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CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.



THE
CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

VOL. VI.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1877.

TORONTO:
SAMUEL ROSE, METHODIST BOOK ROOM.

HALIFAX:
ANDREW W. NICOLSON, METHODIST BOOK ROOM.

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THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1877.

THE REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A.

BY JOHN CARROLL, D.D.

WITH the admirable portrait which is herewith furnished we have pleasure in presenting some account of a minister whom we really believe to be one of the most genuine and estimable "Methodist preachers" in the world. Simply designating him a Methodist preacher, we are giving him the only and highest designation to which he himself aspires.

A gentleman of the most sprightly and facile native talents, amounting to positive genius, thoroughly educated by a combination of favouring circumstances, possessed of most indomitable and tireless industry; one of the most attractive and readable *litterateurs* and authors; a man of broad and statesmanlike views of public questions, in their moral aspects and their relations to Christian civilization, whose opinions are sought, and whose utterances are listened to with the most profound respect; a gentleman who though noticeably modest and retiring, yet, with the fearlessness of the lion, when human oppression arouses him, "utters his voice as when a lion roareth"—instance his boldness in being one of the first to denounce Governor Eyre and the murderous cruelties perpetrated on Mr. Gordon and the

alleged insurgents in a West India island, several years ago; yet the serious, godly, charitable Christian man, and the plain and pointed, but eloquent preacher, thus illustrating the meaning and showing the feasibility of the canons on preaching in his own far-famed and gloriously salutary TONGUE OF FIRE. Elevated by happy circumstances to the possession and control of considerable wealth and to a high social position, he and his household constitute an example of a simple, unostentatious Christian family, combining respectability with humility, and true, original Methodistic plainness with the most munificent charities, both private and public.

There is a tendency in younger and ruder bodies of Methodists, and in ourselves in this country, among the rest, to suspect the ministers and people of the oldest, largest, and mother-Methodism of England, of stateliness, and style, and worldly proclivities. It is exactly there we are mistaken: there is (although there may be examples of the opposite) far less pomp, parade, and love of notoriety than among some who suspect them. Mr. Arthur is a noticeable example of what we aver.

There are traits in William Arthur's character which constitute counterparts refreshing to contemplate. He is conservative of the essential and vital characteristics of original Methodism; he preaches a present and full salvation without manuscript or note, and "with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven," the need of whose influences he recognizes, and whose presence and power he honours; he believes in and upholds the class and prayer-meeting, the fellowship-meeting, and love-feast, with the true independence of the pulpit and necessary pastoral authority for the maintenance of a godly discipline; yet, there is a most encouraging tendency to progressiveness in his doings and writings which augurs well for the breadth and efficiency of the Methodism of the future. He believes, and acts on the belief, that Methodism should smile on and co-operate with all outside reforming and evangelistic organizations and efforts, such as Temperance and Young Men's Christian Associations, and the like.

He is for liberalizing Methodism itself: that is, he favours the true liberty of the press and the upholding of periodicals adapted

to create an advanced Connexional opinion with reference to needed enterprises which the Connexional courts and authorities are usually the last to originate. He was an early friend, and is becoming the wise promoter and moulder of lay delegation in the British Conference. The fear of the charge of "precipitancy," "loss of dignity," "novelty," or "crotchetyness," terms usually applied liberally to any one who has a foresight beyond his compeers, and a true greatness, that will make condescending advances and timely concessions, did not withhold his hand from casting abroad the tract embracing an overture for the unity of Methodism in Ireland, where it was most cruelly enfeebled by division, a measure which is just now presenting its ripened fruit to the delighted taste of all union-loving Christians.

Whence such a man came? What were the impulses and influences which gave origin and shape to his upward and onward course? What were the offices he has filled? The positions of influence he has occupied? What the trials which brought out the pure gold of his character until he reached the elevated pedestal where he now stands?—are questions not only innocently curious and of great value, because of their instructiveness, but questions which we have only slender materials for answering, yet materials which we must essay to collect and present in a very summary form; and if we should not present them at all, it would not detract from the sublime moral spectacle displayed in the public and private character of the Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A.

In 1819, a child was born in the County of Antrim, Ireland—a friend of ours, who claimed to know him in boyhood and to have witnessed his conversion, says, of Presbyterian parents, which, if true, would not make against his having been the subject of proper instruction and discipline in childhood. He is said to have been tasteful and studious and to have loved poetry. He was never large of stature, and was rather *petite* in boyhood. He was converted at sixteen among the Methodists, whose theology expanded his mind and heart beyond the limitarian creed in which he had been brought up. A distinguished Irish visitor to this country told us, some years ago, that from want of hymnic lore, the boy-convert pointed his first relation of experience by a passage from Tom Moore's "Lalla Rhook." He

had the good fortune to be sent to Hoxton Institute, at the age of nineteen, and to be placed under the paternal training of the loveable Dr. Hannah, who, referring to the time and circumstance, in conversation with the writer of this article at Didsbury, in 1862, pronounced him, with a sort of chuckle, "a bright little Irish boy."

At the age of twenty-one, the Irish lad was sent across the Indian Ocean to plant a mission at Goobee, in the Mysore country. The account which the young missionary, to while away his loneliness, wrote of his voyage and early labours was published under the title of "The Mission to Mysore," which now constitutes a Methodist classic. The fiery sun of India affected his sight, and he returned to England in 1841.

Where the individual has intellect and quickness of observation, a mission abroad brings a young man into intercourse with the most active minds and gives him to see life as he would not be likely to see it at home, and furnishes, in many cases, the returned missionary an expansion of mind which would not so often be found proportionately among those who have never been abroad. It was so in Mr. Arthur's case. More than one such man has mounted into the chair of the British Conference, and so, in due time, did our subject. He was retained four years in London, and then sent a missionary to France, first to Boulogne and then to Paris, in which country he remained three years; at the end of this time, he returned to take London city circuits another two years. In 1850, he was appointed to the honourable and responsible post of General Missionary Secretary, in which office he continued seventeen years. In 1868, he was chosen President of the newly-opened Methodist college in Belfast, Ireland, at the head of which he remained two years. His elevation to the Presidential chair of the Conference took place in 1866, at the age of forty-seven, the youngest man ever called to this high honour. If not mistaken, we think he has been a Missionary Secretary ever since his first appointment till the present time, honorary when not actual.

Impaired sight and enfeebled voice have largely withdrawn Mr. Arthur from public engagements of many kinds. Yet, so

great is the confidence in his wisdom and judgment, that, in important deliberations affecting the interests of the Connexion, his written deliverance on the pending question is read by some brother whose voice is stronger than his own, and listened to with an attention which shows that his opinions carry weight and bear a very influential sway.

Mr. Arthur has furthered the interests of religion by his pen, as well as otherwise. His "Mission to Mysore," "Successful Merchant," "The Life of Ouseley," and the "Tongue of Fire," with some lesser tractates, confirm the truth of this statement without any further remark. The affection for his person, and the confidence in his wisdom and integrity, are very great among both ministry and laity of the home Connexion. Although labouring under the physical infirmities already referred to, yet, as he is only fifty-eight years of age, it is to be hoped that he may leave the Church of his choice and love (and, indeed, the Church of Christ at large, for he is noticeable for holding catholic sentiments and enjoying the esteem of all the Churches)—that he may leave, we say, more of the ripe fruits of his matured mind, long experience, and his deep, serious reflection, ere he is called to his reward.

We omitted to mention, when speaking of Mr. Arthur's works, his interesting volumes on "Italy in Transition" and "The Modern Jove: a Review of the Speeches of Pio Nono"—two most readable and valuable productions; and we should not wonder if the studies he commenced in his visit to Italy had led him on in the course of inquiry which is issuing in the work referred to in the following paragraph of the London *Watchman* of the 21st of March, to which the Rev. Dr. Wood has just directed our attention. The editor says, "We are glad to know that the Rev. William Arthur's new work on the Vatican Council is in a very advanced state, and will shortly be published. The full title of the work will be, 'The Pope, the Kings, and the People: a History of the Movement to make the Pope Governor of the World by a Universal Re-construction of Society. From the Issue of the Syllabus to the Close of the Vatican Council—1864 to 1870.'" The Protestant world will eagerly look for this timely volume.

THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

And God said, "Let the waters generate reptile with spawn abundant,
living soul."

Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm. and shoals
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
Slide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid sea : part single, or with mate,
Graze the seaweed, their pasture ; and through groves
Of coral stray, or, sporting with quick glance,
Show to the sun their waved coats dropped with gold ;
Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment ; or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch : on smooth the seal
And bended dolphins play : part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldly, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean : there Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep,
Stretched like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land ; and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.

—*Paradise Lost*, Book vii.

MILTON'S graphic picture of the wonders of the deep shows that he had studied its finny inhabitants with a sympathetic eye, although we may not agree with his descriptive ichthyology. It was more difficult two hundred years ago, or even twenty years ago, to study the strange, mute creatures of the sea than it is to-day.

Globes of gold and silver fish have long been a pretty drawing-room ornament, and small aquaria have been constructed for popular amusement and scientific instruction. One of the most interesting exhibits of the American Centennial was a fine set of marine and fresh water aquaria. For hours we studied with delight the strange forms, brilliant hues, and graceful movements of the active tenants of those glass prisons.

But aquaria, on the vast scale of those at Brighton, London, and New York, are things of very recent date. The enormous expense of their construction and maintenance makes them

possible only in great centres of population. One of the largest and most admirably conducted, indeed, it is asserted, the best in the world, is that which owes its existence to the enterprise of W. C. Coup, Esq., at New York. Here is a miniature ocean of wonders in the heart of a great city. Both hemispheres have been explored for curious, rare, and beautiful creatures of the



MR. W. C. COUP, FOUNDER OF THE N. Y. AQUARIUM.

deep. Here are fishes from every sea, marvels from every clime, and multitudes of the strangest objects which "the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear." Not fewer, it is asserted, than fifty thousand marine curiosities are here collected. We are indebted for the following description of this Aquarium chiefly to an admirable illustrated article in *Scribner's Monthly*:—

"The recognized value of aquaria as aids to the study of natural history, and the evident popular favour with which they are regarded abroad, render the final establishment of a kindred institution in America an event worthy of special congratulation.

It was during a European tour, made four years since, that Mr. Coup's attention was first attracted and his interest engaged by the number of great public aquaria there established; and

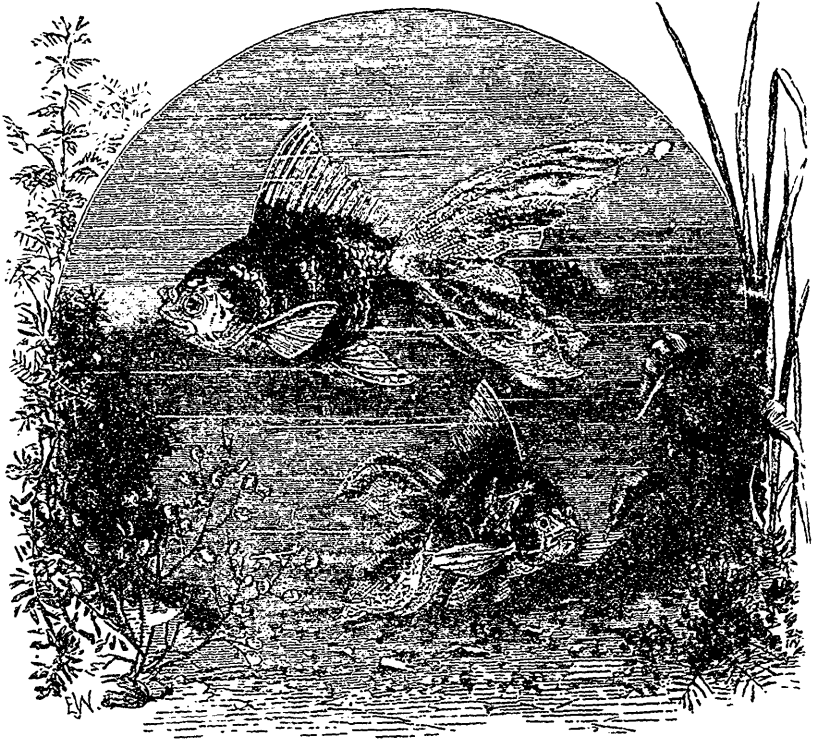
so impressed was he with the value of these institutions that he at once determined to secure the establishment of one in New York. His first proposition was to construct one in the Central Park, defraying all the expense, but claiming the privilege of retaining, for a given period, such profit as might be obtained from a small fee for admission; and when compensated for the outlay, to present the institution to the city as a gift. The Park Commission was not able to accept this proposition, owing to certain legal restraints forbidding the use of public grounds under these conditions. Having, however, become convinced of the importance of such an institution, Mr. Coup finally determined to undertake the work alone. The large plot of ground at the corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway was selected as affording a central site, and upon it the erection of a suitable building was begun. At this time Charles Reiche & Brother became associated with him, and it is under their joint direction and proprietorship that the work has been completed.

Although possessed of all the attainable data regarding the aquaria of Europe, Mr. Coup was yet constantly embarrassed by unforeseen obstacles which only repeated experiment and the lavish expenditure of money could remove. Many of these obstacles were of a nature which occasioned discouraging delays; for, this being the first great American enterprise of this character, he was obliged to secure many of the needed materials and appliances in Europe.

Mr. Coup has directed the attention of the public to a feature of the New York Aquarium which is specially designed to promote and encourage original scientific research, and aid in the study of natural history in all of its most important branches. This consists in the establishment of a free scientific library and reading-room, as an adjunct to the Aquarium, together with a naturalist's workshop, fitted out with all the needed modern appliances, including microscopes, experimental tanks, dissecting tables, etc. It is proposed to admit to the privileges of this scientific quarter any and all of those who, either as students or teachers, may desire to avail themselves of the advantages of study and research here afforded.

On approaching the Aquarium, the uninitiated might be led to

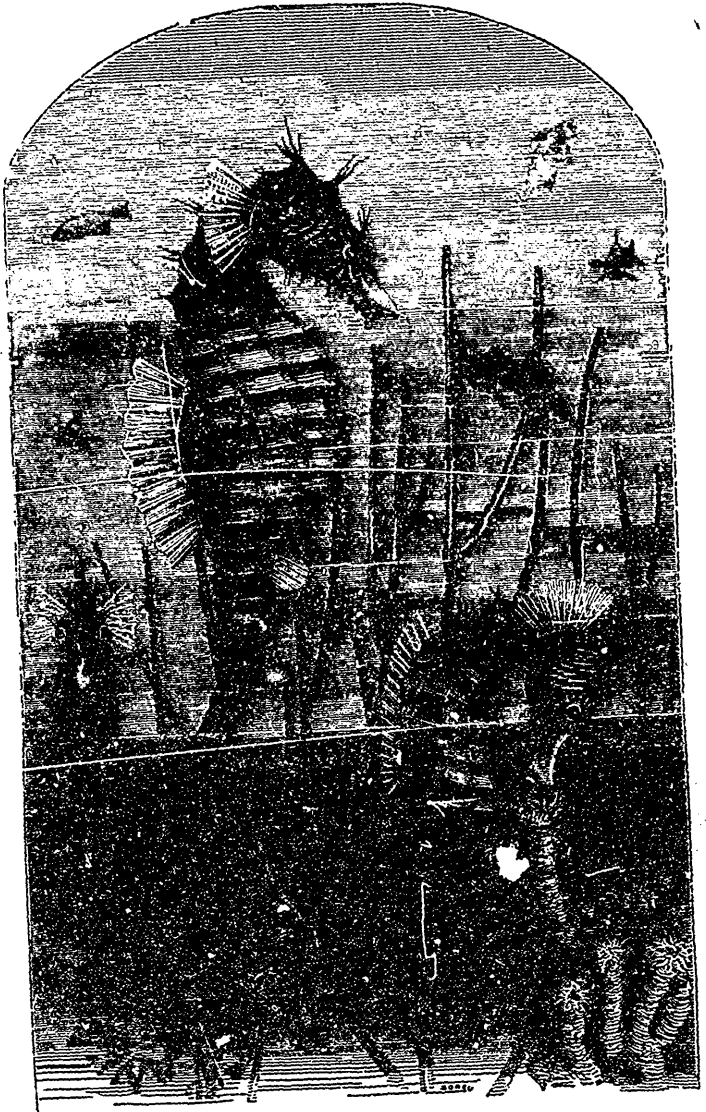
deplore its lack of architectural proportions ; let it be known, however, both in the interest of art and science, that the architect of such a work is under the severest restrictions, imposed upon him by the special demands of the case. The tanks within must be so arranged as to admit of a direct flow of sunlight upon the surface of the water contained in them ; and for equally important reasons, the main pavilion must be but dimly lighted



THE KINGIYO.

from above. To effect these ends, therefore, the walls of the main structure need be no higher than will admit of the movements of the attendants above the tanks which these walls inclose.

The "Kingiyo," the beautiful and curious Japanese fish, so faithfully portrayed in the engraving, was simply a visitor at the



HIPPOCAMPUS, OR SEAHORSE (SALT WATER).

Aquarium, and some time since returned to his home in Baltimore. He was one of the most beautiful of fishes, with his golden body and lace-like, triple tail, which waved and rippled through the water like a silken film. The species is believed to be the result of long years of careful culture.

The Hippocampus or Seahorse is another strange form of marine life. Its grotesque appearance recalls the stories of the fairy steeds of the mermaids or the fables of Neptune's coursers of the deep.

The building occupies an area of over twenty thousand square feet, and the skilful arrangement of tanks, screens, rustic-work, and statuary gives to the whole the effect of a cool and refreshing summer-garden, the inclosing walls of which are lined with crystal cages, containing the fish and other objects of interest.

The accompanying engravings indicate some of the strange forms of life to be found in the Aquarium. The Decorator Crab for the purpose of adornment or concealment, more probably the latter, covers his body with sea-weed, and is thus the more easily able to elude detection.

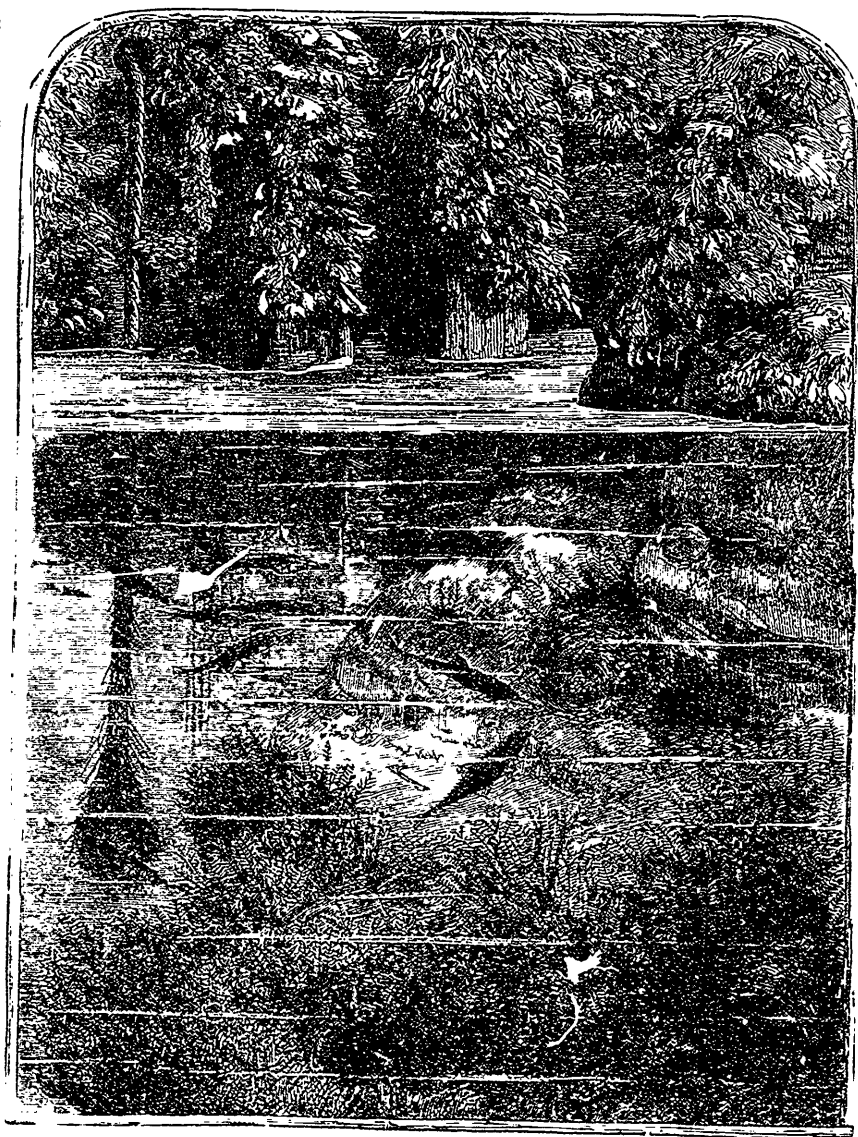
The nest-building pike actually constructs a nest beneath the water almost like that of a bird in the air. To the left of the engraving the nest has been attached to a rope hanging in the water. To the right, it is partly concealed beneath a rock.

