture and refinement—travelled hundreds of miles by lake and river, often making toilsome *portages*, and being more than once in imminent danger of their lives by the upsetting of their frail bark canoe in an arrowy rapid. In mid-winter the intrepid missionary made a journey of several hundreds of miles on a dog-sled, sleeping in the snow with the thermometer many degrees below zero, in order to open a new mission among a pagan tribe. Yet this devoted brother writes: "I think this is the best mission in the world." Few records of self-sacrifice are more sublime than that of our missionary band at Edmonton House, on the Saskatchewan, ministering with Christ-like tenderness and pity to the victims of that loathesome scourge, the small-pox. And few pictures of bereavement are more pathetic than that of the survivors, themselves enfeebled through disease, laying in their far-off, lonely graves their loved ones who fell martyrs to their pious zeal. For these plumeless heroes of the Christian chivalry all human praise is cold and meagre; but the "well done" of the Lord they loved is their exceeding great reward.

The influence of our missions has largely been felt in the improved social and moral condition of the Indian tribes, among whom have been won some of the most remarkable trophies of Divine grace. Many pagan savages have been reclaimed from lives of sin to become the disciples of Jesus, and have adorned by their consistent walk the doctrines of the Gospel. Many, by their talents, love of souls, and zeal for the welfare of their people, have done much to benefit and bless their race. But while much has been accomplished, much yet remains to be done. Multitudes are yet wandering blindly on to an unknown future, uncheered by any hope of heaven. Shall they go down to darkness and to death unillumined by the blessed light of the

Gospel of Salvation? As men of our race have taught them to eat of the bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, be it ours to lead them to the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. As we have taken possession of their ancient inheritance, let us point them to a more enduring country, an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, fairer fields and lovelier plains than even the fabled hunting-grounds of their fathers in the spirit-land.

OUR FRENCH AND GERMAN MISSIONS.

A little over a century ago, on the plains of Abraham, was won that decisive victory which transferred the greater portion of the North American continent from the French to the English. As two streams descending from opposite sides of a valley might meet together with wild commotion of their waters, and then, peacefully blending their forces, flow together on, fertilizing the plain; so these two races met in the shock of battle, and when the first tumult had subsided, blended their diverse nationalities into one flowing stream, peaceful and quiet ever since. Within twenty years after the conquest of Québec, the French militiamen fought side by side with the British redcoats, against the revolted American colonists. We know of no instance in history in which, thanks to the generous concessions of the victors, all the bitterness of conquest so soon passed away. Never was a more striking antithesis to the cruel *Va victis* of the ancient Roman conqueror. There exists to-day no more loyal portion of the Queen's dominions than the fair province thus sternly wooed at the bayonet's point.

But while thus blended into one nation, these two races are separated religiously by a vast gulf. There is no more compact and consolidated system of Romanism in the world than that of the old province of Lower Canada. It is ruled by a vast and thoroughly organized hierarchy of priests, and possesses immense landed property in the very heart of our crowded cities, from which a yearly increasing revenue is derived. It exerts a predominant influence on public instruction and local legislation. This crafty and unscrupulous system already holds in fee a large

portion of our country, and is seeking to control the religious future of those fair and fertile provinces of the West. The religious and political differences of Protestants have too often prevented them exerting their due influence on the destiny of the country. But Romanists, at the dictates of an astute and far-seeing hierarchy, have acted as a unit to make their political influence the servant of their religious zeal. To enlighten that spiritual darkness, to instruct the secular ignorance, to overcome inveterate prejudice, to carry the regenerative power of the Gospel to hearts and homes that are barred against it, is the glorious but difficult task of the united Methodism of Canada.

The French population are also largely isolated from the Protestants by difference of language, and are attached by national and filial sentiments to the religion of their fathers. These are grave obstacles in the way of evangelistic effort. But, on the other hand, there are also remarkable facilities in its favour. The missionaries have not to go to a distant land or insalubrious climate, nor to propitiate a foreign and probably jealous Government. These people dwell in our midst—at our very door. They walk in the same streets, traffic in the same marts, travel in the same public conveyances, work in the same shops and at the same trades with our own population. They are associated in the same civic and legislative offices, are united by a thousand social and business ties, and dwell together in peace beneath the protecting folds of the same broad banner of freedom. The French Romanists, though attached to their ancestral faith, by no means share the intense bigotry often manifested by some of their co-religionists. They are a courteous, kindly, docile, and agreeable race; hospitable in their homes, and generally free to converse on disputed religious points without passion and with candour and a tolerance of antagonistic opinions. Yet they are deplorably ignorant of Scripture truths, and multitudes have never seen a copy of God's Word. On one occasion, when the present writer wished to appeal to the Romish version of the Scriptures, as authority concerning a point in dispute with a French lady, she introduced a well-worn copy of an English dictionary as the nearest approach to a New Testament in the house.

The Protestant element has of late years relatively increased in numbers, and still more in wealth and influence. Still, nearly half a million of our fellow-subjects are the victims of the anti-Christian errors of Rome. It seems as though Providence had committed the work of their evangelization especially to the care of Canadian Protestantism. Nor has our own Church, together with the other Churches of Canada, been unmindful of the heavenly call; although, for lack of suitable agents, the work has not been so vigorously prosecuted as its importance demands. But God is opening the way, and raising up instrumentalities, especially of an educational character, that will greatly assist this department of missionary effort.

But the Teuton as well as the Gaul is in our midst; and we gladly welcome the increasing numbers swarming from the old Teutonic Fatherland across the sea. But in that immigration is an element of danger. Unless it be evangelized, it will inoculate our national life, in its very infancy, with the rationalistic and infidel virus of the corrupt civilization of Europe. In the land of Luther and Melancthon, where the minds of men were first emancipated from the thralldom of Romish superstition, the fine gold has become dim, and the lofty faith of the Fathers of the Reformation has degenerated into a spurious Rationalism that saps the foundation of all vital religion. In the United States the German population has in many places abolished the Sabbath, or destroyed its sanctity, and diffused an infidel spirit through society. A similar danger menaces our own land, unless we imbue this foreign element with the principles of morality and religion. Methodism owes much to the land of Bohler and Zinzendorf, and of the Palatine emigrants by whom its doctrines and institutions were introduced into Canada. It can best repay this debt by administering its consolations to the pilgrim strangers from Vaterland, by teaching the lessons of the beautiful Suabian song, "The soul's true Fatherland is heaven." The doctrines and usages of Methodism are especially congenial to the simple, home-loving, and sunny-souled Germans, and they readily embrace its teaching.

OUR EASTERN MISSIONS.

In the provinces of Eastern British America, missionary work is vigorously prosecuted, and with remarkable success. In Newfoundland, itself the first colony of Great Britain, and the first foreign mission of Methodism, during the last two years the membership of the Methodist Church has been doubled, and this notwithstanding the depleting exodus from the island to the more westerly Conferences of the Methodist confederacy. Among the hardy toilers of the sea, who enrich the world with the finny spoils of ocean, the Gospel, whose first apostles left their nets to become fishers of men, has had some remarkable triumphs. All along the far-extending coast of that great island, as well as on the French island of St. Pierre—the sole remaining dependency of France, once the mistress of well-nigh the whole continent—our Church is erecting moral lighthouses, whence the light is streaming into the surrounding darkness. Our missionaries also extend their labours to the bleak shores of Labrador, where adventurous industry plucks a subsistence from the stormy bosom of the deep. The lonely and storm-swept island of Anticosti is also visited by our missionaries, who, perpetuating the apostolic zeal of Wesley, go not only to those who need them, but to those who need them most.

Beneath skies of sunnier sheen, amid fairer scenes, and surrounded by the sapphire-shining seas, our missionaries in the Bermudas—important as the winter station of Her Majesty's North American fleet—labour among an intelligent white and coloured population. At Hamilton and St. George's are commodious and elegant churches and prosperous societies.

In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, among the fishing, lumbering, and agricultural populations, are vigorous Home Missions, and, as the recent deputations from the West bear witness, a spirit of missionary enthusiasm exists not surpassed in any part of our far-extended work. We expect, at an early date, from one of our Eastern brethren fully conversant with the subject, full details of this interesting portion of our mission field.

We anticipate also, from the far Western section of our work,

an account of Methodism on the Pacific Slope, where we are endeavouring to mould, after a Christian type, the institutions of the youngest member of the Canadian Confederacy. And from our brethren in still more remote Japan we hope to receive sketches of missionary life and missionary triumphs among the idolatrous races of the Old World.

THE MINISTRY OF BEAUTY.

BY CELIA BURLEIGH.

ALL the beauty of the external world, the green of quiet valleys, the mystery of the far-reaching ocean and the varied splendours of the changing year, sunset and moonrise and the midnight stars, the sweet expressiveness of the human face and the moral loveliness of saintly souls, all these are revelations of the Supreme Beauty, words of power streaming forth at the gate Beautiful, waiting only our co-operation to heal and uplift us. But if we are deaf to the word of healing, covetous of coins, intent upon the infirmities of our neighbours, envious of those who are more prosperous than ourselves, then what apostle shall heal us, what word shall quicken the sluggish life in our souls?

It is not enough that we look forth on the external beauty of the world, inhale the morning air, listen to the music of the wind among the trees, watch the glories of sunset and exclaim, How beautiful! Unless we recognize the inner glory, hear through the voices of nature God's voice speaking to our souls, not one of our infirmities will be healed, nor shall we enter into the temple of a true life, walking in the uprightness of a perfect manhood, all our powers attuned to harmony, all that is in us praising God.

