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THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1876.

THE WESTMINSTER CONFESSION OF FAITH.

BY THE REV. JAMES GRAHAM.

WE purpose to examine a few points in this venerable creed. We not only have no objection to a published creed, but approve of it. We have no sympathy with those, so-called evangelists, who seem to consider it the chief part of their mission to run a-muck against all creeds, while by their own teaching they manifest that they have a creed, narrow, crude, and bigoted. We write not under the influence of this "creedophobia," nor in behalf of its palliation. But our opinion is, that creeds ought to be in harmony with the Divine Word, especially if acceptance of them is held as the test of admission to the Christian ministry in a Protestant Church. The Confession now under examination is so held. That the examination may not degenerate into endless logomachy, it is necessary to state the precise points of the discussion. These points are not whether Presbyterians or others believe all the creed, or not. We have evidence sufficient to show that it is not all believed by even Presbyterian ministers. Nor is the point whether, or not, its upholders disclaim the inferences which have been drawn from its statements. This, indeed, is very common. But it has nothing to do, directly, with the

questions—what are its doctrines, and what are the legitimate consequences logically resulting from them? These are the points under discussion here. To arrive at these, we shall give its own statements, and the statements of its acknowledged expositors.

First, let us look at the doctrine of the Confession on the subject of "GOD'S ETERNAL DECREES." On this subject it gives us the following statements—

"God from all eternity did, by the most wise and holy counsel of His own will, freely and unchangeably ordain whatsoever comes to pass; yet, so as thereby neither is God the author of sin, nor is violence offered to the will of the creatures, nor is the liberty or contingency of second causes taken away, but rather established."

"Although God knows whatsoever may, or can come to pass upon all supposed conditions, yet hath He not decreed anything because He foresaw it as future, or as that which would come to pass upon such conditions."—Chap. iij., Secs. 1 and 2.

Such is the article of faith in the Confession; and now let us see the "Larger Catechism."

"What are the decrees of God?"

"God's decrees are the wise, free, and holy acts of the counsel whereby, from all eternity He hath, for His own glory, unchangeably fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass in time, especially concerning angels and men."—Question 12 and Answer.

So much for the dogmatic documents: and now let us look at the standard expositors of the Confession on this point. Shaw, in his "Exposition of the Confession" says—

"The decree of God relates to all future things without exceptions. Whatsoever is done in time, was fore-ordained before the beginning of time. The decrees of God are absolute and unconditional: He has not decreed anything because He foresaw it as future, and the execution of His decree is not suspended upon any condition which may or may not be performed."—pp. 59-60.

Such are the authoritative statements of the Confession and Catechism, and of their standard expounders, on the subject of the Divine decrees. And, we think, they are in substantial accordance with orthodox Calvinism from Augustine to Calvin, to Twisse, to Chalmers. From these statements we make the following deductions: First, nothing can happen in time which was not decreed, unchangeably and unconditionally, by God, before the beginning of time. Second, the decree necessarily secures the event. Now, we think, there can be no dispute about these

doctrines being taught in the statements of Divine decrees as above laid down, Against this doctrine, we present the candid reader with a few considerations.

First, we charge it with *making God the author of all the sin ever committed by man or angel*. We know this will be disclaimed. We know it is disclaimed by the Confession. We know we will—as others have been—be called “slanderers,” and “ecclesiastical liars.” But abuse and disclaimers are no substitute for argument. What is needed is proof, that the Confession is misrepresented, or that the consequences do not logically result from it. And despite angry abuse, and indignant disclaimers—if the doctrine of Divine decrees, as taught in the Confession of Faith, is true—God is the author of all sin. The term *author* is here used in the sense of *originator*, or *efficient cause*. The Confession teaches that God, eternally, unchangeably, fore-ordained, or decreed, “whatsoever comes to pass in time.” Very well. Sin comes to pass in time, therefore God decreed sin. Is there any way of escape from this consequence? We think not. Let us look at some of the serpentine evolutions resorted to in order to evade the charge. It has been said, the Confession itself teaches that, the decree is so executed, that “God is not, thereby the author of sin.” In teaching thus, the Confession does what its upholders do, asserts self-contradictions. Both maintain a doctrine, and in the same breath deny one of its necessary logical consequences. Will any of the theologians of the Confession tell us how God could decree, absolutely, and unconditionally, “whatsoever comes to pass,” without being the author of the sin? Does not every candid, intelligent being see that this cannot be? To assert the contrary, is as absurd as to say that the Legislature of Canada passed *all* its laws, but in such a way as that there are *some* of them which it did *not* pass. Out on such nonsense.

Another sophism is resorted to, in order to avoid the conclusion that God is the author of sin—if the Confession is true. It shows how God decreed everything without decreeing sin.

“God’s effective decree respects all the good that comes to pass. His permissive decree all the evil that is in sinful action.” “We must distinguish between actions purely as such, and the sinfulness of the actions. The decree of God is effective with respect to the action itself, abstractly considered; it is permissive with respect to the sinfulness of the act, considered as a moral evil.”

This difference is thus drawn by the Expositor of the Confession of Faith. Hermin Witsius, and others, presented it long before him. One remark is sufficient to explode the bubble. If the sinfulness of the act—which lies in the sinner's intention of committing it—is only permissive, then God's decree has only reference to His own conduct towards the sin. He decreed that He would not prevent it, should it be about to happen. Permission, that is non-prevention, is no decreeing of anything, except God's action in relation to the thing. Here the Expositor forsakes Calvin, who scouts permission, and embraces Arminius, who maintains it. But we have not done with the above sophism yet. The argumentation amounts to this: God's decree is effective, as to securing the act, as an act; but permissive, as respects the sinner's intention in committing the act. This manœuvre cannot save from the spear of truth. Just a question here. Was not the sinner's *intention* decreed as well as the act? If the answer is "No," then something comes to pass in time, which was not decreed by God before time, which is contrary to the Confession. If the answer is "Yes," and that the sin is in the intention, then God, who decreed the intention, decreed the sin. And if so, He is the author of the sin; for, the sin and the intention are the same.

Again: Others have tried to escape here by asserting that "sin never comes to pass." "Sin is not a thing, but a quality." "Events do transpire, in connection with which men do commit sin." We are to understand then, that though God decreed the event, act, or thing, He did not decree the sinful quality. It is admitted that He decreed the things, acts, or events. Now admit that sin is a *quality*, separate from the acts—which is absurd—yet, could these acts and intentions exist without the sin? No candid, intelligent mind will say they could. If they could not, then the decree, which necessitates the acts and intentions, necessitates the sin also. Furthermore, if the sinful quality could exist separate from the act, it would still be a moral state of the mind of the agent acting; and if God decreed whatsoever comes to pass, so as to "infallibly" secure it, He must have decreed *that* moral state of mind. This cannot be evaded. So far, then,

notwithstanding the disclaimers and the casuistry, the charge of making God the author of sin stands good against the Confession.

Another attempt to evade this point, may demand a passing notice. We are told—as a last resort—that the Calvinistic decree cannot make God the author of sin; for, as He is under no law, He cannot transgress, therefore cannot sin. But this argument confounds together God's personal acts with those acts which, by His decree, He causes His responsible creatures to commit. "With respect to His own acts, it is not contended that He breaks the law personally. What is contended is this: that God decrees a law, the transgression of which, by man, is sin; that He places man under that law, and impels him to those transgressions of it that are sinful. Thus, He causes sin, by impelling man to transgress the law under which he was placed. The act of sin in this case is God's proper, though not personal act; and if there be any sin, He is not only the author of the sin, but the sinner himself." To doubt the reasonableness of this, would be to doubt human intelligence. In spite of all disclaimers, and all sophisms, the charge of making God the author of sin stands fully proved against the Confession of faith.

We now proceed to notice the havoc this decree makes of man. We charge that *it is inconsistent with man's free agency and responsibility.* These points we proceed now to examine. The Confession gives us the following deliverance on this subject: "God hath endued the will of man with that natural liberty, that it is neither forced, nor by any absolute necessity of nature determined, to good or evil,"—Chap. ix. Sec. 1.

The chapter on "God's Eternal Decrees," already quoted, says that God did "freely and unchangeably ordain whatsoever comes to pass," yet so as thereby no "violence is offered to the will of the creature."

Just a few questions arise on this. If man is really free in the volitions of his will, he must be the efficient cause of these volitions. Now we would like to know how an absolute and unconditional decree of whatsoever comes to pass in time can consist with freedom of creaturely volitions? If they can come to pass independent of the decree, then something comes to pass which was not decreed. And what then becomes of the Confession?

If the volitions of the creaturely will cannot be put forth independent of the decree of God—and they cannot if He fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass—then, there can be no such thing as freedom for man in willing. This is not a mystery incapable of solution. It is a self-contradiction—a glaring absurdity, incapable of intelligent belief. Human freedom in willing, and the decree—not of God—but of the Confession, must remain in irreconcilable antagonism in the worlds of mind for ever. Then—it may be asked—why does the Confession talk about the freedom of man at all? The proper reply, we think is, that it means a fallacious, not a real freedom. It means a freedom in which God causes the volitions of will. Let it not be said, “That is forcing a meaning of your own on our Confession.” Let us, then, hear standard Calvinistic authors on the subject. We wish to get at the truth here. The first witness is Shaw, the Expositor of the Confession. He says—

“As nothing can ever come to pass without a cause, the acts of the will are never without necessity—understanding by necessity, an infallible connection with something foregoing . . . Calvinists contend that, as nothing can ever come to pass without a cause, the acts of the will are never contingent, or without necessity.”

This is clear. And this is the reasoning it involves: The acts of the will are always necessitated by a foregoing cause, infallibly producing them. But who, or what, is that foregoing cause which necessitates acts of the will? The Calvinist replies, God. We produce, in proof of this, an unimpeachable witness. Calvin, after asserting God to be the arbiter of all things, says—

“Whence we assert, that not only the heavens and the earth, and inanimate creatures, but also the *deliberations* and *volitions* of men, are so governed by His providence as to be directed to the end appointed by it. . . . Men can effect nothing, but by the secret will of God, and deliberate on nothing, but what He has previously decreed, and determined by His secret direction. . . . God exerts His power in the elect, who are influenced by the Holy Spirit; but also *compels the compliance of the reprobates.*” —Calvin’s Institutes, Vol. i. pp. 191, 211, 215.

From these quotations we learn that the “deliberations and volitions of men are the necessary product of the eternal, uncon-

ditional, absolute decree of God." Now, what kind of freedom belongs to man's will, if this is true? None whatever. Calvinists do talk about the freedom of the will, but they are deceived by a sham freedom. They say "a man can act from choice," but they do not admit that he is *free in arriving at the choice*; nor will they admit that man has power of *contrary* choice. And yet without this the word freedom is a delusion. The decrees of the Confession of Faith destroy all true freedom. We will ask the indulgence of our readers, while we introduce a distinguished Calvinistic author, who has the intelligence to see, and the honesty to confess that the decrees of the Confession are inconsistent with true psychological freedom. We introduce Dr. Dick.

"Liberty does not consist," he says, "in the power of acting or not acting, but in acting from choice. The choice is determined by something in the mind itself, or by something external influencing the mind; but whatever is the cause, the choice makes the action free, and the agent accountable. If this definition of liberty be admitted, you will perceive that it is possible to reconcile the freedom of the will with absolute decrees; but we have not got rid of every difficulty. By this theory, human actions appear to be as necessary as the motions of matter, according to the laws of gravitation and attraction; and man seems to be a machine, conscious of his movements, and consenting to them, but impelled by something different from himself."

What a specimen of sophistry in reasoning, and honesty in confession. Dr. Dick's liberty and necessity are the same thing; and yet man is accountable for his actions though his choice is as necessitated as the law of gravitation, or the movements of a machine. This is the kind of fallacious freedom that is taught in the Confession of Faith, according to its standard expounders and defenders. The reasoning is irrefutable which charges the decrees of the Confession of Faith as being destructive of mental freedom. They are only consistent with the liberty of the machine, or the ass. How terrible to think of the consequences. If true, there is not a demon in hell, or a rascal on earth, that could have done differently. All their "volitions" and "deliberations" were produced by the decree of God. Will any supporter of this Westminster Confession say that any of them could have chosen differently from what they have? Not one can say so. *Every sin* was decreed by God eternally, and produced by God in time. Is there any relief from this difficulty? *How can a man be free in willing,*

when his volition is an effect, of which he is not the efficient cause? Where there is no freedom there can be no responsibility, except freedom has been destroyed by our own free act of wickedness. If God decreed every "deliberation and volition," and if at the final judgment God condemns to punishment eternal, for what was thought and chosen in this life, then the moral judgments of the universe must be on the side of all the condemned. They are condemned to hell eternally for what they had no power to help. All they ever did, they were made to do by God's decree, and for what they did do, they are condemned to eternal torment, by the same decree. This is really horrible. And yet if the Confession—as interpreted by its professed believers and expounders—be the data of our reasoning, these consequences logically result. We have seen during the last few months a great deal of fuss about a Presbyterian minister departing from the Confession of Faith, because he expressed views favoring Universalism. But the minister could plead that very orthodox document in his defence. According to its teaching, all intelligences can do nothing but what God decrees that they should do. Now why should any be damned? Will it be said that they are damned for their sin? But no matter whether you call what they have thought, willed, or done, *sin*, or any other name, it makes no difference as to the justice of the case. If they have only done what God decreed they should, why should they not be saved; and why should not the accused gentleman plead that the Confession is on his side? But, it is replied, the Confession declares the eternal punishment of the wicked. Certainly. But it also declares that God decreed whatsoever comes to pass. And if people sin they only do God's will, and therefore ought not to be punished. Here we see the self-contradictory character of that much-vaunted logical Confession.

Again, the Presbyterian Church holds the Bible as the supreme, and the Confession as only a subordinate standard of doctrine. Now, the subordinate standard teaches that *all* for whom Christ died *must* be saved. The supreme standard teaches that Christ gave his life a ransom for *all*. If all for whom Christ died must be saved, and if He died for all, then the alleged Universalism is defensible, except that it makes the supreme standard succumb

to the subordinate. The truth is, the Confession is a heterogeneous conglomerate of error and truth jumbled together, and is inconsistent with the supreme standard. When the human mind endeavours to grasp correctly its entire statements, we find it commits mental suicide.

It would be amusing, were it not amazing, to observe the mental suicide which the advocates of the Confession decrees commit, when they attempt to harmonize them with the freedom of the will. Dr. Dick's *terminus* has already been presented. He confesses his freedom is necessity. Dr. McCosh, one of the ablest men of this day, fares no better. "The will," he says, "is free. This truth is revealed to us by immediate consciousness and is not to be set aside by any other truth whatever." Now, this looks like true freedom. But hear his following statement. After referring to the difficulties of Kant and Cousin, he adds: "To avoid these difficulties, I am inclined to admit that antecedent circumstances do act causally on the will. But at the same time I maintain that cause operates in a very different way upon the will from that in which it operates in other departments of nature."*

Now this child of the brain is dead born. Dr. McCosh is inconsistent with his own doctrine of the Intuitions of the Mind. We have an intuitive feeling of freedom in willing, but we have no such thing in respect to external causation in willing. The point here is *not* whether a man with the power of willing can be caused to exist; but this, can this man with the power of willing be caused, by "antecedent circumstances" external to himself, to put forth volitions of will, and yet be free, and responsible for those volitions? Intuitive perception declares he could not. Dr. McCosh says, "we cannot receive self-contradiction." We believe him. But then, if there ever was a self-contradiction this is one. The man is *free* in putting forth volitions of will, and yet *caused* to put them forth at the same time. It is a very flimsy veil by which Dr. McCosh would hide from his own eye, and from the eyes of his readers, the sophistry of his argument. What is the veil? Why this: "Cause operates in a very different way upon the will

* "Intuitions of the Mind," pp. 308 and 311.

from that in which it acts in other departments of nature." We reply, it makes no matter what is the *mode* of its action, if the cause be external to the mind willing, and if it produce the particular volition of will, the man is not free in putting forth that particular volition. Caused volition, and free volition in the same act of will, we intuitively perceive to be a self-contradiction. Dr. McCosh says that to deny intuitive truth is to "fall into the gulf skepticism." But if there ever were intuitive truths, we should think this is one of them : that *caused* volition, and *free* volition, in the same act, and at same time, cannot be. The sum is, Dr. McCosh's freedom, like Dick's and Edwards', and the Confession of Faith's, is really necessity by "antecedent circumstances." There is no use in taking refuge in mystery here. It is no mystery above the powers of the human mind to be told that God decreed, and "infallibly secured" every "volition" of the human will; and yet that man is free in his volitions, and that God will damn him for ever for obeying His own decrees concerning him. This is not mystery, but blasphemous absurdity. Convince the world that this is the character of the God of the Bible, and of the universe, and worship degenerates into hypocrisy, and obedience into slavery. Love of such a God is impossible. All minds, departing from the Judgment Seat of such a God, whether they are to go to hell or Heaven, must depart with conscience horror-stricken by such unrighteous decisions. But, it is disclaimed, "We don't believe such blasphemy." Very well, we believe you. But though it is not in your heart, it is in the creed which you profess to be accordant with the Word of God. If you do not believe it, you owe it to yourselves, to the unity of Protestantism, and to the cause of truth, to expunge it from the Confession of Faith. We think the reasoning already advanced shows that the Confession itself, interpreted by its ablest advocates, *makes God the author of all sin, and destroys man's free agency.*

The character of the decree, in its relation to men and angels, is presented in the chapters of the Confession of Faith following that already quoted. It is stated that "some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others pre-ordained unto everlasting death." The Larger Catechism, and the

Expositor of the Confession teach the same doctrine. The men fore-ordained to damnation, Christ made no provision for, as he died "for the elect only." Thus the eternal decree is carried out. The several links need not be traced through their iron course. We may be permitted to exhibit them as presented in the Confession of Faith. Here they are: God decreed man's creation; his fall into sin; the salvation of some from sin, and the damnation of others in the sin, not for any righteousness, or wickedness of character foreseen in either, but "for the praise of His glorious justice." Glorious justice! to create an immortal, intelligent, sentient being, who by eternal decree was doomed to eternal punishment, for what he had no power to help! This is not the glorious justice of the God of the Bible. If the God of these decrees were the God of the Bible, the heavens might go into mourning, and all intelligent beings cry out for annihilation, to be saved the contemplation of this monstrous conception.

Limits of space call for a halt. We conclude with a few reflections. How can the Gospel be preached unto all men if this Confession is true? It teaches that Christ died *only* for the elect. Is it said that "we do not know who are the elect, or reprobate; and we have authority for offering it to all." There is no authority for the Gospel offer to all, except on the ground of a provision for all. The Bible says Christ died for all. The Confession of Faith says He did not. To offer salvation to all, through Christ, while we inwardly believe that Christ did *not* die for all, is a deplorable piece of deceitful handling of the Word of God. If Christ sent ambassadors to invite *all*, when He knew that from eternity God had "fore-ordained *some* to everlasting death;" and that not one drop of His blood was ever shed to make atonement for *them*, He sent them forth with a falsehood in their mouth. To our mind this is as clear as that two and two make four. Will it be said that all may come to Christ if they will. It is because they will not come that they are lost. Out, again, on this contemptible quibbling. According to the teaching of the Confession they cannot *will* to come to Jesus. Christ never died for them, nor was the Spirit given to assist them; and therefore they cannot *will* to come. What miserable sophistry, then, to

say, "they can if they will;" while it is secretly believed they cannot *will*.

We appeal to the upholders of this Confession of Faith to examine the ground on which it is held as an indispensable condition of admission to the Christian ministry. That the consequences we have deduced are disclaimed, we well know. But they cannot be escaped, nevertheless. They must be accepted, or the premises abandoned. Why will the damnation of infants be repudiated, when the truth is—if the Confession is true—every reprobate was damned in the purpose of God, not only when he was an infant, but from eternity. Why cling to a creed containing errors so appalling? If we gave our reason fair play, it would turn from the monstrous doctrine with everlasting aversion.

LONDON, Ont. 1

SPRING.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

The jocund Spring in garments green bedight,
 Leads the glad chorus of the opening year:
 Gay tulips her vaunt couriers appear
 In vari-coloured tabards, heralds bright,
 And wave their banners in our dazzled sight
 Blazoned with 'broidery of gold, while near
 Rings the fair trumpet flower its elf-horn clear.
 The crocus pale, a sacred acolyte,
 Swings its pure censer in the morning air,
 And flings its perfumed incense far and wide;
 While the fair lily, pure as any saint,
 With the "r. the primrose" sweet and rare,
 Trip lightly in the Spring's train side by side,
 The beauteous queens of that procession quaint.

MISSION-LIFE IN THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

BY JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

ON one of the coldest days of a New England winter, in the year 1812, a meeting of unusual interest took place in the Tabernacle Church, Salem, Massachusetts. On that occasion, five young men were set apart, as missionaries of Christ, to the heathen of the East. They were the first missionaries of the American Board, to India. Their names were Messrs. Judson, Newell, Hall, Nott, and Rice—names whose mention will never cease to awaken historic memories of thrilling and world-wide interest. In the immense congregation, there was a lad of weakly frame, who had walked to the meeting from Andover—a distance of twenty miles. He watched the proceedings with the most intense interest, and, although on attempting to walk home, his delicate frame completely succumbed to fatigue, and he had to be carried by his companions a good part of the way—he acknowledged long afterwards, that he “felt amply repaid by being so thoroughly inoculated with the missionary spirit, that a re-inoculation was never found necessary.” That lad was William Goodell, the future pioneer missionary of Turkey, the record * of whose forty years of toils and triumphs, has been lately given to the world.

One of a family of twelve, all of them born in a little farmhouse, “containing two small rooms, and a garret floored with loose and rough boards,” Goodell was the son of very poor, but very pious parents. His father’s little farm at Templeton, Mass., “if not all *ploughed* over, was almost every foot of it *prayed* over.” In that humble home, his mother, “of precious memory, —lived a life of poverty, patience, meekness, and faith.” And ever after, he “loved to look back, and see how, with no ambitious aspirings after wordly gain or pleasure or honour, they humbly walked with God, how from day to day they deliberately sought,

* Forty years in the Turkish Empire, or Memoirs of William Goodell, D.D. late Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., at Constantinople. By his son-in-law, E. D. G. Prime, D.D. Carter and Brothers, New York. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

both for themselves and their children, first of all the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and were so united to Christ, as apparently to have no separate interest or existence—it not being so much they that lived, as Christ living in them.” We might well add, that although they “left no inheritance, no, not so much as one cent, yet their godly example and prayers were the very richest legacy that parents ever bequeathed their children.”

In such circumstances, and in that early day, it was no easy matter to secure a thorough education. But such was young Goodell's ardent love of knowledge, such his persistent and courageous efforts, and above all, his strong faith in the providence of God, that he overcame all his difficulties, and in a few years, had passed, with the highest credit, through Phillips' Academy, at Andover, his regular college course at Dartmouth, and a three years' theological course at Andover Seminary. These were years of ever deepening piety, and of active usefulness as well. While at Dartmouth, there was a revival of religion in the college, largely the result of his efforts, and those of some other pious students, which swept through every class, and embraced many families in the vicinity, and in which some were converted who afterwards became distinguished men, such as Professors Upham, Fisk, Bush, and Torrey; President Wheeler, President Marsh, President Cushing, Bishop Chase, and that beloved missionary of the cross in Ceylon, Levi Spaulding.