Since fish breathe common air, just as men and women do, the grand problem to be solved in the construction of aquaria relates to the methods by which a constant supply of oxygen shall be maintained. In nature, the tides, waves, and currents, with the rain and wind as allies, serve to aerate and charge the water of sea, lake, or river as often as it is needed. In the inclosed and protected tanks of the aquarium, however, these natural agents and forces are excluded, and hence their service must be replaced by kindred artificial processes.

Along the right are a series of fresh and salt water reservoirs known as wall tanks. The side which faces the main pavilion is composed of plate glass an inch thick, over eight feet high, and three to four feet wide. One of these great wall tanks has a capacity of fifty thousand gallons, and the front wall of glass is nearly sixty feet in length. This is the home of the shark,



THE DECORATOR CRAB.



THE NEST-BUILDING PIKE.

perpoise, sturgeon, etc. The following engraving illustrates the mode of capturing a shark for the Aquarium.



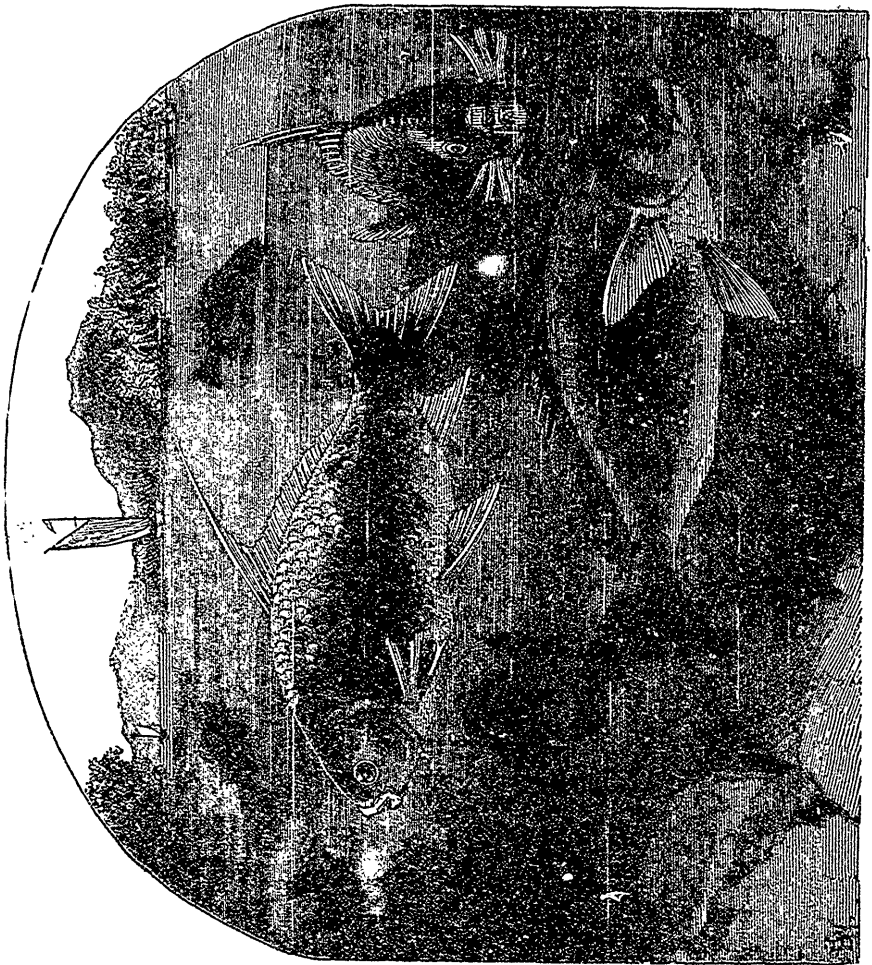
CAPTURING A SHARK.

The problem of the water supply for fresh water fishes was one easily solved, as Croton water from the city mains, after being carefully filtered, answers all the needs of the lake and river fish here displayed. To obtain the salt water, however, a special steamer, fitted out with reservoirs and pumps, was sent on repeated trips out to sea, beyond Sandy Hook, sixty miles distant, so far from shore that the water should be clear and pure. On its return from these trips, the steamer sometimes stopped at the fishing stations along the route to take on board such new or rare varieties of marine forms as the fishermen, acting under previous instructions, have been able to capture and secure. Arriving at its pier, a mile or more distant from the Aquarium, the steamer proceeds to discharge its freight. The fish, often the larger varieties, are carefully removed by the aid of slings and blankets to great portable tanks, which are slowly driven to the Aquarium, into which they are conveyed with as tender a care as an infant who is about to be treated to its morning bath. The water from the vessel is next transferred to the wheeled tanks and conveyed to the great storage reservoirs.

From these the water is forced into the tanks above, and by the aid of pumps and an intricate system of distributing and return pipes, the needed aeration and circulation are secured. When once the grand reservoirs are filled, it is only necessary to make good such loss as may be occasioned by evaporation or leakage. Upon the proper construction and maintenance of this circulating system the whole success of the aquarium scheme depends.

Sea-water, owing to its saline properties, cannot be brought in contact with, or conveyed through, metal of any kind, since the consequent corrosion of the metal would result alike in the destruction of the pipes and the death of the fish supplied through them. Hence all the pumps, with their suction, distributing, and return pipes, must be made of hard rubber or vulcanite,—a material which is alike rare in itself and peculiarly difficult of manipulation in such forms as are here required.

Let it be remembered that it is not water alone that fish need, but water charged with air. They live in one medium—water ;



THE FISH-WATER, SHEPHERD'S-HEAD, DOG-FISH, PESCIL, AND SUN-FISH.

their vitality depends upon another medium—air. The one must be charged with the other; and so often as in the natural course of respiration the oxygen of the air is exhausted, the deficiency must be made good by a fresh supply of this life-sustaining element.

THE DAYS OF WESLEY:

VII.

It was a bright future that seemed to spread out before us when poor Dr. Spencer died. We had so many plans, Hugh and I, for getting at every cottage in the parish, and ministering to the sick and aged, and collecting the children to teach them, and inducing the men and women to come to church. I pictured the old church full of earnest, attentive faces, such as we had seen at Gwennap Pit, drinking in the "words of this life" from Hugh's lips, and "in their eagerness and affection ready to eat the preacher," as Mr. Wesley said.

And mother there too, and father, and by-and-bye Jack—all in the old pew Sunday after Sunday, receiving help and comfort from Hugh's words!

But I must not think of it now. It is a great blessing mother does not think so badly of the Methodists as she used, or it would have been a terrible sorrow to her to know that Hugh had lost the living because the patron had heard that he had "a dangerous leaning to the Methodists."

Cousin Evelyn is especially indignant because the clergyman appointed instead of Hugh is her great-uncle, the Fellow of Brazenose, who has exchanged a living in the east of London for this. She says he is a mere dry scholar, and only looks on human beings in general as a necessary but very objectionable interruption to books.

Men and women, she says, begin to be interesting to him when they have been dead about a thousand years, and his sermons will probably be either elementary treatises on the impropriety and danger of stealing, and resisting magistrates, or acute dissections of the controversies of the ante-Nicene centuries, which Betty will have to apply as best she can.

Hugh told me first of this appointment when we were alone. We had walked to our own dear old cave. And as we paced up and down there Hugh told me of the change which makes all our

future uncertain and of his desire to go as an evangelist to America.

I have told Evelyn. She talks beautifully of the wonderful joy of teaching the truth that makes the heart free to the poor slaves in the West Indies, and of preaching the life-giving Gospel to the American colonists who have never, perhaps, heard of it except as a faint echo of what their forefathers were taught. There are scarcely twenty clergymen, she says, in all the southern colonies, and many of those are men who have taken refuge there because their characters were too bad for them to remain in England any longer. And then, she says, there are the convicts, our outcast countrymen, working out their sentences beside the negroes in the plantations.

"How they must want the consolation of the truth," she said, "and what a glorious destiny to carry it to them."

I have told mother Hugh's purpose to become a missionary. And she is not displeased. She says she has often wondered how it was that the kingdom of Christ has not seemed to spread for so many years; that it should be limited to one quarter of the world when all the rest are still lying in darkness. She even said that she would have thought it her greatest glory that a son of hers should have gone on such an errand to the outcasts, and wretched, and lost.

Cousin Evelyn had been urging much that we should all return with her to London. She says dear mother has a very delicate and suffering look, and she feels sure some of the learned physicians Aunt Beauchamp knows could restore her to health, since there seems to be nothing dangerous the matter. Moreover, change of air, she says, works wonders, especially with a little troublesome, unconquerable cough such as mother has.

Betty, on the other hand, is very much opposed to the move. She says it is a plain flying in the face of Providence. The Almighty, she says, knows what is the matter with Missis, and He can cure her, if she is to be cured, and if not, all the journeys from one end of the world to the other will do nothing but wear out her strength the sooner. Least of all should she expect any good thing to come out of London, which she

considers a very wicked place, where people dress in purple and scarlet, and fare sumptuously every day.

She knows, indeed, sure enough (this in answer to my humble remonstrances), that we are to "use the means"; but she will never believe that it is using the means to fly all over the country, like anything mazed, after the doctors. There is peppermint and horehound, and a sight more wholesome herbs which the Almighty has set at our doors. And there's a doctor at Falmouth who has blooded, leeched, and blistered all the folks for fifty years; and if the folk's have'n't all got better, there's some folks that never *will* get better if you blooded and blistered them forever. She says, also, that there is plenty against doctors in the Bible, and nothing for them, that ever she saw. King Asa got no good by seeking after them, and the poor foolish woman in the Gospels spent all her living on them and was nothing better, but rather worse. She hopes it may not be the same with Missis, although if it were, she adds significantly, it is not Missis she should blame, poor, dear, easy soul!

Nevertheless, Evelyn has carried her point, and in a week we are to start.

To-day Hugh and I went to bid Widow Treffry good-bye. She was out, but we found Toby cowering over the fire in much the same hopeless attitude as Evelyn and I had found his mother. He had been to the justices, he said, and given up the purse, but he was no better.

"Master Hugh," he said, in a hollow, dry voice, which made me think of the words, "All my moisture is turned into the drought of summer," "Master Hugh! I do believe that poor hand that clutched the purse was dead! They say dead hands do clutch fast like that. But yet, I'd give the world to have that poor lad's body on the sands again, just to bring it up to the fire and chafe it as mother did father's when he was brought home drowned. All her chafing and wailing never brought father's eyes to open again. And it mightn't that poor lad's. Oh, Master Hugh, the devils may say what they will, but I do think it wouldn't. But oh, I'd give the world to try."

"Toby," said Hugh, very gently, stooping down, taking both his hands, so that his face was uncovered, and he looked up—

"Toby, you will never see that poor lad's face on the sands again."

"Don't I know that, Master Hugh!" said Toby, with almost a sob of agony.

"Suppose that poor lad *was not* quite dead," Hugh continued, "and you *might* have brought him to life, what would your crime be?"

"Oh, don't make me say the word, Master Hugh," said the poor fellow. "I can't, I can't, though the devils seem yelling it in my ears all night."

"It would have been *murder!*" said Hugh, very distinctly and slowly, in a solemn tone.

Toby trembled in every limb, his eyes were fixed, and he opened his lips, but could not bring out a word. Convulsively he sought to pull his hands from Hugh's grasp as if to hide his face from our gaze. But Hugh held him fast, and he looked at him with steadfast, kind eyes.

"It would have been murder," he repeated. "But there is a pardon even for murder. The thief on the cross had committed murder, I have no doubt, for he felt crucifixion no more than he deserved. King David had committed murder, and meant to do it. Listen how David prayed when he felt as you do."

And Hugh repeated the fifty-first Psalm. As he spoke the fixed look passed from Toby's face. He was listening, the words were penetrating. When Hugh came to the verse, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," he said, "The hyssop was an herb with which the blood of the slain sacrifices was sprinkled on the guilty. That prayer is clearer to us, Toby, than it was to King David, for since then the Lord Jesus has really offered himself up for us, and His blood cleanseth us from *all* sin, and cleanses us whiter than snow, so that we may start afresh once more." And then he repeated on to the end of the Psalm.

"There *is* forgiveness, you see, even for murder. Suppose it possible that the tempter is right, Toby, in whispering that terrible word to your conscience. Yet he is *not* right when he says 'there is no forgiveness for you.' That is the lie with which he is seeking to murder your soul. You must meet what-

ever terrible truth he says by laying your heart open to God and confessing all to Him, and you must meet the devil's lie with the truth, 'The blood of Jesus Christ clearseth from all sin.' There is nothing else that can, and I am sure if you do this the devil will flee, and you will overcome and be saved."

We knelt down and prayed together, and as we rose Toby gasped out, "God bless you, Master Hugh! You do think that there is hope!"

Before we went, Hugh found Widow Treffry's prayer-book and set Toby to learn the fifty-first Psalm. When we left he was sitting toiling at it, spelling it over as if it had been a letter written fresh from Heaven for him.

"I hope I was not abrupt and harsh," he said, as we walked home, "but I felt the poor fellow's anguish was too real to be lightly cured, that the *only chance* was to probe it to the bottom. It is a blessing for Toby that reading is such hard work for him. Every verse he reads costs him more labour than carrying a heavy load up from the shore. The work will bring calm to his poor, bewildered mind, so that he will better be able to estimate what his sin really is. And the words, I do trust, will bring peace to his poor, tossed heart."

A letter has come at last from Jack. It is short, and full of the most exuberant spirits. He has been in one or two skirmishes, which he describes at some length. He is only longing for a battle. Hitherto his adventures have only brought him a scratch or two, a little glory, and some friends. He mentions one or two young noblemen as his intimate companions, at whose names Evelyn looked doubtful. She says they had the reputation in London of being very wild, and one of them is a notorious gambler. He finds his pay, he says, very nearly sufficient so far, with prudence, and the kind *parting gifts* he received at home. A young officer, he says, and the son of an old Cornish house, must not be outdone by upstart fellows, the sons of cockney tradesmen; and if he is now and then a little behindhand, some good luck is sure to soon fall in his way, and set all right.

He has not yet made his fortune. But there are yet cities to

be won, and after all, he remarks, there are nobler aims in life than to make fortunes. In a postscript he adds,—

“Tell Kitty that some of her friends the Methodists have found their way to Flanders. Some of those fellows have actually hired a room, where they preach and sing psalms, and make loud, if not ‘long,’ prayers to their hearts’ content. They are, of course, laughed at unmercifully, and get pretty rough usage from their comrades, which they receive as their portion of martyrdom, due to them by apostolic succession, and seem rather to glory in. But we must give even the devil his due, and I must say that one or two of the best officers we have, and our colonel among them, will not have them reviled. Our colonel made quite a sermon the other day to some young ensigns who were jeering at a Methodist sergeant. ‘Keep your jests till you have smelt as much powder and shot as he has,’ said the colonel, and, as we were turning away, he continued, ‘At Maestricht I saw one of them (poor Stamford) shot fatally through the leg; he had been a ringleader in vice before he became a Methodist, and as his friend was carrying him away (for they stick to each other like brothers), the poor, dying fellow uttered not a groan, but said only, “Stand fast in the Lord.” And I have heard them, when wounded, cry out, “I am going to my Saviour!” or, “Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!” When Clements, one of their preachers, had his arm shot off, he would not leave the battle; he said, “No, I have another arm to hold my sword; I will not go yet.” When a *second shot* broke his other arm, he said, “I am as happy as I can be out of Paradise.” I saw the preacher, John Evans, laid across a cannon to die, both his legs having been shot off, and I heard him praising God, and calling on all to love Him, till he could speak no more. I call that a brave death for any man. Indeed,’ said the colonel, ‘it might be better for all of us, if we were more like them. Drinking and dicing may be very gentlemanly amusements, but they don’t make quite so good a preparation for a battle or an hospital-bed as the psalm-singing and preaching you despise. At least,’ he added, rather sarcastically, ‘not for privates and non-commissioned officers. It is easier, at all events, to collect the men from the meeting-house than from the tavern, and, on the

whole, their hands are steadier. But, however that may be, in my regiment I choose to have religious liberty.' And," concluded Jack, "some of the young officers went away looking rather foolish, for there had been a little difficulty in our last affair in collecting officers who were sober enough to lead the men. And we all know our colonel is not a man to be trifled with."

"I am glad Jack has such a commanding officer," said father. "But as to those Methodists, Kitty, they seem to over-run the world, like locusts."

Our journey to London was like a holiday trip all the way, after Aunt Beauchamp's coach met us at Plymouth. Two old servants had been sent on horseback to guard us from the dangers of the way; and two Flemish cart-horses were added to the four sleek carriage-horses to pull our massive machine up the Devonshire hills, or out of the deep ruts in the miry roads through the marshy grounds of Somersetshire. In addition to our escort, Hugh rode beside us, armed with two pistols, and father, inside the coach with us, carried a loaded cavalry pistol, so that we could have opposed a formidable front even to a combined attack of mounted highwaymen. We met, however, with no adventure beyond being once or twice nearly "stugged," as Roger would say, in the mud, and once or twice missing our way, and being belated on the moors.

Mother's conscience was rather disturbed by the pomp in which we travelled, especially when the landlords and landladies came bowing and curtesying to receive "her ladyship's orders."

"Kitty, my dear," she said, "I really think I ought to tell them that this is not our coach. I feel like an impostor."

She was consoled, however, by the reflection that but for a few accidents as to priority of birth, father might have been riding, by his own right, in a coach quite as magnificent; wherefore for his sake she abstained from such confessions.

We did not enter the city till midnight, by which time the street lamps are all extinguished; so that we plunged into deep puddles and ruts, in spite of our huge coach lanterns and two volunteer link boys, who terrified mother by flaring their torches at the windows. Once or twice her terrors were increased by encountering some noisy parties of gentlemen returning drunk

from various entertainments, and showing their valour by knocking down the poor old watchmen, or wrenching off the street-knockers. One of these parties actually surrounded our coach, armed with pistols, bludgeons, and cutlasses, with hideous yells and demoniacal laughter; when father (Hugh having left us), taking them for highwaymen, presented his cavalry pistols, with some very strong military denunciations, at the head of one, demanding to know their names, whereupon the whole company decamped, leaving father in great wrath at the constables, the King's ministers, and the whole "sluggish Hanoverian dynasty."

At length we arrived at Great Ormond Street, to mother's unspeakable relief. She recommended me to add to my devotions selections from the Form of Thanksgiving after a Storm with that after Victory or Deliverance from an Enemy; "for certainly, Kitty, my dear," she said, "at one time I thought we were in the jaws of death, and gave all for lost—our goods and even our lives. And now being in safety, we must give all praise to Him who has delivered us."

I do not find the household in Great Ormond Street the same as when I left. Evelyn has more to suffer at home than she ever hinted at to me; not, indeed, exactly persecution, but little daily annoyances which are harder to bear—those little nameless irritations which seem to settle like flies on any creature that is patient and quiet, as Evelyn certainly is.

Poor Aunt Beauchamp has become fretful and irritable, and keeps up a continual gentle wail against Evelyn and her eccentricities. Cousin Harry, from his masculine heights of the race-course and the gaming-table, treats her "Methodism" with a lofty superiority as a feminine peculiarity.

Uncle Beauchamp alternately storms and laments. He had absolutely forbidden her attending any of those "canting conventicles," as he calls the preachings at Lady Huntingdon's, the Tabernacle, or the Foundry. Moreover, he actually made an *auto-da-fe* of all her religious books. But this Evelyn considers to have been rather a help than a hindrance, as at the particular time when her further acquaintance with this literature was arrested, it was falling deep into fiery controversies concerning the Calvinistic and Arminian doctrines; and she says she finds

it more profitable to draw the water of life from the source before the parting of the streams. By the time the streams are open to her again, she hopes they will have met once more, and each have left its own deposit of mud behind.

But, although I have seen her face flush and her lip quiver often at many an unjust and bitter word, she will by no means be pitied.

"I am so sorry for you all," I ventured to say to her one day, "I wish you understood each other. You have many things to suffer, dear Evelyn."

"I am no martyr, Cousin Kitty," she replied, with something of her old scornfulness, though it was turned on herself; "and please do not try to persuade me I am. Half my troubles are no doubt brought on by my own willfulness, or want of tact, and the other half are not worth calling troubles at all. I think we sometimes miss the meaning and the good of little trials, by giving them too long names. We bring a fire-engine to extinguish a candle, and the candle probably burns on, while we are drenched in our own shower. We take a sword to extract a thorn, and drive it further in. But, oh, Kitty," she said, her whole countenance suddenly changing into an expression almost of anguish, "what miserable selfishness to talk of my burdens! Think of the void, the pangs of those who are dying from the hunger of their hearts for God, and will not call it hunger, but 'sensibility,' or 'repressed gout,' or 'the restlessness of youth,' or 'the irritability of old age,' or 'the inevitable worries of life,' or anything but that great hunger of the souls God created for himself, which proves their immortality, and proves their ruin, and might lead them to Him to be satisfied. How am I to help them to find it out?"

“WHEN ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Elest Saviour, then in love;
Fear and distrust remove,
Oh! bear me safe above;
A ransomed soul!”

WORTHIES OF EARLY METHODISM.

MARY BOSANQUET FLETCHER.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

RARELY, if ever, have two more saintly lives been united in Christian wedlock than those of John Fletcher and Mary Bosanquet. The former was providentially called to be the expounder and defender of the theology of Methodism. The latter beautifully illustrated, throughout a long and useful life, its rich spiritual graces. Her memoir, written by herself, is a remarkable record of religious experience, and, as one of the classics of Methodist biography, has helped to mould the character and kindle the piety of successive generations.