Said one of America's most gifted men, "Beauty was the angel of deliverance that led me out of darkness into light. My childhood was singularly destitute of moral influences, and my nature a seething caldron of ungoverned and almost ungovernable passions and propensities. But I loved nature. The beauty of twilight, the sweet influence of a summer night, the purity and

freshness of early morning would soften my most wayward mood and subdue me even to tears."

Many a young nature is impressed not so much by the sinfulness of bad habits as by their *ugliness*—the deformity of faces flushed with passion, bloated with intemperance, darkened by sensuality. A sense of their moral significance comes later, but the love of beauty is the golden clue by which he is led out of the pit of low desires, along the brink of terrible temptations, into a plain path, where at length he acknowledges the hallowed guidance of beckoning duties.

That we may be helped by the sweet influences of nature, by the love and sympathy beaming from human faces, by the moral beauty of unselfish lives, we must remember that through all these things God is continually seeking to heal our infirmities, and through the gate called Beautiful to lead us into the temple of a holy life.

The ancient Greeks filled their public places with statues whose noble grace and tranquil dignity was a perpetual rebuke to all unworthiness. Rare creations of the sculptor's art lent their ennobling influence to the home, and the mothers of the race lived in the presence of beautiful forms and faces. In whatever direction they looked the admonition, Be beautiful, met their eyes.

If we would call out what is best in one another we must carry about with us no coldly critical spirit; we must not act as spies on one another's motives, nor lie in wait for defects; but keeping our hearts warm with love, remembering the infinite patience that has borne with our infirmities ever since we were born, we must extend a ready hospitality to the good we find in others, and wait with tireless patience the healing of their infirmities.

There is a kind of ink used in writing which leaves no trace upon the paper till it is exposed to the fire; then every line grows legible, and the thought before hidden is revealed. So it is with us. God writes his message in our hearts—the message of faith and trust and moral beauty; but we do not see it, cannot decipher it, do not even suspect it is there, till the glow of some noble and loving soul shines on us, warming all our inner nature

through, and revealing the divine message of which we were unaware.

Dorothen, the heroine of Middlemarch, says, "By desiring what is perfectly good, even if we don't quite know what it is and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil, widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower." So, by desiring to find good in all we meet, we help to create it; by loving the morally beautiful we are helping to banish from the world the ugliness of evil.

As the countenance is made beautiful by the shining through it of a pure and loving soul, so the world is made beautiful by the shining through it of God. Loving that beauty we draw near to Him; seeking ever the good and the true, we are healed of our infirmities, and enter, through the gate called Beautiful, into the temple, and are at one with the Most High, "a part of the divine power against evil."

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD."

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

O, how blest are ye whose toils are ended!
Who, through death, have unto God ascended!
Ye have arisen
From the cares which keep us still in prison.

Christ has wiped away your tears forever;
Ye have that for which we still endeavour.
To you are chanted
Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

Ah! who would not, then, depart with gladness,
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness?
Who here would languish
Longer in bewailing and in anguish?

Come, O Christ, and loose the chains that bind us!
Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us!
With thee, the Anointed,
Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

EDITORIAL.

JOY AND PEACE A CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGE.

SAYS Lord Bacon, in one of his most admirable essays—that on Adversity: “If you listen to David’s harp you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols.” Now, with all deference to the great philosopher, we beg leave to differ from this remark. The songs of thanksgiving and outbursts of rejoicing in the glorious collection of the Psalms, far exceed in number those of a sad and dirge-like character. Their very name among the Jews, *Sepher Tehillem*, signifies the Book of Praises, and the word Psalm itself means that which is sung, having connected with it the idea of joy and exultation. The last seven of these sublime odes, the “Great Hallel” of the Jews, are, in the words of Milton, “a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.”

There is nothing gloomy in the religion of the Bible, nor in the character of the sweet singer of Israel. Four times in the course of a single psalm he exclaims, “O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!” The burden of his song is, “O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation.”

So, also, in the New Testament, the religion of Christ is set forth, not as an ascetic and sullen thing, but as full of joy and gladness. Paul’s letters abound in exhortations to thanksgiving and praise; to “rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks.” At the close of one short epistle, into which he is crowding as many messages and counsels as possible, he twice repeats the injunction to gladness of heart, “Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice.”

There never was a greater libel uttered than that religion is a sad and gloomy thing. They alone are truly happy who walk in the sunshine of God’s smile. And who should rejoice as those who know their sins forgiven, who know that they are

reprieved from death eternal, and made the heirs of the life everlasting? Of them we can say, in the glowing words of Macaulay, "If their names are not found in the registers of heralds, they feel assured that they are recorded in the Book of Life. Their palaces are houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which shall never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they can look down with contempt; for they are rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language; nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand."

There is, indeed, a frenzied sort of wild and wicked mirth which the worldling calls joy; but, like the exhilaration produced by drugs or wine, it is followed by a deep and dark depression. It is like the crackling of thorns under a pot, a quick blaze, which goes out in blackness of darkness, leaving charred cinders and gloomy ashes of dead joys and withered hopes. "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness."

How different from this is the deep, abiding joy of the Christian! the joy of the Holy Ghost, and of communion with God, nearer and dearer far than that with the nearest and dearest earthly friend. It is not a swift meteor glare nor lightning flash that shrivels the heart to ashes, but the genial light of the ever-shining sun, warming, cheering, illumining the soul on its pathway to the grave; lighting up the valley of the shadow of death, and gilding with the radiance of heaven the clouds and darkness of the tomb. He has a never-failing fountain of joy gushing up perennially in his soul, and gladdening his whole being. No matter how dark and dreary may be his worldly prospects, he is never sad. Amid the uttermost bereavement or adversity he evermore exclaims: "Yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." And for him, when done with earth, is a royal robe, a crown of glory, and an everlasting kingdom in the skies.

Accompanying this joy, or rather preceding it, for it is the initial stage of the Christian life, is the blessing of peace. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." And in this world of turmoil and excitement, of

anxiety and unrest, how blessed a thing is this peace, the peace of God ever brooding over the soul and pervading the whole being! The soul was once storm-tossed and tempest-driven, agitated by doubts and fears, and stirred to its lowest depths by gusts of passion and temptation. It was shaken to its centre with fearful questionings, the fountains of the great deep of the heart were broken up, the storm of the wrath of God was bursting upon it, and all His waves and billows went over the head. Then the cry of penitence and utter faith burst forth. Instantly a mighty miracle was wrought. Christ spoke the mystic words, "Peace, be still," and immediately there was a great calm. Every warring passion was lulled to rest, and a halcyon peace reigned in the soul. For the current of the entire being was reversed, the polarity of the soul was changed. God became the centre of the thoughts, to whom they ever turned instinctively as the needle to the North. And having in God, the unchanging good, the spirit sought no other good below.

Says St. Augustine, in one of his beautiful meditations, "O God, thou madest man for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they find repose in Thee;" and the Saviour himself says, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in Me ye shall have peace." And this peace is one which the world cannot give nor take away, a peace that passeth all understanding, that keepeth the heart and the mind, the affections and the intellect, with the power of an everlasting life.

It was not without considerable apprehension that the publication of the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE was undertaken. Some of the wisest heads among us considered that the enterprise was premature. It was thought that the Church could not sustain a periodical such as this in addition to its numerous other religious projects. It was feared that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain a sufficient number of writers to keep up the literary character of the Magazine, or a sufficient number of readers to prevent its being a financial failure. It is extremely gratifying, at this early stage in its history, to meet with such auguries of success as warrant the opinion that both these appre-

hensions were groundless. So hearty has been the reception accorded to it; so many and so warm the words of welcome it has received; so cordial have been the promises of literary assistance, by an able corps of contributors; and so large already is the subscription list, that its success may be regarded as assured.

Already has it begun to exercise its influence as a bond of union between the widely severed parts of our far-extended Church. It is already on its way to Bermuda and Japan, and to the remotest Mission stations on this continent. It has already numerous readers in all the Conferences of the Methodist Church of Canada, and has received promises of contributions from representative men in each of these Conferences. It has also met with kindest greetings from the official organs of all the other Methodist bodies of Canada. It will ever seek to promote the spirit of Christian unity and fraternity among all the branches of the Methodist family, and to advance their common object—the spread of Scriptural Holiness throughout the land. To those kind friends and patrons, ministerial and lay, who have so heartily supported this Connexional enterprise, our warmest thanks are due, and are hereby tendered. We ask for the continuance of their support and sympathy. A slight effort on their part will largely increase the circulation and promote the efficiency of the Magazine, and no effort shall be wanting on ours to make each number an improvement upon its predecessor.

THE Evolutionists, it is well known, utterly reject the teleological theory of creation, viz., the existence of design in the organism or distribution of plant or animal life. All these are the result of chance or “survival of the fittest.”

On this principle, how are the following facts to be accounted for? It is a matter of notoriety that in tropical and sub-tropical countries the earth teems with vegetable life and abounds in the greatest profusion with those fruits which are best adapted for the maintenance of health in human beings. But animal life, especially that adapted for the purposes of food, travellers assure

us is, in comparison, extremely rare. Yet amid the icy rigours of the Arctic and Antarctic regions, where scarcely any vegetable life exists at all, the earth, and air, and waters swarm with fur-bearing animals, down-covered wild fowl, and fat-enveloped seals, walruses, and cetaceæ, which providentially furnish protection against the intense and continued cold, and supply that highly nitrogenized and heat-generating diet which is so necessary, and necessary in such vast quantities,* for the maintenance of human existence in those regions. Is it not more rational as well as more devout to regard these remarkable coincidences as the manifestation of the loving care of the All-Father for his dependant children than as the result of mere accident or the workings of a blind chance?