The strong love for missionary labour which William Goodell had at an early age imbibed, had steadily increased, until in the year 1822 we find him accepted by the American Board, ordained, appointed to labour in Palestine, and with his wife on his way thither. Staying at Malta for a short time to study the languages of the East, he set out for Jerusalem, to which he had been destined, but the unsettled state of affairs in the Holy City obliged him to turn aside to Beyrout, and it is somewhat remarkable, that during his long stay in the East, he never even saw that sacred place, to labour in which he had so ardently consecrated his life.

While at Beyrout, the Greek revolution, which was then in progress, burst with dreadful fury over that part of Palestine. “It is impossible,” writes Mr. Goodell about this time, “to de-

scribe the system of falsehood, injustice, oppression, and robbery which has been in operation here. Human beings, whose guilt is no greater than that of their proud oppressors, are condemned without a trial, their flesh trembling for fear, their religion blasphemed, their Saviour insulted, their comforts despoiled, their lives threatened, and their bodies filled with pain, and deeply marked with the blows inflicted by Turkish barbarity. I have never known before what it was to see all faces gather darkness, mens' hearts failing them, every bosom tortured with the most gloomy forebodings, and the deepest distress." The missionary and his family were in the greatest peril, first from the insurgent Greeks, then from the enraged Turks, then from lawless Bedouins, and last of all, from the fanatical opposition which their labours had aroused among the ecclesiastics of the Armenians, Greeks, and Roman Catholics. "During the last two years of our stay at Beyrout," wrote Mr. Goodell, "I seldom closed my eyes in sleep without first thinking over ways and means of escape, if our slumbers should be disturbed by enemies. I seldom walked abroad without looking for rocks and bushes, and caves and pits, into which the persecuted might flee in the hour of danger. Often have I thought of Obadiah's two caves, in which he hid a hundred prophets of the Lord, and fed them with bread and water; and often have I said to myself, what would I give for one such cave, to which we and our friends might repair in case of need. For several months before we left Beyrout, I had many of my things packed up, that I might be ready to go anywhere at the shortest notice, and my money so separated and disposed of, that I might not even be hurried off to prison penniless."

In spite of these fiery trials, Mr. Goodell never lost sight of his work, but eagerly seized every opportunity of circulating the Scriptures, and teaching Christ to the people. Nor was his labour in vain; for such were the evident signs of good accomplished, that he exclaims, "We bless God that we were brought here, even though we should now be destroyed. We believe the good work will go on, though we should be cut off." His two Armenian teachers, Dionysius Carabet, who had been formerly Archbishop of Jerusalem, and Gregory Wortabet, a very intelligent and well educated ecclesiastic, had both been converted through his instru-

mentality, and had united with the Protestant communion "The Gospel had not only been proclaimed extensively among the people, but from among the Armenians, Greeks, and Maronites, men had been raised up who were preaching the truth faithfully and fearlessly from house to house; schools had been established, in which hundreds of children and adults of both sexes were taught; a decided impression had been made upon the Oriental prejudice against the education of women, tracts had been widely distributed, which were eagerly read and discussed; a spirit of enquiry had been extensively excited; all classes of people, of all nationalities, had been aroused—Armenians, Greeks, and Roman Catholics, including Maronites and Mohammedans."

The political storm at length became so violent, that it was considered necessary for Mr. Goodell and his family to retire from Syria for a time, which, however, proved to be his permanent withdrawal, for he never returned, except on a visit thirty-four years afterwards, and then to find many precious fruits of his early toils and sufferings. He says:—

"When we first went to Beyrout," (Mr. Goode'l writes in 1862,) "all was dark as darkness itself. All was dead and dry, like the bones in Ezekiel's vision, and there was not even a sign of life. Indeed, the crime of drawing a single spiritual breath, had really the death-penalty annexed to it, unless foreign protection could in some way be secured. But now, how changed! Now there is life and liberty. One can breathe freely without borrowing special leave to do so. By terrible things in righteousness has God answered the prayers of His people, and avenged the blood of His servants. I was amazed at the amount of influence and confidence possessed by the Missionaries. I well remember the time when they had less influence than the very humblest of the down-trodden poor. Their character is now known and respected, and their names, which were once odious to a proverb, are now held in honour. Nearly half of the original members of the little church, gathered thirty-seven years ago, still survive, and are bringing forth fruit in old age. A son of two members of that little church is now a Missionary at Aleppo; a sister of his is the wife of a German Missionary in Egypt. Another is living at Zidon, a worthy, exemplary Christian man, with a Christian family; and another is the excellent wife of one of our beloved Missionaries, and nearly all their children members of the Church of Christ."

In 1831 he reached Constantinople, which important city and vicinity became the scene of his subsequent labours while in the East. He was the first Missionary of the American Board to this important centre. He had scarcely commenced his work,

when there occurred one of those terrible conflagrations to which the city of the Sultan is so liable. Every house was like touch-wood, and the wind and flames increased and rolled onwards like waves of liquid fire. Mr. Goodell lost nearly everything. Nearly all his geographies, gazeteers, histories, his grammars and dictionaries in the English, French, Italian, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, Armenian, and Turkish languages, were consumed, besides commentaries, manuscripts, translations, with many of his private papers. Almost all the clothing of his family was destroyed, besides medicines and other little comforts indispensable in sickness, many of which could not be obtained in Constantinople at any price. More than a hundred persons were reported to have perished by fire and falling walls. The space of ground burnt over was about two miles long, and in some places a mile broad. Over 70,000 people were rendered houseless. "The people, in crowds, made the best of their way to the burying grounds, with whatever they could take with them; and, for several days and nights, from ten to twenty thousand persons might be seen there, many of them with scarcely any other covering than the canopy of heaven, or any other beds than the graves they slept upon."

Nothing daunted by this ill-omened beginning, our warm-hearted missionary set to work in good earnest among the varied population of this immense city.

"The Turkish character," he says, "is not altogether a compound of ignorance, grossness, barbarism, and ferocity, as it has sometimes been represented, for they have certainly some redeeming qualities. As a nation, they are temperate and frugal. They are hospitable, but ceremonious. Very easy and dignified in their manners, but if report be true, vicious and beastly in their habits. Extremely kind to their domestics, and especially to their slaves; exercising unbounded benevolence towards the noble canine race, and not unfrequently, a moderate degree towards some of their fe low-men; but furious in anger, and in executing vengeance on their enemies, terrible. Their gardens are retired and romantic, their dwellings are distinguished for simplicity and quietness, and the stork loves to come and build his nest on their chimneys. Their children have fine healthy countenances, and are in general neatly dressed and well behaved. A stranger to our athletic and boisterous sports, to our more effeminate exercise of dancing, or to the bust'e and conviviality of our social circles, the Turk reclines on his soft cushions with all composure; partakes of his, in general vegetable fare, with few words and little ceremony; smokes in silence the mild tobacco of Syria, or the still milder tombecky of Persia;

regales himself at short intervals by sipping the superior coffee of Mocha troubles himself little with politics, and, if possible, still less about the weather; is easily reconciled, by the doctrine of fate, to all the calamities that may befall his neighbours or his country; knows nothing of hypochondria, and if he wishes any excitement, the Jews and Greeks will do anything for money to amuse him, and he is at once in an ecstasy. But after all, there is something in the Turkish character which I always admire; and should they be brought under the influence of the Gospel, they would, to my taste, be the most interesting of all the Orientals."

But it was to the Armenians that his mission was especially intended. These were the descendants of the ancient Monophytes, who dissented from the decisions of the Council of Chalcedon, and formed a separate Church in the sixth century. While firmly rejecting the authority of the Pope, they have long been given up to many of the errors and superstitious practices of Romanism. Their *Catholicus*, or supreme head, resides in the monastery of Etschmiazim, near Erivan, while Patriarchates exist in Cilicia, Jerusalem, Constantinople, and elsewhere.

"The priests are required to be married men, but no priest can be married a second time. If his wife dies, he may become a *vartebed*—a sort of preaching monk, of whom many are attached to different churches. This restriction to one wife for a life-time, is said to make the priests exceedingly careful of their wives, and far more ready than lay-husbands to relieve them of the cares and burdens of life. A traveller speaks of seeing a priest in the interior engaged in hanging out the clothes he had washed, who gave the reason, that his wife was delicate, and he wished to preserve her as long as he could, for if he lost her, he could not have another."

Of these Armenian Christians, there were in Constantinople about 150,000, and they constituted there, as throughout the Turkish Empire, a very large portion of the merchants, bankers, and enterprising business men of the country. It was considered, on many accounts, exceedingly desirable that the first mission to Turkey should be to them; and for that service Mr. Goodell had become peculiarly well fitted. With great practical sagacity, his first efforts were directed to the establishment of schools, where something like respectable secular instruction was imparted, and in which the Holy Scriptures were read and studied. By this means, he secured the co-operation of the more enlightened of the Armenians, Greeks, and even Turks themselves, none of whom had any schools of their own, that were deserving of the name.

A large number of these schools were established, and were for some time patronized by even the Armenian and Greek ecclesiastics, and Turkish officials; while Mr. Goodell, in a quiet way, directed their management to a large extent. The enlightenment which speedily began to result from these schools, and the unobtrusive but very faithful and continuous labours of the missionary, in his daily intercourse among the people, appeared on every hand. Such an awakening did the study of the Scriptures produce, both among the priests and the people, the teachers and the taught, that soon the countenance of the clergy was transformed into bitter opposition, and then into violent persecution.

“The change,” wrote Mr. Goodell, “that has taken place among the Armenians, within the last fifteen months, is truly astonishing, and almost surpasses belief. Three of those who are most active in the reformation, and who talk, read, and preach in all companies, and on all occasions, and with all boldness, are members of the Great Synod, by which everything relative to the affairs of the church or the nation (Armenian) is regulated. The good work has been steadily advancing from week to week, and now seems to be carrying bishops, bankers, everything before it. And what is still more glorious, the work of regeneration follows the work of reformation. God’s blessed Word was the first in order, and now it is God’s blessed Spirit. While the fires of persecution were raging, diligent efforts were made to ascertain the number of ‘evangelical infidels,’ as they were called, and already they number eight hundred.”

In the midst of these successes, that dreadful scourge of the East, the plague, broke out. It spread through the whole city, and for a considerable time, from six to ten thousand were reported to have died each week.

“I have never before,” said Mr. Goodell, “seen the streets so deserted. Could you look in upon us, you would see our schools suspended, our meetings broken up, our intercourse with the people cut off, our plans of usefulness interrupted, our domestics confined closely to the house, and every person and everything admitted within doors, either fumigated, or made to pass through fire or water. You would see us in want of clothes, but not daring to purchase them; our families requiring air and exercise, but unable to go abroad for the purpose, except at particular times, and under certain restrictions; but withal, you would see us generally cheerful and happy, attending to our translations, having our own little precious meetings together, and sometimes feeling we were probably within a day or two of heaven.”

Closely following this fearful visitation, came another trial to the mission, if possible, more formidable still. The rage of the

ignorant and fanatical Armenians and Greeks, at the continued progress of the evangelical teaching, at last culminated in a most determined effort to destroy, at a stroke, the entire movement. This persecution was stirred up largely by a small section of the Armenians, who were in the communion of Rome, that universal enemy of the truth. The Armenian nation in the Turkish empire preserved its separate existence, rather as an *imperium in imperio*, with its own laws, religion, and civil head—the Patriarch. This latter functionary possessed almost despotic power over his own people, and wherein he lacked authority, it could be easily procured from the Porte, for a suitable bribe. Mr. Sahakian, an evangelical Armenian, and an humble follower of the Saviour, who was in the employ of the mission, was arrested and thrown into prison. Boghos Fizika, a man of similar character, followed. Within four days, an order was obtained from the Turkish Government for sending them into exile, four hundred miles away, and they were hurried off, under charge of officers, who treated them with the greatest cruelty. A banker, who had been on friendly terms with the missionaries, was arrested, and confined among the lunatics; and a bedlam in Turkey is a more shocking place of confinement, even for a lunatic, than in any other part of the world. Der-Kevoork, the pious priest already mentioned, with other leading men, who had embraced evangelical sentiments, were banished. The Patriarch issued a Bull, threatening with terrible vengeance all who should have anything to do with the missionaries. The Greek Patriarch issued a similar Bull. Many persons were arrested on mere suspicion, their business broken up, and their families left in want. The missionaries were formally accused before the Turkish authorities of having made proselytes from the Armenians—an offence against the Sublime Porte—and a strong effort was made to secure their expulsion from the country.

“This is, indeed,” wrote Mr. Goodell, “a day of rebuke and blasphemy; whole kingdoms are moved against us, and the ferment is so great, that all the elements seem in motion. Our friends, however, behave remarkably well. Instead of being disheartened, they appear cheerful and happy—full of peace and courage. Oh, what a blessed Saviour! and what blessed promises! worth living for, and worth dying for.”

Just when t^r's persecution had reached its most critical point, and seemed certain of success, a series of striking providences turned the scale in favour of the missionaries. The war with Mohammed Ali of Egypt was renewed, and 80,000 Turkish troops were defeated near Aleppo. Then came the tidings that the Capudan Pasha, the chief Admiral of the Turkish fleet, had surrendered the entire fleet to Mohammed Ali. But for the intervention of the allied powers, the government of the Porte would have been annihilated. Another tremendous fire swept the city, and left 50,000 inhabitants without a home or a shelter. Many of the wealthiest Armenian bankers were reduced to poverty, and among them not a few of the chief persecutors; so that it became a common remark, "that God was taking the side of the persecuted, and vindicating their cause." In the shadow of their calamities, the persecution was suspended; and even those who had been banished were recalled. Intercourse with the missionaries was resumed, and the work of God appeared to receive a new impulse. About the same time, the Sultan died, and his son, Abdul Medjid, succeeded to the throne. Partly owing, doubtless, to the perilous state of the empire, the new monarch, in the presence of an august assembly, took the oath of fidelity to the Hatti Sherif, or the first formal Magna Charta of Turkey, an instrument succeeded in after years by several important charters of civil and religious liberty, the last, and most important one, being the celebrated Hatti Humayoun, obtained in 1856, at the close of the Crimean war. These charters, though but partial concessions to liberty of conscience, and but very imperfectly carried out, yet have greatly aided mission work in Turkey.

Our heroic missionary, and his no less heroic wife, unmoved by revolutions, conflagrations, plagues, and persecutions, continued their glorious toil with ever-increasing manifestations of the power of the truth of God, until, in his seventy-fourth year, he relinquished into other and younger hands the further prosecution of the great work he had been so highly honoured in commencing. He entered Turkey, the solitary pioneer missionary of Christ, and with his family, were among the first, if not the first American residents in Constantinople. In a land hermetically sealed against the truth, and in the face of mountain difficulties,

he laboured on, with a boldness that knew no fear, a wisdom almost unique, a patience that was never exhausted, a cheerfulness that nothing could sour, and a simple, sublime love to God and to the souls of men that was truly apostolic. He lived to see a flourishing native Armenian Church established, a noble band of missionaries, both foreign and native, occupying efficiently the numerous fields which God had opened, a magnificent translation of the entire Scriptures into the Armeno-Turkish, completed by his own hand, and receiving a wide-spread and constantly increasing circulation. He retired to his own land to spend the evening of life, there to instil into the hearts of hundreds and thousands, much of his own noble, self-sacrificing spirit and missionary ardour. His very presence was a benediction. But recently he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, and has left behind the memory of the just—beautiful and blessed—and an inspiration to the succeeding generations of Christ's toiling, suffering, and rejoicing servants.

CARTWRIGHT, *Ont.*

ENDURANCE BRINGS CONQUEST.

BY THOS. CLEWORTH.

We are not conquered though we be cast
 down,
 The Word of Christ is sure ;
 But by-and-by we shall receive the crown,
 'Tis theirs who still endure.

The soldier striving for his country's weal,
 To make his purpose sure,
 Must many a pang of pain and anguish feel,
 And still the worst endure.

The seaman who spreads out the ample sail,
 And braves the briny deep,
 Must stem the stormy blast and wildering
 gale,
 And still firm courage keep.

The statesman whose keen eye discerns
 the need

Of wise and saving laws,
 Must make goodwill a strong and living
 deed,
 Must strive and never pause.

The teacher who would make his noble
 art
 A talismanic power,
 To a clear head must join a brave,
 true heart,
 Then his reward is sure.

Oh ! if the race be long and toil
 severe,

'Tis patient, loving strife,
 That counts no labour for its end too
 dear,

That gains the palm of life.

THORNBURY, February 17th, 1876.

THE YORKSHIRE FARMER.

BY T. G. W.

MANY years ago I was stationed on a circuit in Yorkshire, and one evening had to preach in a small cottage, where dwelt as happy a couple as could be found this side Heaven. They were both grown old; their children were either dead or married; they possessed little of this world's good things—for their cottage was small, open to the roof, and not very plentifully furnished; but in their hearts the Saviour's love was implanted, and that shed a radiance and glory on everything around, and filled their cottage-home with joy unspeakable. We had no other place in which to preach, for another section of religionists were very strong, and did all they could to hinder us from getting a footing in the village. But the cottage of those aged pilgrims was ever open to us, and on entering, a hearty grasp of the hand and a heavenly smile of welcome beamed on the old couple's faces, and wherever I found such a welcome as this—though salt and porridge might be my fare—I was always happy.

On the particular evening I refer to, there were about six or eight of a congregation—all men—except the dear Christian woman whose home we were in. I took my stand behind a chair, and preached from the words, "O man, greatly beloved, fear not," which is a portion of the nineteenth verse in the tenth chapter of Daniel. I had great freedom of speech, and felt the Spirit of God very powerfully working in my soul. Oh! the joy the ambassador of Christ feels when he knows his Master is behind him. There is no greater honour a man can have than to be privileged to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. I felt it good to be there, and the arrow of conviction entered the soul of the only unconverted man in the house. I saw him shifting about on the chair, wringing his hands, and now and again I heard him groaning in the agony of his soul. He was a tall, powerful man, with ruddy, healthy-looking face, and large features. His dress was that of a shepherd, which occupation he followed, as I afterwards learned. As I watched him writhing under a conviction

of sin, I seemed to possess amazing powers of speech. Passage after passage of sacred Scripture flashed into my mind, and I was enabled to give utterance to them with earnestness and power. As I continued my discourse the man grew worse and worse, until, when I had finished, he had slipped off the chair and fallen on to his knees, and was crying to God, for Christ's sake, to pardon his many sins.

We sang a hymn; while we were singing the man still continued praying and groaning and weeping, and by the time we had sung the last lines of the hymn the Lord had said to the penitent, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee, go and sin no more," so that when we knelt down to pray, the man began to praise God, and we all joined in adoring Him whose mercy is abundant, and who delights in pardoning sinners. That night was one of the happiest I ever spent, and I have had many blissful seasons since I was called to preach the Gospel more than forty years ago.

Jonathan, for that was the shepherd's name, could scarcely leave the cottage. He grasped my hand again and again, big tears rolled down his cheeks, and he shouted, "Glory, glory, glory!" So loud was his voice that I am sure it must have been heard at the Church minister's house, which was not very far distant on the opposite side of the lane.

Those who have never experienced the joy resulting from a knowledge of sins forgiven may be inclined to sneer at the manner in which some religious people give expression to their feelings. Joy makes us laugh, sing, dance, or weep, according to our nature. No one objects to this, as it is the natural outburst of our pent-up feelings. But because the Christian out of the fulness of his heart shouts, "Glory," "Praise the Lord," and in other ways expresses his inward divine rapture, it is objected to as being fanatical, mere excitement, or all noise. This may be true in some instances, but it is not true as a rule. Some men are so constituted that they must give expression to their feelings, and it is not for us to set them down as fanatics, just because we are less fervent, or calmer in our mode of worshipping God. One of the most truly pious, God-fearing men it has been my happy privilege to know is John Crompton, an aged member of one of

the Manchester Societies. His power in prayer is extraordinary; his faith is childlike; he lays hold of the promises of God, *believes* them, and a divine influence is always felt when he is on his knees. One of old John's sayings is, "If you *feel* glory you will *shout* glory. *God has no dumb children.*" If we had less formality, and more vital, soul-stirring religion among us we should have more conversions to God; for, after all, the main object of the Christian minister is to lead sinners to the foot of the cross. If a hearty "Amen" were given in some of our places of worship there would be as much commotion, astonishment and alarm as though a bomb-shell had been suddenly thrown among them; and I am inclined to think such an exclamation would do good.

The news soon spread the next morning that Jonathan had got converted and become a Methodist—for news of this or any other kind spreads quickly among the country people. However, the news was good news, and when Jonathan was asked if it was true, he not only did not deny it, but—which was a good sign of the genuineness of the change he had undergone—began to recommend the Saviour to others.

But our Saviour Himself declared if any man followed Him fully he would suffer persecution. Jonathan had to suffer, and it was as follows:—

His master, who owned a large farm, had often said he would never have any man or woman working for him who was a Methodist. He had been informed by some enemy to God and religion that the Methodists were a dangerous, seditious, noisy, unprincipled class of people, and he had believed the report, and made the vow. When he heard that Jonathan had been to one of the Methodist meetings and got converted—as they called it—he was much troubled, for Jonathan had been with him above seventeen years, and had always been found faithful, upright and honest. But—like Herod when he made that foolish, wicked vow to the daughter of Herodias, which cost the holy John the Baptist his head—although he was grieved, for his oath's sake he determined to do as he had said.

He went into the field where Jonathan was tending the sheep and thus accosted him,—

"Jonathan, they tell me thou hast been to a Methodist meeting. Is it true?"

"It is, mester, praise the Lord!"

"And they tell me thou hast got converted?"

"True, mester, true, O praise the Lord!"

"And does thou mean to continue to go to their meetings, Jonathan?"

"I do, mester; it was through hearing one of their ministers preach the Word of God that I became convinced I was a sinner, and it was while they were singing I became converted, and I think they have a right to me, praise the Lord!"

"But, Jonathan," said the farmer, "I've said that no man who is a Methodist shall work for me—thou knows that."

"I do, mester," replied Jonathan, with a slight trembling in his voice, "but I hope it was a foolish saying, and that you will not act upon it."

"But I must act upon it, Jonathan. I'm sorry, very sorry, for thou hast served me well for more than seventeen years; but unless thou givest up going to those Methodist meetings we shall have to part—there."

Jonathan stood for a moment or two without speaking, and his master thought he was going to gain the day, but he was mistaken. Jonathan was quietly lifting up his heart to God in prayer for divine help. It was a serious step for him to take, as he had a wife and family depending on him, but he had a full reliance on his God, and he calmly said,—

"Well, mester, if it comes to a question of giving up my situation or giving up my Jesus, I'll give up my situation. God will open a way for me somehow."

The farmer was evidently moved with Jonathan's earnestness and firmness, but being a man of stubborn will, who liked to have his own way, he would not yield, and he said,—

"Well, I'll give thee a month's notice, so that thou will have time to get another place."