Mary Bosanquet was the daughter of wealthy and worldly parents. She was born in the year 1739, and in her youth was surrounded by associations eminently unfavourable to a religious life. Nevertheless, she very early became the subject of spiritual influences. When in her fifth year, she says, she began to have much concern about her eternal welfare. She was a backward child, she naively confesses, and not very well read in the Scriptures at that early age—it would be very remarkable if she were—yet certain passages of the Word of God frequently occurred to her mind, and made a deep impression on her youthful heart. She could not, however, help contrasting the requirements of the Scriptures with the careless lives of those around her, till she began to doubt whether the Bible really meant what it said about the future life and the unseen world.

“About this time,” she writes, “there came a servant-maid to live with my father, who had heard and felt some little of the power of inward religion. It was among the people called Methodists she had received her instructions.” The conversations of this lowly and unlettered girl with an older sister of Mary Bosanquet deepened her religious convictions, and she thought if she could only become a Methodist she would be sure of salvation. But she soon found that it was not being joined

to any people that would save her, but being joined by a living faith to Christ.

Still, this way of faith seemed dark to her mind. When between seven and eight years old, as she mused on the question, "What can it be to know my sins forgiven and to have faith in Jesus?" she felt that if it were to die a martyr she could do it, and she wished that the Papists would come and burn her, for then, she thought, she would be safe. But soon she was enabled to grasp the vital truth of salvation by faith, and exclaimed with joyful fervour, "I do, I do rely on Jesus; yes, I do rely on Jesus, and God counts me righteous for what He has done and suffered, and has forgiven me all my sins!" "I was surprised," she adds, "that I could not find out this before"—a common experience of the soul on apprehending the simplicity of the way of salvation. Such spiritual exercises in the mind of a child of tender years were an augury of future piety and usefulness.

Miss Bosanquet's worldly-minded parents, as their strange, unworldly child grew up, instead of fostering her religious feelings, endeavoured to dissipate them by fashionable amusements. She was introduced to the gaities of London society, and taken to the ball and playhouse and other resorts of folly and frivolity. But she found no pleasure in these dreary amusements. "If I knew how to find the Methodists, or any who would show me how to please God," she wrote, "I would tear off all my fine things and run through the fire to them." "If ever I am my own mistress," she prophetically exclaimed, "I will spend half the day in working for the poor, and the other half in prayer."

At length she made the acquaintance of some of the Methodists, from association with whom so much spiritual profit was anticipated. But they did not quite answer the expectations of this earnest soul, hungering and thirsting after religious fellowship. "But we must not form our judgment from the rich," she remarks. "Let us wait till we get acquainted with some of the poor among them: perhaps they will be the right Methodists and more like the first Christians." It is not by concessions to the world, nor by the adoption of its spirit on the

part of the Church, that the devotees of fashion will be lured from its frivolities and brought to Christ. Let the followers of the Lord Jesus beware lest when some yearning, empty, aching heart comes to them for spiritual help and guidance, they find only a worldly conformity or half-hearted religion, that may forever discourage their efforts to live a Christian life, if, indeed, it do not beget in their souls the doubt whether there be such a thing as a Christian life at all.

In her fourteenth year, Miss Bosanquet received the rite of confirmation in the stately cathedral of St. Paul. The religious exercises preceding and accompanying this impressive ordinance were made to her devout spirit a great blessing. It was to her no idle form, but an intense reality—a solemn renewal of her covenant with God and consecration of herself to His service. She soon felt that she could no longer attend the theatre, a place of fashionable resort to which her parents were addicted. “I considered the playhouse,” wrote this mature young maiden, “had a tendency to weaken every Christian temper, and to strengthen all that was contrary; to represent vice under the false colour of virtue; and to lead, in every respect, to the spirit of the world—the friendship of which, the Apostle declares, is enmity with God.” She therefore begged to be left at home, and on the refusal of her request, laid open her whole heart to her father. Notwithstanding parental remonstrance, she was firm in her obedience to the dictates of her conscience. It was a season of great trial, she wrote, but the Lord stood by her and strengthened her.

One incident, recorded as occurring in her seventeenth year, gives us a glimpse of the gay world in the middle of the last century. With her father and a numerous company, she visited the “Royal George” man-of-war, whose subsequent tragic fate was made the subject of Cowper’s pathetic ballad.* When they

* It will be remembered that the vessel sank, in port, with all her crew, while careened for the purpose of cleaning her copper sheathing. As the ballad has it,—

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

got into the ship "it seemed like a town, such a variety of places like shops were all around." The commander, after doing the honours of the ship, proposed a dance. "Now, Miss Bosanquet, what will you do? You cannot run away," gaily queried one of her friends, for her scruples were well known. Just then the unexpected approach of the Prince of Wales (afterward George III.) and Admiral Anson was announced, and the dance was adjourned *sine die*, to the great relief of Miss Bosanquet. While in the boat which conveyed them from the ship the party were exposed to imminent peril. "How are you so calm?" one of the votaries of pleasure asked our heroine. "We are in God's hands," she answered; "I am quite ready to sink or to be saved." On reaching shore, the majority of the party insisted on going to Vauxhall, the fashionable Cremorne Gardens of the day. On her firm refusal, Miss Bosanquet was escorted home by her brother.

Her convictions of duty were exposed to another trial. A gentleman of wealth and religious profession sought her hand in marriage. Her parents, and even her religious advisers, favoured the match. She could not, however, reconcile his fashionable habits with his religious professions, and neither her "understanding nor affection could approve the proposal," so his offer was kindly but firmly declined. She was reserved for a nobler destiny than to be a mere leader of fashion.

Through mental perturbation, and anxiety, and physical weakness, she fell into a low nervous fever, which her parents attributed to her religion. Severe medical treatment and confinement in a dark room were ordered. "Will you put me in a mad-house, papa?" asked the poor distraught girl. "No," replied her father, "but you must be shut up at home unless you strive against this lowness."

But God graciously helped her in her extremity. She seemed to see a light and hear a voice, which assured her, "Thou shalt walk with me in white," and she was greatly benefitted by the society of some of the wise mothers in Israel of London Methodism. She satisfied herself, by seven good reasons, which she records, that she ought no longer to conform, in the matter of dress and personal adornment, with the somewhat imperious

requirements of the fashions of the times. "I was perplexed," she writes, "to know how far to conform and how far to resist. I feared, on the one hand, disobedience to my parents, and on the other hand, disobedience to God."

One day her father said to her, "There is a particular promise which I require of you, that you will never, on any occasion, either now or hereafter, attempt to make your brothers what you call a Christian."

"I think, sir," she answered, "I dare not consent to that."

"Then," he replied, "you force me to put you out of my house. I do not know," he continued, "that you ever disobliged me wilfully in your life, but only in these fancies."

She was now twenty-one years of age, and had a small fortune of her own. She, therefore, engaged a maid-servant and took lodgings, but did not remove, hoping that she might still remain beneath her father's roof. One day her mother sent her word that she must leave that night for her lodgings, and that the family carriage would convey her personal effects. She bade farewell to the servants, who stood in a row in tears, and went forth from her father's house, banished for conscience' sake.

Her lodgings had, as yet, neither chair, nor table, nor bed; so, after a supper of bread, rank butter, and water, this delicate child of luxury lay upon the floor in the cold, bright moonlight which streamed through the uncurtained windows into her room, the sweet solemnity whereof, she writes, well agreed with the tranquillity of her spirit.

She thus records her emotions under this painful trial. "I am cast out of my father's house. 'I know the heart of a stranger.' I am exposed to the world, and know not what snares may be gathering around me. I have a weak understanding, and but little grace." She therefore cried unto God, and found a sweet calm overspread her spirit. She remembered the words, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me," and was cheered by the promise, "When thy father and mother forsake thee, the Lord shall take thee up."

She was, however, permitted to visit her home, but the parting as she took her leave made, she says, the wound to bleed afresh.

She was soon joined by Sarah Ryan, a pious widow, and devoted

her life thenceforth to works of active beneficence and Christian charity. She shortly after removed to a house of her own at Laytonstone, her native village, and converted it into a charity school for orphan children and home for destitute women. Before long she had received thirty-five children and thirty-four grown adults. With the aid of her friend, Mrs. Ryan, she devoted herself with enthusiasm to this work. For economical reasons the whole household were clothed in dark purple cotton dresses of uniform pattern. Many, both of the children and adults, were sickly, and demanded much physical care, and all received wise moral guidance and control. The children were trained in habits of usefulness. They rose between four and five, had early prayers and breakfast. School, and house work, and recreation occupied the day, and by eight at night, after prayers, they went to bed.

She had great need, she said, of wisdom and patience, as may well be conceived. The novel enterprise met with much adverse criticism and opposition. On Sunday evenings a religious service of the neighbours was held in the house, and sometimes, "when the nights were dark," we read, "a mob used to collect at the gate and throw dirt at the people as they went out; and when they were gone the mob used to come into the yard and break things there, and, putting their faces to a window which had no shutters, roar and howl like wild beasts."

One night "four shabby-looking men, with great sticks in their hands," the ring-leaders of a mob, forced their way into the kitchen. But Miss Bosanquet explained the Methodist "Rules of Society" to them, and asked if they would accept copies. Subdued by her womanly influence, and by the unexpected request, "they received them with a respectful bow, and went out." This was truly a remarkable work for a young lady of only twenty-three to carry on, but she derived much help from her friend, Mrs. Ryan, who had previously had valuable experience as head of the domestic department of Wesley's Woodhouse Grove School.

At times the expenses of the establishment exceeded its income; but, in answer to prayer, help always came when most needed, frequently from anonymous sources. A wealthy Methodist lady, a Miss Lewen, came to live in the family, where, after

a time, she sickened and died. By a codicil to her will she left two thousand pounds to the Orphanage. But Miss Bosanquet, fearing that God's cause might be reproached thereby, prevailed on her to let it be burned, for "what is two thousand pounds," she exclaimed, "or two hundred thousand pounds, when compared to the honour of my God?" When Miss Lewen was dying, she called for pen and paper, saying, "I cannot die easy unless I write something of my mind concerning Sister Bosanquet having the two thousand pounds." But the money never was claimed, that the cause of God might be above reproach.

Shortly after this both Miss Bosanquet's parents died. She had the privilege of alleviating their last illness by her filial ministrations. She received from them many marks of affection, and on their death, found her fortune largely increased. But the expenses of her growing household more than kept pace with her increase of income.

The orphan institution was now removed to Cross Hall, in Yorkshire, where a large farm was secured for it. Miss Bosanquet was now employed, with her characteristic energy, in building, farming, malting, and other operations, in order to meet the growing expenses of the institution. The religious services were continued as at Laytonstone, and worshippers from far and near flocked to the meetings so numerously that there was not room for their accommodation. Miss Bosanquet, therefore, established similar services at convenient places throughout the country. In 1770 Wesley visited the institution, and records in his Journal that "it is a pattern and a general blessing to the country."

A gentleman of wealth, and of religious character, struck with admiration of her person and disposition, warmly solicited Miss Bosanquet's hand in marriage. "Though I had a grateful love towards him," she writes, "I could not find that satisfying affection which flows from perfect confidence, and which is the very spirit and soul of marriage." She therefore declined to give her hand where she could not freely and fully give her heart. She accepted a life of toil and anxiety, rather than one of luxury and ease, at what she conceived to be the call of duty.

Notwithstanding the utmost economy the financial condition of the institution became greatly embarrassed. Although "the

strictest account was made of every grain of corn, pint of milk, or pound of butter, the farm did not pay its way." Miss Bosanquet was greatly perplexed. She wrote, "I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit." She resolved to sell the establishment and live on twenty pounds a year till she could pay her debts.

She felt increasingly laid upon her heart the burden of souls. On account of her health she went to Harrogate to drink the waters. While stopping at an inn, the lodgers on Sunday requested her to address them in the "great ball-room." "This was a trial indeed," she writes. "Yet, I considered, I shall see these people no more till I see them at the judgment seat of Christ; and shall it then be said of me, 'You might that day have warned us, but you would not.'" She therefore consented to the request, and had much comfort and "some fruit" of her labours. Similar invitations were now frequently urged upon her. She dared not refuse them. On one occasion she rode twenty miles over the Yorkshire moors to address a meeting, in the absence of the regular preacher. To her dismay she found two or three thousand persons assembled. The multitude filled a spacious quarry, from the edge of which she addressed them. The people seemed as if they could never have enough, and said, "When will you come again?"

This remarkable woman seems to have possessed singular ability for addressing an audience. "Her manner of speaking," writes Wesley, "is smooth, easy, and natural. Her words are as a fire, conveying both light and heat to the hearts of all that hear her." But her womanly sensitiveness shrank from the task. On one occasion, she writes: "All the day I kept pleading before the Lord, mostly in these words of Solomon, 'Ah! Lord, how shall I, who am but a child, go in and out before this, thy chosen people?'"

This noble woman was now to receive a new development of her character, and a great increase of her joys. A kindred spirit, in every way worthy of her love, was now to win her hand and heart. Jean Guillaume de la Flechere, or Fletcher, was the scion of a noble Savoyard family. He entered, in his youth, the military service successively of Portugal and Holland. Peace being declared, he went to England, joined the Methodists, and

took orders in the Established Church. He declined the rich living of Dunham because "it afforded too much money for too little work," and devoted himself to the poor miners and factory workers of the parish of Madeley—a name to be forever associated with his memory. Five and twenty years before the date of which we write the youthful beauty and lovely character of Miss Bosanquet had won the heart of the devoted pastor. But she was rich and he was poor, and travel, study, and abounding labours, and, perhaps, somewhat ascetic notions, postponed for long years the consummation of his dream of wedded bliss. For fifteen years they had not met. On his return from the continent in 1781, he made the long-cherished object of his affection an offer of his hand. It was accepted, and at the mature age of fifty-two and forty-two respectively this long-waiting bridegroom and bride kept their honeymoon. In her devout thanksgiving the loving wife exclaims, "My cup runneth over." So well suited to each other were these pious souls that John Wesley was unwilling that either should have married otherwise than as they did. The wealth of the bride was now at least no barrier to the long-delayed union. To pay her debts all her furniture, except a few trifles, had to be sold. "Deal would do for me," she writes, "as well as mahogany. I felt some attachment to my neat furniture; but love to the order of God made me take the spoiling of them very cheerfully." "I know no want but that of more grace," she adds. "My husband loves me as Christ loved the Church." "My wife," writes Fletcher, "is far better to me than the Church to Christ."

This happy union of heart and soul was destined to be of short duration. Four short years passed away in labours more abundant for the glory of God. The zealous pastor established a day-school and a Sunday-school, and soon had three hundred children under religious instruction. The parish became a proverb for its piety, and the saintly influence which emanated from its humble vicarage was widely felt in quickening the spiritual life of the neighbouring community.

But this blessed toil, for one of the labourers at least, was soon to cease. The health of Fletcher, long infirm, broke down. Yet, despite remonstrance, he continued his labours to the last, and

died, like a hero, at his post. In the first outburst of her sorrow the bereaved widow was almost inconsolable. "The sun of my earthly joys forever set," she writes; "not only my beloved husband, but, it appeared to me, my Saviour also was torn from me. Clouds and darkness surrounded both body and soul."

But faith rose triumphant o'er her fears, and for thirty years she continued to perpetuate the influence of her sainted husband. Her home at Madeley became a sanctuary to the poor, to devout women, and to the Methodist itinerants. It became, also, a potent centre of religious influence. In her own house, and in neighbouring hamlets, the Scripture expositions of this "widow indeed" were accompanied by striking results. The anniversaries of her marriage and of her husband's death were commemorated by holy exercises. On one of these occasions, in loving recollection, she writes thus:—"Twenty-eight years this day, and at this hour, I gave my hand and heart to Jean Guillaume de la Flechere. A profitable and blessed period of my life! I feel at this moment a more tender affection toward him than I did at that time, and by faith I now join my hands afresh with his."

Still later she wrote:—"Thirty years since, this day, I drank the bitter cup, and closed the eyes of my beloved husband, and now I am myself in a dying state. My soul doth wait and long to fly to the bosom of my God." "I am very weak," she writes again, "and yet am oft five times in a week able to be at my meetings, and I have strength to speak so that all may hear, and the Lord is very present with us." Her labours were extremely exhausting, yet she sustained them as long as she had any strength. In her seventy-sixth year, and a few weeks before her death, she writes, "It is as if every meeting would take away my life, but I will speak to them while I have my breath."

The last entry in her faithfully-kept journal is an aspiration to depart and be with Christ. "I seem very near death, but I long to fly into the arms of my beloved Lord. I feel His loving-kindness surrounds me." Soon after she entered into her eternal rest. Among her dying utterances were expressions of triumphant confidence: "I am drawing near to glory;" "There is my home and portion fair;" "Jesus, come, my hope of glory;"

"He lifts His hands and shows that I am graven there." "The Lord bless both thee and me," she said to a friend who watched by her bedside, and insisted on her retiring to rest. Then, in the solemn silence of midnight, unattended in her dying hour by earthly ministrations, but accompanied by angelic spirits, her soul passed away from the travails and trials of earth to the raptures and triumphs of Heaven.

Her whole life was a precious box of alabaster broken on the feet of the Lord she loved, the rich perfume of whose anointing is fragrant throughout the world to-day. In the profusion of her beneficence to others she practised toward herself a rigorous self-denial. During the last year of her life her expenditure on her own apparel was less than twenty shillings. The same year her "poor account" amounted to over one hundred and eighty pounds. Her annual personal expenditure on dress, for many years, never amounted to five pounds.

At her death, as at that of Dorcas, there was much weeping and lamentation, not only for the aims-deeds which she did, but for the loss of her spiritual ministrations.

For well-nigh seventy years the "Life and Journal" of this sainted soul have been one of the classics of Methodist biography. They have, doubtless, been an inspiration to multitudes to emulate her Christian heroism and imitate her holiness of heart and life. Being dead, she yet speaks in many lands and in many tongues. She rests from her labours, and her works do follow her.

Intrepid and blessed spirit! May kindred zeal and devotion and impassioned love for souls never cease from among the women of Methodism till the Church of God, the Lamb's wife, appear adorned as a bride for her husband, for the eternal nuptials of the skies.

CONCERNING A CANADIAN METHODIST HYMN-BOOK.

BY THE REV. JOHN LATHERN.

At the General Conference, in Toronto, in 1874, the question of a hymn-book for "The Methodist Church of Canada" was discussed; and a committee was appointed and authorised to revise and prepare material for a new hymn-book, to be submitted for consideration on the opening of the next General Conference.

To some of our people this movement, like that for the change of denominational name, caused not a little surprise. To them the hymn-book had become a treasured possession. Associations of the most hallowed kind clung around it. Next to the Bible, its phrases, familiar as words of the household, were interwoven and intertwined with the most sacred and cherished recollections of their lives. It had won wide and well-merited recognition from intelligent and devout Christian people who, otherwise, had no connection with Methodism. Even on the drawing-room table of Queen Victoria's yacht, on a visit to Ireland, visitors found that the only book beside the Bible was a copy of Charles Wesley's hymns. "As a testimony to Scripture doctrine and Christian experience," say the British committee, in their preface to the revised and enlarged hymn-book; "as a monument of piety, a manual of devotion, and a bond of fellowship, it can never cease to be precious to all who cherish the spirit of its authors and wish well to that revival of religion of which they were the instruments; while in instances almost innumerable, personal associations have invested portions of its contents with tender and even sacred interest."

There has also existed, with good reason, a profound conviction that the psalmody of Methodism was peculiarly and pre-eminently its glory. The Church of England has the book of Common Prayer. Presbyterianism is the national religion of the North British. The hymn-book, with its noble theology, its solemn litanies, its comprehensive liturgy, its unrivalled treasures of song, is the grand and distinctive heritage of our own Church.

The wondrous triumphs of Methodism, placing her in the very van of Protestant denominations, have been owing not a little to her inspiring, almost inspired hymnody.

A comparison of Wesleyan poetry with the devotional compositions, even of the most eminent and most exquisitely gifted bards that our own or any country has produced, will at once reveal its unmeasurable superiority in all the loftiest qualities of sacred song. John Milton, the bard of Paradise, wrote in magnificent strain of the nature and purpose of sacred poetry: "To celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what He works and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in His Church; to sing the victorious agonies of saints and martyrs; the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations doing valiantly through faith against Christ's enemies." And with such an ideal the Hymn of the Incarnation was composed, musical and sublime, but utterly unsuited for worship.

"It was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies,
Nature in awe to Him
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour."

Without attempting comparison between the stately and majestic muse of the great Puritan bard, and the sacred lyre of Charles Wesley, with thousands of worshippers, we have felt the thrill of the strain,—

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born king," etc.,

and other incarnation themes still loftier than this, and we cannot but feel their vast superiority in all essential requisites for sanctuary worship.

George Herbert was once the ideal and the admired poet of sacred themes in England. His pure but quaint fancies found expression in words of melody and sweetness, but of amazingly complicated intricacies.

“For where before thou did'st call on us,
Now I still touch
And harp on thee ;
God's promises have made thee mine,
Why should I justice now decline ?
Against me there is none, but for me much.”