BOOK NOTICES.

THEOLOGY OF JOHN STUART MILL.

Three Essays on Religion. By JOHN STUART MILL. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

DURING the greater part of his life, John Stuart Mill was the most eminent expounder of the utilitarian philosophy generally associated with the name of Bentham. He was no open opponent of Christianity. In his writings, he generally ignored all direct reference to it. He discussed the various subjects on which he wrote pretty much as if the Bible, as an acknowledged divine revelation, had no existence; or, at any rate, as if the ideas it set forth had no authority which he was bound to accept. Without directly assailing Christianity, many of his sentiments were evidently in antagonism to its teaching, as interpreted by its most honoured teachers and defenders. It was not till the publication of his auto-biography, after his death, that his real attitude towards religion became fully known to the world. This record, written

* "Dr. Kane averages the Esquimaux daily ration of food at eight or ten pounds, with half a gallon of soup or water. And this gross consumption is a necessity arising from the extreme cold. Captain Hall, during his Arctic exploring expedition, was able to consume nine pounds of meat a day without any inconvenience."—*Hartwig's Polar World*, p. 303.

with great candour, revealed him as one trained up from childhood in disbelief of revealed religion. Many felt as if it was a severe blow to religion, that a man of such philosophic intellect should range himself among the opponents of Christianity. But two things prevented the book having any serious influence in strengthening or promoting infidelity. First, Mr. Mill frankly showed that his religious opinions were not the result of a full and impartial examination of the claims of Christianity; but of his deliberate and careful training by his father in opinions hostile to religious belief. His auto-biography was an important testimony to the power of early education. It was impossible to read the sad history of Mr. Mill's childhood, without feeling that equal pains to educate him in the Christian faith might have made him a Christian. In the second place, the story of his life, and of his religious views, so far as he indicated them, had no special tendency to attract disciples, or make converts. He was too much unsettled himself to be a guide to others. People could hardly care to accept as a religious leader one who knew not where to lead them. It was evident that his undeniably great intellectual powers had been employed in a sort of mental gladiatorship, which displayed their strength and keenness, but achieved no satisfactory result, at all in proportion to the faculties employed. He was a pilot who could not tell his followers to what port he was steering.

The announcement of a posthumous work by Mr. Mill, treating directly on religious questions, awakened very naturally a good deal of interest, especially among his friends and admirers. His first essay discusses Nature, considered either as denoting the entire system of things, with the aggregate of their properties; or, as denoting things as they would be without human intervention. The essay is mainly an enquiry as to the sufficiency of Nature, as a guide of human conduct. There is an admirable tone of fairness and candour in his examination of the arguments bearing on his theme. Some objections and arguments used against religion, he scornfully rejects as untenable. Many deistical and anti-Christian writers have lauded the sufficiency of Nature, as rendering a written revelation from God superfluous; and most of the living writers of fiction seem to write expressly to teach, that the

instincts and impulses of human nature are the highest guides of action, and should supersede all the artificial standards and usages of society. With these theories Mr. Mill has no sympathy. His mind is too logical to be misled by such absurdity. If he were a Christian divine, writing to prove the utter insufficiency of Nature alone to reveal human duty and guide men in the path of life, he could not do it more effectually. In our opinion, he wastes a good deal of perfectly superfluous argument, in order to prove that men should not follow Nature, in the sense of imitating what is done by the physical forces of Nature acting in accordance with natural laws, or making Nature a law of action to intelligent beings. We have never known any one who maintained that it was a duty to follow Nature, in that sense. He also deals a sturdy blow to the absurd theory of George Combe and others, who maintain that men are bound to obey the natural laws of the physical universe, or suffer the penalties of violating them. Mr. Mill shows clearly that the laws of Nature can only mean the orderly facts of Nature. We cannot violate these laws, if we would. We must study the order and conditions under which the forces of Nature act, that we may govern our conduct accordingly. But it is absurd to talk of an intelligent creature being bound to obey the laws that govern material things. The blind forces of Nature act according to a necessary order that cannot be a law to the conscience.

Still more significant and satisfactory is Mr. Mill's argument against the instincts and impulses of Nature, which arise from the constitution of men as we find them in the world, being regarded as a safe rule of conduct. He shows that many of the darkest deeds of crime are done under the impulse of natural propensities, in a way that utterly overthrows those sentimental novelists who make human passion the great law of life. This part of his essay is a philosophical sermon on human depravity, with which we find but little fault; except with its exaggeration, and his regarding this state of things as a sign of the want of perfect benevolence in the Creator, or else a want of power to carry out the impulses of his benevolence. Our author's only remedy for this depraved condition is education; in the power of which he professes amazing confidence. But, as the state of

things he deprecates arises not so much from ignorance, as from depraved moral dispositions, it would be exceedingly difficult, even for him, to show how the mere increase of knowledge, without the power of religious motives and sanctions, could correct such deep-rooted and widespread evils. Knowledge may strengthen the mind, but cannot change the heart. In Mr. Mill's own case, education had a powerful influence; and yet, in spite of his Atheistic training, it seems at times as if his heart yearned for a living personal God.

It is instructive to note that, while Mr. Mill thinks Nature gives no evidence of being the production of a holy and benevolent being, Matthew Arnold lays it down as an indisputable principle, that there is a power in the universe "that makes for righteousness." In questioning the omnipotence of the Creator, because, as he thinks, the world is not as good as an almighty and perfectly benevolent being would make it, he forgets that moral goodness is not the product of mere power; and that freedom of choice, a power to do right freely, implies also power to choose what is wrong. Mr. Mill seems to us to have a wrong notion of the meaning of omnipotence, that leads him to wrong conclusions. There is something in what we call "the nature of things," which we cannot conceive of being changed by even unlimited power. God cannot make contradictions true, or do what implies an absurdity. When we see a virtuous, tried character, the growth of years of free choice and earnest self-denying service, we cannot conceive of such a character, deserving approbation for past faithfulness, being produced by any power however great. Though a more perfect world may be conceivable, as a picture of the imagination, it does not follow that the existing world is not the best possible. If we admit that holiness of character is something that, from its nature, can be produced by power, then, if the Almighty possessed that power, but refused to exercise it, we would be forced, like the Calvinists and Mill himself, to hold a view that would question the Divine benevolence. But the sin that exists in the world does not exist because God chooses sin in preference to holiness, or chooses not to do all that he might do to secure holiness; but because he chooses beings

capable of free obedience, and consequently of disobedience, as nobler and more desirable than beings not free.

In his essay on "The Utility of Religion," Mr. Mill inquires into the value of religion to individuals and communities, apart from the question of its truth or falsehood. While forced to admit the beneficial influence of religion, he maintains that it is the moral principle associated with religion, but not necessarily a part of it, which gives it its chief value. This morality he argues could be as well and as effectively taught, apart from religion. His arguments on this point we consider very unsatisfactory. He maintains that education and public opinion would be quite as effective in promoting morality as religion. He seems to forget that with all Christians, it is because they believe that certain laws of life are sanctioned by the will of God, that they have an obligation for the consciences of men. He thinks if parents were to teach their children morality, and public opinion gave its full sanction to their teaching, this would be amply sufficient to promote general morality. But is it not evident if the existence of a personal God and an immortal destiny were universally denied, and utility or personal happiness made the great law of all conduct, the main motive to teach morality, as well as to choose the right, would be taken away. Even if public opinion were equal to all that Mr. Mill assumes, how would a public opinion favourable to purity and integrity be formed and maintained without the sanctions of religion? What high court of moral chancery would decide whether honesty or dishonesty, purity or licentiousness, was most conducive to happiness? He seems to forget that a religious conviction of the supreme authority and truth of what is taught is necessary to inspire the parent to teach, as well as to give weight to the lessons taught. Mr. Mill in this essay constantly speaks of the fear of punishment, as if it were the only motive which the Christian religion supplies to induce men to obey its precepts. This is neither true nor just. The belief in a personal loving Father, the sense of obligation which arises from faith in his wisdom and goodness, the grateful love which kindles the desire to do his will, the doctrine of human brotherhood, and the benevolent sympathy which religious faith inspires, supply a

far mightier inspiration to Christian obedience, than either the fear of punishment or the hope of personal reward.

The essay on "Theism" was written at a much later period of Mr. Mill's life than the other essays, and gives evidence of a considerable modification of the views expressed in the two previous essays. So marked is this tendency to give greater weight to the arguments in favour of religious belief that, had the work been published during his life, some explanation would have been required to account for the contradictory opinions which this volume contains. He passes in review all the arguments in favour of the existence of an intelligent First Cause—the general consent of mankind—consciousness—marks of design in nature. He discusses also the Divine attributes, human immortality, and revelation; and the general conclusion he adopts is that the evidence falls short of certainty, and only warrants a hope and a degree of probability of the truth of these doctrines. He defends and justifies the indulgence of these religious hopes and feelings, as on the whole beneficial, and not inconsistent with a philosophic spirit. "The beneficial effect of such a hope is far from trifling." The life of Christ he considers the most valuable thing that Christianity has given to the world. To the objection "that the Christ of the gospels is more an ideal than an historical being," he answers: "But who among his disciples, or among their proselytes, was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the gospels?" He thinks the rational skeptic may regard Christ as believing himself to be "a man charged with a special, express and unique commission from God to lead mankind to truth and virtue." He rebukes the modern scientists who declare miracles impossible and absurd; and says of a revelation attested by miracles, "that there is nothing so inherently impossible or absolutely incredible in this supposition as to preclude any one hoping that it may perhaps be true."