When the farmer was gone Jonathan fell on his knees and thanked God for helping him to choose the right course. His heart was full of rapture, and the day was passed, while attending to his duties, in prayer and thanksgiving. He thought about my

sermon on Daniel, and the words of my text, "O man, greatly beloved, fear not." He knew his God was Daniel's God, and He who was able to deliver Daniel from the ferocious lions was able to open a way for him. However, he would trust Him. He felt happy, very happy. This religion which he had got was the most precious thing he had ever possessed, and he did not mean to part with it. He had never been very wicked; his life had been upright, conscientious, and honest, as far as his knowledge went, but when conviction seized him he felt he was the most guilty man on earth. God's Spirit shone into his soul, and revealed to him the utter depravity of his nature—a depravity which before he was not conscious of. But now, praise God, he was a new creature in Christ Jesus. "Old things had passed away, and behold all things had become new." His guilty soul was washed, renewed, regenerated. Although a poor shepherd, he was a child of God, a prince among men, an heir of eternal glory. Part with his religion! No; he would part with life first. Would God we had more such men as this Yorkshire shepherd.

Jonathan went on working as usual—but, if possible, with greater diligence; for genuine religion makes a man more conscientious—he unites his duty to man with his duty to God. Lazy Christians are a libel on Christianity. God's grace is just the thing to make a man industrious, conscientious, honest, upright, and manly. The man who professes to be a Christian, and is not industrious and honest, is not a Christian at all. We have a good deal of this hypocritical religion—this whining, cinging, milk-and-water sort of thing, but it is not the true spirit of religion. Jonathan's religion was the real kind; industrious before, he was doubly so now. Honest before, he was strictly so now. He did not need to be watched in order to do his work. You might have trusted him with all you possessed and it would have been there when you wanted it. You might have given him your purse to take care of without first counting the money in it, and had no fear of its safety. His religion made him happy, and he blended it with his every-day life. His whole career, after his conversion, bore witness to his sterling religious character.

Jonathan's master attended the market at Brigg on next market

day. He had been much troubled in his mind at the thought of losing his faithful servant, but he could not bring himself to acknowledge his error; his pride was likely to lead him—like many beside him—into serious trouble and loss. He had not been in the market long before a gentleman, a wealthy farmer, came up to him and shook hands. After a few remarks about the weather, the crops, etc., the gentleman said,—

“Why, George! I’ve been told you are going to part with your shepherd. I can’t believe it, but you will be able to tell me whether it is true or not.”

George coloured up, for he did not know the news had spread so far, and he felt almost ashamed now at his conduct. However, he answered,—

“I am.”

“Has he done anything wrong, George?”

“Nothing. He is just the same as I have always known him, and a better shepherd can’t be found in the United Kingdom.”

“Then why are you going to send him away?” enquired the gentleman.

“Well, I’ve said I wouldn’t have a Methodist working for me. He’s joined the Methodists; got converted as they call it; and I’m going to stick to my word.”

The gentleman stared at George, and George fumbled about with his hands, and shuffled his feet, for the truth was he felt foolish and miserable.

“George,” said the gentleman, “will you do me a favour?”

“If I can I will,” replied George.

“It is this. When you get back home, tell Jonathan that as soon as you have done with him I should like him to come to me. I’ve long watched his conduct, and wished I had such a man, and now that he has got converted, I know he will be doubly valuable.”

George did not say he would or he would not tell Jonathan, but after transacting some business they parted.

When George reached home he went straight to the field to Jonathan. He found him singing and working, and looking as happy as if some one had settled an annuity upon him instead of

his having received notice to leave. On seeing his master he, in a cheerful voice, inquired whether he had had a good day.

"Very good, Jonathan, and does thou know, I've seen a friend of thine."

"A friend?" said Jonathan, "perhaps it's an enemy you've seen," and he smiled as much as to say it didn't matter, enemy or friend, he knew he had a true friend in Heaven.

"No," replied his master, "he's a real friend. He wants thee to go and be his shepherd when I've done with thee."

"But, my dear mester, you've not done with me, I hope. I don't want to work for any other mesters but you and God. You've been good to me, and kind to my family, and I'm willing to devote all my bodily energies and powers to your service; but God has saved my soul, and I've promised He shall have it."

The tears stood in Jonathan's eyes; he was deeply moved. Not less so was his master, for he turned his head and tried to whistle, but he could not. For several minutes they stood without speaking, each with his own thoughts. The lambs and sheep came baaing round them, and one little lamb pushed its nose into Jonathan's big hand and began to lick it, and rub against him. The master, turning his head, noticed the circumstance, and he thought how fond the sheep and lambs were of his shepherd; he knew Jonathan was kind to them, and he could not see that his going among the Methodists had made him worse, but better, for his voice was softer, and his manners gentler. He thought he would again see if Jonathan was willing to give up his attendance at the Methodist meetings, and said,—

"Well, Jonathan, thou knows I don't want to part with thee, but hast thou done what I requested thee?"

"What is that, mester?"

"Given over going among them Methodists."

"Mester," said Jonathan, a serious and profound expression gathering on his face, "Mester, did you ever know me do a thing I said I wouldn't?"

"Never, Jonathan, thou has always been a man of thy word," replied his master.

"Then," said Jonathan, "I am still the same. If I have to break stones with a little hammer on the public road, and eat

bread and water, I will continue to serve God. If I left the Methodists I should be denying my Saviour, and yielding my soul's interest for worldly gain, and that I will never do, the good Lord helping me."

This was decisive. The master was deeply touched: so affected was he that he turned and walked a few paces away, the big tears rolling down his cheeks and falling on the grass at his feet like great drops of rain. When he had gone some little distance he turned round, came back to Jonathan, and grasping his hand, in a choking voice said,—

"Jonathan, my lad, may God forgive me for my foolish and rash vow. Thou shalt not leave me. Pray for me, that I may be made acquainted with that Saviour thou hast found, and who makes thee so happy. Bless thee, bless thee, lad."

"Glory be to God!" shouted Jonathan, "'He is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by Him, for He ever liveth to make intercession for us.' Praise the Lord, mester, you are not far from the kingdom. Glory, glory, glory!"

The farmer again walked away, and again returned, saying,—

"Jonathan, my lad, if thou has any distance to go to thy meetings, there's the mare in the stables, take her any time, any time."

"Thank you, mester, thank you. Praise the Lord!"

"And sometime, Jonathan, my lad, I'll go with thee to hear a sermon," said the farmer.

"You shall, mester, you shall," said Jonathan, scarcely able to speak. He could no longer restrain his tears, but put his face in his big hands and wept aloud for joy; he was filled with ecstasy. When he lifted up his head he saw his master passing out of the field, and he went about his work praising God.

Many blessed seasons did the farmer and his servant enjoy together. Jonathan soon began to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. The little cottage, where our services were first held, soon gave place to a larger room, the room became too small, and a chapel was built, and none were more active, self-denying, or liberal in their gifts, than Jonathan and his master. Many a time did Jonathan take the mare and ride twenty miles to carry the news of a risen Saviour, and many a time might two persons be seen riding on one horse, the Methodist parson and Jonathan.

THE CHRISTIAN MAIDEN.

BY WILLIAM J. FORD.

WE purpose an attempt, in this brief sketch, to snatch from the shades of forgetfulness, and put in its well-deserved place of honour in the minds of Canadian Methodist readers, one of the fairest names, one of the most lovely characters, that has ever graced the pages of Methodist biography. Christian holiness possesses a beauty all its own, it matters not what may be the texture of the canvas upon which its colours are laid, or what the framework that surrounds the picture. But when we see conjoined in one, all the buoyancy of youth, the chastity of maidenhood, the grace of cultured tastes and manners, and the depth and vigour of fine intellectual endowments—and all habited in the fair white robes of that “righteousness which is of God by faith”—it is then we see that the “beauty of holiness” is indeed exceedingly beautiful. In such conjunction shone the piety of Eliza Hessell, “the Christian Maiden.”

Miss Hessell was born in that rank of the English social scale from which has been drawn some of the best blood and stamina of English Methodism—that of the better class of tenant farmers. She was born in Catterton, a small hamlet, near Tadcaster, in Yorkshire, on April 10th, 1829. In very early life she began to manifest traits of character which marked her out as one likely to pursue no ordinary path and exert no ordinary influence in her future life. Prominent among these, and first developed, was an almost insatiable appetite for books. The quietude and retirement of her country life threw her very much upon reading as a resource for the satisfaction of the wants of a naturally active and buoyant mind. Too much so, perhaps. Powerful hunger is not delicate in the choice of food. This is as true of the hunger of the mind as it is of the hunger of the body. Writing in after years of some of her early experiences she says of herself :

“I have sat poring over works of history, and more frequently of fiction, till my aching eyeballs have refused their office ; the solemn tones of the midnight bell, and occasionally the light chimes of the third hour of morning, have

warned me to my little couch, while strange visions of enchanted castles, rocking images, ominous sounds, and wild apparitions, have disturbed my feverish repose, and unfitted me for the active duties of life. These are painful reminiscences."

An experience like this might well furnish a warning to those in whom a taste for reading amounts almost to a passion. The pain of which she speaks, and which naturally and inevitably followed such an ill-judged course of reading, is the pain of mental dyspepsia. The preventive of such symptoms is not restricted on so much as selection. It would be well if parents, and others having control of young persons at that important and critical period, when the mind is first becoming conscious of its powers, would remember that it is as much a duty to provide, as far as their means will allow, an abundant and varied supply of agreeable and nutritious food for the growing mind, as it is to supply the wants of the growing body. It is as true of the mind as it is confessedly of the body, that when the natural appetite is satisfied with food at once good and agreeable to the taste, there are seldom felt any of those morbid cravings, such as are experienced by the pampered dyspeptic on the one hand, and the hunger-bitten children of famine on the other.

In the subject of our sketch, however, great as was her taste for reading, and almost inordinately as it was gratified, it did not, as is too often the case, by its luxuriance overshadow and stunt the growth of her powers of reflection. These powers were indeed almost prematurely developed. It is related of her that when scarcely more than a mere child, she might have been often seen wandering through the lanes and fields in the neighbourhood of her father's house, wrapped in deepest thought, and apparently unconscious of all surrounding objects. It was no ordinary girl of sixteen who would be found walking up and down the garden walks by the pale light of the moon and stars, pondering the great problems of human life and human destiny, throwing herself on the ground in an agony of mental struggle, and declaring that death itself would be welcome to her if it would only give a satisfactory solution to the doubts which oppressed her. Surely, we repeat, here was no ordinary character. What a study does such a picture afford for many of the young women of this

day, who, with more years upon their heads, equal mental powers, and superior opportunities for mental culture, freight their minds with no weightier questions than those touching the flippant conventionalities of modern social life.

We cannot forbear quoting here her own description of this period of her life, given some years afterwards in a letter to a friend. She had been referring to some experiences of which she was then the subject, and added :

“ All this may seem strange to you, but it would not if you could read my mental history ; if you knew what formed and educated my childhood—the utter want of companionship I experienced—the delicate and sickly form which, for many years, was the tabernacle of a shrinking, sensitive spirit, whose element was the sublime but mysterious images of revelation, the allegories of Bunyan, and such poetry and fiction as came in its path. I spoke of want of companionship ; but mine was with the deep woods, or beside a lonely pond under a large ash tree, whose music, as the wind swept it, I can now recall ; shunned by and shunning those of my own age, whose kindness was almost as offensive to me as their ridicule or contempt. At an age when most children are revelling in the sunshine of their own joyous natures, I was revolving in my unnaturally excited and fevered mind such themes as the existence of God, and the strange enigma of my own being and destiny.”

The same sensitive nature, however, which found so much pain in these stormy mental experiences, was that which qualified her to derive from her surroundings much intense enjoyment which a less susceptible disposition would have overlooked. So true it is that the

“ Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure ”

are the same that

“ Thrill with deepest notes of woe.”

The question has often been argued whether society or retirement is most conducive to true mental and spiritual culture. Generally, the influence of either one is mixed. It was so in the case of Miss Hessell. Though in her case, too, the retirement which her circumstances thrust upon her in early life, produced a balance of good. Her solitude and consequent constant communing with herself, no doubt developed some mists of morbid sentiment, from which it cost her a great effort afterwards to liberate herself. A free mixing with society, with no dearth of intimate companionship, might have saved her from this. But it

is a question whether her naturally buoyant spirits might not have rendered her too susceptible to varied influences by which she would have been surrounded; whether the gay laughter of social enjoyment might not have drowned the deep and solemn utterances of the soul.

The subject of our sketch had been from infancy surrounded by the hallowing influences of a truly pious home. We therefore look, as naturally as we look for the dew after a cloudless summer night, for the early development of the fruits of the Spirit. Nor do we look in vain. While a child of very tender years she felt the burden of her personal responsibility to God, followed by longings after the possession of those evidences of adoption into the family of God of which she heard so much, both at home and in the house of God, whither she was regularly led. It shows no ordinary judgment and strength of character, that so soon as these desires became so clearly defined as to take any strong hold upon her—though she was then only about twelve years of age—she voluntarily placed herself in connection with the Methodist Church, believing that in connection with its ordinances she would be most likely to find the peace which her soul craved. At that early age she was “admitted into the society as an earnest seeker of salvation.” We cannot fail to admire this step, or to reflect how many young people would be saved from a thousand snares and storms of sin did they take similar precautions to fix their first strong religious impressions. But instead of this, in perhaps most cases, they seek to hide them in the secret recesses of their own hearts, until they are dissipated like the morning cloud and early dew. The Methodist society with its peculiar organization, was formed for the benefit of such as are *seekers* after the power of godliness. Would that more of that deeply interesting class would enter the fold whose doors are specially opened for them, and not, like the stricken deer, retire into the thicket to hide the barbed arrow in their soul.

For a period of about nine years after she had thus connected herself with the Church as a seeker, she seems not to have advanced beyond that status. She describes herself as having, during that period, an “intellectual enjoyment of the truth,” but failing to find that complete satisfaction of the wants of a guilty

and depraved nature which she believed Christianity was able to afford. Such an experience is worth reflecting upon. The question is started whether Christianity affords any true enjoyment to the sincere seeker after its power, before the state of conscious pardon and the new birth is attained. We think it does, and that the kind of enjoyment which is derived from religion prior to conversion is accurately described by the phrase "intellectual enjoyment." A theoretical knowledge of the truths and doctrines of the Christian religion affords the same gratification to the mind that any other kind of knowledge does. The human mind delights in new acquisitions. When an intelligent seeker of salvation turns to contemplate the provisions which the gospel offers for his case, the mind becomes enamoured with the view of the beautiful harmonies of the Divine revelation, and the same pleasing sensations are awakened that the mathematician finds when he solves some obscure and difficult problem; or the scientist in discovering some new fact or new law in nature; only the pleasure in this case will be more intense as revelation is more important than mathematics or physics. This view of the truths concerning Christ must necessarily precede trust in Christ; therefore this intellectual enjoyment will always precede the deeper joys of salvation. The more the intellect is developed the more sensitive it is to the impressions which Divine truth makes upon it, and the greater the pleasure derived from them. Here lies a snare to persons of mental culture. Religion is sought after as a means of obtaining the satisfying pleasures which the spiritual nature craves. As soon as the truths of Redemption—of God's love expressed and God's justice satisfied by the death of Christ—are presented to the mind, the mind becomes sensible of pleasure in contemplating them; and this enjoyment which the intellect experiences by coming in contact with Divine truth, is in many cases mistaken for the profounder joys that the soul experiences by coming in contact with the Divine Spirit. The lamp of truth is mistaken for the Sun of Righteousness. Real intellectual pleasure is as much to be derived from the domain of God's truth as pleasure of the senses from the influence of God's material works; but the one is as much to be distinguished as the other from that "joy unspeakable and full of glory" which

flows only from conscious communion with God Himself. Here we have a fruitful source of shallow and unsatisfactory experience in sincere and intelligent Christians.

Though often tempted to regard this enjoyment which she felt as an evidence of conversion, Miss Hessell never seems to have been guilty of resting satisfied with this experience. Her nature was not one to be satisfied with mere deductions from the general truths of the gospel. Her ardent soul longed for personal communion with a personal Saviour. During all these nine years she hungered and thirsted after righteousness; nor was the promise that such shall be filled destined to fail in her case.

In the summer of 1850, Rev. George Dunn, a Scotch evangelist, then on a preaching tour through England, visited Boston Spa, where the Hessell family had resided since the death of Mr. Hessell, which had occurred some time previously. Through Mr. Dunn's ministry Miss Hessell was led into the deeper and more joyous experience of a conscious acceptance with God. She has left a record of the final struggle with herself which preceded this experience, which we cannot forbear quoting:

"I felt my mountain of unbelief to be the barrier between God and my soul. I did not rest on the declaration of the Father that He had given me eternal life by believing. Now I thought it must come to this: faith must come before feeling; and taking a beautiful hymn which Mr. Dunn had sent me, I adopted it as the language of my heart.

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.'

"Then taking that blessed declaration of Christ: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life,' I thought my soul must anchor here. I do and will believe it. 'But,' said the enemy, 'where is your feeling?' My heart replied, 'I am saved by faith, and if I never feel more peace,—if thou art permitted to assault me all my life through, and shake my trust, and mar my peace, I will not drop my hold of this faith.' And with the Bible open before me, at the fifth and sixth of John, I worked on, and cast my eye, ever and anon, on those precious promises, determined the devil should not rob me of them. I endeavoured to resist every suggestion, (and every effort to conquer the adversary seemed to strengthen me,) until peace began to tranquilize the billows of temptation, and I could sit in the dining-room no longer, but ran up stairs to pour out my full heart in praise to God."

The work of conversion was clear and distinct, and was always afterward associated in her mind with the remembrance of the time and place. Often is reference made, in her letters and journal, to "the memorable fifth of December," and the "dear old dining-room." These distinct marks of time and place, were a matter for gratitude to her, as they justly ought to be to all to whom they are vouchsafed. They are not given to all. All could not bear them. There are some weak souls who, if such marks of conversion were given, would trust to the remembrance of them, rather than look for the abiding witness of the Spirit, and thus walk by sight and not by faith. There are some who must be bound up to the present, without much that the feelings can feed on, either in the past or future, in order that faith in that which is unseen and eternal may be kept from leaning in any way upon that which is seen and temporal. Distinct birthmarks, however, are a good sign, they are a sign of strength. Blessed are they that receive them as a token of the Master's trust—of their Father's confidence. The probabilities are that they will be followed by far greater clearness both of the internal and external evidences of godliness—of the inner experiences and the outward life. Such was the fact in the case of Miss Hessel. The thorough change in her whole character which conversion brought about was manifest to all with whom she came in contact—not manifested by any undue restraint upon her natural cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit, not by increased dolorousness and downcast look, but by the serene joy which lighted and animated every feature of her countenance, and by a conversation, not so filled with salt as to produce nausea, but "seasoned with salt," "that it may minister grace unto the hearers." She did not clothe her religion in sad-coloured garments, and put cypress into its hand, and send it bowing like a bulrush among her companions, to repel instead of attracting. She clothed it with white, and crowned it with laurel, and put a song of deliverance into its mouth. She sought to "adorn the doctrines of God her Saviour," and to catch the beauty, as well as the power of Christian holiness. Realizing that she was not her own, being bought with a price, she sought to glorify God both with her body and spirit, which were His.

Her frail constitution and consequent ill-health would have

been, with many, sufficient excuse for withdrawal from much active duty in connection with the cause of Christ. A slight impediment in her speech made it painful for her to engage in any social means of grace. But though this was a thorn in the flesh, she neither fretted to have it removed, nor made it the excuse for shrinking from any post of duty. She was a zealous Sunday-school worker, and was active in most of the schemes set on foot among the ladies of the circuit to advance the interests of the Church. Notwithstanding her willing zeal, however, her domestic duties and weak health debarred her from many departments of work. But if she had but a weak body with which to glorify God, she had an ardent spirit.

She affords us a fine example of mental powers consecrated to God. It was an offering of no mean value. Her early education, indeed, had progressed amid difficulties. But her vigorous intellect more than made up for the want in that direction. Her mind depended not upon leading-strings; and the current of her thoughts soon attained a depth and rapidity of flow that would scorn to be confined to the narrow channel of a boarding-school curriculum. She was an assiduous student. Her range of reading was wide in extent, and by no means superficial in character. She formed a familiar acquaintance with almost all the English classics in most branches of literature. Possessed of refined sensibilities, she revelled amid the beautiful creations of poetry and the purer forms of prose fiction. But the enchantments of these did not lull her mind to forgetfulness of sterner and more important truths. Even theology and philosophy were no strangers to her investigation; and the judgments she passed upon the works she read, as found in her letters to her friends, show a grasp of the subjects which would do no discredit to the professional critic. Nor did she read merely for pastime, or to gratify her natural tastes. Conscious that her physical frailty shut her out from many paths of usefulness, she the more earnestly sought to cultivate her mind, that it might be a worthy instrument of her Master's service. She read, and, what is much more, thought; and then sought by her pen to pass on the fresh thoughts moulded in her mind, that they might stimulate and encourage those who laboured with their hands in the vineyard of the Lord.

Possessing a familiarity with the best models of English composition, cultured taste, sound judgment, and a copious command of language, she possessed many of the qualifications for a writer of no mean merit. Had we nothing to judge her from in this respect but her private correspondence, which was extensive, the judgment would not be unfavourable. Selections from her correspondence are published in her memoirs, and there we find, occurring in her most hastily written letters, designed only for the private perusal of her most familiar friends, passages which, for justness of sentiment and beauty of expression, would grace the pages of a studied essay. She was a not unfrequent contributor to several periodicals. Her contributions were chiefly poetical, and bear evident marks of being written for the purpose of glorifying God by stimulating a greater reverence for His character, and more unselfish love for His creatures. Some more ambitious productions than these were designed and commenced, but failing health compelled her to relinquish them. Her writings, of course, are not without many faults and defects when critically judged; but they show sufficient indications of genius to warrant the belief that had her life been prolonged, and had she been surrounded by circumstances suitable to the development of her powers, she might have inscribed her name, if not in gilded yet in enduring characters in the records of Christian literature. But, alas! the leaf-buds of this talent had scarcely burst, much less had the fruits, or even the perfect flowers been developed, when it was doomed to fade and die.

Nor were these literary tastes and pursuits cultivated at the expense of the more modest virtues and accomplishments which beautify and perfume the sanctuary of home. She was linked by no single tie of likeness or sympathy with those would-be intellectual women who strive to propitiate the Muses, while the Lares of their hearths are outraged and their daily offerings neglected. She never sought to avoid her full share of the routine work of the household. The testimony of her acquaintances confirms the truth of her own half jocular, half serious description of herself as "a very domestic, homely sort of body." Again she writes, "My ideal is perfect in everything that comes within the sphere of a virtuous, intelligent, domestic woman, so perfect that

it is no easy matter to determine in which she most excels." Would that such an ideal were more generally aimed at.

We have lingered so long over the delightful task of portraying the character of this saintly soul, that a few words must suffice for the closing scenes of its earthly career. Never possessed of a very vigorous constitution, consumption, that fell destroyer of youth and beauty, early marked our subject for a victim. She was in her twenty-ninth year, when, disease having done its worst, death hurled its fatal dart. She had been an earnest student, as distinguished from a mere reader of the Bible; and she found the Word of God, a "lamp to her feet" when she trod the dark valley. Her assiduity in cultivating a praying spirit had been one of the distinguishing marks of her Christian character; and now when the chill waves of death laved her feet she feared no evil, for God, whose fellowship she had sought and found in prayer, was with her. She seems, like Bunyan's Pilgrims, to have come even to the margin of the river, and finding a land of Beulah, waited for the summons of the Master. It lingered a little, while the surgings of Jordan were in her ears. But at length it came. The silver cord which bound her fluttering soul to earth was gently loosed. The weary spirit, gladly, triumphantly, entered in "through the gates into the city."