From stanzas so involved and perplexing to the fervent lyrics of Charles Wesley, the distance is great indeed. In words of the utmost plainness, strains of thought and feeling, elevated and rapt, he celebrated those inexhaustible themes which can never lose their freshness; and which, in the great congregation, move the soul like the “singing of a cathedral choir.” The great verities of spiritual life, on which, in melodious but mystifying strain, the devout and saintly Herbert expatiates, find in our deeply experimental and richly Scriptural hymns a clearer and more adequate expression. Illustrations crowd too thickly upon us for selection. The very first hymn, in the “collection,” affords opposite and appropriate utterance :

“O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,” etc.

The soul thirsting for God, and panting for purity of heart, as a condition of communion with God, and of higher Christian life, finds its element in the noble theology, the elevated and exhaustive supplication of such hymns as that,—

“Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire !
Come, and my hallowed heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood,” etc.

Rapture of gratitude, having passed through various gradations of doubt, fear, hope, and joy, reaches its height in the exulting strain,—

“My God, I am Thine, what a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine,” etc.

Even the famous hymns of Dr. Watts, with all their blended sweetness and smoothness of expression, are didactic rather than lyrical. The hymn of Heaven—The land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign—is mainly *objective*. The sweet fields, everlasting Spring, never-fading flowers, the narrow sea, the swelling flood, and the landscape o'er, are phrases which indicate

sensuousness rather than pure spirituality of vision, and an elaboration of artistic arrangement and of splendid colouring almost incompatible with the highest efforts of lyrical genius. The best hymns of Wesley are chiefly subjective. They were woven out of the experiences of life. They are profound, intensely concentrated, and nobly appreciative of the grandeur of the theme. There could be no room in such lyrical outbursts of thought and feeling for play of fancy and the grouping of sensuous imagery.

With this force and vividness the Wesleyan bard sang of the blessed hope of Heaven :

“ We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

“ O would He more of Heaven bestow,
And let the vessel break,
And let our ransom'd spirits go
To grasp the God we seek.”

Still more characteristic, perhaps, is the soul-stirring lyric :

“ Come, let us ascend, My companion and friend,
To taste of the banquet above ;
If thy heart be as mine, If for Jesus it pine,
Come up to the chariot of love.”

With these hymns, according to Isaac Taylor, “ commenced the existing epoch of lyrical composition. They represent a modern devotional psalmody which has prevailed quite as much beyond the boundaries of the Wesleyan community as within it.”

In all contemplated revision and proposed reconstruction, a fundamental condition, therefore, must be the integrity and completeness of this element. The seal and the stamp of consecrated Wesleyan genius must be impressed upon the prospective Canadian hymn-book as broadly and as deeply as ever they were upon the compositions and collections which for more than a century have been used by Methodist congregations in different parts of the world.

The conservative British Conference, however, has led the way in the work of revision and enlargement. The movement which

has resulted in the publication of a noble volume, highly appreciated by the Church and congregations of English Methodism, was hastened, doubtless, by considerations and claims of finance and of copyright. The Conference determined that the "collection of hymns for the use of the people called Methodists," originally published by John Wesley in 1780, should be retained in use; and, while generally revised, should undergo "no alteration that would affect its substance or impair its identity." For enlargement, special reasons are mentioned in a prefatory statement:

"Altered circumstances, often resulting from the growth of the Connexion, and occasions repeatedly arising in public, social, and domestic life, have rendered additional hymns necessary.

"The spirit of the living Head having never departed from the Church, it follows that those in all ages who, by the Holy Ghost, have called Jesus Lord, should have been occupied with attempts to set forth His praise. As in the olden time, they still 'prophesy and do not cease,' so that our age is richer in good hymns than any that has gone before it.

"The need of an enlarged selection of hymns adapted to personal and private, rather than to collective worship, to praising the Lord 'secretly among the faithful,' and such as minister to 'exhortation, edification, or comfort.'"

The movement for hymn-book revision has also, in the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, taken a practical shape. At the last General Conference an influential committee was appointed for this purpose. The work was at once commenced, and is now probably rapidly approaching completion. In the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the proposal for revision has also been mooted. The Southern hymn-book, it is claimed, needs revision; and at the Nashville Conference a committee for that purpose will probably be appointed. "There is no good reason," writes a Southern minister, "why the same hymn-book should not be adopted by both divisions of American Methodism. I am fully persuaded our Church would favour it. This would induce such a delightful fraternal union of spirit and sentiment as would, more than anything else, unite us in the bonds of a Christian Methodist brotherhood." It would be a

grand triumph of denominational unity, interrupted and broken by the slavery schism, if the union of the two great sections of Episcopal Methodism, in the Republic, could be signalized and cemented by the adoption of the same hymn-book, to be used throughout all the States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Maine to Mexico.

Arrangements have been made for the meeting of a pan-Presbyterian Council in the city of Edinburgh. We have heard something of a scheme for the proposed meeting of a pan-Methodist Conference, in which British, Episcopal, Canadian, Australian, and all departments and denominations of Methodism should be represented. We hail with gladness every movement tending towards the unity of the several Churches. We cannot but think, however, that an Œcumenical Methodist hymn-book, if such a thing were possible, would contribute more to the oneness of Methodism, and would constitute a closer bond of union, than could be found in the meeting and discussions of any representative council or convocation. For such a consummation, however devoutly to be wished for, we are not apparently yet prepared. Each great section of Methodism must, therefore, undertake this work in its own way, and by such methods as shall most conduce to its own specific interests.

In the advocacy of revision and the preparation of a hymn-book for the Methodist Church of Canada, various reasons have been urged.

There are several hymns dear to the whole Church of God, which have struck home to the heart of Christendom, in which the truth, as it is in Christ Jesus, is not presented in any diluted or depleted form, but which, fused as in the crucible of the refiner, flows forth in a pure, rich stream of sacred psalmody; and yet these hymns, so full of Christ, so rich in penitential supplication and in faith which appropriates the merits of Christ's sacrificial offering, are not included in our present collection, such as Cowper's hymn of "Calvary," "The Fountain Filled with Blood," and the hymn of heart-trust, "Just as I am," which to thousands has proved a blessing.

The various departments of Christian work as well as worship, revival meetings, Sunday-school service of song, home

missions, educational arrangements, conventions, which have become so marked a feature of this age of the Christian Church, and various enterprises, evangelical and aggressive, demand a wider scope and range of hymns than were required or looked for a century ago. Why, then, should our hymnody be stereotyped?

The hymn-book has been *financially* productive, and has contributed largely to the beneficiary funds of the parent Conference. The demand for this book is large, and, throughout our wide confessional bounds, constantly increasing; we ought, therefore, in justice to our own interests, to adopt measures for securing to Canadian Methodism the steadily augmenting profits upon its sales.

We have been, in the providence of God, enabled to consummate a union between two bodies of Canadian Methodism—each of which has had its own hymn-book. We earnestly hope that, through the blessing of the Head of the Church, and His good hand upon us for good, for the weal of our common Protestant Christianity, this movement may yet embrace all the branches of Methodism in the Dominion, and that the result shall be seen in one compact, firmly consolidated Church. The present time, therefore, seems highly opportune for revision.

Of possible and feasible plans for the accomplishment of this important work there is considerable margin for choice. The present arrangement for supply of hymn-books cannot, without considerable modification, be continued. The editions now in use are no longer to be re-published. Were it deemed advisable to continue the present volume, without revision or enlargement, we should have to make provision at once for its publication by our own Book-room.

There may be, possibly, a disposition to import and introduce the enlarged Wesleyan hymn-book. It is difficult to believe, however, that a volume, though, on the whole, a grand selection, containing more than one thousand compositions, encumbered with a very considerable amount of dead-weight, containing many selections entitled to rank as religious poems rather than as hymns for the sanctuary, possesses the most complete adaptation to all the exigencies and requirements of

our colonial work ; and that a motion for its introduction, at the next quadrennial Conference, would command a controlling vote of the ministers and laymen of our Church. The action of the last General Conference, as recorded in its Journal, in the appointment of a committee to prepare material for a new hymn-book, affords evidence of a Connexional policy upon this question at once decisive and conclusive.

The committee of the General Conference not having yet held any meeting, and no communication, probably, having passed upon this subject, there is no means of conjecturing what plan of action it may determine to adopt.

An opinion has been expressed by members of our Church, entitled to great weight, in favour of continuing the collection in its present form. They would gladly stereotype and perpetuate the arrangement of John Wesley. From force of habit, they would be reluctant to alter the heading of a hymn, or even to change the number of a page. Whatever alterations or additions may be deemed an imperative necessity they would permit ; but these must be exclusively limited to the supplementary selection.

There has also been the suggestion, in support of which forcible argument can be adduced, that there should be a fairly thorough revision of the "collection"—that hymns which confessedly fall below the standard of Methodist hymnody should be expunged—that all parts of hymns, and exceptionally inferior stanzas not needed for the unity, theology, or liturgical requirements of the composition, the existence of which weakens and mars the beauty and symmetry of song, should be omitted. Such an excision, though done with sparing hand, touching nothing that is essential or even desirable for perpetuation, would afford, without increasing the bulk of this portion of the book ample space for more than one hundred additional compositions. The idea of such revision would be to substitute from the supplement, and from abundant stores of poetry now available, purely Wesleyan compositions. Whatever additional hymns were required to meet the growing necessities of Church work and worship would take their place appropriately in a new supplement. The first and most important part of the hymn-

book, up to hymn 539, the collection of 1780, in unimpaired integrity, and yet greatly improved, would be continued and perpetuated as a noble memorial of the wonderful work of God — of which it was a marvellous expression, — a thoroughly Wesleyan liturgy, and a Scriptural and beautiful standard of worship.

But, whatever may be our reluctance to break away from the lines and landmarks of the past, and it is something more than mere sentiment, yet standing, as we are, upon the threshold of a new history, with changed conditions of society around us, with vast responsibilities pressing weightily upon us, and competitions of religious life differing greatly from those of the Old Land, demanding adequate and corresponding agency and effort—the question of a new hymn-book fairly and legitimately before us—the advantages of revision that has been accomplished in England, and of that which in the United States approaches completion, available for aid and guidance—may it not, after all, and with all deference the suggestion is submitted, prove to be the safest and the soundest policy to “launch out into the deep,” and, unfettered by prejudices in favour of the past, to adopt what for the present, and for the future as well, is most likely to conserve and promote the best interests of the whole Church of God ?

The new Wesleyan hymn-book has a method and a logical sequence which, with modification, would afford a model of lucid and comprehensive arrangement. A selection of psalms forms a fitting and valuable introduction. Hymns of adoration are first in order, and, instead of being scattered through the volume, constitute an important department. The Lord Jesus Christ is the theme of an extensive section: His person and offices; His incarnation, life, and works; His sufferings and death; His resurrection, ascension, and His kingdom. We have then the Holy Spirit: His person, work, and offices. Penitential hymns are next in order in the arrangement. Then we have the experiences and privileges of believers: rejoicing, praying, watching, suffering, working. Christian ordinances and institutions comprise worship; the ministry, and prayers for ministers; the Scriptures, and prayers before reading them; baptism,

and prayers for children and parents; the Lord's Supper; for covenant services. The department of eschatology, instead of occupying a place almost at the commencement, as in the old arrangement, takes its appropriate place. The last things,—death, resurrection, judgment, and Heaven—follow in correct sequence. Then we have, at the close of the volume, a general and most miscellaneous selection for various seasons and occasions: the Lord's Day; morning and evening; Saturday evening; the Watch-night; New Year's day; for the King; in time of pestilence; harvest home; laying the foundation and the opening of chapels; marriage; family religion; after a journey; on shipboard and prayers for travellers; benedictions; graces before and after meat.

A re-distribution of the hymns in the present book, after revision, and of such additional ones as may be determined upon, somewhat after the same order and arrangement as the new Wesleyan supplement, would very materially contribute to the value of the book as a devotional manual for private perusal, as a systematic compendium of theology, and as a comprehensive standard of worship. The facilities for selection, by such an arrangement, would be immeasurably increased.

A glance at the standards of worship in denominations around us, even of some poor in resources as compared with our own, will show their superiority in this respect. Though far in advance of contemporary publications a century ago, we have tenaciously held to the old methods; but upon the structure of other devotional manuals the best minds of their several Churches have been at work, aiming to realize a higher ideal of completeness, utilizing the experiences of previous efforts, and consequently in the march of progress are likely to leave us behind. This consideration alone indicates the necessity of revision.

A prefatory paragraph to the enlarged Wesleyan hymn-book will account for a feature which, by some, will be regarded as the main defect in the plan of that work. "Here," it is said, in allusion to the selection of new hymns, "also will be found some adapted to personal and private rather than to collective worship." The revised collection contains a sufficient number, surely, of hymns, meditations, expositions, religious poems, and paraphrases

for all purposes of private edification. It seems exceedingly desirable, if the work allotted to the committee is to be undertaken, that instead of occupying the space and increasing the size of the volume by additional compositions for personal and private devotion, the claims and growing necessities of social, public, and sanctuary worship should be kept in view as the prominent consideration. The number of hymns which a standard book ought to contain, having in view a just medium between meagreness on the one hand, and a plethora on the other, "comprised in so moderate a compass as to be neither cumbersome nor expensive," is a matter on which there cannot but be great variety of opinion. It has been computed, after careful and extended inquiry, that the range of selection for sanctuary worship does not go beyond two hundred and fifty hymns. It might be sufficient for all purposes that the prospective hymn-book, whatever might be its arrangement, should contain some five hundred of Wesleyan hymns—occupying considerably less space after revision than at present,—a little over three hundred compositions, selected from "the works of modern hymnologists as well as from the accumulated labours of the past," a few select psalms, and perhaps the words of a very limited number of chants.

In relation to methods of work which may be adopted by the committee, it may be premature, and possibly presumptuous, to anticipate. One meeting of the committee at least will be required to decide upon the plan of revision, the number of hymns, and the principle of selection and of distribution. Each member of the committee can then, at convenience, mark for erasure whatever it may be thought inexpedient to retain; and may also, from available sources, select and arrange such hymns as would be thought to constitute the most valuable and the most needed addition.

It may also be thought prudent and, in the best sense, politic, in a work of such magnitude and importance, for the purpose of securing the utmost thoroughness, carrying with the movement the most complete consentaneousness, and, in the substitution of one book for another, involving an expenditure somewhat serious in the aggregate, of neutralizing, as far as possible, the sense of

interference with vested rights, that invitation should be extended, and the most ample opportunity afforded to ministers of the several Conferences, to official members of the Church, and to other brethren whose attention may have been turned specially to the subject of Christian psalmody, for offering suggestions, in regard to revision, structure, and supplement, with the understanding and assurance that all apposite and legitimate recommendations shall receive the fullest recognition; and, as far as expedient, be turned to practical account.

The new English supplement, with its immense wealth of hymns, ancient and modern, enriched by the "labours of both contemporaries and predecessors," on which distinguished hymnologists—amongst them some of the most devout and gifted minds of British Methodism—have put their impress, will, in model and material, afford invaluable assistance.

In view of future possibilities of consolidation, or more symmetrical development of denominational life, and the use of the same comprehensive liturgy, it will be also especially desirable to utilize whatever available treasures of sacred song the several standards of Methodist worship in the Dominion may be found to contain. A comparison of several communications, proposed erasures, and supplementary selections, can then, by vote of the committee, be determined upon; and *ex abundantia* that which is most material may be shaped into suitable form for presentation at the General Conference.

A closely-related question, the preparation of a tune-book, of vital importance to Methodist worship, and demanding immediate attention—concerning which the space already occupied by this article prevents more than a suggestion—was brought before the General Conference by one of its most honoured laymembers, whose exquisite taste, accurate knowledge of musical science, and the experience of more than thirty years in choir song, enable and entitle him to speak with authority upon this subject. We cannot but hope that qualifications so rare in their combination may be turned to practical account in securing a compilation of tunes adapted to all the necessities of social and sanctuary worship. Accomplishments of the same order, and competent experience, are doubtless possessed by many gifted

brethren, whose services would be available, and who *con amore* would undertake this work. In this desideratum there will be cognizance of the distinctive genius of Wesleyan psalmody, a special care for the varied and peculiar metres of some of the noblest of our hymns, with their wondrous adaptation of cadence and harmony to thought and theme, and a resolve to prevent all divorce between time-honoured hymns and standard tunes. By no possibility could more valuable service be rendered to the Church of God.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

THE SILENT LIFE.

We lead two lives, the outward seeming fair,
 And full of smiles that on the sun face lie ;
 The other spent in many a silent prayer,
 With thoughts and feelings hidden from the eye.

The weary, weary hours of mental pain,
 Unspoken yearnings for the dear ones gone ;
 The wishes half defined, yet crushed again,
 Make up the silent life we lead alone.

And happy visions we may never show
 Gild all this silent life with sweet romance ;
 That they will fade like sunset's clouds we know,
 Yet life seems brighter for each stolen glance.

This silent life, we little reck its power
 To strengthen us for either good or ill ;
 Whether we train our thoughts like birds to soar,
 Or let them wander wheresoe'er they will.

This silent life not those we love may share,
 Though day by day we strive to draw them close ;
 Our secret chamber—none may enter there,
 Save that one Eye that never seeks repose.

And if beneath that Eye we do not quail,
 Though all the world may turn from us aside,
 We own a secret power that shall prevail
 When every motive of our life is tried.

ST. PAUL—A SKETCH.*

BY THE REV. CHARLES STEWART, D.D.

THE influence which one man may exert upon others is quite beyond our power of reckoning. While he lives, it is not to himself, and long after he has passed away the forces of his character will be found reproducing their like, far from the places of their source, and down through all the after ages. But though this fact is universal in its application, and invests humanity in its weakest forms and its most obscure positions with an imperishable dignity, yet its evidence is much more observable in some cases than in others. This depends, doubtless, somewhat on the individual himself—somewhat upon his circumstances; but often far more upon the guiding care of Providence, and the rewards or the penalties with which the righteous Ruler of mankind visits both the principles and the actions of every human being. Hence, again, it may be seen that good influences are more powerful than evil ones; they extend more widely, they survive much longer, and they multiply their effects more abundantly.

The simple fact that we possess the Bible is one of the strongest proofs of our position; and another no less impressive is found on almost every page of that blessed volume. Here, "a great cloud of witnesses" instruct us by their testimony and stimulate us by their example. Righteous Abel "being dead yet speaketh." Enoch's walking with God, the patience of Job, the faith of Abraham, the integrity of Daniel, the zeal of Peter, and the deep, pure spirituality of John have not ceased from their days to touch the heart of myriads, and to help men,

*The Life and Character of St. Paul are the subject of the International Sunday-school Lessons for the latter part of this year. The Rev. Dr. Stewart, the Professor of our Theological Institute at Sackville, New Brunswick, has therefore, notwithstanding the pressure of manifold engagements, kindly acceded to our request to prepare a sketch of the great Apostle. By his admirable article herewith submitted, the Dr. has laid the readers of our Magazine, and especially our Sunday-school workers, under great obligation.

in circumstances the most varied, to scorn and surmount the wrong, to become pure in heart, and to live just, honourable, gentle, and holy lives.

But of all the men who have exerted such an influence upon our race, none are entitled to a higher place than St. Paul. He is at once so thoroughly human and so thoroughly Christian; he is so surrounded by common temptations, and lifted up into New Testament experience by means of common grace, on the one hand, and he is so conversant with extraordinary necessities, and duties, and deliverances, on the other, that his history cannot fail to be a most interesting and profitable study to all classes of persons.

With the exception of Moses, probably no mere man has so largely shaped the thought and feeling of mankind, or is destined still to do so, as the Apostle of the Gentiles. But while there are points of contrast—as there are points of similarity—between the two there can be no opposition between them. The legislator prepared the way for the evangelist; and the Christian preacher expounded, as no other has done, the inspired utterances of the great Jewish scribe. The streams of their influence have long since been united, and must ever so remain.

Why, it may be asked, has not the world given more credit to these great thinkers, these men who have been moulding and controlling public opinion in the chief nations of the earth for centuries in the past? The answer is not far to seek: “the world will love its own,” but these were “not of the world.” The springs of their action were such as could not be comprehended by those whose hopes are limited by time, and whose affections, utterly dissatisfied with earthly good, yet tenaciously cleave to it alone. Such may understand Confucius, or Buddha, or Mahomet, but not one whose life is hid with Christ in God. And yet more, such men as Paul shine with a borrowed lustre. They disclaim originality of conception, and studiously withdraw themselves from the admiration of their race. “Who, then, is Paul, or who is Apollos,” is demanded with righteous indignation, “but ministers by whom ye believed?” In the salutation of his greatest epistle he uses no higher a title for himself than “Paul, a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.”

And yet we do not offend against this spirit in contemplating the character and the conduct of this Apostle. He speaks of himself as "a pattern to them which should hereafter believe." (1 Tim. i. 16) "Brethren," he says, "be followers together of me, and mark them which walk so as ye have us for an ensample." (Phil. iii. 17.) Yet would he have us emulate, in this respect, "the churches in India," of whom he testifies, "They glorified God in me."