On the whole, when we consider the peculiar early education of Mr. Mill, and the strong prejudice against Christianity infused into his mind from childhood, his testimony, as to the central principles of religion, is more favourable than we could expect. These essays show, at least, that the evidence for the truth of reli-

gion is so strong, that even a mind so warped and entrenched in antagonistic prejudice cannot conclude to reject it. Those who call themselves his disciples cannot, therefore, consistently sneer at all religious belief, for Mr. Mill thinks there is more reason for believing in a personal God than for doubting it; and that it is lawful to believe and useful to hope that the soul may be immortal. It is very significant that, skeptic though he was, he brushes aside, as unworthy of serious regard, the fanciful pantheism that has fascinated so many modern skeptical dreamers.

The Mistress of the Manse. By J. G. HOLLAND. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

“ In all the crowded Universe
There is but one stupendous word.”

WITH this grand aphorism Dr. Holland begins his noble poem. And this great word is love,—from “love of home and native land” up to that “love whose passion shook the Cross.” The plot of the poem is very simple. A Northern pastor weds a Southern bride and brings her home to be the “Mistress of the Manse.” The study of the unfolding of their lives, the mutual influence of each on each, and the development of noble and heroic characters,—this is the story. But the poet deftly interweaves his fine cadenced stanza with a thousand beautiful fancies, so that the tale of love and sorrow, old as humanity, yet ever new, is read with deep and sympathetic interest. In many a Canadian parsonage is this sweet idyl of almost Eden happiness, without its tragic close, re-acted year after year; and we doubt not that to many a pastor’s wife, for whose behoof we tell it over again, as nearly as we may in the poet’s words, it will suggest tender memories of early days, and, it may be, lessons for later ones.

With loving pride the husband leads his bride-wife through the freshly garnished rooms of the little manse; “the parlour, plain and sweet;” the pastor’s study; “the fairy banquet hall,” where, as they took their morning meal,

“A fairer lady, fonder lord,
 In happier hall ne'er broke their fast
 With sweeter bread at prouder board.”

The holy calm of the Sunday morning is beautifully described as “the peace of God came down to meet the throng that laid their labour by.” The stillness was sweetly broken by the ringing of the church bells, while “in broad sonorous silver swells the air was billowed like the sea.”

Then follows the ordeal of the bride's first appearance before her husband's congregation.

“She did not see, she only felt—
 As up the staring aisle she walked—
 The critic glances, coldly dealt,
 By those who looked, and bent, and talked ;
 And even when at last she knelt

“Alone within the pastor's pew,
 And prayed for self-forgetfulness
 With deep humility, she knew
 She gave her figure and her dress
 To careful eyes with closer view.”

But all was forgotten as she listened to her husband's golden speech, and, at the close, sweet mother faces smiled and kind greetings were given and returned. But Mildred wished to be loved for her own sake, not simply as the pastor's wife. “Am I a dew-drop in a rose, with no significance apart ?” she asked ; and as she thought of her husband's sacred calling she feared lest “she could not match him wing-and-wing through all his broad and lofty range.”

On her way home from church “she walked beside her chosen one, and lost her loneliness in him.” They were met by a little beggar-girl asking bread. She took the hand so soiled and lean in her white-gloved palm, and thus “the bride led home the hungry child.” And in the strange joy she felt “she knew the vagrant child had brought the blessing of the Paraclete.”

But, to Philip, Mildred was a child,—a creature to be cherished as too fair for earthly uses. “His love enwrapped her as a robe. . . . Her smile of welcome was his meed ; her presence was his great reward.” But she felt herself misunderstood. “She knew the girlish charm would fade ; she knew the rapture

would abate." She wished to be, not a clog upon his upward wing, but a spirit that would match with his and be helpful in his life-ministry. She therefore resolved that "his books should be her daily bread," and for that purpose sought his study,

"Where rank on rank against the wall,
The mighty men of every land
Stood mutely waiting for the call
Of him, who with his single hand,
Had bravely met and mastered all.

"The gray old monarchs of the pen
Looked down with calm, benignant gaze,
And Augustine and Origen
And Ansel justified the ways—
The wondrous ways—of God with men. . . .

"As Mildred saw the awful host
She felt within no motive stir
To realize her girlish boast,
And knew they held no more for her
Than if each volume were a ghost."

Her woman's nature seeking its fulfilment in a noble mission, "she sought the homes of sin and scorn;" and in the sad, neglected children there "beheld her dear Lord's 'little ones.'"

"She stood like Ruth amid the wheat,
With ready hand and sickle keen,
And looked on all with aspect sweet;
For where she only thought to glean,
She found a harvest round her feet. . . .

"She went like one sent forth of God
To loose the bolts of heart and lock,
And with the smiting of her rod
To call a flood from every rock."

Meanwhile, in their happy home their lives unfolded in symmetrical beauty. "He strengthened her with manly thought and learning, gathered from the great." She brought "her gleanings from the level field, and gave them gladly to his hands."

"He gave her food for heart and mind,
And raised her toward his higher plane;
She showed him that his eyes were blind;
She proved his lofty wisdom vain,
And held him humbly with his kind."

And thus they helped each other on their heavenward way, "like angels on a heavenly stair, or pilgrims in a golden street." Her smaller hand and finer nerve fulfilled a ministry of love, and left him free for larger toil and heavier care.

"And many a sad and stricken maid,
And many a lorn and widowed life
That came for counsel or for aid
To Philip, met the pastor's wife,
And on her heart their burden laid."

Love's sweetest flowers bloomed in their home, and children's voices made music around their hearth. And Mildred reigned as queen; a woman in her woman's sphere, "with hands that helped and words that blessed,—the mistress of an alien lore beyond the wisdom of the schools." The heart of her husband rejoiced in her. In all his struggles and his strifes she shone before him like a goal.

At length the time of trial came, "and they were tried as gold is tried." The outbreak of hostilities between the North and South was becoming daily more imminent. Amid cowards and traitors Philip, to his conscience true, espoused the cause of the enslaved and oppressed, and incurred the full brunt of wrath that met the hated abolitionist. "A thousand friends became his foes . . . They trailed his good name in the mire; they spat their venom in his eyes." But though his heart was sad and sore, though his burning words branded her friends and all her dearest kin, Mildred would not move him otherwise. She knew he kept his conscience clear—"that he believed his voice was God's."

Then fell the awful bolts of war. Then leaped the nation, like a single man, to arms. Mildred's brother was in the Southern army, her husband in that of the North, and she was left to weep and pray. The piteous years of strife dragged on, bringing desolation to thousands of homes.

"The town was mourning for its dead;
The streets were black with widowhood;
While orphaned children begged for bread,
And Rachel, for the brave and good,
Mourned, and would not be comforted."

“ [Mildred] in sympathy and grace
 Now moved among the homes forlorn,
 Alike to beautiful and base
 And to the stricken and the shorn—
 The guardian angel of the place.”

Then came the awful fight of Gettysburg. While on her knees, in vain attempts to pray, Mildred heard her name called without. It was her rebel brother, wounded unto death. That day her husband's form was borne out of the battle's blaze by loving comrades.

“ They bent above his blackened face,
 And questioned of his last desire;
 And with his old familiar grace,
 And smiling mouth, and eye of fire,
 He answered them: ‘ My wife's embrace.’ . . .

“ He greeted all with tender speech;
 He told his children he should die;
 He gave his fond farewell to each,
 With messages, and fond good-bye
 To all he loved beyond his reach.

“ And then he spoke her brother's name:
 ‘ Tell him,’ he said, ‘ that in my death
 I cherished his untarnished fame,
 And in my life's expiring breath
 Held his brave spirit free from blame.’ . . .

“ A tottering figure reached the door;
 The brother fell upon the bed,
 And, in each other's arms once more,
 With breast to breast and head to head,—
 Twin barks, they drifted from the shore. . . .

“ In Northern blue, and Southern brown,
 Twin coffins and a single grave,
 They laid the weary warriors down;
 And hands that strove to slay and save
 Had equal rest and like renown.”

We will not mar the beauty and pathos of this fine poem by detailed criticism. While, in our judgment, characterized by less of intense passion than his “Kathrina,” and less subtle speculation than his “Bitter Sweet,” it surpasses them both in breadth of sympathy and in strength and tenderness of religious feeling.

The History of the Conflict between Science and Religion. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D. (International Scientific Series). New York: D. Appleton & Company; Toronto: Hart and Rawlinson. 12mo., pp. 373.

THE title of this book should be rather, "The Conflict between the Papacy and Science," for this is its main argument. With its conclusions in this respect we have little fault to find. But when it attributes the same spirit of antagonism to Science to Protestantism, as it incidentally does, we beg leave to dissent from its dictum. Dr. Draper has already achieved a distinguished reputation by his "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," his "History of the American Civil War," and many valuable contributions to the literature of science. All his philosophical writings, however, are, in our opinion, characterized by a too hasty generalization from an insufficient investigation of facts. They lack, too, that evidence of intimate acquaintance with all the authorities on the subjects treated manifested by such English Rationalists as Lecky and Buckle. The latter writer, for instance, sometimes gives a hundred footnotes in a single page. Professor Draper, in his large volume on the Intellectual Development of Europe and in the present work, gives not one. The subjects which he treats, moreover, are of such importance, and some of his conclusions are so remarkable, that the critical reader would like some verification of the alleged facts on which those conclusions are based.