" Thus may I safely reach
My Father's house,—my everlasting home :
And, like a weary child, lie down to rest
Within His folded arms."

NEWBURG, Ont.

PRESENTIMENTS.

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoofs on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.

— *Longfellow.*

CITY WAIFS.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

A CROSSING-SWEEPING in the poor parts of the East End of London is not a very valuable property on week-days. Most of the people who cross the road care little how muddy it is. There are no eccentric old gentlemen in the neighbourhood who pay five-shillings and even golden toll (as used, at any rate, I have heard, to be the case in the West End), when they condescend to pick their way over the crossing; no benevolent old ladies, whose combined pensions give the crossing-sweeper a very comfortable little income; no lazy, swellish servants, to hire him with coppers and cold fowl to post letters and call cabs, in order that their own brawny calves may still enjoy a spotless *otium cum dignitate*. Crossing-sweepers, locally practising their profession, are scarce in the parts I speak of on week-days. But on Sundays they make their appearance in front of the churches and the larger chapels just before and after service. The Sunday incumbents of the two crossings that led to one of my churches, were at one time a little boy and a little girl; strikingly alike in features, although the boy looked very feeble, and the girl, in spite of her poor clothing and diet, seemed a merrily healthy young puss. Some of those who had coppers to spare chose the boy's crossing when they came to church, because he looked so weak; but most gave their pence and halfpence to the girl, because she smiled so brightly and brandished her broom with so much cheerful vigour. Both the children were very well-behaved, and, poor as their dress was, they managed somehow to make it look tidy. They were not exactly "pretty children," but still their faces were very different from the jumble of flat features, lighted only by low cunning, which is the general type of countenance amongst our poor little "street Arabs." They differed from the ruck of street children strikingly in another respect. As soon as the single bell had ceased to toll, they left their brooms in a corner of one of the porches, and stole into church, dropping side by side into one of the obscurest free seats.

Sunday after Sunday, when I passed the little crossing-

sweepers on my way to church, I determined to make inquiries about them, but it so happened that for some weeks they escaped my memory as soon as Sunday had passed. One Sunday morning I missed them from their accustomed post. A bent old man, almost muffled from view in a threadbare, greasy, many-caped, drab great-coat, was plying the broom in their stead. I asked him if he could tell me what had become of the children.

"Boy's bad, an' the girl's a-nussin' of him."

"Where do they live?"

"Them an' me lodges together in a harch, an' the gal says to me, 'Fred can't go, Ginger, an' I'm agoin' to stay along with him to-day--so you take my broom, an' go down to our pitch afore the new church--it's a pity some un shouldn't git the browns.' So I've come, but, bless ye, sir, I don't mean to keep all I gits. They shall have their whack, as they've a right. You'll please to remember the sweeper, sir?"

I asked him if he would pilot me after service to the singular joint lodging of which he had spoken. "Ye're not agoin' to blow on us, sir?" he cross-questioned, glancing up sharply. "Ye see, we've got it rent free, an' though it ain't used for nothin' else, them as the place belongs to might turn us out if they knowed there was any one in it."

There is a network of railways in the East End now, but at that time the Blackwall—the trains drawn by a rope that ran over wheels—was the only East-End line. In the upper portion of one of its arches, that had been boarded up for use as a stable and hayloft, but had not been long tenanted in that capacity, the old man and the children resided.

"I hain't been there so long as them," said the old man, as we walked back together. "I'm a finder by trade, if ye can call it a trade—pick up rags, an' bones, an' metal, an' sich; an' one night I come back dead beat, for I 'adn't had nothin' to eat, an' 'adn't found nothin' to speak on neither. I sot down by that there railway harch, an' felt as if I could blubber, hold as I be. It was a good step yet to the place where I was a-lodgin' then, an' there wasn't anythin' for me to eat when I did git back. Well, jist then up come them two children, wi' their brooms over their shoulders. They work a City crossin' a-week days, an' only come to youn a

Sundays, 'cos it's handy like, an' the City's empty a-Sunday. 'What's the matter, old man?' says the little gal. 'I'm tired,' says I. 'Come in an' 'ave a rest,' says she. 'That'll be better than settin' out 'ere in the rain.' The rain *was* comin' down; but I was so tired, I should like to ha' gone to sleep there. So up they took me to the loft where we're all a-lodgin' now; an' when they found out I was 'ungry, they give me some o' their grub. 'If you've no objections, I'll turn in 'ere to-night,' says I; an' I did. Both on 'em said their prayers, afore *they* turned in. It made me feel ashamed like—I was layin' awake watchin' on 'em. 'That's good children,' says I. 'I'd ha' done it myself, if I 'adn't been so tired; but now I'll say 'em in bed.' An' I did say 'em, sir, an' I've gone on sayin' 'em, an' so has the children. Presently says I, 'Would you mind if I was to come and stay 'ere?' They says 'No,' and I says 'Good-night, then,' an' *they* says 'Good-night,' and we've lodged together ever since. Sometimes I helps them, and sometimes they helps me, accordin' as we've got on. Poor dears, they wouldn't be crossin'-sweepin', if they'd their rights. Their father was a doctor, sir! Don't it sound strange? They don't speak agin' him more than they can 'elp; but I can make out that their father was a bad sort, though he *were* a doctor. He'd 'ave let 'em run wild, if it 'adn't 'a' been for the mother, an' she died afore the father, and when *he* died there was nobody to take care on 'em.

"As well as I can make out, they was left alone in the house, after his buryin', without anythin' to eat, an' got skeared, an' come out to see what they could do for theirselves. I s'pose it was thought as they'd friends to look after 'em by them as seed to the buryin'—an' I can make out there was no friends at the buryin', an' I guess the doctor chap had tired out his friends, axin' 'em for money an' sich like. I know a son o' mine tired out me, or I shouldn't ha' been where I am now, and I don't expect that doctors an' sich is much different from sich as us when the devil gits a 'old on 'em. Any'ow, them two poor children turned out into the streets—it must be pretty nigh two year ago—they've been where they are goin' on for a year and more—an' in the streets they've got their livin' ever since. The mother must ha' been a good un, whatever the father were. It's wonderful the

little wickedness they know, but, then, ye see, they keeps their-selves to theirselves—that's why they come to the harch—an' God knows *I* wouldn't lead 'em wrong. It seems 'ard, though, that nothin' can be done for 'em—that it do. Both on 'em can read very pretty. Whenever I see a scrap o' print I pick it up to keep 'em in practice. Their way o' talk is very pretty, too. In course they've picked up some of the words they've heard, but they don't say 'em so sarcy as the other children. I don't mind *their* callin' on me Ginger, though who it was fust give me that name, or what reason they 'ad, *I* can't make out. There ain't much of ginger about me, as I see. But, law bless ye, sir, I don't mind it from *them*; an' I calls them Fred and Em'ly, and we gits on as if we knowed one another all our lives."

"That's our harch, sir," the old man said presently, pointing to one that was secluded, although with houses almost touching it. There was no thoroughfare past it, and no near window looked upon it. The old man opened a door cut out in the stable-gates, and motioned to me to enter. In the four corners of one of the stalls lay four little heaps—of dark rags, of comparatively light rags, of bones, and old metal (the last subdivided into rusty iron and more precious metallic waifs). "I does my sortin' down 'ere," Ginger explained. "I ought to ha' got rid o' *them* by rights yesterday—there ain't so much on 'em—but I was too tired to stir out when I got back, and I never does business a-Sundays. I don't call *this* business"—pointing to the broom—"what I've took at the church is for the children. Manners is manners," he added apologetically, as he pushed before me, when I was about to mount the ladder that led to the loft; "but they might be skeared if they see you fust." When he had reached the top of the ladder, I heard a jingling splash of coppers. "There, I hain't done so bad," cried Ginger; "an', what d'ye think? 'ere's your parson come to see you. Come up, sir. Mind how you come, though. Stretch your foot over them two rungs—they're rotten."

A little mouldy hay and straw had been left in the loft by the former tenant, and two or three tattered sacks. It is no exaggeration to say that these were its chief furniture. The articles which the incoming tenants had brought in with them, or subsequently acquired, might all have been put into a not very large carpet-

bag. On a hay-and-straw-and-sacking bed lay Fred, with Emily squatted on the floor beside him—arrested by my coming in the gleeful counting of the vicariously earned coppers which she had commenced. Both the children were rather shy at first, but they soon—Emily especially—got at home with me. What they told me in reply to my questions, tallied with what I heard from the old man. They both, however, gave old Ginger more credit than he had given to himself; and though they had plainly no awe of the old fellow, and Emily made open fun of him before me, they seemed to look upon him as a kind of protection. It was touching to see how fond the children were of each other. Emily wanted to make out that Fred did all their work, and Fred, rousing himself from his sickly languor, startled me by shouting, "That's a lie. Em's worth two of me." I had a Testament, and tested Emily's reading powers with it. "Oh, that *is* nice! I remember all about that," she cried, when she had finished, very creditably, the dozen verses I had pointed out. "Ginger's very kind—he always brings us home something to read, when he can. There was half a *Lloyd's* newspaper he brought home last night, and there's a pretty bit in it about a little girl and a canary and a scarlet geranium; and the canary dies, you know, and the little girl buries him under the scarlet geranium, because he liked to perch on it. Ma' used to have a canary, don't you remember, Fred? I read some of that to Fred, but he thought it wasn't Sunday reading, so I picked out this, because it sounded like a sermon; but he didn't like it, and I didn't like it. Perhaps we could have made it out better if there had been a head and a tail to it." She handed me a crumpled, charred tract, which had evidently been twisted up for a pipe-light. Great was Emily's delight when I told her she might keep the Testament. "We can go over them all now, can't we, Fred?" she exultantly exclaimed, "The little children, and the good Samaritan and his donkey, and everything. We used to read them to mamma of a Sunday evening, when papa was out," she added in explanation.

Whilst we were talking, a train rumbled over head. The reverberations which it caused were new to me; I could not help giving a little start, and Emily could not help giving a little laugh. "You behave yourself, Em'ly," growled Ginger, who felt

that he had somehow dropped out of the leading position due to his age. "It's a queer sound to them as ain't used to it, an' to them as is. You young uns are snorin' like anything when they goes over at nights, but sometimes I'm a-layin' awake, an' sometimes they wakes me, an' any'ow it ain't pleasant to have that rumble-tumble right over ye—as if the Last Day 'ad come, an' the skies was a-droppin' in. If a train was to come down on ye ye'd larf on the other side o' yer mouth, Em'ly."

The children, when asked whether they would not like to make their living in some other way than by crossing-sweeping—some way more congruous with the opportunities which their father seemed to have thrown away for them—were not half so anxious as Ginger was they should be, to avail themselves of the chance of "bettering themselves" which my words held out. "We don't do bad," said Emily, "when Fred's up, and he'll soon be up again, and we shouldn't like to be parted, and we're used to Ginger. He isn't such a bad old chap, though he does growl sometimes as if he'd snap your head off." "I don't want to git rid on ye," retorted Ginger, "but if ye won't give up crossin'-sweepin', when you've got the hoffer, ye're sillier than I thought ye was, Em'ly."

There was food in the loft, I saw, and money to buy more—such as it was. Fred, moreover, did not seem to be what is called "dangerously ill." But those two children getting in love with the hard street life and railway-arch shelter they shared with the old man, who was so fond of them in his grumpy way, clung to my memory long after the little door in the stable-gates had been closed behind me. It might be impossible to help the old man—however much one might wish to give him a helping hand—but surely something might be done for his young fellow-lodgers.

The next day I went to the arch with the clergyman to whom I was giving temporary partial assistance. He remembered the name of the children's father. The "doctor" I found had been one of those medical men, numerous in poor neighbourhoods, who also keep druggists' shops. My friend also remembered and respected the character of the doctor's wife, and was startled to find that her children had for months been crossing-sweepers in front of his own church. When we mounted the ladder Emily as well as Fred was in the loft. She had raced in from her City

crossing to see how he was getting on, and was giving him a drink of water: looking very scared because he talked so strangely, and stared at her as if he did not know her. The violent cold which he had taken had ended in fever, and the first thing to be done was to get him into the Fever Hospital. I cannot remember now whether it was the old building or the present one in the Liverpool Road, but I do remember that Ginger used to find time once or twice a week to trudge northwards and sit with his young friend. Whilst her brother was in the hospital my friend took Emily into his own house. He had children of his own, and was, therefore, naturally unwilling that she should visit Fred; but she fretted so that, fearing she would otherwise break away, my friend went with her to the hospital long before he thought it was prudent for her to visit it. No harm came of the visit, but it was not until months had passed that he ventured to tell his wife of it.

Admission into the Orphan Asylum at Clapton was eventually obtained for both the children. The night before they started for their school my friend invited Ginger to take tea with them at the parsonage. Its pill-box parlour was no gilded saloon, but Ginger looked so aghast at the idea of sitting down on a carpet and in company with two parsons and a parson's wife, that the latter object of his dread considerably proposed that he and his young friends should have their tea alone together in her husband's uncarpeted study. The books it held were not many, but they impressed Ginger with awe. "Ah," he half-sighed, "you won't want me to pick up bits o' print now, *Miss Emily* an' *Master Fred*." When they were bidding their old friend good-bye the children said he must often come and see them at the Asylum. "No," answered Ginger. "They wouldn't let me if I wanted, an' I shouldn't want if they would. You've got your rights, thank God, an' are a-goin' to be brought up respectable, an' I ain't a respectable sort. I shall miss ye both—we both got on uncommon well when we was much of a muchness—but, law bless ye, ye'll soon be ashamed to think ye ever lived with sich as me. I s'pose there ain't no lor, though, agin' my takin' your crossin' of a Sunday if I can git it, an' the gen'lemen 'ere 'ave no objections. I shall be lonesome of a Sunday now with nothin' to do, an' I can go to church all the same, an' it'll seem, some'ow, as if ye 'adn't quite gone up in a balloon like."

IS ALCOHOL FOOD?

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

I

AN extraordinary popular delusion prevails among many otherwise sensible people, that wine, spirits, and especially malt liquors, are exceedingly nourishing to the system, and are, therefore, healthful and beneficial as articles of diet. In corroboration of this idea, its advocates point to the rosy and rubicund appearance and Falstaffian proportions of many wine, beer, or porter drinkers, and refer to the frequently meagre solid diet of those who use ardent spirits. These persons appear to assume that the true ideal of manly health and vigour is not the finely moulded, lithe and graceful Apollo, but the obese and drunken Silenus.

Like many popular fallacies, this theory of the nutritive character of alcoholic liquors will not bear the test of scientific investigation. The deposition of fat, which its advocates regard as a proof of nutrition and health, is actually a condition of physical degeneration and disease. "A general corpulence of the body," says Dr. Carpenter, of London University, "can be by no means admitted as an indication of healthy nutrition; indeed it must be regarded as very much the reverse." The abstemiousness from food of many spirit drinkers is at the expense of their bodily tissues, as their emaciated appearance, their "lean and hungry look," fully testifies.

The fact is, pure alcohol contains not one particle of nutritive material for the human body, and even in malt liquor the amount is practically inappreciable, almost infinitesimal. "There is more food," says that eminent analytical chemist, Baron Von Liebig, "in one bushel of barley than in twelve thousand gallons of malt liquor." Or, to put it otherwise, according to the same authority, if a man consume daily eight or ten quarts of the best Bavarian beer, he will obtain from it, in the course of twelve months, no more nutriment than is contained in a five pound loaf of bread.

Professor Moleschott, in his "Theory of Food" asserts that "spirits, in their proportionate amount of nutritious matter, do not even bear comparison with sugared water. Alcohol, their

essential element, and the most important substance in wine or beer, is not transformed into any blood constituent. It does not, therefore, deserve the name of an alimentary principle." The designation, therefore, of Licensed *Victuallers*, assumed by the vendors of spirits, is as flagrant a misnomer as can be conceived.

The reason for the above stated facts is obvious from the nature of the process of fermentation, which destroys the albuminous, or flesh-forming principle in the grain, or other substance subjected to its action. "Fermentation," says Liebig, "is nothing else but the putrefaction of a substance containing no nitrogen. . . . It begins with a *chemical* action, which is opposed to a *vital* one. . . . Life is opposed to putrefaction. . . . Fermentation and putrefaction are stages of the return [of organic matter] to less complex formations." Hence alcohol can be formed from the most loathsome and putrescent substances, even from carrion flesh. In the latter case, however, the presence of nitrogen gives an intolerable odour to the product. A scheme has actually been projected for the manufacture of alcohol from the sewage of the city of Chicago.

Animal life is maintained, almost exclusively, upon organic matter stored up in vegetable formations or in other animals. But alcohol, says Liebig, cannot be evolved from vegetable matter till after vinous fermentation sets in, which, he asserts, is its death or decomposition, and the process of disintegration to the inorganic elements.

Alcohol is not food in any sense, moreover, because it is not assimilable into any of the tissues of the body, into nerve, brain, muscle, or bone. "It passes out of the body," says Dr. Story, "just as it goes in, unchanged, undigested alcohol." Dr. J. K. Chambers, physician to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, asserts the same thing. "It is clear," he says, "that we must cease to regard alcohol as in any sense an aliment, inasmuch as it goes out [of the body] as it went in, and does not, so far as we know, leave any of its substance behind it." Dr. Markham, editor of the *British Medical Journal*, states that alcohol "is, to all intents, a foreign agent, which the body gets rid off as soon as it can; . . . and none of it, so far as we know, is assimilated, or serves for the purpose of nutrition. It is, therefore, not a food in the eye of science."

Dr. Rush asserts, "There is neither strength nor nourishment in spirituous liquors; if they produce vigour in the body, it is transient and is speedily followed by fatigue." Dr. Beale, physician to King's College Hospital, says, "Alcohol does not act as food; it does not nourish tissues." Dr. Mussey says, "It is not capable of being converted into food, and of becoming part of the living organs." The great French work, "On the *role* of alcohol in the organism," by Professors Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy, shows a "strong demarkation between alcohol and food." It demonstrates that it "comes out of the body in totality, through breath, skin and kidneys; and that no derivatives of alcohol are to be found in the blood and secretions." Professor Miller, of Edinburgh, inquires, "Can alcohol nourish or repair the waste of tissue?" "Not at all," he replies. "It contains no sufficient chemical constitution for that end; and, besides, it is conveyed *unchanged* (*i. e.* undigested) into the blood." I am aware that Dr. Hammond, of New York, and two or three other physicians, of some authority, maintain that a *small* proportion of alcohol is assimilated in the body; but the overwhelming balance of testimony is against this conclusion.

But some assert that if not food, alcohol is, at least, its equivalent, *force*, enabling men to do what otherwise they could not do. To this Professor Miller responds, "Alcohol is not force itself, but only the excitant of force; and its invariable effect is, while producing an increased expenditure of force for a time, to bring the supply of that force to an untimely close." He sums up thus: "It is not food in any sense appreciable to common sense. It cannot nourish or give strength; it can only stimulate. It cannot give working power; it can only hurry the expenditure of what you already have; and further, it hampers and opposes you in getting that store renewed. . . . The best authorities," he concludes "place alcohol, not in the *materia alimentaria*, but in the *materia medica*; ranking it not as a nutritious but as a narcotic article, and consequently a poison." Liebig asserts that "beer, wine, spirits, etc., furnish no element *capable* of entering into the composition of blood, muscular fibre, or any part which is the seat of vital principle. . . . Their use," he says, "is attended by an inward loss of power. . . . Spirits by their action on the nerves of the drinker make up power *at the expense of his*

body; he draws a bill on his health which must always be renewed; . . . he consumes his capital instead of his interest, and the result is the inevitable bankruptcy of his body." Like the spur in the side of the flagging steed, alcohol impels to increased effort at the time, but at the cost of the more terrible reaction afterward.

That alcohol is not assimilable with the human system is corroborated by the fact that it is found unchanged, in considerable quantities in the brain of habitual drunkards, and may be detected in the blood, bile, and other secretions. Drs. Kirk, Hare, Cook, Ogden, Percy and others bear testimony to this fact. The fluid burned readily, with the characteristic blue, lambent flame of alcohol. Dr. Percy actually distilled from the brain of a drunkard alcohol which dissolved camphor and burned freely.

The same unassimilated substance is strongly perceived in the breath of the confirmed inebriate. Indeed a very large portion of the imbibed alcohol passes off in this way. Dr. Rudolf Massig, of Germany, has recently prepared a new test for alcohol, which conspicuously shows its presence in the breath of the drunkard. A red solution of sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash in a test tube is changed to an emerald green by a very small quantity of alcohol. The breath of a sober man will produce no effect on this solution; that of a drunkard will turn it instantly green.

"Cases have occurred," says Dr. Sewell, "in which the breath of a drunkard has been so highly charged with alcohol as to render it actually inflammable at the touch of a taper." Over fifty such cases are recorded in the medical journals, in which the bodies of habitual drunkards were thus consumed. They become so saturated with alcoholic spirit as to become living volcanoes, which, when by accident ignited, burn with inextinguishable flame, leaving only a loathsome residuum of greasy and fetid soot. Dickens describes the horrible death of Krook, in "Bleak House," as occurring in this way. The Reviewers strongly questioned the possibility of the occurrence, but the novelist cited irrefragable medical testimony in its support. It is also recognized in the statistical nosology of the General Registrar's office under the name of *Catacausis Ebriosa*, and though rare, its possibility cannot be questioned.

These multiplied evidences all demonstrate that alcohol always acts as a foreign and unassimilable substance in the human body; that it passes out by the various excretory organs undigested and unchanged; and that, wherever it lodges, it still retains its spirituous, acrid, and irritating character. It cannot therefore be food for the body, nor supply the waste of any of its tissues.

But we are frequently told that, if not actually food, alcoholic liquors assist greatly in the digestion of food, and thus, like salt, are a valuable adjunct to other articles, and enable us to derive greater benefit from them. Now, this comparison is the most unfortunate that could possibly be made. "For," says Dr. Carpenter, "salt is not a mere casual adjunct to our necessary food, but is itself an indispensable ingredient in our diet. It is contained in large proportion in the blood, and in every fluid secreted from it, and enters into the composition of most of the tissues. . . . Now, all that salt is," he continues, "alcohol is not. It is not one of the proper components of the blood or of the tissues, and its presence in the circulation is entirely abnormal."

The remarkable effect of alcohol on animal tissue out of the body, in hardening and toughening its fibre, would suggest the *a priori* probability, that it would retard rather than aid digestion. It is found to produce the same effects in the stomach, both on the coats of that organ and on whatever it may contain. This has been demonstrated by actual experiment. Dr. Figg, of Edinburgh, gave the same quantity of meat to two dogs. He then forced an ounce and a half of spirit down the throat of one of the dogs. In three hours he killed them both. In the stomach of the dog that drank the spirit the meat was found just as he ate it—undigested. The other dog's stomach was empty,—the meat having been all properly digested. Spirituous liquors have been known to protract the digestion of food in the human stomach as long as eight and forty hours.

Alcohol prevents digestion also in another way. That process is effected by the action of the salivary, gastric and pancreatic fluids on the food. The peculiar principle, however, on which digestion depends is *pepsin*, a powerful solvent of organic matter. Now the gastric juice will not digest alcohol, but is itself neutralized thereby. Alcohol is one of the most powerful solvents known,

being strong enough to dissolve sulphur, iodine, ammonia, potash, camphor, resin, and all the organic vegetable alkalies. When taken into the stomach it instantly changes the pepsin from its soluble and active form to a solid, inert precipitate, which has no effect whatever on the food in the stomach. Alcohol is thus a prompt and powerful antagonist to the digestive process. "It also," says Orfila, "coagulates the albuminous portion of the contents of the stomach, and this coagulated albumen passes out of the stomach almost unchanged."