THE PREPARATION.—Our disbelief in the Divine appointment of "whatsoever comes to pass" must neither be construed into a logical denial nor a personal doubt of a particular Providence. Cyrus was called before he was born, and in his marvellous career was helped and honoured by Him whom yet he knew not. The same agency appears in the birth, the circumstances, and the training of Saul of Tarsus. Unconsciously to himself and to those who had the care of him, he was being prepared for his life-work long before he knew the Lord Jesus. Of his parentage we know but little. It is true that St. Paul says, "Salute Rufus, chosen in the Lord, and his mother and mine," (Rom. xvi. 13), but this reference is obviously to one who had acted a mother's part to the apostle, and to whom, as many a Christian preacher in similar circumstances has felt, such a tribute is the debt of a grateful heart. Yet even so, may we not conclude that the sentiment so expressed was indeed the creation of a mother's love; and that in the home of his childhood he had been carefully taught to adore the God of Israel, to read His law, and the holy writings, together with the glowing prophecies and the thrilling lyrics of the bards of his people? We do not doubt that the man who in mature years could modestly affirm, "I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day," (Acts xxiii. 1), must have received his earliest lessons in moral science—on the faculty of conscience—in the home circle, rather than in the public schools. In the former, it was awakened, and probably trained; in the latter, it must at that time have been lulled into insensibility, or perverted to the side of wrong.

Of his father, we obtain just a glimpse. "I am the son of a Pharisee," said the Apostle, (Acts xxiii. 6.) Here, then, was one who had some sense of the true claims of God—one who in

an age of skepticism believed in Him who made the heavens and the earth, and all the things which are therein—in the God of Providence who in olden times led Israel as a flock—in the God of judgment who, righteous Himself, loveth the righteous, but with the froward will show Himself froward—and in that eternity where the saved shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever, but in which the wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God. These were the truths which, without doubt, were well and often inculcated upon the mind of this promising child, for as was the father so was the son, “a Pharisee.”

This father shared the very proper sentiment of his people that every Jew should be able to provide his own livelihood. It is well to know that there is a real dignity in honest toil. The manly independence begotten of the power to earn one's own living is better to any young man than the possession of an ample fortune. That Saul in boyhood learned to make tents was a matter of great moment to Paul the Apostle. By this means he was lifted above want when cast out by his first friends, and when the liberality of the Gentile Christians had not yet attained its true development. By this means, as we know, he was able to read some of the most telling of his lessons on the subjects of Christian honesty, nobility, and charity.

But the father of Paul did not neglect the higher interests of his son. Being himself a pure Hebrew and a citizen of Rome, strongly attached to everything Jewish, and yet living beyond the confines of the Holy Land, dwelling among his brethren, but mingling also with strangers and foreigners, he seems to have aspired after an education for his child which would fit him for any sphere of life into which he might be introduced. In his subsequent history Paul gives evidence of having been familiar with the celebrated writers of the heathen world, (Acts xvii. 28; Titus i. 12), and he freely encountered the Stoics and Epicureans, as one who could deal easily with their philosophical theories. Then he was “brought up” in Jerusalem, “at the feet of Gamaliel,” and thus was instructed, as we must believe, not only in the letter of the Old Testament Scriptures, but in the Rabbinical interpretation of those Scriptures. It was this knowledge, this

training, which in after times was of such especial benefit to the Apostle. It was this which enabled him to "reason" with the Jews, "opening and alleging that Christ must needs have suffered and risen again from the dead, and that this same Jesus whom I preach unto you is Christ." (Acts xvii. 2, 3.)

Who can estimate the advantage of this process of education upon a mind of such power and vigour? Who can sufficiently comprehend the value of the opportunity which parents still possess, or the responsibility which belongs to them, in regard to the training of their children? They are intrusted with the care of those who may become, in the highest sense, "princes in all the earth."

THE CRISIS.—We know not how long Saul's student life lasted, but he was still "a young man" when the event occurred which first brought him into notice among the disciples of Jesus. The new faith had produced a powerful movement in Jewish society. It was felt that no pains should be spared to crush it out. Argument was first tried, and it is probable that the very synagogue to which Saul belonged assumed a foremost position in the disputation with Stephen. The ardour of the youth from Tarsus, however, could not be satisfied with what to him must have appeared but as half measures. Stephen must be arrested and put upon his trial. Foiled in their endeavour honestly to convict, the multitude gnashed upon him with their teeth—so unrestrainable was their fury—and hurried him off to execution. In that mockery of justice Saul must have had some prominent part to perform, probably that of accuser or advocate, for as the witnesses proceeded to their deed of violence, they brought their garments and laid them down at his feet. Victory in this case seemed now to be achieved, and the work must be followed up. Just as the hungry tiger having once tasted blood rages for more, so "Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," endeavoured to accomplish the ruin of this sect in the distant city of Damascus. Armed with ecclesiastical power he went forth on this mission. But ere Damascus was reached, Saul himself was numbered among "those who call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord."

Such as deny the supernatural in Christianity have laboured

earnestly to account for this singular fact on ordinary grounds. They affirm that, on this long journey, he was led to reflection upon the injustice of his proceedings. Gradually he became convinced of his error. At length his strong and sensitive nature rebounded to an opposite extreme of feeling. Humbled and alarmed, he was still more deeply affected by a thunderstorm which just then shot across his path. The lightning blinded him, and he construed the crashing peals into words of Divine upbraiding and admonition. Thus he supposed that he heard the voice of the Lord Jesus, and the effect was to change the entire character of his principles and the current of his life.

Our reply to this theory is that for the purpose for which it is produced it is at once too weak and too strong. It is too weak to be put in the place of a narrative so explicit and circumstantial as that given, and so repeatedly, by St. Paul himself; and too strong, if true, to be altogether omitted by that author, his cotemporaries, and the early writers of the Christian Church. It is too weak as the cause of so remarkable a revolution of human nature; and too strong to be exceptional, neither being preceded nor followed by any similar change in the history of its subject. Besides, we may ask, if this be true, how comes it to disappear from its obvious connections and an account so utterly fallacious to take its place? If the New Testament is written for our learning, and is worthy of our belief, Christ Jesus the Lord, the first begotten from the dead and head over all things to the Church, did appear to the persecutor, Saul of Tarsus, on his way to Damascus, and in consequence of this the conversion of that eminent man took place. At the same time, we need not altogether shut out the belief in a gradual preparation of mind for that great event. It may have been that on the journey Saul thought much and felt deeply. We may very well believe that under the "striving" of the Holy Spirit the doubt may have risen in his mind whether the cause of the Galilean were but of men; and whether, if otherwise, it were quite within his power "to fight against God." But so far from yielding to such good impulses, it is as likely that he made the worse appear the better reason, and scourged his conscience into submission to the belief

that he "ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth."

Was, then, this conversion miraculous? It was undoubtedly based upon the supernatural, and cannot be explained without it. But it was not miraculous in the sense of being forced, without the concurrence, and in opposition to the will of Saul himself. The fact that the Lord Jesus did not preach His own Gospel to him, but sent Ananias to do so; that "three days" elapsed between the arresting miracle and the soul-saving word, and that in after years the testimony is borne, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision," seems to supply ample proof that this specimen of Christian conversion is in perfect harmony with man's full accountability, and affords no support to the doctrine of the irresistibility of Divine grace. And here it is that the instructive experience and reasoning of the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans should find its solution. When so writing, St. Paul evidently looked back on this critical period in his own life. His statement is not that of regeneration first and repentance and faith afterward—not that of faith in regard to an effected salvation, to be followed subsequently by a turning away from sin to God—but it is that of sin as dominant in the soul. "For sin, taking occasion by the commandment, deceived me, and by it slew me;" hence, "For I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing"—then, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Here is a frank confession of an unsaved state—of a state of moral ruin which he himself could never remedy—and yet, as unsaved, he knows the necessity of faith in order to salvation. "I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord," and, "therefore there is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." (Rom. viii. 11-25; viii. 1.) This is a theology which cannot be improved upon. Other ways may seem to be easier, may be supposed more fully to elevate grace, or to satisfy philosophy, but this is clearly the doctrine of Paul, backed by his own unquestionable self-knowledge, conviction of sin, repentance, faith in Christ, and deliverance thereupon both from the guilt and power of sin.

THE NEW LIFE.—When St. Paul treats upon the changed con-

dition of a Christian believer, his words are most emphatic. He is a new creation. He is quickened from a death of trespasses and sins. He is alive unto God. The prevailing idea, therefore, is life—a new, a divine life, sustained as well as originated by the Redeemer,—“hid with Christ in God.” It was in full accord with the nature and laws of this life that St. Paul sought to realize its great design. He had not one set of principles for himself, and another set for other people. This fact will be easily recognized in the frequency with which, in writing to the churches, he introduces his own insufficiency, his efforts towards self-improvement, his successes, and his sufferings. And yet this reference to self is the very opposite of egotism. It is not the result of a morbid introspection which forgets the common ills of life in one’s own round of discipline; but a hearty, brotherly love, which would stimulate and strengthen by the deepest sympathy of a common experience. To those whose conduct could not fail to excite his grief and fears he could yet say, “Brethren, I beseech you be as I am; for I am as ye are; ye have not injured me at all.” (Gal. iv. 12.)

But in regard to the maintenance and the increase of the new life within himself, we cannot but observe what pains the Apostle took, and what triumphs he accomplished. No man ever paid higher deference to the truth. He knew its value. He understood its relation to other excellences. Consequently, he did not put it in their place; but neither did he permit any of them to usurp its place. Love is indeed the fulfilling of the law, and where there is no love there is no true religion; but love itself must be traced back to “a pure heart,” and this to “a good conscience,” and this in its turn to “faith unfeigned.” And on what does faith rest? Not on a sentiment, but on a saying—“a faithful saying worthy of all acceptation.” May it not be as much a part of our moral discipline, of our earthly probation, to submit our intellect to Christ as well as our affections? “If so be that ye have heard Him, and have been taught by Him as the truth is in Jesus.” (Eph. iv. 21.) This is “the truth which is after godliness,” that is, by means of which true holiness is known and enjoyed; and as the Apostle sought to be right with God, so he sought it in this way. “For,” says he, “we can do nothing against the truth but for the truth.” (2 Cor. xiii. 8.)

He was a man of prayer. The word of encouragement to Ananias was descriptive of his after-life, as it was of his earliest penitence, "Behold he prayeth." He "bowed the knee" in secret, as we learn from his epistles; and on the seashore with friends from whom he was about to part; and in the prison, among the outcasts of society, he "prayed and sang praises to God." "Access unto the Father," through the Son, and by the Spirit—"access with boldness" was manifestly the source of the Apostle's wisdom and strength. Nor may we omit to notice his self-denial. He had the same nature and the same tendencies as other men. His surroundings were as unfavourable to the life of true godliness as ours can possibly be. What, then, did he do? Let himself answer, once for all, "I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air; but I keep under my body and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." (1 Cor. ix. 26, 27.) How appropriate, therefore, was the counsel which he tendered to a young evangelist, "Thou, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." (2 Tim. ii. 3.)

But St. Paul was no recluse. He was a man of broad sympathies and of deep benevolence. He knew how essential was the relation between his own spiritual life and the work of saving and helping others, and hence we must notice, however briefly, his

LABOURS MORE ABUNDANT.—Immediately after his conversion he began to preach the Gospel. In so doing he conferred not with flesh and blood, and for the remainder of his life in circumstances the most trying, suffering the loss of all on which his heart had previously been placed, enduring reproach, subjected to hunger and to thirst, to bonds, imprisonments, and stripes, and exposed to death itself in a variety of forms, he was unmoved, undaunted in his career of holy toil. One thought had taken possession of his soul; it was this, Christ has saved me; He has died for all men, and would save them too, and He condescends to employ me in furthering this great object: "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians; both to the wise and to the unwise, so as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel." And

this Gospel he did preach, for about thirty years, in all the chief centres of the world's population, as well as in the wilderness, in the crowded transport, and in both the palace and the prison. The life of St. Paul during these years was that of a pilgrim. From Damascus to Arabia and back again, then to Jerusalem, to Cæsarea, to Tarsus, to Antioch, and then to Jerusalem again; thence, journey after journey, now along the coasts of Syria, now throughout the provinces of Asia Minor, now into Greece, being the first Christian missionary who set foot on European soil, to Rome itself, and probably, after his first imprisonment, to Spain, France, and even to Britain, until in the Mamertine dungeon, in the imperial city he received the martyr's crown. It is a most interesting study to trace these travels on a good map by the light of the Acts of the Apostles and the various epistles, and to see how "through mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God," he "fully preached the Gospel of Christ," and "the Gentiles" were made "obedient by word and deed."

And here we are impressed with another important fact—the readiness which the Apostle possessed to meet every emergency, and to improve every opportunity for the glory of his blessed Lord. In this there is more to admire, and to copy after, than at first sight appears. Granted, that his mental powers were superior, that he had learning, prudence, tact, indomitable energy, and inspiration itself; still, it was nothing but love to Christ, simplicity of purpose, and unflagging zeal which made him such a soul-saving evangelist. Whether he had to deal with the rabble or the Sanhedrim, the Roman governor or the Grecian philosopher, devout women at the place where prayer was wont to be made, or Maltese barbarians on whose shores he had been cast, he found a way to their heart, and testified to them the kindness and love of God our Saviour. Some Christians are too dignified to attempt common effort for Christ; some again are satisfied with nothing short of a sensation; some are not sufficiently prepared, and others cannot waste their well-prepared discourses on a small or illiterate congregation; some would fear to walk a mile too much, to soil a garment, or to risk a contact with the infected or the foul, while others would forsake home duties to run any eccentric course of mercy. Meantime, souls

are perishing; and for want of the timely aid which any one of us might render, they pass down to the terrible abyss! O, to be as Paul; to say as he said, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," "For me to live is Christ."

SANCTIFIED SORROW.—They are greatly mistaken who so surround the career of Paul with the fascinations of oriental romance, or the grandeur of the supernatural, as to suppose that he was excepted from the common lot of suffering. He was but a man, and continued to have the ordinary ailments and infirmities incident to human life. We have seen, too, that his mode of life was peculiarly trying, and its results peculiarly painful. Then, both as a Christian and as an Apostle he had "great heaviness, and continual sorrow" in his heart. But there was one sorrow which he had not—that of making himself unhappy. He had faith in the Divine government, and therefore could not grieve over any arrangements of Providence. He had faith in Christ the Redeemer, and therefore could not grieve over anything for which he found redemption efficacious. Sin, death, the grave, as they were vanquished, awoke not his complaints but his triumphs. He had faith in the Gospel, and in the Divine power which accompanied it, and therefore he could not but rejoice with and over humanity. In a word, so far as duty was concerned, he could do all things through Christ, who strengthened him, and for the rest, he had learned, in whatever state he was, therewith to be content. Nor was this all: he even rejoiced in tribulation. It afforded him an opportunity for comforting others by the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God; and, with an unselfish man like Paul, this was no small gain. Above all, he knew that these light afflictions were working for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. These very words, the creation of Christianity, indicate that he could not experience a single pang which might not be turned to good account, and that therefore he, and all like him, might rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks! And this is a lesson which it well becomes all true Christians thoroughly to learn.

THE BLESSED END.—How solemn, and yet how small a matter, is the death of a Christian! It is "precious" in the sight of the Lord, and will not therefore come too soon, nor be delayed too

long, nor occur in circumstances too disadvantageous. But as a fact in human history it is only the completion of life here, and its commencement in the same great essentials hereafter. Of Paul's death that Holy Spirit of inspiration, who has said so much that bears upon his life, has not uttered one word. It was not necessary. It is reported that by the sword of the executioner he was beheaded at Rome. But what of the mock trial, the sentence, the fatal stroke? "I am ready to be offered," said the Apostle. Mercy had not now to be sought; it was "obtained." The fight was not now to be begun; it was "fought." The trust was "kept." The crown was in view. "To die" was "gain." Beyond this words cannot go.

WESLEYAN THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, SACKVILLE, N.B.

WHEAT AND CHAFF.

"Whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor, and gather the wheat into His garner, but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire."—Matt. iii. 12.

WHEN the Lord with His fan in His hand shall come
To winnow His floor and to reign;
Oh, tell me, my soul! in that terrible day,
Shalt thou be of the garnered grain?

When the fire of the Lord shall burn up the chaff
In a blaze no might can restrain;
Oh, tell me, my soul! shalt thou then be consumed
Or saved with the garnered grain?

When these transient forms which we cherish on earth,
Shall then be found useless and vain;
Oh, tell me, my soul! shalt thou perish with them?
Or live, as the garnered grain?

When that fan shall cleanse these hearts of ours,
And purge them with cryings and pain;
Oh, tell me, my soul! will it leave in thy heart
Much that is garnered grain?

The fan of the Lord. It comes! It comes!
I heard him approaching again!
Oh, haste thee, my soul, that He find in thee
Nothing but garnered grain!

JOHN TREGENOWETH: HIS MARK.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

CHAPTER I.—OLD UNCLE JOHN.

THIS day (August 14th, 1873) old Uncle John Tregenoweth's little Mary was married to Zacchy Pendray, in the church at S. Osyth's.

So stands the sentence in my diary. But without further explanation, it will lead to no less than three mistakes.

To begin with—"old Uncle John" was not very old; nor had he, moreover, a single nephew or niece in the world. The perfectly white hair that fell in rich silvery locks to his shoulders, gave him the first part of his title; while custom in that Western Cornwall gave to him the second part—old men of the working-classes are frequently known as "Uncle."

This "little Mary" was by no means little, but a tall comely Cornish maiden of three-and-twenty summers; with hair of glossy blackness and deep blue eyes, and a face that might have been called beautiful, only that there was such frankness, such simplicity, such tender anxious love that one seemed to look in at the soul without staying to think what the face was like.

Then again, though they were married at church, Uncle John was a Primitive Methodist, and a class-leader too. But he played the organ in the little loft at S. Osyth's, that they called the gallery, sitting there Sunday mornings and afternoons, up in the dark (it is never too dark for him), behind the great Royal Arms that have been there since the days of good Queen Anne; and the parson at S. Osyth's has been a rare friend to him. On Sunday nights he takes his place in the singing seat at the Primitive chapel, and amidst flute and fiddle and clarionet, and a great company of zealous singers, he leads the choir there—and a heartier or better bit of singing it would be a hard matter to find than that which rings within those four plain white-washed walls. They believed, with David, that it was good to make a joyful noise unto the Lord.

It was on the evening of this marriage-day that the old man and I sat together listening to the music of the bells coming softly and sweetly across the water. He found it rather a relief to have some one to chat with, and I had long been anxious to get the story that he was disposed to tell. Already I had picked up bits of it from one and another, and patched them together as well as I could; and one or two incidents I had heard from himself, but only just enough to make me eager to hear the rest. Several times I had tried and failed.

I had often come upon him sitting in the doorway, his fingers busied in net-making, the finished meshes lying coiled beside him, his face turned upwards to the light, the long silver hair flowing over his shoulders, whilst he and "little Mary" sang some sweet hymn together—a picture framed by the jessamine-porch about the doorway. And sitting with them, I had tried to lead up to the story of his life; but Betty was sure to come bustling by us starting some new topic, or Zacchy would come creeping in at the little gate with talk of the latest news. Somehow or other, it had always failed.

At other times as I passed the old church I had stayed and listened, marvelling at the rare power and skill with which he could sway the tones, and force them into exquisite harmony,—and had felt my way up the old ricketty staircase and stood beside him at the organ. But at such times he had no ear, no thought for anything but the music.

But this evening the coast was clear. Betty had gone to see "the little maid" settled at her new home. Uncle John had thought of going too, but Betty had settled that by decidedly but not unkindly expressing an opinion that "men-folks were always best out o' the way"; to which as a general principle on a wedding-day Zacchy might perhaps have ventured to take exception had any one but Betty said it. So early on that summer's evening we sat together, without any fear of disturbance. The gentle sea-breeze swept about us deliciously cool and balmy, and laden with the fragrance of abundant flowers, while over all fell the sweet music of the bells, like a constant blessing on that happy day.

Uncle John's thoughts were rather disposed to wander into

the past, and by putting a question here and there I managed to get the story complete.

CHAPTER II.—THE LITTLE MAID.

How long have I been blind, sir?—(the old man began, in answer to my question)—Well, sir, I've been as blind as a bat this nineteen year a'most. But 'tis wonderful how I be able to get along! It do seem to me as if when one thing be took away somethin' else be sure to come in its place. Eyes are things that you would think it *wisht** sure 'nough to be without, but it do come to be natural-like, and six days out o' the seven you forget that ever you had any, specially if you've got plenty else to think about, as I always had. Then, besides, there's your ears and your finger-tips do come to be uncommon good friends. I've heard folks say that you don't know the worth of your mercies till they are gone. That is true enough, but so is this—that *then you find out the worth o' them that be left.*

'Tis no good denyin' that it be a trifle hard sometimes when there's nothin' 'pon my mind. One thing in particular has been makin' me wish all day that I could look out once more just for five minutes. A foolish thing, I dare say you'll think, for an old chap like me, but there—we all of us have got a well o' tears in us somewhere, if you only sink deep enough down. The sound o' those blessed bells a ringin' in my ears, and Betty and all of them sayin' how pretty she looked—it a'most makes me feel a bone o' the old man in me a bit rebellin'. And to think she be gone—though 'tis but a matter of four mile off. My little maid Mary—ah, there I go again! *Little maid!* Why, I could feel her shadow fall over me when she'd be standin' by my side three years ago, and I know she's as fine a girl as there be in the West Country; but I can never come to think of her as any other then she was the last time I saw her.