The present work, nevertheless, gives in a graphic and picturesque manner a concise, and, we judge, sufficiently accurate account of the progress of science from age to age, its remarkable development in Alexandria, under the Ptolemies, in Spain under Saracen patronage, and in Italy on the revival of learning. Its conflict with the papal power, the story

"Of starry Galileo and his woes,"

and the overthrow of the geocentric or Ptolemaic theory of the universe, is succinctly told. With somewhat of scientific dogmatism he records the controversy concerning the age of the earth, the antiquity of man, and the genesis of plant and

animal life on the planet. Like Dr. Youmans, the projector of the International Scientific Series, and many contributors to it, as Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndall, Sir John Lubbock, and Herbert Spencer, he assumes as solved some of the problems which are still the subjects of debate among scientists themselves. The volume contains many judicious and even profound remarks, though couched in a somewhat rhetorical phraseology. The writer, however, is tremendously one-sided in his conclusions, and seems incapable of that judicial mental attitude essential to correct judgment on these important subjects; neither can we always accept his philosophy of history, nor agree with his analysis of the causes of great religious and intellectual movements. We believe that our author is sometimes misled by uncritical acceptance of the statements of unvarnished historians. As an instance we may cite his, we think, exaggerated account of the ancient Assyrian civilization and the remarkable art and science of Persepolis and Ecbatana (p. 11). Garrulous chroniclers like Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus are not always safe guides through the shadowy eld of time. A critical reviewer in the *Canadian Monthly* has also pointed out numerous errors of fact in Dr. Draper's statements.

An ingenious mind may discover an analogy between the life of man, with its periods of development and decline, and that of a nation; but to insist upon an accidental resemblance as the indication of an invariable and universal law, is, we think, neither scientific nor warranted by an observation of facts. There are causes of differentiation between ancient and modern civilizations of which we think our Professor does not take account. We may admit the rhythmical tendency in the course of human events, as pointed out by Herbert Spencer, without admitting their necessarily cyclic recurrence.

The tenth chapter, that on Latin Christianity in relation to modern civilization, is unquestionably the best. Our author well indicates what has ever been the political bane of countries under the yoke of Romanism, their groaning under a dual government—a temporal and a spiritual one—and the frequent conflicts between the two. Notwithstanding the prevailing darkness of the Middle Ages, we think he fails to do justice to

the Church as the preserver and transmitter of the few rays of intellectual light that gleamed through the gloom. In many a lonely convent a Friar Pacificus or Friar Bacon carefully copied tomes of ancient learning, or sought by individual research to add to its store. In the rich fen lands of England, Ireland and Friesland, amid Thuringian forests, and among Helvetian mountains, the monks planted the germs of the old Roman civilization and fostered their growth into the new civilization of the modern age.

These advantages, however, were incidental to Romanism, and not its legitimate fruit. Its spiritual despotism is inconsistent with that mental freedom indispensable to scientific inquiry. The intense individualism which is the result of Protestant principles, is the very condition of progressive science, and nowhere has science had such illustrious patronage and achieved such wonders as in Protestant countries. The Pope, however, with that infatuation which the ancients thought the prelude to destruction, seeks to widen the breach between religion and science, to place himself in more direct antagonism to it. In his celebrated Encyclical and Syllabus, confirmed as they were by the Vatican Council, the Pope throws down the gage of implacable hostility to modern science and modern civilization.* Prince Bismarck, as the champion of Europe, took it up, tore the Syllabus to shreds, denied the civil power of Rome in the German empire, expelled the Jesuits, and protects the Old Catholics.

“While such is, perhaps, the issue as regards Catholicism,” Dr. Draper remarks, “a reconciliation of the Reformation with science is not only possible, but would easily take place, if the Protestant Church would only live up to the maxim taught by Luther, and established by so many years of war. That maxim is, the right of private interpretation of the Scriptures. It was the foundation of intellectual liberty. But, if a personal interpretation of the book of Revelation is permissible, how can it be denied in the case of the book of Nature?”

* “What is this civilization?” asks a recent number of the *Voce della Verità*, the Papal journal at Rome. “It had its origin through Protestantism, that is to say, through an open, wicked rebellion against Christ.”

"For Catholicism to reconcile itself to science," he adds, "there are formidable, perhaps insuperable, obstacles in the way. For Protestantism to achieve that great result there are not. In the one case there is a bitter, a mortal animosity to be overcome; in the other, a friendship, that misunderstandings have alienated, to be restored."

But if such a reconciliation is to take place certain scientific *savants* must lay aside their dogmatic teaching of unproved theories, and learn that, as the great Bacon remarks, "the entrance into the kingdom of knowledge, as into the kingdom of heaven, is by becoming as a little child." By careful induction, by humble inquiry, by gladly accepting light from any quarter; not by hasty conclusion from insufficient research, nor by loud denunciation of all who believe the truth as it is in Jesus as bigots and purblind, will they at last discover the truth as it is in Nature; for both truths have the same author, and must be reconcilable.

"Science, Philosophy, and Religion," said Principal Caird, in a recent address before the British Association, "are not rivals but sisters; not successive claimants of the throne, but harmonious rulers of the realm of knowledge."

A full and able Review, from the pen of an accomplished critic, of the work that we have briefly noticed, has just reached us, but too late for insertion in this number.

What is Darwinism? By CHARLES HODGE, Princeton, N. J. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.; Toronto: S. Rose, Methodist Book Room. 12mo. pp. 178.

THE distinguished author of the *Systematic Theology* here collects the testimony of the most eminent recent scientists as to the real character and scope of Darwin's teachings. He shows that the exclusion of design in nature is the fundamental idea of the Darwinian theory. In corroboration of this judgment, he gives the consensus of opinion of both the friends and opponents of the system. He then proceeds to show that Darwin's theory of evolution is at once contrary to science and to Scripture—that

Darwinism, in fact, amounts to rank atheism. The whole theory is an incredibility. It is not only, as Darwin himself admits, unproved, but it is unprovable. Scores of scientists as eminent as Darwin, or Tyndall, or Huxley, are devout believers in the creating and sustaining power of God. They do not find it necessary to turn the Almighty out of his own universe, or to depose from all exercise of authority the Ruler of the spheres. The late Sir David Brewster, Professor Whewell, Professor Agassiz, Professor Asa Gray, Professor Dana, Professor Janet, the Duke of Argyll, M. Flourens, and our own Canadian *savant*, Principal Dawson, in their rejection of Darwinism and devout recognition of the hand of God in the marvels of creation, are at least as trustworthy guides as Dr. Buchner, Carl Vogt, Professor Hackel, Dr. Strauss, and other avowedly infidel German writers, in the denial of its intervention. "In the future, even more than in the past," says Dr. Asa Gray,* "faith in an *order*, which is the basis of science, will not, as it cannot reasonably, be dis severed from faith in an *Ordainer*, which is the basis of religion."

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE GLADSTONE CONTROVERSY.

AGAINST the Vatican Decrees of 1870 Mr. Gladstone brings an overwhelming indictment, which in plain words asserts that the claims of the Pope, if allowed, and the aims of the dogma of infallibility and its cognate principles, if unrestricted, would reduce to a state of papal vassalage every Protestant throne, and sweep from the world liberty of conscience, thought and worship. With searching analysis of history, skilful marshalling of facts and arguments, conducted in a strictly judicial spirit, and a commendable absence of the heat of passion, he has done his work in a manner that leaves but little to be desired. As might

* *Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science*, Cambridge, 1873, p. 20.

have been expected, he has been well abused by nearly all classes of Roman Catholics. They have been pierced as with Ithuriel's spear, and their almost frantic ravings give evidence of the soreness of the thrust. Of course, in measuring the extent to which infallibility affects the relations of Roman Catholics to the civil governments under which they live, we must consider the manner in which they have yielded to it. Thousands have accepted the dogma on the advice of their spiritual teachers without once thinking about its political relations. And many have embraced it in its spiritual aspects, but have rejected its claims on their civil allegiance. But that any intelligent member of the Roman Church accepts the Vatican Decrees as taught and understood by the Ultramontanes without "placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another," we do not believe. He has allied himself with a party which is the sworn enemy of intellectual progress and of civil and religious liberty, which exhibited its real character in vying at the prevention of German unification, and which would willingly bring the great powers of Europe to-day into sanguinary conflict with each other to accomplish its purpose—the resuscitation of the temporal power of the Pope. To us in Canada this controversy possesses very great interest. While not harbouring for a moment the idea that our Catholic fellow-subjects are waiting a fitting time to extinguish heresy in blood, yet we have little faith in the Programmers, whatever we may have in others. As to the alleged growth of Catholicism in Protestant countries, about which many seem to be greatly excited, we cannot see as some do, nor do we deem it so formidable as not a few imagine it to be. It has to fight now—what is more potent than pamphlets—the progress of society. The spirit of the age, which is the spirit of bold inquiry, is opposed to it. Already in England favourable results are springing out of the "Gladstone Controversy." A congregation of Old Catholics is about to be organized in London. Archbishop Manning's replies—mere evasions of the question and denials of charges never made,—together with Lord Acton's merciless exposure of the very great fallibility of certain Popes, have done almost as much as Gladstone's pamphlet to rouse public sentiment against the claims of Rome.

THE VON ARMIN TRIAL.