To these facts Professors Miller, and Youmans, and Drs. Thompson, Gregory, Figg, Sewell, Story and others bear testimony. Dr. Munroe, of Hull Medical School, strikingly illustrated this remarkable effect of alcohol by an ingenious and interesting experiment. He mixed some bread and meat in two vials with some gastric juice, but to one he added a little pale ale. He set both vials in a box of warm sand, which he kept about the temperature of a healthy stomach, occasionally shaking the box to imitate the motion of the stomach. In the vial without the ale the food was digested in from six to eight hours. In the vial with the ale it would not dissolve at all, though kept warm for several days.

The continual neutralizing of the gastric juice—the true digestive fluid—by the use of alcohol, overtaxes the glands by which it is supplied in the effort to secrete the quantity necessary for digestion, till chronic dyspepsia is produced. And who are so subject to that complaint, which saps the very foundations of life, as confirmed dram drinkers? This characteristic effect of alcoholic liquors is well described in the old convivial song of Bishop Stett, in the play of "Gammer Gurton's Needle,"—the earliest specimen of the British drama,—

"I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good :
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
I love no roast, but a nut brown toast,
And a crab laid on the fire ;
And little bread shall do me stead ;
Much bread I nought de ie."

SUN AND SHADE.

BY JOHN MACDONALD, M.P.

I.

THE morning sun in splendour rose,
The parting clouds withdrew,
And myriad gems were lighted up
In myriad drops of dew.

II.

Then mists their fleecy mantle spread
Athwart the fairy scene,
And all the sparkling glory fled,
As if it had not been.

III.

Yet every blade its treasure held,
On hillside, and on plain,
And needed but the sun's bright rays
To light them up again.

IV.

And thus in life how oft we think,
When sorrow clouds our skies,
That never more shall joyous sun
On cloudless morn arise ;

V.

Till faith our troubled spirit cheer,
And calms our restless will,
And whispers, Though the clouds be there
The sun is shining still.

VI.

We need not only sun but shade
For labour and for rest—
Neither shall fail, both shall be sent,
And each when God sees best.

FAULTS AND FAILINGS IN PULPIT AND PEW.

BY JAMES LAWSON,

I.

THAT the results of preaching are by no means commensurate with what might reasonably be expected, is, unfortunately, too palpable a fact to require proof. Assuming, then, that this is an established and generally admitted truth, let us at once proceed to investigate the matter, with a view to ascertaining the principal causes, knowing that every result, whether of a positive or a negative character, must necessarily be preceded by some cause or causes. And in this instance, as in many others, we feel assured that the chief causes are such as need not exist. If, then, we would change the results, we must remove the causes; and, before they can be removed, they must be ascertained and understood.

We assume that there are faults and failings in both pastors and people. Some of those belonging to the former class we believe to be the following:—

First. Many sermons fail to produce the desired effect from the fact that the preacher *has no definite object in view*. To preach effectually, the preacher must have clear ideas, and a definite object. He is not likely to impress on his hearers that with which he is not impressed himself; he will scarcely convince them of what *he* is not fully convinced, nor teach them what he does not thoroughly understand. When a preacher stands before his people, he must have some clearly defined truths to declare, or his hearers will be neither instructed nor profited.

Again: Others fail because *they preach to people not among their hearers*. A sermon may contain many good points, searching appeals, and wholesome rebukes; but if they are of a kind not suited to those present, how can they benefit either them or the absent ones? One of the highest essentials in preaching is *adaptation*.

To be successful, a preacher must be *practical*. The grammar,

sense, and sentiment may be above criticism, and yet fail in accomplishing any real good. Abstract statements and theoretical propositions, though right and proper in their places, are not likely, as a general thing, to suit the masses, reach their hearts, and reform their lives. Congregations being for the most part made up of men and women of average intellect, and ordinary education, they are neither prepared nor disposed to grapple with theological difficulties and metaphysical perplexities. These should be used very sparingly, if at all, in regular preaching; or, while a small and select few may be interested, and peradventure edified, the mass will leave the place neither profited nor pleased.

A sermon should have points, which should plainly appear and be practically applied. No room for doubt should be left on the minds of the hearers as to the exact meaning and proper application of the truths preached from the pulpit.

Sermons should be *scriptural*. This may be construed as implying or intimating that sometimes they are not. Be it so: we venture the statement—not a very bold one—with its attendant implication. Sermons are often preached in which ideas are advanced for which no authority is adduced from the Book of God. Very frequently, no proofs whatever are vouchsafed, except such as “I believe,” or, “We do not believe,” given with considerable emphasis and self-satisfying assurance, but carrying very little convincing weight to the cavilling or skeptical mind. Sometimes, however, the possibility of incredulous inward questionings is apparently thought to be effectually prevented by backing up doubtful propositions with a line or two of poetry, or passage from some famous author, which is equally doubtful and wanting in scriptural proofs. Let God be “His own interpreter, and He will make it plain.” “To the law and to the testimony.” The Word of God declares itself to be profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.”

Preaching, we think, should be largely *expository*. It is the minister's duty to “preach the *Gospel*,” and, consequently, the nearer his sermons resemble the *Gospel*—the more they contain of the Word of God—the better does he obey that sacred injunction. The “*Gospel of Christ*” is declared to be “the power of God unto salvation; and, therefore, the more of it the preacher has in

his sermons, the more likely is he to secure his end—the salvation of the people. No lofty flights of imagination, no speculative ideas of the preacher, original or otherwise, no outbursts of eloquence or finely-finished passages of rhetoric—in short, nothing which the combined thought and study of all the eloquent and erudite divines in Christendom might produce, can take the place, or serve the purpose, of the blessed and all-powerful Gospel of the Son of God. It is not what the preacher *thinks*, but what God *declares*, that is destined to convert and save the souls of mankind.

It is a great mistake, we conceive, in preaching, to take a text merely for the sake of having one, without any intention whatever of preaching from it. Preachers sometimes announce a text, and then take a train of thought which they had evidently traced out prior to its selection. Choosing a text to fit a sermon, instead of first selecting a text, and then, by careful reading, earnest study, and prayerful, believing reliance upon the assistance of the Holy Spirit, is, beyond all reasonable doubt, one of the great faults of modern sermonizing.

Again: *Texts of Scripture should never be wrongly construed.* Incorrect interpretations of Holy Scripture are often given from the pulpit. For example, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." How often is this passage made to do service when the preacher is describing the joys of the saints in heaven! But admitting that it does form a grand climax to the most finished description of heavenly joys that human tongue can give, it is, nevertheless, a most obvious perversion of the sacred text. Let the following verse (1 Corinthians ii. 10.) be read in connection with it, and no room is left for doubt as to its meaning.

Nor do we think a minister is justifiable in purposely changing the plain meaning of a text of Scripture, and taking it in some other "sense"—be it figurative, spiritual, or what else. Every sentence in the inspired volume means something, but not anything or everything; and no man has a right to attach a meaning to a passage of Holy Writ which the Holy Ghost in dictating it did not design to convey. When a minister has a text of Scrip-

ture under discussion, he should preach from *it*, and not from other passages which have a different connection and meaning. What the preacher says may be scriptural enough, but, not being contained in or intimated by the text he is understood to be preaching from, he has no right whatever to give the teachings of other portions of the Word of God, instead of clearly explaining the true meaning of his text.

When a man begins to tamper with Holy Writ, taking it in this sense, that sense or the other sense, there is one sense his expositions are exceedingly liable to run into, namely—*nonsense*.

Preaching should not only be suitable for the people, but should also be suitable for the times. Hence, another fault of preaching is *untimeliness*. A preacher who understands the "signs of the times," the current events of the times, etc., will be able to form a pretty correct idea of the *wants* of the times. These he should studiously and vigilantly observe. He should be ever on the alert. As a watchman on the walls of the city of God, he must keep a constant lookout, to see when and from what quarter the enemy approaches. His duty there is to sound the alarm; and in doing this he must give no uncertain sound. The preacher of our day must not be backward in defending the doctrines of the Bible—of the Methodist Church—against the encroachments of Popery, the blighting influence of Rationalism, or the withering touch of skepticism and infidelity. In his sermons, as well as elsewhere, he must manfully fight for the Temperance cause, and rebuke the crying sins of the day. But not these alone. Every minister should know the special needs of his people. He should show them their peculiar sins or peculiar dangers, and endeavour, by the aid of the good Spirit of God, to assist them in

"Shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good."

Having now briefly noticed what we conceive to be a few of the faults and failings of the Pulpit, we will reserve for a second paper some observations relating to some of the more common faults and failings of the Pew.

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.*

BY EGERTON R. YOUNG.

I.

So few are the hours of daylight in these high latitudes, at this season of the year, that we are obliged to rouse ourselves up from our snowy beds hours before the dawn. Aided by the light of our camp fire, we cook our morning meal, pack up our poles and blankets, and tie them, with our provisions and kettles, on our dog-sleds. Before starting, we sing, in the Cree language, one of the sweet songs of Zion, and then bow down at the mercy-seat and offer up our morning prayer to the loving Protector, who has watched over and shielded us from all harm through the night, although our lodging place was in the primeval forest, and our bed a hole in the snow. Our last camp duty is the capturing and harnessing our dogs, which is an easy or difficult task according to their disposition or training. As much snow has recently fallen, we tie on our snow-shoes ere we start; then calling to our faithful dogs, we wend our way from the light of the camp-fire, through the weird shadows of the fir, larch, and juniper trees, to the vast expanse of Lake Winnipeg, across which we are travelling.

The stars shine down upon us with a clearness and brilliancy unknown in lands of mists and fogs. Meteors frequently blaze along the star-decked vault of heaven, leaving behind them, for a few seconds, lines of silvery light, that soon pale away. The Northern Lights flash and dance and scintillate with a glory and magnificence that pales into insignificance man's most wonderful pyrotechnic displays. Frequently a clear and distinct corona is formed at the zenith, from which shoot out long columns of

* Brother Young, who is our Missionary at Beren's River, writes:—"I send these leaves, copied almost *verbatim* from my Journal, written at a wintry camp-fire in the forest, with the cold so intense that I was obliged to keep a fur mitt on my hand while I was writing." The MS. was stained and faded from having been soaked with water in its long canoe voyage from his distant mission.—Ed.

various colored light, which seem to rest down upon the snowy waste around us, or on the far off distant shores. Often have I seen a cloud of light flit across these ever-changing bars with a resemblance so natural to that of a hand across the strings of a harp, that I have suddenly stopped and listened for that rustling sound, which some have affirmed they have heard ; but although I have often watched and listened, amid the deathly stillness of this dreary land, no sound have I ever heard. Amid all their flashing, changing glories, they are as voiceless as the stars above them.

The morning crescent-shaped moon helps to light up our way, as through the long cold hours we journey on. If the cold were less terrible, nothing could have been more delightful than contemplating these glorious sights in the heavens. As it is, the words of the Psalmist—"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handywork ;" and Job's magnificent description of that God, "who is wise in heart, and mighty in strength,—which alone spreadeth out the heavens—which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and the Pleiades, and the chambers of the south," ring in our ears, and we are thankful that the Creator of all these things is mindful of us. Still, after all, on account of the bitterness of the morning—it being, as we afterwards learn, over forty degrees below zero,—there is a disposition to lose our love of the sentimental, and in almost anguish to cry out to these lights in the heavens, "Miserable comforters are ye all : can none of you give us any warmth ?"

But while we journey on, a dim, faint line of light is seen in the eastern horizon. At first, it is barely visible. The brilliant meteors seem to say, "How much more exalted and beautiful are we, than that dim, faint line down there, so low." The Northern Lights appear to cry out in derision, "Who for a moment would compare us, in all our ever-changing flashing glory, with that faint, quiet dawn ?" The silvery moon, the queen of night, seems to consider that eastern light as an intruder, as she gazes upon it with saucy stare. But that eastern light heeds them not. As we watch, we see that it is rapidly increasing. The white line, extending round towards the north and south, has risen up, and underneath is one of crimson and purple. A flashing ray shoots

up, and then the glorious sun bounds from his snowy bed, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. Felix, my Indian guide, running on ahead, shouts out "Sagastas! Sagastas!"—The sun rises! The sun rises! The poor shivering missionary, coming next, toiling along on snow-shoes behind his dog train, takes up the joyful sound, which is caught up and loudly shouted by William, my other Indian attendant, who is following in the rear, driving my second dog train, and who, at this glad sight, casts off his usual stoicism, and is as noisy in his words of welcome to the orb of day as the rest of us. We turn our ice-covered, frost-bitten faces to the sun, and as his bright beams fall upon us, like loving kisses, we rejoice at the beginning of another day; for, "truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

Look around the heavens, and behold the marvellous change! Every lesser light has quietly disappeared before the sun. Every competitor has left the field. The race is all his own. At first, his bright rays gild the distant hill-tops. Here they light up the fir-clad, rocky isles, which, when burnished by his golden beams, bear some fanciful resemblance to old ruined temples, or vast cathedrals. While we gaze upon them, wondering if God's footstool can be made to look so glorious, what the throne will be, the sun has risen high up, and we are deluged in his glory. I would be a poor lover of the world's evangelization, and emphatically a poor missionary, if I could gaze upon these marvellous transformations in the heavens, and the lessons they taught me, unmoved. My heart gets hot within me, and while I muse, the fire burns; then speak I with my tongue. Meet emblem of a world shrouded in the gloom and chill of paganism, seems Lake Winnipeg, this cold wintry morning. No sign of life is here. The ice and snow, like a great mantle, seem to have wrapped themselves round everything that once had life. The flashing meteors remind me of the efforts of the old philosophers to reform and illuminate the world. There was a transient beauty in some of their theories, but the darkness to be dispelled was too dense, and their lights went out almost as soon as kindled. The fickle ever-changing Northern Lights, make me think of some of the various systems of false religion, or perversions of the true, which

man has invented to dazzle the unwary, or to lead the fickle astray. Whether it be Mormonism, Spiritualism, or Ritualism, changeable and inconstant are they, as the Auroras. Their revelations, their spiritual communications, rapped or written, or their gorgeous vestments and illuminated altars, are no more able to dispel the gloom and chill of error's night, and irradiate the world, than the Auroras are to warm and comfort the poor shivering missionary and his Indian companions, toiling on through the wintry cold, and longing for the morning. The crescent-shaped moon reminds me of that vast system of error, which for twelve centuries has waved its crescent-bearing flag over some of the fairest portions of God's heritage. Humiliating is the thought, that even in the land once pressed by the dear Redeemer's feet, the baneful cry is still heard, that although God is great, Mahomet is his prophet, But the crescent must go down before the Sun of Righteousness. As the moon, although the last of the lights of night to fade before the sun, does sink into oblivion before it, so Mohammedanism, although such a stubborn foe to Christianity, must eventually yield to it. Once her crescent-bannered armies made all Christendom tremble; now the mutual forbearance, or rather mutual jealousies of Christian nations, keep the only great Mohammedan nation from falling to pieces. The false prophet's successor, the present Sultan, may refuse to meet face to face the honoured deputation of the Evangelical Alliance; but the sun shines on, and face to face with its ever-increasing light the crescent moon becomes more pale and sickly. Soon, very soon, perhaps before expected, and before the Christian Church is ready to enter in with the light, the crescent will fall, and then many more of the "dark places, full of the habitations of cruelty," shall be opened for the free and unrestrained proclamation of salvation. Haste, happy day, so much desired and so long prayed for, when the Sun of Righteousness shall shine upon every portion of this world, polluted and darkened by sin, but bought with the Redeemer's blood. In describing those latter-day glories, poetry rises to its most exalted strains, and prophets, moved by the Spirit's influence, uttered such glorious predictions, that we find themselves afterwards the most diligent students in searching what

the Spirit that was in them did signify, when it testified of the glory that should follow.

Faint hearts may doubt, and scoffers may sneer, but the sure, irrevocable word has passed, that "to Him shall be given the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession." "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river even unto the ends of the earth." "And the Lord shall be King over all the earth." By and by, the glad announcement shall be made, by rejoicing voices in heaven, that "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ." Ours be it then, in the Church Militant, to pray, by our toils, and lives, and voices, "Thy kingdom come," until all heaven and earth respond, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory." "Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things, and blessed be His glorious name forever: and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and amen."

WAYSIDE POEMS.

Up through many a stony crevice
Peep the tiny blades of grass,
Breathing out a benediction
On the travellers that pass.

Careless feet may tread them under;
To their message ne'er give heed;
Only eyes that are anointed
Can the hidden gospel read.

Even a weed may tell a story
Of a love in heaven that springs,
Far above our comprehension,
Reaching down to common things.

And the heart, whose larger garden
Early met with storm and blight,
Gathers up these wayside poems,
And interprets them aright.

MR. MOODY'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY ELIZABETH HEYWOOD.

IF a man were to come to New York, said Mr. Moody, and begin advertising that he could take faithful likenesses of the heart, do you think, my friends, he could find a single customer in this great city? Do you think that if one were to have such a picture taken he would pass it around among his friends, as he would a photograph of his external features? No! no! That picture would be hidden from all, that its hideousness might never be discovered. Still, the laws of God are just such photographs, showing us our hearts as they appear in God's sight.

I can sometimes imagine Noah stopping his work on the ark, and starting on a preaching tour, and holding meetings among the antediluvian population. I can imagine him telling those antediluvians that God was coming to judge the world, that in the judgment from on high there should be no respect of persons, that those who had power, wealth, and honour should be judged with the drunkard and the thief. I can imagine those antediluvians growing indignant, and stopping his preaching by the protest, "Oh, no! You don't think we're such fools as to believe that absurd stuff. If you can't preach anything better than that you'd better go back to your work on the ark." Yet St. Paul tells us that the impartial law of God shall cut down alike the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the young and the old—for we are all sinners.

In preaching upon the subject of regeneration, Mr. Moody said: This question of regeneration, of being born again, is the most solemn one that can ever come before us. Now, some say that they always go to church, thinking that is being regenerated. Why, simply going to church is not being born again. The devil goes to church regularly every Sunday, but no one would say that he became regenerated by it. The idea that Satan only visits the haunts of vice is all wrong. He is the first in every church and the last out of it. A great many people say that the doctrine of regeneration is good enough for gamblers and drunkards and

thieves and forsaken persons, but that it should not be addressed to moral people. Why, my friends, the words of Jesus, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God," were addressed to one of the most moral, upright and pure men of his times. If we had Nicodemus on earth at the present time, just as sure as you live he would be made president of some college or seminary, and would be called "Dr. Nicodemus—D.D., LL.D."

No, my friends, it is not to bad men exclusively, but to "moral" men, that Jesus' admonition is addressed. Now, I can imagine people saying, "Regeneration? Born again? If there is to be a new birth, what am I to do? I can't recreate myself." Regeneration is the work of God. Without the help of God you can no more make yourself pure and holy than a black man can by his own efforts make himself white.

In discoursing upon the subject of what Christ is to us, Mr. Moody said: My friends, we are no match for Satan; he is wiser and stronger than we are. Let us run right to our elder Brother, the Lord Jesus Christ, and He will keep us. When tempted say, "Jesus, keep me;" trust Him, and see if He won't keep you. Millions are round the throne of God to-night. Who kept them? They had besetting sins, as you have, but God gave them Christ, and they overcame through Him who loved them. We can do all things through Him. Thank God for such a keeper!

When I was in England I had great curiosity to go to the Zoological Gardens in Manchester, to see a little dog that was there. There was a man who had a little dog which he had so trained to run that he had bet about all his money on it. The day came for the race, but the dog would not run, and he lost all his money. He got so mad that he beat the little dog unmercifully, and stuck him in the cage where the lion was. He thought the lion would make quick work of it, but instead of that he lapped it, and made a pet of it. So the man went to the cage, but the dog would not come out, for he had found a better master. He put out his hand, but the lion growled. Some one went and told the keeper he hoped he would not let the man have it. The man, when he saw the keeper, said, "That is my little dog; I wish you would get him out." "If you want him," said the keeper, "go fetch him; I

won't take him out for you." The little dog was there for years. My friends, there is one whom Satan fears—the Lion of the tribe of Judah. Satan don't fear us, but he does our Elder Brother. Our only safety is to keep close to Him. "None shall pluck Him out of My hand." Neither devil nor man has the power to pluck him out.

In preaching upon the text "Occupy till I come," Mr. Moody said: It is a great deal better for us to get ten men to work than for one of us to do ten men's work. If we could only wake up the nine-tenths of the Church which is now asleep we should be doing a great work. A few days ago a man in middle life came up to me, and asked me if I knew him. I did know him. He was converted in Chicago during the great revival of 1857. He said at the time that he wished very much for the conversion of a gentleman whom he knew. It will, perhaps, be no harm to give that gentleman's name, as it has been mentioned before. It was Mr. John V. Farwell. This young convert said, "If Mr. Farwell were only a Christian, what a grand thing it would be!" The fact was the gentleman had been a professing Christian for years, and when spoken to by that young convert thought how strange it was that he could be a Christian so long and people not know it. He at once put on his hat and went down to the noonday prayer-meeting, and there spoke for the Lord. He has been a diligent man ever since. Now he is a working Christian. That young man did a good day's work when he woke up John V. Farwell.

On March second, Mr. Moody took for his text: "What must I do to be saved?" and among other good things he told this story: I was preaching some time ago in a little town in Illinois, in the open air. Crowds came out every night to the meeting. A gentleman constantly drove up in a beautiful carriage, and, with a cigar in his mouth, always remained listening until the preaching was over, and then he would drive away. I asked who he was. They told me he was one of the wealthiest men in that place. I said, "I noticed him to-night weeping." They laughed at the idea. "Weeping!" they said, "Oh, if you were only to hear the report he gives of your work!" "I don't care if he is what you say," I said, "the man is interested." I heard that he was the most profane man in that whole country; that he cursed the very

wife of his bosom, and that he used very profane language before his children. I thought, however, I would go to see him. People advised me not to do so, as it would hurt my feelings. But I went up, and stood and waited, just as he was coming out of his front gate, "This is Mr. P.?" I said. "Yes, that is my name; what do you want?" he said. He knew me very well. "I want to ask you a question, if you have no objection," I said. "What is it?" he asked in a gruff way. "I am told," I said, "that you have more wealth than any man in this part of the country. God has blessed you with great wealth, and with a nice family, and much comfort, and all He has received from you is that you curse and blaspheme Him. Why treat Him in that way?"

Tears came trickling down his cheeks, and he said, "Come in, come in." When I had sat down he said: "The fact is, Mr. Moody, if I have tried once I have tried a thousand times to stop swearing. I am so ashamed of myself sometimes I can't hold my head up. There is no hope for me; I can't stop it." I said, "You can't, but you can trust the Lord Jesus Christ, and he will stop it for you."

He thought there was no chance for him. "Why, my dear friend," I said, "He just came to do that very thing for you—to give you power to overcome sin. If you will only come to the Lord Jesus Christ there will be no trouble. All you want is to let Him in."

I got down and prayed with him, and he then asked what I would advise him to do. "I'll tell you what to do," I said; "go up to the Church prayer-meeting, and ask them to pray for you." He would not go; he never was in the church.