“How old was she then?” I asked, as the old man paused in his story.

She was five year, sir—five that very night. Everythin' else

* *Wisht*: a Cornish word for bad, unhappy, unfortunate. It is supposed to linger from the old belief in witchcraft, and their power of evil-wishing.

is half like a dream compared with the way I can remember that.

I was workin' to the mine by night that week, and had to start just after supper. The little maid had been sittin' on my knee, and I can mind her great frightened eyes as she heard the rain patterin' against the window, and the storm roarin' around the house, and how she put her arms round me and said, "Father, take me with you, 'tis so dark. Jesus loves little children, and if I go He must take care of you too, father."

"Bless you," I said, "I've got one little angel to love me anyhow!" Then I got up to go, and as I opened the door she stood there with the wind a-blowin' her hair about, and just as I stooped to kiss her the candle was puffed out, and I felt her little arms around me—and—and—(for a moment the voice faltered, but quickly recovering it the old man went on bravely)—There, what an old stupid I be, and those blessed bells a-ringin' out their music as if we had good cause to let Heaven hear such pure happiness as her weddin' will make.

"So it happened that night?" I hinted gently after another pause.

It happened that night, sir—that very night. I knew somethin' would be wrong. I had a lot of *wisht* old thoughts come creepin' over me all day; but I didn't think 'twas goin' to be that. Me and my comrade was down the mine to our work. We were blasting. We had bored a hole and put in the charge and lit the fuse, and then went away for the hole to explode. We waited two or three minutes, when my comrade said the hole must have hung fire.

"Wait a bit," I said, "you can't give it too much time."

We waited until both of us thought it must have failed, and then I crept cautiously towards it. All of a sudden there came an awful blaze of light and a hundred thunder-peals, and I can't recollect any more about it.

They tell me that it was four days before I began to come to myself. The first thing that I can remember is one day feelin' a pair of little arms about my neck, in the dark, and hot tears fallin' on my face. I couldn't make it out. At first I thought that I was standin' in the doorway, just goin' to mine, and I

said, " Good night, Mary." Then I felt the tears fall faster, and as my senses came back to me I knew that I was in bed, and that there was somethin' amiss, but I couldn't make out what it was, so I said, " Light a candle, Mary, 'tis so dark."

Bless you, sir, I can feel it now—how her little hand stroked the side of my face, and as the tears fell hotter and faster I heard her whisper to herself, "*Poor, poor father! I shall always have to lead him now.*"

Then, it all came across me—I *was blind!*

CHAPTER III.—HIS WIFE BETTY.

It was weeks afore I got well enough to be about again. The house had got pretty well stripped of all that was in it—and that wasn't much—long before I could think about tryin' to pick up a bit of a livin'. My Betty is a real good one, sir, or we must have starved. Betty *did* come out then, no mistake. Anythin' that came to hand, it was all the same to her—from a round o' monthly nursin', to standin' at the wash-tub from three o'clock in the mornin' till eight at night. She may not be what people call an amiable-tempered woman, perhaps, and she don't much like that kind of folk. She's one of them sort that like nothin' so much as to go straight on with her work till it's done, and then to begin somethin' else. And I often think, sir, that the hard, bony women that can't abide a bit of praise—neither givin' none nor takin' none, who do call work work and wages wages, and count every word beside them as waste of breath—they're the women to make the world go round. If they're iron for any feelin' that's in them, they're iron, too, for the work and the wear of them. Then you know, sir, when iron is hot 'tis hot, and when Betty is up she is up, sure 'nough; and whatever strikes then will make the sparks fly.

Ah, I've vexed and worried her many a time (and Uncle John sighed), and she'd bear it all as patient as an angel. She wouldn't say a word o' scoldin' for days an' days (here Uncle John smiled). But last of all, she'd fold her arms an' give me a bit of her mind—and a very strong-minded woman you'd have thought her, too, sir. Then directly 'twas over, she'd go on with

her work again just as if nothin' had happened. Not like some folks, who sulk and keep rumblin' round an' round for hours, like the thunderstorms that come and go with the tide.

But bless her, it be a long time now since the last storm broke, and I don't reckon that there 'll be any more of 'em. I've often told her that if she'd been one of the smilin', smirkin' sort, who are all tears for your troubles and sunshine for your joys, we should have been dead and buried long ago. I can mind, years since, how the still water was full of lovely reflections—blue sky and green leaves and yellow flowers and pure lilies—but 'tis the water down between the dark walls, hurled and whirled and troubled, as if it had no time to show itself, and didn't want any admiration, that turns the mill wheels and grinds corn for the hungry people. Bless her, when everybody gets their due, as they will some day, there won't be many come in for more than Betty will.

SHADRACH, MESHACH, AND ABEDNEGO.

A SONNET.—R. EVANS.

THE fiery heat burst out in white wing'd flame,
Or flashed blood-red as fiery serpents glow,
With tongues of death swift darting to and fro ;
It slew the mighty, blotting out each name ;
But wreathed the martyrs with immortal fame.
O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego
Where now your bonds, and where your kingly foe ?
The Son of God this victory shall claim ;
Christ in the furnace glorifies His power,
And with His servants walks its molten floor.
He chills its blazing billows with a glance,
And from the mighty takes the helpless prey ;
While Persia's idols from His countenance
Sink into darkness as they pass away.

LEGAL PROHIBITION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

It has been conclusively shown, we conceive, in previous papers of this temperance series, that the liquor traffic is not only injurious to trade and commerce, but that it is also the principal cause of poverty and crime; that it is in league with every kind of violence and wrong; that it is the active agent and ally of Satan, and the aider and abettor of all manner of wickedness. It remains to show, which is, we think, not difficult, except to those blinded by interest or prejudice, that it is the duty of the Government to put it down by legislative enactment. The attitude of the Government is not that of mere tolerance of this gigantic evil; it is the active agent in its creation. It has framed iniquity into a law, and applied the opiate of its authority to the consciences of men, who will batten on the faults and vices of their fellow-men—human vampires, sucking the very lives out of their victims, extinguishing every spark of manhood or nobility, and changing them in hideous transformation into the likeness of beasts. It authorizes men, by Act of Parliament, to work out, unmolested, the wreck and ruin, present and eternal, of their fellow-men.

The plea for this guilty complicity in the traffic of souls, is that the revenue, forsooth, would suffer by its suppression.

“ The excise is fattened with the rich result
Of all this riot. The ten thousand casks,
Forever dribbling out their base contents,
Touched by the Midas finger of the State,
Bleed gold for Parliament to vote away.
Drink and be mad, then, 'tis your country bids;
Gloriously drunk—obey the important call:
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats.
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.”

* In consideration of the strenuous efforts being made in many parts of the country to secure the passage of the Dunkin Act, we have thought it not inexpedient to present the following argument in favour of the still more complete suppression of the traffic by its total prohibition.—Ed.

In the first place, it is a mistaken notion, as has been abundantly shown, that the budget of the country is aided by the liquor traffic. Although the revenue derived from the excise and customs' duty on liquor is large, when we consider the immense *contra* account, representing the cost of the pauperism and of the repression of crime caused by the traffic, as well as the perversion of capital from productive industries, there will be found an enormous balance of loss, instead of gain.

The Rev. John Wesley puts this very clearly in a letter addressed to the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, dated Sept. 6, 1784. The excise on spirits, that year, amounted to £20,000. "But have not the spirits distilled," he says, "cost 20,000 lives of his Majesty's liege subjects? Is not, then, the blood of these men vilely bartered for £20,000—not to say anything of the enormous wickedness which has been occasioned thereby, and not to suppose that these poor wretches had any souls? But to consider money alone, is the King a gainer or an immense loser? To say nothing of millions of quarters of corn *destroyed*, which, if exported, would add more than £20,000 to the revenue, be it considered *dead men pay no taxes*; so that by the death of 20,000 persons yearly (and this computation is far under the mark) the revenue loses far more than it gains."

This was also shown from the fact that when, in consequence of Father Mathews' temperance labours in Ireland, the revenue from liquors fell off £300,000, that, from the taxable increase of the comforts and luxuries of the people it advanced £390,000, showing a clear gain of £90,000 in the revenue, besides the immense reduction in pauperism, crime, and disease.

But even if it were not so; supposing that the revenue of the country must suffer, better a thousand-fold that it should than that the exchequer of the country should be replenished with this price of blood—the blood of souls—like the wretched gain of Judas—every accursed coin of which is smeared with blood.

It is the duty of the Government to extend the *Aegis* of its protection over the people, to shield them from injury or wrong; but, by licensing the liquor traffic, it plies them with temptations to crime, and then punishes them for its commission; it makes a

profit out of their unhallowed passion for strong drink, and then inflicts its penalties for the indulgence of that passion.

The opponents of prohibition triumphantly ask if its advocates expect to make men moral by Act of Parliament?—that being, it is assumed, the very climax of absurdity. Although prohibition may not make men moral, it may, at least, remove the temptations to immorality. It can cast the stigma of disgrace and illegality on the sale of liquor, instead of endorsing the practice by declaring its legality. Licensing the evil is certainly not the way of preventing, but rather of perpetuating, it. Experience has shown that the restriction of the traffic is always followed by a decrease in crime, a diminution of poverty, and an increase of the other and profitable branches of trade. For it is the vicious peculiarity of the liquor traffic that it is not governed, as other legitimate branches of commerce are, by the ordinary laws of supply and demand, but that it creates an unnatural and unhealthy demand for itself, stimulating and increasing the appetite to which it ministers, which, when the facilities for its indulgence are removed, dies away of itself. It may be true, as the opponents of prohibition assert, that if a man *chooses* to get drunk, he will do so, even in spite of prohibition. But few men deliberately *choose* to get drunk; but are overcome before they are aware. They dally with temptation till the appetite has acquired such a tyranny, that in the presence of liquor, or even where there is a probability of obtaining it, they lose all control of their appetites, and many voluntarily seek protection therefrom, even within the walls of an asylum or a prison.

We are met at the outset with a remonstrance against the injury that would be done to the vested rights of the trade by legal prohibition. It is true that vast sums are invested in this business. The great brewers and distillers have grown enormously rich by the manufacture, and have entrenched themselves in the strength which the influence of great riches gives. But is their private interest to stand in the way of the welfare of the nation? By long immunity the traffic has grown to enormous magnitude and increased the difficulty of its suppression. But its very magnitude has also increased the necessity for that step,

and if the problem be earnestly grappled with it may be solved. It were better and cheaper a thousand-fold to buy out the entire liquor interest, and thus deliver the land from this curse and crime, rather than let it groan beneath its burden for years to come. Doubtless, the diversion of so much capital to other and more useful industries would cause temporary confusion, as did the repeal of the corn-laws, the disendowment of the Irish Church, and other sweeping reforms, but it would also be attended with great and permanent benefit that would far outweigh any transient disadvantage.

We are met, at every attempt to suppress the traffic, by an outcry against the *unconstitutionality* of legal prohibition. We are told that it is an invasion of the liberty of the subject—of his sacred rights as a free-born Briton. But no man has the right to injure his neighbour, either with or without his consent; and whoever engages as a principal or accessory in the liquor traffic is guilty of an offence against society, and especially of a grievous wrong against the victims of that traffic. The fact that no one has the natural right to sell this death-dealing poison is implied in the Government license system, which arbitrarily confers the legal privilege—the moral right it cannot give—on a certain limited number for a certain sum of money, and may as justly, nay, much more justly, withhold that privilege from all than grant it to any.

The law will not allow any one to sell tainted or unwholesome food, and the wilful adulteration of food renders the perpetrators of the offence amenable to severe legal penalties. In many places, too, no druggist may sell poisons without the authority of a medical certificate, and no one thinks these wholesome restrictions unconstitutional. Why, then, should the prohibition of the sale of those pernicious beverages, which poison more men and women in a week than all the adulterated food and noxious drugs in the country in an entire year, be considered unconstitutional?

No man may carry his theory of personal liberty to such an extent as to injure the health or property, or to destroy the comfort, of his neighbour. He may not carry on an offensive or deleterious trade near the habitation of man, nor pollute the air

or water, which are common to all. In this class of public nuisances Blackstone includes "all disorderly inns or ale-houses, gaming-houses," and places of still viler resort. See also the same general views enunciated in Mill's celebrated "Essay on Liberty," although its distinguished author is opposed to legal prohibition. "Yet," says the Rev. Albert Barnes, "there is no property which so certainly and so uniformly works evil in a community as that employed in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks."

"If penal legislation," writes Pierpont, "be justified in any case, why not in this? If it be penal to kill your neighbour with a bullet, why should it not be penal to kill him with the bowl? If it be penal to take away life by poison which does it work in six hours, why not penal to do so by one which takes six years for its deadly operation? Arsenic takes away animal life merely, while alcohol gives not only ten times the amount of animal agony, but also destroys the soul, sapping all moral feeling, quenching all intellectual light. Therefore," he says, "I ask a *more severe* punishment for that crime which works the moral and immortal ruin, than for that whose touch overturns a mere tenement of clay." Yet, with a glaring inconsistency, the Government, whose function is surely not less the prevention of crime, where that is possible, than its punishment, will authorize the manufacture and sale of that, the legitimate and inseparable consequences of which it relentlessly punishes.

Does it not thus become accessory to the act—aider and abettor in the crime—*accessorius particeps criminis*? In the Province of Ontario, the law does regard the liquor dealer as responsible for the result of the traffic; and if any disastrous consequences accrue from the sale of liquor, he may be amerced in a heavy fine. But much more is any Government morally responsible for the resulting evils, which for paltry pelf, will legalize a traffic injurious to the best interests of society, which supplies the stimulant that nerves the assassin's arm and kindles the incendiary's torch, and then inflicts the extreme penalty for arson or murder. "How can they justly," says Dr. Edgar, of Belfast, "condemn a poor wretch to be hanged for a crime committed in

the raging of drunkenness to which they have themselves ministered?" Thus Christian England protects in her midst a legalized Thuggism a thousand times more atrocious and destructive than that of India; thus she nurses in her bosom a viper that with its envenomed fangs poisons the whole body politic; thus she cherishes a traffic which, like the unrenewed heart of man, is evil, and only evil, and that continually; a traffic that every year sends 60,000 victims, reeling and staggering, into the presence of their Maker; which sends 10,000 raving maniacs or drivelling idiots to the lunatic asylums; which maddens about 400 a year with such ungovernable frenzy as to kill with heartless ferocity as many innocent victims, and 600 more to kill themselves; which keeps an army of 100,000 conscripts of crime in the prisons of the land, and creates a vast and dangerous host of paupers, thieves, and prostitutes; which destroys, in loss from disease, wasted industry, perverted capital, and abridgement of human life, not less than £300,000,000 a year; and which brings into the public exchequer a paltry £20,000,000 of unhallowed gain.

Even the pagan government of China puts to shame our so-called Christian legislation. They, in lofty scorn, refuse to make merchandise of the vices of the people, and endeavour, as far as they can, to suppress the opium trade, which, dreadful as it is, does not produce a tithe of the vice and crime caused by the liquor traffic, fostered and protected by enlightened, Christian governments, as if it were the very palladium of the nation.

The constitutionality of the legal prohibition of the liquor traffic has been asserted, time after time, by the highest legislative and judicial authorities in the land. Speaking even of private vices, that illustrious commentator on the laws of England, Sir Wm. Blackstone, says: "Let a man be ever so abandoned in his principles, or vicious in his practice, provided he keep his wickedness to himself, and does not offend against the rules of public decency, he is out of the reach of human laws; but if he make his vices public, though they be such as seem principally to affect himself, as drunkenness and the like, they then become, by the bad example they set, of pernicious

effect to society, and therefore it is then the business of human laws to correct them." Much more is this the case when he become the active agent in disseminating a virulent evil among all classes of the community. Similar is the view taken by that eminent jurist, Vattel, who exclaims : " Let Government *banish from the State* whatever is fitted only to corrupt the morals of *the people.*"

CONSECRATION.

BY MADAME GUYON.*

A LITTLE bird I am,
 Shut out from fields of air,
 And in my cage I sit and sing
 To Him who placed me there,
 Well pleased a prisoner to be,
 Because, my God, it pleaseth thee.

Naught have I else to do ;
 I sing the whole day long ;
 And He whom most I love to please
 Doth listen to my song.
 He caught and bound my wandering wing,
 But still He bends to hear me sing.

O, it is good to soar
 These bolts and bars above,
 To Him whose purpose I adore,
 Whose providence I love,
 And in Thy mighty will to find
 The joy, the freedom of the mind.

* Madame Guyon spent the years in which she walked in the continued sunlight of the higher life amid perpetual defamations, persecutions, " bonds, and imprisonments." Fourteen years of that period she spent as a prisoner in the Bastille, where the grated window was daily darkened by the shadow of the Man in the Iron Mask as he passed up and down in the hall of that prison. Even there she ever " saw the bright light which is in the clouds," and thus sung the above for joy of heart.

EDITORIAL.

THE CONFERENCES.

THE leafy month of June is a sort of sacred month in our Canadian Methodism. Then do the representatives of the tribes of our spiritual Israel assemble together. The Conference is the focus, as it were, in which is concentrated the interest of the entire year. It is a time for counting gains and marking progress. The successive Conferences are the epochs by which the preachers measure their ministerial life. They are fraught with many sacred and tender associations, and are inspiritous to renewed consecration and quickened zeal. Many of our readers have never witnessed a Conference. Let us try to sketch one. The Conference town becomes for the time the centre of intense and widely-felt interest. For several days before the Conference meets, that important conclave, the Stationing Committee, is in session, arranging, subject to revision, the appointments for the following year. The evening before the Conference opens, the trains converging to the place of meeting are thronged with clerical travellers, each with a hand-valise—for your Methodist preacher travels in light marching order. At each station, as additions are made to the Conference-bound passengers, hearty and the greetings and warm and strong the handshakings with which each new comer is hailed. There is a wonderful feeling of brotherhood among Methodist preachers. Old companions in arms renew their youth together and “fight their battles o’er again,” and many a whole-souled joyous laugh at reminiscences of former years, or as some clerical wit gives evidence of a conscience void of offence toward God and man. Perhaps some brother is bringing his wife to visit friends on an old circuit. If so, the lady holds quite a levee as her husband’s friends are in turn presented, for next to the ministers’ brotherly interest in each other, is that which they feel in each other’s wives.

At the railway station of the Conference town the hospitable

hosts are awaiting their expected guests, who are often personally unknown ; but Brother Boanerges is soon as thoroughly at home in the comfortable domicile of Brother Haberdasher as though he had known him all his life.

Before nine o'clock in the morning, are seen wending from all parts of the town to the Conference Church, the ministers in groups of twos and threes. More hearty hand shaking, and greeting, and passing to and fro, "like bees about their straw-built citadel," is the order of the day.

Every one secures if possible, if he has not done so before, a copy of the first draft of the Stations, and eager eyes run down the list of names to find, if they do not already know it, first their own probable destination, and then that of their friends. The telegraph or post-office is promptly employed to convey the important intelligence to the far-off parsonage, where the faithful wife and eager children anxiously await the tidings so full of fate as to their future—almost always with an inevitable heartache at thought of the dislocating wrench of removal, sometimes with vague apprehensions as to the unknown new home, but always, we think, with trustful reliance on the guiding Providence of God, the important tidings is received.

At nine o'clock the Conference is opened by devotional exercises, the hymn selected being frequently the exceedingly appropriate one :—

And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face ?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For His redeeming grace.

The first business is calling the roll. There are always some absent, and some who a year before responded to their names will answer no more, they are not, for God has taken them.

Next comes the election, by ballot, of President and Secretary. The popular favourite is generally indicated by the first ballot, though sometimes successive ballots are required to obtain a clear majority. Sometimes a junior brother gets a single vote, deposited by some clerical wag, which causes a laugh, and he is admonished to live in hope. The officers elect are called on for a speech, and generally inform the Conference that, next to the

favour of God, they prize the confidence of their brethren, thank them for their votes, and ask their prayers and co-operation. The several Conference Committees are then struck. At twelve o'clock the Conference prayer-meeting is held, when numerous lay-friends are present, and the divine blessing is fervently invoked upon the officers elect and upon the proceedings of the Conference.

Much work of a routine character now follows in successive sessions—examination of ministerial character and standing, and passing on the probationers from year to year of their course, receiving reports of committees, and the like.

One question is always asked and answered with solemn interest, "Who have died?" Brief obituaries of the brethren who have fallen on the field during the year are read, and an affectionate tribute is paid their memory by some of their old companions in arms.

The Public Services in connection with the Conference are occasions of great interest. The young men who have successfully passed their four years' probation, on the afternoon of Friday undergo a final theological examination in the presence of the Conference and any of the public who choose to be present. In the evening, before a crowded congregation, a number of them give a relation of their religious experience and of their call to the public ministry. In these, the efforts of home and Sunday-school training are always apparent; and the tribute borne to the influence of pious and often sainted mothers, touches a sympathetic chord in full many a heart. Some of the senior brethren deliver addresses upon the duties of the Christian ministry, the especial qualifications demanded for the task, and other cognate topics. A spirit of sustained enthusiasm is often felt, which is manifested by fervent "Hallelujahs!" and "Amens!"