The Prime Minister of the German empire is no respecter of persons. He has not hesitated to arrest, for removing from the Paris embassy to Berlin certain papers of a politico-ecclesiastic character, Count Von Arnim, a member of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of Germany, who has recently been sentenced to three months' imprisonment. This act may not be very politic, but it cannot certainly be construed into tyranny. While Bismarck has had a brilliant career, he has been subjected to many annoyances from political opponents, envious aristocrats, Jesuitical Ultramontanes, and, if rumour be correct, from prominent members of the Imperial Court. It is not strange that in these circumstances he should be keenly alive to the necessity of at once checking irregularities, particularly in the diplomatic service. Von Arnim's course cannot for a moment be excused. As an ambassador he was entrusted with secrets, which, if divulged, would be most disastrous to the State, and these he did not sufficiently guard. In Paris he was accused of having assisted in the overthrow of the Thiers' Government, in direct opposition to the wishes of his chief. His whole conduct called for severe rebuke. Bismarck doubtless has his failings, but he stands to-day the foremost man in Germany, and has laid not only his own country but the Protestantism of the world under great obligations. In the terrible crisis through which Germany has passed she required a man of firm hand and iron will to guide the ship of State, and that hand and will were Bismarck's.

THE SPANISH COUP D'ETAT.

When a few years ago Isabella, heiress of Charles V. and possessor of the consecrated golden rose bestowed by the Pope of Rome as an acknowledgment of her exemplary piety and fidelity to the Holy See,—albeit she was one of the most ungodly and corrupt Jezebels of modern times,—was driven from the throne by a revolution that in one brief fortnight swept from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Pyrenees, it was hoped that Spain would rise in national dignity and power, and that peace and religious freedom would bring to her their attendant blessings. Since then,

however, the country has been the theatre of almost ceaseless strife, and the conflict between political parties has so militated against all progress that the religious liberty accorded has made but small advancement. Neither the eloquence of Castelar nor the diplomatic wisdom of Serranò has been able to guide the ship of State. The war against the Carlists has been a mere guerilla strife. Meanwhile influences have been tending towards the death of the Republic and the re-establishment of the Monarchy, which have culminated in proclaiming Alfonso, son of ex-Queen Isabella, King of Spain. He is a youth of eighteen, and has given evidence already of what may be expected of him in the fact that he has humbly craved and graciously received the benediction of the Pope. Rumour adds, that since his proclamation two Protestant newspapers have been suppressed. Doubtless, wearied with fruitless struggles, the Spaniards will for a time be satisfied with the new order of things. But Spain's difficulties cannot be met by political organizations alone. Her religion, while adhered to, will keep her where she is, low down in the scale of nations. No people submitting to a faith that stands in opposition to religious toleration in its widest sense can be a prosperous people. Free consciences, free churches and free schools must go before constitutions. We indulge the hope that seeds of truth have been planted in Spanish soil that will yet grow, blossom into fruitage, and yield an abundant harvest.

PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.

From the days of the martyred Huguenots until now, French Protestantism has been in the furnace of trial. First, there was the terrible conflict with Rome and the bloody scenes of the Inquisition; and then, when rack and guillotine no longer terrified, there came what was perhaps worse, internal dissension—a struggle between faith and cold, barren skepticism. The "Reformed Church," which grew out of the German Reformation, split into two parties—the "Evangelical" and the "Liberal." The Government of M. Thiers abolished the statute of Louis XIV. which prohibited the holding of a Synod, and two years ago a General Synod met in Paris, which adopted the articles of the Evangelical Alliance as their Confession of Faith, in the face of

the determined opposition of the "Liberals," who subsequently held a Convention, enunciated the boldest principles of infidelity, protested against the action of the Synod, and appealed to the Government to be recognized as claimants of State aid and patronage. It is most devoutly to be wished that the Evangelicals, freed from the incubus that has hitherto impeded their progress, will concentrate their strength in external action instead of absorbing it in doctrinal discussions. Liberalism in France, as elsewhere, tolerates no one who will not accept its creed. The soul of it is Unitarianism; and with the divinity of Christ eliminated from its system it is powerless for good. French Methodism is still comparatively feeble in numbers and influence, but the few who are connected with the Church are models of Christian fidelity and steadfastness, while our missionaries are emphatically men of apostolic zeal. No Churches have a stronger claim upon the prayers and sympathies of God's people everywhere than the Protestant Evangelical Churches of unhappy France.

PRESBYTERIAN FEDERATION.

For some years the idea of a federal union of all the Presbyterian bodies of the world has been advocated, and it seems likely to result in something definite and practical. Not long since, at a Convention held in the city of New York, resolutions were adopted recommending the formation of a General Council, to meet in London during the present year, with a view to the organization of a Constitution of Confederation. The objects hoped to be accomplished are: the closer fellowship of the Churches and the support of struggling ones, the defence of those who are persecuted for conscience sake, the suppression of intemperance and other vices, the better observance of the Sabbath, resistance of infidelity, and combined action against Romanism. Doubtless, if the difficulties in the way of such a union can be overcome, it will give to Presbyterianism augmented influence and power. The desirableness of a Methodist Council, composed of representatives from all parts of the world, has already been suggested by *The Methodist*, of New York, and our own *Christian Guardian*, and we see no reason why it could not be formed. Certainly it would largely

stimulate the piety and intelligence of the Church, reveal its actual power, strengthen the faith of the people in the adaptation of its doctrines and polity to the character and exigencies of the times, develop the missionary spirit, and cultivate mutual sympathy and love, so desirable amongst the members of the great Methodist family, while it would in no way interfere with charity between other denominations and ourselves.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

To many of our readers Newfoundland is almost as little known as Siberia. They have been wont to regard it as a bleak, sterile island, given over for the greater part of the year to frost and storm, and even in the most propitious season only a place on which the nets of the fishermen may be spread to dry. The interest, however, awakened by the hope that Newfoundland will, before long, be a part of Canada, and the recent union of the Methodism of the island with that of the Dominion, have tended to a better acquaintance with its character and affairs, and, as in many other cases, the old opinions have entirely disappeared. The inexhaustible wealth of its fisheries, the valuable timber and minerals of the interior, the large tracts of arable land, and the fact that it will be the great telegraphic centre between the two hemispheres, give it an importance which it is difficult to estimate. From what we have seen and read of its Methodism, we judge it to be of a high-toned and vigorous type. The intelligence and piety of those who have come to our Western cities and towns, together with their ability to prosecute almost any branch of handicraft, secure for them success often where others would meet with failure. The late elections occasioned much excitement. As might be expected, in a country where Protestants number 84,000 and Roman Catholics 61,000, the question of religion predominated at the polls. The Carter Government, of which the Hon. J. J. Rogerson, one of the delegates to our General Conference, is the Finance Minister, is again in power with a good working majority, so that we may predict for the country increased prosperity and a strengthening of those influences that favour Confederation.

THE GUIBORD CASE.

Months have elapsed since the Privy Council of England gave judgment in the Guibord case, but the agitation has not yet died away. We are not surprised that many of the Roman Catholic papists in the Province of Quebec find it difficult to select words sufficiently strong to express their dissatisfaction with the judgment rendered. It is quite a new experience for them. They affirm that the judges were wholly influenced by anti-papal motives, and strenuously deny the right of any civil tribunal to interfere with the affairs of the Church. But surely a Church that receives power from the State to collect tithes and assessments for ecclesiastical purposes, and which has not scrupled, time and again, to invoke the power of law to enforce the payment of dues from persons who had abandoned the Roman Catholic faith but had neglected to notify the parish Curé that they had embraced the Protestant religion, is not simply an ecclesiastical, but also a civil institution, and therefore amenable to the Civil Courts. They were not loth to appeal to law and use it to the utmost in their barbaric treatment of the Oka Indians, who have fortunately found a refuge from the oppressor in the Methodist Church. But the moment the decision of a Court is against them it is sacrilegious vandalism and persecution. Probably nothing has ever occurred in Quebec more calculated to weaken the Papacy and open the eyes of the people to its real position than this judgment of the Privy Council. Its voice to the Church of Rome is, that, while it in any degree remains a State Church, its acts and decisions in all matters affecting the civil rights of individuals and communities shall be open to legal investigation, and that frivolous pretexts, on the strength of which so much tyranny has been perpetrated in the past, shall no longer be valid if the individual choose to take his case before the civil authorities. Great credit is due to the Canadian Institute for so persistently following up this case. We hope they may ere long see the propriety of coming out of the Romish Communion altogether, and at the same time be saved from that blank infidelity to which so many in like circumstances have gone.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

The increased interest that is being taken in the temperance movement is a pleasing indication of the improved state of public opinion in relation to this vital question. It is most gratifying to witness the growing favour shown by Churches and ministers of all classes to total abstinence and prohibition, and the efforts on the part of our cities and towns to secure Police Commissioners and other officials favourable to the limitation of the number of places licensed for the sale of liquors, and to find in our Parliaments, Dominion and Provincial, so many in thorough sympathy with advanced temperance views, together with a goodly number, who, if they do but little in the way of actual effort, do not oppose. Still we are far from the position which the importance and magnitude of this cause demand us to assume. In a recent issue of the *Toronto Monetary Times* the astounding statement is made that, in 1873—and the amount we believe was not less last year—Canada consumed 11,415,035 gallons of intoxicating liquors, costing the sum of thirty-one and a half million dollars. No one can pretend to say that the appalling aggregate of crime, misery and death which these figures must indicate is balanced by any benefit to the country in the way of revenue. While expressing no sympathy with much that is said about the indifference of the Churches, we think that they have not accomplished all that ought to be expected from them. Disciplinary provisions are not always carried out. The Pulpit does not with sufficient frequency reason of Temperance, nor does the Pew with fidelity exercise all the influence within its power. This is a great moral movement that should commend itself to the prayers and sympathies of every Christian. The question of the legal prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors was never so ripe as to-day, nor was the country ever so well prepared for such a law. Indeed, we believe that if enacted it could be carried out as thoroughly as any law upon our statute book. It is our wisdom to keep this matter prominently before us, and to concentrate our efforts upon this absolutely necessary provision.