I said, "They are the very best friends you have got. Get up and tell them you want them to pray that God will save your soul."

The next morning who should come into the prayer-meeting but this man! He put his hand on the back of the seat where I sat, and I felt it tremble. "My friends," he said, "if God can save a poor wretch like me, will you pray to Him for me?"

Inside of a year he became an elder there, and is a bright and shining light in that Church now.

RELIGIOUS BIOGRAPHY.

BY THE REV. GEORGE O. HUESTIS.

BIOGRAPHY has always been a popular form of literature. The Bible abounds with it. Indeed no history of man can be written without it. It constitutes the basis of the Gospel structure. The most important and interesting biography in the world is that of Jesus Christ.

Among the various subjects coming within the range of the human mind, few, if any, are more interesting, ennobling, and elevating than those relating to biography. Studies of this kind are eminently beneficial, inasmuch as they awaken in us a spirit of emulation to walk in the footsteps of the pious and useful who have preceded us in the journey of life. As the Scriptures warrant this kind of writing, and human beings require it, it should not be neglected. In this way the influence of a holy life may, to some extent, be perpetuated through all coming time. Thus many of the departed are still addressing us. We are the better for those voiceless sermons. The efforts of the living, being thus blended with the remembrance of the departed, the Church receives thereby a double benefit. The outside world is also influenced for good in this way, for a devoted life is a more influential testimony in favour of Christianity than the most logical argument.

Biography is also very full of comfort. Is it not very consolatory to us to know that multitudes as weak, and as prone to err as we are, have been enabled by grace to please God, overcome the world, retain their integrity amidst fiery temptations, and to triumph in death! Many a timid one, while pondering over the memorials of a departed parent, or dear friend, has taken fresh courage, and gone on his way rejoicing. "The race set before us" would not be accomplished with alacrity and delight, were it not that the "cloud of witnesses" were always visible to the eye of faith.

The attainableness of religion, as well as its practical manifestation in the varied walks of life, is thus brought out with great beauty and distinctness. We also learn from this source some-

thing of the amazing capabilities and energies of the human soul, when developed under the powerful influence of faith in God. Modern biography has been exceedingly successful in bringing before the public mind the heroism, the integrity, and unobtrusive piety of multitudes of the undistinguished great. What was private thus becomes public property; hence all classes of society find reading congenial to their feelings, and adapted to their circumstances. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Biography is certainly one of the most precious treasures of the Church. And the treasure is continually accumulating. If this literary tide continue to increase, it is probable that condensation, or outline, rather than fulness of detail, will be the form and style adopted. There is so much to read and so many enterprises demanding human attention, in our day, that there is time to obtain only the cream of books. And as this cannot always be done by skimming the surface, there must be men of ability and leisure to attend to this work, in order that the Church and the world may be benefited by every valuable forthcoming publication. Those books which have no cream in them—skim-milk literature—whether biographical, theological, historical, or scientific, will not arrest the attention of able reviewers or judicious readers.

The biography of the Bible is peculiar. The pictures of life therein exhibited are never overdrawn. There are no highly coloured facts; no exaggerated statements. Faults and failings, as well as virtues of character, are impartially related. The naturalness of incident indicates truthfulness in every particular. We cannot speak thus of all uninspired biography. Yet, we believe that many of the memoirs of modern times are truthful to the letter. Some, however, bear evident marks of the tendency of the writer's mind to word painting, and a desire to revel in the boundless fields of imagination. This is a doubtful way of doing good. Fact is always better, if not always stranger than fiction. Biography has to do with the real, not with the ideal. Nor should any find fault, because failings and errors are passed over in silence, while excellencies alone are exhibited. It is not always wise to tell the whole truth. And if well assured that no real benefit would result from the publication of wrong-

doing, it certainly would be best to allow it to pass into oblivion. The excellencies of a life may be imitated without knowing the failings. Without a Divine warrant, and the dictation of the Holy Ghost, where is the man who is capable of exhibiting, without prejudice or partiality, the mental and moral obliquities of his fellow-man? In reference to some of the ancient worthies, there is not in the inspired record a single blot on their characters. And why should it not be so in modern times? Is not Christianity pre-eminently a holy system? is it not adapted to develop man's moral nature more fully than the former dispensation of grace? There have been trained, in the midst of Gospel influences, some of the best men the world ever saw.

Biblical biography is full of variety and exceedingly suggestive. Its brief utterances often contain a world of meaning. Take for illustration Paul's description of the character of Enoch. Theophilus Lessey said truthfully, "Had the Apostle written volumes to eulogize the character of Enoch, he could not have done it more effectually than he has in these words, '*He pleased God.*'" Who can estimate accurately the benefit to our world of that equally brief and suggestive obituary notice of Enoch by Moses, "*He walked with God.*" Oh, what fine specimens of biography are found in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews! Where will we find the doctrine of the atonement, and that of conscious religion, presented more clearly than in the brief memorial of Abel? "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous," etc. Doubtless our race has largely benefited by the records of Noah's prompt obedience, Abraham's unexampled faith, and Job's marvellous patience. And what book on earth presents finer lessons on legislation, administration of law, equanimity of temper, disinterestedness and devotion to God, than the life of Moses. The history of Joseph's career has never been surpassed in the wide field of biographical literature for thrilling incident, artless simplicity, genuine pathos, and unfaltering piety.

To enumerate in this style, would make this article a repository of biographical notices, instead of the expression of some thoughts on the general subject. We must therefore pass on to

other phases of the subject, without more than a simple allusion to the beautiful, symmetrical, and holy life of Samuel, the varied excellencies of David, the marvellous wisdom of Solomon, the poetic sublimity of Isaiah, the unswerving fidelity, courage, and elevated piety of Daniel and his three associates, the fervent zeal of Peter, the eminent holiness of John, and the tireless energy and remarkable success of the Apostle Paul. The lives of these men, with a multitude of others, whose histories are interwoven with theirs, possess an interest that will never wane while the Bible is extant.

Methodism has done much to popularize this branch of literature. Mr. Wesley set the example in his Journals. These contain many very interesting obituary notices, which in those days were doubtless considered marvellous. There were but few evangelical biographies extant when the providential career of Methodism began. After the commencement of the Arminian Magazine in 1778, since called "The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine," biographical writings increased rapidly. Perhaps no department of that well-conducted and valuable monthly has been more useful than that of its biography. Methodism has drawn largely her biographical materials from the common walks of life. Here lies one of the secrets of her marvellous success. If biography were restricted to ministers, men of remarkable genius, and those who have been high in social life, its influence for good would be greatly lessened. The common people require, not only a preached Gospel, but they should have also a literature suited to their condition in life. They will appreciate the excellencies, and endeavour to imitate the examples of those who have encountered the difficulties, resisted the temptations, and performed faithfully the duties of ordinary life. The great men and women of our race who have become distinguished, by means of biographical literature, though a "cloud of witnesses" are doubtless less numerous than the undistinguished great. The lives of these, though unwritten, have spoken to those who came within the range of their influence, in a language louder than that of words. Tradition preserves many interesting memorials of those sainted ones, whose names will never be found in the annals of fame, until the heavenly "books are opened."

While the biography of Methodism abounds with thrilling incidents, sometimes bordering on the marvellous, it is also remarkable for the clear and artless manner in which religious experience is narrated ; as well as for the exemplary piety therein exhibited. Many a young man has had his soul fired with holy ambition and his purposes for future life established by the perusal of the lives of those worthies of early Methodism. Let none of our students for the ministry imagine that their curriculum of study is complete until they have carefully consulted those classics of Methodism. Who can estimate with anything like accuracy the amount of good that has been accomplished by the publication of such lives as those of Richard Watson, the eminent logician and profound divine ; of John Fletcher, the holy controversialist ; of Joseph Benson, the judicious commentator ; of Adam Clark, the learned expounder of Holy Writ ; of Samuel Bradburn, the eloquent orator ; of William Bramwell, the remarkable man of God ; of Joseph Entwistle, the model Methodist preacher ; of William Carvosso, the successful Christian worker ; of John Nelson, the unflinching and devoted local preacher ; of Sammy Hick, the eminently useful blacksmith ; of the wonderful revivalist John Smith ; of the prince of missionaries Dr. Coke ; of the indefatigable and zealous Bishop of Asbury ; of John Hunt, the Apostle of Fiji ; of Gideon Ouseley, the laborious and self-denying Irish Evangelist ; of Barnabas Shaw, the successful pioneer ; of John Summerfield, the peerless preacher, whose attractive virtues were probably never surpassed ; of Collins the soul-winner ; and of many others too numerous to mention.

To this list of worthies, might with propriety be added the names of "honourable women, not a few." We shall at present refer only to the lives of the deeply devoted and sainted Mrs. Fletcher, the decided and heavenly-minded Christian ; of Hester Ann Rogers ; of the eminent holy and humble Ann Cutler ; of the intelligent, pure-minded, and conscientious Lady Maxwell ; and last, but not least among useful females, of Mrs. Palmer, the ardent advocate, and living embodiment of holiness.

The libraries of juvenile biography have also been enriched and greatly enlarged by Methodism. In the "Child's Magazine," "Youth's Companion," "Juvenile Offering," and other publica-

tions for the young, there have appeared many fine examples of early piety.

As a branch of the Church of Christ, we are highly favoured with biographical literature of the most valuable kind. Let us appreciate the favour, and under its stimulating influence endeavour to imitate those worthies in their unflinching devotion to God, and service to mankind; so shall we make the best of life on earth, and be prepared to bequeath a similar legacy to the next generation.*

Thus shall the "bright succession" continue until the doing and records of time are swallowed up in the undying realities of the eternal world.

THE CATACOMBS IN ROME.

BY HARRIET A. WILKINS.

MILE after mile of graves,
 League after league of tombs,
 But not one sign of spectre Death,
 Waving his shadowy plumes.
 Hope, beautiful and bright,
 Spanning the arch above;
 Faith, gentle overcoming Faith,
 And Love, God's best gift, Love.

For early Christians left
 Their darlings to their rest,
 As mothers leave their little ones
 When the sun is in the West.
 No mourning robes of black,
 No crape upon the doors,
 For the victorious palm-bearers
 Who tread the golden floors.

Arrayed in garments white,
 No mournful dirges pealing,
 Waving green branches in their hands,
 Round the tomb they're kneeling.

This was their marching song:
 "We're not by Death's arms holden;"
 And this their glorious funeral hymn:
 "Jerusalem the golden."

Beautiful girls sleep there,
 Waiting the Bridegroom's call;
 Each lamp is burning brilliantly,
 While the night shadows fall.
 And baby martyrs passed
 Straight to the great "I am,"
 While sturdier soldiers carved o'er each,
 "Victor, God's little lamb."

Mile after mile of graves,
 League after league of tombs,
 The cross on each conquerer's breast,
 Lights up the catacombs.
 "'Tis in this sign we conquered,"
 Sounds on their blood-stained track;
 "'Tis in this sign we'll conquer,"
 We gladly answer back.

* One of the prominent purposes of this Magazine shall be the presentation of a record of the holy lives and happy deaths of eminent Christians, as an example and inspiration for the living.—ED.

EDITORIAL.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

As members of one common body of which Christ is the head, it is above all things important that there should be concord of feeling and unity of action between the disciples of the Lord Jesus. Indeed, this spirit of unity and love is set forth in Holy Scripture as a test of true discipleship. And this fond and fervent love is not confined to a narrow circle—our immediate acquaintances or the particular Church with which we happen to be connected. No: it is a principle of mightier energy, of more expansive power than that. It overleaps the barriers of sect or tribe or nation, and embraces in the arms of its love the universal race of man. It is one of the most glorious characteristics of our holy religion, that it looks beyond the distinctions of party, of colour, or of class, of hereditary animosities, or national hostilities. Wherever there is a son of Adam, whether shivering amid the snows of Nova Zembla or parched beneath a torrid clime, whether blanched by an Arctic winter night or brown with the brand of a tropic sun; if only he be a follower of the common Saviour, there is a brother beloved in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Yet that blessed unity of spirit and of effort which our Saviour prayed might animate His disciples did not long continue to characterize the Christian Church. Soon dissensions arose, heresies crept in, and schisms took place. Through the ages more has the Church of Christ been injured—retarded in its growth, crippled in its energies, and neutralized in its influence—by its internal strifes and envyings, by the recriminations and mutual anathemas and persecutions of its rival sects, than by all the assaults of its open foes. Often and most severely has Christ been wounded in the house of His friends, and by the hands of

His professed followers. The soldiers who crucified our Lord rent not His robe that was woven without seam. How far worse a crime it is to rend His body, which is the Church! Yet has this happened again and again, not at the hands of enemies, but by those of friends.

In our Lord's beautiful and marvellous intercession for His disciples, whom He was about to leave as sheep in the midst of wolves, He prayed that they all might be one, that the world might believe that the Father had sent Him. Here the unity of Christian believers is given as an evidence of Christ's Divine mission. One of the chief reproaches of the Church in the past has been its numerous divisions and dissensions, with their often keen rivalries and bitter antagonisms. And unhappily, these things are not yet altogether things of the past. The old leaven of malice and bitterness is not yet altogether cast out, but it is, let us hope, being largely neutralized by the new leaven of love and truth. As we draw nearer to the cross of the Lord Jesus, we draw nearer also to one another; we recognize more and more of the common Fatherhood of God, of the common brotherhood of man. When we shall all stand before the great white throne, we shall then feel that we are saved not by fellowship with this Church or that, but by fellowship with the living Head of the Church Universal—not that we are of Paul, or of Apollos, or of Cephas,—but that we are of Christ.

But it must not be concluded that rigid external uniformity is absolutely essential to unity of spirit. The former may exist when the latter is altogether absent; and better far to agree to differ about minor and non-essential matters than to attempt, as unhappily has so often been done, to enforce an outward unity by the power of the sword. This can only engender, while the soul chafes against the irksome bonds, an intenser antagonism, leading to violent revolt, or to a hollow mockery without the corresponding reality. Love gives itself; it is not bought. It may be fostered, but can never be coerced.

One of the most pleasing signs of the times is the growing spirit of unity among Christian brethren. Many of the most important aggressive religious movements of the age have been upon the broad platform of our common Christianity, irrespective of the

dividing lines of denominationalism. Of this character are the noble Bible and Tract Societies, the broad and truly catholic Evangelical Alliance, the Christian Commission of the American War, and the Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the world. So also are the recent Evangelistic movements conducted, under Divine guidance, by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and other lay-labourers, in the old world and the new. In our Sunday-school and other Christian Conventions and Congresses, we know no man after the flesh, so far as his denominational relations are concerned. And is not this fact, in part at least, the secret of the remarkable success of these joint Christian efforts? Denominational prejudice is disarmed, denominational pride is destroyed, and Christ, the common Master, is all in all. A phalanx of noble Christian workers rally around the common standard, and press the battle against the common foe.

The Church has not yet put forth her whole strength as she might have done for the evangelization of the world. Her different sections have too often been fighting a guerilla warfare—each on its own account—sometimes unhappily mistaking each other for the enemy, and pouring their fire into each other's ranks. The voice of God now summons the embattled army of His Church on earth to a grand advance "all along the line" against the phalanx of evil. In God's militant embodied host co-operation between its several parts, and united action of the whole, cannot fail to conduce to its highest efficiency and greatest success. When this shall be accomplished, how glorious shall be the victories of the truth, how shall the powers of darkness go down before the banner of the Cross!

These remarks apply *a fortiori* to the different branches of the common Methodist family. Holding the same doctrines, observing the same usages, singing the same hymns, divided only by minor features of ecclesiastical polity, is it not time that the increased efficiency for good resulting from unity of organization and action should be secured? That this would be the result of such union in this country, with its scattered population, but with its splendid possibilities of future development, cannot, we think, for a moment be questioned. The signal benefits which have already resulted from its partial accomplishment demonstrate the fact.

The revival intelligence from every quarter of our work, the dews of grace, the showers of blessing descending on every part of our far extending field of labour, seem the unquestionable seal of the Divine approval on the spirit of brotherly love which led to the consummation of the recent union.

Meanwhile, till that more comprehensive union, which so many so earnestly desire, and for which they shall not cease to look and pray, be attained, let us seek at least to cultivate the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Let us rejoice in each other's successes, and sympathize with each other's reverses, and bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. Let the law of love dwell in our hearts, and words of kindness fall from our lips. So shall Christ see of the travail of His soul in an active, zealous, holy Church on earth, and at last present her unto the Father, pure and spotless as a bride adorned for her husband.

It must not be supposed that this loving sympathy with other Churches is inconsistent with the most ardent loyalty and affection for one's own. A man loves not his own family the less because his kindly regards embrace also his kinsmen and neighbours. Let us seek, therefore, to cultivate that spirit of brotherly charity, which endeavours to reconcile all our minor differences in the higher and grander unity of the Holy Catholic Church throughout the world,—one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all, blessed for ever.

LIFE.

NOR enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

—Longfellow²

POPULAR SCIENCE.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT WEST.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

ONE of the most romantic episodes of early Canadian adventure was the first exploration of the vast and fertile regions of the "Great West." In the volume before us,* Mr. Parkman has told this story with his usual grace and felicity of style. This, with the other books of his admirable historical series, previously noticed in these pages, should be studied by every patriotic Canadian who would thoroughly understand the fascinating romance of the early annals of our country.

The pathfinders of empire in the New World were the Jesuit missionaries. With breviary and crucifix, at the command of the Superior of the Order at Quebec, they wandered all over this great continent from the forests of Maine to the Rocky Mountains, from the regions around Hudson's Bay to the mouth of the Mississippi. Paddling all day in their bark canoes, sleeping at night on the moss-covered rock, toiling over rugged portages or through pathless forests, pinched by hunger, gnawed to the bone by cold, often dependent for sustenance on acorns, the bark of trees, or the bitter moss to which they have given their name, lodging in Indian wigwams whose acrid smoke blinded their eyes and whose obscene riot was unutterably loathsome to every sense, they yet persevered in their path of self-sacrifice for the glory of God, the advancement of their Order, and the extension of New France. "Not a cape was

turned, not a river entered but a Jesuit led the way." In 1640, Peres Brebeuf and Shaumont explored the southern shore of Lake Erie. In 1641, Peres Jogues and Raymbault told the story of the Cross to a wondering assembly of two thousand redmen beside the rushing rapids of the Ste. Marie, five years before Elot had preached to the Indians within gunshot of Boston town. In 1646, Pere de Quen threaded the gloomy passes of the Saguenay to teach the way of salvation to savage northern hordes. In 1660, Rene Mesnard reached Keweenaw Bay on Lake Superior, and perished in the wilderness. The zeal of Laval, Bishop of Quebec, burned to tread in the same path of trial and glory. In 1665, Pere Allouez paddled his frail canoe over the crystal waters of Superior beneath the pictured rocks, the columned palisades, the rolling sands dunes of its southern shore to its furthest extremity and heard of the vast prairies and great rivers beyond.

In 1673, Perc Marquette, with Joliet, a native of Quebec who had previously travelled overland to Hudson's Bay, and five others, glided down the winding Wisconsin to the mighty Father of Waters. Day after day they sailed down the solitary stream for over a thousand miles, past the rushing Missouri, the turbid Ohio, and the sluggish Arkansas. Learning that the mighty river flowed onward to the Gulf of Mexico, they retraced their way to the mouth of the Illinois. Threading that stream they reached the site of

* *The Discovery of the Great West.* By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Seventh Edition. 8vo. pp. 425. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Chicago, sailed up Lake Michigan, and Joliet hastened to Quebec to tell the story of the fair and virgin lands of the Far West while Marquette returned to preach the gospel to his beloved Miamis. Two years later, while on a preaching excursion, feeling his end to be near, though only in his thirty-eighth year, he built a small booth of branches, and requesting to be left to his devotions, he died, like our own heroic missionary explorer Livingstone, while holding communion with his Maker. The beautiful river and the busy town that bear his name perpetuate the memory of the discoverer of the Great West.

Joliet's tidings excited a profound interest in Canada. He himself received a grant of the Island of Anticosti, where he died in 1701. A county in his native province and a mountain and city in Illinois commemorate his name.

During Talon's administration as Intendant, a bold and enterprising gentleman adventurer, Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle, had planted a trading post at La Chine, a name given either in earnest or derision to "the first stage on the way to China." La Salle obtained a patent of nobility and the grant of a seigniorie near Fort Frontenac, where Kingston now stands, on condition of rebuilding it of stone, with the virtual control of the local fur trade. Here he felled the forest, cultivated the soil, formed a flourishing settlement, and built for the prosecution of his fur trade four small decked vessels, the first that ever floated on the waters of Ontario.

The glory of Joliet's discovery fired the ambition of La Salle. He obtained through the influence of Colbert, the minister of Louis XIV., a royal commission for exploration in the Far West, with authority to erect forts and a monopoly in the traffic in buffalo skins. In November, 1678, accompanied by Tonti, an Italian veteran, and by Pere Hennepin and a motley crew, he sailed for the Niagara river and erected a fort above

the great cataract. Hennepin's account and sketch of the Falls are graphic, though exaggerated. During the winter La Salle returned on foot to Frontenac for additional naval supplies. By midsummer a vessel of forty-five tons was built and launched amid the chanting of the *Te Deum* and the firing of her little armament of small cannon. On the seventh of August the *Griffin* spread her wings to the breeze, and stemming the rapid current entered Lake Erie. In three weeks the pioneer mariners of the inland seas, thirty-four in all, reached the entrance to Lake Michigan, having escaped a violent storm on Lake Huron. The strange apparition of the winged vessel and booming cannon everywhere produced surprise and consternation. La Salle freighted the *Griffin* with a cargo of furs to appease the clamours of his creditors, and sent her back to Niagara. She must have foundered in an autumnal storm, as she was never heard of again. Weary of waiting her return, he resolved to explore the interior, and with Hennepin, Tonti, and thirty men, before the end of December reached Lake Peoria in the heart of Illinois. Here, amid the despondency, mutiny and desertion of his men, he built a fort to which, in allusion to his disasters and disappointments, he gave the name of Creve-cœur—Heart-break. Despatching Hennepin to explore the Upper Mississippi and ordering the construction of a vessel during his absence, the intrepid pioneer set out on foot with three companions through wintry snows and pathless woods to Frontenac, fifteen hundred miles distant. Hennepin discovered and named the falls of St. Anthony, but Tonti, attacked by Iroquois and his force reduced to fewer men, was compelled to abandon the fort. When La Salle returned in the summer with reinforcements and cordage for his vessel he found the post deserted. Another winter was passed in the wilderness, when the dauntless explorer returned again to Canada to

replenish his impoverished resources. At length, with his little company he launched his frail canoes on the broad bosom of the Mississippi. For sixty days he glided down the giant stream, and reaching its mouth he claimed the vast mid-continent for France under the name of Louisiana.

To meet the detractions of his enemies he returned to Canada and sailed to France. He was received with favour at court, and despatched with four ships, a hundred soldiers and a hundred and eighty settlers, to colonize Louisiana. He missed the mouth of the Mississippi. His store ship was wrecked on the Texan coast near Galveston, two hundred miles out of his course, and the others returned to France. Disaster dogged his path. Disease, famine, and savage foes made havoc among his followers. Treachery and mutiny corrupted the survivors. His colony

being reduced to forty persons, La Salle set out with sixteen men for Canada to procure recruits. His companions mutinied and barbarously murdered their leader, leaving his naked body on the prairies to be devoured by buzzards and wolves. After superhuman toils and sufferings seven men of the ill-fated band reached Canada to tell the tragic story. The rest perished miserably in the wilderness.