The religious interest of the Conference culminates in the Ordination Service on Sunday morning. This is preceded by the Conference Lovefeast, led by one of the aged ministers. As one after another, often with "good grey head that all men know," rises to testify of converting grace vouchsafed thirty, forty, or fifty years before, and of sustaining grace granted amid manifold travails and trials; and as touching reference is made to the sainted dead, or

to venerable saints on earth as the means of their conversion, the glistening eyes and quavering voice of the speakers manifest their deep emotion, which is shared by their hearers.

The Ordination Sermon is generally preached by the ex-President, and is sometimes of extraordinary power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost. The Church witnesses with deep interest the solemn setting apart of its future ministers for their important work. The President reads the beautiful form of Ordination in our Discipline, handed down from former times, and rich in historic associations of the heroic ages of the Church. The President and the ministers of the Conference repeat antiphonally the grand old hymn, "*Veni Creator*," and with solemn laying of hands of the senior brethren, the young men are dedicated to their great life-work. To each of them is then given a Bible, with the formula, "Take thou authority to preach the Gospel and to administer the sacraments in the holy congregation."

The anniversaries of the different societies of the Church,—Educational, Missionary, and Sunday-school,—and the Conference Temperance meetings, are occasions of great interest and importance. The speeches are generally excellent, often eloquent, and sometimes of thrilling power. It generally taxes the self-possession of a younger minister when he makes his first appearance on a Conference anniversary platform. But no more kindly and sympathetic audience can be found than one composed largely of Methodist preachers. They keenly understand the situation, they warmly applaud what is good, and generously overlook shortcomings and even failures.

The business sessions of the Conferences are sometimes a little monotonous from the routine character of the proceedings; but they are sometimes enlivened by an interesting debate, or by the wit of some brother who is able to find subject for humour, even in dry statistics. There is, almost invariably, in all the discussions a tone of Christian courtesy, and a feeling of Methodist brotherhood that makes even the business sessions a means of grace, and the devotional services are always occasions of spiritual blessing.

Almost the only cause for regret in the division of our Church

into separate Conferences, is the fact that it prevents many who have long been brothers in arms, and who may be in different Conferences, from meeting each other as often as they have been wont. But there is almost a compensation in the fact that in the smaller Conferences there is more time and better opportunity for cultivating the social acquaintance of those whom we do meet. The friendly visits of members of other Conferences serve to keep bright the links of friendship, and to demonstrate the essential unity of the Connexional brotherhood of all the Conferences.

Not the least of the pleasures of the ministers attending Conference is the enjoyment of the cordial hospitalities of their kind hosts. No man meets kinder greetings, warmer friendship, and even more ardent affection, than the Methodist preacher. He is honoured, in the first place, for his work's sake, and then, for the most part, is beloved for his own sake. At these annual gatherings are often begun friendships which are perpetuated on earth, and at last consummated in Heaven.

In our department of Religious Intelligence, we have given detailed information of our several Conferences so far as, at the time of going to press, they have been held or we have learned their proceedings. In our next number we shall record the salient events of the other Conferences.

MOUNTAINS.

I see them far away,
In their calm beauty, on the evening skies,
Across the golden west their summits rise ;
Bright with the radiance of departing day
And often, ere the sunset light has gone,
Gazing and longing, I have hastened on,
As with new strength, all weariness and pain
Forgotten in the hope those blissful heights to gain.

THE HIGHER LIFE—AN ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

BY C. H. FOWLER, D.D., LL.D.

MASSILLON, the famous French pulpit orator and Bishop, in his *Sentiments d'une Ame touchée de Dieu*, "Sentiments of a Soul touched of God," says: "You can serve God with pleasure only when you serve him *without reservation*. From the moment that you have made him entire master of your heart, hope and confidence and joy will spring up in the depth of your soul."

Here we have the idea of that "entire consecration" so much and so beneficially insisted upon by our modern advocates of "the higher life"—that higher life which the author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family," in a late English periodical, justly says, "should be the ordinary Christian life"—though, as she admits, it is far from being so in Christendom generally. She professes to have experienced the "higher life," and urges that it be made common.

The advocates of the higher life have a legitimate idea, and it is producing a marvellous and most salutary effect, not only in this country, but in England, Scotland, Germany, and France. We bid them God-speed. They are rendering familiar, outside the pale of Methodism, a great truth which Fletcher taught, and also lived, a hundred years ago, and which Wesley pronounced the "grand *depositum* of Methodism"—that for which, he believed, Methodism was chiefly raised up. We have nothing to say against them, or, at least, against their special work. The Greek Church, the Latin Church, and—as Alexander Knox, the friend of Wesley, said to Robert Southey—the best old divines of the Anglican Church, taught Wesley's doctrine of sanctification; and not a few of the Roman Catholic manuals of devotion bear the express title of "Christian Perfection." Some of our best old Calvinistic theologians taught it substantially, though they deemed it more an "ideal" than a "real" standard for Christian life. The Congregational Union of England, reviewing the rife discussion of the subject now going on there, declared

that it is a revival of an old and precious truth, bringing into more common realization a form of Christian experience always taught by their theology, but seldom before practically attained

We will not even object to the distinctive title of the subject, for, though the idea it expresses should be embodied in the common Christian life, yet we all know that it has not been, even among the followers of Wesley, who have been most familiar with it. It may, then, well enough provisionally, be called the higher Christian life; but we pray that it may yet become the ordinary life of the Church.

There are two postulates taught by the advocates of the "higher life," as the essential conditions of its attainment, namely, entire *consecration* and absolute *faith* in God's acceptance of the consecration. A third postulate may also be stated—the result of such consecration and faith, namely, perfect peace, the "rest of faith" in accordance with the prophet's declaration, "Thou will keep him in *perfect peace* whose mind is stayed on thee, because he putteth his trust [faith] in thee;" and the apostle's equivalent declaration that "perfect love casteth out fear."

Massillon, doubtless, knew the old doctrine of the Church on "Christian perfection," and that entire consecration must precede it. But, though the treatise from which we have quoted is imbued with fervid piety—the piety which we find in the celebrated Catholic manual of a 'Kempis, the "Imitation of Christ," and in some of the writings of the best "Mystics"—yet he certainly does not restrict his doctrine of consecration to a special class of Christians, to "Mystics" or "Perfectionists;" he inculcates it upon all; he urges it as the requisite of a happy Christian life with all. He addresses Catholics in common, all of whom are supposed to be Christians, and tells them why they are not more devoted, and especially why they are not more generally examples of the consolations of piety. It is because they come short of *entire consecration*. They live their Christian life with certain "reservations," certain compromises with the conventional habits and vices around them, assuming that they cannot all be saints; that, though a few may be found to exemplify a sanctity superior to the temptations of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," yet

these are select, privileged ones ; and ordinary men must expect only ordinary piety and the ordinary discomforts of such piety.

He insists that even the most criminal penitent may rise, by entire consecration, to entire blessedness ; so that his very sins, thus conquered by the grace of God, may become but “the stepping-stones,” Tennyson sings, “to something higher.” “The memory of your crimes,” he continues, “will recur to you only with the memory of the eternal mercy which has inspired you with repentance and horror for them ; the deeper that abyss in which you were buried so many years may appear to you—the more frightful and without hope of recovery if you had been abandoned to yourself—the more you will be touched with the mercy of the Lord, whose all-powerful hand has lifted you out of it. You will read, in the history of your sinful wanderings, His infinite compassion on your soul ; and the more you discover that you have been a sinner, the more will be apparent to you His goodness, mercy, and love.” Hence, however guilty you have been, “you will serve Him with delight if you serve Him without reservation ; but only if you thus serve Him.”

We may, then, with the great French preacher, enforce on all ordinary Christians *the duty of entire consecration*. We may do so aside from their opinions of what is called the “higher life,” or sanctification. Entire consecration will, sooner or later, afford them the best solution of any difficulties they have on that subject.

Doubtless, penitent souls at the time of their conversion do usually design to give themselves wholly to God. But do they remain wisely His ? Do they not ordinarily find around them such a partial consecration of Christian life as leads them to suppose that they need not, perhaps cannot, be saintly in their own lives ? Do they not quite generally compromise, more or less, their consciences with the maxims and habits of the godless world ? We need not pause here to inquire into the doctrinal difficulties of sanctification, of the relations of justification to sanctification, etc. ; we need only refer to the “sleer matter of fact,” that the mass of the Christian world is not living a life of entire consecration. Who doubts this fact ? And who doubts that entire consecration is an intelligible and a fundamental

requisite of scriptural piety, whatever may be the differences of opinion about sanctification? In every great section and in every age of the Church this has been admitted. Here, then, we may take our stand indisputably, and enforce the exhortation of Massillon as the ordinance of the Bible itself, Serve God without reservation, or you cannot serve him with consolation, or even with safety. For the world, with which you compromise your religious life, may be found too powerful for you, and may engulf you at last.

With this entire consecration you shall have the blessedness the interior peace, of which the eloquent French Bishop speaks Nothing more disturbs the tranquility of the Christian conscience than the sense of its own compromise with evil. And are not many professors of religion habitually in such inward discomfort? Let them thank God that His good Spirit will not let them rest in these compromises. Woe to the man who can rest in them! His very power to do so should appal him, and break the spell of his fallacies. But why live in such discomfort? Relief is within your immediate reach. Contritely lay all on the altar of consecration, even your sins, your most besetting sins; God "will abundantly pardon." And, living in accordance with an unreserved consecration, you will find the "peace of God which passeth all understanding"; the whole course of the Christian life will become simpler, easier, and more consolatory to you; the miseries of a divided, an ever-dubious, mind, will pass away; the fear of death will be subdued; the will of God will be not only your duty, but your felicity.

Will not this be, indeed, a "higher life" to you? And will it not be also an easier life? Pause not, then, to dispute with others or with yourself, about the difficulties of "sanctification." The Church is already too much harassed with such disputes. There can be no dispute about "consecration." Make this, and see whither it will lead you. Be assured of one thing—it will at last lead you into heaven.

R E Q U I T A L .

A TRAVELLER in the desert wild
 Dropped a seedling in the ground,
 And digged a well and walled it round,
 That to the wandering desert child
 Might be an oasis green
 In that desert land, I ween.

The seedling burst its rugged rind,
 And, struggling to the sunlight sheen
 Gleamed two leaves of glossy green,
 Trembling in the gentle wind ;
 And evermore the treelet grew,
 And ever as the breezes blew,
 Its tender branches swayed and bent,
 And ever deeper down it sent
 Its rootlets in that desert land
 To the founts of nourishment
 Deep down in the cool moist sand.

And now beneath a copper sky
 Waves a tall and stately tree,
 Its lordly head uplifting high,
 Its gay plumes tossing wild and free,
 Its leafy arms extending wide
 So that far on every side,
 A tender, light-obscuring shade
 By its branching arms is made.

In after years a traveller grey
 Worn and weary with the way
 Rested 'neath the cool green shade
 By the friendly palm-tree made
 And drank from the refreshing spring,
 Dug, years before, by his own hand,
 Which such gladness round did fling
 In that dreary, desert land.

Thus amid life's desert land,
 Every deed of kindness wrought,
 Every pure and holy thought,
 Every gentle smile of love,
 Every friendly grasp of hand,
 Bringeth blessing from above ;
 In our time of sorest need,
 Of lasting joys the certain seed.

— *W. H. Withrow, M.A.*

THE DOCTRINE OF DESCENT AND DARWINISM.*

BY THE REV. WM. S. BLACKSTOCK.

BEING thoroughly persuaded that the Author of Nature is the Author of Revelation, and that He cannot be inconsistent with Himself, we cannot doubt that, when properly interpreted, the teaching of the former of these will be found to be in complete accord with that of the latter ; we are, therefore, always sorry to meet with a book, especially if it be one of unquestionable ability, which, whether written from the scientific or the theological standpoint, is calculated to widen the breach between the scientist and the theologian. Such, we regret to say, seems to be the inevitable tendency of the volume under review. The style is clear and vigorous, the presentation of the salient points of the theory of Evolution which is associated with the name of Mr. Darwin, is able and perspicuous, and so far, we find no cause of quarrel with the author ; the facts which he groups together are interesting, and his reasoning upon them, though not always conclusive, is ingenuous, but the spirit in which the book is written is objectionable in the extreme. The author regards religion with something like the feeling with which an enraged bull regards a red cloth. He never has occasion to mention it, or anything that pertains to it, without manifesting his evil *animus* toward it in a way that makes him appear simply ridiculous, and which is apt to suggest the idea that his judgment is worth as little in scientific matters as it is in respect to matters of religion his opinions are beneath contempt.

Mr. Oscar Schmidt is one of those towering geniuses who think themselves quite competent to deal with

all mysteries and all knowledge, and he grows quite indignant at the idea of any one presuming to set limits to the domain of science. Of course no one denies to him, or anybody else, the right of carrying his investigations of Nature just as far as his faculties will permit him to carry them ; but sober-minded people do object to having the theories and hypotheses of any man or set of men palmed upon them for real science. No one, whose judgment is worth anything in such matters, is disposed to question the value of hypothesis, so long as it is modestly held as such. Probably most, if not all, the scientific doctrines which are now generally accepted existed at one time as mere guesses at truth. But every tyro in scientific study knows that only a very small proportion, indeed, of the theories which have been invented to account for the observed facts of Nature have ever been verified. Upon no point probably is the history of the past more admonitory than on this. The pathway of human progress from the earliest historic times to the present is strewn with the wrecks of theories which have been held by some of the greatest minds of the race, and, in some instances, were unquestioned for ages, but had to be abandoned when tested by clearer light and more extended observation of the facts of Nature.

Probably what has been will be. As history has repeated itself in the past, it will most likely continue to repeat itself in the future. Many of the theories of the present, and some, it may be, which seem to rest upon an immovable foundation, will, no doubt, be exploded by-and-by ; and

* *The Doctrine of Descent and Darwinism.* By Oscar Schmidt. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

others will laugh just as heartily at our ignorance and our crude, ill-considered, and inadequate theories, as we are disposed to make merry over the theories which have been held by the generations who have come upon the stage before us. The exact sciences occupy only a very limited sphere, and whatever lies beyond that contracted circle has ever been, and probably will ever be, subject to change. Theory, at best, proves nothing; it is itself the thing to be proved: of course so long as it accounts for all the facts which it is invented to explain it may be reasonably held, and the greater the number of facts accounted for by it the more probable does it become; but, after all, a single clearly established and plainly inconsistent fact is sufficient to upset the most plausible theory that ever was held.

But what is the value or importance of this doctrine about which such an enormous pothole is made in our day? What great difference does it make to any one of us whether he has actually been developed from frog-spawn or made directly of the dust of the earth? It does not seem to matter much to us whether we were produced immediately by the fiat of the Almighty, or mediately through a long succession of stages extending through immense periods of time. If this theory were verified to an extent that left no reasonable doubt whatever of its truth, it would make none of us either better or worse. It is what we are, rather than how we came to be what we are, in which we are most deeply

concerned. Nor does it appear that the glory of the Creator is involved in this question; for *if it could be proved* that all the forms of life at present on the globe had been developed from a single particle of jelly, from the quickening of a single germ cell, the display of wisdom and power would be just as great as if each of them had been produced by a separate act of creation. In fact, it seems difficult to conceive anything more sublime than the idea of the Almighty compressing into a tiny speck of matter which has been compared to an oil globule which may be seen suspended in a drop of alcohol when put under the lens of a microscope—if it could be proved—all the possibilities of such an animate creation as that with which we are surrounded and of which we form a part.

But the real interest which Schmidt, and men of his class, have in this subject seems to be the outgrowth entirely of a desire to get rid *in toto* of the idea of both Creator and creation. It is the idea of the supernatural that exasperates him. It is with God that he has the quarrel; and He it is that he desires to dislodge from His place and drive from the universe.

Any one desiring a compendious and powerful statement of the doctrine of Darwinism, with the most plausible things that can be said in its favour, will find them in this volume; though we feel that we could give it a much more cordial commendation but for the blemishes to which reference has been made above.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

MAY MEETINGS.

The lovely month of May has long been regarded by British Christians as the jubilee month of the year. Exeter Hall, London, is usually occu-

pied two or three times each day, during the whole month, by the friends of the various benevolent societies who crowd the spacious edifice at their annual meetings. Ministers and laymen of various evangelical

denominations rally around one common standard to encourage each other in their arduous toils.

The Bible Society, with Earl Shaftesbury at its head, had a very successful anniversary. Churchmen and Dissenters, all alike, rejoiced to do their utmost to spread the Book of books throughout the world. Dr. Punshon preached the annual sermon, taking for his text, "The perfect law of liberty," James i. 25. The sermon was characterized by all the usual traits of Dr. Punshon's public efforts, and was listened to by an immense audience. Dr. Punshon also delivered a thrilling address at the annual meeting of the Religious Tract Society.

The annual meetings of the various societies in connection with the Wesleyan Church, which are held in May, appear to be increasing every year. These are Educational, Home and Foreign Missions, Lay Agency in the Metropolis, Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund, and the Mission to Seamen.

The Foreign Missionary Meeting has long been regarded as the most important. This year it would seem that the interest, so far from abating, appeared to increase, so that for five hours the people listened with unflagging interest to the eloquent addresses. S. D. Waddy, Esq., Q.C., M.P., son of the late Rev. Dr. Waddy, occupied the chair. The eminent barrister bids fair to hand down the name of Waddy with increasing lustre. Some of the ministers who preached the sermons before the Society were comparative strangers in the metropolis, but, doubtless, they will be heard there again. Rev. Dr. Cooke, of the Methodist New Connexion, preached on the Friday morning, a sermon of great power, on the well-known text, "Thy kingdom come."

The Chinese breakfast meeting has long been an important appendage to the missionary anniversary. The gathering this year was large and enthusiastic. Many of the most

distinguished ministers and missionaries were present.

The Home Missionary Society's annual meeting was held in City Road Chapel, and was one of great enthusiasm. The income exceeds \$184,000, but there is, unhappily, a debt of about \$40,000, which prevents further aggressions being made. The President of the Conference, the Rev. Alexander M'Aulay, takes deep interest in Home Missions. Dr. Jobson also supports a missionary in his native county—Lincolnshire. This enterprise is doing much for the spread of Methodism in the neglected parts of England, particularly the villages.

The Home Missions employ various agencies, hence sanction is given to the peculiar agency inaugurated by the Rev. Charles Garrett, Liverpool, who has established no less than twenty-two comfortable, well-furnished, clean cocoa rooms. In a few weeks one million gallons of tea, coffee, and cocoa were sold. In eighteen months, two thousand five hundred persons had signed the temperance pledge. So well has this movement succeeded, that the company has paid a dividend of ten per cent., and has a good balance remaining.

One of the most remarkable events in connection with the Wesleyan Missionary Society is its position at Rome. In 1861, two missionaries entered Italy, but one of them was soon obliged to leave in consequence of ill-health. Now thirty stations are occupied by native Italians, several of whom were once priests, and not a few of whom are men of great ability. In the city of Rome an extensive mission, comprising lectures, evening classes, house visitation, and various religious services have been established, which is producing great good, notwithstanding the fierce opposition which has to be endured. The new church so recently dedicated confronts the sombre palace of Cardinal La Valetta, the Vicar of Rome. The securing this spacious

church in the papal city will be of great utility to Methodism in the future.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The principal event in connection with our Church since our last issue has been the convocations of Victoria College, at Cobourg, and that of Mount Allison, N.B., and the meeting of its annual Conferences. We had the pleasure of attending the former. The Baccalaureate sermon was preached by President Nelles, who sustained his well-earned reputation. A lecture on the "Catacombs of Rome" was delivered by the Editor of this Magazine to a large audience in the Alumni Hall. The Science Association gave a public entertainment, at which two papers of great merit were read by members of the Association, followed by discussions, which created great interest. It was evident to unscientific people that the young men had paid great attention to the subjects discussed. The conferring of the degrees was, as usual, a season of great interest. Sixteen young gentlemen received the degree of B.A.; two former graduates that of M.A., and six that of B.D., while more than twenty received the degree of M.D. The honorary degree of D.D. was conferred upon Revs. J. Elliott and G. R. Sanderson, of Ontario, and Revs. Gervase Smith and C. J. Ward, England. Addresses were also delivered by some of the old graduates, amongst whom was Rev. E. Ryerson, D.D., LL.D., who was truly the old man eloquent. It must have been a season of thrilling interest to him and others to now witness the prosperity of the University on whose behalf they have spent so many years. The affairs of the College were never more prosperous than at present. The endowment exceeds \$100,000. Faraday Hall will soon be completed, without adding anything to the debt. The members of the Science Association have nobly resolved to defray the expense of fur-

nishing it with suitable apparatus and library at a cost of \$10,000, while the ladies of Cobourg have become responsible for the cost of beautifying the grounds.

Mount Allison University has had a prosperous year, both in its female and male departments. Several of the former graduates have attained to eminence in professional life. Six students received the degree of B.A., and three that of B.S., while the honorary degree of D.D. was conferred upon a minister who has long been one whom our brethren in the eastern provinces have delighted to honour, viz., Rev. Henry Pope, jun., who has lately distinguished himself by issuing a volume of sermons, which has been favourably noticed by the reviewers. We congratulate our brethren in the Maritime Provinces on the auspicious circumstances in which their seat of learning is placed.