THE ELECTION TRIALS.

Perhaps no one in this country had any idea, until the new election law was put into operation, of the extent to which corruption had crept into our political life. The *expose* that has been made, reveals a state of moral obliquity anything but creditable to us as a people. Those who are outside the limits of party faction, and who look at matters through eyes that have not been jaundiced by political partizanship, are forced to the painful conclusion, that, on both sides, political morality has been deplorably low. Painful, however, as the revelations of bribery and corruption have been, it is a matter calling for devout thankfulness that at last the country possesses a law which has proved itself capable of grappling with offenders, and which says to every man presenting himself for Parliamentary honours, "If guilty of base, dishonest practices, you shall be visited by the punishment which such crimes demand." No law can possibly prevent all departures from those high moral principles that should ever distinguish the representatives of the people; but we may believe that when Parliament again assembles in Ottawa, it will be composed, to an extent greater than we have known for many years past, of men chosen by the wisdom and moral sense of the people, and not of men who have walked to their places through dishonesties of the most flagrant type. To Christian men the elective franchise is of vast importance. It is a mistake to say they should not meddle with politics. What is wanted most is the leavening influence of Christian principle at the polls and in the Cabinet, upholding in all its rectitude the standard of Christian practice. Elections have higher ends than personal ambition. They involve the weal or woe of a people and leave their mark behind them. Let all Christian people see to it, that they make no compromise with evil in public or in private affairs, but that their testimony shall be pure and unequivocal.

THE ONTARIO ELECTIONS.

In a religious magazine, whose supporters belong to both political parties, it would be obviously inappropriate to indulge

in any partisan criticism of the Ontario elections. The first employment of the ballot in our midst seems to verify the prediction that it would conduce largely to their quiet and order. Let us hope that it will also conduce to their greater purity. From the classification of members elect in the journals of both political parties, it is apparent that the Opposition will be stronger than that in the House just expired. Among the more note-worthy features in the contest is the defeat of the Provincial Treasurer in East Toronto and of a prominent member of the Opposition in the county of Lincoln. It is a matter of devout gratitude that under our free institutions, the growth of centuries, the expression of the popular will is so quietly manifested, not by armed revolution, but by the peaceable *plebiscitum* of the people; not by the deadly bullet, but by the silent yet still more potent ballot.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

Our Fathers in England, as usual, are devising liberal things. Their Foreign Missions have long been the admiration of all the Churches. At present, the continent of Europe is receiving much attention, particularly Germany and Italy. Other countries, which a few years ago were wholly inaccessible, are now ready to receive Wesleyan missionaries, so that the great need of the Committee is men and means.

Latterly, Home Missions have received more attention than formerly. The Rev. Charles Prest, Home Missionary Secretary, has laboured very earnestly for several years in this department. Missionaries have been appointed to labour in the army and navy, and also in the manufacturing and rural districts in England. In many of the villages of the latter, the poor Methodists have been the victims of the most cruel persecutions from a Puseyite clergy and an intolerant squirearchy. Sir F. Lycett and W. Mewburn, Esq., have each given twenty-five thousand dollars, and purpose to give as much more, hoping that in ten years at least one:

hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars per year will be contributed for Home Mission purposes, chiefly in the rural districts.

Still more recently, in various cities and towns, lay mission societies have been formed, in which pious men and women are employed in visiting from house to house, disposing of Bibles and tracts, holding prayer meetings in cottages and lodging-houses, and public services in halls, etc, so that it may be truly said, "the poor have the Gospel preached unto them."

The doings of the Wesleyan body in respect to church erections are simply marvellous. In the removal of debts and in new erections, no less than \$19,566,090 have been expended in twenty years. During the last year there were one hundred and twenty-nine new churches and twenty-one schools built, the total cost of which was \$1,132,770.

THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

Since our last issue, a deputation, consisting of the Revs. A. Sutherland and Geo. McDougall, with J. Macdonald and W. Clendinneng, Esqs., have visited some of the principal circuits in the Maritime Provinces, on behalf of the Missionary Society. The result of their labours is, that in every place the people responded so nobly that the amounts realized are largely in excess of all former years.

Since their return, some of the deputation, assisted by Revs. J. Potts and L. Gaetz, attended the Missionary Anniversary, in Great St. James Street Church, Montreal, which resulted in more than three thousand dollars being contributed by the liberal friends of that church. The Sabbath-school children of the city have already raised four thousand dollars more. Should other places in Ontario and Quebec respond in a similar manner, no doubt the income this year will amount to two hundred thousand dollars, which will be a noble sum, but not too much for the wants of the Society.

Urgent requests are made for an educational institution among the French Canadians. Pressing demands are also made for missionaries to be sent to the island of Anticosti and the coast of Labrador. From Japan there comes the most cheering intelligence of Society classes having been formed amongst the

natives. Doors of usefulness are presenting themselves, so that two more missionaries are wanted immediately. Similar cries are heard from the North-West; therefore the Committee want to enlist the services of suitable agents for these important fields.

OTHER METHODIST BODIES IN CANADA.

The Methodist Episcopal Church.—The last General Conference, which was held in August, 1874, appointed the Rev. S. G. Stone editor of the *Christian Advocate*, and the Rev. J. McLean book agent. Both these offices had been sustained, during the previous four years, by the Rev. J. Gardner, who is now appointed missionary agent. The newly-appointed officers have entered upon their respective duties with great zeal. The editor is evidently in favour of the unification of Methodism. Principal Carman, a graduate of Victoria University, was also elected bishop. We feel sure that he will wear his honours worthily, and discharge his important duties with efficiency and fidelity. A delegation, consisting of Rev. J. Gardner and M. Benson, was sent to the General Conference of the Methodist Church, which body reciprocated by appointing the Revs. J. Gray and W. Williams to attend the next General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. As this is the first time there have been such exchanges of friendly greeting, we hail it as an omen of good. Let brotherly love continue.

The Primitive Methodist Church.—This Church was, until recently, limited to the province of Ontario. There is a membership of 6,781; with 89 ministers, 45 of whom are designated missionaries. The missionary income for 1874 was \$8,146.25, besides two grants from England amounting to \$6,000. A missionary has been sent to Montreal, and another to Manitoba.

In England the Primitives are very strong, having more than 150,000 members, with an increase of 4,000 in last year. The missionary revenue was \$176,039. The Foreign Missions are in Australasia, and Fernando Po, in Africa, besides those in Canada. The Rev. S. Antliff, D.D., is making a tour in the southern world, which he hopes to complete in two years. This denomination deserves great credit for the untiring zeal with which its agents have laboured among the poorer classes in England. A great

impetus has thus been given to open air preaching and home missions generally. Recently, two of its missionaries were attacked for preaching in the streets of Chichester, and, in the tumult, the wife of one of them, while endeavouring to protect her husband, received a blow from some ruffian which resulted in her death. Good, however, will come out of evil, as not only has great sympathy been excited on behalf of the bereaved husband and children, but steps have also been taken to erect a memorial church near the spot where the disgraceful scene took place.

The Bible Christian Church.—We have obtained the nineteenth Missionary Report, and the Minutes of the twentieth Annual Conference, from which we learn that there are 35 ministers and 40 missionaries, with a membership of 8,878; increase, 622. There are stations in Ontario, Prince Edward Island, Wisconsin and Ohio, U.S. The income for missions is \$16,400.30; but there remains a debt of \$6,290.38, mainly incurred by establishing missions in Toronto, Hamilton, Belleville, Lindsay, Ingersoll, and St. Thomas. No pecuniary assistance has been received from England for twenty years. May God hasten the day when the great Methodist family in Canada shall be united in one body. What a saving of men and means will thus be effected!

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA.

The sturdy followers of John Knox, like those of John Wesley, have become convinced of the evils of divisions in the Churches, and have taken steps to promote the unification of all the Presbyterian Churches in the Dominion. Some years ago, the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church were blended under one name. During the last few years this body and the Kirk have been deliberating as to how they could become one, and we are glad to chronicle the fact that all preliminary steps have been taken, so that in June next there will be a union of all the Presbyterian Churches in the Dominion, which will make the Presbyterian Church in Canada a most important organization for good. The total number of adherents of the four Churches uniting is about 509,000: not equal to the Methodist Church, but nearest to it numerically.