La Salle's animating spirit was not the religious enthusiasm of the Jesuit missionaries, nor the patriotic devotion of Champlain, but rather a vast ambition, a passion for discovery, an intense energy of character which courted difficulty and defied danger. His splendid services to France and civilization merited a better fate than his tragic and treacherous death at the early age of forty-three upon the Texan plains.

THE LESSONS OF A LONG LIFE; OR, SEVENTY YEARS A METHODIST,

BY JOHN CARROLL.

DIED.—At the Methodist Parsonage, Listowel, on the 23rd March, 1876, Mrs. Margaret Swann, relict of the late Francis Swann, of Toronto, and mother of the Rev. Matthew Swann, Chairman of the Wellington District, London Conference, aged nearly ninety-one.

WHEN this century was only three years old, that is to say in 1803, the Rev. Joseph Benson, denied ordination in the Church of England for his Methodistic proclivities, the associate of the Rev. John Fletcher, at Trevecca, where both he and the principal were ejected for their adherence to John Wesley's evangelical Arminianism, was still in the zenith of his power as a preacher. That power was not made up of the elements which are an almost necessary passport to popularity in the present state of Methodist develop-

ment: namely, a fine person, an orotund voice, and a discursive imagination. No; yet he was powerfully moving and persuasive for all that, by the possession of other elements, which, whatever we may say of that doubtful matter, "popularity," made up the lack. It is confessed that his person was rather small than large; his face thin, and his features sharp; his voice shrill, if not screechy, and his manner and elocution by no means impressive in themselves; but then his manner was unaffected and composed, by a habitual recolle-

tion of God's presence ; his voice was effective, because it was his own natural voice, and was the organ of the utterances of an honest, loving heart ; its owner, moreover, had a thorough mastery of theology and biblical criticism and exegesis, so that he could have preached impressively, on any text, at a moment's notice ; and if he had not "eloquence," he had intense religious feeling, seraphic love to God, and yearning pity for perishing souls. These qualities made every sermon impressive to old and young, to the scholarly and the uneducated, to saints and sinners.

At the era above indicated, a modest Yorkshire maiden, in moderate worldly circumstances, then eighteen years of age, heard this Boanergis, and his word, accompanied by the Divine Spirit, wrought in her a saving change, which left its impress upon her heart and character for seventy-three long years.

Among the mercies of her life, was an immediate identification with the Methodist Society—with its leader's watchful care, its Christian communings in the prayer and class-meetings, the band and fellowship-meeting, and the love-feast.

She occupied every domestic relation possible, and filled them becomingly. She lived another eighteen years after conversion in "single blessedness," as we may truly call it ; she having not entered into the God-appointed state of marriage until the mature age of thirty-six. She lived with an husband eleven years from her virginity ; and was a widow of two score and four years at the time of her death.

God gave her a good husband in the person of Mr. Francis Swann, who was comely in person, tidy and pleasing in manners, intelligent, and a thorough-paced Methodist. They must have been nearly of an age, and their matrimonial union, as with many others of their rank in England, was the result of a long acquaintance. The tidiness and plainness, and subsequent comeliness of

this staid couple was quite observable.

Their first venture, after marriage, was to try their fortunes in this new colony. They came to York in 1821, and for a considerable time Mr. Swann was the responsible servant, the steward, of Sir Peregrine Maitland, the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada.

They never dissolved their connection with Methodism till their several deaths, if indeed that event can be said to have dissolved it ; but it was probably held in the following way. The Rev. Henry Pope was the pastor of a Wesleyan Society, in the town, when they came to York, under whose watchful care it was natural, as Wesleyans from the old country, to place themselves ; and after the Missionaries withdrew, I suspect, as persons connected with the Government House, they would be a little slow to connect themselves with what was called, for distinction sake, if for no worse object, the "American Society," branded as it was, by interested calumniators, with disloyalty and I know not what else. It is probable that Mr. Swann was one of the leading influences who endeavoured to keep the shepherdless Wesleyan flock together, as long as it was possible after the withdrawal of its Missionaries. When I became a Methodist in 1824, I sometimes saw Mr. Swann in the class-meeting at Mr. Wm. P. Patrick's. Soon, they became closely identified with the indigenous society ; and Mr. Swann lived to see the preliminaries for a union with the British Conference initiated. He was summoned from the church militant to the church triumphant, by the abrupt agency of the cholera, in 1832, before the Union was quite consummated.

When the unhappy disruption of the Union came, the mother, with the younger children under her control, adhered to the British Missionaries, her first love, while her eldest son, born in Canada, identified himself with the Canadian Cause, and became a local preacher under the

administration of the sainted Wilkinson. This, however, did not mar the oneness of the family in Christ; and the reconstruction of the Union, happily, restored them to nominal as well as real unity as to the matter of church fellowship.

Her latter days were spent with this son, and her dying pillow was softened by his filial attentions. The secret of her long maintained spiritual life and happy death is afforded by the records of his filial pen, which we here subjoin:—

“In the year 1832 my father was taken away by the cholera. But, though mother was left to the loneliness of widowhood, yet the widow's God was her God. The altar of prayer was never taken down, and as father did, so did mother continue to do, leading her children in the way of life.

“There is one thing for which I am especially thankful, and that is, though we had no father to take the reins and guide us, my mother was careful about our night hours; after dark no child was allowed to be away from home unless she, or some person on whom she could rely, was with them; and what bad companionships, with their accompanying vices, did this save us from! We might feel it hard, but blessed was the result.

“Mother also loved the house of the Lord and the place where His honour dwelleth, and while strength allowed her, her place was always filled. Her love of the Bible was most strikingly manifested, and how often have I felt rebuked in her presence at my own lack of zest in Scripture reading, while with her old-fashioned spectacles on she would sit by the hour reading the precious book. As feebleness increased her love to the Bible seemed also to increase.

“Mother was also emphatically a praying woman, and though not one that could push herself forward in public, yet in a female prayer-meeting she would always fill her place to the profit of others. But when I speak of her as a praying woman,

I mean one much in the closet with God. Often have I found her thus employed when she thought no eye saw her but the All-seeing; and need we wonder that as years passed by there was evident growth in religious life, and that so marked, that Mrs. Swann and I often spoke about it. There was growing meetness for the inheritance of the saints.

“During her last sickness she suffered much, sometimes almost amounting to agony, yet not a murmur escaped her, her fear seemed to be lest one complaining word should leave her lips. Sometimes when in her deepest agony she would say: ‘In the world ye shall have tribulation.’ On one occasion I answered her, ‘But in me ye shall have peace. My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you,’ and with what earnestness did she answer ‘Yes, glory be to Jesus.’ She longed to be with her Saviour. Once on asking the doctor how long she might live, she was told three or four days: her answer was ‘What a pity!’ On another occasion, when after a season of severe suffering I said to her, ‘The pain of life will soon be over, the anguish and distracting care,’ ‘Oh,’ said she, ‘I have no care;’ and when told that she was almost home her response was ‘Glory,’ and a few moments after ‘Glory be to Jesus.’ Shortly after she closed her eyes and slept away into the arms of her Saviour.

“We took her remains to Toronto (Rev. Mr. Potts, and a few friends kindly joining us) and placed them beside those of her husband. Side by side they walked for a few years, and after 44 years' separation they rest together till their Master calls and they arise.

“On the following Sabbath the Rev. Mr. Forman, of Mount Forest, preached a sweet, tender, touching sermon from 1st Chron. 7th chapter, 21st and 22nd verses.”

How many profiting thoughts this subject affords! Joseph Benson's sermon issues in nearly three quarters of a century of Christian ex-

ample, fifty-five years of it enjoyed by Canada, until the ripe fruit is garnered at Listowel, in this far-off land. Her fidelity in devotion joins hands with God to hold her soul in second life during a long pilgrimage; and her maternal faithfulness preserves her inexperienced children from

worldly snares, and presents a laborious minister to the Church of God. The memory of her Christian life and happy death are a source of joy and hope to those who may no longer look on her venerable form on earth. Bless God for Christianity.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

OUR MARTYR MISSIONARY.

NOT they alone are martyrs who amid the crackling of faggots and the roar of the flames attest their fidelity to the doctrines of Jesus. They also who in toil and suffering, in penury and pain, bear witness to the truth even unto death, shall wear the martyrs' starry and unwithering crown. In this sense, many of our faithful missionaries who have laboured on in loneliness, in privation, in tribulations many, for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, have nobly earned this illustrious name. But to none is it more appropriate than to our beloved Brother McDougall, the details of whose tragical death have just reached us.

For years he laboured among savage tribes, in social isolation, in journeyings often, in perils by water and perils by land, in perils by wild beasts and wilder men, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in summer's heat and winter's cold, in sickness, and bereavement. Yet he blanched not at a' peril, he shrank not from any trial, he wavered not for a moment in the path of duty. Nor was he even in this life without his exceeding great reward. He beheld pagan tribes forsake their degrading superstitions to serve the living God. He beheld the old conjurer and cunning "medicine-man" throw aside his hideous drum and horrid incantations, and sit clothed and in his

right mind at the feet of Jesus. He beheld the heathen chant and savage war dance give place to the Christian hymn of praise and the rites of divine worship. More, probably, than any other man, he has left his impress on that great North West which is to be the heritage of our children and our children's children to untold generations.

The circumstances of his death were even more tragical than was at first reported. The letters from the heroic father and son in the last *Missionary Notices* indicate the holy ambition that occupied the last days of his life—to erect a house for the worship of God at the new mission of Morieyville. To procure provisions for the workmen he accompanied his son in a hunting expedition on the plains. Being successful, when within two miles of the camping place for the night, he offered to ride on to kindle the camp fire. He missed his way in the gathering darkness and wandered over the trackless prairie. His son, alarmed at his not reaching the camp, repeatedly fired off his gun, and rode the same night some twenty miles to the Bow River Mission, and alarmed his family, the police and others, but he was never again seen alive by any of the searchers. Blinded and bewildered by the drifting snow, and numbed by the bitter cold, he seems to have wandered on and on till he sank exhausted. Some half-breeds report

that they saw him the following day leading his horse, and at last falling upon his knees in the snow. Not till ten days later was his lifeless body found lying amid the drifted snows, with folded hands and closed eyes, as if, all hope of succour being abandoned, he had calmly laid him down to die. No kindly hand was near to minister to his dying wants, no loving ear to catch his latest whisper. Alone on the rude couch of the frozen prairie his spirit passed away, like that of Moses when God called him up to die amid the awful solitude of Nebo's lonely mountain.

"Since we came out here," writes Brother Sibbald, his companion in Christian toil, "he has been living very near to God, and was much in earnest for the salvation of souls; every morning we would hear him singing, 'I am waiting by the River.' He has crossed the river, and is singing a new song in that upper and better world."

George McDougall has left as a precious legacy to the Church the example of a godly life, the memory of a heroic death, and the burden of a sacred duty—to carry on the Christian work in which he met his fate. No more appropriate memorial of this good man can the Church erect than to create and sustain the Orphanage for Indian children and the Home for the blind and aged of the race on whose behalf he spent his life, and for which he makes such touching appeals in the last letters he ever wrote.

We expect to present in these pages an appropriate commemoration of our departed brother from the pen of one who knows well the story of his religious and missionary experience. Since the above was written, we have been favoured, through the courtesy of John Macdonald, Esq., M.P., with a melancholy souvenir of the fate of this martyr-missionary—a map of the North West Territory, showing the several tracts of land ceded to the Dominion by the Indian tribes, on which is marked the spot where the body of our departed

brother is said to have been found—near the foot of the Rocky Mountains, some eight hundred miles west of Winnipeg. There amid that magnificent amphitheatre of nature that he loved so well, he sleeps his last long sleep. No grander mausoleum offers the wide world.

METHODISM AND ITS CENSORS.

METHODISM from its very beginning has been pretty sure of escaping the woe pronounced upon them of whom all men speak well. In its early years, indeed, it enjoyed the distinction of being every where spoken against. It has at length commanded the respect even of those most adversely predisposed against it. But it has not outgrown, and probably will never outgrow, the hostile criticism of its methods by those who either cannot understand its genius or will not take the trouble to try. It is not our purpose here to attempt a rejoinder to recent criticisms of Methodism and its methods. That has been, we judge, quite sufficiently done by our excellent *Guardian* of our rights and reputation and faithful *Witness* for the truth. We would simply note in passing a few of the points raised. A Latin proverb says it is lawful to learn from an enemy, and we may possibly profit by the criticisms of our self-appointed censors. If we have given less attention to general literature than have other old and richly endowed Churches, we have a noble record of practical work. Nevertheless, if we would be true to the traditions of our spiritual ancestry, if we would emulate the example of the founders of Methodism, we must, especially in his age of general culture, seek as broad and liberal education as possible.

Not that we admit that as a denomination we have been neglectful in this respect. On the contrary, our efforts in this country for the promotion of higher education have been second to those of no other Church. At a time when university training was denied to all but the adherents of an exclusive sect, the

fathers of Canadian Methodism, with a large faith in the future of our country, established a university under royal charter, at which some of the foremost men not only in our own Church, but of other Churches, have received their literary training. The Public School system of our country, inferior to that of no country in the world, has largely been moulded by Methodist hands, not in the interests of Methodism, but in the interests of the entire community.

In the battle for the civil and religious rights which the different Churches of the land now all enjoy in common, no Church, to say the least, was more active than the Methodist Church, and no agent was more powerful than Methodist journalism. Methodism, it is true, does not concern itself, as such, with party politics; but when great principles are assailed, it battles for right and liberty till the victory is won. It is not a political organization. It embraces within its ranks members of all political parties, and it grants to all its members the amplest political liberty. Yet it has not been so barren in public men as some would have us think. It has had, both as regards numbers and ability, a fair representation in the offices of trust and honour in the community. In Banking Institutions, in great Commercial Houses, in offices of civic dignity in the House of Commons, in the Senate, in the Cabinet of the Dominion and the Local Legislatures, in the highest position possible in our provincial constitution, that of Lieutenant-Governor, it has had its worthy representatives who have borne their share of honour, of responsibility, of duty, with credit to themselves and with advantage to the community.

The same is also true of the United States. The thirty Methodist universities and colleges and seventy higher academies of that country, established at a cost of \$8,000,000, with their hard-working and scholarly Faculties, attest the educational zeal of the denomination. Its near-

ly two score of Methodist periodicals, one of which is the largest denominational paper with the largest circulation in the world, indicate its literary activity. Its publishing houses are among the largest in the country, and the issues from its press among the most numerous. Unquestionably by far the best Biblical Encyclopedia in the English language is that of the Methodist authors, Drs. Strong and McClintock.

We admit that Methodist literature is, for the most part, not of the recondite or esoteric character but of a practical nature, dealing with living issues and every day topics of the times. Indeed, the grave and serious character of Methodism has been unfavourable to the culture of lighter literature, poetry, fiction and the like. Life has been felt to be too earnest for such dallying. Yet even in this field the tales of Edward Eggleston and of Miss Trafton have won a popularity surpassed by but few. We covet not the glory of such writers as Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon. The Church of England did not inspire the productions of Dickens and Thackeray, nor were they her very faithful sons. In one department of poetry Methodism is indeed unrivalled. The hymns of Charles Wesley are found perhaps in every collection in the language. They are sung beneath cathedral dome and in cloistered fane, in Kaffir kraal and Indian bazaar, and every Sabbath day they go singing round the world with their grand chorus of praise.

Science is of no sect. The Church of England can claim no credit for the discoveries of Prof. Tyndall, the Sandemanian denomination did not create the genius of Faraday. Prof. Draper is the son of a Methodist minister, and Herbert Spencer the son of a Methodist layman, but we lay claim to no special credit on that account.

We have said thus much in refutation of the hasty cavils at the intellectual sterility of Methodism. Its chief glory, however, is its spiritual results—that it found England in a

state of religious apathy, not to say torpidity, and that it quickened the religious life of every denomination in the land from that day to this ; that it has belted the globe with its missions, and raised millions from the darkness and degradation of baptized or pagan heathenism to the dignity of men and the heritage of saints, enabling them to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

WE are sure that our readers must have shared our feeling of revulsion and horror at the recent appalling revelation of social depravity and frightful infant mortality in the chief city of the Dominion. The investigations of the Montreal Board of Health establish the fact that during the year 1875 seven hundred and nineteen foundling children were received by the ladies of the Gray Nunnery of that city, and of that number only eighty-eight survived—the mortality at present being over four a day. These helpless little human waifs were farmed out to careless, ignorant, and impoverished *habitants* to be nursed, or rather starved, on a pittance of three dollars a month. Small wonder that they died by scores, deprived not only of tender mother care, but also in great degree of the absolute necessities of life.

The story of the sufferings of a little motherless babe entrusted to the nuns by its father, who was both able and willing to pay for its support, and who sought day after day before he could discover its whereabouts, and then found it dying from apparent neglect, is tragically pathetic. The nuns should either undertake less or accomplish more. If they cannot offer more than one chance in eight of the child's survival they should not furnish the inducement, for such it practically is, or unhappy women to seek to hide their shame under the delusion that

their offspring will be reasonably well cared for. The sacred maternal instinct, which still lingers in even the most fallen nature, would often, at whatever risk of exposure and degradation, cling to the child of guilt and sorrow, rather than consign to it almost certain death, had the fearful imminence of that fate been realized. However charitable and tender may have been the impulse which led to the establishment of the *creche*—the only institution of the sort in Canada—without ampler provisions for these helpless babes, it is an injury to society rather than a benefit. We are not sure but that it intensifies the evil which it is intended to remedy, by furnishing facilities for the concealment of immorality. Such has been its effect in Rome, Paris, Naples, Vienna, and other continental cities. In the Austrian capital, as a result of the prevalent lax morality and morbid sympathy for this sort of wrongdoing, we learn that the frightful proportion of one-third of the births are out of wedlock. We would not wish to judge unjustly, but revelations like the above-mentioned seem to indicate that the influence of Roman Catholic teaching on a community is not favourable to its morality. Some of the unhappy creatures on whose behalf the baby-farming is organized may be nominal Protestants ; but we conceive that the greater part belong to the same church as the institution, of whose agency for the concealment of their sin they avail themselves.

THE Philharmonic Society of Toronto recently produced Mendelssohn's "St. Paul." The rendition of the leading parts by the soloists was painstaking, the most of them rendered their parts creditably. The chorus singers are also to be commended for their efforts, and the Orchestra did justice to the instrumentation. The whole performance redounds to the taste, judgment, and ability of the leader, Mr. Torrington.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

THOSE who have never resided in the old country can form no idea of the difficulties often encountered in regard to building places of worship. The State Church for many years has manifested a spirit of intolerance, while landowners would only part with sites at enormous prices, or in many instances would not sell at all. Wesleyan churches, therefore, when built would almost necessarily be left with heavy debts which seriously impeded their prosperity.

More than twenty years ago a "Chapel Fund" was formed, partly to aid new erections, and also to assist embarrassed churches. No part of the Wesleyan machinery is worked more vigorously than the "chapel" department. The success of the movement owes not a little to the Rev. John Bedford, whose labours have been abundant in this sphere of toil. From the last report we gather the following facts. Last year \$1,306,565 were collected and appropriated towards new erections. There are some 6,443 separate trust-estates, and the debt for which interest is paid is \$1,870,000 less than it was twenty years ago; though the debts now amount to \$4,470,000. During twenty-one years no less than \$18,000,000 have been expended in Wesleyan church property besides more than five millions of debt discharged.

The work of building still progresses. Last year sanction was given by the committee for the erection of one hundred and twenty-two churches, twenty-three parsonages, eighteen school-rooms, and thirty-four organs, at a total cost of \$1,527,080, on which a debt of \$263,220 is allowed to remain. Thus 27,351 additional sittings are provided.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The Rev. G. T. Perks, M.A., one of the secretaries of the Mission House, has just returned from a visit to South Africa. He reports great prosperity in the work.

In a speech at Grahamstown, indicating the object of his visit to Africa, he said: "He would tell them the endeavour was to consolidate. The missionary revenue last year amounted to \$920,000, about one-fourth of which was contributed by foreign churches. The great secret then was for colonial churches to dispense with parent help, and with the gold-fields, the diamond-fields, and its other great resources, he felt that South Africa ought to do this easily. He was one of the large number who stood at the grave of Livingstone, and the resolve of all at the sad ceremony appeared to be to push on to Zambezi. The Society would always be prepared to make a liberal grant to sustain efforts in this direction. He was one who thought the evangelists should be foreigners, and the pastors trained in the country." The speaker referred to the great trouble experienced at present in obtaining young men for the mission work, owing to the smallness of the salaries offered, and the better inducements in commercial life, but he hoped this would be overcome in time. Again alluding to the Conference, he said he would rejoice when they could stand alone, and do without help. No doubt a Wesleyan Conference will be formed in South Africa, which all our readers will join us in praying, may be as successful as the Conferences already formed in Australia and Canada.

JAPAN.

THE Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A., is now visiting the missions in China

and India, and has made a call at Japan. Of that country, he writes : "Mr. Cochran, the Canadian Missionary, met me at Yokohama, and with as little delay as possible we set out for Yedo, the great capital. The distance is nineteen miles by rail. I spent two days in visiting the University, and also the large preparatory school affiliated to it, and two Government ladies' schools. Mr. Cochran, my kind cicerone, and I went through the class-rooms of the University, saw some of the classes at work, and afterwards lunched with Dr. Veeder, one of the professors. The chairs of this University represent nearly every science and several European languages, with their respective departments of literature, law, and various branches of technical instruction. At present there are three hundred and forty-nine students, and provision is made on the spot for their board and recreation. A very able discipline inspects their private conduct, and comparatively moderate fees bring the privileges of higher education within the reach of all classes. The preparatory school instructs six hundred youths. The premises of this school adjoin the University ground, and the studies appear to be directed by very competent masters. Everything in this school is taught through the English tongue.

"A few minutes' walk from the walls of the college brought us to the Government ladies' school, where we found one hundred and thirty-two Japanese girls from the age of eight to thirteen. There is an English and a Japanese department. The teachers in the former are English or American ladies, those in the latter, native ladies. From this school we went to see a Girls' Normal Institution recently opened by the Empress. The building is very fine: the classrooms, the dormitories, the halls, the playgrounds, all constructed and arranged after Western models. The main purpose of the Government in this establishment is to train mis-

resses for its female schools. The superintendent, Mr. Nakamura, is a Christian, a member of the Canadian Methodist Mission, one of Mr. Cochran's converts. He was baptized a year ago, and is now a leader of a class. Mr. Nakamura, I need hardly say, does not owe his distinguished position to his Christianity, but to his great learning. He is one of the first Chinese scholars in Japan; he is master of his own language, and his command of English, as well as his literary enthusiasm, may be inferred from the fact that he has translated into Japanese J. S. Mills' book on "Liberty;" and that he meditates the harder task of introducing to his countrymen "Butler's Analogy." The influence of such a man in the Government Female School designed to prepare teachers to send throughout the length and breadth of the Empire is simply incalculable. And this leads me to remark, that as in India so in Japan, there seems a special providence, overruling the appointment of the men who are entrusted with the education of the people. Dr. Verbeck, an American missionary, was the first chief superintendent of the School of Foreign Languages and Sciences in Yedo; and the national system of education is largely indebted to his help. The present chief director of the Imperial University, Hatakeyama, was educated in America, and converted and baptized there, and has come back to wield immense influence in his own country. Several of the professors are Christian ministers, and, so far as I know, Christianity has a friend in every English and American gentleman connected with the University and preparatory school. The last estimate of children and youth attending the native elementary and all other grades of schools in Japan gives the number as three millions. The pupils learning foreign languages, with special reference to the English tongue, amount to, perhaps, fifty thousand."