The leaven of Methodist unification spreads. "The Methodist Protestant Church" and "the Methodist Church" of the United States, two bodies long separated, have now amalgamated; invitations have been extended to the various branches of the Methodist family in England and America to send fraternal delegations to the next General Conference, to be held in May, 1880. The Churches thus united consist of more than 100,000 members. May other branches imitate their example.

While preparing these notes the Conferences and Synods are being held. Our Primitive Methodist brethren have led the way. They report having had a good Conference, though the increase of membership is much smaller than was anticipated, only 384. Two ministers had resigned, and another returned to England.

THE CONFERENCES.

June is the month for the Canadian Conferences: London comes first. This year our Western brethren assembled in the granite

town of Guelph, where, as in other places, a generous hospitality was extended by the inhabitants. It was a somewhat remarkable coincidence that the Congregational Union assembled in the same town at the same time; still, ample provision was made for all who attended both gatherings. The occasion was improved by the exchange of fraternal visits. Rev. Dr. Sanderson, with Messrs. Lavell and Langford, visited the Union, and presented the greetings of the Conference, while a delegation from the Congregational Union also visited the Conference and presented the greetings of the Union. The season in both instances was pleasant to all concerned.

The Rev. James Gray was elected President, and Rev. J. B. Clarkson, M.A., Secretary. Our brethren in the West appear to be prospering in every respect. The retiring President, Dr. Sanderson, stated that he had dedicated eighteen churches, which cost over \$110,000; had travelled over 10,000 miles, and written more than 800 letters. The increase in the membership exceeds 2,000. The anniversary meetings were seasons of hallowed enjoyment. Several brethren from Toronto Conference visited their brethren at Guelph. We like to see these friendly exchanges of greeting. One thing pleased us, there seems to be no lack of candidates for the ministry. Both Conferences invited Rev. E. Ryerson, D.D., to publish a series of essays recalling the scenes of early Methodism, and correctly narrating those events which are of such importance to the Methodist people of this country. The Doctor complied with the request. A valuable contribution will thus be made to our Canadian literature, and the Methodists especially will rejoice to have such a record as will always be regarded as an invaluable standard. Our brethren in the London Conference are increasing in ministerial strength. Rev. J. Bell was received from the Primitive Methodist

Church, and some others from some other Churches.

The Toronto Conference assembled at Whitby. Many persons were afraid that the undertaking was too great for the Methodists of that town, but never was the Conference more royally entertained. All the sessions were harmonious. The Rev. George Young was elected President, and by his well-known urbanity, he became increasingly endeared to all his brethren. None could hold the reins with a more gentle hand, and yet he despatched business with rapidity. The Rev. William Briggs, who has very satisfactorily discharged the duties of Secretary during the past year, was re-elected to the same office for the ensuing year. One minister, the Rev. J. F. Ockley, was received from another section of the Church. Ten young men were ordained, and an excellent class of candidates were received on trial. The numerical increase was not equal to expectation, only 924. The religious services were unusually impressive, those of the Sabbath will not soon be forgotten. Dr. Jeffers, the retiring President, was thanked for his services, and the official sermon which he preached on Sabbath morning was requested for publication. It was a most opportune and valuable discourse. A resolution similar to the one adopted at London Conference respecting Dr. Ryerson's forthcoming volume was adopted, and a very cordial vote of thanks was presented to Dr. Green for the volume containing valuable Methodist historical facts, which he has lately published, the profits of which he gives to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund.

The Montreal Conference met in the picturesque city of Ottawa, in the new and handsome Dominion Church. This was the first Methodist Conference that was ever held in the Capital, and nothing could exceed the kindness and generosity which extended on all hands. The Rev. Dr. Douglas was elected President

a position which he occupied with great dignity and ability. The Rev. W. S. Blackstock was elected Secretary. The business sessions were characterized by a spirit of harmony throughout, and the public meetings were occasions of much interest and profit. The Sabbath services were seasons of great spiritual blessing. The Rev. Dr. Fowler, of New York, was present, and delivered an eloquent and powerful discourse in the evening. The Rev. W. Pascoe, of the English Conference, did good service at the religious temperance meeting in the afternoon. Five young men were received into full connexion, and two were ordained for special purposes. The statistics showed a gratifying increase in the membership; and, notwithstanding the stringency of the present times, the whole of the connexional funds had been well sustained. This Conference will assemble next year in the town of Brockville.

The eighty-first annual Conference of the Methodist New Connexion, in England, was held this year in the town of Leeds, commencing on the 11th ult. The Rev. J. Medcraft, of Nottingham, was elected President. There were 129 members present at the Conference. It was stated that there had been a net increase of 1,161 members during the year, and that the funds had been considerably increased.

ITEMS.

—Church and parsonage erections have been very numerous. It has been simply marvellous, considering the depressed state of trade, that so many beautiful edifices have been built in all parts of the Dominion. Ontario, with its usual enterprise, has largely taken the lead, but it has not by any means been alone. Our brethren in the East have shown a noble determination to build churches which are a credit to the community, and will, we doubt not, tend largely to the extension of God's work among them.

It is delightful also to record the fact that, as a general rule, the debts are either wholly liquidated, or else so arranged that they can never be burdensome. Our fathers in England were for years compelled to struggle under such heavy burdens as were intolerable to be borne, while our brethren in the United States have also been necessitated to provide against similar difficulties. We are glad that a new era has dawned, and that now it has become a maxim in our denomination that debts should be extinguished before churches are dedicated. Such a principle, acted upon, will greatly facilitate the prosperity of the Church in all time to come.

—The increase of members in the Wesleyan body in England is likely to be 9,000, after making up for the loss of 40,000 from the usual causes of deaths, declensions, &c.

—There are three hundred and fifty churches in Burmah, and nine-tenths of the work is done by native preachers.

—There are 900,000 Christians among the 190,000,000 inhabitants of British India.

—The Presbytery of Buffalo, U. S., at a recent meeting licensed Henry Silverheels, a Seneca Indian nearly sixty years old, to preach the Gospel. He has long sustained a high character as a Christian.

—In the schools of Yeddo, Japan, there are 12,000 scholars who are now studying European languages. All learn French, 8,000 are learning English, and 2,000 the German.

—The University of Virginia has three hundred and forty-seven students. It has received, during the past year, donations of \$225,000, besides books and the full equipment of a gymnasium.

—A gentleman in Australia spends \$25,000 a year in the circulation of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons in that country.

—Recently, Mrs. John C. Green, of New York, sent a check for \$50,000 to the treasurer of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, and by this noble act not only wiped away the \$36,000 debt of last year, and the \$7,000 deficit of the year just closed, but put a surplus of \$7,000 in the treasury.

—A Hungarian nobleman recently gave a million of dollars to the Protestant Church in that country, and soon afterwards renounced the Roman Catholic Church and became a Protestant.

—Mrs. Betsy Whitehouse, of Pembroke, New Haven, has left a large bequest to religious institutions. She gives \$66,000 to the New Hampshire Missionary Society (Congregational); \$5,000 to the New Hampshire Bible Society; \$1,000 to the Congregational Church in Pembroke, and makes the New Hampshire Missionary Society residuary legatee to an additional sum of \$90,000.

—Mr. Lyman Bennett, of Troy, N. Y., who recently gave \$5,000 to the Syracuse University, has just donated \$10,000 to the Northern Methodist Freedmen's Aid Society, for establishing a seminary at Greenboro', N. C. The seminary is to bear the donor's name.

—The Rev. Dr. J. M. Trimble, in addition to his previous gifts to the Ohio Wesleyan University, has recently secured to the trustees twelve thousand dollars in bonds and notes, upon which he is to receive an annuity during his life.

—Mr. William Muter, of Manchester, England, has intimated his desire to hand over to the trustees of the English Presbyterian College, London, a sum of \$10,000, in order to found three theological scholarships of \$150 each, with a proviso that competitors are to be practical abstainers from alcoholic liquors and from tobacco.

BOOK NOTICES.

Spurious Catholicity; or, Socinianism Unmasked. By a Methodist Minister. 12mo. pp. 62. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto and Montreal. Price, 20 cents.

This timely pamphlet is a trenchant review of Mr. Roy's recent *brochure*, in which he assails the authority of the Bible and the truth of the orthodox doctrines of religion. The author is evidently master of the whole ground of the controversy. He closely follows Mr. Roy through the devious windings of his rather disingenuous line of argument. He unmasks his false pretenses and confutes his erroneous conclusions. He shows that many of the weapons hurled by Mr. Roy against orthodox

Christianity have been snatched from the armoury of ancient heresy and refurbished for the present attack on the doctrines of Methodism. But, a hundred times refuted, from the times of Porphyry down, their blunted edge is powerless against the great granite truths of the Bible. He shows that Mr. Roy's teaching, however much he may deny that fact, is identical with the doctrines of Unitarianism. He exposes his partial and incorrect representation of the facts of Church history, and his garbled quotations and perverted interpretations of authors whom Mr. Roy quotes in support of his false theory, especially of Mr. Wesley himself. And he shows that the action of our Church authorities in

this affair was the only action at all consistent with their fidelity to the doctrines, not only of our own, but of all evangelical Churches. Every one who has read Mr. Roy's pamphlet, at least should read this antidote to the bane which it contains, and those who have not read it, may, from this tractate alone get a good understanding of the outlines of this important controversy.

Old Christianity against Papal Novelties. By GIDEON OUSELEY. Cr. 8vo., pp. 406, \$1.00. Toronto: S. Rose.

Mr. Rose, our energetic Book Steward, has rendered good service to the cause of Protestantism in its controversy with Rome by this seasonable issue of one of the best works on the subject ever written. That controversy is becoming constantly more important and more urgent. The growing assumptions and increased aggressions of the Papacy, as well remarked in the preface, demand an exposure of the groundlessness of those assumptions, and the impudence of those aggressions. This book has long been an authority on the subject. This edition is a reprint of the fifth Dublin edition, containing the author's revisions, all the valuable foot-notes, and much curious and learned citation from patriotic and controversial writers. The doctrines of Extreme Unction, Papal Infallibility, Purgatory, Indulgences, Transubstantiation, The Sacrifice of the Mass, and other Romish dogmas, are vigorously assailed, and are demonstrated to be both unscriptural and opposed to the teachings of the primitive Church during the whole period of its early and uncorrupted orthodoxy. From personal studies in the same field of inquiry, we can corroborate the correctness of the conclusions here asserted. The book is a timely contribution to the grand conflict which must continue to be waged until the great apostacy of the Papacy shall be utterly and forever destroyed.

High Church Pretensions Disproved; or, Methodism and the Church of England. By the Rev. E. H. DEWART. 2nd edition. 12mo. pp. 59. Price, 15 cents. Methodist Book Rooms.

Mr. Dewart bids fair, if he keeps on writing pamphlets as he has been of late, to rival Mr. Gladstone as a successful pamphleteer. There are many advantages incident to this mode of publication. It secures, in a fuller degree than can be accomplished in a newspaper or magazine article, an adequate discussion of important current topics and "live" subjects in a cheap, popular, and compendious form. The accomplished and versatile author has rendered good service to our Church by his vigorous defence of her doctrines and history against the attacks and misrepresentations of her enemies, and by confuting the errors of Plymouth Brethrenism, High Churchism, and Skepticism. The present pamphlet is an able discussion of the whole subject of the relations of Wesley to the Church of England, upon which our High Church friends are so fond of harping, by confuting which, in the columns of a leading daily newspaper, Mr. Dewart won the thanks of all sections of evangelical Protestantism. We commend the pamphlet especially to all Methodists who would understand the true position of John Wesley with reference to the Church of England of his day and to the general question of the lawfulness and expediency of religious dissent.

Hours with Men and Booi By WILLIAM MATTHEWS, LL.D. Cr. 8vo. pp. 352. Price \$1. Belford Brothers and Methodist Book Rooms.

The readers of Dr. Matthews' "Getting on in the World," and of his other previous books, will be glad to procure this latest production of his pen. It is characterized by the same vigorous, incisive, and viva-

cious style, by the same evidence of wide reading and clear strong thought, and by the same wit and wisdom, humour and learning of his former books. He possesses a keen insight into the men and books and things on whom or on which he writes. The subjects he treats are of importance, as will be seen from the following examples out of many: De Quincey, South, Spurgeon, Story, Moral Grahamism, The Morality of Good Living, Writing for the Press, Working by Rule, Too much Speaking, Book Buying, etc. Dr. Matthews' opinions on these subjects are of importance, and they are so expressed as to be easily learned and long remembered. The book is not of ephemeral interest, but is one to be read and kept and read again.

The Wonders of Prayer: A Remarkable Record of well-authenticated Answers to Prayer. HENRY T. WILLIAMS, author and publisher, New York.

"What is the Almighty, that we should serve Him? and what profit should we have if we pray unto Him?" has been the inquiry of skepticism in every age. And never was the inquiry more strongly urged than in the present age. The inexorable "laws" of nature are supposed by many to override the power and authority of the great Lawgiver. The best answer to that inquiry is the personal consciousness of the answer of prayer. This is the highest kind of demonstration—irrefutable, not to be gainsaid. And it is evidence, thank God, experienced by devout multitudes, of which the captious cavils of Tyndall and Huxley can never deplete them. The present volume records a large number of such experiences, which will be of much comfort and encouragement to God's people who, it may be, have been cast down by trial and assailed by doubts and fear. God's promises are "yea" and "amen" to them that fear Him,

and it strengthens the faith to know that such has been the experience of others. Several hundreds of such incidents are here recorded, all of which are said to be well-authenticated. We think the value of the book would be enhanced if the authorities for the incidents were given, and if some few, the authenticity of which it is difficult to establish, were excluded, as, for instance, that of the man who distinctly felt himself twice struck with lightning in the centre of the forehead, and who, in answer to prayer, was yet unharmed.

Outlines of Christian Theology. By L. T. TOWNSEND, D.D. Author of "Credo," etc. 12mo. 36 pp. New York: Nelson and Phillips.

This is a condensed statement, for the use of Sunday-school teachers and scholars, of the doctrines of revealed religion, with the leading proof-texts used in their support. It fills an important place in the Normal Outline Series. Its study would give greater clearness to the study of both teachers and older scholars.

The History of the Great Republic, considered from a Christian Standpoint. By JESSE T. PECK, D.D., author of "Central Idea of Christianity," with thirty-four steel portraits. New York: New edition, Nelson & Phillips. Toronto: Methodist Book Room, agent for Canada. pp. 701, large 8vo. Price \$3.

History is generally written from an entirely secular point of view. Men look at material causes—soil, climate, race, etc., as furnishing the solution of all historical phenomena. Their philosophy is of the earth, earthy. Men of the school of Mr. Buckle and Prof. Draper, in Political Science, seem to exclude God from the government of the world which he has created and redeemed. But when with devout as well as philosophical eye we study the history of

the race, no lesson is more clearly taught, than that God, by his providence, is reconciling the world unto himself. Infinite power and wisdom hold the reins of universal government, and are guiding the nations, as a skillful rider guides his steed, along the path of progress, to that glorious consummation, where the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever.

This great truth is clearly apprehended and distinctly taught in Dr. Peck's *History of the Great Republic*. Never was the hand of God more clearly seen than in the birth and development of that nation. Its cradle was rocked, its infancy fostered, and its maturity blessed, by Christian principle. We may apply the language of Scripture, and say, "God brought a vine out of Egypt; He cast out the heathen, and planted it." And during the marvellous progress of that nation, no religious influence has been more potent than that of the Methodist Church, and nowhere have the numerical, financial, and spiritual triumphs of that Church been more marked. But in no portion of American History has Divine Providence been more signally apparent than in the travail throes of the Great Rebellion, out of which a new and nobler era of human liberty has been born. By that dread baptism of suffering and of blood the foul stain of human slavery—the sum of all villainies—has been blotted out from her escutcheon for ever.

Well might Whittier, the poet of the slave, exclaim:—

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever God's right hand,
Over any time or land,
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

In a tone of fervid eloquence the history of the nation is recorded in this volume, and the lofty moral that it teaches is enforced. While

imbued with the spirit of intensest patriotism, there is a conspicuous absence of that self-assertion and vain-glorious boasting which mars too much of American literature. The dangers that menace American institutions, the plague spots in the body politic, are noted, and their antidote is pointed out. A spirit of the largest liberality to other countries, and other political systems, prevail. With respect to ourselves, his words are full of kindness and good feeling. He gives no countenance to the scandalous and impertinent Monroe doctrine, which finds such blatant advocates in many of the shallow demagogues, editorial and legislative, who form the public opinion of the ignorant classes of the nation. "Our influence," he says, "over the government of the western continent must not be that of overshadowing greatness, but of magnanimous, fraternal kindness. To the nations of Europe we must present an example of liberal opinions, sustained by firm integrity and high-souled international right. How utterly unworthy of the Great Republic would be airs of superiority in strength or wisdom! How much have we yet to learn from other nations? How long shall we have reason to dig in their mines of greater antiquity? And how much that is great and true in the liberty-loving millions of the Old World will demand our recognition?"

While such sentiments as these continue to animate the educated and religious classes of America, whose influence will more and more mould the public opinion of the nation, we need not fear the interruption of her friendly relations to ourselves, to Great Britain, and the great powers of Christendom. Rather may we augur the firmer knitting of the golden bonds of amity, their only rivalry being one of hallowed zeal for the glory of God and welfare of man.

Those who wish to study from the heights of a Christian philos-

ophy, the historical phenomenon, which has engaged the profoundest minds of the age, and commanded the admiration of the world—the development of the American Republic—can no where find a better aid than is furnished by this admirable volume. That Republic has disproved the evil auguries of its enemies, has stood the strain of the most tremendous civil war that ever convulsed a nation, and bears with ease one of the largest national debts, even of this age of enormous indebtedness; it exhibits an exhaustless fertility of resource, an intellectual vigour, a commercial activity, and a religious spirit that must powerfully influence and greatly bless the future of this continent

and the world. The reading of this book will do more to remove the narrow and unworthy jealousies inherited by many Canadians from a former age. It might well supersede the bigoted anti-British and offensively written American histories that are often found in Canada.

This book is not a mere record of battles and sieges and treaties, but is also a philosophical account of the development of the great source of the nation's strength, its commerce, trade, industry, educational and religious institutions. It is not always easy, however, to be a correct interpreter of the designs of Providence, and we do not know that our author has always succeeded in this hazardous attempt.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

NAME.	CIRCUIT.	RESIDENCE.	AGE	DATE.
Lewis Wright	Bedeque, P.E.I.	Searl Town	72	Mar. 14, 1877.
Mrs. Isabella Wilson . .	Little Y'rk, P.E.I.	N. Glas'w Ro'd . .	63	" 15, "
Aaron Anesty	Petites, N.F.	Petites	"	" 15, "
Mrs. Marg't. Large . . .	Little Y'rk, P.E.I.	Little York	79	" 24, "
Rev. M. Pickles	Died in England	St. John, N.B. . . .	79	April 9, "
Wm. Greer	St. Martins, N.B.	Greer Settlem't . .	47	" 10, "
Mary Ann R. Tennant . .	Carlton Place . . .	Carlton Pl'ce, O . .	68	" 10, "
John Butchart	Walkerton	Carrick, O.	46	" 11, "
Daniel Scott	West Brome	Brome, P.Q.	70	" 18, "
Moses Tilley	Sho'l Harb'r, N.F.	Shoal Harbour . . .	60	" 23, "
James Scroggie, sen. . . .	Cookstown	Innisfil, O.	87	" 25, "
Bamlet Sifton	Exeter	Exeter, O.	90	" 27, "
James Ryan	Toronto 3rd	Toronto, O.	64	May 6, "
Mrs. Catharine Bower . .	N.E. Harb'r, N.S.	Roseway	24	" 6, "
Philip Allin Dayman	Syd'nham Mills . . .	58	" 7, "
Catherine Craig	Manvers	Manvers, O.	57	" 10, "
Jane Rose Robinson . . .	Selby	Selby, O.	23	" 12, "
Charles Ray	Granby	Granby, P.Q.	46	" 13, "
Jesse Dexter	N.E. Harb'r, N.S.	Roseway	77	" 15, "
Wm. Beattay	St. John W., N.B.	Carleton	69	" 15, "
Edward Church	Maitland, N.S.	Tennecape	77	" 26, "

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, M.A., Toronto

TRUST IN GOD.

DUETT OR QUARTETT.

ASA HULL.

1. What tho' the fig-tree blossoms not, Nor fruits a - dorn the ol - ive grove?

What tho' it be my fear - ful lot, 'Midst bar - ren vines and fields to rove?

SEMI-CHORUS.

Tho' bleat - ing flocks no more I see, Nor herds with - in the stall ap - pear;

Yet still in God my trust shall be, I'll serve him more from love than fear.

CHORUS.

Oh, praise His name! His glo - ries sing! Ce - les - tial joy shall tune your voice;

Be - hold He reigns, your God and King, In Him rejoice! in Him re - joice!

2. 'Tis surely in His love alone
The Lord our God His judgments sends;
In all His ways is mercy shown,
Throughout the earth's remotest ends,
So let us then our banners raise,
To all the world His love proclaim;
The God of our salvation praise,
With triumph in His holy name.

3. I know that my Redeemer lives;
I know that He ascends on high;
In love, His children He forgives,
And wipes the tear from ev'ry eye.
Hosanna to His name I'll sing,
In whom such goodness I have found;
My Light, my Joy, my Every thing;
Let saints and men His praise resound