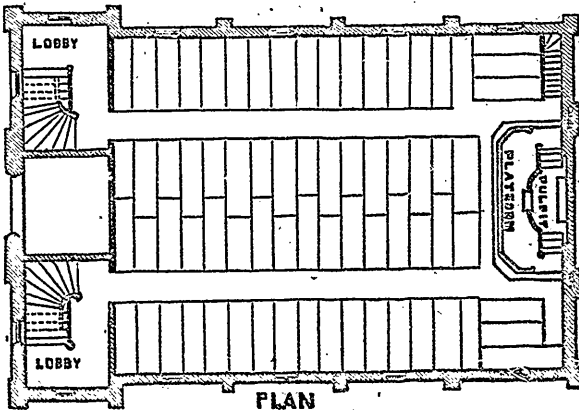
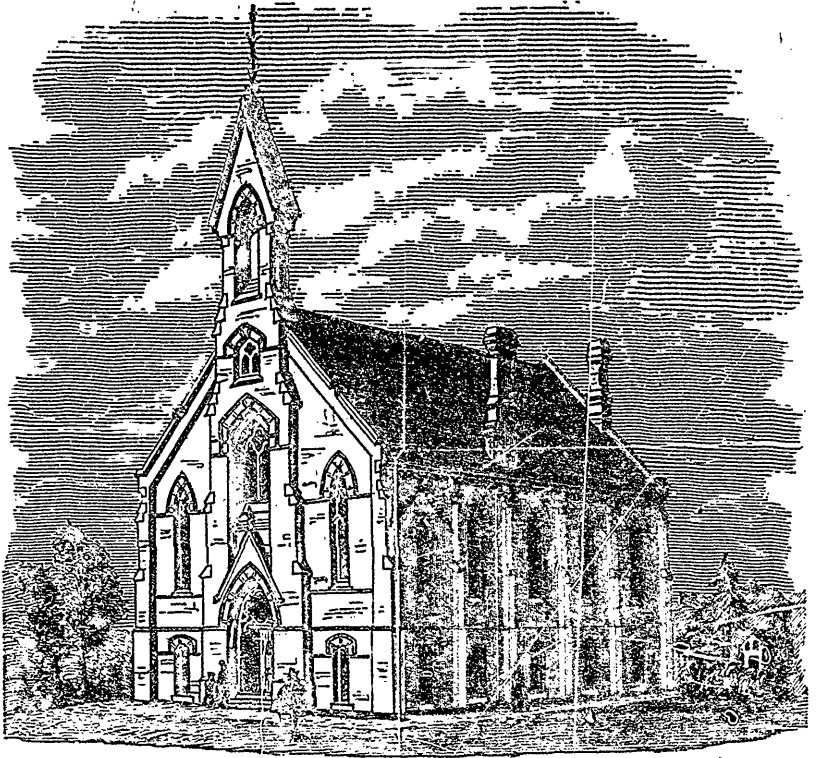
The Presbyterians have been very active in the cause of missions, not only in the Dominion, but likewise in foreign lands, as China and India. Recently, Dr. Frazer sailed to the island of Formosa as a medical missionary. He intended to have taken passage in the ill-fated vessel "Japan," but was prevented by the illness of his wife, and thus, in all probability, he escaped the sad end of those who perished in the catastrophe. The students of Knox's College have a Missionary Society of their own, and during the summer vacation these sons of the prophets are usefully employed in reconnoitering in the waste places of Canada, where they visit from house to house, catechise the children, and hold various religious services. They thus lay the foundation of what often become flourishing Churches.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The Rev. John Wood, late of Brantford, has been appointed editor of the *Canadian Independent*, which is issued monthly as the organ of this Church. There are about seventy ministers in Ontario and Quebec. Contributions are made for Foreign Missions in connection with the London Missionary Society, and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. We have failed to ascertain the exact number of missionaries who have been sent from Canada in connection with these Societies. We observe with pleasure that the Rev. Chas. Brooks and his wife have sailed to Manissa, in West Turkey, to which he has been assigned by the American Board. The Church in Canada has undertaken to sustain Mr. Brooks. Zion Church, Montreal, provides one-half of the outlay. Few countries need missionary labour more than Turkey, and the few missionaries there deserve the prayers of the Churches. Besides aiding weak missions, the Congregational body in Canada has an Indian Mission at Sauguen. A missionary is also employed in Labrador, who is much indebted to the Ladies' Missionary Association of the same Church in Montreal which is so generous towards Mr. Brooks. May their noble deeds provoke many others.

EVANGELISTS.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have been amazingly successful in their Revival work, both in Scotland and Ireland. While we



METHODIST CHURCH, TORONTO.

write, they are labouring in Manchester, England, and by the time the present number of our MAGAZINE is issued, they are to commence operations in London. Thousands have professed to be converted. A great spiritual quickening has been realized in all the Churches, and ministers and people of all denominations have laboured zealously in connection with these honoured evangelists. It is gratifying to learn that more than one hundred and fifty young men in Scotland have turned their thoughts to missionary work as the result of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's labours.

The Rev. W. Taylor, well known in Canada as the "California Street Preacher," continues his special services in Calcutta and other places in India, where his labours are still greatly owned of God, in the conversion of a class over whom other missionaries did not seem to exercise much influence.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

We present this month an engraving of a church of simpler character and of much less cost than that shown in our last number. It has stood the test of experience, having been occupied by our Primitive Methodist friends for some years. It was designed by Messrs. Langley, Langley & Burke, of this city, who will be happy to negotiate with Building Committees for working drawings of any of the series of designs which they are furnishing for these pages, or for modifications thereof, or for designs specially made to order. The following is the architect's description of the building here illustrated:

This church is built in the Gothic style of the early English period, and is faced with red brick, having white brick bands and dressings. The building is 70 feet long and 45 feet wide. When required, an addition can be built at the rear of the church to accommodate the choir behind the pulpit, and to give increased vestry and class-room accommodation. The basement, which is but a few steps below the street level, with a ceiling 11 feet high, is devoted to the lecture or school-room, and class-rooms and

vestry. From the same lobby that gives access to the lecture-room, the stairs ascend on either side to the audience-room; this arrangement is found to be convenient and comfortable, as but few steps are exposed to the weather; over these stairs are those to the gallery. The audience-room has a ceiling 30 feet high, and will accommodate 330 persons in the pews, and the gallery about 90, making a total of 420, while on crowded occasions it will hold in the neighbourhood of 600; the gallery extends across the front end only. The basement will hold about 300. The building is warmed by heaters placed in the basement. The total cost was \$9,000, including architect's fees, etc.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND MUSIC.

Earl Russell's *Recollections and Suggestions of Public Life, 1813-1873*, will shortly be ready.

Social Pressure Discussed by the Friends in Council is the suggestive title of Sir Arthur Helps' new book.

Miss Harriet Annie Wilkins, of Hamilton, favourably known as a Canadian poetess, is about to publish the third volume of her works.

The average sale in London of the people's edition of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the *Vatican Decrees* is 7,000 copies a day. The total sale has now reached over 100,000.

Messrs. Scribner propose to publish an edition of Guizot's *History of France*, uniform with their Mommson, Curtius, and Froude.

Mr. Samuel J. Watson, the efficient librarian of the Ontario Parliamentary Library, is collecting materials for the second volume of the *Constitutional History of Canada*, bringing it down to the period of Confederation.

Mr. Gladstone is about to bring out a small volume entitled *Homer and Egypt*; a contribution towards determining Homer's place in chronology: reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* and enlarged.

A work entitled *The Gnostic Heresies of the First and Second Centuries*, by the late H. L. Mansel, Dean of St. Paul's, and author of the well-known work *The Limits of Religious Thought*, is announced for early publication in London.

Mr. W. C. Bryant, who recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, is engaged, with the assistance of Mr. S. H. Gay, in preparing a history of the United States. It is to begin with the earliest history of the Western Continent, and end with the first century of American Independence.

The Rev. Wm. Cooke, D.D., an eminent New Connexion minister in Great Britain, and the author of a series of valuable and well-known theological works, who has kindly consented to contribute to this magazine, has just published a work of which the British press speak in the highest terms, on *The Unity, Harmony, and Growing Evidence of Sacred Truth*.

A new work by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, entitled *The Hopes of the Human Race, Hereafter and Here: Essays on the Life after Death, and the Evolution of the Social Sentiment* is announced for early publication. It will contain a preface in which Miss Cobbe will deal with Mr. J. S. Mill's lately published essays on religion.

Considerable doubt has existed as to what mountain is the loftiest in North America. The expedition of Dr. Dall and party to Alaska in the schooner Yukon, of the U. S. Coast Survey, seems to have definitely settled the question in favour of Mount St. Elias, on the boundary between Alaska and Canada.

The new English Arctic Expedition is expected to be ready to sail about May next. The strength of the expedition will be from 100 to 120 officers and men. A very large number have already volunteered, so that there will be an ample supply to select from. The cost will be about \$150,000.

The French are about to construct a monster telescope, which is to be only two feet shorter and six inches less in diameter than the celebrated instrument of Lord Rosse. It was begun some six years ago, but the death of its projector, and then the war, put a stop to the operations. They are now being resumed in earnest.

A statue to Burns will soon be erected in New York Central Park. It is bronze, and cost \$12,000.

The medallion of John Wesley, which is to be placed in Westminster Abbey, is said to be nearly completed. A bas-relief under the profile represents him as preaching at his father's grave.

We exceedingly regret that our portrait of Dr. Ryerson did not print with the letter-press as well as we expected. The impression does justice neither to the subject nor to the finely executed engraving. Hereafter we shall print our portraits on toned paper fly-leaves.

The severed part of Murillo's painting of St. Anthony, which was stolen from Seville Cathedral, was recently purchased by a picture dealer in New York, from a couple of Jews, for \$250. He generously restored it to the Spanish Government. The picture was fifteen feet square, and was perhaps the finest in all Spain, being valued at \$200,000. The Duke of Wellington offered for it as many English sovereigns as could be laid one thick upon its surface.

Ernest Moritz Arndt, the author of "What is the German's Fatherland" and many other popular patriotic lyrics, is to receive a monument in Bergen, the capital of his native island Rugen in the Baltic.

A volume of "Personal Recollections of Beethoven, Geothe and Mendelssohn," is in the press from the pen of Herr Heinrich von Meister, who was acquainted with the great poet and composers. The work will be written in English.

The Toronto Philharmonic Society, under the able leadership of Mr. F. H. Torrington, sang the oratorio of the "Messiah" on the 11th ult., in a manner surpassing, it is said, anything of the sort ever attempted in this country. The orchestra and chorus numbered three hundred and forty performers. It is a matter of regret that a more appropriate place than the stage of an Opera House, was not available for the rendering of the sublime music of this oratorio.

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