—The Rev. W. N. Hall, New Connexion Missionary in China, has been spending some time in England, and has just returned to China, having collected, during his furlough, the sum of \$15,000 to aid in establishing a training institution, which will be a powerful agency in the evangelization of that country.

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Madagascar. The triumphs of the Gospel here have been marvellous. Owing to the great numbers who turned from dumb idols, the Society could not send forth a sufficiency of agents. Never was the demand of a "native agency" more felt, and happily it has been greatly utilised. A missionary says: "It is the natives themselves who do the work in Madagascar; it is very rarely that the missionary goes first. The native is the pioneer, taking the Gospel in his own hand. The soldiers do it. Sent away on Government service, if they are Christians, they take their Testaments with them, and when they find themselves surrounded with heathens, and Sunday comes round, they hold service in their own families, and the heathen join them. After a year or two, we get a letter at the capital saying there is a congregation at such a place, and they want Bibles, hymn books, spelling books, and other things, and they want us to come and visit them, and that is the first we have heard of the Church. In the same way slaves sent by their masters to mind cattle in the wilderness follow the same plan, and originate new congregations in different parts of the Island. These are the things that have contributed to the wonderful success that has attended our mission in Madagascar."

SAMOA.

FORTY-FIVE years have passed since the apostle to the Polynesians, John Williams, visited Samoa. There are about 250 villages in this group. Each village has now its own chapel, built and maintained by

the natives, without help from the Society. The population is about 35,184, of whom 26,493 are in connection with the London Missionary Society, 4,794 with the Wesleyans, and 2,852 Romanists. The Rev. G. Turner, D.D., says there are seventy-two young men in the native seminary preparing for the Christian ministry. The people have a considerable literature, and, besides supporting their own pastors, contribute six thousand dollars yearly for foreign missions.

EVANGELISM.

Harper's Weekly says, there is no diminution in the attendance at the meetings of Messrs Moody and Sankey in New York. On a recent Sabbath the attendance was estimated at 25,000. The first meeting was held at eight o'clock in the morning, and even at that hour 4,000 Christians were admitted by ticket. Opinions of course vary, but the good that is effected is apparent to all. The *Jewish Messenger* says: Whatever objection may be urged to emotional religion as spasmodic, lacking in substantial good, no man of sense can declaim against the services of the Hippodrome, provided they be conducted in the same orderly and earnest way that has characterized these meetings elsewhere.

New evangelists are continually appearing. The Rev. John D. Potter is filling the Opera House of Columbus, Ohio, with attentive hearers. Messrs. Hammond and Bently are in Washington, and are addressing large congregations. A St. Louis paper states that Messrs. Whittle and Bliss are doing a good work in that community.

Rev. W. Taylor, of California, is attending several Conferences in the Western States, where he purposes spending one year, and then to return to India.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

IT would seem that the set time to favour Zion has now come, for Pentecostal seasons are becoming gene-

ral. The weekly organs of our Church contain columns of the most delightful news from various circuits both east and west. The confederation of the Churches has given us in Ontario to feel greater interest in the work of our brethren in the maritime provinces, and we are glad to find from *The Wesleyan* that in several parts of all the eastern Conferences there are "times of refreshing coming from the presence of the Lord." Special efforts are being made which are attended with marvellous success. At one place we hear of two hundred being added, at another eighty. At Carbonnear, Newfoundland, a church costing \$10,000 has been dedicated.

Our friends in the East are acting nobly towards their ministers. It is well known that like their brethren in the West they had to experience considerable deficiencies in their missionary appropriations. The people, however, are resolving that the said deficiencies shall become small and beautifully less, as we read of donations and special contributions being made for the purpose of meeting these deficiencies.

DEATH OF THE REV. O. WHITCOMBE.

AGAIN our ministerial ranks have been broken by the shafts of the "insatiate archer." We learn, just as we go to press, that our beloved brother, the Rev. Orrin Whitcombe, has fallen at the post of duty. "He was cut down," writes the Rev. W. J. Hewitt, "in the midst of great usefulness, and after but eight days of illness, inflammation of the lungs." His appointment to the Moira circuit was signally owned of God. Father Whitcombe, as for years he has been affectionately called, was one of the most highly esteemed ministers of the late New Connexion Conference. He was a faithful pastor, a wise counsellor, a genial friend, and greatly beloved by all who knew him.

O may we triumph so,
When all life's conflict's past,
And, dying, find our latest foe
Beneath our feet at last.

MISSIONARY SELF-DENIAL.

OTHER denominations, like ourselves, are feeling the pressure of hard times. The *Missionary Herald* says:—"We know of a missionary mother, in one of the Turkish missions, who took a coat her husband had worn for seven years, as occasion required, turned it and made it over for her son, to wear home on his way to a New England College. We know of an overcoat that has been worn on six trips between America and India, by three different missionaries. An honoured missionary in India writes:—"The best coat I have is the one I got in America ten years ago; the best one I have bought here cost less than ten dollars." We know of one missionary family that, two years since, denied themselves much needed trips for health, remaining all summer shut up within the walls of a Turkish city, in order to save something for the Board; and of another that, on the way home, broken in health, desired a letter to be sent to meet them in Liverpool, that they might turn back if the finances of the Board did not warrant further expense in their behalf."

Would that Christians would imitate idolaters in giving. We consider a house of worship which costs \$250,000 an extravagant thing; and a \$500,000 church is set down as being positively fearful in its cost. But what shall we say of the way the Asiatics spend money on their temples and idols? The temple of Seringham has an image of Siva formed entirely of gold in solid pieces, which is fifteen feet long; and the precious stones which adorn it are of untold value. To maintain the worship of a single pagoda in Travancore, \$360,000 is expended each year. A missionary found the Rajah of Burdwan sitting in his treasury with \$25,000 counted out before him. "What are you doing with this money?" he asked. "It is for my god," was the reply. The yearly expenditure on the idol in the temple of Khundoba is \$30,000. One

man gave at once upwards of \$1,500,000 for the support of heathenism in Benares; another, in Ahmedabad, built a Jain temple at a cost of \$30,000. These are but specimens of the use of gold in idolatry. The only thing that comes near matching all that is the new Mormon temple, at Salt Lake City, which is expected to cost \$10,000,000.

While the contrast between heathen

and Christian contributions is great, it is to be hoped that as one grand result of the extensive revivals of the times that more munificent offerings will be presented to God in all departments of the Church than have ever been known in the past. Let every one who reads these lines ask his conscience, "How much owest thou unto my Lord?"

BOOK NOTICES.

The Life of Gideon Ouseley. By WILLIAM ARTHUR. Crown 8vo. pp. 304. Steel portrait. Wesleyan Conference Office, London; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price \$1.

THIS book, we doubt not, has been awaited with eager anxiety by hundreds of the fellow-countrymen of Ouseley in Canada, and by not a few who are his spiritual children in Christ. It is the story of a very remarkable life. It is a singular circumstance that the most distinguished Protestant apostle that Ireland has, perhaps, ever seen was till his thirtieth year, a wild, rollicking, drinking, sporting character. At that age he lost an eye, and nearly lost his life from an accidental shot fired by some boon companions. The reading of Young's "Night Thoughts" and the preaching of a Methodist soldier led to his conversion. He forthwith began ranging the country to tell the wondrous story of salvation, and was soon called out by the Irish Conference to travel with Graham, "The Apostle of Kerry." The record of their labours, their trials, and their triumphs, recalls the traditions of the heroic days of Methodism. At fairs, wakes, markets, they preached from the saddle to multitudes of their

fellow-countrymen beggars, fishwives, peasants, and men of high and low degree,—with most marvellous results. Singing the songs of Zion in the soft mellifluous Irish tongue to the tune of "Tara's Hall," "Molly Asthore," or some plaintive national air, their message of salvation won its way to the warm Irish heart. Tears and sobs and cries for mercy would resound, and thousands were gathered into the Methodist and other Churches. In Canada, the United States, Australia, wherever the Irish race has found its way—and where has it not?—spiritual children of Ouseley rise up and call him blessed.

The Romish priests, persecuting clergymen and certain lewd fellows of the baser sort soon raised a hue and cry against the "cavalry preachers," the hated "swaddlers." Sticks, stones, turf, and malodorous missiles were freely hurled, and during the rebellion of '98 even the shoes were taken from Ouseley's horse to make pikes for the rebels; but for nearly half a century he continued his apostolic labours. He used, where possible, to plant his travelling pulpit, his sturdy pony, opposite an apothecary's or other large window as a protection against missiles. On one occasion two of his teeth were knocked out, but he nevertheless

went on with his sermon. In his seventy-sixth year he preached thirty-six times in sixteen days, and even two years later often four times a day. The book abounds in illustrations of the pious humour, even drollery of the man, of his shrewd tact in managing a boisterous crowd, of his controversial skill, of his yearning love and tender pity. Ouseley was of good family. A brother and two cousins were knighted; the cousins were distinguished in diplomacy and oriental learning, and the brother became a Major-General. But the simple Irish evangelist shed a nobler lustre on the name than could the proudest titles of an earthly monarch. We expect a sympathetic account of this wonderful man, from the pen of a son in the gospel in our Canadian ministry. Mr. Arthur's work in this volume is admirably done. He gives a vivid portraiture of his hero, but remains himself in the background.

Sermons for Children. By MARK GUY PEARSE; author of "Daniel Quorm," etc. 12mo. pp., 156. Illustrated. Wesleyan Conference, London; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, Halifax.

THIS is a charming book—our perfect ideal of what a volume of sermons for children ought to be—bright, beautiful, and attractive, within and without. The sermons were preached to the children once a month in the ordinary course of the writer's ministry, and we are not surprised to learn were highly appreciated by adults of the congregation as well. We think the example of Mr. Pearse might be followed with great advantage by many of our Canadian ministers. We think it a great pity that the children find so little of interest as they generally do in the sermons they hear. The Sunday-school lessons are admirable topics for children's sermons, and some of our ministers have with great success adopted the plan of preaching from them. We think

Mr. Pearse's discourses excellent models. The simple language, fresh illustrations, and vivacity of style, make them really quite fascinating. We can testify, from domestic experience, that even young children can be deeply interested in a volume of sermons—if they are only of the right sort. The mechanical "get-up" of the work is also very attractive—the clear page, pretty pictures, and elegant cover, awaken an interest that is not disappointed on more intimate acquaintance with the contents.

Gems Reset; or, the Wesleyan Catechisms Illustrated. By BENJAMIN SMITH. 12mo. pp., xiv., 319. Wesleyan Conference Office, London; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, Halifax.

THE study of the Wesleyan Catechisms in these days of new and improved Sunday-school machinery has been far too much neglected. Nowhere else will be found a finer body of divinity, in as concise a form, as in those brief but weighty compends of theology. It is well that our children be instructed in the form of sound words, which will be to them in after years a bulwark against the assaults of unbelief, and which will enable them, if asked, to give a Scriptural reason for the hope that is in them. In this volume, Mr. Smith, who is already well known as a successful author by his very interesting and useful books, "Sunshine in the Kitchen," "Climbing," etc., has enforced and illustrated the lessons of the catechisms by means of anecdotes, narratives from sacred and secular history, and practical reflections. These will often fix upon the mind of the youthful learner religious truths that the more concise and often abstract statements of the catechism itself might fail to convey.

Wayside Flowers. By HARRIET ANNIE WILKINS, with a preface by the Rev. William Stephenson.

12mo. pp. 255. Toronto : Hunter, Rose & Co. and Methodist Book Room. Price \$1.00.

IN previous volumes of verse Miss Wilkins has proved her possession of true poetic insight, tenderness of feeling and felicity of expression. In the present collection are reprinted several of those pieces which proved to be popular favourites, together with further contributions of her more matured and richly cultivated mind. Not a few of the poems will waken a response in many a heart, inspired as they are by suffering, sorrow, bereavement, and profound religious feeling. Others are of a martial and patriotic ring, and stir the blood like the sound of a trumpet. In the fine poetic use which she makes of historical incident and adventure, Miss Wilkins reminds us of Mrs Hemans, with whose poems some of hers will not unfavourably compare. The gifted author has not confined her poetry to her book. She has made her life a poem of Christian beneficence and sacred charity. In kindly ministrations to the sick, the suffering, the sinning and the sorrowing, in the hospital, the gaol, and the abodes of pain and poverty, she has walked in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good. Miss Wilkins has special claims upon the sympathy of the Masonic fraternity, to the eulogy of whose principles several of her poems are devoted. We heartily join in the hope expressed in Mr. Stephenson's introduction, that the author "will be met by a generous public with the patronage she so richly deserves." The book is gotten up in the Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Company's best style—good paper, clear type, and elegant binding. On page 457 we give a specimen poem from the volume.

Thrift. By SAMUEL SMILES. 12mo. pp. 312. Belford Brothers, Toronto; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto and Montreal. Cloth, \$1.00.

THE precepts of this volume, if practised, would save the world from an untold amount of misery, sorrow, and crime. Thrift may not be the panacea for all the world's woes, but its absence is the cause of many of them. If thrift were substituted for the sinful waste, the reckless improvidence of pauper-burdened England, it would make every man and woman in the country independent. The yearly income of large classes of operatives is greater than that of many professional men, yet a strike, a lock-out, or old age, almost invariably brings them upon the poor rates. And the reason is the annual waste of nearly £40,000,000 on "beer, 'baccy, and spirits." Mr. Smiles strongly urges on all classes, rich and poor, wise economy, the keeping of accurate accounts, the adoption of Life Assurance, and use of Savings Banks. He is very severe on the meanness of dishonesty, or what is its equivalent, living beyond one's means; urges funeral reform, and eulogizes the dignity of saving. He illustrates his principles by distinguished examples of the benefits of thrift and the misery of improvidence. The chapters on Riches and Charity, Healthy Homes, and on the Art of Living, rise into ethical dignity. They are lay sermons preaching a gospel of charity, economy, and cleanliness, which are akin to virtue, purity, and godliness. We wish that every young man and young woman setting out in life would study this volume. Nay, its principles should be inculcated by parents on their children from a very early age. It would be a legacy better than gold.

The Methodist Quarterly Review
for April 1876.

THIS excellent Quarterly has been again enlarged to the extent of 64 pages, making an annual volume of 784 pages for the low price of \$2.50. The Book Notices by the veteran editor, Dr. Whedon,

are always the most interesting feature of this Review. In addition to these the present number contains a scholarly article, by Dr. Hurst, on Seneca, the last of the stoic philosophers, and one of great interest, by Dr. Strong, illustrated by maps, on the passage of the Red Sea. A severe criticism of the present Sunday-school system is accompanied by a very suggestive paper on Sunday-school literature, by Professor Wells. On both these subjects we shall have something to say at an early date. The question of a new hymn book for the Methodist Episcopal Church abounds in wise suggestions of great interest to us as a Church in view of prospective action in reference to our own hymn book. There are also articles on the Taxation of Church Property, the Disruption of Methodism, and the Election of Presiding Elders.

The London Quarterly Review (Methodist), April, 1876. 8vo. pp. 264. Wesleyan Conference Office, London.

THOSE who question the literary ability or scholarship of Methodist writers would do well to make the acquaintance of this learned and vigorous Quarterly, whose articles will not suffer by comparison with those of the foremost writers of the age. The first article of the current number is a review of Vedic literature, which the writer says is better known in Europe than in India. To this result the labours of British missionaries have largely contributed. Several translations of Vedic hymns are given, illustrating the purer ancient faith of which Hinduism is a debased corruption. Valuable exegetical articles discuss the threefold use of the word "crucified" by St. Paul in Galatians ii. 20, v. 24, and vi. 14; and the spiritual conflict before and after regeneration referred to in Romans vii. and Galatians v. The recent Bonn Conference, called by Dr. Dollinger, is regarded as the most

determined protest against Popery since the Reformation, and one of the most important ecclesiastical councils ever held. The recent history of Servia, and a review of the condition of the Christian population of Turkey is made the subject of an able article, in which the vexed problem of the irrepressible Eastern Question is intelligently discussed. An article on Missions, in whose history Methodism has borne so noble a part, reviews their recent progress and marvellous success. An exceedingly sympathetic review eulogizes almost too highly, we think, to judge from the extracts given, a dramatic poem on Joseph and his Brethren, published fifty years ago, and now reissued with an introduction by the poet Swinburne. The awful iniquity and disastrous physical, moral, and social effects of the Opium trade are exposed in a vigorous article which charges upon the Indian Government the guilt of the traffic. Another article gives a summary of George Smith's recent Assyrian discoveries. The Book Notices are remarkably full and valuable, especially those on Kœlling's *Jesus and Mary*, Mansel's *Gnostic Heresies*, Lyttleton's *Future State*, and Dr. Reynold's *Mission of the Baptist*. Either of the above Quarterlies may be ordered through our Book Rooms.

The Popular Science Monthly for May. New York: D Appleton & Co. \$5.00 per year.

THE current number of this admirable monthly contains several valuable papers. One by Dr. M'Cosh on the Prepossessions for and against the Supernatural turns the tables very successfully, we think, upon Dr. Carpenter's article on that subject referred to in our last number. Chief Justice Daly gives an interesting *resumé* of recent geographical progress. Herbert Spencer, in an article on Society as an Organism, finds scope for the presentation of his subtle and ingenious analogies. Professor Tyndall con-

finies his luminous Lectures on Electricity, and the Rev. Arthur Rigg has a paper of remarkable interest on Hammers and Percussion. Mr. Romanes, in an article on Conscience, makes the somewhat sweeping assertion that at the present day the general theory of evolution is accepted by all save the ignorant or prejudiced. To this classification, however, we can cheerfully submit in such good company as that of Dr. Dawson and Dr. M'Cosh. His remarks on animal conscience and animal depravity are ingenious, but to our minds utterly inconclusive. The recent advances of Telegraphy are shown by Mr. Riordan to be marvellous. Seven thousand words, equal to seventeen pages of this Magazine, have been transmitted and *printed in one minute* by the automatic machine. Eight messages can now be sent over a single wire at the same time, and the number will probably be indefinitely increased. The life story of Caroline Herschell, as recorded by Mrs. Youmans, is one of remarkable and pathetic interest. Her long life of nearly a century was one continued sacrifice to filial affection and science. Yet it was not a happy life. It teaches that

Nor man nor Nature satisfy
Whom only God created.

The New York Commissioner on the awards of the Centennial Exhibition announces the principles to

be adopted. No medals will be given, but a hundred American and a hundred foreign judges of eminence will give, over their names, written awards, with the reasons therefor, which will be more satisfactory to exhibitors and the public than medals for which some exhibitors would gladly give \$1,000,000. Several of the above mentioned articles are well illustrated.

Memorials of Edward and Lydia Anne Jackson. By N. BURWASH, with the Sermons preached on the occasion of their death by the REVS. W. J. HUNTER and JOHN POTTS. Crown 8vo. pp. Gilt, 75 cents.

THIS is an appropriate and beautiful tribute to a noble man and his noble wife. Professor Burwash, whose relations to the deceased were of a very intimate character, has done his part with excellent taste and discrimination. The sermons are appropriate and impressive. The beautiful memorial lines of Miss White also appear. This is, we think, in its mechanical execution, the best specimen of book-making which has appeared from our Connexional press. The toned paper, clear type, good press-work, and elegant embossed cover, leave nothing to be desired. The steel portraits of our departed friends are very life-like. In this volume, and in their works of Christian beneficence, being dead they yet speak.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, &c., &c.

—The death is announced from Amsterdam of Dr. Heye, the most popular poet of Holland.

—Mr. Edwin Wallace, Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, is the author of the article on the "Philosophy of Pessimism," in the current number of the *Westminster Review*.

—Mr. Alfred Austin's long promised work, "The Human Tragedy," is in the press, and will be published shortly. It is one continuous narrative poem, consisting of four cantos or acts. The action opens in England in June, 1857, and closes in May, 1871, with the fall of the Commune.

—Messrs. Hatchards state that over 1,700,000 copies of various works by Bishop Oxenden have been sold by them.

—A Selection from the Rev. J. Keble's "Miscellaneous Prose Writings," containing essays on Sir Walter Scott, Bishop Copleston, &c., with prefatory notes by Dr. Pusey, Dr. Newman, and others, is announced for publication.

—The demand for Dr. Norman Macleod's Memoir was so large that the first edition of 3,000 copies was bought up long before the binders were able to turn them out; and already the publishers have in their hands orders for the larger part of another edition. Her Majesty the Queen, after the perusal of an early copy, ordered one for each of her children.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUITS.	AGE	DATE.
Rev. Geo. McDougall.	Bow River	Saskatchewan	Jan. 1876
James Chapman	Brownsburgh	Lachute, P.Q.	83	Feb. 1, "
Sarah Cook	Sullivan	Chatsworth, O.	70	" 6, "
Henry Betts	Malagash	Wallace, N.S.	58	" 13, "
Charlotte Yeomans	Belleville	Belleville 1st, O.	74	" 15, "
Catherine Beates	Charleston	Alton, O.	63	" 19, "
R. Dixon Burns	Titusville	Hampton, N.B.	57	" 25, "
Elizabeth Brown	Cramahe	Colborne, O.	36	" 28, "
Mrs. Thomas Lindsay	Williamstown	Jacksonville	41	" 29, "
James Hogg	Shelburne	Horning's Mills	77	Mar. 2, "
Margaret Woods	Coot Hill	Welsford, N.B.	40	" 4, "
Grace Stephenson	Beaverton	Beaverton, O.	35	" 5, "
Rev. Richard Weddall	Fredericton	Fredericton	64	" 5, "
Jane E. Kirkpatrick	Welsford, N.B.	Welsford, N.B.	25	" 6, "
Mary Ann Hyndman	Poplar Heights	Poplar Heights	32	" 10, "
M. A. Miller Spafford	Wawanosh	Wawanosh, O.	65	" 16, "
Elizabeth Olmstead	Scotch Town	Scotch Town	50	" 19, "
Rebecca Cashman	Gainsboro	Gainsboro, O.	60	" 22, "
Albert Clark	French Lake	French Lake	49	" 24, "
Joseph S. Parker	Granville Ferry	Margate, P. E. I.	40	" 25, "
Abel G. Church	Amherst	Amherst, N. S.	49	" 26, "
Howard Kitchin	Pictou	Pictou, N. S.	28	" 27, "
Margaret C. Sanderson	Woodstock	Woodstock, O.	72	" 29, "
William Rilance	Oakwood	Oakwood, O.	" 29, "
Andrew McLellan	Tyndal Road	Amherst, N.S.	84	" 30, "
Colonel B. Pomeroy	Compton	Compton, P. Q.	75	April 2, "
John Mason	Hastings	Hastings	78	" 2, "
Roger Henwood	Cobourg	Cobourg, O.	63	" 3, "
Thos. Baxter, Esq.	Wellington Sq.	Wellington Sq.	55	" 3, "
Hannah H. Bristol	Fullarton	Fullarton, O.	43	" 6, "

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